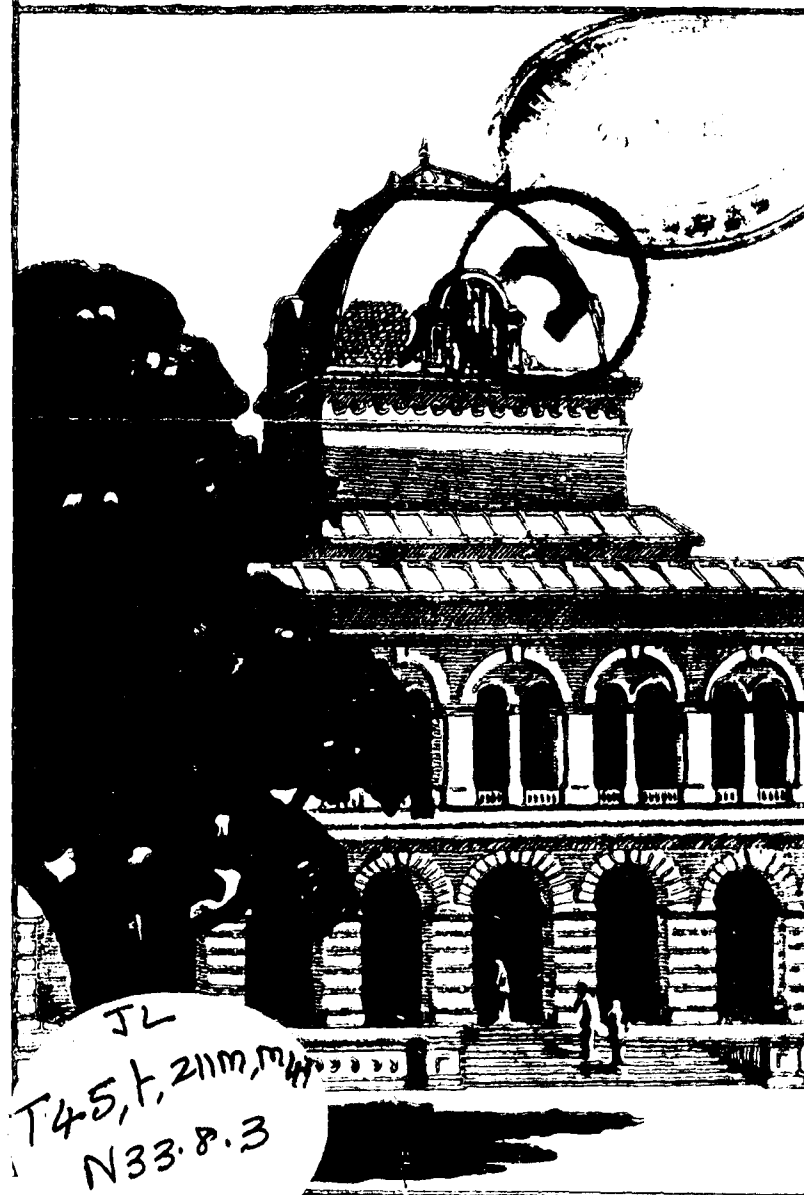


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# The Presidency College Magazine

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

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

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J. B. BILDERBECK

Whose death on the 11th February last was announced in the *Hindu* the other day through a letter which Mrs. BILDERBECK wrote to the Rt. Hon. V. S. SRINIVASA SASTRI.

The article on the late Mr. BILDERBECK by Mr. TIRUNARAYANA CHARARIAR published on the opposite page was written and printed several weeks before the announcement of his death



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## Mr. J. Bourdillon Bilderbeck

I HAD the good fortune, when I went to England last June, to meet my old teacher Mr. Bilderbeck, for many years Professor of English and Principal of the Presidency College. I am sure a few words about him will not be without interest to the present students of the College, although he cannot be more than a name to them.

Mr. Bilderbeck is now 82 years of age, having retired twenty-seven years ago. As a Professor he was known for the pains he took in preparing his lectures, and for the interest he took in his students outside college. He held weekly 'Durbars' at his house in the spacious grounds of Mackay's Gardens. He continued to take interest in his students even after they left college, and in order to maintain contact with them, he organised 'conversaciones' at which the Principal and Professors were 'at home' to them, and where they were shown the latest achievements of science. Nor were creature comforts forgotten, for the late Seshagiri Sastriar was in charge of what he humorously termed 'gastronomy' as distinguished from 'astronomy.'

Unfortunately, these meetings were given up after the departure of Mr. Bilderbeck, but they were the predecessors of the Physics and Chemistry Exhibitions of to-day, which have been such successful and popular features of the College year.

After his retirement, Mr. Bilderbeck first settled in his dear old Cambridge, where the authorities of his college gave him the post of Honorary Librarian in charge of the College Library. This post gave him an official position in the educational activities of the University and also provided him with opportunities of employing his time and energies in useful work. He was at Cambridge during the Great War, and he described to me pathetically the grief he felt at the sight of the College Halls and play-grounds, empty and denuded of the bright young men that used to fill them. Failing eyesight forced him to give up the post, and after some wandering he settled down at Bexhill-on-Sea in 1923, where he and his wife have been ever since.

It was at Bexhill that I met them last June. He had given me full and detailed instructions as to how I was to get there from London. He received me at the station, helped by a guide, as his eyesight was not good. He insisted upon my getting into a taxi, and he and his wife gave me a lunch where they had thoughtfully provided some dishes which they thought I would like.

Though I had intended to stay only one day at Bexhill, I found the place so charming that I returned again from London and spent about ten days there, living in a hotel called the Hotel Metropole, owned by an Indian, Mr. Mozumdar, and most beautifully situated on the sea-shore with a magnificent view of the ocean from the rooms. I had the opportunity of meeting the Bilderbecks every day. I regularly took Mr. Bilderbeck out for a walk before

lunch. He had to be guided, of course, but he knew all the places and turnings.

Bexhill is a very pleasant, quiet and restful little town in the county of Sussex, on the southern coast of England, which is so full of sea-side resorts—Torquay, Swanage, Bournemouth, Eastbourne, Brighton, Bognor (where the King recuperated after his recent illness)—to name only a few of them. It has a very fine Beach Road, on one side of which are big and imposing hotels, and on the other, theatres, concert halls, bathing huts and other amenities provided by a thoughtful and solicitous Borough Council. I appreciated the repose of the place all the more after the din and smoke of London.

Mr. Bilderbeck's general health is good, and he is strong and sound in mind and limb. His sight only is bad on account of a number of operations performed for cataract. His intellect is clear and his memory good, though there are a few occasional lapses.

In the morning, he spends a couple of hours in having the *London Times* read out to him by a paid reader; in the forenoon, a vigorous walk in the company of his wife, forty winks after lunch, tea with friends at home or out; and in the evening, dictating letters which are written for him by his wife, a play or a concert, or the wireless at home. Regularly once a year, in the month of September, they go out for a jaunt for about 10 or 12 days. Usually they go to London, but last year they went to Bath.

The professor made many kind inquiries about the old College and about his old boys and felt gratified at the increasing number of them who in recent years sought to remind him of their connection with him. Among those who had made the pilgrimage to Bexhill to see an old teacher, he mentioned the Rt. Hon'ble V. S. Srinivasa Sastri (who had been his student in the Kumbakonam, not

the Presidency, College), Sir K. Ramunni Menon, and Mr. Maurice Watts, the ex-Dewan of Travancore, whose career, he said, had in it all the elements of an interesting romance. At parting, he earnestly requested me to find out and communicate to him the address of Mr. Watts. I am glad I was able to do so, as, when I returned to India, I found that Mr. Watts was at Trivandrum, and I immediately put them in touch with each other.

Mr. Bilderbeck has still that playful humour that characterised him in the old days. I told him that I should never forget the three B's of Bexhill—the (straw) berries with cream, boating and the Bilderbecks. He immediately turned to his wife, and said, "Did you hear what this fellow says—he puts the Bilderbecks last." I said, "Of course, it is in the order of climax."

He was pleased to observe, "I cannot but feel that the India of to-day is greatly changed from the India as I knew it. In one respect, however, there has been no change. India is still India in the kindly and sympathetic humanity of old students in their relations to an old teacher."

Altogether, in that delightful sea-side resort, half town, half village, quiet and restful, in the company of my old teacher and his wife, I spent a very enjoyable ten days. It is a great happiness to know that thousands of miles away, across the ocean, there are two souls who are constantly thinking of and wishing well the dear old College and the men (and women) who have passed through its portals.

M. A. TIRUNARAYANA CHARI.

## Bernard Shaw and the Bible

**B**ERNARD Shaw's latest book is not a stage-play but a Christmas story. It describes the adventures of a Negro girl in her search for God in the wilds of Africa.

"Where is God?" she asked the missionary lady who had converted her to Christianity.

The lady replied, "He has said 'Seek and ye shall find me.'"

The black girl took these words literally and went out into the forest in quest of Him with a copy of the Bible in one hand and her knob-kerry in the other. And in the course of her adventures, which are described with more brilliance, wit and irreverence than consistency or truth to life, she comes across seven or eight conceptions of God—the God of Noah, the God of Job, the God of Micah, the God of Jesus, the God of Mohammad and the God of the modern mathematician, the psychologist and the scientist. These do not satisfy her and she continues her wanderings till at last she meets an old philosopher who tells her:—

"God is at your elbow, and He has been there all the time; but in His divine mercy He has not revealed Himself to you lest too full a knowledge of Him should drive you mad.....For we shall never be able to bear His full presence until we have fulfilled His purposes and become gods ourselves. But as His purposes are infinite, and we are most briefly finite we shall never, thank God, be able to catch up with His purposes. So much the better for us. If our work were done we should be of no further use: that would be the end of us; for He would hardly keep us alive for the pleasure of looking at us, ugly and ephemeral insects as we are. Therefore come in and help to cultivate

this garden to His glory. The rest you had better leave to Him."

She takes this advice and goes and works in his garden and finally marries an Irish Socialist (Is it Shaw himself?) in the establishment, and has a number of piccaninnies by him, who take away her mind from all puzzling questions concerning God.

The author tells us in his long explanatory note at the end that the old philosopher in the tale is Voltaire and that, though his advice is sound with regard to the later and rather obscure stages of the search, the black girl's method of smashing with her knob-kerry the gods who have outlived their time is the right one in the earlier stages where the way is clear. The gods that are to be smashed are the God of Noah who delights in the sweet savour of the burning flesh on the altar and the God of the Book of Job who delights in argument and brow-beating while poor mortals have a terrible time of it here below. The God of Micah is a great improvement on these, for the prophet says in a famous passage:—

"Will the Lord be pleased with thousands of rams or with ten thousands of rivers of oil? Shall I give my first-born for my transgression, the fruit of my body for the sin of my soul? He hath shewed thee, O man, what is good; and what doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly and to love mercy and to walk humbly with thy God?"

Micah would have none of the blood-thirsty God of the earlier books of the Old Testament. But, though his God was a great triumph of the human spirit over savagery and superstition, He was still only an external God. Then came Jesus who attempted a higher flight. To him god-head was something which incorporated itself in man. He said, "The Kingdom of God is within you." Micah had said, "Walk humbly with thy God." But, as Shaw points



out, "man walking humbly before an external God is an ineffective creature compared to man exploring as the instrument and embodiment of God with no other guide than the spark of divinity within him." The conception of an internal God working within the heart of man marks the greatest break in the Bible between the Old and the New Testaments.

But, according to Shaw, the God of Jesus is a little too human and sentimental, and the aspiring soul soon discovers that the love of a fatherly God cannot be the last word in religion. Nor was Jesus right in claiming for himself an exclusive possession of the divinity which is the birth-right of every man.

In some of his earlier works, especially in his elaborate Preface to *Androcles and the Lion*, Shaw has already given us his view of Christianity as taught in the Gospels and the Acts and the Epistles of the Apostles. We smile, of course, when he tries to make out that Jesus held the Shavian opinions on private property, on marriage and on the punishment of criminals. He tries to make out that Jesus would be for communism when he was only for renunciation, that he would advocate the abolition of prisons when he only pleaded for forgiveness and that he would sanction companionate marriages when he only exemplified detachment in domestic relationships. It is, of course, a far cry from Jesus Christ to Bernard Shaw. But as for Shaw's opinions on the messiahship of Jesus, on the miracles and other supernatural elements in the Gospels and, above all, on the Pauline doctrine of Atonement, they are substantially the same as those of any intelligent, unbiassed, non-Christian reader. For, beneath all his extravagant statements, special pleadings and irreverent gibes, there is a vein of serious criticism in Shaw, which not only Christians but also the followers of all established religions will do well to consider. We will now draw the attention of the

reader to one or two salient points in his criticism and show its application to our own religion.

In his Preface to *Major Barbara* Shaw wrote, "Creeds must become intellectually honest. At present there is not a single credible established religion in the world. That is perhaps the most stupendous fact in the whole world-situation." And now in his latest book he gives us the reason why it is a fact. People forget that the prudent old precept, "Don't throw out your dirty water until you get in your clean", is a most dangerous one, unless it is completed by the precept, "When you get your fresh water you must throw out the dirty and be particularly careful not to let the two get mixed." In other words, when you arrive at a more exalted and adequate conception of God you should abandon the old less adequate conceptions. When Jesus taught his followers the conception of God as a loving Father, it is absurd that they should mix it up with the God of Noah and make Jesus himself the sacrificial victim on the altar. In our own country when the religious insight of man progressed from Indra to Varuna, from Varuna to Prajapati and from Prajapati to Brahman, it is childish to go back to Indra and offer him oblations. Well, there is a good deal to be said for this view. Our creeds and rituals should keep pace with our religious beliefs, just as our spelling (unlike the absurd English spelling) should keep pace with our pronunciation. But at the same time we should not forget that all established religions have to maintain a continuous tradition and also that it requires a good deal of time for the highest religious thought of the leaders of humanity to percolate to the rank and file, who meanwhile do wisely "to keep their dirty water." Shaw surely exaggerates the dangers of the influence of the Old Testament conceptions of God upon the minds of Englishmen in the twentieth century.

Nothing in official Christianity rouses the wrath of Shaw so much as the doctrine of salvation through the vicarious suffering of Christ on the Cross. He calls it Crosstianity. In his Preface to *Major Barbara* again, he writes :—

"And here my disagreement with the Salvation Army and with all propagandists of the Cross (to which I object as I object to all gibbets) becomes deep indeed. Forgiveness, absolution, atonement are figments; punishment is only a pretence of cancelling one crime by another: and you can no more have forgiveness without vindictiveness than you can have a cure without a disease. You will never get a high morality from people who conceive that their misdeeds are revocable and pardonable, or in a society where absolution and expiation are officially provided for us all. The demand may be very real; but the supply is spurious."

The fact is the religion of the Bible has to pay the penalty for its over-emphasis on the personality of God. When we always conceive of God either as a forgiving father or a stern judge external to ourselves and having human relations with us, and not as a Spirit incorporated in all beings and coming to its own through the evolving ages in the various grades of consciousness, we are bound to have sloppy and unscientific views of the universe and of our part in it. A more comprehensive and rational view of the destiny of mankind is hinted at in Shaw's *Back to Methuselah* and *Man and Superman*, which contain his constructive criticism of religion. Here we have the materials of a religious creed more akin to the teaching of the Upanishads than to that of the Bible—a creed according to which man is God in embryo, sin is immaturity of spirit, heaven is a higher consciousness and hell a state of perpetual pleasure-seeking, and to be religious is to recognise a cosmic purpose in life and subordinate our personal needs and desires to it. Shaw may often appear as only a flippant

jester standing on his head to attract a crowd. But obviously there is also a serious side to his personality. In his Preface to *Back to Methuselah* he says that "every civilization needs a religion as a matter of life or death," and that, though he tried all sorts of social subjects as themes for his dramas, his ambition is to become the iconographer of the religion of his time, for then only would he fulfil his natural function as an artist. Whether he succeeds in this or not, I think it is not too fanciful to regard him as one of the voices crying in the wilderness and asking us to take out our religious creeds from the stifling atmosphere of Palestine and Arabia or the tainted air of India and see how they fare in the vast inter-stellar spaces that science is opening out to our bewildered vision to-day. Some of our religious creeds to-day have either to expand themselves or perish, while others have either to cast out their impurities or remain ineffectual.

D. S. SARMA.

## The Fantasies of Mr. Hugh Walpole

THE common quality is obvious of the four fantastic tales which Mr. Walpole has recently collected in a single omnibus volume. These tales are, of course, different from the fantasies of Mr. Wells which revel in scientific speculation. Mr. Walpole's adventures are among the abnormalities of the human mind. He claims a spiritual value for the way in which he has depicted his creations. His investigations are concerned with the good and evil in human character. They take us back to the dual personality of Jekyll and Hyde described by Stevenson. But Mr. Walpole has devised more fruitful consequences for his stories than Stevenson.

The first of the tales, "Maradick at Forty" was written when the author was only a boy. Like Swift he may look on this early production and reflect on the genius he possessed at the time. Mr. Walpole is a champion of romance fighting against what he probably thinks the fetish of realism. But he understands that in practice realism is the only proper basis on which he must build his romance. All the exciting events in the story happen at a Cornish holiday resort on the sea-coast. That normal men and women seek new adventures is made probable by their being placed in the romantic back-ground of Trellis, which acts like a dream-land on the visitors. Mr. Maradick, the hero, is a type reproduced in all the other stories of Mr. Walpole's. He is large physically and unruffled in temper. At a crisis he can be depended on to perform friendly acts involving considerable risk. He is the staid husband and father who develops a sense of boredom with his family at the sea-side holiday resort. He discovers suddenly that his wife has had her own way all along,

taking little note of himself. A busy author and his rather flighty wife come to the same hotel. The wife admires Maradick by instinct and makes advances to him. His final rejection of these proves his character.

Then there is the family of the Gales, the father a baronet who knows only the grand style in all that he does, the mother remarkably tolerant and sympathetic of her children's wayward actions, and the son who is sure to go against the family's calculations in all that he does, though he bears an irresistible attraction in himself for everybody. A lady whom he had known for years as a friend is sought to be made his bride, but he rushes to marry the daughter of a non-descript person of Italian descent.

It is in helping young Gale to marry his chosen bride that Maradick plays a heroic part. It is not hard to face Lady Gale over the son's erratic actions, but it is very trying to meet the father. Yet the most thrilling situation occurs at the meeting with Morelli who in his passion will gladly torture Maradick to death. Physical torture is apparently a favourite theme with Mr. Walpole, and he fills at least one exciting chapter in each of his books with this experience.

Among the romantic creations of this tale is the character Punch, who utters words of wisdom like these: "Well, perhaps you're right. You've got your duty. But just remember that it isn't only children we, men and women, are begetting. We're creating all the time. Every time that you laugh at a thought, every time that you're glad, every time that you're seeing beauty and saying so, every time that you think it's better to be decent than not, better to be merry than sad, you're creating."

"The Prelude to Adventure" is a fantasy at white

heat and has the greatest spiritual value. The excitement begins almost at the beginning. Olva Dune, (of Spanish descent), the Cambridge under-graduate, commits a murder, without his intending it. Under provocation he knocks down a bully with his strong arms, and the man is found dead. Dune is filled with trepidation, but he has strength enough to conceal his inner excitement. Now comes his passionate cry for God. Writing this story in 1911, Mr. Walpole is obviously reflecting the fascination that Thompson's *Hound of Heaven* exercised on him. A vivid realisation of God comes to Dune only after his committing the murder. The sense of guilt weighs heavily upon him and makes him aware of a great Shadow pursuing him. The sense of the line—

'All things betray thee, who betrayest Me'

—is very real and occurs to him again and again. If only he should make a clean breast of what he had done, and undergo the consequences of such action, the pursuit would end. Yet, time after time, he has felt the personal touch of God which is full of soothing tenderness. The sense of being alone with God, not sharing life with other human beings in the world, is awful and unbearable. Mr. Walpole is obviously discussing through Dune the problem whether being one with God means the renunciation of the world.

Dune falls in love with the daughter of an ex-professor. There is an instinctive sympathy between him and the widow of the ex-professor. This is discovered later to be due to the fact of the widow bearing in her heart the sense of having murdered her husband, just as Dune had on him the weight of having killed a fellow under-graduate. Even after explanations have been offered and accepted, Dune refuses to stay with his Margaret, because he must go on a quest to understand the full meaning of God. We may hope that Walpole meant Dune to realise later that

the joys of the world are not incompatible with the acceptance of God.

"The Portrait of a Man with Red Hair" has had an enormous success on the screen. The author himself does not think much of the story, and he is right. It grips the mind less than the other tales. In the place of Morelli of the former story we have the red-haired man in this. He attracts everyone to himself, but at the same time he is rightly suspected of following horrid or even murderous practices. In the place of Maradick we have an American visitor Harkness playing his part in this story. He is under the influence of the Trellis atmosphere, and he commits himself, before he knows fully about it, to rescue the daughter-in-law of Crispin, the red-haired man, from his cruel clutches. Harkness is ardently attached to a younger man, Dunbar, the lover of Hesther, the daughter-in-law. At great risk he aids the flight of Hesther, but a fog utterly defeats their flight by bringing them back to the terrible man's house. Then Harkness undergoes indescribable physical torture. This time two Japs assist the tyrant in carrying out his orders.

"Above the Dark Circus" is another gripping story. It is the author's own favourite. One man towers above the others in this also. Osmund, the hero, acts on the impulse. Pungenelly, the villain, involves him and a few friends of his in a burglary, and they all go to prison. The effects of the great war tell bitterly on the different men. Osmund is also married. He and his friends meet in London, in the centre of its busiest part. They are engaged to meet Pungenelly. When he turns up and they converse, Osmund is given provocation to belabour the villain, and as it happens, to kill him. The disposal of the corpse, lying in a room in midmost London, becomes the most exciting affair. Pungenelly's brother comes up later in search of the dead man, and asks for blackmail to hush up the matter.

The villain's murder does not therefore end with him. The study of Hench, the weak-minded comrade of Osmund, is among the best things in this story.

In almost every one of these stories there is a strong friendly attachment between an elder and a younger man. To promote the happiness of the younger man is the aim of the elder. Each story is necessarily provided with a villain. Mr. Walpole's villains are no crude specimens of their class. They seem to prove that men are not merely combinations of strangely different qualities, but that violence is sometimes the strange product of excessive love.

These fantastic tales show Walpole's power at its best in telling a story. He can make a story gripping. He develops situations which, in their intensity, overwhelm the reader, but he knows also how to ease them. There is, however, no striking economy in his art. He fills the pages with details of minute description, and seems to turn the novel at times into a personal journal recording the facts of his own experience. His greatest merit in art lies perhaps in his grafting the romance of dream-land on the real work-a-day world.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

## The New Woman

### (A Note on D. H. Lawrence)

HUGH Walpole, in one of his critical essays, speaks of 'the New Woman' as the chief characteristic of the modern novel. The old, mediaeval, chivalric ideal of woman, as a beautiful doll to be petted, wooed and admired, has lost ground, and in its place the weak, erring woman, reduced by the wiles of callow gallants, has come to be portrayed, and portrayed sympathetically. Perhaps George Eliot might be said to have started this movement. In the hands of later writers, especially of George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, this study of 'the new woman' has made considerable progress, and in fact marks one of the important departures in the modern novel from the old tradition. The development and treatment of this new ideal may be said to coincide with the other movements in other spheres of life, started by woman to assert her individuality, as equal and companion to man, and not a slave to him. The progress of the feminist movement, for instance, is bound to make itself felt in the literature of the day. It is no wonder then that in quite recent times, when woman has almost succeeded in vindicating her claim to be an equal to man, the question of sex should be of absorbing interest to writers and philosophers. Among such writers we may take up D. H. Lawrence as a typical representative (or shall we say exponent!) of the advanced ideas current on the question of sex. Before his death this writer was spoken of as a person to be tabooed, the chief reason for this being that he was to a great extent obsessed with the question of sex. One critic, for instance, in a recent contribution to a popular periodical, labels him with the epithet of "kama-manas." But after his death critics seem to have taken a saner view and to perceive some

solid merit in the man's writings. We may even say that Mr. D. H. Lawrence seems to come into his own, in this revaluation. It is in that light that we propose to examine one of his novels, "Lady Chatterley's Lover."

#### II

This novel deals with the question of sex, and, incidentally, its bearing on the ugly industrialism, which, like a canker, seems to sap away the vitality of mankind. In the prologue-like first chapter the writer introduces the reader to two sisters, Hilda and Constance, who have had their education at Dresden, in Germany. These two girls have been fully infected with the new, startling revolutionary ideas on sex, and, like the proverbial new converts, seem to translate them into practice with a good deal of enthusiasm. It is in describing their freedom, their exaltation of the intellect that the writer finds scope for the expression of such views. To them, as to the advanced woman of their type, sex is only a casual thing, a clumsy survival (or say persistence) of the old barbarous times, and hence not deserving of much notice on their part. They care more for intellectual companionship, for a free exchange of ideas, untrammelled by any considerations of sex. "*It was the talk that mattered supremely; the impassioned interchange of talk. Love was only a minor accompaniment.*" Or again, "*the arguments, the discussions were the great thing; the lovemaking and the rest were only a sort of primitive reversion and a bit of an anti-climax.*" To them "this sex business was one of the most ancient, sordid connections and subjections," but unfortunately for them, men seemed to lag far behind women in this matter. Hence they had to yield to the insistence of men, and therefore we find that it was nothing uncommon for them to have had their "love affairs," before they were hurried home at the outbreak of the Great War. "But neither was ever in love with a young man unless he and she were verbally very near; that is, unless they were profoundly interested, *talking* to one another. The amazing, the profound, the unbelievable

thrill there was in passionately talking to some clever young men by the hour, resuming day after day for months.....this they had never realised till it happened. The Paradisal promise—thou shalt have men to talk to!—had never been uttered. It was fulfilled before they knew what a promise it was." But the unfortunate thing in this idyllic picture of the joys of intellectual converse is that sex, however clumsy it may seem, still persists. Thus the whole theory seems to crumble to dust because of this disintegration or lack of harmony in the lives of men and women. Or shall we say that the undue stress on or exaltation of the free intellect to the total negligence of sex is fraught with evil? This lesson seems inevitable from a study of this novel.

### III

Now let us pass on to the story proper. Soon after her return to England, Connie marries Clifford, the heir to a baronetcy. This young man firmly believes in aristocratic prestige and power, but rebels against the other conventions of his society. But he feels helpless in his rebellion, and finding in Connie an assurance of her strength, marries her. A month after the honeymoon he is hurried on by cruel fate to the battlefield in the terrible year 1917, only to return home 'smashed,' crippled below the hip, in short a miserable wreck of the fine young man he was before. Even during the one month of his honeymoon, "the sex part did not matter much to him. They were so close, he and she, apart from that. And Connie exulted a little in this intimacy which was beyond sex." But there begins the rub. In spite of the identity of their intellectual interests and tastes, Connie, after a while, feels a sort of inexplicable restlessness in her; she flies to the fields and the woods, craving for something she knows not what....She grows thinner and pale; some secret urge (force) is working in her, even against her will. At the same time the crippled husband too feels tired of his literary success and popularity, and craves, in the

traditional manner, for an heir to his family name and estates. He suggests, in a cold matter-of-fact tone, what might seem startling to most readers, that she might have 'a love affair' and beget a son whom he would welcome and adopt as his own. But Connie does not relish this idea; she loves Clifford, knows that he is helpless without her and so clings to him tenaciously. Still she feels the restlessness, flees for comfort to neighbouring fields, but detests the ugly colliery pits, and the equally ugly characters of the men whom she comes across.

It is at this juncture that the author expresses his views on the ugly industrialism of the modern times. Connie finds that men do not lead a 'natural' life of their own, that they prostitute their genius to "the bitch goddess, success," and hanker always after money! money! To her it seems that this cry of money! money! poisons the whole existence of man on earth. She craves for the companionship of some one who will defy the ugly commercialism of the age and lead a free, 'natural' life. In her hunt after such men she first comes across Michaelis, a popular playwright, who is despised by the very society to which he caters, as low-born, as one who delights in exposing the ugliness of that society. She is at first fascinated towards him because of this "aloneness" in him. But soon she is aware that he too is like the others, a victim to the universal craze for money, that he too is worshipping at the altar of "the bitch goddess, success." A little later she meets Mr. Oliver Mellors, the game-keeper, employed on her estates, and from the first she is quite inexplicably struck with the deep blue eyes of the man, which seem to speak to her of his sorrows, of his loneliness, of his defiance, of the ugliness of this world. This strange fascination for the man somehow unaccountably draws her towards his hut, and, in one of her ramblings near the hut, she sees the hens and the young chickens playing with one another in the coops. She is at once reminded of the 'still born' craving in her for a child of her own. This rouses in her

such marvellous tenderness that, even before she is aware of it, she is drawn into the arms of the man. This intimacy ripens into a regular 'love affair,' and leads on to the inevitable conclusion of the theme. This crude, bald summary of the novel may remind the reader of this Magazine, of the humorous little piece that appeared in an earlier issue, entitled "Her Choice," of a lady running away with her chauffeur. But the two themes are poles asunder. In the novel under discussion there is nothing of the mean or the base in the heroine or the hero. The repression of the sex makes her life seem incomplete; the ugly commercialism of the age makes her shun her surroundings. Her cry is for the resurrection of the body; it is a cry for a new man who would scorn money and the tainted joys bought of money, who would thirst after 'the joys of nature' alone. Such a man she finds in the game-keeper, and having found him, sticks to him to the last, in spite of protest and the usual society scandals. He too is equally deserving of her. He is perhaps a 'superman' born to fight against his sordid environment. The last pages of the novel, forming a letter from this ideal lover to his lady, the erstwhile Lady Chatterley, may well have been written by a great moralist, and well sum up for us the character of this low-born hero. He says, "If only they were educated *to live* instead of *earn and spend*, they could manage very happily on twenty-five shillings. If the men wore scarlet trousers, as I said, they would not think so much of money; if they could dance and hop and skip and sing and swagger and be handsome, they could do with very little cash, and amuse the women themselves and be amused by the women. And that is the only way to solve the industrial problem: *train the people to be able to live, and live in handsomeness, without needing to spend.*"

In short, the lesson that is taught is that men and women should live their "whole" lives, and resist the disintegrating influence of modern civilisation.

M. SRIMAN BOTHER.

## A Vision

THE night was still and solemn; and I sat on the Hill. I Thought, and looking down on the Valley of Life, I beheld a Vision.

Out of a cave there came a child, and to him the fragrance of flowers and the music of the birds were welcome. So he skipped for joy and looked for something to play with. Thus looking, he found Ecstasy; it was also Life. And he ran into the cave and spoke of the ecstasy that is Life and of the fragrance that is Truth. Now everybody came out of his cave, and in their joy the people danced a wild dance.

The days passed, and the people fearful of losing their great Treasure built a huge prison-house to put it in, and this they called a Temple. But when they went into the temple, they found their treasure had fled and were dismayed. Truth altered becomes false, and the Stream of Life, when bridged, runs dry. These people knew this not: but bringing many precious stones, they hid the Truth that was not, and many came and were deceived.

At this point a cloud of Passion passed across my eyes and obscured my vision for a time.

When the cloud was past, I looked down again and saw a little man coming down to the temple. And I wondered, for on his face was the Beatitude that was in the ancient people. Such faces are never seen near temples. But looking closely I saw the reason why he came to the place whence Life had fled.

This little man, wherever he looked, saw the Ecstasy of Life; and God smiled on him from the sky. Seeing the glory of that smile, he was struck blind and hence wherever he turned he saw nought but the divine smile. Thus he came to the place whence Life had fled and, strange to tell, found Life therein.

So this little man called aloud to all to come to this place. And when there came to him men and women who still had eyes—because they had never seen the divine smile—he showed them the place whence Life had fled and said, “Behold the Life that is.” When they heard him say thus, they wondered.

There were many there who had known neither the Life that is, nor the Life that is not.

And when they began to look, they found their way barred. For the men who had brought many precious stones to the temple feared that these new-comers came to rob them of their stones; and they were wroth with the little man who cried aloud for all to come.

Yet this strange little man saw not their stones—for he was blind with the dazzle of the divine smile. He found only Life in the place whence Life had fled.

Thus all wondered—the men who brought the stones to hide what was not there, the men who saw nothing but stones, being blind to the smile divine and the men who knew neither the Life that is, nor the Life that is not.

And looking down from the sky, God smiled a gracious smile. But in His eyes there was a poignant sadness—like that in a mother's eyes when she sees her child outgrow her love.

Another cloud passed : and I saw no more.

Then I too came down to the Valley of Life to fight with a weapon of my own.

It is ever thus : the vision vanishes as you tell, and truth uttered becomes false.

R. TIRUVENKATACHARI.

## The Rolling Stone.

HE was an American who had spent the best part of his life making himself a nuisance in the more out-of-the-way corners of the earth. In order to collect the necessary funds to go on making himself a nuisance to still more unsuspecting and innocent ‘foreigners’ he had come to give the village the benefit of his experiences.

“You see before you, Ladies and Gentlemen,” he began “a rolling stone.”

Beside me was Jennifer, aged four. At this point she exclaimed in a hoarse and penetrating whisper, “He's got marbles” and proceeded to give him her whole and undivided attention.

Ignoring this interruption, he said in a clear and firm voice, “A rolling stone, and, as you know, rolling stones gather no moss.”

He then went on to state at considerable length that travelling had removed from him a mass of patriotism, insularity and prejudice—he concluded this peroration by inviting us to look at him. I did. Certainly he was bare enough. His jaw, with its aggressive bones, was like a wave-swept promontory, his nose was equally obvious—his whole bearing proclaimed him as the disciple of Velman, as one who had an Acquired Personality.

Averting my eyes from this uplift expert, and placing a shield between my ear and understanding I settled myself to thought.

Is there any special virtue in bare stone? With the image of the new red brick Hall in my mind, I am inclined to think not—of course there is sculpture—but even the most kindly critic will hardly deny that some of the figures cut in stone would be more pleasing if covered with a generous veil of concealment. For example, take hills. Is there anything more chilling, more aloof, bleaker

and more unkindly than bare rocks? And now think of those purple hills covered with a close-wrought tapestry of moss and lichen—see how their every tiniest hollow holds the remembrance of noon—how every lightest gleam makes their vesture regal—see the peace, the quiet, as of an Easter Eve, that lies within their high folded shadows. Go to the grave-yard, and turning aside from the new tombstones in all their clean and oppressive vulgarity, stand beside the old headstones where mosses and lichens have taken up their watch—covering corruption with their silent and dark patience. A stone, moss-covered, holds in itself all the beauty of age and of the tradition which has its root in the silent eternities of the centre and core of all living—all the warmth and graciousness of mellowing sunshine—all the sorrows of the clouds whispering liquid words of rain.

I was awakened by Jennifer pulling my hand. I heard his closing words—"and therefore, Ladies and Gentlemen, I ask you to contribute generously to this....." But here, dragging the resisting Jennifer, who still harked back to 'rolling stones', with many others, I rose and went out into the night.

"K. G."

## The October Results

The house that Ramachandran built in his imagination was a house of cards, and like a house of cards it has fallen to the ground, irreparably ruined. He remembers Krishnan telling him with his usual blooming smile 'Chandran, congratulate me. I get a first class. I have won the Ripon Gold Medal and the Wilson Gold Medal.' Every word of Krishnan's conversation stung him to the quick. The thought of Krishnan going abroad and winning laurels cut his heart in twain. In what a dejected, disappointed way he had walked from the Senate House, when he saw his name scored off with thick red ink. Those red lines sent a shiver through his nerves. As he pictures his friend, again, in his imagination, a feeling of profound sorrow, shame and disappointment overcomes him, and he again utters another deep groan.

Does he intend to commit suicide? Or is he planning to stop his studies, go to Northern India and join some firm where he can bury his shame? In his contented sort of discontent, when everything is against him, man wants to take a desperate step. Depressed, desperate, he approaches the brink of the precipice, but hesitates to take the fatal step. At that time, when the chords of the human heart beat loudest, sometimes man casts a lingering look behind, and if he sees one ray of hope, he retraces his steps. Ramachandran was such a young man. He heard an inner voice calling upon him to desist from his useless attempt to end his life, and urging him on to take heart again and do his duty. Something, strange and mysterious, but very powerful, had a hold on him now. He resolved to cast away his shame and work hard so as to get a first class in September. But the thought of his relatives rebuking him for his failure in the examination, of his widowed mother feeling extremely sorry, broke his heart. Suddenly the thought

of Krishnan, speaking to him about the medal, came to his mind and he once more gathered up his courage with difficulty. But he had to go to his lodge, passing the houses of a number of his class-mates. He waited. But the more he waited, the more burdensome appeared his task. So he quickly retraced his steps to his lodge.

From that day, Ramachandran began hard and systematic work. The sight of his name in block letters with red lines marked on it was always in his mind. He began with Marshall's 'Industry and Trade' his first serious study of economics. His friends could see him only in the evening, and that too very late, when he went out for a short walk. The announcement that his dear friend Krishnan had left for Cambridge for higher studies infused in him new spirit and vigour. But the thought of his poor mother feeling sorry for her only son's failure brought back the old memories, and his heart sank within him. For hours together he would be thinking of how his mother would have entertained him if he had but passed, how she would have blessed him affectionately and talked to him about his future—the prop of her old age. He pictured before his eyes the stately figure of his deceased father approaching him, and instructing him as to how he should answer questions in the examination. He remembered his father telling him affectionately, when he was alive, how he wished his darling son to be an imperial officer. That voice, that form, that mode of expression, the breathing countenance, everything flashed before Ramachandran as something real, and then he put away his book and closed his eyes.

Meanwhile, time rolled on in its ceaseless course. Months passed. Ramachandran pursued his studies peacefully and systematically. He lost himself so much in his books that he paid little attention to things happening around him. As days passed on, the weight of his burden increased; he made up his mind to lay down even his life for the sake of getting a first class in his examination. Notes in numberless volumes covered his table. At one end of his room

he used to stock his books on politics; there Bryce and Laski, Munro and Gettel, Dicey and Dunning lay scattered with small bits of paper with notes attached to them. Ramachandran's chair and shelf overflowed with books; he stuffed his coat-pockets with essays and criticisms in political theory. Books and notes everywhere—and in vacant spaces Ramachandran used to draw maps, and construct the chronological history of whole dynasties!

One day Ramachandran was wading through the pages in the fifth volume of the 'Cambridge History of India,' when the postman tapped at the door of his room. Once, twice, thrice; very reluctant to leave his study and cursing the man who disturbed him, Ramachandran opened the door, and received a letter from his mother. It stated that his father's anniversary fell on the 19th of August, and it invited him to go home to perform the ceremony.

Ramachandran folded the letter carefully, put it in his drawer and fell back on his easy chair. For a minute his mind was in a flutter. It was the 14th of August and his examination which was to decide his fate was to begin on the 12th of September. On the one hand he had to go through the ordeal of examination for which he was straining every nerve; on the other hand there was the invitation to go home to attend a function in memory of a person so dear to him. Ramachandran weighed these two things and decided to act. He came to the conclusion that instead of wasting his time and money he could as well stay in his lodge on the anniversary day, observe it as a day of fast and prayer for the peace of the departed soul. 'It is high time,' thought Ramachandran, 'that our community purged itself of all these meaningless practices. The sooner they do it the better, and there won't be any need for such great personalities like Mahatma Gandhi to sacrifice their precious lives. In all social and caste matters every young educated man ought to be a revolutionary so that the dead-weight of ignorance and superstition which have been sitting on the Hindu race

like an octopus, may be lifted, and idlers and wasters like our priests may be swept away.'

The next day he wrote back to his mother expressing his inability to attend the function. After he had posted the letter, he came to his room and was at once lost in his books. He worked tremendously hard, so that some of his friends even thought he would go mad just before the examination. But the red lines on the board which he saw at the Senate House compelled Ramachandran to disregard all these things and work at a terrible rate.

One result of this was that he became very irregular with regard to his correspondence with his mother. In every letter she made special enquiries about his health. How she wished she were by her son, encouraging him and finding joy in his work! But in every letter he sent home, Ramachandran talked primarily about his books and examination and only occasionally about himself. Intense study—hard work—this was his sole worry, thought and distraction.

It was the thirteenth of August. Ramachandran's mother was still thinking that her son would change his heart and come home. She remembered Ramachandran playing as a young child on her lap. The blooming face, the raven locks which waved with a magic charm as she let her hand pass over his head, the sweet, affectionate voice which acted as a healing balm in her terrible days of bereavement, and above all, that witty conversation and that beautiful sweet smile which lit up her darling's face—how can she forget him? In him she found the only solace and comfort of her life. How can such an affectionate son refuse to respond to her invitation?

She waited hoping against hope. It was 11 o'clock, the usual time when the Mangalore Mail arrives at Tanur. Every minute she was expecting to see her son. She patiently waited. It was 12 o'clock. The villagers who arrived by the mail said that the train had already left the station and they could not see Ramachandran on the

platform. Ramachandran's mother became anxious about his safety. She had heard about young boys putting an end to their lives by placing themselves on the railroad when the train arrived just in time to crush them; and vague fancies began to torment the innocent mother. Strange and fearful ideas of her only son—now in a dark, silent, lonely forest surrounded by cruel wild beasts, now struggling among the waves of a wild, foaming mountain torrent, now carried away by unknown persons to a far-off place where they might kill him for the sake of his watch and ring—such terrible scenes began to torment her. She waited for an hour more, and then without taking her food, went to bed.

The thought of going home Ramachandran had discarded once for all. His main ambition was to come out successful with a first class. He did not even care to make enquiries about his sister Vijaya, who by that time had developed signs of consumption. To every letter he received from home he sent only one line of reply, and that was always about his preparation for the examination.

It was the eighth of September. Ramachandran's mother, disappointed at her son's behaviour, but still adoring him like an idol, wrote to him asking him whether any capable doctor could be found at Madras to treat Vijaya properly. This letter threw a bomb-shell on his way. Ramachandran remembered the good old days when he ran upstairs and downstairs with Vijaya, played tricks with the old servant-woman, looked at old trees walked on the banks of the village streams—those happy days when he floated in an atmosphere of love and mirth. A long vista of happy recollections appeared now before his eyes, and the thought of his frail, helpless sister crying for him in a lonely room, with his weeping mother by her side, thoroughly unnerved him and he cried out, 'I want neither wealth nor power. Enough of these sufferings. Give me back my young days, O God, when I played with my dear Viji wholly ignorant of everything around me.'

It was the tenth of September. With considerable difficulty, Ramachandran put aside all thoughts about his sister, and began to work in right earnest. This time he did not allow anything or anybody to disturb him. Pages after pages he consumed, working like a mad man all day and night. He got his hall-ticket and placed it opposite to him so that it might goad him on to work. Neither Vijaya, nor her helpless mother entered his mind. Only the political theories of the middle ages, and the working of democratic institutions in the West worried him now.

The preparations for the final ordeal were fairly complete. At last the fateful day arrived. Ramachandran had a last glance at Ilbert's 'Government of India' and then he left for the Examination Hall. The questions were all easy for him, and as he handed over the answer-book the Superintendent could see tears rolling down the candidate's cheeks. It was the thought of his father, that beloved father, who was a real inspiring god to him, that brought tears to Ramachandran's eyes. The first day passed; the second, the third and the fourth followed suit. Ramachandran thought only of his father, and, as if blessed by him, answered his papers to his entire satisfaction. Now he had at his disposal an interval of ten days before his paper in Economics and Indian History. He determined to pull now with all his might; so he increased the rate of his working hours to seventeen, and forgot himself totally in his studies.

At home, things were going very badly. Vijaya, anxious to see her brother before she died, began to worry her mother. She wept, and her mother wept, and both of them sat alone in that solitary house, thinking of Ramachandran. Overwhelmed by feelings of brotherly affection Vijaya one day stood up and approached the shelf to take the writing pad to convey her last message to Ramachandran. She knew that she was growing worse every day; and she silently allowed the deadly disease to work havoc instead of worrying her mother about the

treatment. But her whole mind was now concentrated on her brother—to see his beautiful face again and then breathe her last. She approached the shelf, but suddenly she fell on the ground, too weak to stand up. Her mother rushed to her and placed her head on her own lap. The poor helpless woman now cried out for help. The neighbours who heard her cry soon came and brought the village doctor. The doctor looked at the patient and said that the vigour of consumption had subsided. But after another glance, he started back. He saw the rolling eyes of Vijaya, the disfigured countenance, and the thin and weak frame moving restlessly. He suspected insanity, broke the news mildly to the sorrowful mother and disappeared.

It was midnight. A dead silence pervaded the room. The mother sat alone weeping with her only daughter on her lap. 'Vijaya mad!' she could not believe it. As she looked into the face of her only daughter, tears rolled down her cheeks. She waited for the morning.

Early, at 7 o'clock, the next morning Vijaya was removed to the hospital in the adjacent town.

Ramachandran's mother was now alone. Though she had written half a dozen letters to her son she got no reply. She was greatly agitated. The refusal of her darling son to attend his father's anniversary still worried her very much. His long silence, his indifferent attitude towards his suffering sister almost broke her heart. She too contracted that dangerous disease, consumption. She refused to take food until she had seen her son. The neighbours were horrified to see Ramachandran's mother starving herself to death and even spitting blood at intervals.

Ramachandran had by this time finished his examination and was expecting his results. He got a telegram one day saying that his mother was dangerously ill. But the results were expected that evening. So he waited at the Senate House from 2 o'clock. At 6 the results were announced. Ramachandran passed—and the

only first class in the list. He hurriedly returned to his lodge, packed up his things and in another minute was on the railway platform. His ambition was at last fulfilled.

The train reached Shoranur. Thoughts about his sister and mother now began to trouble Ramachandran. In another half an hour or so, he was on the platform of Tanur. He engaged a special carriage and within quarter of an hour was at the door of his house. A strange loneliness, a dead silence had possessed the house. He opened the door and with a shout of 'first class at last, mother' jumped in. But he stopped at once. As he entered the inner room he heard nothing, and saw nothing except the body of a woman stretched on the cot, with a sweet smile on her lips.

T. G. KALYANARAMAN.

## On Cramming

I ALWAYS have my own suspicions about a man who professes that he never 'crams' and that he gets it all by intuition. He must be either a genius, which he is mostly not, or—well, I don't wish to be unpleasant. I, for my part, would respect readers who have no hesitation in confessing that they do sit with the book and try to get by heart the words of master-minds.

My High School teacher, a shrewd gentleman,—as you will see presently—used to offer this piece of advice to his students. He would say, "When any one approaches you for advice in the matter of getting by rote, have no hesitation in dissuading him; but immediately shut yourself up in your room to begin getting things by rote." Of course, he knew that it was a fashion among students to decry those who get things by heart. Hence he suggested this device to those proud gentlemen who disdained to own their cramming.

But I see no reason why one should feel ashamed to own one's cramming. I don't know if any of us could have seen a page of the glorious books like the Vedas and the Classical Epics, if cramming had not been encouraged in ancient times. I should be glad to learn if all the ancient disciples of Centaur sat with books in their hands instead of trusting to memory. All our classical scholars had their way of knowing the works of great authors without books—which shows they were good crammers.

To this day I can see this inherited tradition in the case of a number of Brahmin friends of mine whose forefathers were adepts in memorising the most difficult passages of the Vedas. We hear of western scholars who could recite the whole of *Æneid* without the book. Macaulay,

we are told, could repeat *Paradise Lost* from memory. Some of our own professors in the college can quote a good many lines from the great authors of the world. To come much nearer, I know that you, my gentle reader, have also the habit of cramming, that you follow my High School teacher's advice. My point is, why not own it?

If I am asked whether memorising is advisable when we have not grasped the full purport of the passage in question, I have no hesitation in giving my assent, provided the passage be good and worthy of treatment. Some 'intelligent' friends of mine murmur saying that I have lost my case in advocating "blind mugging." I will ask them to mind their own 'intelligent' friends and leave me to deal with my equals. If those big men care to listen to me further, they will learn that the celebrated passages that are considered to be gems in the literature of the world should be memorised at first by a boy. He will begin to enjoy the sweetness of the cup he sipped, as his mind matures. I therefore say there is a point even in cramming without knowing the meaning. It is just possible that you, at this tender age, are unable to cope with the author. But then, once you store him in your memory, your intellect will gradually rise up to his level.

I once approached a distinguished speaker and eminent educationist in South India on this subject, and he bore me out when I stated that getting Cicero and Burke by heart counts for more than half of the success of an orator. The familiar voice which is often heard to-day in the college got its inspiration, as we all know, from Burke, and the result is, our budding orator receives the well-deserved chorus of applause from appreciative audiences.

I do not know if any one will seriously contend that learning by rote kills original thinking. It is this sort of fallacious argument that has formed the basis of the prejudice against cramming. Without arguing with those

prejudiced gentlemen, I will place before them original thinkers and philosophers like Sankara and Ramanuja, who could quote from memory the abundant stores of Indian philosophy. The dynamic nature of their memory seems even to invigorate their intellectual powers. Those superstitious sages will perhaps even contend that a man who strikes out a brand new idea has not really learnt, or, at least has unlearnt, what he got from others. Originality, I should contend, does not lie in ignoring what others have done—for this is only proud pedantry. It rather consists in looking at the acquired diamond from the most advantageous point of view.

There can be no fear of an original thinker getting obsessed with the mass of meaningless things stored up in his memory. He can certainly take care of himself in judging the quality and quantity of the material he desires to retain in his memory. In our own case, I know, there is no need to assure ourselves that the mass of meaningless things will not crush us down like the gold of Tarpeia. In the wondrous machine of our brain, there is a safety-valve which acts in times of emergency. If you have ever compared the contents of your brain before and after any public examination, I am sure you will bear me out.

To conclude, I have no hesitation in recommending to my readers this art of cramming. If they take an interest in classics, it will be all the more necessary for them to resort to this method. In short, all arguments are in favour of memorising, though all fashionable prejudice seems to be against it. If you still disdain to own your cramming, you will do well to follow my High School teacher, and at least practise without professing.

"TOUCHSTONE."

## A Successful Day

ONE morning, as I was about to start from my home, I noticed I could not go out, because it was raining very hard. I turned to the rack to get an umbrella, but found to my surprise that there was not one among them which I could use. On the impulse of the moment, I decided to take the whole lot down—there were some five or six of them—to the repairer and have them all repaired at once.

Just as I started, my brother asked me not to forget to bring his umbrella back, as he wanted to use it that evening. His words impressed the subject of umbrellas very vividly on my mind. So I went to the repairer, settled the wages and left the umbrellas with him, saying that I would call for them on my way home that evening.

The time for lunch came. Still it was raining. But somehow I dashed to a restaurant and sat down at a table. I had not been there long before a young lady entered and took a seat opposite to me. I finished my lunch and getting up absent-mindedly, picked up her umbrella and started for the door.

"Oh! my umbrella! my umbrella! it is gone" she cried, and the waiter called out to me and reminded me that it was the lady's umbrella that I was taking away, upon which I returned it to her with much embarrassment and many apologies.

This incident served to impress the subject of umbrellas more deeply on my mind. So in the evening, on my way home, I called for my umbrellas, bought a newspaper, and got into a tram. I was deeply absorbed in reading the newspaper, having placed the umbrellas alongside of me in the car. But in a few minutes I had a peculiar feeling of someone staring at me. Lifting up my eyes, I saw to my surprise the same young woman whom I had met in the restaurant sitting opposite to me. She had a broad smile on her face, and looking straight into my eyes and pointing to my umbrellas, she said:—

"You've had a successful day, I see."

I'M SHY.

## Mr. Justice Fairplay's Judgment

MR. JUSTICE FAIRPLAY was always known to deliver such judgments as were pleasing to the popular mind. He always considered the legal aspect of a question from the commoner's point of view and pronounced judgments devoid of all legal phrases and couched in the language of everyday life. But this idol of the public lost all the love of his admirers by passing orders in a suit which benefited an enterprising publisher against a whole community of simple-minded gentlemen who were interested in things sensational. Whether it was Mr. Justice Fairplay's keen sense of humour, or better judgment, or abhorrence of things sensational that impelled him to decide in favour of the single defendant as against the innumerable plaintiffs—we leave it to the reader to decide.

Mr. Karunakara Menon was a smallish gentleman with rather a big head which eventually brought him a large sum of money at the expense of Mr. Justice Fairplay's popularity. That beautifully shaped head of his had an abundant growth of hair which was never cut for fear that the ingenious brains stored within should evaporate away. But certain gentlemen who had no love for him hinted that his head contained hardly anything which could evaporate. Mr. Menon was a bookseller, publisher and commission agent—all three rolled into one. He bought books which never sold, published books which, from the public point of view, were not worth reading, and was hardly entrusted with a commission. He had a dingy office—in dingy offices fabulous fortunes are often made—in a narrow street in Georgetown. The public refused to believe in him or his books or his authors, and so while others made money in the same trade, Mr. Menon was left far behind in the race and his dingy office became more and more

dingy. One of his faithful friends asserted that the public had not given him a chance. He vehemently declared that dingy offices always produced good books, whereas bright offices always produced dingy books.

Naturally Mr. Menon got exasperated. He took a terrible oath saying that he would win the public in spite of themselves. He went home, lighted his Dietz lamp—he could afford none better—and sat in his three-legged chair thinking.

The next day Mr. Menon was at the office early. He mortgaged his press and raised a loan of five hundred rupees and announced in the 'Hindu' on three consecutive days that he had in his possession a limited number of copies entitled "What every girl should know before marriage." Intending buyers were asked to send two rupees in advance and get the copy post free.

The next day Mr. Menon was busy signing money orders and despatching copies of an old book neatly packed in brown paper. The dingy office looked brighter and busier. There was a large number of workmen packing books. In a fortnight Mr. Menon despatched five thousand copies. He quickly cleared his debts, sold his press and the goodwill of the firm, bought a small house, invested about five thousand rupees in Government securities and proceeded to live in peace.

Mr. X. Y. Z. was one of those who bought Mr. Menon's book. He tore the packet open, looked into the first page and threw down the book with impatience and anger. A few days later a strange communication appeared in the 'Hindu'. Mr. X. Y. Z. desired to communicate with those who wanted to sue Mr. Menon for obtaining money by a confidence trick. Mr. X. Y. Z. received four hundred communications both from the city and the moffusil.

We now come to that ill-fated suit which cost Mr. Justice Fairplay his popularity. Mr. Justice Fairplay was

posted to hear the suit for damages in which one Karunkara Menon stood charged with obtaining money by a confidence trick from several gentlemen.

Mr. Justice Fairplay carefully heard the arguments of the advocates on both sides. Everybody associated with the case found himself famous, for the news was flashed in the papers. Mr. Menon's enemies said he had earned notoriety, that he was a scoundrel and a rogue. But the matter was *sub judice* and they had no right to talk about it publicly.

Mr. Justice Fairplay delivered his judgment at last in a few sentences. The court was crowded to the full with briefless barristers who had come to hear the decision in a case unique in the annals of the court.

"The case is this," said he, "Mr. Menon published a book called 'What every girl should know before marriage.' Many men bought it. I wonder why men bought this book which was published for the benefit of girls. In the title the publisher makes it clear that the book was meant for women and not for men. I find from the argument of the counsel for the plaintiffs that they bought this book with the idea that they should find in it something about sex. If they thought so, they were vulgar and hence justly punished. The book explains the art of cooking, which certainly is a thing which every girl ought to know before marriage. I dismiss the case with costs."

This explains how Mr. Justice Fairplay lost his popularity. He was surely vulgar in pronouncing the public vulgar. He was never invited to any public function after this memorable case. He died in obscurity, despite the fact that he had been one of the most popular judges on the bench before this unfortunate suit of the Public *vs.* Menon.

S. K. L. RATAN.

## Radha's I.C.S. Son-in-Law

**M**R. RAMANATHA IYER was the Head Clerk in the Sub-Collector's Office, Madura. He was an orthodox man and belonged to a family noted for its piety, orthodoxy and conservative principles. His father, Mr. Ramakrishna Iyer, was a poor 'Vaidik' at Mudukalathur, a village in the district of Ramnad. Being an only son, young Ramu was sent to a school to learn the Three R's. His hard study enabled him to join a High School at Madura and then a College, and after years of hard study, Ramanathan emerged from the College as a graduate. The costly "English" education had left his father penniless and Ramanatha Iyer had to enter service to earn his livelihood, and as a reward for his hard industry, he was able to secure the post of an Assistant Records Clerk in the Collector's Office at Madura. By dint of his honesty and obedience, he rose, after a period of fifteen years, to the position of the Head Clerk in the same office on a salary of Rs. 95 per mensem with which he was able to make both ends meet with great difficulty.

Mr. Ramanatha Iyer never enjoyed the comforts of home. As soon as he returned from his office after a hard day's work, he would be received by his wife with cruel and provocative words. Radha, Mr. Ramanatha Iyer's wife, was the daughter of a lawyer who was practising at Tirumangalam, and she inherited all the whims and fancies of a rich man's daughter. She was a typical 'modernised' woman and laughed at the orthodox ways of her husband. She was a woman of irritable temper. When Mr. Ramanatha Iyer returned from his office, she would taunt him that he had not presented her with the usual yearly 'sari,' that their dear daughter Kamala was not presented with a pair of gold bangles long

overdue, that she was ashamed to step out of their house in her shabby dress and meagre jewellery and so on and so forth. If, at any time, Mr. Ramanatha Iyer ever ventured to speak a word of defence, it only added fuel to the fire. The abuses increased in number and variety.

Radha had long cherished an idea that her dear Kamala should be given in marriage to a boy who would pass the "Collector's Examination" (I.C.S.) and become a District Collector. Kamala, Mr. Ramanatha Iyer's only daughter, was a nice girl. She was clever, witty and knew quite well the nature of her parents. She was only twelve, but her intelligence was that of a girl of twenty. She pitied the pathetic helplessness of her father when he was being treated with such scant respect by her mother. But she did not dare to express her sympathy. During those unpleasant moments, she quietly slipped away from the scene.

One quiet night when Mr. Ramanatha Iyer had just finished his supper and was reclining on an easy chair and when the rest of the town had gone to sleep, Radha opened the subject of Kamala's marriage.

"Don't you know, my dear, that our Kamala is twelve and that we should be on the look-out for a suitable bridegroom?" began Radha with a twinkle in her eye. Mr. Ramanatha Iyer was startled. He had feared that Radha would begin her second instalment of abuses for the day. But the opening was encouraging and he brightened.

"Surely, my dear," Mr. Ramanatha Iyer began, "I am aware of that and I am rather anxious..... But where's the room for anxiety when we have a good boy in view? He suits our Kamala well, and we can celebrate the wedding....."

"Who's that boy? Pray, tell me. How's it that you have not informed me of that before? Perhaps you wanted

to surprise me. Is it Nana, my uncle's son?" interrupted eager Radha.

She had in mind Narayanaswami, a post-graduate student of the Presidency College and the only son of her father's brother. She had thought of asking his parents to send him up for the I.C.S. Examination after taking his degree. Now when she heard her husband's words, she naturally wondered how he could have chosen the identical boy she had in mind. But what was her amazement and dismay when her husband said, "No, it's not he.....!"

"Then who is that blessed boy, if he is not Nana?" asked Radha rather excited.

Thus far the conversation proceeded gently. But now troubles began.

"It is not Nana. He is too much for us," began Mr. Ramanatha Iyer after an awkward pause. "I have in my mind Ramamurthi, the second son of Mr. Krishnaswami Iyer of our village. He has got about ten acres of good land and also a cocoanut 'tope' which bring him about Rs. 1,000 per annum, and he has no very great expenses at home. Our son-in-law will get five acres and a 'tope' which will yield about Rs. 50 a month in a village. Now-a-days even an M.A. does not get so much. Our Kamala can be comfortable there and....."

Radha could contain herself no more. In a moment she found all her schemes about the 'I.C.S.' son-in-law blasted. The idea of giving her only daughter to a village boy seemed despicable to the lawyer's daughter and she therefore determined not to swerve an inch from her own choice and was determined to offer a stern front.

"What is it you are speaking about, my dear?" said Radha with a fire in her eye. "Is it your idea to make an end of my life early? Or is it that you want to make our Kamala's life miserable by marrying her to an illiterate

rustic, a 'vaidik's' son? Can our only daughter, brought up with all the comforts of a town life, stand the rude occupations of rustic life? Alas!.....I never dreamt that Kamala would undergo such humiliations at the hands of her own father. What can one do with lands and 'topes' in these days when the annual income from them is less than the 'kist' demanded? Besides, you want to give her to the *second* son. But how can Kamala bear the authority of the first son's wife? Impossible..... On the other hand, look at our Nana. He is an intelligent boy and he can easily get through his M.A. Examination. He can appear for the "I.C.S." and, on passing it, he can become a Collector, and our Kamala would be obeyed and feared as the Collector's wife by all! Which shall we have our Kamala be—a Collector's wife or a villager's wife? If contrary to my wishes anything is done, my only alternative would be—life would not be worth living for me."

What could poor Mr. Ramanatha Iyer do? He had planned one thing and his wife another which was a bolt from the blue for him. Further, she gave him the ultimatum—suicide—the very mention of which word made him shiver with fear. He had to act in accordance with her wishes.

\* \* \* \* \*

The marriage left Mr. Ramanatha Iyer penniless and thereafter his only income was his salary. Narayanaswami or Nana, as he was called, often visited his father-in-law's house and during his stay there was treated with extraordinary hospitality and respect. But to Mr. Ramanatha Iyer, his stay there meant a heavy expense and naturally he tried to avoid him. Radha on the other hand was very enthusiastic. Thanks to her advertisement, the whole women population of the locality spoke of her as the 'Collector's mother-in-law.' Poor Mr. Ramanatha Iyer became more and more disgusted with Nana and his unorthodox manners and he even overworked himself in his office in order to avoid

the disagreeable necessity of dancing attendance on his son-in-law.

\* \* \* \* \*

Nana had sat for his University Examination. The results were to be published the next day. He himself, who was sure of success, felt diffident, as the date of the publication of the results drew near. He was constantly estimating within himself the marks he would get in each of the papers 'if strictly valued' and the marks he would get 'if liberally valued' and finding out the average of the two totals. At last the results were out and Nana was placed in the third class. In spite of his low rank, he was forced by his mother-in-law to prepare for the ensuing 'I.C.S.' Examination—a third class M.A. to compete with first class Honours men!

The news of the success of Nana was flashed throughout the town of Madura. Some ignorant women, mistaking the M.A. results for the 'I.C.S.' results, came to congratulate Radha on her daughter's becoming a Collector's wife! But poor Mr. Ramanatha Iyer had his own doubts about Nana's future.

After the publication of the results, Nana went to his father-in-law's place in response to an invitation. He took with him many books to study for the I.C.S. Examination. Radha was overjoyed at the sight of the volumes her son-in-law was reading and she was sure of his success. A separate room was set apart as his "study." The preparation for the Examination went on briskly. Nana had even taken off his tuft, the only surviving symbol of an orthodox Hindu in him, on the pretext that it interfered with his serious studies. The very sight of the cropped head of Nana was an abhorrence to Mr. Ramanatha Iyer, who shuddered at the thought of his son-in-law sailing for England, which was an open violation of the Shastras. His protest against the idea of Nana's sitting for the 'I.C.S.' had proved futile.

One fine morning, when Mr. Ramanatha Iyer was just finishing his morning ablutions and his son-in-law was brushing his teeth, the Postman brought them a copy of the 'Hindu.' Nana finished his coffee and reclining on an easy chair leisurely turned over the pages of the paper. But when he turned the fourth page, what was his horror when he saw the following in block letters:

## THE "AXE" IN THE GOVERNMENT OF INDIA

### NO I.C.S. EXAMINATION FOR TWO YEARS

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT)

Delhi, 12th June 19—.

It is understood that the Government of India have, as a measure of retrenchment, resolved not to recruit candidates by competitive Examinations during this year and the coming year.....Accordingly no I.C.S. Examination will be held this year.

Nana was taken by surprise. He felt a chill and in a few moments his whole body was shivering. He began to perspire profusely. In a few minutes all the house came to know of what had happened. Mr. Ramanatha Iyer was standing motionless, rejoicing within himself that God had after all responded to his prayers and that Nana would not be violating the Shastras. Radha was staring at the newspaper, as if the newspaper was responsible for the breakdown of her schemes. Tears trickled down her cheeks unconsciously. Her plans had crumbled. She was humiliated. Kamala, poor girl, did not know what to do.

There was no further chance for Nana to appear for the I.C.S., as he would be above the maximum age fixed. It was therefore resolved that he should proceed direct to Madras to seek his fortune, not in the Indian Civil Service but in some other humbler service. He arrived in Madras and began 'job hunting' with much zeal. After several weeks of mental unrest, he was able to secure a post in the

M. and S. M. Railway Audit Office on a salary of Rs. 25, and he settled down to it.

\* \* \* \* \*

Misfortunes never come single. One day when Mr. Ramanatha Iyer and his family were sitting together, they got a letter from Nana that, owing to the General Railway Strike and financial stringency, about twenty men were thrown out of employment of whom he had the misfortune to be one. The letter ended with an earnest appeal for an early remittance.

The orthodox Mr. Ramanatha Iyer now ventured to gaze at his foolish wife and remind her of her folly in going in for an "I.C.S." son-in-law.

S. NATARAJAN.

## The Return

THE sun grew larger in size ; and its radiance richer in gold. The house stood in all its sedate charm a little removed from the two beautiful and massive trees before it. The branches of the trees were entangled in an intricate embrace from which descended a huge and lengthy shadow. It was a pretty old house, washed creamy white, and had a broad verandah with two graceful pillars to support it.

The owners of the house, an old loving couple, almost nearing the Biblical age of "three score and ten," were seated in the verandah on a wooden bench. Weather-beaten by the storms of life, both had seen several such evenings. Many a time had they watched from the same place the sun waning in the western horizon before its daily dip into the night's ocean. But to them, to-day, there seemed to be something unusually new in the drabness of life and the monotony of scene. They gazed into the distant road that stretched away into the sunset ; for a long while they gazed like that, intently but silently. And then the old woman, Sura, asked her husband in a hushed whisper, "Will not Raja be very near now?" "We will know it soon," the old man slowly muttered. Old Sura took an old book of withering leaves that lay by her and attempted to hide her surging emotion under its cover.

A soft breeze, laden with fragrance, swept in from the adjacent garden, grazing over the tree-tops drooping with fruit. Sheaves of pale rays rustled through the quivering foliage of the trees. Now and then the tender notes of a refrain sung by Indu floated through the open window of the house into the verandah and thence melted into the outside space.

\* \* \* \* \*

Sarasaraj was returning home ; he was already within a few miles of his native village. His cart moved slowly and without an effort, as only Indian carts know how to do. But his heart beat fast and his fancy ran riot. To return home, sweet home ! And that after two long years of hardship in a gaol ..... How often in those days he wept with his head between his hands ! How many times did he not run into ecstasies over the precious refrains of his motherland that a forlorn countryman of his used to sing there, and that found an echo only in the mute walls ! Now those sad things are far, far behind him. He is once again near his own dear village ! In a few minutes he will be with his father and mother, and also Indu ! There ! Already the green rice fields have seen him and are wafting him a wavy welcome !

Will his father and mother be waiting for him in that old verandah where he played so many boyish pranks in by-gone days ? Yes, surely, there they will be, with outstretched arms and tear-filled eyes ! How will Indu look at him ? Will she greet him ? ..... Ah ! Those dear arms.....

These sweet and stimulating thoughts seemed to hasten the pace of even his bullock cart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Indu, the buxom young woman, staying with the old couple, is the widow of a distant relative of theirs. How she married, and when she became a widow, she does not know ; all people called her a widow ; and she too thought she was a widow. She had neither father nor mother, and Sura and the old man brought her up in their own home. In days gone by, Sarasaraj and she studied together, played together and ate together.

Some two years ago Sarasaraj told her how greatly he loved her. But it was the wickedest of things. People talked so of other similar cases. His parents had very strange words to say about it. Indu was herself sure it was the unholiest of crimes. And Sarasaraj knew that, if

he persisted in his suit, nothing but obloquy and calumny would be heaped on his head. Social opprobrium is the most dreaded evil. But just then he had something very powerful to grip his attention, and it was a call from the depths of his own 'conscience.' He answered it and was soon clapped in a secure gaol. And we see him now coming home after two years' R. I.

\* \* \* \* \*

The rumbling noise of the vehicle resounded in the stillness of the air. The father and the mother stood up from their seat and came down the steps. The notes of music stopped and a sweet face appeared at the window. The lank lean Sarasaraj descended from his cart.

"Raja, Raja" cried the old lady in a feeble voice.

"There ! There ! Old dear, Raja is come !" murmured the old man gaily.

And Sarasaraj found himself in the caressing embrace of his old parents.

"Yes, yes, old dear, it is Raja" the old man murmured again.

"Oh, my dear father and mother ! I have not seen you these two long years....." Sarasaraj tried to speak, when he regained himself a little.

"But you have come Raja ! You have come !" said the loving mother.

"Yes, yes, it is our own Raja and he is come," the old man tearfully added ; and that was all he could say. Old Sura was in silent tears. There was a calmness in the air.

Sarasaraj straightened himself and turned round. At the window he caught a pair of eyes shining into his. Indu was all the while there gazing at him, at the father and the mother, at the trees, at the crimson sky, and at the far off horizon with the sinking sun. He stepped in.

"Indu, Indu."

They were there facing each other.

"Indu! Indu!....." No! Words would not follow. Only their eyes spoke in silent eloquence.

She had grown more mellow than when he left her. He looked at her; longer and still longer; things before him began to grow larger and fainter. His eyes were getting disobedient. Indu's form was slowly vanishing into the mass of mist that clouded his vision.

\* \* \* \*

Several of the village folk gathered at their house. Sarasaraj was a favourite with them and they had felt his absence keenly. Now that he came back (and the village news has very fast wings) they poured forth in a quiet stream to greet him.

"Yes, he is come back," were the old man's words as he cheered the villagers.

Sarasaraj talked to all of them. He told them of his gaol life and how they could make themselves useful to the country at large. He spoke with fervour. His words betokened a certain dignity of emotion. And when he stopped, there was a biting quietness inside and outside the house. The fiery sunset had already merged into the green sea of woods that veiled the circling hills, leaving only a hint of pink. The October crescent moon was shedding a friendly glow over all the country-side. A few pale beams playing through the trees threw a chequered shade.

"Indu dear, would you give us a song?" asked Sura. Some visitors too joined her in her request. Indu hesitated.

"Both of us will sing," Sarasaraj volunteered.

"You sing, and I will listen" pleaded Indu. And her pleading was irresistible. She handed him her *Veena*.

"Sing of the return of the long lost son," said the old father.

"The return of the native' we love very much," a villager struck in.

"It would be of the return of the lover," thought Sarasaraj.

Beneath his fingers the strings of the *Veena* began to murmur as though awakening from a sleep; and a song attuned to it flowed from his lips. Sad notes vibrated through the quiet of the old house; notes soft and sorrowful, like some remote mournful cry; notes deep with the tremor of affliction and agony. The melody rose sobbing through the leafy trees and found unison there in the yearning cry of a love-lorn *Chakora*.

Sarasaraj stopped singing. But the chords surged on for a long while full of grief; and then slowly, slowly the song died away, as though tired with sorrow, like a distant echo, ending in a death-like silence.

Sarasaraj's audience sat like statues—all mute; and within their hearts swelled the silent storm of past sorrows. He gazed at a shy shivering star that had rent the distant horizon. The old father's lips seemed to murmur, "Yes, Yes, Raja is come back." The poor mother cried softly. The dark lovely eyes of Indu were full of tears; and in a half-choked voice she cried "Raja, Raja! no shadow of separation shall ever keep us apart. We shall....." and her suffused sobs sank into the depths of silence.

B. MUTHUSWAMY.

## Some Emotions—But No Moral

**O**CTOBER has turned out to be a month of sadness. True we can have apples in plenty, but, frankly, if any one were to eat them in appreciable quantities to compensate for all the evils of October, one would be ill, very ill indeed!

I am not speaking of the October chills and colds which have settled down comfortably, nor do I refer to the fall of leaves. These pale into nothingness before the battle that wages around me.

Let me introduce the combatants. I have on my right Mr. Ramana, decorator and photographer, and on my left my friend Mr. Raya. From the start the latter had shown the greatest promise. Already his name was whispered in connection with the All-India Ping-Pong Championship, a triumph which would undoubtedly carry with it a seat in the Legislature. Such is his name that you would scarcely breathe it without first using some kind of atomizer or throat-gargle.

The clash is temperamental and concerns the manner in which a set of paintings should be arranged on the wall. Mr. Ramana wants the job to be done in his own way, and Mr. Raya wants it done his way; and nobody cares a solitary onion bulb what I want. For Ramana, as a picture expert, I have the most profound regard. It is an injustice to the man to say that he acquired his knowledge of art. It was born with him. His conception of a suitable back-ground for paintings is just this: a scarlet circle, surrounded by another circle of yellow stripes and flourishes, surrounded in its turn by a square of blue patterns, and I know not what else. Nobody has ever beautified a room in such an original manner.

But my friend Raya comes and spoils everything.

"I see," he says, "you are still allowing that fish to turn your study into a suburban horror. Why won't you be a man? Why don't you sack him?"

"Sack him!" I retreat in shocked tones. "I'd like to see the man who could sack Ramana. Some day during the progress of his work, if I misbehave, he may sack me."

"You give me a pain in the neck" roars he. "You have not the moral courage of an underfed guinea-pig. Are you going to allow this ruffian to turn your room into a place fit for owls and bats? That's about your artistic level."

"My dear fellow," I say soothingly, "tell me exactly what you want."

"I want colour," shouts he. "I want a room like a Swinburne's poem intoned to the strains of a symphony."

"Good God"!

"If that pig has his way, he will sow mushrooms in your study."

"Indeed!"

"I won't allow it," shrieks he; "it's an outrage; it isn't decent. If you allow it I will smash every photo up with my own hand."

"Very well, do what you like with him. I give you a free hand."

Early next morning a baffling spectacle awaits me. Raya storms. Ramana growls. The former tears the other's hair. The artist skulks in silence. Every picture the photographer fixes, the other tears up and throws out with a twist into the dust bin. Raya directs towards the other two eyes so full of expression as to be perfectly circular. While the other directs a gaze so intense that nothing but a gas-pipe could have emulated its intensity. Then the battle begins. One of them stands like a rock; the other reels but keeps his balance and holds his head

high. The large blows rain. They fight for Freedom of action, for the Progress of the world and the Universal Brotherhood of Man.

My books are caught in the whirlwind and shoot out like white flames out of the sky. My pictures with frames rain upon me like living thunderbolts. It seems to me that the roof would come down upon me like a hat. I am completely smothered. For the first time in my life I begin to curse and swear.

Horror of emptiness! My room has been turned into a battlefield; and I have been sent into exile. It is no easy matter to make a passage in this uneven country of mangled corpses. They have made a mess of it. Can a man, endowed with all the virtues in the world, tolerate this? Yes, reason has gone to the dogs.

I am so vexed about it. Is it right that a busy man like myself, working for humanity by giving bread to the unemployed, should be worried like this? Why on earth should they conspire, I want to know? Both of them treat me with contempt, which is very unfair; for though I am no artist, I can spell "Dinosaur" and "Ichthyosaurus" quite correctly and no man is utterly contemptible who can do that. But I mean to assert myself. I shall 'duck' them in the dirtiest pond in Madras. That will teach them whose room they are playing with.

M. JAYARAMA RAO.



W. C. DOUGLAS, M.A.,  
*Principal and Professor of English*

## The Place of English in University Studies in India.

[We are very thankful to Mr. Douglas for permitting us to publish the following extracts from his profoundly interesting and thoughtful Valedictory Address to the English Honours Association of the College.—ED.]

THE question which I ask you to consider with me this afternoon is whether Honours English Studies in this University are so planned and pursued as to afford the maximum benefit which such studies are capable of yielding. I confine my attention to the Honours course, because it is of more immediate interest to you. What exactly is the benefit, first, to the individual student, and, second, to the community at large, which can be looked for from a University Honours course of English Language and Literature? I think the benefit to the individual can be considered under five very general heads. The student ought to derive *pleasure*; he ought to gain *knowledge*; he ought to acquire *sympathy*; he ought to obtain *power*; and he should find stimulus and *inspiration*. *Pleasure, knowledge, sympathy, power and inspiration*—these ought to be the harvest of an Honours course of English Language and Literature.

But the individual is bound to serve the community, of whose collective will the University is one expression, and the Honours English student should be expected to pass on to the community the benefits of his study. We shall see later in what way he may be expected to do this.

That the individual student should thoroughly *enjoy* his Honours English course will not, I think, be disputed. If he does not enjoy his three years' study, there must be something wrong, *either* with the student *or* with the teachers *or* with the course itself. I do not, of course, mean

that the course should not require hard work, painful effort, and even some drudgery. Pleasure does not mean merely natural, spontaneous, instinctive pleasure. It includes rational satisfaction at difficulties overcome, and progress made in the acquisition of knowledge and skill, felt by the student to be worth acquiring. If there are difficulties in the course which cannot be overcome, or if the knowledge and skill painfully acquired are felt to be not worth acquiring, then there will be pain and dissatisfaction where there ought to be pleasure, and the course will fail to give the maximum benefit.

The student should derive much *knowledge* from his English studies, and that of two kinds, knowledge of form and knowledge of content. By knowledge of form, I mean that he should learn what the English language is, how it has come to be what it is, what effects it is capable of producing both in prose and poetry and how it produces these effects. By knowledge of content, I mean generally the thoughts and imaginations, the beliefs, sentiments and ideals, the ways of thinking, feeling and acting—in a word, the life and experience of the English people as recorded in their literature. For any real grasp of the form and content of English literature some knowledge of the political, social and literary history of England is necessary, and this knowledge I include in the Honours English course. It is in my opinion essential that the knowledge required of candidates for the B.A. (Hons.) Examination should be real, vital, assimilated, organised knowledge. What I mean is this. If you are asked to say in what respects "Dr. Faustus" shows indebtedness to the morality plays, you ought to be expected to show an accurate and fairly detailed knowledge of at least one typical morality play. Second-hand generalizations which you cannot support by evidence or illustrate by particular examples do not constitute vital or fruitful knowledge. Such knowledge is not a benefit, but a snare and a delusion.

It can never lead to understanding, still less to insight. The *first* consideration in planning a course is the amount of *real* knowledge, which a capable student with a distinct aptitude for that line of study, can assimilate in the time at his disposal.

For understanding or insight you need *sympathy*, by which I mean the imaginative entering into or realization of the feelings of others. The broadening of one's sympathies is the third great benefit which should be looked for from the study of the English Language and English Literature. There are, of course, two elements in sympathy. There is the imaginative realization of the emotions of another, and there is the practical prompting to *act* on behalf of that person as you would for yourself. I do not claim for the study of literature that it necessarily fosters *practical* sympathy. Literature, if properly studied, arouses sympathetic emotion, but it arouses emotion on behalf of persons who are beyond our sympathy, either because they are dead and gone, or because they never lived except in the world of imagination. Thus the prompting to action may be habitually stifled, because it finds no immediate outlet. In this case the reader tends to become sentimental and emotional, and even to become callous in the relationships of real life. Students of literature should be on their guard against this tendency, and should at every point relate their reading to their real life. For the establishment of this relation between literature and life the student himself is mainly responsible. The teacher cannot be expected to shoulder the responsibility. What the teacher can and must do is to stimulate and train the student's powers of imagination, to show him how to project himself into a situation, and to identify himself with the characters whom he meets in history or fiction.

Now I have already encroached upon the domain of the *fourth* benefit which a course of English Language and

Literature is capable of conferring. All these benefits I am talking about are not separable in fact ; they are mutually involved and inter-dependent. They are all necessary elements or ingredients in a developed personality, but they can exist in different strengths or intensities, and so they have a certain independence. The fourth benefit, I said, was *power*, or ability to *do* certain things. The four main powers or abilities which it is worth while distinguishing are the power to *understand* language and literature, the power to *appreciate*, the power to *criticize* and the power to *create*. I hope I am not confusing you by these rather abstract distinctions. You may, for instance, wonder why I distinguish *power* as a benefit from the other benefits I have mentioned—pleasure, knowledge and imaginative sympathy. I confess that I am not sure whether the distinction is worth making. My main object in making it is to emphasize the distinction between the *process* of education through which you go in the Honours English course, and the *final result*, which ought to be the acquisition of certain *permanent dispositions to behave in certain ways*. I distinguish, for instance, between the pleasure you get during the course from your increasing knowledge of the nature and functions of the English Language on the one hand, and on the other hand, a permanent taste for linguistic and philological pursuits, which ought to be the outcome of your study in the English Honours Course. I distinguish between the actual knowledge you acquire during the course, and the ability you have acquired at the end of it to *use* your knowledge for the purpose of acquiring more knowledge. In general, unless you have used the three years of the course for the purpose of acquiring certain definite tastes, habits and abilities which you are not likely to acquire elsewhere than in this course, and which will be of the utmost value to you in after life, then I am sure you have not derived from the course all the benefit it is capable of giving.

One of the supreme benefits which you should derive from the course is a *critical mind*, that is, an analytical or distinguishing mind, a mind sensitive to delicate distinctions of thought, feeling, mood and temperament; a synoptic mind, which can grasp the unity of a work of art and can appreciate the harmonious adjustment of all its parts and elements. One of the aims of an Honours English Course should be to develop your critical powers. I do not indeed mean that you should set out to become original and independent critics, claiming the right to set aside received critical judgments. I do, however, say that your criticism should be *your own*. You should try to set forth as truly as you can the exact impression which a poem, a drama or a prose work has made on you. This is not an easy task, and I very much doubt whether the Honours Course is planned in such a way as to make it easier for you. I cannot see any specific provision in the syllabus or the regulations for providing you with a coherent body of doctrine on the functions and principles of criticism. And yet, as Coleridge says, "a true critic can no more be such without placing himself on some central point, from which he can command the whole,—that is, some general rule founded in reason or the faculties common to all men—than an astronomer can explain the movements of the solar system without taking his stand in the sun."

It is rather startling to find that the Honours English course is the only Honours course in which there is neither a syllabus nor a list of books recommended for study. All other courses have one or the other, and some of them have both. It has always filled me with chagrin to observe the fifteen pages of the University Calendar required by the mathematicians and the twenty-nine pages required by the philosophers to specify the exact scope and standard of their examinations. The English *litterateurs* need only six pages to set forth the bare list of literary works which are to form the subject of the examination. No clue

to the precise topics of study or to the aspects of English literature requiring the student's attention is vouchsafed beyond the spacious announcement that "a candidate shall be required to show a knowledge of the *whole course* of the history of English literature" and that "in Shakespeare a candidate shall, in addition to the detailed study of the prescribed plays, be required to show *a general knowledge of Shakespeare's works and of Shakespearean criticism.*" Truly the Honours English course seems to be conceived in the spirit of the mediæval treatise, "Concerning all things knowable and some others."

The main point I wish to emphasize here is that the indeterminateness of the Honours English course and the multifariousness of the topics of study in it are real hindrances to the endeavour to learn the best that is known and thought in the world of English literature; they are hindrances to the acquisition of "the steady power to see and say what is good and what is not, and why it is good and why it is not;" they are, it seems to me, hindrances to "the expansion and clarifying of the student's thinking and feeling."

I think the Honours English course should aim at educating its students, not at making them specialists; and for a liberal education, leisure or at least freedom from hurry and external constraint is indispensable. If the Honours English course is to give all the benefit it *can* give, some limitation of interest and more concentration on essentials is required. I think the University of Oxford can teach us something here. Of course the Honours English course of this University should not attempt to follow the lines of the Honour School of English at Oxford. At any rate, Oxford does not make the mistake of organizing its Honour School of Modern Languages on the lines of the advanced teaching of French in the Universities of France or of German in the Universities of Germany. The standard of the Honours English course in Madras is more

analogous to that of the Oxford Honour School of Modern Languages. Take, for instance, the subjects of examination for candidates who elect to take French. There are ten compulsory papers in the final examination, and one optional paper which is necessary for a First Class. Of the ten compulsory papers, three "are unseen," that is, one paper of translation from English into French, one of unprepared translation from French into English, and an essay in French. Of the remaining seven compulsory papers, two are on the history of the French language and on texts prescribed for linguistic study. Two are on the history of French literature. The history is divided into three periods, of which two must be chosen: (1) from the beginning to 1530; (2) from 1530 to 1715; and (3) from 1715 to 1870. No books are prescribed for these papers, but a first-hand knowledge of the works of the principal authors of the period is expected, along with such knowledge of the thought and history of France as is necessary to the understanding of the literature. Naturally a wide choice of questions is given in these two papers, and a definite convention has been established as to the authors, the writings and the topics which the student should study. Half the trouble with the Honours English Examination in *this* University is due to the absence of such a convention. The absence of the convention is, of course, due to the fact that the persons who set the question-papers are not teachers in this University and are not in touch with the teaching.

The three remaining papers are on books or portions of books prescribed as examples of literature. The first of these three papers is on early texts ranging from 'La Chanson de Roland' to Francois Villon. Seven texts are mentioned, and although the bulk of each is rather large, the interest is concentrated, and the attention of the student is not so scattered as in the Honours English Examination here. For the second paper, any two of the following

authors have to be studied; Montaigne, Pascal, Moliere and Racine. For the third paper, two of the following authors have to be taken: Voltaire, Rousseau, Victor Hugo and Musset. For each author, a very limited number of selections is prescribed for special study. In the case of Montaigne, for instance, six essays are prescribed. Four plays are prescribed in the case of Moliere and three in the case of Racine. The great advantage of the Oxford system is that the scope of all the papers, except the two History of Literature papers, is strictly limited and the attention of the student is concentrated. Even in the History of Literature papers, convention does what regulations do in the other papers. The same limitation and concentration of interest is found in the Oxford Classical School, or at least in that section of it which deals with language and literature. I feel sure that the Honours English course here would greatly benefit by a similar limitation and concentration.

I said that one of the powers which this course should develop in you is the power to *create*. By this I mean that you should receive a theoretical and practical course of instruction in the art of literary composition. This, so far as I know, is wholly lacking. Composition forms indeed part of the Honours Preliminary Examination; but after that, your composition is left to look after itself. Even in your third year, very little attempt is made (or can, under present arrangements, be made) to form your style, or to develop any aptitude you may possess for literary composition. Literary technique is, I believe, completely or almost completely neglected. This is not as it should be; but until the course is remodelled, I do not see how it is possible to pay much attention to the development of your powers of expression. The only consolation is, that, everything considered, the English and the composition of Honours English students is surprisingly good; in some cases it is very good. I am inclined to think that there is

a latent gift of literary expression in South India that has never yet been fully evoked.

The last benefit which I said should be looked for from the Honours English course is *stimulus* or *inspiration*, by which I mean many things which I shall not specify in detail. On the whole, I mean a moulding influence on the character and conduct, on the intellectual and moral outlook of the individual student, exerted by his wide and prolonged contact with the English language and with English literature. I am not here referring to the broad historical influences flowing from the introduction into India a hundred years ago of the study of English. That a transformation of Indian life has occurred during these years is obvious. But there is a danger of confusing influences which are really distinct,—the influence of material progress, which has transformed the rest of the world as well as India, the influence of legislation and administration, and the influence of personal contact with Englishmen. It is not of these things that I am speaking. Just as I can distinguish the influence on me of my classical education, from the influence on Modern Europe of Ancient Greece and Rome, so you should distinguish the influence on you of your study in the Honours English course from the influence of England on India. It is for you to render account to yourselves of the stimulus and inspiration to right thinking, feeling and action derived from your study. My own view is, that, if more stress were laid on the development of the habits and mental qualities which the study of English can foster and less on the acquisition of facts more or less remote from your real life, the course would be more profitable than it probably is.

The last point on which I propose to touch is the benefit which the community at large has a right to expect from a body of Honours English graduates. I take it for granted that it is the duty of an Honours English graduate to pass on to the community in one form or another the

advantage he has gained from his studies. If the education you have received is a good one, it will fit you "to perform justly, skilfully and magnanimously all the offices, both private and public, of peace"—I shall say nothing of war. More than this the community cannot expect, more than this it does not need. But the place of English studies in an education such as Milton conceived is far too wide a subject for me to attempt. I shall touch on only two of those 'public offices' which an Honours English graduate is uniquely fitted to perform.

The most obvious one is the work of teaching the English language and English Literature in schools and colleges. I shall say no more about the teaching of English in the Honours courses. Nor shall I deal with the question of the teaching of English in the University Pass courses. That subject is at the present moment engaging the attention of the University of Madras, and I do not wish to embark, on this occasion, on a highly controversial subject. But everyone is agreed that all is not well with the teaching of English in secondary schools, and that the situation is worsening. Some of you may become teachers in Secondary schools, and all of you will have more or less influence in shaping future policy with regard to the teaching of English in Secondary schools. If it is not the duty of an Honours English graduate to exert himself—either privately or publicly, according to his opportunities—in the direction of placing the teaching of English in Secondary schools on a sound basis, I do not know whose duty it is. I trust you will permit me to quote from a published article of mine on "the Teaching of English in Secondary schools," an extract which states what seems to me to be the essential function of English studies not only in the schools, but also in the colleges of India.

What are we to teach under the name of English in our secondary schools? and what is our aim in teaching it? The education imparted in the secondary school is to be "the best and most advanced possible," and by 'best'

I mean the education most suited to the present needs—political, social, economic and cultural—and the future requirements of the country. The detailed characteristics of such an education provide matter for volumes. The present discussion envisages only a single need—the need in all walks of life for men of trained intelligence, who have been taught to observe, imagine, and reflect, to think and to arrive at correct conclusions, men possessed of a true sense of value, with the desire and ability to give effect to their knowledge and belief. The main function of a secondary school is to do what a school can do to render such men possible.

English used to be, and still in too many cases is, the sun of the secondary school system. It should be only a planet. The whole system is and will remain out of relation to reality as long as this Ptolemaic error continues. The true centre of the system is the mother-tongue. The substitution of the mother-tongue for English as the centre of the secondary school curriculum is the Copernican revolution of South Indian education. I speak as an enthusiast for English. I am not enough of an astronomer to say what the effect on the planetary system would be of the sudden disappearance of Jupiter, but I am sure that the sudden disappearance of English would dissolve the secondary school system, as we know it, in South India. That system came with English, and, unless the place of English is taken by some language corresponding to English in richness and universality, it will go with English.

I am not surprised that many Headmasters hesitate to adopt the mother-tongue as the medium of instruction in the higher forms. It is not altogether an idle fear that the progressive weakening of the force which originated and still actuates secondary education may ultimately destroy the motive power of the system—that 1935 may undo the work of 1835. The danger can only be averted by giving the mother-tongue exactly the same prominence and attention that English gets in England, and using English as a source of knowledge and power for the modernization and invigoration of the mother-tongue.

The all-importance of the role of language in mental development is a commonplace of modern educational theory. The report of the Newbolt Committee (1919-1921) on "The Teaching of English in England" (page 20) states the view with force and precision. "What a man cannot clearly state he does not perfectly know, and, conversely, the inability to put his thought into words sets a boundary to his thought. Impression may anticipate words, but unless expression seizes and recreates the impressions they soon fade away, or remain but vague and indefinite to the mind which received them and incommunicable to others. 'A haziness of intellectual vision,' said Cardinal Newman, 'is the malady of all who have not had a really good education.' It is a common experience that to find fit language for our impressions not only renders them clear and definite to ourselves and to others, but in the process

leads to deeper insight and fresh discoveries, at once explaining and extending our knowledge." A thorough mastery of the mother-tongue as a vehicle of modern thought and experience is clearly a *sine qua non* of a true and fruitful education. The full implications of this truth are outside the scope of the present discussion. Its acceptance involves a complete revolution in the conception of the curriculum, the correlation of subjects, the spirit and method of teaching, and, above all, in the mental outlook and equipment of the teacher of the mother-tongue. The traditional 'Pundit' theory and practice should be scrapped *in toto*, in so far as they are out of harmony with the modern outlook on the teaching of the mother-tongue.

Now, if it is true,—and there is every reason to believe that it is true—that at least some South Indian vernaculars are not at present instruments of precision for the expression of modern thought and experience, and if it is not denied that the vernacular literatures are not worthy expressions of modern life, achievements, ideals and aspirations, it follows that the main aim of the teaching of English should be to supply those defects in South Indian Education. If the aim of education is proficiency in living, and if books are "the instruments through which we hear the voices of those who have known life better than ourselves," and if by 'life' and 'living' we mean life in accordance with modern standards and conditions and opportunities, then the ability to read and assimilate modern English books is the indispensable complement of the mastery of the mother-tongue in South Indian secondary education. To impart this ability is the fundamental aim of the English course. The narrowly utilitarian aim of teaching pupils to speak and write English for the purposes of law-courts, Government and business offices, newspaper staffs and so on is a subsidiary aim, which may best be attained by pursuing the larger and more philosophic purpose.

To supply the defects in the literature of the mother-tongue, to use English as a source of knowledge and power for the modernization and invigoration of the mother-tongue—this seems to me to be the essential function at present of English as an instrument of education.

If you agree with me, will you tell me who is to supply the defects in the literatures of the South Indian languages? Who is to play the leading part in the application of English to the modernization and invigoration of these languages? Tamil, Telugu, Malayalam and Kanarese can never become the rich, flexible and precise vehicles of modern thought and sentiment, until you have had a whole

series of writers of intellectual power, of sound judgment, pure feeling, wide sympathies and high imagination. More than one generation—perhaps more than one century—is needed for this. The important thing is to make a start, or at least to begin to direct our educational policy towards this goal. How long is the Tamil-nadu or the Andhra-desa, let us say, to wait for its Defoe, its Richardson, its Fielding, its Jane Austen, its Scott, its Dickens and its Thackeray? When are historians like Macaulay and Carlyle going to appear? When is philosophy going to be written in Tamil or Telugu with the transparency and grace of a Berkeley, or the clearness and cogency of a Hume? When is the Tamil or Telugu Dryden, the father of scientific literary criticism in these languages, going to appear? There is plenty of room—I speak, of course, subject to correction—in South Indian Vernacular literatures for an Addison, a Goldsmith, a Lamb, a Hazlitt, a De Quincey, a Ruskin and a Matthew Arnold. The supremely important function of English Language and English Literature in South Indian education is to furnish models of thought, feeling, imagination and literary expression, and to give stimulus and inspiration to writers in the South Indian languages.

I am thinking of Tamil *prose*. The efficiency of a modern language for purposes of thought and mental development depends upon the quality of its *prose*. All literature begins in poetry: primitive literature is almost entirely poetical. *Prose* develops with civilization, with the progress of thought and the extension of experience. My advice to Tamilians is to look after Tamil prose, and leave poetry to look after itself.\*

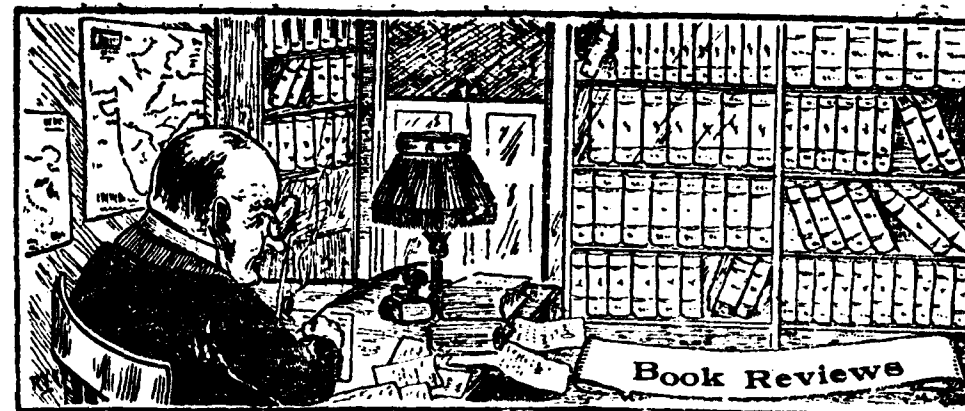
Surely it is not too much to hope that the linguistic and literary studies of the English Honours course will

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\* We wonder what Mr. Douglas would say to the reams of English 'poetry' that the Editor of this Magazine gets from students, both past and present, for publication.—Ed.

bear fruit, in at least some important contributions to the rejuvenation of the South Indian languages. If such ulterior aims are to be regarded as entirely outside the scope of the Honours English course, I would be glad if someone would tell me what the philosophical justification of the course exactly is.

Now, I have almost done. As you see, there is nothing of a valedictory nature about this address. Indeed, it seems more appropriate to an *inaugural* address. To justify the advertisement of the address, however, I shall say these words of valediction. If this Honours English course has taught you to think more clearly and correctly, to realize life and its possibilities more vividly, to feel more deeply, keenly and finely; if it has instilled into you fruitful ideas; if it has inspired you with worthy motives and high aims, then I feel sure that, whatever your lot in life may be, a large measure of success and happiness will be yours.



PAPERS ON SHAKESPEARE—HAMLET By J. A. Chapman—Oxford University Press 1932.

This is a pamphlet of about forty pages which every lover of Shakespeare should purchase and read. J. A. Chapman has a special claim on the Indian student, for he wrote ten years ago in his Preface to *Vaishnava Lyrics* :—

"I have seen sunshine in the eyes of Indian children; I have known Indian children smile—oftenest boys, for the little girls are more shy—and have felt a catch at my heart, because there was a poetry there that I knew I should never be able to express. I have known an old, old man salaam, touched by some casual kind word—nothing so very kind—and he has done it in such a way that hours after I have had to stop to consider how the strange aroma got into my soul. I have seen enough of the Radhas of my own day to know intimately what Krishna's Radha was like—Not only to look at; I know inside her."

Moreover his interpretation of Hamlet is particularly opportune at the present moment when young India is in the throes of a great spiritual conflict between the loyalty to the past and the loyalty to the future. According to Chapman, whether Shakespeare meant it or not, the Prince of Denmark was torn by such a conflict. There was the sacred duty of avenging his father which the custom of his race had laid upon him. The call of that was very clear and unmistakable. But there was the more sacred duty of refraining from killing even the murderer of one's own father. The call of this is not so clear. It is felt only in the hidden places of the soul. It is a fitful light. Nevertheless, its presence is powerful enough to hinder for a long time the other call from being acted upon, though finally it is overwhelmed and vengeance has its chance. Shakespeare, in the circumstances of his age, could not make the other—the more Christian—call triumph in the end. So he did the next best thing. He made Hamlet kill his uncle not with premeditation, but acting on a

sudden overwhelming animal impulse. He made "Hamlet's actual stabbing of the king such an act as the animal part of a man, suddenly strong, will perform of itself, with no mind, to call it mind, entering into the act."

Thus, according to Mr. Chapman, the well-known procrastination of Hamlet is due to a conflict between his desire to take the course laid down by custom and usage and his desire to act in accordance with his own refined nature, between his reverence for the truth of the past and his instinctive loyalty to "the world dreaming of new things and things to come," or, to put it in our own words, between the letter of the *Sastra* and the spirit of *Svadharma*, in its highest sense. In the progressive history of the human spirit, it often happens that a long-established custom loses the sanction that lies behind it; it is then more honoured in the breach than in the observance. Hamlet is one of those rare spirits who would rather wreck their lives than, closing their ears to the call of a better world, readily obey the dying custom.

We feel that this pamphlet is a valuable contribution to the literature on Hamlet and we hope that the author will be encouraged by the reading public to publish the papers which, he says, he has already written on the other plays of Shakespeare.

D. S. S.

SELECTED MODERN ENGLISH ESSAYS—(SECOND SERIES)—  
World's Classics, No. 406. (Oxford University Press). 2s.

All the volumes in 'The World's Classics' are scholarly and well-edited, and none of them should be confused with the "horrid little upstarts of this and that scarlet or cerulean 'series' of standard authors." The first volume of selected essays from twentieth century writers, No. 280 of the series, was published in 1925, was reprinted in the same year and has met with a wonderful but not more than deserved success. This second volume, with its 42 copyright essays, including one or more from the most delightful prose-writers of to-day, is again marvellously varied and attractive, and ridiculously cheap.

Anyone of the critical essays (of which there are a dozen) is enough by itself to make the fortune of a 2s. book; for here we have the whole of Abercrombie's *Liberty of Interpreting*, the British Academy Lecture on Shakespeare; Garrod's *Methods of Criticism in Poetry*; Gordon's lecture on *Shelley and the Oppressors of Mankind* and his broadcast talk on *Boswell's Johnson*; Quiller-Couch's Introduction to *Coleridge's Poems* and Lord David Cecil's to *Sense and Sensibility*; Charles Williams's *T. S. Eliot*; Bridges' subtle, exquisite and well-balanced criticism of *Mary Coleridge*; Edmund Blunden's votive tablet on *The Country Tradition*; Miss Virginia Woolf on *Evelyn* and on *Patronage*, etc., etc.

The Essays on Life and Nature are much more delightful than those on Literature. Miss Alice Meynell praises waterfalls as the movement and vitality of earth, the crowns and flowers of things, so far above noiseless rivers and loitering rivers and dispositions of wood and water "constructed, like Mr. Pecksniff's younger daughter, upon good principles." Several of the essays are inspired by the still beauty of the countryside, the quiet of field and cattle or gold October afternoons, and the brave, hard life men live in the harsh winter seasons of "This England." The church—in the village or on the hill—has its due share of notice; it appeals more to the artist and the antiquary than to the mere cleric, professional and incurious; its very presence feeds 'the piety of simple people,' who are content to send to its services 'the old people and the children, the aged with their wisdom and the young in their innocence.'

Lord Ponsonby describes the sociable discomfort and friendly bustle of a village sale and the humours of English proper names. Mr. H. W. Nevinson equates the eaters and drinkers at fashionable restaurants, monstrous men and women on whose napes "the ridges of fat rose like waves," to the dwellers in the third circle of Dante's hell, the circle of gluttonous desires. This super class is in the world's history a new wonder: "Three things, said the wise man, were too wonderful for him, yea, four, which he knew not—the way of the eagle, the serpent, the ship, and a man with a maid. But he might add a fifth wonder now the way so many people have of getting two to five thousand a year."

Mr. Birrell utters his wise and witty warning against our becoming autobiographers; Mr. E. V. Lucas pokes gentle fun at the doings of committees; Mr. Belloc pleads with passionate earnestness for the preservation of the Inn, lest murder should call out to God for vengeance; Mr. Max Beerbohm confesses the crime, the gloriously critical one, of stealing and burning a book by a habitual, professional lady novelist, "with a passion for her art, and a fountain-pen and an agent;" so that now he would wear for ever on his conscience the white rose of theft and the red rose of arson. Mr. H. M. Tomlinson celebrates the unusual wisdom of the owl, which looks at a cat "as a constable would at a loafer." Lord Rosebery discourses on the politicians of Buckinghamshire and Mr. G. M. Young on the great Victorian Age. Mr. G. S. Street discusses Haydon and happiness; Desmond MacCarthy contrasts Paul Kruger and Cecil Rhodes; Mr. E. M. Forster shows the conversion of Alexander the Philhellene into a lover and a madman. From "the most satisfying place this side Heaven—the Reading Room of the British Museum," Isabel Butchart tells the touching tale of that nervous and masterful lady, Margaret, who received counsel and obedience from Richard Baxter, author and divine. Cunningham-Graham praises Joseph Conrad in noble English, "for English surely was the speech the Master Mariner most loved, and honoured in the loving with new graces of his own." He paints too in strange complex colours the picture of

Wilfred Scawen Blunt, the human paradox, an Elizabethan born out of his due time, to whom bread was verily bread and wine was wine and "the two could never mix their essences and become the hotch-potch dear to politicians." Mr. Somerset Maugham is entranced by the sight of a Greek fragment in the midst of the decorative exuberance of the Chinese: and with the phrasing of Lamb and the syntax of Johnson, Mr. R. W. Chapman sings the praises of silver spoons, his "purest, most incandescent passion." From Kalinova in Macedonia, where there are no spoons, he writes: "I beguile my loneliness with fond memories, and sometimes with rash anticipations. Spoons of my dreams lie in the windows of little old shops in quiet streets of English towns."

Altogether and very decidedly, a book to buy, to lend, to buy again, to read and mark and to possess.

K. S.

**SWALLOW-FLIGHTS**—By T. B. Krishnaswami, M.A., B.L., District Educational Officer, Salem, published by the Teachers' Publishing House, Madras, pp. 133. Price Re. 1-12.

We congratulate Mr. Krishnaswami on collecting these occasional essays and poems in one volume. His greatest quality is his courage to praise generously the things of which he has had intimate experience. The themes indicate the range of his experience as a teacher at different colleges and later as touring educational officer in various districts.

Mr. Krishnaswami loves keenly to construct phrases which have a telling verbal attraction. The first brilliant comparison or imagery about a subject which suggests itself to him is apt to become too satisfying to him. The sonnet 'To Pachiappah' begins magnificently with an apostrophe to the College building which reminds one of the Temple of Theseus or the Pantheon, but the end is only a cry of words:

All hail, great-hearted Pachiappah hail!

Several enthusiastic sketches in prose and poetry are about the Kumbakonam College, of which we commend highly the account of the Birds of the College Lawn, though we wish here again that the writer had gone deeper into his subject. Mr. Blunden's "Face of England" should illustrate to us what may be done in descriptive sketches like this. The life of the birds should have been related to the year's calendar. A splendid sonnet celebrates a performance of "King Lear" by the Kumbakonam College students. Mr. Krishnaswami devotes several of the sketches and sonnets to notable personalities of the time like the late Sir Mark Hunter, the late Sir P. Rajagopalachari, the late Dr. T. M. Nair and others. Miscellaneous themes occupy other sketches and poetic

pieces. It is interesting to follow this literary itinerary of a teacher and educational official, though, as we have already remarked, Mr. Krishnaswami is not persevering enough to pursue a subject to its necessary depth.

P. R. K.

**VICTORIAN ESSAYS—CHOSEN AND EDITED** By E. C. Parnwell, Oxford University Press, pp. 192.

This is a collection of seventeen essays representing the writers of the nineteenth century, the first of the essays being the abridgment of a lecture by the late Mr. H. H. Asquith on the Victorians. Many of these extracts are well worn passages like Macaulay's Encyclopaedia life of Bunyan, Newman's definition of a gentleman, Froude's account of a Siding at a Railway Station or Stevenson's "Walking Tours." Remembering the intensely personal quality of the *Roundabout Papers*, it is good that the present editor has included the paper on "Ogres" in this book. American writers have also been recognised by the inclusion of Emerson and Holmes. Others represented are Arnold, Huxley, Bagehot, Leslie Stephen (in his racy account of the Rowing Man), and Richard Jefferies, the naturalist. Literary criticism is represented by the essay on Personal Style by J. A. Symonds. The essays present on the whole a serious character, and though satirical sometimes, have nothing of the radiant humour in which the writers of the earlier century excelled. Rich as the nineteenth century was in scientific discovery and philosophical speculation, the twentieth century bids fair to overshadow its predecessor, in its achievement on the purely artistic side of the essay. It seems to know better than the nineteenth century to distil the "breath and finer spirit of all knowledge." We should still have use for the staid old performances of the last century, and the present book will be needed for university examinations.

P. R. K.

**"THE BROKEN-HEARTED"**—By A. Krishnaswami, student, Junior B. A. Class, The Presidency College, Madras, published by P. Parvatisam, Pithapur, pp. 180. Price 8 annas.

This novel in Telugu is interesting as the production of a student of this college. He mentions "The Prisoner of Zenda" by Anthony Hope as suggesting his own story, but there is little correspondence between the two stories. Mr. Krishnaswami invents his own plot which is highly romantic and ingenious and makes a tragic story of the life of the younger brother of a prince whose misery starts as the result of the intrigues of his brother's wife. Probability or truth to life does not trouble the author in his presentation of the story.

It is a pity that this young author should adopt the views of old writers who indulged in cheap satires on woman as such. He has also adopted the unwholesome view that the world of man is contemptible and that a hero can only run away from it. The author should understand that it is not merely verbal facility, which he commands, but a thoughtful understanding of life that is necessary for good authorship.

P. R. K.

**THE LIFE OF HUSAIN**—By Moulvi Mirza Ghulam Abbas Ali Sahib, Asstt., Govt. Muhammadan College, Madras, published by Moulvi Ghulam Muhammad Mahdi Sahib, Government Khazi, Madras, pp. 360.

The celebrations of the Mohurram festival in this country are too loud to escape the notice of the inhabitants, to whatever religion they may belong. Such curiosity as may be roused by the name of the hero, whose martyrdom is commemorated by the festival, will be satisfied abundantly by reading this book, which takes us to what should be regarded as the obscure history of Arabia in the seventh century. The barbarity of the time as reflected in these pages may repel the reader, but the virtue of the hero lies perhaps just in this, that he maintained a high moral ideal of purity and self-sacrifice when living amidst the cruellest of the human race. The battle of Karbala was the great event in which Husain, the grandson of the Islamic prophet, standing with his faithful adherents, faced tremendous odds and underwent indescribable suffering. This book is specially concerned with the battle, though the first half of the book narrates the story leading up to the battle.

Many errors of English occur in the book which may be easily removed by a careful revision. The arrangement of the matter may also perhaps be improved. An analytical method may become less tiresome than a chronological one to the reader.

P. R. K.

**THE FIELD-MADRAS**—A monthly devoted to sports, etc., January 1933 (Vol. I No. 9) published at 190, Mount Road, Madras. Price 8 as. Post Free. Annual Subscription Rs. 5.

We offer a cordial welcome to this new journal started in Madras purely in the interests of sports. Mr. C. V. Nagaraja Sastri, an Oxford Blue, is the Editor, while His Excellency the Governor is the Patron and the Lord Bishop himself is on the Advisory Board. The proprietor, Mr. S. Kannan, is an old boy of the Presidency College.

The contents of this issue offer a very large variety of matter ranging from notes on umpiring to a description of the lake districts in England and an account of the electric train which runs to Guindy. The contributions show a refreshing originality and must serve to keep up the journal in unfailing demand, as Madras has been developing her sporting side very eagerly of late.

P. R. K.

**MY EARLY LIFE**—By M. K. Gandhi. Abridged by M. Desai. Oxford University Press. Price Re. 1.

Of all writings, an autobiography is certainly the most interesting and instructive too. The book under review is a good example of its kind. It is the early life-story of a great soul relentless in its pursuit after truth. The story of young Gandhi's temptations, his fall and ultimate victory, his part in the South African struggle, his attempts to found a community on co-operative ideals, each doing his best for the good of all, and all sharing equally the joys and sorrows of the group—all these are bound to be of absorbing interest to all readers, irrespective of age, caste or creed. The whole narration is remarkable for its tone of frankness and plain honesty rarely to be met with in the usual type of autobiography that we come across too often. This rectitude is the more admirable in the later chapters, where a writer less great than Gandhi might have easily succumbed to the pitfalls of boastful vanity or bitterness and hatred of one's foes. As Gandhi has more aptly styled it in the original, it is more in the nature of "Experiments with Truth." And as truth is one and the methods adopted to strive after it are the same, the book is not felt to be incomplete, though dealing with the early life of the author. As the editor, Mr. Desai, has rightly pointed out, the later events in Gandhi's life may vary in outward circumstances, but the principles governing his conduct are the same, and hence there is nothing radically new in them. In these days when modern education is attacked on all sides for failing to impart moral instruction or rather training in character and citizenship, a book like this will be of immense value to our school-going children to inculcate in them such lofty ideals as the pursuit of truth in scorn of consequence.

S. B.

**SHAKESPEARE CRITICISM**—By V. K. Ayyappan Pillai. Blackie and Sons. Price 5s.

This book is a reprint of a course of lectures delivered at the Presidency College, Madras, under the auspices of the University of Madras. It attempts to trace historically the appreciation of Shakespeare in England from the

beginnings down to the publication of Johnson's Edition of Shakespeare. The account given is complete and well supported by quotations from recognized authorities on the subject. As stated on the wrapper, the writer has marshalled before the reader a goodly array of critics, both great and small, and has tried to assess their critical remarks in a sympathetic vein. Each lecture has been carefully planned. By way of Preface the writer first discusses the general critical principles of the period under review and then proceeds to the illustration of those principles in the representative writers of the age. Witness, for an instance, the influence of their classical scholarship on Ben Jonson and Milton. Again, in discussing the merits of the various critics, the writer has maintained a due sense of proportion. As is to be expected, the accounts of Ben Jonson, Milton, Dryden, Rymer and Johnson are full, while an adequate mention is made of the minor writers. Perhaps these lectures have been designed to meet the practical needs of the students of our University, who, in their desire to secure a decent pass with a minimum of effort, feel themselves hopelessly adrift in the vast ocean of Shakespeare literature. If it be so, we think the book more than fulfils its purpose. For, within the short compass of about 80 pages, the writer has brought together all the relevant material on the subject, suggesting at the same time the various sources for a special study of the same. As such, the book is bound to prove useful as a valuable 'aid' or guide to the study of Shakespeare criticism.

S. B.



## COLLEGE NOTES

At the beginning of this term, Mr. P. A. Narayana Aiyar, who had been acting as Additional Professor of Chemistry, was transferred to the Ceded Districts College, Anantapur. In his place Mr. G. Sambamurti was appointed. There were no other changes in the Staff.

On the 27th January, the College Day was celebrated with great *eclat*, Dr. Subbaroyan presided and Mrs. Subbaroyan gave away the prizes.

## THE UNION SOCIETY

The College Union began its activities of the term by electing Mohammed Ali as its Secretary. In the absence of any other candidate the election was unanimous.

The first debate of the term was conducted on 19th January, '33, when Mr. B. Parameswaran moved that "In the opinion of this house Harijans should be allowed to enter Hindu Temples." Mr. Nagaraja Rao followed by Messrs. B. Muthuswamy, S. Bhiman and C. V. Narayana Ayyar vehemently opposed the resolution. They drew attention to the Shastraic injunctions and traditional objections against any such innovation which was likely to break up the hoary civilization of the Hindus. Prof. D. S. Sarma in a learned speech interspersed with quotations from the Bhagavad Gita, and Dr. Seshagiri Rao Naidu, in an interesting speech from the philosophic and humanitarian point of view, strongly supported the resolution. Finally, the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri who was observing the proceedings with keen interest, addressed the Union for about forty minutes about the advisability of adopting the resolution. He pointed out how ideas of justice, fairness and humanity are ever expanding over a wider and wider circle, how

it was impossible for our ancients, as it is for the European settlers of South Africa at present, to extend their ideas of justice to the "untouchables" of their time. "It is a sure sign of progress," he observed, "that we have advanced far enough to demand the inclusion of the Harijans also in our conception of justice and humanity."

The President then put the resolution to vote and in an unprecedentedly crowded house it was carried with but three dissentient voices. The meeting terminated after the President's concluding remarks and the customary vote of thanks.

On the 20th February, there was a debate under the auspices of the Union when Mr. B. Muthuswamy moved that "In the opinion of this house the League of Nations is a costly waste and India should resign from it forthwith." The mover contended that India, though a small unit, had to pay heavily towards the upkeep of the League and declared that this amount could be better utilized within the land. He drew attention to the many failures of the League in different spheres. Messrs. B. Parameswaran and Nagaraja Rao supported the motion. It was opposed by Mr. Mathew Polak, who was supported by Messrs. K. Narayanan and Pattabiramachandran. Mr. Ramanujam of the League of Nations Publicity Bureau opposed the motion. Armed with baffling statistics, he recounted the useful work of the League in the domain of health, education, etc. The motion was put to vote and carried.

On Tuesday the 28th February '33, the annual oratorical contest was held with Messrs. W. C. Douglas, K. Swaminathan and J. Franco as judges. Messrs. Nagaraja Rao, M. Jabbar, B. Muthuswamy, B. Parameswaran, Mathew Polak, H. Sambamurthy, Raghuveera Sheno, E. Joseph and Ranganathan took part in it.

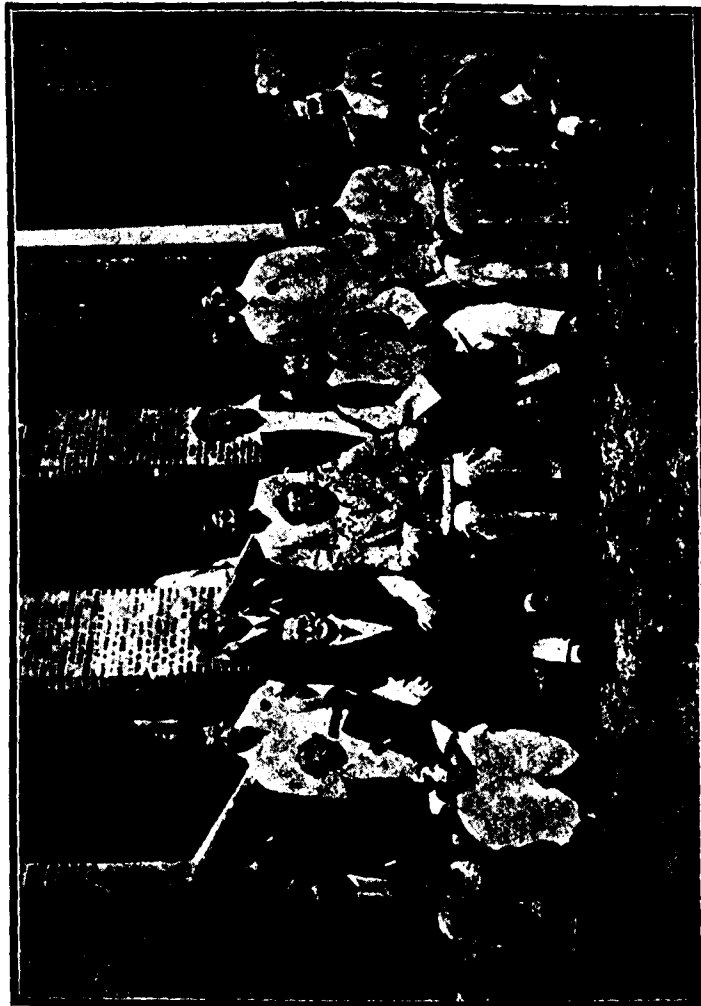
Mr. H. Sambamurthy won the Gold Medal presented by the Union.

On Wednesday the 1st March, the Valedictory Address was delivered by Mr. S. Satyamurthy who spoke, in his usual eloquent manner, on "The Place of Fine Arts in life."

### THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

Though much of our attention was directed towards the holding of the Annual Exhibition this term, we had a number of meetings held under the auspices of the Association. Various topics ranging from high speculative Physics to very practical and technical subjects were discussed at these meetings.

On Monday the 9th January last, we had a meeting under the Presidentship of Dr. H. Parameswaran, when Mr. S. Jagannathan (V Honours), read a paper on "Atomic Nuclei." The lecturer traced the various theories that had



*On the occasion of the opening of the Physics Exhibition by the  
Kumararaja of Chettinad, the Mayor of Madras.*

been put forward and explained how the modern conception of atom was arrived at. The lecture was well supplemented by Prof. V. Appa Rao's remarks.

Apart from lectures by student members, we were also favoured by Mr. Pugh of the Madras Telephone Co., with an interesting demonstration lecture on "Automatic Telephone Exchange." Mr. C. S. Venkateswaran, gave us two interesting lectures on "Engines" on the 13th and 14th February last. The Secretaries wish to place on record their thanks to these gentlemen.

The usual Annual Exhibition, held rather late this year, was opened by Mr. M. A. Muthiah Chettiar, M.L.C., Mayor of Madras, on the 16th January and was kept open to the public for two days.

The quality of the experiments arranged was very satisfactory, and, in addition to the large list of very many interesting exhibits illustrating the varied physical phenomena and the application of physics to daily life, a few of the new items of interest this year may be mentioned. A programme of speech and gramophone music was broadcasted on 480 metres wave length and picked up in another part of the building on the Loud Speaker. Different kinds of steam and gas engines, some of them designed and made in the College, were exhibited in working condition. Freezing of water into ice by a hand-worked ice machine was of enormous interest. The "Black magic" was another interesting item where the magician made inanimate objects move of their own accord. The "Bow and Arrow" method of drawing quartz fibres, so extensively used as a suspension in delicate instruments, formed another interesting item. The glass-blowing section, the optical technology section and the work-shop machinery were kept in full working order and the pieces of apparatus finished in the laboratory by the students were on show.

As regards our activities in the field of Athletics, we are indeed proud to report that we have succeeded in retaining the Athletic Championship Cup in the College Day Senior-Inter-group athletic competitions.

The annual social of the Association was held on the 15th February 1933. After a group photo and tea, some of our members entertained us with songs and magic. The Secretaries' Annual Report was read, and afterwards the toast of the out-going students was proposed by Mr. J. Srinivasappa Chetty and seconded by Mr. M. M. Thomas. Messrs. S. Nageswaran, S. Jagannathan and others replied. Prof. V. Appa Rao and Mr. S. Kalyanaraman also spoke on the occasion. The function terminated with an interesting and inspiring speech by our President.

The Association Committee, at one of its meetings, unanimously resolved to give from the funds of the Association an Endowment of the value of Rs. 750 to the Principal of the College for the award of two prizes annually. The prizes are to be given on the recommendation of the Committee to two deserving students, one from the Junior and the other from the Senior classes.

## THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

An ordinary meeting of the Society was held on Wednesday the 1st February when Mr. Krishna Warriar lectured on "Beyond the Atom." Mr. U. Mudalagiri Nayak presided on the occasion. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides.

Under the joint auspices of the Chemical Society and other Science Associations of the College an extraordinary meeting was held on Tuesday the 7th February when Sir Richard Gregory gave a very interesting lecture wherein he explained with ample illustrations how almost all the conveniences of modern days were the outcome of the discoveries made by scientists. The Principal presided on the occasion. With a vote of thanks from Dr. B. B. Dey the meeting came to a close.

On Thursday the 16th February, Mr. Ganesan of IV Hons. spoke on "The Fixation of atmospheric Nitrogen." Mr. M. V. Sitaraman, presided. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides.

An ordinary meeting of the Society was held on Monday the 20th February, when Mr. U. Manmohan Row of V Hons. gave a very interesting lecture on "Some aspects of Stereo-Chemistry." Mr. K. Raman of V Hons. presided.

On Thursday the 23rd February Mr. K. Raman of V Hons. lectured on "Vitamins." Mr. Parameswaram Pillai presided.

The annual day celebration of the Society was held on Thursday the 2nd March. Dr. B. B. Dey presided. After light refreshments, followed by variety entertainments and the reading of the Annual Report, Dr. M. Damodaram, delivered the Valedictory Address. The subject chosen for the occasion was "Recent advances in Bio-Chemistry" wherein brief reference was made to the Vitamins and Hormones. The lecture was very interesting and was illustrated with slides. With a vote of thanks by the Secretary the pleasant function came to a close.

## THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

The Association had an active time from the beginning of the second term. Three ordinary meetings were held when questions of literary interest were discussed. Mr. V. A. Suryanarayana read two papers on "The Pastoral Elegy as a Literary Form" and "Carlyle, Ruskin and Matthew Arnold as Prophets of the 19th century." Mr. B. Muthuswamy read a paper on "The Tragedies of Hardy." There was also a debate in which the past students took part. Mr. Nagesh Mallya, B. A. (Hons.), moved that "In the opinion of the House the Language Syllabus of the English Honours Course is inadequate and sufficient steps should be taken to remedy this long-standing evil." Mr. K. Venkataraman led the opposition. The motion was put to the vote and lost.

The "Douglas Oratorical contest" was held on 28th February and the prize was divided between Mr. Muthuswamy and Mr. Balakrishnan Nair. The Annual Social came off on 2nd March. Mr. W. C. Douglas the Principal and President of the Association, delivered the Valedictory Address on "The Place of English in University Studies in India." The address was followed by a Garden Party in the Fyson's Park.

## SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

Mr. A. S. Visvanathan of the IV Hons. read a paper on "Valmiki and South India," on Wednesday the 8th December, 1932, with Mr. L. R. Ramachandra Iyer in the chair. The paper surveyed the geographical conditions of Ancient India as described by Valmiki and put forward the conjecture that Valmiki was a South Indian poet. With some supplementary remarks from other members and the chairman, the meeting came to a close.

On 2nd February 1933. Mr. N. Srinivasacharyar, Commissioner, Hindu Religious Endowments Board, delivered a lecture on "Some out-standing features of Vedic Religion." Professor P. P. S. Sastri presided. The lecture was a humorous and entertaining one. The lecturer cautioned the students against accepting the fanciful and ingenious meanings given to some of the Vedic passages by modern scholars. With some instructive remarks from the chair the meeting terminated.

On Wednesday the 3rd February 1933, Brahmasri, Vedanta Visarada S. K. Padmanabha Sastrigal spoke in Sanskrit on "Kumarasambhava." The lecture was very illuminating. He commented on some portions of the text in an original manner and showed how Kalidasa himself had given a criticism of his own work in his poem. With a vote of thanks given in Sanskrit, the meeting terminated.

Mr. V. Raghavan, B.A. (Hons.), spoke on "The Comic Element in Sanskrit Literature," on the 7th February 1933, with Dr. A. Sankaran in the chair. He explained the Sanskrit theory of the comic and illustrated its treatment in dramas, in epic poems, in prose romances, in Sastraic literature, in stories and in satirical minor poems. With some remarks from the Chairman, the meeting came to a close.

A new feature in the activities of the Association was the arrangement of a series of instructive lectures for the benefit of under-graduate students offering Sanskrit for the University examinations. All the lectures were attended by a large number of students from the various colleges in the city. Lecturers from other colleges also participated in this series, and to them our thanks are due.

The Valedictory Address was delivered by M. R. Ry. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri avl., C. I. E., on Wednesday the 1st March 1933. The Hon'ble, Justice Sir V. Ramesam presided on the occasion. There was a very large

gathering of students. The lecturer began by saying that in these days the true university spirit was not found anywhere. Study for study's sake was nowhere to be found. The democratisation of education was going on everywhere and the chance in life for a true scholar, devoting his whole life and energy to a subject of study, was only meagre. Then he said that the Mahabharata was comparatively neglected and said that it ought not to be. He was of opinion that the Mahabharata required the attention of critical scholars with modern ideas of criticism. The speaker therefore appealed to the students of Sanskrit to imbibe the true University spirit and study the Mahabharata critically.

The Chairman, in bringing the meeting to a close, observed that though he was not himself a Sanskrit student, he could well appreciate the treasures of the Sanskrit literature. One could undertake the preparing of the index to works like the Upanishads and the Puranas. Another direction in which research could be carried on was to write a history of the literature.

With a vote of thanks to the Chairman and the Lecturer, proposed by Mahamahopadhyaya S. Kuppuswami Sastrigal, the meeting terminated.

#### THE TAMIL MANAVAR SANGAM

The second term of the Sangam began with a lecture by its Vice-President, Mr. T. S. Balasubramanya Iyer. He read a valuable paper on "Tamil and the Tamils" wherein he dealt with all the issues connected with the History of the Tamils and their language and suggested various means on modern critical lines for its improvement. Mr. M. Ekambaranatha Iyer of the Zoology Department presided.

On November 15th 1932 Mr. A. Chidambaranatha Chettiar, Tamil Lecturer in the Government Muhammadan College, spoke on "Christ and Tiruvalluvar." With ample quotations from the Kural and the Bible, he pointed out the similarities in the life and teachings of both the Masters. Mr. T. S. Balasubramanya Iyer presided.

On January 9th 1933, Mr. V. Nelliappa Pillai, the reputed Saiva Siddhanta and Tamil Scholar of Tinnevely, delivered a lecture on "The Life of Ancient Tamils." The lecture, which was supported by ample quotations from ancient classics, was a scholarly one, and was much appreciated. On the following day, Mr. N. Sivagurunatha Pillai of Tuticorin addressed the Sangam on "Students and Religion." Mr. M. Balasubramanya Mudaliar, B.A., B.L., presided. The lecture was a brilliant exposition of the ideals that should be kept in view by a modern University student. He emphasised the fact the religion and education should go hand in hand, and appealed to the authorities that provision must be made in the school curriculum for religious and moral instruction,

The Valedictory Address of the Sangam was delivered by Mr. T. V. Kalyanasundara Mudaliar, Editor, Navasakti, under the presidency of Mr. C. R. Namasivaya Mudaliar, Chairman, Board of Studies in Tamil, Madras University. After the group photo, the meeting commenced with prayer. The annual report was read and adopted. The lecturer, in his usual eloquent way, spoke on "Nature and God." After defining Nature and her relations to God, he explained the functions of Nature and spoke on her influences upon humanity. In the end he appealed to the students to be, in spite of the modern civilisation, in constant touch with Nature and try to appreciate her beauties and understand the message which she has in store for us. After the remarks of the chairman, the president of the Sangam proposed a vote of thanks to the lecturer and the chairman, and thanked all those who were concerned in making the function a success.

#### THE MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION

Under the auspices of the Association, an ordinary meeting was held on the 10th October, at 4-15 P.M., when Mr. A. V. Kuttikrishna Menon delivered a lecture on "Mahakavi Kumaran Asan and His School of Poetry." The lecturer described Asan as one of the greatest poets in Malayalam, whose invaluable works, such as "Nalini," "Leela" and "Veena Poove" have cut a new path in the whole realm of Malayalam lyric poetry. The sentiment of love, as depicted by Asan, is not at all tainted with the grossness or vulgarity usually found in less gifted writers. Born as a member of the depressed classes, what he wrote against such gross social injustice as untouchability has a special significance at the present day. Mr. Menon closed his lecture with the remark that, had not the cruel hand of death cut short his life so prematurely, he would have enriched and glorified Malayalam literature with still greater contributions.

An important and learned address was delivered on the 29th November by Rao Saheb Mahakavi Ulloor S. Parameswara Iyer on "The Mahabharata." The poet said that of the four Purusharthas which constitute the Hindu ideal, excepting the last, Dharma had always been assigned the foremost place, and it was this particular aspect that was emphasised by Vyasa in his elaborate epic consisting of 120,000 stanzas. This purpose was achieved by that great preceptor of mankind in a thoroughly practical way through the medium chiefly of sixteen characters. In this inexhaustible literary masterpiece are contained five precious religious discourses, the most important among them being, undoubtedly, the "Bhagavad Gita." Such a monumental work as 'The Mahabharata' had been rendered accessible to the reading public of Kerala by that great poet Thunchath Ezuthachan, but the educated intelligentsia would ever be indebted to Kodungalloor Kunju Kuttan Thampuran for his masterly translation of the original epic into Malayalam, verse by verse—a literary feat

which had been rarely achieved in any other Indian language. Mr. Parameswara Iyer concluded his address with the observation that "The Mahabharata" had been to him the main solace for all the ills of life.

On the 5th February, the Association put on boards the Malayalam farce entitled "Kittu's Folly" by Pazayannur Rama Pisharodi under the distinguished patronage and the immediate presence of Sir C. Sankaran Nair, who is an old boy of the College. Kittu Kurup is the foolish and idiotic son of Kunhikrishna Panicker, the head of a typical ancient family in Malabar, which gives the farce an intense local colouring.

Mr. A. J. Alexander, in the role of the servant Kittu, very often imparted a delightfully realistic touch to all his movements, while Mr. K. K. Thirumulpad, as Kittu Kurup, threw the audience into wild convulsions of laughter. Mr. S. V. P. Sankunni Menon, who played the difficult part of Kunhikrishna Panicker, the good old Karnavan of the family, was the very embodiment of that extreme choler and irritability which are characteristic of such people when they see anything going slightly against the interests of the family. Mr. Thomas Vergheese, as Kunhimalu, and Mr. Jayadevan Nedungadi, as her lover, acquitted themselves creditably. Particular mention should also be made of the names of Mr. Balakrishna Iyer, Mr. Murukan Nair and Mr. A. P. Balakrishnan Nair, who, in the roles of the characters Cherotty Amma, the maid servant, and Ittichery Amma respectively, performed their parts almost to perfection. Mr. Joseph's songs and Hula-hula dance did much to relieve the tension of the scenes and they were much appreciated by the audience.

The Secretaries wish to pay their tribute to the great and unremitting personal attention bestowed by the President of the Association, Prof. V. K. Aiyappan Pillai and Mr. C. Achutha Menon on every minute detail of this production. On the 20th February 1933, at 4-5 P.M., the President of the Association was 'at home' to all the actors who had taken part in the farce.

#### THE MUSLIM ASSOCIATION

The annual social of the Association was held on Wednesday the 22nd February 1933 at 5 P.M. in the Fyson's Park. A photograph of the members was taken at 4-30 P.M. after which all gathered in the Park and spent a pleasant evening. Some of the members and guests entertained us with some songs and added to the enjoyment of the evening.

Mr. M. A. Candeth, Dy. Director of Public Instruction, presided over the evening's function and Mr. A. Hameed, Personal Assistant to the Director of Public Instruction, delivered the Valedictory Address of the Association on the "Conquest of the Unconscious."

After the concluding remarks of the President, Mr. Aga Hilali, on behalf of the outgoing Muslim students of the College, expressed their deep sense of sorrow in parting from the *alma mater*.

With the usual vote of thanks the function terminated.



THE PHYSICS ATHLETIC TEAM



### HOCKEY.

The end of the second term had almost brought the activities of the 'College Hockey Club' to an end. Only the finals of the 'Panagal Tournament' between Loyola College and our College had to be played. Our College representatives in the Madras University Team that toured Northern India had returned home after their brilliant performances, and the final match in the Panagal Tournament had been fixed for the 27th of January.

The day was eagerly looked forward to with great enthusiasm. It arrived. There was a record crowd to witness the match. The bully was off at 4-15 P.M. exactly. The game moved on at a quick pace. The match was well contested. Our players put in all their display of stick-work and quick-passing from the very commencement. There was very good understanding in the team as a whole. The first fifteen minutes we approached our opponents' ring more than once. But we were cleared now and again. The next few minutes witnessed a beautiful move from the forward line. With quick passing and good anticipation, the forwards rushed into the opponents' ring and Bidappa netted the first goal for us. There was no further scoring till the interval.

The second half of the same took a new turn. Our side was pressed hard. But our backs were not to be discouraged. They cleared the opponents from our territory many a time. Within ten minutes the score was equalised.

Then ensued a struggle between the two teams, the kind of which had not been witnessed for the last few years. It was a real struggle for the 'Ashes.' Then, to our good luck, our right inner, Krishnamurthy Rao, came to our rescue and shot the winning goal. There was only five minutes left. We strengthened our defence. The opponents could not break through our strong defence even once. The game ended with a glorious victory to our College. The long lost Cup was ours.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Gopala Aiyer, President of the Club. His

presence on the field was really a matter of inspiration to our boys. The credit of our victory is really due to his encouragement in and out-side the field.

It would not be out of place to thank our College students who turned out upon the field to encourage us. The encouragement was a matter of inspiration for us to put in such fight as that against one of the best College teams.

A half holiday was granted at the College to commemorate our success.

We have played, on the whole, twenty-three matches in the year. Out of these, we have won eighteen, drew in one and were beaten in four. This is a record in the field of our activities.

In conclusion, the Captain takes this opportunity of thanking one and all of those who were of some service or other to the Club, and wishes to see the College come out victorious by knocking down the Inter-Collegiate, as well as the Panagal Cup, next year, making it a double success.

### CRICKET

Both the finals were played during this term. In The Duncan Memorial Tournament, as anticipated, the First Eleven beat the Juniors convincingly by an innings.

The final of the Inter-Collegiate against the Medical College was played on 11th and 12th February on the Medical College grounds. We dominated the match from first to last. After scoring a respectable total of 170 in each innings, we had our opponents down at sixty in both the innings for the loss of eight wickets. We have won both the Cups. The following are the scores :—

1st Innings:—Presidency 165 (C. D. 38, Ramanathan 35, Badradri 22, Venkataraman 21.)

Medical 97 (C. D. 3 for 19, Rajagopalan 4 for 36, Ramanathan 3 for 31.)

2nd Innings:—Presidency 176 (Venkataraman 55, Ramanathan 36, Sambandam 31, Uthappa 20.)

Medical 102 (Ramanathan 5 for 30, C. D. 3 for 11.)

The season had been one of uniform success. Fortunately we had the benefit of an English coach. It is needless to mention that our boys derived the maximum advantage from his services.

It was indeed a matter for gratification that the Cricket ground was always crowded in the evenings. Numbers of boys turned up for practice. It is no exaggeration to say that more than a hundred boys actually participated in the game. The result was, the authorities always had a string of keen and enthusiastic cricketers who showed splendid promise. And when it is remembered that eight of the First team were recruited from the Junior classes, we can take an optimistic view of the future. For some years to come, it is hoped, the College Cricket will be in the ascendant.



Perhaps for the first time the College played with all the leading clubs of the City and emerged triumphant. Our old rivals, the Eccentrics, always commanded an all-Madras side against us and the rubber was decided in our favour. We played the Triplicane Cricket Club, the League Champions, and drew with them. We beat the Emmanuel Club convincingly. Rain spoiled the match against the M. C. C., and we were beaten only once in Club Cricket. And we had little difficulty in winning the Duncan Cup. It is a proud record that we were ourselves the finalists.

Turning to our Inter-Collegiate activities, we are glad to say we were beaten only once and that too by a margin of barely two runs by the Medical College. But when it is recalled how in the re-play we made our opponents dance to the tune we played, we hope our readers will be convinced of our standard.

The Inter-group tournaments were well contested this season. Many students have taken to the game seriously.

Perhaps our greatest achievement this season was our tour to Ceylon. Pitted against rivals acknowledged on all hands to be our superiors, we played splendidly more than once a losing battle. We were severely tested only here and the best in our boys was seen. We had to play against those who had had the experience of being under a professional coach and who also had masters acting as coaches in their colleges, besides being taxed by the strain of a tour and new environments. Except once, we were a hard nut to crack and more often we threw away a match and our four defeats were an education.

What was the secret of our success? Our Captain had a keen lot of boys, and with the numerous games we played our team was perfectly moulded, and if anything contributed to our success, it was our team work.

We were the best fielding side in Madras. When we started originally, there were many holes in the team. With the advent of our coach, we developed into a good fielding side. We had everyday fielding practice, which brought its own reward. In a team of brilliant fieldsmen, three outshone the others, Uthappa was a marvel at cover, Venkoba Rao quick and accurate at mid-off, but perhaps the greatest success of the season was C. D., who rarely missed a catch and brought off some bordering on miracle. The brothers, Badradri and Thiagarajan, were safe and agile on the outfield covering more than half the ground between themselves. We had some initial difficulty in fixing up our wicket-keeper, but when once Dorairajan took it up, our difficulty was solved. It is wonderful how he developed so well, considering the fact that he was a total stranger to that post early this season.

Our bowling rested mainly on C. D., Ramanathan and Rajagopalan. Rajagopalan was the new find. He has the additional qualification of being a left-hander and keeping, as he does, a good length, he was difficult to play and

kept our opponents puzzling. The former two were steady bowlers who worked untiringly. The bowling was never weak, and this shut out other bowlers from being explored.

Our batting was very sound and had practically no tail. Our best bat was of course Badradri who, after a brilliant start, faded away. He was the star in our ranks capable of altering the complexion of a game. He was a shadow of his self in the latter season. The most consistent batsmen on the side were Ramanathan and C. D., the former by his dashing display contributed his customary forty in every match, whereas the latter was very consistent. Uthappa started well but fell off. Venkataraman improved tremendously as the season progressed. Thiagarajan was another who played pluckily. Our batting was always a good show.

We owe this brilliant success to the enthusiasm evinced in us by Mr. Statham, in the first place, and to the noble work rendered by our coach, Mt. J. W. Hitch. In the few games in which Mr. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai played with us, we had ample opportunity to learn the finer points of the game.

