

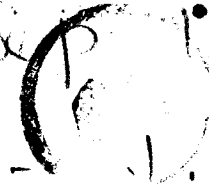
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The Magazine Competition Prizes.

The following prizes are offered by the Editor :

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

Conditions.

- (1) The articles have to be submitted on or before the 1st November 1933.
- (2) They should not exceed twelve foolscap pages of ordinary handwriting.
- (3) They should be accompanied by a declaration that the writers have not been helped by anybody.
- (4) The Editor reserves to himself the right of disposing of the articles in whatever way he likes.
- (5) This Competition is open only to the undergraduate students of the Presidency College.

D. S. SARMA,
Editor.



The Presidency College Magazine

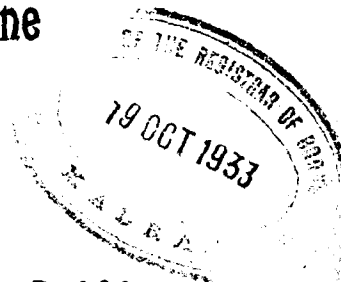
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Contributions to the Magazine from the Members of the Staff and the past and the present students of the College will always be gladly received.

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



Vol. IX

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No. 1

The Earth—Its Origin and Evolution

HAS the earth an evolutionary history behind it? Has there been a period when the earth itself was not? Have the continents and seas seen changes in their extent, their heights or their depths? The answers to all these questions are decidedly in the affirmative. The features of the globe have passed through many changes before assuming their present appearance and there has been a great diversity of opinion in the interpretation of facts. What follows should not be regarded as the final say on the question of the origin and evolution of the earth.

The earth is moving round the sun—which is only a star—with a velocity of twenty miles a second and is, at the same time, revolving on its own axis. Mercury, Venus, Mars, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus and Neptune are also doing the same. These together constitute the solar family. Though members of a family, they are far removed from one another. Mercury is nearest to the sun, moving round it at a distance of thirty-six millions of miles. The earth's orbit is 92'9 millions of miles from

the sun, while that of the farthest, Neptune, is nearly 2792 millions of miles. Thus the sun's domain extends over a sphere of about 2792 millions of miles of radius. There are many families like the solar family in the universe. The nearest star from us is Proxima Centauri, at a distance of twenty million million miles, while the remotest star cloud, so far discovered, is at a distance of six million million million miles.

Besides the stars, there are in the heavens cloud-like patches of colossal dimensions—some of them covering regions far greater than the solar system. They are the intensely hot and extremely tenuous gaseous bodies known as nebulae. Some of these show a central nucleus with two arms, one on each side, both coiling round the core like a watch-spring. The outermost spiral is millions and millions of miles away from the core. These arms eventually roll into spheres around various centres and give rise to stars. The sun is such a star—nothing more than a spherically rolled up mass of nebulous matter of a spiral nebula.

The sun has remained the sole monarch of an infinitely wide region ever since his formation, never interfering with nor interfered by other heavenly bodies. But a time came when some celestial body sojourning in space approached him and caused a stir in him. Tides arose in the sun, the intensity of the shot-up gaseous tides increasing as the invader came nearer and decreasing as he receded. Two long filaments of gas were continually being drawn out of the revolving sun, one from the near end of the invader and another from the diametrically opposite end—the filaments coiling round him as they were drawn out. The coils were far, far from one another, the length of the filament being at least so much as to give rise to Neptune at a distance of 2792 millions of miles. The filaments broke into knots round various centres and

gave rise to the planets. Jupiter and Saturn separated from the filament in the gaseous state. The earth, however, condensed after the filament cooled down and was born almost as a liquid sphere.

On further cooling, the heavy compounds of iron and nickel settled down towards the centre; the less heavy compounds arranged themselves in more or less concentric shells—a lighter granitic layer, 'The Sial', about sixty miles deep, and an inner dense viscous layer, 'The Sima,'—the two together constituting the earth's crust.

All the time, the earth was keeping up its motion as we now know it, but taking only three to four hours for a complete rotation about its axis. Thus the day lasted for two hours and the night for another two hours only. The enormous velocity resulted in the compression of the earth's N. to S. axis, and gave rise to a pear-shaped swelling on one side. The high speed finally caused the pear end to break away, just as a drop of water is thrown out on suddenly twisting a wet umbrella. The broken mass rolled itself into a sphere and started off slowly like a balloon, bidding good-bye to the earth, finally reaching a distance determined by the earth's gravitational pull. Only very little of the earth was stripped off. In fact, it was so little that it could not, by its own attraction, keep to itself the gases that were liberated during the process. The moon, that thus left the earth, left it bone-dry and suffocating. The scar that was left on the earth was filled up later by water and gave rise to the Pacific Ocean—'The Father of all waters.'

The continents were merely granitic scums, floating on 'the Sima,' already referred to, and the seas were the scum-free areas.

The Sima is not as viscous as tar or castor oil. It is viscous only in a relative sense. Pitch, for instance, is not

as viscous as tar; yet a coin placed over it will sink into it after some days. The Sima contains radio-active materials which have the remarkable property of giving out heat on disintegration. Roughly, in about twenty-five million years' time, the heat generated is sufficient to make it mobile. The volume of the Sima increases, its density decreases. The floating continents, therefore, sink a little deeper, just as a steamer does while changing from the sea to the river. The gradual sinking of continents is attended with the rush of the seas on the continental margins. But these processes take place so slowly and are spread over so many millions of years that they are neither noticed nor suspected.

Sometimes, the mobile Sima works its way upward, penetrating through cracks and fissures overhead, reaches the surface, and announces volcanic eruptions. With the consequent loss of heat, the Sima cools and again solidifies. There are, therefore, times in the history of the earth when a sea of lava gets formed in its interior.

The sun and the moon raise tides in the deep-seated sea. The tidal force has just the effect of a brake upon a spinning wheel. The diurnal West to East rotation of the earth diminishes chiefly in the equatorial belt. Thus the lower and more viscous parts move faster eastward than the continents that lag behind; in fact, the latter are urged westwards, not being anchored at their bottom.

The unequal tidal pulls also subject the continents to internal strains and break them into fragments. The present shape of the continents was once outlined as a result of such fracture. The earliest formed cracks on the scum would have been somewhat like those we see in a dry paddy field. They would have been scarcely noticed. In fact, some might have got effaced. But others persisted and widened. One such crack extended from the Behring Strait across the North Pole, between Greenland and Spits-

bergen and between the Americas on the one side and Eur-Africa on the other. At the tip of South America, the crack turned eastward and then north to cut off Australia from South Africa. The westerly drift of land masses already referred to—the Americas, for instance—increased the width of the crack and gave it a canal-like appearance. The Atlantic Ocean, about the width of the Buckingham Canal, once featured the world. The then African creatures would have seen their American comrades on the other side. With the further drift of the Americas, the canal widened more and more into the Atlantic Ocean. Hence it is that no one looking at a world map fails to be impressed with the Atlantic Ocean meandering like a gigantic river from the top to the bottom of the Earth in striking contrast to the Pacific Ocean which, resembling a round basin, fills the void left by the moon.

Then, are the continental outlines such that they can be fitted together like two parts of a cracked glass pane? Do land masses project opposite to gulfs and bays? Yes, mostly so. The eastern extension of Brazil can fit into the Gulf of Guinea; the Western French West Africa into the Carribean region. Greenland formed a part of the west coast of Norway and Newfoundland of the British Isles. There are also other closer features of agreement between the countries. The mountains of Nova Scotia resemble in structural characteristics those of the British Isles. The old red sandstone of England is an extension of that of Nova Scotia. On the one side, the Alps and the Atlas mountains run towards the equator, and so do on the other side the mountains in Guinea and Venezuela. There are flat countries—the deserts of Africa and the prairies of South America—south of the above ranges in both the continents.

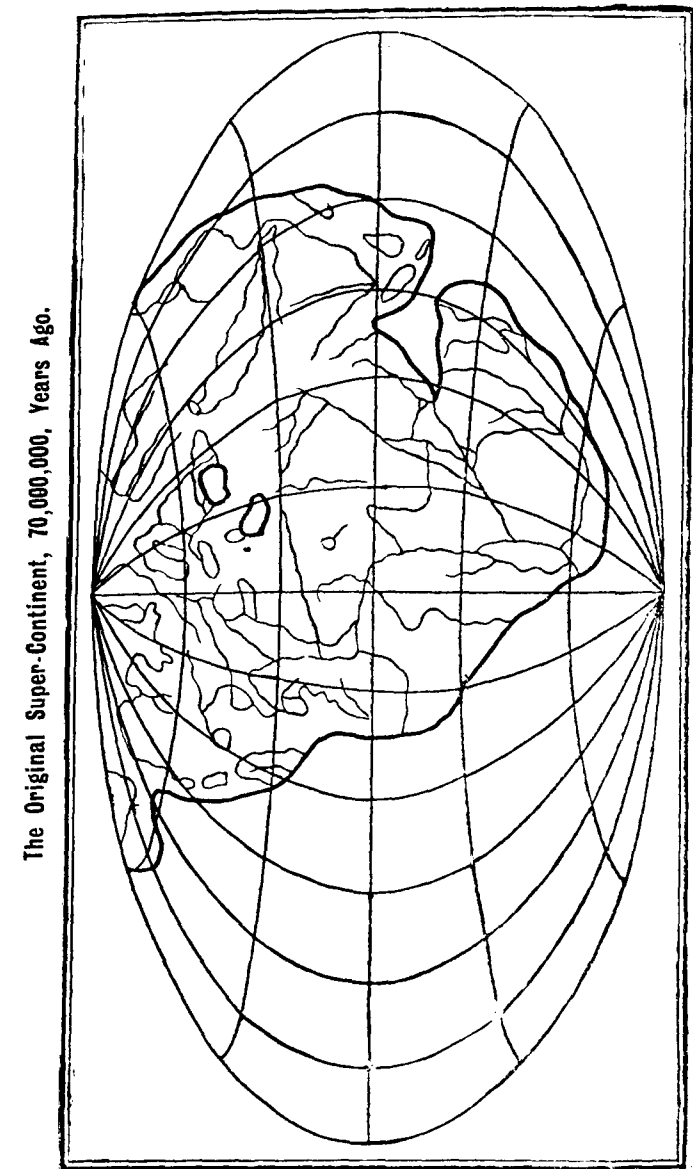
The coal fields of Pennsylvania, New England, Nova Scotia, the British Isles, France, Germany and Spain were all once a continuous forest.

The lava extrusions in the interior of continents also shattered the continental blocks and brought about the sinking in of the land masses. Waters flowed into the basins so formed and gave rise to inland seas. The Indian Ocean was formed partly thus and partly by the drift of Australia. The Arctic and the Antarctic Oceans too were opened out in a somewhat similar manner. The great lava flows of Greenland, Iceland, the Scottish Isles, Argentina, South Africa and India bear testimony to this.

North America was connected with Europe till comparatively recently. The Scandinavia-Greenland-Labrador bridge lasted well into the human period. It was comparatively recently that North America sailed westward bidding farewell to Europe, putting Columbus to the trouble of discovering the lost fragment of his own country. The Pacific Ocean is thus closing up bringing about a widening of the Atlantic. India once was continuous with Eastern Africa, the animals of the past ages enjoying all the freedom of migration from one country to another.

Thus the planet earth had its genesis as a somewhat molten globe from a nebula and started its rounds round the sun like the rest, at a time beyond our conception. Early enough she gave birth to the moon. Since then, she has been developing into the earth with the continents and the seas as we now know her. Her facial expression is changing every minute and every second, though it is not realised by us. And some millions of years hence, such changes may lead to the growth of a continent where there is now a sea and *vice versa*. Or who knows but that some celestial wanderer may come near her domain and bring about tidal disruption and change her beyond recognition? And if perchance any collision between the two occur, the earth may again become an extremely hot and tenuous mass of gas—a nebula—and be nowhere.

T. N. MUTHUSWAMI.



The Original Super-Continent, 70,000,000, Years Ago.

The Trend of Modern European Ethical Thought

ONE unmistakable characteristic of our age is the revaluation of the metaphysical basis of ethics in general and of values in particular. In the course of last year (1932), we have had four men of great ability giving us their metaphysics of values. The great philosopher, Bergson, has given his long promised book on morality and religion based on his metaphysics of change. Prof. Joad, the most brilliant of the younger English philosophers, has given us his conception of values in his characteristically attractive style in his new book, *The Philosophical Aspects of Modern Science*. Prof. Westermarck, with his assiduous and wide study of anthropology and other social sciences, has come out with his book on Ethical Relativity. Once again, in the history of philosophic thought, we have a mighty genius in the person of Nicolai Hartmann giving us a new metaphysics of Ethics after the Platonic tradition in three monumental and masterly volumes on Ethics (1926) translated into English by Santoncoit in 1932. In this short paper, I wish to consider the points of view represented by these four philosophers and say a few words about the trend of modern European ethical thought in general.

Bergson speaks of two distinct types of morality—'the close' and 'the open.' The former springs from Nature—that is, Nature in the ordinary restricted sense of the term. Nature, at this instinctive level, affiliates the individual to the group. So, at this stage, he acts with his eyes firmly fixed on customary morality and conventional propriety. This is what Bergson picturesquely calls "closed morality." The second type of morality springs from an active life principle—'Elan Vital.' Bergson, in keeping with the central principle of his metaphysics, postulates

a creative spiritual onward movement. As a result of a sense of participation in this onward creative movement, a feeling of love for one another is engendered among men. It is a resultant of the sense of participation in the movement of a ceaseless reality and it unites them all. This stage of morality is called 'Open morality.' The central principle of this morality is Love, and in this statement Bergson seems to be one with the poet, Shelley, who said, "The great secret of morals is love." Bergson gives us a religious background by positing an ontological entity—God, who, according to him, needs man's co-operation to perfect Himself. Thus creation, according to him, is an undertaking of God to create creators and to enlist the assistance of beings worthy of His love.

Prof. Joad, in the first part of his book, gives us a refutation of the idealistic logic and points out several loopholes in the metaphysical interpretation of modern science by Eddington, Jeans and Russell. In the second half of his book, he sets forth elaborately his thesis on values. To him, Reality is plural and it contains a number of orders or realms. The Realm of values is neither mental nor material. Values are of three kinds : (a) Scientific invention, (b) artistic vision and (c) mystic experience. These are states in the awareness of the mind. Knowledge is not a construction of the mind. The mind is like a search-light. Objects are found by it not formed. Mind, at different levels of development, illuminates different areas of the universe. Joad posits a God separate from the evolutionary process, and the love of that God is expressed in the world. Discernment of values to Joad is a momentary ecstasy resulting from the awareness of the mind. So he observes that the first line of Keats's *Endymion*, 'A Thing of Beauty is a joy for ever' taken as a statement of literal truth is not correct. For, the contact with beauty is an ecstasy of the mind's awareness. When you pin it down

or freeze it into a psychic state, it is not the same feeling that you experienced.

Prof. Westermarck puts forth a strong philosophic defence of naturalistic ethics. He develops the theory of emotional origin of morality and moral values. In the light of that theory, he denies the objective, absolute and transcendental nature of morality and moral values, which all rationalistic ethical theories postulate. He supports his view by pointing out the existing disagreement between the various ethical theories regarding the objective standards of morality. Society is the birth-place of moral consciousness. The 'ought' in ethics, together with moral virtues like Duty, Justice and Right, is born from the primitive emotion of disapproval. The other emotion of approval gives rise to concepts like the 'good' and the 'beautiful.' The two emotions of approval and disapproval give rise to the two distinct types of moral virtues. The two emotions are explained by their usefulness. They are the causes, but not the consequence of moral judgments. Thus Westermarck reduces moral values to emotional and subjective feelings. To him, ethics is a history of opinions and customs.

The 'Forms' of Plato have been interpreted in two different ways. Some have interpreted them as 'concepts' while others, especially the pure mathematicians, have interpreted them as 'a priori propositional functions.' These forms, according to certain interpreters of Plato, subsist, but do not exist. Hartmann interprets moral values as a priori forms directly to be perceived. Such a contemplation results in an "a priori emotion." These moral values are neither formed nor found in the mind. They are objective and absolute. Hartmann does not feel the logical need for a concretion of all these forms. He knocks down the category of purpose and shows that morality is impossible if there is only one Being directing the world according to His one purpose.

Ethical thought in the West has made morality an end in itself. The ethicists of the West differ in their conception of the moral standard and its essential metaphysical status. From what has been said above one sees three distinct parties arrayed on the battle-field of ethics : (1) Those who regard morality as a priori, transcendental, objective, and absolute, *e.g.*, Kant with his categorical imperative ; (2) those who speak of moral values as related to life and as partly evolving to become perfect and who believe in the concretion of these values in God, who is sometimes in the making and sometimes the nius of the evolution, *e.g.*, the Demiurge of Plato, the God of Alexander and of Lloyd Morgan ; and (3) those who talk of moral values as being subjective and grounded in emotion.

The metaphysics of Ethics very largely determines the nature of morality. Idealists in the East and the West can easily see that the ethical state is not final. 'Morality is no finality.' Ethical endeavour is meaningful only in the phenomenal realm, where we have a plurality of entities. To carry it beyond the phenomenal level is logically untenable. Reality as such cannot be declared either as moral or immoral, for it is only "a-moral." Granting that ethical activity has full significance within the phenomenal realm, what should be its nature? Moral value as such should not be unrelated to life and distinct from the empirical world of objects. It should not be like the Kantian Moral Law within, untainted by experience. Kant treats emotions, feelings and desires as untouchables in his ethical polity. The moral value ought to participate in the empirical to give us "a glimpse or a forecast" of the actual joy which we would experience if we realised the full value. But questions of utility ought not to be taken into account. To deny objectivity to moral values and to trace them back to emotional origins is to mistake natural laws for moral laws. Westermarck gives us Eugenics, not Ethics. Feelings, even in the most undifferentiated state, have an

element of objectivity. Looking at the evolutionary concept of morals, one is reminded of the saying of the Dean of St. Paul's : " If you talk of moral progress and perfection, the Devil chuckles and says 'I also evolve.' " The problem of evil remains unanswered.

Hartmann tries his best to steer clear of naturalism on one side and theism on the other. It is impossible for the mind of man to believe in moral values as mere forms subsisting but not existing without the need for a concretion. It is almost an overdraft on the Bank of Credulity. Manipulations have no place in ethics. The Spirit of Hartmann, if it has to work with sound logic, must have as its metaphysical basis an all-inclusive, a-moral Absolute, of the Bradleyan type with degrees of ethical reality within it. Such an Absolute is found on a theistic foundation. It has the clear warrant of all religious experience unlike the Nihilistic doctrine or the Sunyavada of the Buddhist.

P. NAGARAJA RAO.

And Girls to Match

IT was the last week of January and the University Examination was not far off. There remained a few days more before a general amnesty could be declared for the examination candidates, allowing them freedom from the impertinence of any more classes and lectures.

Early on a Saturday morning, the wee little figure of a blonde girl was tapping at the door of room No. 74 in a hostel for girls. A special class for Natural Science students had been announced the previous day by the woman-lecturer, and the class was to assemble at half past seven and her friend, Sundari, was still sleeping. "This abomination of special classes and examinations" muttered the girl to herself, and knocked at the door the louder.

"Hooizat?" shrieked a peevish voice from within.

"You needn't screech like an owl," replied the girl at the door, "get up and let me in. It is so cold this morning."

"Oh, is that you, Kamu, I'm sorry I kept you waiting," said Sundari, and the door opened and a tall lean girl came out. And, glancing at the stout note-book in her friend's hands, she asked dreamily, "What is that note-book for?"

"I can't afford to be such an indifferent and happy-go-lucky person as you are. You know very well that there is a special class this morning. The experiment that we did together in a hurry last time, has to be done all over again and the whole thing has to go into the practical note-book to-day. Come along, let us finish it and be rid of these lecturers once and for all."

"And of their lectures too, their compositions, English and un-English, their notes and all their stuff," gushed

Sundari. "I know these special classes for what they are. There is ab-so-lute-ly nothing special about them. This Mrs. Mary Manickam with her 'look-here-attend-all-of-you' is an insufferable bore and boor. Every alternate sentence of hers has some sly reference to grown-up girls. I resent it."

"Why are you so sensitive?" asked Kamu. "You know hard words break no bones."

"The point is," urged Sundari, "whether one is grown up or grown down, this Manickam forgets her own obesity which has defied all the slimming methods she has tried."

"Then, why should she not start fasting for a hundred days?" asked Kamu jocularly.

"Boo!" exploded Sundari, "Imagine your being such a fool! I told you the other day that this mountain of flesh drinks oceans of coffee."

"Yes," admitted Kamu, "and you showed me the other evening, the thermos in her rickshaw, and we endeavoured to calculate, by its size, its cubic contents. How many c.c.'s do you remember?"

"I have no head for figures," replied Sundari, "but you can take it from me that as much as a gallon of liquid can be corked into it without difficulty." And both the girls laughed loud and long.

"And I believe," said Kamu at length, "she is a *pucca* to-day. Says she scents sedition in any mention of fasts, and warns students to keep out of politics."

"My dear Kamu," began Sundari, "somehow, I have come to dislike this college life. I'm fed up....."

"Not with life, I suppose," snapped Kamu. "Girls of to-day have a tendency to work themselves up into a fit of this kind. Sense and sensibility, pride and prejudice, sentiment and sentimentality....."

"Shut up," cut in Sundari, "you have of late developed a fondness for that stupid Jane Austen with all her rubbish about match-making, match-breaking, domestic and un-domestic politics of village families."

She paused a little, and, facing her friend, deliberately jerked out, "Aha, you have been roped in and the tying of the marriage knot, 'of which there is no untying,' is to take place during the vacation?"

The blonde beauty blushed crimson and rose to go. "Please lemme go" pleaded Kamu, "only seven minutes more for the class, and even my watch is not friends with me, shows wrong time always."

"You're sure to get a Rolex Princess as your wedding gift from your *fiancee*," said Sundari and blocked the way to the door. Then, pulling her friend down to a seat with gentle firmness, she gazed into Kamu's glitteringly liquid eyes, and, nestling close, whispered, "What type of fellow is this your Prince Charming?"

Poor Kamu was dazed at the audacity of her friend.

"Are you offended at my teasing you?" asked Sundari.

"No; but what is all this talk about Prince charming and Prince ugly? You had perhaps all sorts of wonderful dreams last night, transporting you to the land of love and romance. Yes, I understand everything now. I saw you last evening, taxi-ing up to the 'Capitol' with a few of your friends."

"They were showing, for the first time in India, those wonderful (and romantic, if you please) pictures of Mt. Everest and other snow-clad peaks of the Himalayan range over which the Lady Houston Expedition recently flew. They were very grand. I was not at all interested in the story or in the stars that featured in the film I saw."

"But you evade my point," said Kamu, trying to corner her friend. "You are much interested in my affair, and I expect you allow me the same degree of interest in yours. What about your case? Has it been filed?"

"Judgment reserved," replied Sundari laconically.

"Whose judgment?"

"Mine, of course," replied Sundari with great emphasis.

"I congratulate you on your really having a nose for news," commented Kamu and added, "I hope it may not be mere gossip."

"I am not a creature to feed on rumour and gossip," retorted the other girl, rather hotly. "There was an advertisement in the papers sometime ago for an eligible bridegroom of your caste. The particulars that were given of the girl fitted you in many respects. But I was thinking of Padma, and became almost definite it must be she. I received a letter yesterday morning from my father requiring me to write to him more particulars about you. When I had been home for the Christmas holidays, father asked me about my friends, and I gave him a glowing description of you, what a nice and wonderful girl you are....."

"Don't be silly, don't be silly..."

But Sundari went on. "And here you are, my bonnie bird. Remember where other girls merely see things, I see through them," she concluded with the bland self-satisfaction of Sherlock Holmes explaining his premises and conclusions to his admiring friend, Watson.

Kamu was a very sensitive girl, the type of girl that combines in herself the best of the liberal-conservative and the conservative-liberal, and yet so refreshingly modern in outlook and ideas. In spite of herself, her feelings gave way. Poor girl! She bent down her head and began to sob. It took full ten minutes for her friend to restore her to calmness.

"I was left a motherless child before I was five years old," moaned the girl. "My father married a second time. I was sent to a mixed school for boys and girls. I had a class-mate, a delicate little boy, to whose house I frequently went. The child died of pox. The sorrowing father began to take a great deal of interest in my education, even for the sake of his lost child. I owe it to him that I am here," and sighing heavily, concluded, "My father now thinks that it does him great credit to celebrate my marriage to a person of his choice."

"May be his second wife's aged uncle or some fellow distantly connected with her," said Sundari. "But then, why advertise, I wonder?"

"Just to inform the world very pompously that he has an educated girl to dispose of. Don't you know that there are in our midst people who know perfectly how to hunt with the hounds and run with the hare? I hate advertisement. You know very well, my friend, that I do not mix freely with other girls here. Have a sort of contempt for the usual pleasures these college girls run after. But tell me, Sundari, straightway something about yourself. I am getting sick of myself and my affairs." Sundari just moved her lips to answer, but Kamu went on. "Your father is a swell of a big criminal lawyer, a Marshall Hall of your place, and has just been selected to act as Crown Counsel in a sensational conspiracy case. Your uncles are holding high positions in the Police Department. It is just likely and fitting too, that they arrange for you a blooming fellow, an M.L., or at least a B.A., B.L., G.D.A., Criminal Higher, etc., and settle on him (I know your father is a full-fledged social reformer, hence no question of dowry) a job and a good income as a Probationary Deputy Superintendent of Police or Probationary somebody."

"If probationers could make a girl happy, if money could procure me what I want, you are right. Somehow I

have come to understand these degreed fellows to be men of very low degree. Excuse me, they are mere humbugs, never-do-wells....."

"How do you know them to be humbugs?" interrupted Kamu. "You are yet in your teens and you are deliberately generalising against a set of people, who are educated, cultured and with very few exceptions, gentlemen to their finger tips."

"Don't you grow lyrical. If you are in the mood for it, hasten to your room and praise these fellows in a neatly turned-out sonnet and send it on to the Editor of the College Magazine in time."

"I'm sorry I have stopped the flow of your language by my ill-timed interruption," apologised Kamu. "May I pick up for you the lost thread of your....."

"Don't worry. I need not go very far from my own family to seek for such fellows, move with them and know them. I have several cousins, young men and girls. Excepting one or two, all have made under one pretext or another a 'grand tour of Europe' and several of them claim the honour of having distinguished themselves in a foreign University and taken foreign degrees, English or American....."

"That speaks volumes for their spirit of enterprise. You are a dull stay-at-home and are very uncharitably jealous of their good luck and achievement."

As she was uttering this, Kamu's eyes strayed into a corner of the room and were scrutinising a picture on the wall. "Who is he? But let me first finish with your gentlemen-to-their-finger-tips," cried Sundari. "The whole lot of them are an unorganised hypocrisy. I like organisation even in hypocrisies. Preaching social reformers, vociferous politicians, financiers with not a pie to spend, economists not guilty of possessing either land, labour or capital, voters without responsibility, democrats on the

platform while being autocrats at home, rural workers, Harijan-uplifters, international patriots, froth-blowers, carpet-baggers, world-dreamers, world-forsakers....."

There was now a loud thud in the corridor, and the two girls sat up and listened.

"Miss Ahalya is on her morning round of visits to the rooms. You are making such a noise there," hissed Enakshi occupying room No. 73 and withdrew.

The girls kept the door wide open and each was busying herself with her laboratory note-book, manipulating figures and cooking up results. Kamu pretended working on a graph-sheet and Sundari was racking her brains with decimals. "What does 'correct to two decimal places' mean, Kamu?" asked Sundari very innocently. And in came Miss Ahalya, B.A. (Hons.), Tutor, and said, "Now girls, what about your exercise for Monday? I want to see your analysis of the essay this evening."

"It is a fortnight since I placed an order with the College Co-operative Society for a copy of the text-book. It seems copies are not available in India. So the clerk was telling me yesterday," said Kamu meekly.

"Then, what do you propose to do without your text-book?"

"I propose relying on my friend here for the time being to get a loan of her copy now and then."

"That is good," said the Tutor and, turning towards Sundari, remarked, "You are the senior girl in this block. Put these little missies in the proper way. Good morning," and disappeared.

"I have put you, Kamu, in the proper way about the special class this morning," said Sundari roaring with laughter. "But I like this Ahalya immensely. Neither a prude nor a snob."

"I agree with you, though I have come to know her only these six months."

Students, by some means or other, get to know all biographical details about their teachers, their present position and future prospects and Sundari was no exception. For, she added knowingly, "She comes of a very good family and everything about her reveals good birth and breeding. She is simple in her habits and tastes. Can afford to have luxuries, but generally disdains them. And she has such a smiling face too, that were I a young man, I would have loved her at first sight and appropriated to myself Steele's famous sentence 'To love her is liberal education.'"

"But I want you to lecture to me on the person represented in this picture." Kamu had already taken the picture in her hands and slowly and audibly read the following verses printed underneath:

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;
Nature I loved, and next to Nature, Art;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life;
It sinks, and I am ready to depart."

She turned to her friend for an explanation, but found her in tears.

"What is the matter? Do tell me," entreated Kamu. Sundari was slowly coming to herself and with a far-away look in her eyes uttered incoherent sentences in between her deep sighs. "I can't, I can't tell you, I can't express myself at all. He was born of well-to-do parents and left an orphan in very poor circumstances. My father adopted him and we grew together. He was a friend to me, my play-mate and class-fellow, like whom I may not see another in this world. All who knew him predicted a great future for him. He was a person born to love and be loved. He used to say that his lot was always with the poor and the depressed, that the wealth of experience gained through social service was real wealth. And the lines that you were just now reading, were constantly on his lips. I have them graven in my heart. And the tragedy of it!—One day he

went to the river with father to bathe and was drowned—when the call came he responded cheerfully. India that is struggling between two worlds—a world that is past and another powerless to be born—is terribly in need of such men.....”

“And girls to match,” said Kamu with great emotion, “not mere dolls to match young graduates with their kid gloves and Oxford accent. I realise it now. We girls ought to know our place in society. In spite of militant suffragettes, I firmly believe that our great mission should be to recreate in our starving and sickening men the heroic spirit of old. We can confidently look forward to better days and happier times, trusting in such men.

“What shall I write to my father?” asked Sundari at last.

“I leave it to you, you know me and you know all.”

And Sundari wrote the following letter to her father:—

74, Brindaban Hostel,
Chandpur,
31st January, 1933.

Dearest father,

This advertisement in a newspaper has quite upset my friend. She is not ambitious to travel abroad. She thinks that she has enough work at home to busy herself with. Her modest ambition is limited for the present to be a school teacher in a quiet place.

As for myself, I may tell you frankly that I am not enamoured of your Dewan-friend's son who is returning from Vienna as a gland specialist. If he expects to be taken in the I. M. S., he is, I think, hopelessly deluding himself. He has already wasted his money. Please don't think of throwing away your money and your daughter on him.

Obedience is the bond of rule at least with us, Indian girls. I shall always obey you. I know I can't elect to remain unmarried. But I ought to make this minimum request of my father—money considerations apart, for God's sake, recommend to me a really cultured young man to live with whom would be a surer liberal education than all the examination-passing which you are ambitious that I should do.

My kisses to Kamalam and Subbu and my namas-karams to mother.

Yours very affly.,
etc., etc.

P. S. My friend Kamu endorses every word of this letter.

Now the breakfast bell sounded. Taking up her Sholapur towel and a fresh cake of Aguru soap, Sundari hurried to the bath room, and Kamu to the dining hall.

G. D. G.

Subbu's Debut

BY nature extremely sensitive, shy and slow-tongued, but possessed with a conviction that he had something worthy to impart to others, Mr. Subbu could not resist the temptation of making an appearance on the platform of the Union Society. He argued out the matter to himself. What if he was not very fluent and had a somewhat hoarse voice? Couldn't he talk better than some of those who loved to parade their nonsense on the platform? He could think out for himself and he was convinced that he had much better sense than those celebrities of the Union Society.

But then, what stood in his way was the audience. To all appearances educated, they frequently gave free play to their animal instincts. How was it that the marks of rusticity so predominated in them as to give the impression that they had wholly escaped the refining influences of culture? Why should they not behave like gentlemen? Subbu seriously reflected, but was most unhappily worried by recollecting that he himself had joined the rabble, shared in their merriment and tried to snatch as many moments of such unholy glee as it was possible for a cultured man to do. He was conscious that in condemning them, he was laying himself open to those very charges.

He determined not to think of the audience at all. Who knows what their attitude would be when *he* began to speak? Now he had a vein of humour in him deep in his nature. Could he not season his speech with the amount of wit necessary to raise an applause instead of a 'hooting'? He must make the experiment.

He would not remain in obscurity any more and he had already a vision of how he would amaze and blind the

audience with his blazing eloquence. He flattered himself, there might be some obscure spring of eloquence in him, which might break out, rise, flow and overwhelm the audience. He had glimpses into the future of his own great self standing majestically on the platform and charming the boisterous audience into silence with a wave of the magic wand of his eloquence.

The Secretary easily accepted this fresh offer from a new man. The subject was to be—it flashed in a moment on Subbu's mind—"The Necessity of having a God." The day was fixed and Subbu had only two more days before him, every moment of which should, he thought, contribute in its own way to make his debut a glorious success.

He had necessarily to absent himself and stay away from College for those two days. Attendance was a little thing, which he could scarce care for, when his mind was so full of 'immortal longings!'

At home he sat up quite seriously (after finishing his Sandhya in the most scrupulous manner) and thought about the necessity of having a God. He tried to rehearse the speech to an imaginary audience and without any break spoke for twelve long minutes and simply held the imaginary audience in suspense and silent admiration. He had evidently no cause for dissatisfaction. He wrote out the speech in full, gave it some literary flourishes and secretly set himself to con the whole thing verbatim. There was absolutely no harm in getting it by heart. It was after all a speech written by himself unaided, save by the few books he had in his library, and they were his own. He carefully memorised the written-out lecture, talked it out with the proper gestures necessary, and had no doubt he would win the day.

The day of trial arrived. The lecture was to take place at 4-15 p.m. He took a nap between 2 and 3 p.m. by way of letting his faculties sleep before they should start

into a sudden and lively activity at 4-15. Then he dressed himself up neatly, for it would be a misfortune if the whole thing should be spoiled for want of a button or a tie. He took a new handkerchief and dressed himself smartly and went to the college.

The hall was full to overflowing. Subbu could not help reflecting as he entered that so many people were assembled only to have the benefit of a lecture by himself, till then quite a nonentity, though it was two years since he joined the pass course (having been, however, unjustly denied admission into the Honours class). He went up to the platform with resolute steps, took his seat and sat erect. The President got up and, as usual, introduced the lecturer saying he looked forward to an interesting and stimulating lecture. It was easily done. Now the moment came. Subbu should summon all the courage he had and rise to the occasion.

He got up somewhat abruptly, faced the audience unflinchingly and began forthwith to lecture, forgetting in his haste to preface his speech with "Ladies and Gentlemen." The uncharitable gentlemen could not brook this and they raised a storm which almost choked Subbu—almost, but not utterly. He was not to be cowed down. He quickly made amends by a frank apology and recommenced. But he was not so loud as he had been before. There was an appreciable lowering of his voice, and there was a tremulous quality in it, which properly belongs to a musician. There was another roar from the lions and shouts of "Louder, Louder" thundered into his ears from all directions. He collected his energy and lifted his voice when the hoarse element in it showed itself. The audience welcomed it with like notes. Subbu simply did not care. He was resolved to carry on. Gradually a low hiss from nowhere issued; it was courteously followed up by an answer, slightly louder; it was handed on to another and yet another till a dozen people felt obliged to hiss in chorus.

What could poor Subbu do? Should he bow down to the storm and let it pass over?

He felt constrained to appeal to them in an imploring voice, which had the unexpected result of letting loose not only the serpents, but also the frogs and the owls in the audience. Noises from all sides battered Subbu: here someone screamed: there another shrieked and a third shouted. And our hero was brought to an utter stand-still. The President was powerless and secretly enjoyed the situation. The commotion became greater and showed no signs of subsiding. The noise increased in intonation, pitch and volume till it swelled to a grand, discordant Babel. Subbu was bewildered. The whole world swam dizzily before his eyes. The audience seemed to recede into a dim background shrunk and small. And the blasts that reached him carried one single message, "SIT DOWN."

And Subbu sat down in his chair and fell into a reverie on the weakness of human nature which had raised itself as a barrier between the audience and his undelivered words of wisdom. He went home and found consolation in the words of Tagore—"I have scaled the peak and found no shelter in Fame's bleak and barren height."

G. N. SESHADRI.

A Day in Mars College

PERSONALLY, I have no faith in Mr. Lipton's tea.

Mistake me not, reader, as carrying on any propaganda against Mr. Lipton. I am his most sincere well-wisher. Reader, if ever it has been your unfortunate lot to be exposed to an endless battery of weekly and fortnightly examinations,—those periodic fevers that fret you into more than midsummer madness—if ever you have had to sit up whole nights through, mugging up all the barren, sickening, sorry medley of silly stuff passed to us in the name of education—in the name of God's omniscient wisdom—those annotations, paraphrases, twenty line and forty line summaries and the thousand bits of nonsense required for these examinations, then, I am sure you would have resorted to Mr. Lipton's tea for a stimulant. Whatever your experiences may be, I am sure they must be akin to mine. Whatever honest Mr. Lipton or his no less honest advertisers may say in its favour, I often find it a most freakish, rascally and unreliable thing, which lets you down and plays you false when you most badly need it. It has imbibed a large measure of the whims of Mr. Lipton himself; I wish it were half as honest as that greatest benefactor of the world.

It was 8 o'clock. The next day there was to be an examination. I had to wade through a huge pile of books, note-books, "Exhaustive Text Examiners" and "Suggestive Questions and Answers" with annotations. I began solemnly, right seriously. Half an hour passed and sleep began to steal into my eyes. I took a cup of tea—of course, Mr. Lipton's. Fifteen minutes passed; treacherous tea had deceived me; it had conspired with sleep. Eyes began to close—now half-close, now more than half. I cursed my eyes; cursed Mr. Lipton and his tea, cursed the

examinations and, of course, I did not spare the examiners. I could not resist my sleep; and soon, consoling myself in a thousand different ways, I retired to my bed. I had scarcely closed my eyes, when I dreamt a wonderful dream.

I dreamt I was on Mars. I walked through long streets and finally came near a building where I saw some students—I rightly guessed they were students—merrily laughing and casting all sorts of aspersions on their professors and their domestic relationships. All of them were corpulent—of the size which we sometimes loosely term double-breadth—and their bulk was perhaps due to the heat, for scientists say heat expands bodies—I think, it does human bodies also. They stared at me jeeringly as though I was the fabled old man of the sea or some stranger biped. I stared at them with a vacant gaze in feverish expectation of some peril to my life. Breaking the silence, there came a gruff voice, by no means inviting or permitting any hospitable reception, "Who are you? What do you want?" Being thus asked, I gave them some modest information of myself and exchanged with them in a most ceremonious manner those rather uncomfortable courtesies of polite society. I shook hands with them and imagine, reader, what would have happened to my palms had any one of them exerted a slightly greater pressure, either as a mark of warm, friendly enthusiasm or for mischief! I was then taken to drink a hot cup of coffee which they politely pressed me to take. I soon got over my first sense of strangeness; my first excitement subsided; and I had a breezy conversation with them, which gave me some broad features of their college.

The first thing I was immensely pleased to hear of Mars Colleges was the absence of all examinations. I was told that they had been put an end to in deference to the unanimous wish of the students. (How I wish that at least half as much importance were attached to ours in our colleges!) They argued that examination was no reliable

test of merit and cited numerous instances where deserving students had been plucked and a larger number of instances where the highest academic distinctions had been showered on first-rate idiots. They further said that if the examiner had a peevish, teasing wife and, when valuing a student's paper, she fell out with him, it had its natural and inevitable reaction on the poor innocent. I expressed my whole-hearted agreement with their views.

Another feature of this college was the absence of all attendance regulations and other disciplinary restraints. They thought it the undeniable liberty of every student to quit his class if the lecture was boring or not to his taste.

Nor was there any compulsory physical training; but they were not the less strong on that account, since their muscles were brought into play in a different and, of course, a far more entertaining field. Their intellectual exuberance often broke out into hand-to-hand scuffles with their masters where the students had invariably the better of their masters.

The students of the college were never fined at all. They argued—very ingeniously—that fines were no better than open bribes; they were like the abhorrent practices of the mediaeval popes—the sale of the indulgences—against which Luther so violently revolted.

By now, it was dinner time. We adjourned to the dining-hall. There we were served sumptuously with sweet delicacies. I tasted only a few dishes with an air of indifference and reserve which, though not natural to me, I had managed to put on, not without a fair measure of success. I confess, reader, that I now feel I could have sacrificed my pretended dignity and used the occasion to much better advantage.

Then I was shown round. I came to the Reading Room, with a long table well furnished with magazines. I

saw one student looking into our College Magazine and on closer observation saw that he was reading my article. Imagine, reader, my vanity when I saw my wonderful productions read in such distant planets. I asked him how he found it and there came a curt reply much in the manner of Johnson, knocking my vanity on the head, "It is all heavy and boring—linked nonsense long-drawn-out." I did not care to inquire how he liked the other articles, but I am sure that in the light of his criticism on mine, he would have unhesitatingly condemned all the others.

Now, I was introduced to the Professor of English. He said that years of laborious research had revealed to him one fact of singular importance—a wonderful fact indeed—that Shakespeare was a woman.

The next interesting gentleman, whom I met, was the Science Professor, who seemed to have taken his profession most seriously. He had lately performed certain experiments which proved that the Sun's energy would endure only four thousand and three hundred and sixty-seven weeks, four days, two hours, and twenty seconds—after which period all this huge structure of civilisation and animate existence would most miserably end. He did not agree with our theory of the astronomical system of the universe and called it a mere Æsop's fable. With equal vehemence, he condemned the earlier geometric theory of Ptolemy of Egypt styling it scientific imagination run riot. He severely criticised Milton for celebrating a wrong system of thought in his Epic and concluded that the blind poet must be hunted into the hell he had described. According to the right theory, Mars was stationary and all the other planets enclosing it at different distances, wheeled round it in a complex combination of separate motions. I began to feel tired of this crazy obsession; just then happily I received a note from the Principal soliciting the pleasure of my company at tea.

I hastened to his room and was conducted by him to another spacious apartment provided with tables profusely served with the choicest dishes. Imagine my surprise and pride when I was told that it was all in honour of my visit. Amidst a profusion of speeches, we drank to one another's health and all of them shouted "Three times three cheers to our guest."

That shout roused me from my slumber. I woke up and found it was already morning. I sat up and began my preparations for the day's examination; how much I wish I had continued in the Mars College!

S. R. SWAMINATHAN.

Violets

I

ANTHONY Manners drew the high, lugged chair closer to the fire and sat down with a contented sigh—"Wait about ten minutes, Tony," said Kay, "I must make myself presentable." Kay Cunningham was staying with the Manners for Christmas—she was Fiona's friend, but since Tony had come from London, the two girls had not seen so much of each other. Tony was very much in love with Kay and he did not trouble to hide it. So he sat now before the fire dreaming—his face dead white beneath the inky cloud of his hair.

Little vignettes formed and dissolved in the heart of fire: Kay, as she had skimmed over the dark ice as if held up by the wind, her graceful poise as she had slopped suddenly half turning, to wait for him, her easy stride through the snow-banked darkening lanes, and her quick laughter echoing like a bell in the frosty air.

He turned as she ran lightly downstairs, and crossed the shadowy hall to the fireplace where she knelt down and stretched out her hands to the blaze. The light fell on her honey-coloured hair turning it to a mass of fine drawn gold—"What a smell of violets, Kay" said Tony—"Yes," she answered, "It's this cream. I have simply to smear it on after being out in the wind, or I shall feel and crack like old paint." She turned back to the fire, but in a moment he was on his knees beside her, and his arms were round her, and his lips on her glowing hair. "O my darling, my darling."—

They were married at Easter, but by the following Christmas she had left him—and characteristically he had let her go without a word.

II

Two years later, he was in Calcutta. He had accepted an engineering contract now nearing fulfilment. At about midday his servant entered with a parcel, he signed the receipt casually and pushed the small flat box to the end of his untidy office table.

Before going to lunch, he took up the parcel, and saw that it was from Nainital. He was puzzled for a moment until he remembered his friend Clayton, who was making money and enjoying himself by the cultivation of English flowers. Manners had been politely sceptical and Clayton, an ardent youth, had promised to send him violets, and here they were.

He did not open the box, but held it in his hands, thinking of the memories that cool fragrance would bring him. Forgotten was the heat of the steamy noon, the cries of the coolies in the street below, the clerk with the persistent and annoying sniff. He saw his mother as she had come to him one summer night, tall and fair in her white wrap, and the violets that lay against her shoulder, where he had pressed his hot face; his room, with the windows open to the westering sun filled with their scent, where they lay in their purple loveliness in the jade green Lalique bowl; the sun-flecked path beneath the copper-beeches where they grew in the dark, wet grass.

He thought of these things and he smiled. Then he slowly cut the string, and lifted the layers of white tissue paper, that hid the flowers which lay crushed against the wide, dark leaves.

The rain-washed perfume suddenly surrounded him, and as it stole to his heart, he heard a clear voice—"Yes, I have simply to smear it on"—and his eyes filled with tears.

S. M. B.

Astronomy Made Easy

I SAW him and heard him as I was walking on the Island grounds on my way home the other evening. A big telescope was placed near one of those Amusement Parks, and it was pointing heavenward, and he stood beside it and thoughtfully inquired:

"Is it possible, gentlemen, that you do not care to view the beautiful works of Nature, above the earth? Can it be true that men of your intellectual appearance will sordidly cling to your four-anna coin, rather than take a look through this telescope and bring the beauties of heaven within one and a half miles of your eyes?"

The appeal was too much for one young man to resist. He was a tall young man, with a long face and an anxious look. He looked at the four-anna piece and then at the telescope, hesitated for a single instant and took his seat on the stool.

"Here is a young man who prefers to feast his soul with scientific knowledge rather than become a sordid, grasping, avaricious capitalist," remarked the astronomer, as he arranged the instrument. "Fall back, you people who prefer the paltry sum of four annas to a view of the starry heavens and give this noble young man plenty of room!"

The noble young man placed his eye to the instrument, a cloth was thrown over his head and the astronomer continued:

"Behold the bright star Venus! A sight of this star is worth a thousand rupees to any man who prefers education to money."

There was an instant of deep silence and then the young man exclaimed:

"I say!"

I stood behind him, and knew that the telescope pointed towards the top storey of the Government House buildings, where a dance was in progress.

"All of them indulge in exclamations of admiration as they view the beauties and mysteries of Nature," remarked the astronomer. "Young man, please tell the crowd what you see."

"I see a feller hugging a girl!" was the prompt reply, "And if there isn't a dozen of them!"

"And yet," continued the astronomer, "there are sordid wretches in this crowd who hang to four annas in preference to observing such sights as these in ethereal space. Venus is millions of miles away, and yet, by means of my telescope, and by paying four annas, this intellectual young man is enabled to observe the inhabitants of that far off world hugging each other just as naturally as they do in this!"

The instrument was wheeled round to bear on the top of the "Simplex" tower that has been fixed on the site where the new University buildings are to rise, and the astronomer continued:

"Behold the beauties and the wonders of Saturn! This star, to the naked eye, appears no larger than a silver four-anna piece, and yet for the paltry sum of four annas this noble young man is placed within one mile of it!"

"Well, this beats all!" murmured the young man, as he slapped his leg.

"Tell me what you see, my friend."

"I see two fellows smoking cigars and operating some levers, probably they are driving some engine," was the prompt reply.

"Saturn is 86,000,000 miles from this city," continued the astronomer, "and yet the insignificant sum of a quarter of a rupee has enabled this progressive young man to learn

for himself that the celestial beings enjoy themselves pretty much as we do in this world. I venture to say that there is not a man in this crowd who ever knew before that the inhabitants of Saturn knew anything about cigar factories."

Four annas worth of knowledge had been imparted, and the young man was asked to move back. The Professor covered up the instrument slowly and carefully, picked up and unlocked a satchel which had been lying near his feet, and then softly said:

"Gentlemen, we will pause now for a moment. When a man tells you after this that the planet Saturn is not inhabited, tell him you know better, that it is not only inhabited, but that people up there know to smoke cigars, the same way as on this mundane sphere. In about ten minutes I will be ready again to explain the wonders and beauties of the sparkling heavens to such of you as prefer a thousand rupees worth of scientific knowledge to four annas in vile dross. Meanwhile, permit me to call your attention to my celebrated headache preparation, the like of which the world has not seen as yet."

S. V. GOVINDA RAJAN.

The Temptation

THE life to which poor Alagan was devoted in consequence of some unforeseen train of circumstances was a hard one. You had only to look at him in his tasteless and inappropriate clothes and listen to his conversation for two minutes, and then you knew that he was a jutka-wallah. It was stamped all over him; with every gesture and thought, he radiated the aura of a jutka-wallah.

A good-looking fellow with bold roving eyes, he had become a jutka-wallah because he had the sense to realise that it was about the only profession open to a man of his type. He had neither the inclination nor the aptitude for a business career. His mind worked too slowly for a business man and his fingers too slowly for a 'steno.' There was only one other thing that he might possibly have become—a chauffeur. He had contemplated that while at school, but he was nauseated by the smell of petrol and the sound of the engine irritated him. So he had taken to this and, as years passed, congratulated himself upon his choice.

Outside his work, in which he took very great interest, there were two great influences in his life. First, there was his aunt (his mother's sister) now living with him and secondly there was that horse of his.

Alagan was an orphan, and more or less resigned to the fact that, miracles excepted, he was destined to remain single. His aunt, therefore, received all the love and devotion, which, under different circumstances, would have found other and more natural channels. The horse, his second love, was in a manner of speaking his plucky grin of defiance in the face of a world which was not over-kind to under-paid jutka-wallahs. In moments of depression, when he came into contact with some of his associates,

who were better off, he felt vaguely that life had not given him a square deal, but when he drove in his jutka, he felt the equal of everyone, even the Collector, in culture and wealth and he was happy. Every jolt of the rocking vehicle was a form of massage to his wilted self-esteem.

This morning, the 15th June, he took his early breakfast and set out for the railway station. He quickened the pace of the horse apparently under the belief that the Bombay Mail had arrived. Onward he kept with steady purpose and entered, at length, upon a wide, spacious track with every variety of hill and plain to change its sandy surface. On all sides arose bare and lofty hills, supremely grand in their impressive desolation, uplifting their stony peaks around him like the turrets of a huge fortress. Away in the distance he could see the sea. A north-east wind was blowing and the sun spread fitfully over the blue-broken water. He drove slowly on; at a distance, he saw a long string of smoke curling towards the sky.

"I am late," he thought.

There was a rough crag near him, curiously shaped like a sort of canopy, and here he reined in the horse. From this point, he commanded a view of the long winding road and the big hill which closed and dominated it. He looked at the shadows of the trees. They made long barriers along the road and looked like phantoms—melancholy and grotesque.

He whipped his horse, it moved faster. And as he turned round a corner he saw a man coming towards him. He drew up as the man approached, a trunk in one hand and a heavy stick in the other.

"Jutka, sir."

The man looked up at his face.

He was perhaps twenty years older than himself, tall and stout, with dark brown skin and quick eyes. Sartorially

he was perfection and his long silk coat was worn with a decided air. An intelligent observer would have put him down at the first glance as a rich landlord.

"Aye. What's the fare to the hotel?"

The town could boast of only one hotel, and when he referred to the 'hotel,' Alagan almost mechanically identified it with the one next to the Post Office. He stared at the man and grinned—a diabolical grin.

"Six annas, sir."

"I can give you only four. It's not even two miles from here."

The jutka-wallah tried to argue, but the old man was stubborn. At length, he yielded.

Grumbling (it was one of his tricks), Alagan plunged into the depths of the forest. It was silent, birds' voices being hushed in this dry summer time, save for certain drowsy twitterings of a few small birds which looked at the fare tenderly. The sun was hot and there was little shade on the road-side; but the lonely occupants of the jutka did not mind the heat. Alagan was accustomed to this, and the old man—something else attracted his attention. In the east where the low hills rose in the blue misty distance the only object he could see was a dilapidated temple. It was this which interested him most.

A low chuckle came from the depths of the bronzed throat of Alagan. He was thinking.

"A mile and a half more to town and the road is deserted," he mused within himself and laughed grimly. He broke off in a kind of dismay, for the look on the old man's face was undoubtedly one of fright.

"You're not going the right way," he remarked.

"We are pursuing a short cut" was the answer.

The old man nodded his head and talked no more. Being very much tired, he was slowly sinking against the wall of the carriage when the mere touch of the jutka-wallah made him spring up as if from the contact of a venomous reptile, and, rubbing his eyes in confusion, he asked him what he wanted.

"We are near the hotel. You can alight here and walk a few yards to the hotel."

The fare got down dragging the trunk behind him.

As he deposited it on the ground, his hand trembled violently. He bent down, stretched forth his hand and opened it. And even as he did so, Alagan sorely tempted wrenched the knife from his 'dhoti' about his waist. There was murder in his heart and in his eyes as he looked at the helpless man. The latter did not know till Alagan plunged it into his back, driven mad, stark mad, by the fiend of avarice.

He lurched past the body—with the life still struggling to escape—stopped the horse that kept moving away from him as if ashamed of his cowardly act, and rummaged the dead man's pockets and brought out a post card.

It would be impossible to convey an idea of the sudden revulsion of feeling which took place within him as he read the letter. He endeavoured to murmur a few syllables but could not; his voice was choked with emotions of an ineffable nature. He sank back on the ground the next moment.

The man he had murdered was his father's brother from Singapore whom he had not seen since his childhood. The old man had written, before starting from Singapore, a letter to Alagan intimating his arrival, but had failed to post it. He had kept it in his pocket.

M. GOPAL RAO.

Songs and September

AS a critic of music—and I presume I am one—I can assert that Sarada, my neighbour's niece, utters such sweet and harmonious breath.....that certain stars would shoot madly from their spheres to hear her music. The Bible wants us to love our neighbours and so I do. That is one reason; another is she is learned, beautiful, and, as geniuses are, she is born, not made.

If you are jealous, my gentle reader, let me tell you at once there is another side to this picture.

Somehow, her parents wanted to give her tuition to increase her musical talents, which she had in plenty from childhood. A tutor was accordingly arranged. And that was in the fateful month of September, when I was very busy about my examinations. The pretty Sarada was always practising on what is called the harmonium. She was singing for many days the same *keerthana* which her tutor had taught her. There was no change for the better in the quality of the song. If she had occasionally thrilled the atmosphere with her rich strains of music, as she was doing formerly, I would have certainly appreciated the song as a sort of comical relief to the tragedy of my preparations. Though I could not live without music, I now thought that I could live for many more years, if I could only escape my neighbour's songs. Though I had always admired her music, I thought that she had done a grave mistake in trying to learn playing on the harmonium—of all things on earth!

I found it difficult to put up with this permanent nuisance. Perhaps, Sarada did not know that I was studying for my examination and to me, at any rate, the examination was more important than either Sarada or her

music. To tell my neighbour this, I had no courage. One fine morning, however, invoking the mercy of all the gods in heaven to give me sufficient courage, I took a bit of paper and wrote on it, "Dear Sarada, I shall feel highly obliged if you can kindly refrain from your music for a few days, as I am studying for an important examination." Then I threw it into her room through the window. Unluckily her testy mother entered the room, picked up the letter, and alas! tore it away. Immediately, I realised, more fully than ever before, that the Bible had told us not merely 'to love our neighbours' but also 'to love our enemies.' Probably because they are one and the same!

There were hardly ten days more for the examination; and yet there was no hope of my neighbour's "music" stopping. Well, necessity is the mother of invention. So I thought of sleeping away in the daytime (when Sarada would go on with her music) and of continuing my studies throughout the night, when all the world around me would be still, peaceful, and, above all, free from MUSIC. I was able to carry out this plan effectively for the few days before my examination. The very day my examination was over, Sarada stopped troubling us with the measured malice of her music. But of what use? The mischief had been done. I cursed, therefore, all my neighbours, from the old grannie to the chauffeur and the bitch, that they were so fondly keeping; I cursed all except Sarada, for I knew she was powerless. I shall always admire her. Even if I fail in the examination, I am determined to love Sarada but hate her harmonium.

S. BHIMAN.

The Block Itself

THE passenger list of the "Mauretania" was of particular interest when she sailed from New York on October 28th, 1932. There was the millionaire's daughter eloping with the factory hand, the Hollywood couple on the verge of a divorce, the disgusted Englishman returning to his native fogs, the prince travelling incognito, and the usual crooks and card-sharpers of trans-continental reputation. But the names of G. Brunton, the mutton king, and his only son and heir, Brunton Jr., described at Yale as "Miss" provided the gossip and fashion papers with the choicest morsel for speculation. Old Brunton never believed in trips over the Atlantic, while the mutton market kept fluctuating in New York. It was true that he had made his pile. But he held on to it with a grip of vice. And now rumour said that he was handing over the business to Brunton Jr. and retiring.

As soon as the ship got under way, the old man came down into their state room to find his son huddled in a chair reading. He slowly sat down opposite and began, "You've had enough of books these last few years at Yale, I guess. Well, now that you are going to be given the handling of a large concern, the best thing you can do is to come out into the open and have a good look at this world of ours. You've been a considerable time doing it and once you start doing it, I want you to do it thoroughly. Here's a cheque for 20,000 of the best. I don't know if I can spare it, but if you can understand the wrong 'uns by the time it is gone, well, I guess it can't have been wasted. You'll be making dollars in plenty and if you can't spot the leak holes and learn to stop them, you won't be keeping any. So, get busy, my boy, and spend them and come back the wiser for it." After delivering himself of these profundities, he got up and waddled out of the room.

Correctly surmising that the more experienced among the passengers would be on the deck, he proceeded thither and slowly began to take stock of the loungers. Now, it is quite usual that the business men of America make all sorts of curious acquaintances during their pursuit of the dollar. So it was nothing extraordinary for Mr. Brunton to have known King Vall, the card-sharping ace on the Atlantic line. This last mentioned person was an eminently respectable and handsome man always dressed in the height of fashion. The uninitiated usually took him for an eccentric millionaire who was rather more careless about his purse than an Indian Maharajah. Mr. Brunton spotted this personage among the crowd and slowly made his way towards him. As Mr. Brunton's hand rested on King Vall's shoulder, he gave an imperceptible start, but at once recognising Mr. Brunton, began greeting him effusively. But Mr. Brunton's sharp accents cut him short, "Look here, Vall, I'll put you on to a good thing and if you bring it off, there is 20,000 in it and an extra 5000 from me as a sort of appreciation. It is nothing much. I've just handed over 20,000 to my son and I want you to fleece him of it. The moment you've done it, I'll hand over my 5000. So, old boy, the best of luck to you." Saying this he moved off, leaving King Vall with a feeling one might have when one suddenly finds a flight of stairs where one did not expect it. But years of this life had made King Vall a believer in miracles and he soon got busy.

Meanwhile, Mr. Brunton found out a chair and settled down comfortably in it. A minute later, a voice like inspired music informed him that the voice was sorry, but that the gentleman (Mr. Brunton) was at that moment sitting on the voice's box of liquer chocolates. The startled Mr. Brunton looked up and found what he never imagined he would ever find in this life. It was his ideal of perfect womanhood. Brown eyes, hair which was a mixture of chestnut and black, perfect figure and queenly carriage,

and the prettiest little nose in the world. And when she smiled, her Cupid's-bow lips opened to reveal teeth like pearls arranged neatly on red velvet. Mr. Brunton hastily stood up and felt long-dried-up springs opening out again in his bosom, for I forgot to tell you he was a widower. Thus began the most beautiful voyage that leads one to the altar steps. The third day, Brunton Jr. was asked his opinion about his father making a second venture into matrimony. "Of course, Daddy, if she happens to be the right sort," was all that "Miss" answered.

In the meanwhile all the persuasions and exertions on King Vall's part to induce Brunton Jr. into a cards' game had failed. He was so exasperated by his failure that when Brunton Jr. pressed him for information regarding father's "ideal woman," he imparted all he knew for a paltry 5000. With the information thus obtained Brunton Jr. strolled to the state room of the lady and knocked. Her maid informed him that "the lady" was on the deck with Brunton Sr. But Brunton Jr. coolly went in and, settling down comfortably on a chair, informed the startled maid that he was going to wait. At 11-30 "the lady" came in and found her prospective son in her sitting-room. He stood up and without any preliminaries said, "I know all about you, Queenie. Well, how much for quitting the boat tomorrow morning without a word to Dad?" Queenie slowly sat down and began to ruminate on the folly of first impressions. At last she spoke, "Can't I even send him a last farewell message?" "No," came the short answer. "Well, how much are you prepared to give?" she asked. "15,000" he answered. "Well, spill it," said Queenie and the transaction ended.

Next day at their London hotel, Brunton Sr. asked Brunton Jr. when they sat for lunch, "Well, my boy, and have you spent all the money I gave you?" "Yes almost," replied "Miss," and the old man chuckled inwardly.

A. C. SRINIVASAN.

The Care of a Nurse

"IF Ayurveda has anything to borrow from the allopathic system, it is the unique method of nursing that it has introduced," observed Mr. Venkatachalam sipping tea in the study of his inseparable friend, Mr. Seshachalam and added, "Nurses are the most charming, kindest beings on earth."

"On the other hand," snapped in Mr. Seshachalam, who rarely supported any of his friend's opinions, "that's the one flaw in the allopathic system. Nurses are the most devilish and dangerous of the female species."

"I am sorry you differ from me even in such a universally accepted fact as that."

"But I have my own reasons. You know my nephew, Srinivasan?"

"Yes. I think I do. That young lawyer who married recently? Isn't it he?"

"Rather the young man that *was* married; for it was his wife that married him. He ought to have been my lawful son-in-law but for that minx of a nurse."

"Devaki was a nurse?"

"She is also now."

"She hasn't given up her job then?"

"She did, her professional one. What I mean is that she still looks upon him as a sick being who constantly requires her aid!"

"She never looked it!"

"Then you have absolutely no power of observation. Not only she. Every nurse is the same in that respect. All nurses look on even the healthiest persons in such a pitying manner, that even when you are in perfect health,

you begin to wonder if you are sick and need their nursing."

"I think you are angry because she stepped into a place, which, as you say, ought to have been lawfully your daughter's."

"I am not at all sorry for my daughter. I am only sorry for my poor nephew. It is rarely that one gets a girl like Seeta for wife."

"But how did it happen?"

"In what these modern milksops call extremely romantic circumstances. As long as he was here, he was a very sensible boy and looked on my daughter as an angel. But the usual change came over him after a term's stay in Madras where he was sent to study for Law. When he came home in the Michaelmas, he began to call my daughter sister, for the ass had the cheek to say, she was ugly enough to be one. Immediately I suspected something was wrong; but nothing strange came to pass; so I didn't bother much."

"It all happened," continued Mr. Seshachalam tapping the ash of his cigar, "when he was undergoing apprenticeship. It's all a farce, you know, when graduates of law swank in gowns in the corridors of the High Court, eat well and do nothing and spend the evenings promenading along the Marina."

"One evening, when Vasu was crossing the road in the company of a friend of his, a fine little Wolsley rubbed past him and he narrowly escaped being hit. He looked up in rage and said aloud, 'The reckless ass! Can't he drive slower?'"

'You wouldn't use that epithet, if you knew who that driver was,' remarked his friend.

'I don't care who it is.'

'You would if you knew.'

'Who is it?'

'Miss Kamala.'

'Who is she?'

'Don't know her? Rather strange. She is B.A. (Hons.) Chemistry, working in the Research Laboratory.'

'But, whoever she may be, she can't knock down honest passers-by, because she happens to be a woman.'

'But he had an inward longing to have a look at the fair and reckless motorist who looked upon human life so lightly. So he went to the beach earlier the next day. He caught a glimpse of her, just for two seconds as she was rushing past, but that was enough.'

"And thus he caught that strange universal disease called love. Every evening he visited the Marina and that increased his ague. He wanted to get introduced to her and explored all avenues. There seemed to be no hope. He determined to consult his best and most intimate friend, Muthu. He went to him the next day and began:—

'I say, old boy, supposing one is in love and one wants to know her personally, what should one do?'

'One should get introduced to her.'

'But if there are no common friends?'

'Make friends with her friends.'

'That's too long a process. I don't like it. I want some method entirely new, romantic and unfailing.'

'Let me think. What is she?'

'That's my secret. You shall know only after I know her.'

'What sort of a girl is she?'

'How can I say? I only know she drives a car, probably her own, every evening along the beach.'

'There are a dozen girls who drive their cars every day along the beach. What is she like?'

'I won't tell you. You shan't see her until I take you to her.'

'You are indeed strange. You say she drives a car?'

'Yes.'

'Then get hit by it.'

'But she is too good at the wheel.'

'You must somehow manage.'

'But I may break my neck.'

'You won't. Good chauffeurs never entirely kill people whom they knock down.'

'Is there no other way?'

'It's the best I can think of. Consider the immense possibilities. You get hit; you will be carried in her car to her house; you will create a lot of anxiety and concern in her heart for you. And who knows what feelings may spring out of that? The next step depends on you.'

'I see it's the only way open. Thanks very much.'

'For three days, Vasu tried to get hit by her car in some busy place where perhaps she might be driving slower, and thus avoid the possibility of a danger for his life itself; but she was not to be seen. He cursed his fate and was determined to get hit on the beach road itself. The fourth day he went rather late to the beach and half wished she wouldn't come that evening; but she came. He saw her driving at the usual speed and stepped down to cross the road. His pulse was beating fast. She came near; he closed his eyes. The hoot of her horn sounded so close and suddenly that his heart gave him the slip. He turned round to run back and that sealed his fate. The driver thought he was running across and so swerved a little to the left, but when he suddenly turned round she lost control and Vasu was hit.'

'When Vasu slightly regained consciousness, he found himself in the back seat of a car. He felt very heavy and

opened his eyes. There was somebody else sitting beside Kamala whose back looked like his best friend Muthu's. He shuddered at the possibility and then heard them speaking.

'Where shall we take him?'

'To the General Hospital.'

It was Muthu.

'But why not to my house?'

'Because he wants to be in the General Hospital.'

'What do you mean?'

'What I say.'

'I don't believe it.'

'Kamala, did I ever utter an untruth? He got hit purposely.'

'No, no. I was to blame. I lost control.'

'No darling. No. It's that ass that's to blame. But he wanted it.'

'But, why?'

'He is in love with a nurse on the hospital staff.'

"Vasu didn't want to hear any more. It was too horrid. When he woke up the next day, he found himself stretched on a clean, white bed in the Indian Officers' Ward of the General Hospital. It was past eight in the morning as the little time-piece on the shelf indicated and a lovely face was leaning over him. She blushed to meet his eyes, and asked him in gentle tones how he felt.

" 'Thanks, better,' he said and tried to get up. A ring of pain shot through his body. His left arm was aching and it was in a sling. His forehead was heavy and he found there was a bandage round it.

'Am I hurt very seriously?' he queried.

'No. Not very serious. A few scratches on your left knee and your forehead and your left arm, that's all.'

'Is my arm broken?'

'No. It's only a sprain.'

'And my forehead? Is the injury very serious? Will it leave a scar?'

'No,' she said and smiled at him mischievously.

"Kamala visited him that evening. She looked so ugly and he felt there was too much of a make-up. 'How do you feel? Comfortable, I hope!' with a meaning smile.

"Vasu understood it.

'Thanks, I feel better. Where is Muthu?'

"She blushed and said 'Your friend is indisposed.'

"Then Vasu understood it all. He wanted to tell her the whole story. But he only said 'Tell him that I congratulate him on the very successful way he has conducted everything.'

'Excuse me, Miss.....' said he, turning round to the nurse.

'Devaki is my name.'

'Miss Devaki, I don't want to see any visitors, please.'

'Yes, Mr. Srinivasan.'

"Kamala left puzzled and saucy and Vasu wondered how he ever loved her. He wanted to quit the hospital immediately and asked the nurse when he could leave.

'Not so early,' she pouted. 'You are getting temperature and you won't be discharged till you don't get any.'

'How long will it take?'

'At least a week.'

'At least a week!'

"A week passed and Vasu recovered completely. But he was loth to leave the hospital, at any rate alone. He wanted to get the permission of the hospital authorities to take a nurse with him for a few days, preferably Miss Devaki, who bestowed such special attention on him.

"That evening when she was bandaging his arm, he suddenly took both her hands in his and said, 'Miss Devaki, I shall be discharged to-morrow; but I wonder if I can get on without aid in this weak state alone. Would you mind coming with me for a few days, if I obtained the sanction of the authorities?'

'Personally, I have no objection' she said with down-cast eyes, 'for I know you need one who will nurse you and take care of you!'

'So, you will come?'

'Yes! If you get the permission of the authorities.'

'Of course, I will.'

"And he got it because some fool of a doctor said he needed good nursing. That was how it began and you know what happened later. She never leaves him now, particularly when he goes out to the Marina in the evenings for a stroll."

M. R. V. KRISHNA RAO.



His Widow

THE last time I got down at P—, I remembered I had a very important call to make. I had been told that my poor friend, Mr. Muffins, had "popped off," and I thought it was my bounden duty to pay a visit to his widow.

I knew every nook and corner of P— and I could tell Mr. Muffins' cottage as I could tell my coat-button. But, when I arrived at his door, however, I was a bit taken aback; for the appearance of the cottage had quite changed. Mr. Muffins had been a man quite opposed to reforms—such as white-washing, polishing and the like; it had been his conviction that cleanliness—like moving pictures and G. B. S.—was one of the most uncleanly things of this "modern age." But here I was standing at the door of a smiling cottage—with painted windows and dainty curtains and a nice garden-patch to boot. However, I knocked and a strange maid opened the door for me.

Surprised not a little at the innovations round me, I entered and prepared myself for the mawkish interview. I had never seen Mrs. Muffins, and, when a portly lady met me on the threshold, I jumped to the conclusion that she must be Mrs. Muffins. However, I noted with a sense of resentment that she didn't bear any signs of recent grief.

"Could it be possible? I couldn't have thought it," I began melo-dramatically.

The lady opened her mouth wide—and screamed! Under the circumstances, I thought it was the naturallest thing for her to do.

"A terrible blow indeed!—terrible—terrible!" I continued.

The good lady gasped with dismay. It was providential she didn't fall into hysterics or ring for her maid.

"Who are you-u, please, sir?" she asked in confusion.

"One of his bosom friends, ma'am," I said with immense gusto. "Yes, of him that expired under this roof a few days back."

Suddenly she laughed. I thought it unpardonably foolish of her to have laughed.

"You mean my—" she began assuming again a solemn air.

"Yes, ma'am. You don't know how much it has grieved me. We were chums at school," I put in.

"I don't know if he ever went to school. He was such a pretty old man," said she. "P'raps you are his kinsman?"

"No, ma'am, just an intimate friend."

We were silent for a little while.

"He was such a good man," she said after a while in an absent-minded way.

"The best I knew."

"Dear soul! He was a father to the cabbages."

I turned red with righteous indignation. I couldn't brook this sort of flippant talk about a newly-departed husband—and that in the presence of a perfect stranger. Neither could I vent my spleen—it would have been ridiculous.

"Yes he *had* a taste for gardening," I admitted, though I knew nothing about it.

"Taste! Why, his garden was meat and drink, wife and child to the cheery soul," she returned with great enthusiasm.

"What was his complaint, ma'am?" I asked her intending to turn the talk into a different channel.

"Why, he never was a complainer," she returned.

"I mean, what was his ailment?"

"The gout, I believe—and the heart. At least that was the doctor's diagnosis," she replied.

My information differed in this ; I had been told that Mr. Muffins had died of double pneumonia.

"Why, ma'am, he had a strong heart for anything I knew," I said without concealing my surprise.

"Yes—in a metaphorical sense!" she said and laughed.

My indignation was bubbling up. So this was the modern woman! I was resolved, without a ghost of a doubt, that the world was irreparably out of joint.

"Such a versatile man too," I said somewhat losing the trend of the conversation.

"Yes—that is, as far as the vegetables were concerned," she replied coolly. "He could tell you a flower from its seed. Bacon himself didn't know so much about the seasons."

My anger had reached its boiling point. I positively disliked the woman before me—and in the inmost recesses of my heart I congratulated myself I was a bachelor.

"It was here he died?" I asked her, making another futile attempt to change the topic.

"Yes—I mean, in the out-house there."

"Really!"

"O, don't lose your balance, Mr. What's-your-name," she returned, "you see we couldn't send him to the charity hospital, he was so good."

Indeed, this was the limit! I literally loathed the sight of the woman. I could have cursed her to her very face and left her in disgust. But my legs were not quite in favour of this course of action—they were trembling, I don't know why. Anyway, I corked up the turmoil within my bosom and went on with the conversation. "Excuse me for my inquisitiveness ; but may I ask you what your proposals are for the future?" I asked her this for want of any sensible query.

"That's a funny question," (another of her horrid giggles) "why, I must take another in his place."

"So soon!" I exclaimed.

"I miss the poor man's services so much, you see."

The growing bubble burst within me!

"Woman!" I cried like a maniac (I'm sure, I must have even over-acted that character), "If *he* were here in flesh or in spirit—I say, if Mr. Muffins were here—"

I would have fired on, but my elocution was suddenly arrested. The woman went pale with wonder and ejaculated,

"Mr. Muff—?"

"—Ins," I completed.

"Why, the name sounds familiar," said she, purposely—so I thought—to exasperate me.

"Well, it might!" I said under my breath, not quite catching my own meaning.

"Yes, now I remember. Mr. Muff-outs, it was his widow I bought this cottage from."

I jumped from my chair.

"So, you are not Mrs. Muffins?" I gasped.

"I Mrs. Muffins, the idea!" she laughed like a hyena.

"Why, what is the matter?" I found myself asking.

"Why, man! There's something dangerously the matter with your—" she left the sentence unfinished and significantly tapped the side of her head.

"Who was it, madam, you were talking about all this while?" I asked her.

"Our gardener, he died last week," with that she rang the bell for the maid. "Maria, show this gentleman out."

"So, this is what comes of being cock-sure," I murmured to myself as I went out of the gate.

P. S. NATARAJ SARMA.

Terrified

THE incident I am going to relate, occurred only a short time ago at the Anglo-Indian Hostel. But, before plunging into the narrative, I warn my readers to hold no particular person responsible for the unexpected result of a practical joke.

It began when Ramsay and Hart came to my room on a Saturday, two weeks ago. Though we were usually looking forward for such meetings, that day there was a depression in the air. The reason was the absence of Jarvis, our clown. He was just then closeted in his room, busy studying Sherlock Holmes. He refused to let anybody in. Crime was his latest craze, and he entertained rather high opinions of himself as a detective. We all paid heavily for this new fad of his.

We chatted about cricket and the M. C. C. team for India. Hart tried to sing us a song in his inimitable way. Ramsay tried two or three acrobatic tricks. But none of these could make us forget the absence of the cheery Jarvis; nothing could lift the depression.

Suddenly, Hart brightened up and said, "Look here, this kind of thing won't do. Jarvis must administer some chaff to us, if *he* is to be hale and healthy. Otherwise, he will wreck himself. He is made to create and diffuse fun. Hence, I have resolved to set him right. My plan requires the co-operation of you both."

"What is your idea?" I asked.

"Simply this: we must make the clown feel that his capacity as a sleuth-hound is the very minimum. Hence, here is my plan."

So saying he revealed to us his plan, and we have to confess that, after this, we entertained a high opinion of

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him as an inventive genius, and wondered 'how such a small head (as we knew our Hart's to be) could carry all he knew.'

The first result of his unfolding of the plan was my being present at Jarvis's door at six the next morning.

"Come in," said a voice, in answer to my knock.

I pushed open the door and went in. My part in the drama (for so it was) was to impersonate a frightened man.

So Jarvis found before him his friend shivering like an aspen leaf.

"Hullo, Rossie," said Jarvis, "What's wrong with you? You look as if you have seen a ghost."

"Worse than th-that," I stammered. "Jarvis I am afraid."

"Afraid! and of what?" he exclaimed. "It must be a terrible person that can so frighten my brave Rossie."

"L-look at this;" and I laid on the table a piece of paper. Hart had written on it the night before in a cleverly disguised hand:—

"From the Killer to George Ross. You will certainly die at 12 midnight on Tuesday next. Unless you are possessed by the Devil incarnate, nothing can save you. Think not that these are empty words. Convince yourself by looking on the outside of this paper."

The outside contained red stains, which could easily have been blood stains.

Jarvis went through the letter and knit his brow.

"Where did you get this paper?" he asked.

"I saw it on my dressing table when I got up."

"Did you see it when you went to bed?"

"No."

"Did you close your doors and windows before going to sleep?"

"Yes. They are closed even now."

"All right. Don't be afraid, Rossie. The Killer won't fulfil his promise. He ought to know that you are the property of Edmund Jarvis, the budding detective." He ended with a flourish.

"Will you protect me, Jarvis?"

"Sure. The bloke must understand that Jarvis with his club is the real Devil. But please go now, Rossie. I am busy with Oppenheim. See you later."

I sauntered out into the corridor and could hardly help breaking into laughter, for I felt elated at having deceived the 'budding detective.'

I went straight to Hart's room. He and Ramsay welcomed me with a grin.

"I know you have succeeded," said Hart; "and I am ready with the epistle. Ramsay will try a hand at monkeyism."

He held out a piece of paper, on which was written in the same disguised hand as before:—

"The Killer warns Edmund Jarvis not to poke his nose into affairs not his own. If he persists in interfering with the Killer, he does so at his peril. The Killer is not afraid of thousand Holmeses. He will come through Cannelly's room exactly at 11-55 P.M. on Tuesday and proceed to Ross's room to finish his work. Who can stop him?"

With this letter, which was dabbed on the outside with red paint to represent blood, we came out into the quadrangle. The acrobatic Ramsay then climbed up the wall, went to the window in Edmund's room and carefully

dropped the letter in. When he came down, we asked him, "Did you see him?"

"Yes," he answered, "He is very busy with the letter that 'frightened' you."

"Well now, it is a thousand to one that he will remain in his room. He will come out on Tuesday night, to attack the Killer, if I am not mistaken" said Hart.

"So far it is all right, Hart," said I. "But what beats me is how you are going to get the Killer to be present that day."

"Do you know who the Killer is?" asked Hart.

"I have not the haziest idea," I confessed.

"Well, I will introduce you to him in Cannelly's room at 7 on Tuesday evening," he announced, with a proud ring in his voice.

Precisely at 7 on Tuesday I was outside Cannelly's drawing-room. It was almost night, and there was only the dim light in the corridor to guide me. I waited a few minutes before Hart came and took me into Cannelly's drawing-room. As soon as I went in, I recoiled with fear, because I saw before me a man pointing a pistol at me in the doorway opposite. In the dim light his features were not clearly visible, but I had no doubt that it was a man aiming a pistol.

Hart eyed me proudly when I shrunk back and cried out, "It is nothing, Ross, don't be afraid. Go near and see."

When I recollected my senses, I began to remember that I had not seen any doorway at the place where one now seemed to be. I went nearer and suddenly broke out into laughter. For the man, the doorway and the pistol that I saw were not real objects. It was the full length

photograph of a man, in a massive wooden frame and evidently his pistol was aiming at a target in front in a shooting practice. The dim light made one mistake it for a real man.

All at once, six pistol shots rang out behind me in quick succession. I turned back, every limb of my body shaking and was met by the calm face of Hart who flourished a smoking pistol overhead.

"This, Ross," said he, showing me the pistol, "is a modern invention—The 'Repeating Alarm Pistol.' It is quite harmless, though it sounds just like a real revolver."

When I saw the thing more closely, I recognised that it was one of the pistols advertised in the newspapers as "harmless, efficient and helpful in scaring burglars." I might have added, 'and in scaring peaceful people also.'

That night, at 11-30, we took permission from Cannelly to hide in his bedroom. From there a very good view of the drawing-room could be had.

At 11-50, we heard footsteps in the corridor and saw Jarvis enter the doorway. We watched him in silence. He carried an Indian club in his hands, and we could see his nerves were all on edge. His eyes fell on the frame opposite and he called out, "Come in, you coward. Don't stand with your pistol in the doorway like that. Come in, if you are not a sneaking coward."

As he saw that the 'coward' did not move, he rushed towards him crying "Now, take that." Up went his club, taking aim for a crashing blow on the intruder's skull.

'Crack, crack, crack.' Just at the psychological moment, Hart whipped out his 'alarm' pistol and sent out six shots in succession.

This took Jarvis so completely by surprise that he went down on the ground in a heap. His club fell with a thud on the floor. We all rushed towards him. We had calculated on his being scared, but did not foresee that he would faint.

"Run for water, Ramsay. He will recover in a short time," commanded Hart. As Ramsay went to bring water, we both carried Jarvis to his room and laid him on his bed.

The water that was splashed on his face and plenty of air that was admitted into the room slowly revived him. His first question was, "Ross, how is it that you are here? I failed to protect you, Ross, because the bloke had a confederate sneaking somewhere behind me. My apologies. But how is it that he didn't get you?"

"Don't worry your silly head about that, Jarvis. All's well that ends well," said I.

"And understand that your capacity as a detective is nil," added Hart..

"Too true," confessed Jarvis, with a sad nod of his head.

G. VENKATA RAJU

Five Pictures

A FAIRER DAWN

A youth with dream-dight looks and beaming eyes...
The girl by his side points out the dawn in the skies;
He glances not at the skies' red ripening
But fixes his eyes on her—a fairer thing.

A HEART'S TALE

In yon wood's bosom there is a broken tomb;
Some shape bends o'er it—it is the shape of a man;
A fading moon red like a lotus-bloom
Reveals a Penitent's face, old and wan.

AN IMMORTAL LONGING

A bright beam of calm, God-lit smile is gleaming on
A sleeping infant's mien. See her nurse start
Whispering: "O Lord I would I were reborn...
A baby's smile in dream enslaves my heart."

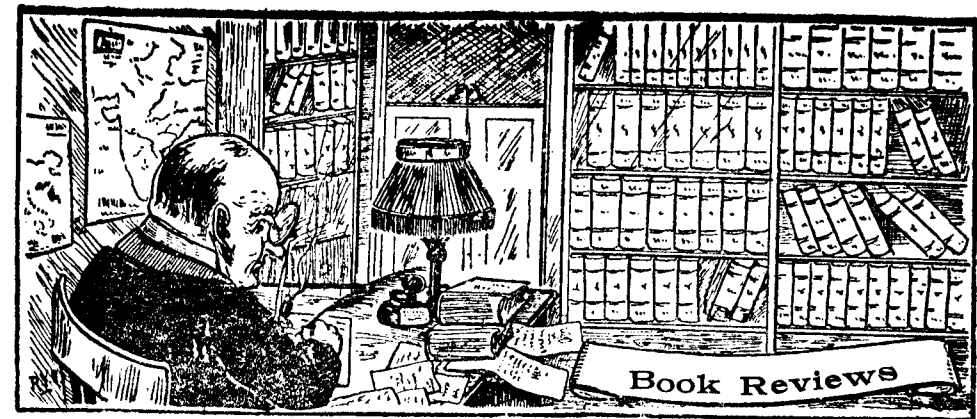
A LUCID INTERVAL

Slowly, a hoary mad man is roaming on
Until at the foot of a hill he stands quite still;
He sees an old woman whom in days ago
He loved. The mad man moves his hands with a thrill.

NO ESCAPE

A deformed man stands alone by a wood-lake deep
And merrily sings with the birds, hums with the bees.
Suddenly on the lake's surface he sees
His shape, his own. But he forgot to weep.

S. RAJAGOPALAN



INTERNATIONAL ECONOMICS—By R. F. Harrod.
(The Cambridge Economic Handbooks—General Editor: J. M. Keynes.) Macmillan and Co. Price 5s.

Mr. Harrod has written up to the high standards of accuracy and lucidity generally maintained by the Cambridge Economic Handbooks. In small compass he traverses the slippery field of international economics and tries to explain in the clearest possible terms the simple arithmetic, the ultimate *raison d'être* of international transactions and dealings of all kinds. The limits of space are obvious and, in consequence, he may appear to have slurred over rather than summed up in detail all the relevant complicated problems. But his method gains the more thereby in precision and definiteness.

He holds the orthodox doctrines to be in the main inexpugnable, and in his statement and analysis of the law of comparative costs, of the conditions for the best distribution of a country's productive resources and of the gains from international division of labour under various circumstances, he is acute and in some points original. But it is in his chapters on the relation between the level of employment in a country and the international situation and in his discussion of the behaviour of the monetary authority that he is most interesting. A country can put her productive services to their maximum use only if the rewards to factors bear a certain relation to the level of world prices. Fluctu-

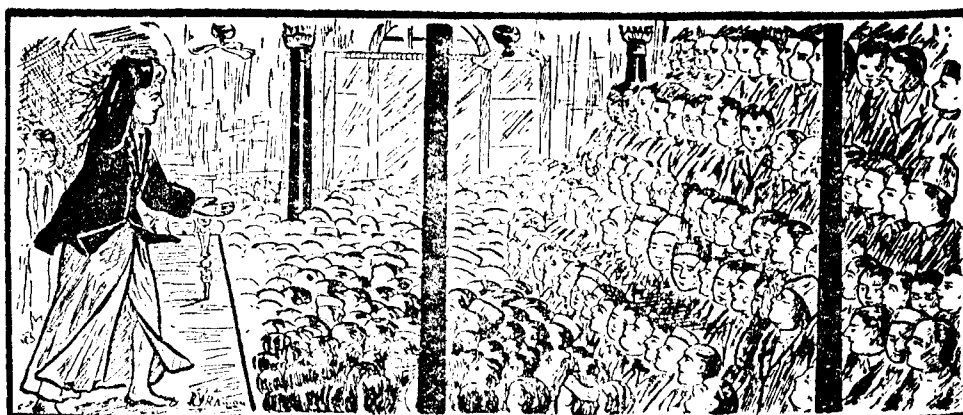
ations in the latter must be accompanied by reciprocal fluctuations in the volume of employment at home, if equilibrium is to be maintained. The productive system must be flexible and the rewards to factors readily adjustable. If they are, on the other hand, rigid, any force tending to generate a passive balance is likely to disseminate unemployment in the country. The passive balance will involve a certain measure of internal deflation, which will lead to still more unemployment and still more deflation and the vicious circle will pursue its devastating course. At such a time the monetary authorities, consisting of the Government and the Central Bank, must do something. They cannot, like "ostriches," bury their heads in a heap of sand or a heap of gold, and burke the issue. Their action negatively or positively is bound to affect the money market and the credit situation.

Mr. Harrod discusses the different advantages of the rival policies of exchange depreciation on the one hand and of loan expenditure on the other. He finally inclines in favour of the latter. The policy of depreciating the exchange rates can be inaugurated only when the level of output is high and the productive plant is worked to its full capacity. Moreover, the effects of such a policy on the external world are disastrous. The country with the low exchange begins to offer commodities at cheapened prices at the expense of other countries and thus depresses the level of world prices. The policy of loan expenditure, on the other hand, is the exact prophylactic during a deep depression. Its first impact on the outer world will be an increased demand for world goods. It tries to engineer a boom and so artificially elevate prices. If the interests of the external world are to be taken into account at all, this method of reflation is the best.

But whatever the means and the policy, the objective must be the maintenance of a money stable in terms of world commodities. Stability of value is the factor of final

importance. Mr. Harrod derides the deflationists, the "sound currency" cranks, and the gold standard barbarians, whose principles have a vogue in the popular press, as pseudo-economists, and he holds the true orthodox and sensible doctrine, "as developed in the best writers since Jevons," to be that money should have stability of value whatever the framework of the monetary system. An international money with local variations, not necessarily in terms of gold and with no fixed rates of exchanges between countries, is what he seems to advocate. The object of the scheme is to secure stability of value for each separate currency as well as general stability. The monetary authorities must act in concert and be guided by an international committee with regard to their policies or alternatively hold a certain proportion of their reserves in an International Bank. Mr. Harrod recognises that the plan is beset with most serious difficulties and that it might be condemned as merely academic. "But times change. The application of scientific ideas to the technique of production advanced rapidly in the days of industrial revolution and might have surprised an earlier generation. So it may happen that scientific ideas might be applied in the economic sphere. The present generation of politicians and bankers will pass away..... and their *clichés* will pass out of fashion in time." But will they? The *clichés* have a strange fascination over politicians and bankers. They may pass away as creeds, but they survive as habits. Will the miasma that enshrouds the monetary authorities and the Central Bankers clear and will they ever come back to sanity and daylight? The answer even now is a persistent question mark.

Mr. Harrod has written a stimulating and well-timed book. Amid the present welter of confusing and conflicting discussions about rival programmes, alternative proposals and ways-out, the credulous general reader is in great need of a book on the first principles of international economics. Mr. Harrod has ably met this need. He has added one more text-book to a series which has come to be an asset to economic science.



COLLEGE NOTES

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

(1) Mr. R. Gopala Aiyar, Additional Professor of Zoology, was appointed Director of the Zoological Research Institute, Madras University, and his place was taken by Mr. A. Ramanatha Pillay.

(2) Mr. M. Sreemanbothar, Assistant Professor of English, was transferred to the Government Victoria College, Palghat, and his place was taken by Mr. M. Suryanarayana.

(3) Mr. S. Armugam, Tmail Pundit, went on leave for two years, and his place was taken by Mr. R. Visvanatha Aiyar from the Government Victoria College, Palghat.

(4) Dr. T. V. Seshagiri Rao, Assistant Professor of Philosophy, was transferred to the Government Training College, Rajahmundry.

We congratulate the out-going Associate Editor, Mr. D. Sandilya, on his brilliant success in the University Examination. He took a first class in the B. A. Honours Degree Examination in History and secured the first rank. We congratulate him also on his recent marriage with the daughter of Sir S. Radhakrishnan, Vice-Chancellor, Andhra University. We wish him success in life.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE HOSTEL

The Presidency College Hostel opened after the summer recess on the 1st of July. By the third week of the month the hostel reached its normal life with forty members on its rolls; and an Advisory Committee of five members (Messrs. B. Muthuswami, B. N. Ramamoorthy, P. V. Ramachandran, N. Rajagopalan and M. Sivaprakasan) was formed to assist the authorities of the hostel.

Prof. D. S. Sarma, who had been long associated with the hostel as its Deputy Warden, could not find it convenient to continue in his office this year, to the great disappointment of his wards. His place was taken by Mr. P. R. Subramanyan, the Physical Director of the College, from the 1st of August.

The members of the hostel gathered at an evening party on the 10th August and presented the following farewell address to Prof. Sarma, Principal Douglas presiding on the occasion :—

To
 PROF. D. S. SARMA, M.A.,
 Superintendent,
Presidency College Hostel.

DEAR SIR,

May we, the members of the Presidency College Hostel, be permitted to express to you our feelings of loss and sorrow on your departure from us, after your resignation of the Deputy Wardenship of this Hostel.

We need hardly say the Presidency College Hostel has risen to its present position, despite its several handicaps, mainly due to your untiring zeal and devoted service for well over a decade. The Art Gallery and the Renaissance Library, to mention only two of the many good things you leave behind for us, speak volumes for your work for this institution.

We have, during our residence in this Hostel, come to feel that this is a second home to us; and this is in a great measure due to the sympathetic way in which you felt and acted *in loco parentis*. Your influence in instilling *esprit de corps* among us was silent and unobtrusive as it was certain and permanent. We can never forget the kindly and coaxing manner in which you always won our allegiance to the high ideals which you are never weary of preaching and practising.

You, as effective Warden, were no mere ornamental functionary or a superior official entity in the economy of our boarding. You were always a genial personality and a great influence, moulding the unformed minds of the students under your charge. It will not be out of place to mention even briefly your religious classes, which were a unique feature of this Hostel and an exclusive idea of your own. We shall always cherish your talks on religion, which, as we understand your interpretation thereof, is a reverence of the ultimate values of human life—love and truth.

In our daily contact with you we never failed to find the gentle mentor and the affectionate elder. And we are grieved you are no longer to continue as our superintendent. But we shall console ourselves that the severance of the official tie will only mark the beginning of a more enduring and more intimate connection between us.

With respectful greetings,

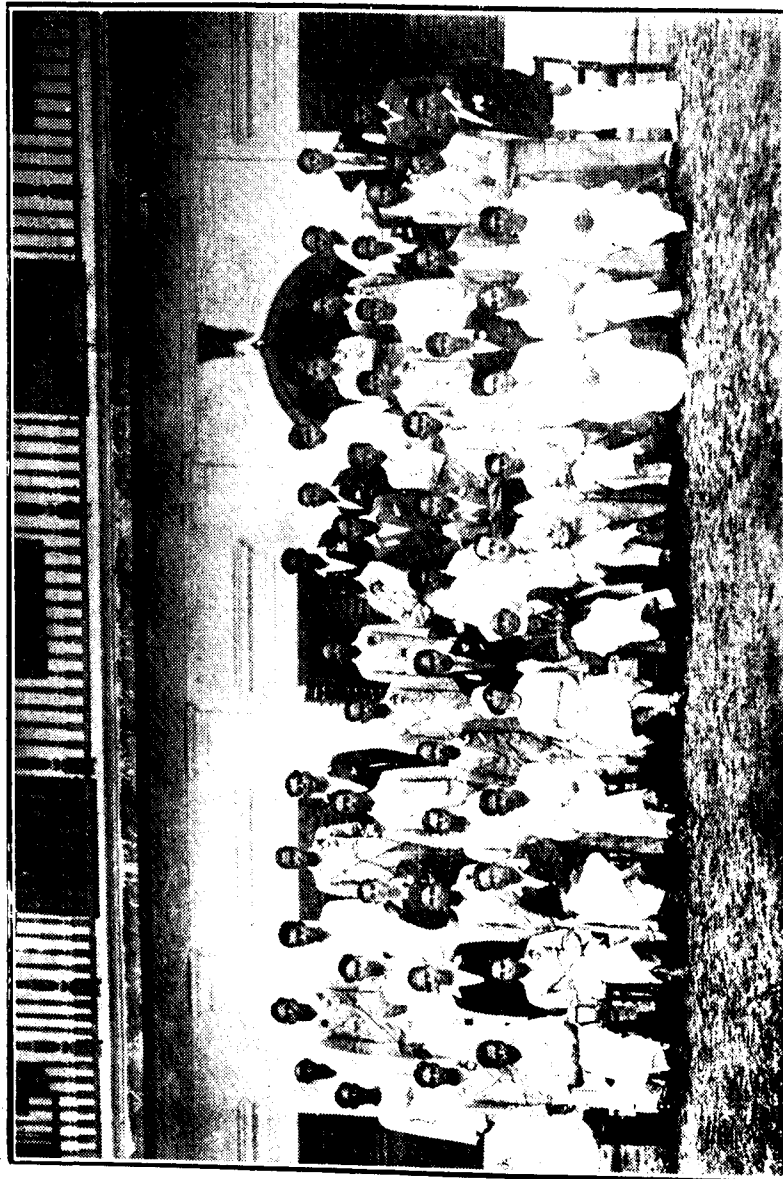
We remain,

Dear Sir,

Your obedient wards,

The Members of the Presidency College Hostel.

TRIPPLICANE, }
 10—8—1933. }



The Presidency College Hostel 'At Home' to Prof. D. S. Sarma.

THE UNION SOCIETY

The election of the Secretary took place on Wednesday, 12th July 1933, the contestants being Messrs. B. Muthuswami and B. Parameswaran. Vigorous canvassing with multi-coloured pamphlets by the supporters of either candidate preceded the election. The votes were counted and Mr. B. Parameswaran was declared duly elected. And Mr. Mohammed Ali, Secretary for the last term, was duly declared President for this term. The following are the members of the Union Committee :—

Mr. V. T. Narayanan	...	Ex-President (Ex-Officio).
„ C. Murukan Nair	...	Mathematics.
„ M. N. Thomas	...	Physics.
„ P. Chandrasekharan	...	Chemistry.
„ Mathew Polak	...	English Honours.
„ A. Masilamoni	...	History.
„ S. Rangarathnam	...	Geology.
„ D. Bernard.	...	Botany.
„ A. S. Viswanathan	...	Sanskrit.
Miss V. K. Kamalam	...	Lady Students' Representative.

The first meeting of the Union Committee was held on the 1st August 1933 to draw up the programme of work for the term. The inaugural address of the Union was delivered by Mr. H. C. Papworth, M. A., I. E. S., Principal, Government Mahomedan College, Madras, on Wednesday, 9th August, at 4-15 P. M. in the Big English Lecture Hall. The subject of the discourse was "New Beginnings in Knowledge and Practice." It was an eloquent and thought-provoking lecture. The learned lecturer dealt with the subject analytically, and pointed out that the free atmosphere of the college was best suited to thinking out the problems of the day. He pleaded for deep, sober and balanced thinking on the part of the students of this institution. The meeting dissolved after a short speech from the Chair and the usual vote of thanks by the Secretary.

There was an interesting and lively debate between the past and the present students of the College on the 16th August 1933, at 4-15 P.M. in the Big English Lecture Hall, when Mr. B. K. Sarvothama Rao, B.A. (Hons.), moved in a brilliant speech that "In the opinion of this House religion has outlived its usefulness." Mr. D. Sandilya supported the resolution with a subtle and persuasive speech. Mr. P. Nagaraja Rao opposed the motion with his usual vehemence and array of facts. The reply of the mover was so telling that the motion was carried by a huge majority.

A second meeting of the Committee was held on 25th August 1933, and a few important questions were discussed.

Sri Sankaracharya of Puri delivered a lecture on "The Ideals and Methods of Education" on Wednesday, 30th August 1933 at 4-30 P. M. in the Big English Lecture Hall.

An oratorical contest was held on Thursday, the 31st August 1933 at 4-15 P. M. to select two of our best speakers to represent the College at the University Union debates to be held shortly when the British University Debating Team will be touring round the Universities in India. Messrs. Douglas, Franco and Swaminathan were the judges and they made a preliminary selection of five students—Messrs. Krishna Rao, Muthuswami, Mathew Polak, Nagaraja Rao and Venkatachari.

On Thursday, 7th September 1933, a debate was held in the History Hall at 4-15 P. M. when Mr. P. Nagaraja Rao moved that "In the opinion of the House, Hindi, rather than English, should be the *Lingua Franca* of India." He was ably supported by Mr. B. Muthuswami. Mr. Krishna Rao vehemently opposed the resolution. Mr. Mathew Polak in a sweet and short speech put forward fresh arguments in support of the opposer. Messrs. Venkatachari and Ramagopal also took part in the debate. After the reply by the mover, the resolution was put to vote and carried by a narrow majority. Messrs. Douglas, Franco and Swaminathan, who were observing the merits of the speakers with keen interest, gave their verdict in favour of Messrs. Krishna Rao and Muthuswami; and Mr. M. Polak was declared the substitute to represent the College in the preliminary debate in the University Union premises.

THE MATHEMATICAL ASSOCIATION

At a general body of the meeting of the above Association held under the presidency of Mr. G. A. Srinivasan, the following were elected office-bearers of the Association for the academic year, 1933-34.

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

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

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

„ N. Raghunathan, M.A., L.T.

„ S. Mahadevan, M.A., L.T.

„ G. Ramachandran, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries: Mr. S. Sankaran, B.A.

„ M. Narasimhan, IV Hons.

Union Representative: Mr. Murukan Nair, V Hons.

The activities of the Association began with a pleasant social given to the new graduates of the mathematical department on the 7th August. Mr. R. Thiruvankatachari, who stood first in the University Examination, was conspicuous among the guests in the evening. After the proposal of the toast

by the Secretary, Professor Ananda Rao wished the new graduates every success in life.

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Mr. S. R. Ranganathan, M.A., L.T., of the University Library on the 8th August, with Professor K. Ananda Rao in the chair. The members were present in good numbers to hear the lecture on "The Classification of Mathematics." The speaker began by explaining the difficulties involved in classifying such a growing subject as Mathematics. Having its origin in the remote classical period, Mathematics still continued to be the youngest of sciences. The University Librarian pointed out how even in American and Continental libraries, they were still unable to devise a proper and scientific scheme of classification.

When explaining the librarians' use of the chronological device, the lecturer made a strong appeal to his "mathematical" audience to dive into the depths of the history of the subject. The speaker pointed out how meagre was the information available now about the history of Mathematics and concluded by appealing to his audience to contribute their quota to knowledge. The President, in his concluding remarks, emphasised the difficulties of rigid classification by pointing out the *eccentricity* of the subject. With a vote of thanks, the meeting terminated.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

A general body meeting of the Presidency College Chemical Society was held on 17-7-1933, when Dr. B. B. Dey, M.Sc., D.Sc., F.I.C., presided. The following office-bearers were elected for the year, 1933-34.

President: Mr. G. Sambamurti, B.A., L.T.

Vice-Presidents: Mr. V. Mudalagiri Nayak, M.A., L.T.

„ S. Lakshminarayanan, B.A. (Hon.), L.T.

Secretaries: Mr. Syamasundar Rath.

„ P. V. Subba Reddi.

Treasurer: Mr. P. Sundararama Reddi.

Representative of Lady Students: Miss A. P. Cheriyan.

„ *Post graduates*: Mr. S. V. Govindarajan.

„ *Honours*: „ P. Madhava Sarma.

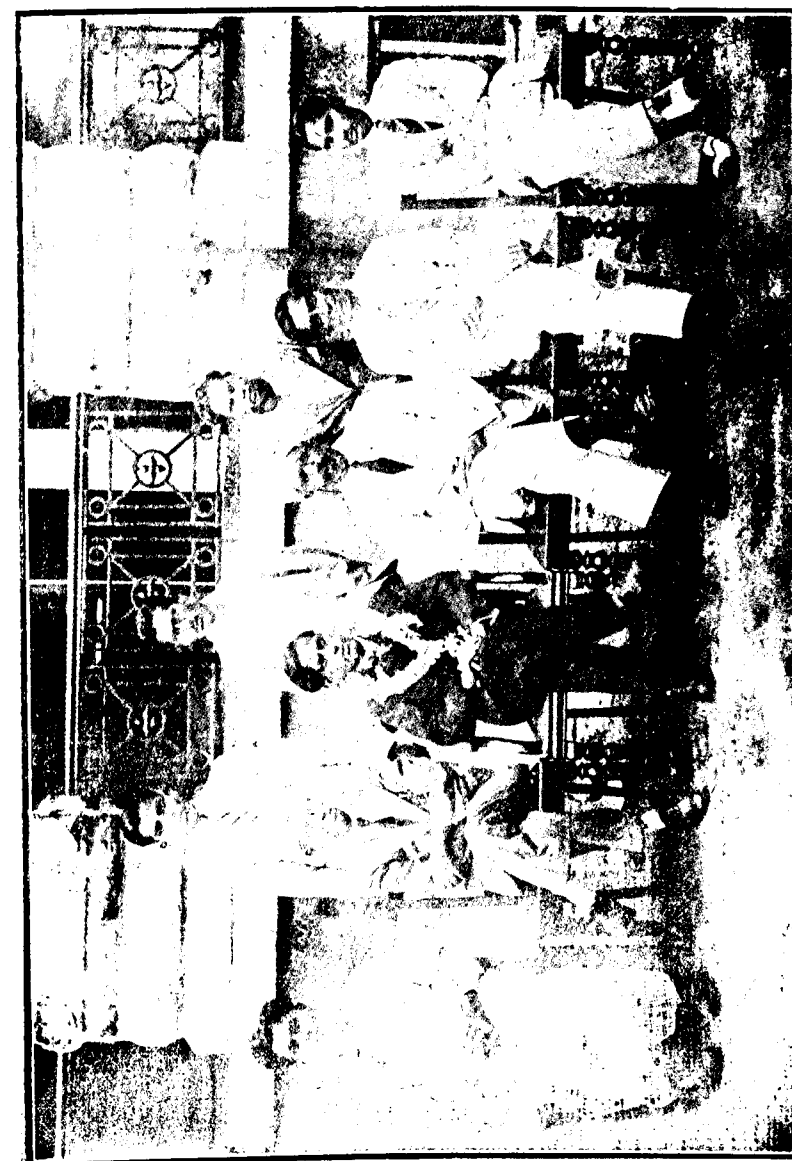
„ *Union Society*: „ P. Chandrasekharan.

„ *IV B.Sc.*: „ A. V. V. Krishna Rao.

„ *III B.Sc.*: „ A. Chokkayya.

„ *II Class*: „ J. Ramachandra Reddi.

„ *I Class*: „ S. S. Mahadevan.



The Presidency College Chemical Society
On the occasion of the Inaugural Address by Dr. Sreekantam.

The inaugural address was delivered on 2-8-1933 by Dr. Sreekantan, when Mr. G. Sambamurti presided. The meeting was well attended by students and members of the staff. The subject of the address was "Contact Catalysis."

On 4-8-1933, the Society was 'At Home' to the new graduates of the department. The toast was proposed by the Secretary and was duly replied to by Messrs. K. Raman and Lakshminarayanan. With the concluding remarks of the President, and a vote of thanks from the Secretary, the meeting came to a close.

An ordinary meeting of the Society was held on 1-9-1933, when Mr. Anantapadmanabhan (IV Hons. Physics) read a paper on "Atomic Theories." Mr. V. Mudalagiri Nayak, M.A., L.T., presided. Messrs. S. V. Govindarajan and E. K. Narayanan also gave short speeches. With a few remarks from the chair, the meeting came to a termination.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

A general body meeting of the above association was held on the 21st July 1933, with Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam in the chair, to elect the office-bearers for the current year. The result of the election was as follows :—

President (Ex officio) : Dr. S. G. Manavala Ramanujam,
M.A., Ph.D., D. I. C.

Vice-President : Mr. A. Ramanathan, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries : Miss A. P. Malini.
Mr. P. Sivagnanam.

Editor of the Magazine : Mr. S. Bhiman.

Lady Students' Representative : Miss Suhira Dey.

Honours Representative : Mr. D. R. Venkatesh.

Subsidiary Students' Representative : Mr. Vivekananda.

The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair.

The members of the association were 'At Home' to the 'Old Boys' and new graduates of the year on the 7th August 1933, in the Senior Zoological Laboratory. Dr. Ramanujam presided on the occasion. Toasts were proposed to the 'Old Boys' and the new graduates by Mr. P. Narasimhamurthi and were ably responded to by Mr. A. Ramakrishna Reddi.

On 15th August 1933, the inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Dr. M. Ramaswami Naidu, Ph.D. (Liverpool), on 'West Coast Plankton.' Dr. Ramanujam occupied the chair. There was a large and distinguished

gathering. The lecture was interesting and instructive. The speaker clearly pointed out the scope, the importance and the uses of the study of Plankton. The pleasant function came to a close with a few remarks by the President.

THE HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

The election of the office-bearers of the Association was held on the 20th of July 1933, when A. Masilamani (IV Pass), and C. Govinda Menon (IV Hons.) were elected Secretaries for the year.

Representatives :—

Ramadoss Naick	V Hons.
Manohara Rao	III „
Gurunandan Rao	III Pass.

The inaugural address was delivered by Prof. P. J. Thomas, M.A., Ph.D., University Professor of Economics, on Wednesday, the 2nd August 1933, on "The World Economic Conference." Prof. J. Franco presided. The meeting was well attended by the members and students from other colleges. The speaker in the course of his lecture attributed the failure of the Conference to the lack of co-operation on the part of the delegates, as a result of which the delegates dispersed with a good deal of disgust, despair and disappointment. The only result, as he said, was that the Shipping Companies and the London Hotels reported substantial business. Prof. Thomas, after dealing with the various problems of the Conference, suggested that if the purchasing power of all the nations in general, and India and China in particular, which form forty per cent. of the world's population, were increased, the main economic problems would be said to have been solved. He concluded by saying that what was required for the present was only national planning and not world planning.

The members of the Association were "At Home" to the new graduates of the year on the 5th August 1933.

A debate was held on Friday, the 25th instant, when Mr. P. V. Rangana-tham moved that "In the opinion of the House, Nationalism is an enemy to Civilization." Mr. P. N. Sundararajan led the opposition and Mr. Mohamed Ali presided. The mover, in the course of his speech, emphasised the fact that the growth of nationalism checked the progress of the world by making us take a narrow view of things and it is a cancer in the body politic. The opposer put up a stout opposition and said that the world was better off through nationalism. The old students and the students from the other departments took part in the debate. Messrs. Nagaraja Rao, Balasundaram, Ramaswami, Narayanan and Sandilya spoke. The resolution was in the end put to vote and lost.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

A business meeting of the Association was held on 13th July to elect office-bearers for the current academic year with Mr. W. C. Douglas, M.A., I.E.S., the ex-officio President, in the chair. The elections, which were all unanimous, resulted as follows :—

Vice-President : Mr. U. S. Ramachandran.

Secretary : Mr. A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar.

Treasurer : Miss Theresa Costa.

Class Representatives : V Honours—Sister Mary Barbara.

IV Honours—Miss G. Vatsala Bai.

III Honours—Miss V. Janaki.

Representative on the Union Committee : Mr. Mathew Polak.

The inaugural social to meet the new graduates and the new members was held on 5th August at 5-15 P.M. in the English Honours Library Hall.

On 9th August, Mrs. Hensman delivered the inaugural address. The subject was "The Novel in Relation to Life," and in her characteristically impressive way, she dealt with the topic explaining how actual life was seen reflected in modern novels. She referred to the novels of Galsworthy, Conan Doyle, Compton Mackenzie and Mr. J. B. Priestly. The President, Mr. Douglas, then brought the meeting to a close with a few witty remarks.

An ordinary meeting of the association was held on 23rd August when Mr. V. A. Suryanarayana Rao, B.A., read a paper on "Poetic Truth." He treated the subject exhaustively and supported his arguments with quotations from classical English and oriental poets. Sister Mary Barbara was the critic. In a brief speech she gave the audience a fine discourse on the subject. Mr. M. R. V. Krishna Rao, B.A., Mr. G. N. Seshadri and Mr. B. Muthuswami supplemented Mr. Rao's speech.

THE MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION.

A general body meeting of the above association was held on the 18th July, when the following office-bearers for the current year were unanimously elected :—

President : Dr. H. Parameswaran.

Vice-Presidents : Dr. P. P. Kallukaran.

Mr. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai.

Vidwan K. P. Govinda Pisharodi.

Secretary : Mr. S. Balakrishna Iyer.

Lady-Secretary : Miss P. Ratnamayi Devi.

Treasurer : Mr. K. G. K. Nair.

Members of the Managing Committee :

- Mr. A. C. Sreenivasan.
 „ A. P. Balakrishnan Nair.
 „ E. M. Subramanian.
 „ C. Murukan Nair.
 „ Jacob K. Thomas.
 „ A. Abraham.
 „ U. Krishnan.

The inaugural address of the association was delivered by Dr. Kunhan Raja, M.A. (Oxon.), Ph.D., on Wednesday, the 23rd August, when Sir C. Sankaran Nair, Kt., C.I.E., presided.

Dr. Kunhan Raja, in his speech, said that so long as they had no distinctive feature of their own, which they wished to protect from the contact of other influences, he did not see any reason why Malayalees should have a separate association. To him it appeared that language was the only thing that justified a separate association. He held the view that even language should be sacrificed if common interests demanded it. An association like theirs helped only to perpetuate differences. The speaker deprecated the present tendency of finding out and magnifying differences and pointed out how in former days it was the practice to find out things common to all and respect them.

Sir C. Sankaran Nair in his concluding remarks said that they were willing to move with others, but if others would not recognize the rights which they had in common with them, it was their duty to point out their rights and see that they did not suffer for being Malayalees. To enable them to pull together, associations like this would be useful. As for social reforms and legislations, he considered that those were aids to enable them to enjoy their rights which had undergone changes owing to external influences. The Chairman concluded with the hope that they would ponder over the ideas put forward by the lecturer.

With a vote of thanks proposed by Miss P. Ratnamayi Devi, the Lady-Secretary of the association, the meeting terminated.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB.

At a meeting held on 23-8-33 the following were elected office-bearers for the current academic year :—

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

Vice-Presidents : Prof. V. K. Aiyappan Pillai, M.A. (Oxon.)

Prof. K. Swaminathan, M.A. (Oxon.)

Prof. T. Suryanarayana, B.A. (Cantab.)

Mr. R. V. Narayanaswami, M.A., L.T.

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

„ S. Ranganathan.

**HOCKEY**

Let us at the outset wish all success to the players who have left the college. The places vacated by Messrs. S. V. Seshanna, V. S. Raghavan, Seetharamaswami, C. D. Parthasarathy, R. Dorai Raj, Jagadeeswaran, Krishnamoorthi Rao, Bidappa, Wahid and N. Subramanyam are filled by Messrs. Damodaran, I. Joseph, Joseph Doss, M. S. Balasundaram, Hussaini, Kasim Sheriff, Joseph Flory, C. K. Seetharaman, M. A. Sampathi Raj and Seetharamiah.

Of last year's players we have now with us only the 'Varsity Back and M. A. Uthappa. The latter playing at the centre this year has done yeoman service up till now and surely he is a tower of strength to us.

Mr. S. S. Mahadevan and Kasim Sheriff have been duly appointed as Captain and Secretary of the Club for this year.

In the inter-collegiate, we have not known a single victory till now. But we still cherish hopes of doing much better in our tournament.

Mention should be made of two matches we played with the past students. In the first encounter we managed to win by 3—1; but in the second we lost by 0—3. The second match was played on the 5th September on the Marina grounds when Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, Mr. R. M. Statham, Mr. C. K. K. Pillai, and Mr. R. Gopala Ayyar, our last year's President, were present. We had a group photograph and after a vigorous game, Mr. Bidappa gave us all tea—a grand tea it was. The function went off beautifully well.

The team is leaving for Bangalore on the 13th September night to play a series of five matches. Let us all wish them a happy, glorious, and a successful trip where, we hope, they will keep up the name of the college, both inside and outside the ground, by doing well in everything, irrespective of the results.

TENNIS

The Tennis for the year commenced about the third week of July, Mr. P. K. Kandasamy, V. Hons. (History) continuing as Captain. The vacancy for Secretaryship created by the retirement of Mr. N. Venkatesan has yet to be filled. The loss to our Tennis in Mr. Eswara Iyer leaving the college is felt on all hands.

We are working six courts this year, as before, but we regret the exclusion of applicants, numbering nearly forty, owing to the extraordinary rush this year and consequent lack of accommodation. We are glad that the standard of efficient Tennis continues to be maintained, as witnessed certainly by the usual zest displayed in the Challenge Matches.

CRICKET

This year we had not some of the best players in our cricket team—C. D. Parthasarathy, our popular Captain during the last year, B. S. Badradri, P. V. Ramanathan, V. S. Raghavan, Venkoba Rao and Dorai Raj. Their places were taken by Balasundaram, Ramunni, Flory, Sarangam and Ramamurthy.

M. A. Utappa (last year's University Blue) and K. S. Venkataraman were nominated as the Captain and the Secretary of the team for the year respectively.

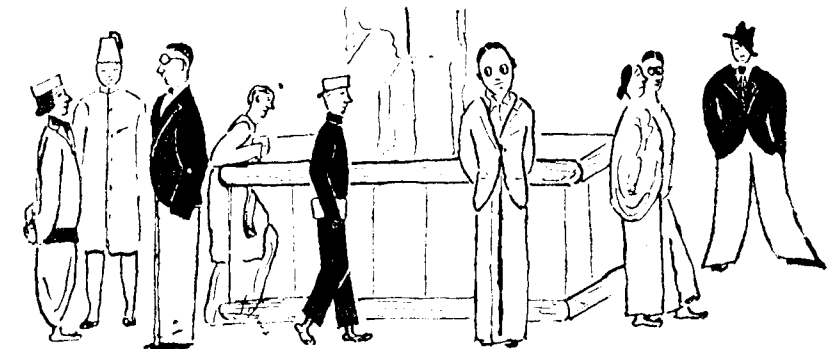
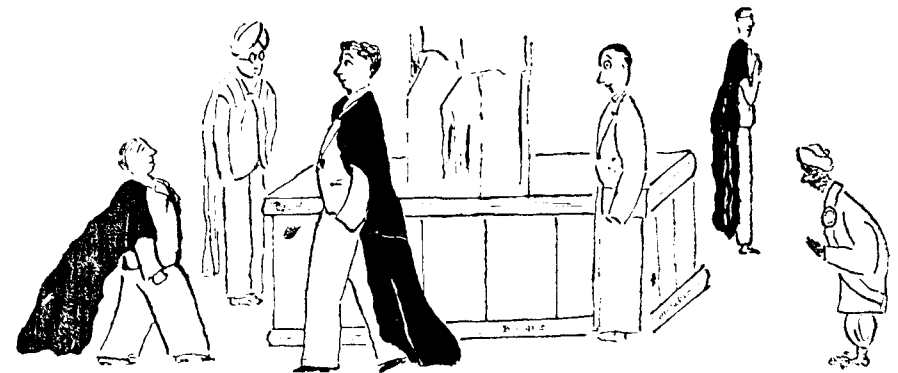
We began our season by playing a practice match against the Law College Cricket Team and beat them by 6 wickets and 30 runs. The L. C. Team were all out for 92 and we scored 122 for 4 wickets. Utappa and Thyagarajan scored 39 and 30 respectively. Utappa bagged 3 wickets for 19 and Rajagopalan 4 for 24.

In the next match with the T. S. C. we won by a narrow margin. We scored 125 and the T. S. C. were all out for 120.

We lost against the Minerva Club by a wicket and 2 runs—Presidency 150 and Minerva 152 for 9 wickets. Dharma Rao saved the college by hitting up 40. Utappa took 3 wickets for 36 runs and Rajagopalan 4 for 30.

Our first inter-collegiate fixture was against the Loyola College Team. They were all out for 82 runs, Maltuas scoring 40. Flory got 5 wickets for 21, Utappa and Rajagopalan 2 wickets each. We scored 92 for 4 wickets, thus winning by 9 runs and 5 wickets. Ramunni and Dharma Rao scored 27 not out and 19 not out respectively.

Our next inter-collegiate fixture was against the Pachaiyappas C. T. Going in first, we scored 210 for 8 wickets. An interesting feature of the match was the century partnership for the fourth wicket put up by K. S. Venkataraman and Srinivasan, who scored 37 and 67 respectively.



Scenes round Powell's Statue.

The next Saturday we drew with the Engineering College. We had a record first wicket partnership of 163 by Utappa and K. S. Venkataraman. Utappa was out when he had scored 83, but Venkataraman was unbeaten with 100, when the innings were declared closed for 244 for 8. The Engineers replied with 205 for 9. Utappa got 4 for 48, Rajagopalan and Flory 2 wickets each for 30 and 42 runs respectively.

Our next fixture was against our strongest rivals for the championship, the Medical College. Entering first, the Medical College cricketers were all out for 153, Garson scoring 63. Utappa took 3 for 49, Balasundaram 2 for 11 and Rajagopalan 4 for 30. We were all out for 93 and thus lost the match by 60 runs. Utappa scored 34 and Thyagarajan 26.

We had our last fixture for this term against the Law College. We scored 227 for 7. (Srinivasan 81 not out, Balasundaram 29, and Utappa 28.) They were all out for 100. (Rajagopalan 2 for 16, Utappa 2 for 36 and Flory 2 for 28.)

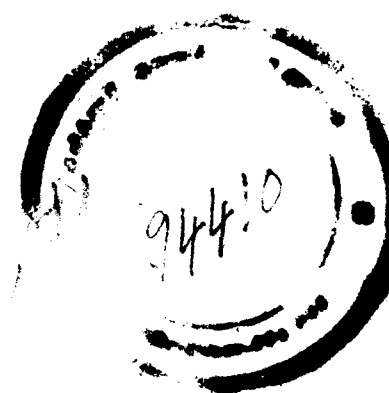
So far we have lost only one match, and we drew one out of the five matches played in the inter-collegiate tournament.

We are going on a tour to Bangalore and Mysore during the Michaelmas holidays. We hope to benefit greatly by it and come back good cricketers in every sense of the word.

FOOTBALL.

Mr. B. Parameswaran was nominated the Captain, and Mr. S. Ranaganathan, the Secretary of this year's team. We played 8 matches, inter-collegiate and practice; we lost three, won three and the rest were drawn. We hope to do better during the course of the year.

We could not accompany our cricket and hockey teams to Bangalore and Mysore, as our team was considerably weakened by the absence of four of our best players in the U. T. C. Camp.



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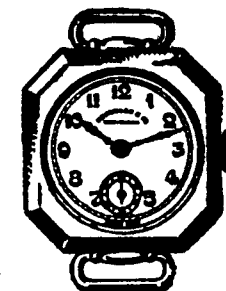
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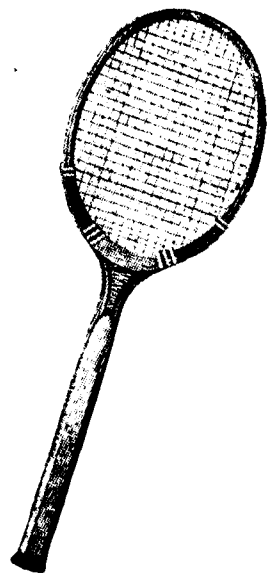
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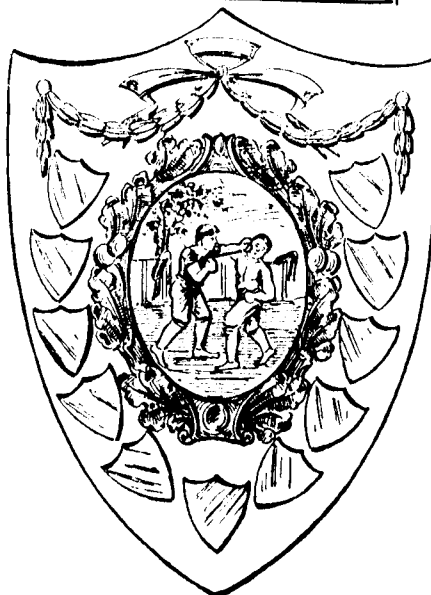
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