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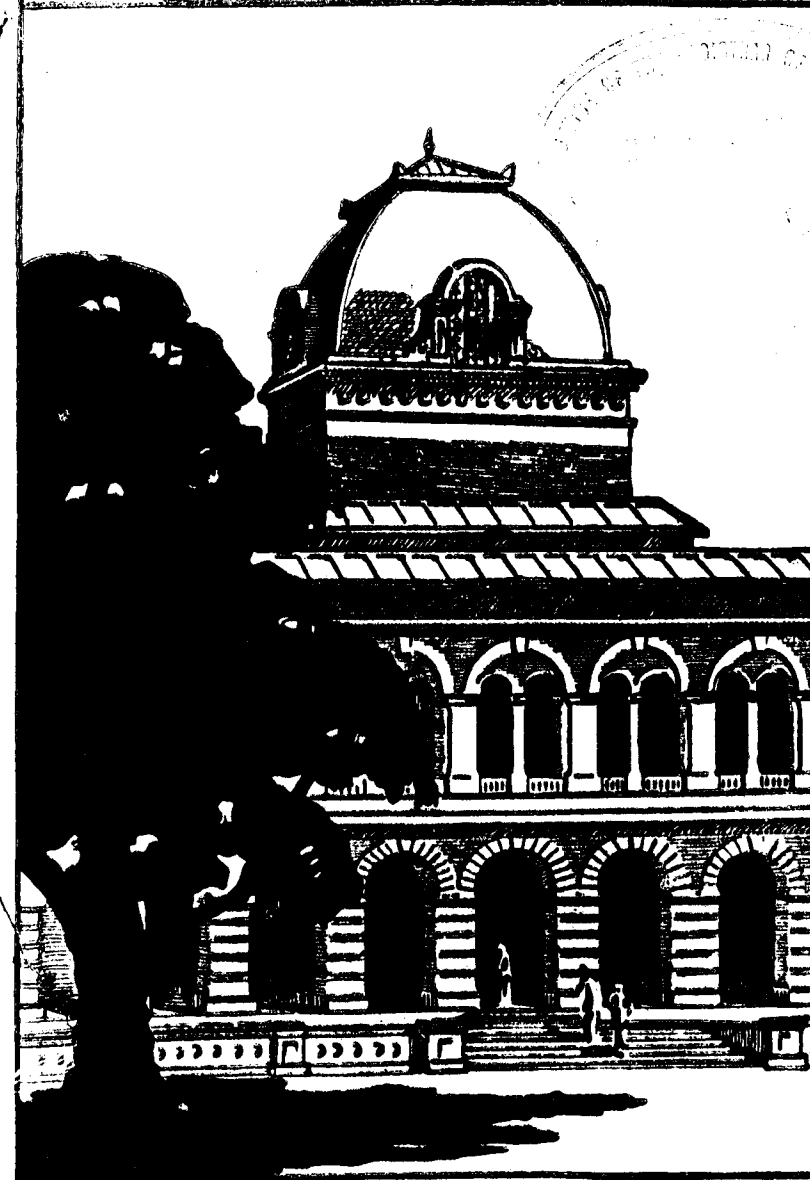
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On the occasion of the Inter-Collegiate Debate.

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.

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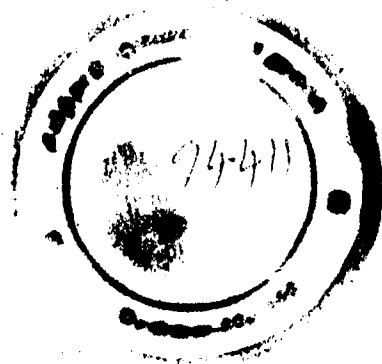
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The Barsetshire Novels

THE novel in Modern European Literature has a bewildering variety of forms. Its structure is so loose that almost any type of talent or genius can adapt it to its own purpose. No wonder, therefore, that it has become the predominant literary form of modern times.

But, in spite of its diversity of forms, the novel has certain well-marked features, the presence of which is essential to its success. In fact, the degree of success which a novel, considered as a work of art, can reach is determined by the actual number of these characteristic features that it presents. Ancient Hindu psychology analysed man as a being consisting of five sheaths of increasing subtlety and importance—(1) that of *Annam*, the material body, (2) that of *Prana*, the life breath, (3) that of *Manas*, the conscious mind, (4) that of *Vignanam*, the discriminating intelligence and (5) that of *Anandam*, the blissful Spirit. It seems to me that a somewhat similar analysis may be employed in the case of the modern novel. This too has four or five sheaths of increasing subtlety and importance.



Firstly, there is the story which is the outer covering. Without a story there is no novel, as without a body there is no man. Secondly, there is characterisation. Characters are the life-breath of a novel. We may have a good story, but unless we have well-defined characters, we cannot call the book a novel. Many a modern thriller fails to be a novel for lack of individualised characters. Thirdly, there is verisimilitude or truth to life. The words and the actions of the characters, as well as the incidents of the story, should be natural, credible and self-consistent. A good novel should throughout have the semblance of human life—not its accidents, illogicalities and surprises, but its proportions, limitations and values. Fourthly, there is what is called the atmosphere. The creation of an atmosphere in a novel is more difficult than the achievement of verisimilitude. It is not human life *in vacuo* that a good novel should give us, but human life in a particular place and time. The novelist should create a world for us with all the appurtenances of life—chairs, tables, buildings, lawns, streets, fields, villages, towns, etc.—so that long after closing the book, we may be able to wander at will in this imaginary world and meet the characters in their several places, and, if it is a historical novel, see the antique modes of life and thought of a remote age as vividly as those of our own.

Many a critic would stop here in his analysis and think that this is all that is expected of a novelist. An interesting story, a set of well-defined characters, convincing realism and the necessary atmosphere—what more do you want for a good novel? We may as well say, a well-proportioned body, the vital breath, a conscious mind, and a discriminating intellect—what more do you want for a living personality? The answer in both cases is, there is something more. After all, these are only the outer sheaths—the sheaths which cover the divine spark, the immortal spirit. The divine spark at the centre of a novel

is what may be called the novelist's philosophy of life. It is really this that confers immortality on a work of art. By philosophy of life we do not mean any set of doctrines which the artist desires to inculcate either directly or indirectly. For such a desire would at once bring down the novel to the level of a propagandist work. What we mean by an artist's philosophy of life is really his settled view of, or attitude to, life. It is the character, so to speak, of the hinterland of his mind. It is the result of the accumulated emotional reactions produced in his mind by the varied experiences of life. It is not necessary that his view or attitude should be correct, but it is necessary that he should have a view. Thomas Hardy may be right or wrong in his pessimistic view of life, but that he has a view is important, it makes him an artist. Similarly, a portrait-painter should have some view of the character of the man whose portrait he is painting. He may be right or wrong in his view. But he must have a view, else the portrait he paints would be no better than a photograph.

Let us now review the Barsetshire novels of Anthony Trollope in the light of this criticism. From his Autobiography we learn that Trollope worked with the regularity of a steam-engine and produced about fifty works of fiction of which the Barsetshire novels and the Political novels form two well-marked groups. The Barsetshire series consists of *The Warden* (1855), *Barchester Towers* (1857), *Doctor Thorne* (1858), *Framley Parsonage* (1861), *The Small House at Allington* (1864) and *The Last Chronicle of Barset* (1867).

I

The Warden is the first of the series. Trollope says it was suggested to him by his visit to the Salisbury Cathedral. He wrote it in 1853 and published it two years later. It became popular because it dealt with a subject of topical interest—the turning of the funds of alms-

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houses and hospitals to other uses than the maintenance of the poor intended by the original donors. Many of the evils of this kind—the alienation of the old ecclesiastical endowments—had been made public in connection with Rochesher, Dulwich and St. Cross. But the importance of *The Warden* for us is not due to the fact that it is a propagandist work, but that it is the beginning of the creation of a world—the world of Barchester full of human beings, three-dimensioned figures that are ‘astonishingly alive’. The whole plot centres round the question, whether Mr. Harding, the warden of Hiram’s Hospital, —a charity home for twelve superannuated bedesmen—was entitled to £800 a year, the income which the original endowments now fetched in the altered economic conditions after four centuries. A lawsuit on behalf of the bedesmen is engineered by a young doctor, Mr. Bold. Though the lawsuit fails on technical grounds, Mr. Harding, who was savagely attacked in the public press, finds it against his conscience to continue as warden and resigns his post and embraces poverty voluntarily.

The two central figures in this novel are Mr. Harding, the warden, and his son-in-law, Dr. Grantley, the archdeacon. These are three-dimensioned figures. The others are more or less figures of two dimensions—the old kind-hearted Bishop, the two daughters of Mr. Harding, Mr. Bold and his sister, and the bedesmen. The archdeacon is a grand satiric creation. There is considerable irony in Trollope’s description of him. He fully represents the author’s view of the character of the clerical world—greedy, indolent, extraordinarily clannish and very cruel when their interests are threatened. But I think his reading Rabelais in secret is a false touch in an otherwise just and convincing picture. Next to the grandiose personality of the archdeacon we have the tender personality of Mr. Harding, the warden. We admire the firmness of the old man behind all his tenderness and fear. He is stretched on the rack before

our eyes. We witness his sufferings, and we are glad when he comes out of the ordeal spiritually triumphant. The bedesmen are wonderfully well-sketches. The hand of a master is seen in their delineation. Eleanor who plays the part of the heroine in the first two novels in the series is called a tiresome heroine by Hugh Walpole, but I don’t agree. She is, of course, more sentimental than her sister, the wife of the archdeacon. But her trying to play the part of Iphigenia in this novel and failing at the nick of time is quite true to life.

The really tiresome parts of the novel are undoubtedly the novelist’s excited comments on his own characters as fabulous creations and his feeble parodies of Carlyle under the name of Dr. Pessimist Anticant and his references to Dickens as Mr. Sentiment and his imitations of the “London Times” under the name of the Jupiter.

II

Barchester Towers is a continuation of *The Warden*. After Harding resigned the wardenship of Hiram’s Hospital, the institution is put on a new footing by an Act of Parliament. The question now is, who is to be the new warden? Circumstances are changed. The old bishop is no more, and a new bishop of Low Church views, Dr. Proudie, is appointed. He is a weak character, a puppet in the hands of his wife and his chaplain. The latter is an ambitious and unscrupulous clergyman who forms the villain of the piece. He tries to rule the clerical world of Barchester, but after a momentary triumph he falls and is driven out of the cathedral city.

The main plot of the novel, however, centres round Eleanor, now Mrs. Bold—a widow with a small boy. There are three suitors for her hand—Mr. Slope, the unscrupulous chaplain mentioned above, Bertie Stanhope, a lazy, devil-may-care sort of artist who is egged on by his sister to marry the rich widow, and Mr. Arabin, a new

middle-aged clergyman who belongs to the archdeacon's set. Mrs. Bold's ordinary charity towards Mr. Slope, who is hated by all, leads to a misunderstanding of her motives not only by Slope himself, but also by her sister and brother-in-law. These misunderstandings form the complication of the plot. They reach a climax in the *fête* given by an old-fashioned spinster—Miss Thorne. It is there that Slope proposes and takes undue liberty with the widow and is rewarded with a box on the ear. It is there that Bertie reveals the plot of his sister and proposes and is indignantly rejected. And it is there that Arabin is at last made to understand the character and feelings of Mrs. Bold. He afterwards proposes and, to the satisfaction of all, is accepted by her. The wardenship is bestowed in the end on one Quiverful, a poor clergyman with fourteen children. Harding, the old warden, is offered the deanship which falls vacant. But he declines the offer and it is finally bestowed on Arabin who becomes Harding's son-in-law by his marriage with Eleanor.

The most successful figures in the novel are the Proudies, Mr. Slope, Bertie Stanhope and, above all, that woman of serpentine beauty—Signora Neroni. This modern Cleopatra, though a cripple confined to her sofa, is able to fascinate every man that comes across her. She makes fools of Slope and Thorne. And for a time even the sober and serious Arabin falls a victim. The character of the Signora shows what Trollope could have done in the way of the modern novel, if the Victorian restraints had been removed. The least successful character in the novel seems to me to be Arabin, for the impression that he leaves on one's mind is rather vague and indefinite. Eleanor, Mr. Harding, Archdeacon Grantley and his wife are characters continued from the first novel, and they maintain their individualities quite consistently.

Trollope's sin of reminding his readers that his characters are fictitious and that it is only a story that he is writing

continues to give us offence in *Barchester Towers*, though not to the same extent as in *The Warden*.

III

Doctor Thorne has little to do with the clerical world of Barchester. The Proudies no doubt do peep in in one or two places, and so does Dr. Grantley. But the references to these characters are very slight. Dr. Thorne is only distantly connected with the Thornes of Ullathorne. The story centres round the love of Frank Gresham, the son and heir of the squire, and Mary Thorne, the niece of Dr. Thorne. Frank is a man of noble blood, while Mary is the illegitimate daughter of Dr. Thorne's brother, who was murdered long before the beginning of this chronicle. Frank's family expected him to marry money so that the squire's estate, which was heavily involved, might be rescued. But Frank is in love with Mary, who as a child was freely admitted into the company of the squire's children. The squire's wife, Lady Arabella, who is the daughter of an earl, has all the pride of the aristocracy. But she is prepared to condone the want of noble blood in any man, if he has wealth. She is prepared to give her daughter to a tailor's son, because he is wealthy; and she is prepared to have as her daughter-in-law the daughter of an ointment-maker, because the latter has made a large fortune. But she is dead against Frank marrying Mary. When once she comes to know that her son is in love with Mary, she subjects her to all sorts of cruel indignities, though the girl has hitherto played with her own children and has been treated as one of the family. But Frank is a real hero. He is prepared to sacrifice everything to his love for Mary. He is prepared to renounce the family estate and begin life as a farmer with Mary as his wife. His troth is plighted, and, come what may, he will not go back on it. His mother's tears, his father's pleadings, his friends' admonitions, nay, his

own Mary's saying that she would release him from his promise are of no avail. He is determined to marry her against the wishes of all the little world around him. At last his true love is rewarded. For Mary, by the death of her maternal uncle and his son, becomes an heiress. She not only inherits wealth, but also becomes the chief creditor of the squire, Frank's father. The whole estate of the latter is mortgaged to the baronet whose property Mary now inherits. When once this is known, Lady Arabella and all her brood vie with one another in honouring and pleasing Mary. It is a sight for the gods and—the Comic Muse of Meredith. The whole novel tends towards this climax. The high-born sticklers for rank and blood are prepared to fall at the feet of wealth, however sordidly it may have been acquired. The novel is thus a romantic social comedy of the Meredithian type. The characters in it are all well drawn and have a distinct individuality, though there are no great triumphs of characterisation as in *Barchester Towers*.

IV

The main theme of *Framley Parsonage* is the same as that of *Doctor Thorne*—true love triumphing over social distinctions. The hero is Lord Lufton and the heroine Lucy Robarts. The former is a peer of the realm, the latter the sister of his own parish priest. Miss Robarts is a very fine creation much more individualised than Mary Thorne. In fact, she is the most lovable character in the whole series of the Barsetshire novels. She is short, rather plain and dark-featured. But there is a fire in her eye, and she has ready wit, decision of character, and courage. She is not a mere drawing-room lady of the type of Jane Austen's characters, but a woman full of the self-sacrificing spirit of love and service. The young Lord Lufton, who has been sowing his wild oats, at once sees her merit and determines to reform himself and marry

her. But his mother has another match in view for him. She wants that he should marry Griselda Grantley, the daughter of the archdeacon of the former novels. The novelist thus brings two feminine types into contrast—Lucy and Griselda. Lucy is full of life and animation, but is wanting in figure, whereas Griselda has a statuesque perfection of features, but is always silent and cold. Miss Grantley has indeed great dignity and faultless perfection of manner, but has no heart. Lord Lufton wisely prefers Lucy to Griselda and overcomes his mother's stern opposition and makes her consent to the match in the end. Griselda, however, is lucky enough to capture another lord, Lord Dumbello, the heir to the property and the title of the Marquis of Hartle-top, and we have a glimpse of their married life in the next novel.

The main plot of this novel is diversified by two sub-plots—the career of Mark Robarts, the parson, and the marriage of Miss Dunstable, the heiress, who is first introduced to us in *Doctor Thorne*. Mark Robarts is a good man, but has the ambition of moving in high society. He is the protégé of the old Lady Lufton and the friend and companion of her son, the young Lord Lufton. To gratify his ambition he goes into bad company, yields to temptation and is made to pay £ 900 in the shape of bills for which he had stood security. He is thus ruined, and when his property is about to be seized and auctioned, he is rescued by Lord Lufton. Miss Dunstable, the rich heiress, who was intended by Frank's parents in the preceeding novel to become a rival to Mary Thorne, now becomes her intimate friend and is induced by her to marry her uncle, Dr. Thorne. I am afraid many readers would not like Mary Thorne—now Mrs. Gresham in this novel—any the more for having arranged this match between her witty friend and her old uncle. The logic of art does not at all require this consummation, and I venture to think that the whole episode is an artistic blemish.

Though this novel has better characters than the preceding one, the plot has not the compactness and the concentration of *Doctor Thorne*. Of the two sub-plots one is an artistic blemish, and the other is not duly subordinated to the main plot. The troubles of Frank Robarts, the parson, engross too much of our attention. However, the scene in which Frank discloses to his wife the ruin that has overtaken them owing to his indiscretion is one of great beauty and pathos. Another scene which lingers in our memory is of an entirely different character. The Proudies of Barchester play a considerable part in this novel, and the battle scene between Mrs. Proudie, the wife of the bishop, and Mrs. Grantley, the wife of the archdeacon, regarding their daughters' marriages is wonderful. It is full of fire, malice and insinuation—the very antipodes of the Christian spirit.

V

If *Doctor Thorne* and *Framley Parsonage* celebrate the victories of romantic love, *The Small House at Allington*, the next novel in the series, records its defeat. The failure of romantic love always creates a highly tragic situation and Anthony Trollope is not one who can successfully handle high tragedy. Accordingly, this novel has become the slightest in the series, and the heroine, instead of rising to the tragic heights, falls into a slush of sentiment. Trollope began the novel with great hopes of creating a heroine who would surpass her sisters of the Barsetshire series (for Eleanor Harding, Mary Thorne, Lucy Robarts, Lily Dale and Grace Crawley are variations of a single type). He says at the beginning:—

“Lilian Dale, dear Lily Dale—for my reader must know that she is to me very dear and that my story will be nothing to him, if he does not love Lily Dale.”

Well, if we cannot love Lily Dale, it is due to Trollope himself. He fails to manage a tragic situation. He puts

his heroine in tragic circumstances and makes her a sentimental prig. Lily falls in love with one Crosbie who appears like an Apollo to her eyes, but who is really a heartless villain prone to worship rank and wealth. A few days after their engagement, he deserts her and proposes to Lady Alexandrina—one of the daughters of the disreputable Earl De Courcey, related to the Greshams of *Doctor Thorne*. Lily is, of course, heart-broken and cannot think of loving any one afterwards. She rejects—both in this novel and in the next—the suit of John Eames, a strong and sturdy lad, who is very faithful to her throughout and who thrashes Crosbie for his villainy publicly on a railway platform. One can understand Lily looking upon herself as a widow after her terrible experience and resolutely saying ‘no’ to the importunities of the hobbledohoy, Eames. But when she persists in saying that she still loves Crosbie, and that she forgives him for his desertion and observes the day of his marriage as a sacred day and prays for the happiness of the villain and his wife, she becomes an incredible character. Lily Dale is only a charming average English girl, and one cannot make a Christian saint of an average English girl, however charming she may be. Her very charm would stand in the way.

VI

In *The Last Chronicle of Barset* we return to the clerical world of the first two novels in the series. The main theme of this novel—the sufferings of a very unworldly clergyman, Mr. Crawley, who has been falsely accused of having misappropriated a cheque of twenty pounds—is based on very slender foundations. All the events connected with the cheque—the mystery of its disappearance, the way in which it is cashed and the revelations regarding the real offenders—are all rather melodramatic. But the results of the alleged offence on the mind of a certain clerical type of character are traced with an unrelenting

hand. Mr. Crawley is a very pious man and a great scholar. He is the friend of Arabin, who is introduced in *Barchester Towers* as the successful lover of the widow, Mrs. Bold. But he did not prosper in the world. Though he married a woman after his own heart and is happy in her love, he remains hopelessly poor, while his friend prospered and became a dean. Crawley finds all around him in the clerical world people of far inferior abilities and character getting on very well and having the good things of life—fine houses, carriages, horses, footmen, libraries, etc.—while he is doomed to be the perpetual curate of a small parish unable to provide even the necessities of decent life for himself and his family. This makes him rather sour and severe in his dealings with his clerical brethren. But he is a man of undaunted spirit and perfect rectitude of character. The crowning point of his misery is the false accusation that he stole a cheque and used it in the payment of his baker's bill. The evidence is all against him, and the only person who could clear up the mystery, namely, the dean's wife who put the cheque into an envelope and gave it to the needy clergyman without informing him or her husband of it, was away in Italy. Meanwhile many people believe that Crawley is guilty, and the humiliation of that proud and God-fearing spirit is complete. He is committed to the sessions and let out on bail. And Mrs. Proudie, the bishop's wife, who had always hated him, induces her husband to appoint a commission to advise the bishop as to what should be done, if the jury found Crawley guilty. Crawley resists the illegal order of the bishop suspending him till the time of the assizes, but of his own accord subsequently resigns his office and submits himself to the bishop. Thus the Crawleys—husband, wife and daughter—endure most heroically their humiliations and privations without taking a single false step in their conduct, till at last the mystery is cleared and Mr. Crawley is completely exonerated and everything ends happily, Miss

Crawley marrying Captain Grantley, the archdeacon's son, and Mr. Crawley becoming the priest of St. Ewold's after the death of our old friend, Mr. Harding, the hero of *The Warden*.

The main plot of this novel is well developed and the characters in it, who are continued from the earlier novels in the series, are consistently sustained. But the novel, as a whole, is made tedious by the inartistic introduction of two or three sub-plots which are very unsatisfactory in themselves and which have little to do with the main plot. All that concerns John Eames and Miss Demolino, Miss Van Siever and the painter and Mrs. Broughton and her husband is an artistic blunder. The characters are theatrical, and the incidents concerning them are melodramatic. They interfere considerably with our enjoyment of the novel. Hugh Walpole is right when he says: "They are among the poorest things in all Trollope."

This novel is the last of the Barsetshire series. Hence all the threads are gathered together and brought to a conclusion. Mr. Harding, the hero of the first novel, dies here ripe in years and true Christian humility and sweetness of soul. His son-in-law, Archdeacon Grantley, grows rich in worldly goods and is as assertive as ever, though kind and generous at heart. The archdeacon is proud of his daughter, who becomes now a marchioness, though a cold and heartless woman. One of his sons becomes a clergyman and marries a woman of noble rank. The second son, Major Grantley, who is of the type of Frank Gresham and Lord Lufton, sets aside all considerations of rank and determines to marry Grace Crawley, the eldest daughter of Mr. Crawley, the hero of the novel. The bishop and his wife are as prominent here as in *Barchester Towers*—the former as meek and submissive as ever, and the latter as imperious and domineering. The relations between the husband and wife come to a climax with the famous case of Mr. Crawley. Mrs. Proudie is severely snubbed by Mr.

Crawley and Dr. Tempest in the presence of the bishop, and she refuses to leave the room when her husband asks her to do so. The bishop thereupon feels that he is disgraced for ever and never speaks to Mrs. Proudie, even when he is spoken to. This, the novelist tells us, breaks the heart of the woman and she dies. But the reader is not satisfied. He would have no objection if the bishop were to die of a broken heart. The bishop is a weak and vacillating creature and really deserves the fate that Mrs. Proudie is made to meet with. The sudden removal of Mrs. Proudie is a confession of weakness on the part of the novelist. "No, Mrs. Proudie will never die!" exclaims Hugh Walpole, "No, she is still haunting the cloisters of Barchester....."

Trollope says that he has represented in the Barsetshire novels the social lives of the clerical class and not their professional lives, and that, though as a novelist, he is entitled to write of clergymen *out of* their pulpits, as he may also write of lawyers and doctors, he has no such liberty to write of them *in* their pulpits. And he claims he has represented them as they are, neither treating them as ideal characters nor as fit objects for satire. This claim is to a certain extent justified. For all the clerical types from Mr. Harding to Mr. Slope are perfectly human figures, mixtures of good and evil, of strength and weakness. But all the same it must be admitted that Trollope is more successful artistically in representing clerical weaknesses like worldliness, hypocrisy, arrogance and spiritual pride than in representing clerical virtues like patience, charity, humility, self-sacrifice and piety. And in no case do we come across even a trace of that close and loving fellowship with the Saviour which is the characteristic feature of the

highest type of clerical character. A truly religious soul, we imagine, would be beyond the ken of Trollope's art.

VII

It will be seen from this rapid review of Trollope's Barsetshire novels that, if we overlook a few occasional lapses, the series satisfies the first four conditions of a good novel mentioned above, but not the fifth. They have well-developed plots and individualised characters. They are true to life and they succeed to a certain extent in creating a world for us in which we can wander at will (though it is more a material world than a spiritual world). But the artist has no vision, no original ideas, no philosophy of life. His art is good, but it is not great.

D. S. S.

Planned Drama

THERE is no simple recipe for preparing the re-birth of a culture or producing the things of the imagination. That every people get the literature they deserve is very true of drama, for the drama is the result of a collaboration between playwright, actors and audience. "The audience is not a passive witness of the dramatic spectacle, but an active and creative participant." The drama is a social product; and a civilized social life, whose surface the drama could mirror and whose soul it could express, has been conspicuously absent from this unfortunate country for a great many centuries now. What Mr. Ashley Dukes notes of war time and post-war Europe has been a more or less permanent condition of Indian life throughout the modern period:—

"High comedy, that classic mirror of the leisured graces, is gravelled for lack of manners on which to exercise its spirit; and tragedy, that classic expression of a mind ennobled, stirs dumbly among a people that has suffered mutilation and abasement. The degradation of a culture touches the dramatist closely. Not a bomb is manufactured, not a military personage clanks his spurs across a street, but the wells of human pity are poisoned and the winds of human fantasy corrupted. The re-birth of a culture likewise touches the dramatist. Not a voice is raised for the things of the imagination but an audience gathers eagerly to listen."

The reform of South Indian drama is bound up, therefore, with the reform of our whole social life. But, while the drama is the effect, it is also in some measure the cause of social conditions. "As a spiritual force, nothing can touch drama outside a definite religion—as it can 'get' people who, for some reason or other, are religiously dead.

It is also a useful weapon against those who have the seven deadly virtues—earnest people who wish to elevate others to their own dulness...Drama can be, under right conditions, a most potent instrument of moral, artistic and intellectual progress, and, under wrong conditions, an equally potent instrument of moral, artistic and intellectual degradation."

There is no need to answer the question whether the Tamil drama of to-day is an instrument of progress or of degradation. For years now critics have heaped contempt and ridicule on the South Indian stage; but actors, both professional and amateur, have been going on in the old, bad ways, regardless of croakings from academic arm-chairs.

Critics who sit with folded hands and outstretched legs, and disapprove, do no good. The business of a college dramatic society is to do what no commercial theatre can afford to do—to carry out experiments in dramatic method, to try the temper and tastes of audiences and to "prepare the way" for a better national drama. We may not have, indeed we never have, creative geniuses among college play-wrights, actors and producers, but we can always count on a good stock of critical principles and a willingness to take pains and to work together for common aims. We can supply the Bales and the Udalls, leaving it to the nation to find its own Marlowes and Shakespeares—if it can. It was when a crowd of University men, steeped in Greek and Latin, invaded the vernacular stage and made the profession of popular entertainment their own, it was then that the hybrid and therefore live and vigorous Elizabethan drama was born. In fact, every time the English drama took a step for-

ward and produced masterpieces—in the 16th, 17th and 20th century alike—it adopted and assimilated something foreign. The fear of foreign influences, like the avoidance of nutritious food, is a sign of weak natures. I believe too intensely in the vitality and integrity, in the eupepsia and constructive metabolism, of our own culture to be in the least afraid of swallowing every edible foreign substance. I have no fear whatever of our losing our soul.

There is a limit, however, to the foreign element admissible; there is no danger of our losing our soul, but there is a certainty of our losing what is far more important, our audiences. No drama can be called good which fails to please its audience. But no one knows what an audience will like, until some one has tried. The only method of progress in the drama is that of 'trial and error.'

Last year, the P. C. D. C. tried and erred. Its experiment demonstrated that the young barbarians of the Madras colleges were better critics than Aristotle, and had no use for Sophocles. At any rate, it proved that English music was Greek to Indian ears. No doubt, old-fashioned and over-tolerant people, like the critic of the *Madras Mail* and Messrs. Srinivasa Sastri, Venkatarama Sastri, Candeth and Dixon, were delighted with the performance, but a live drama cannot subsist on the suffrages of such as these.

We are trying another experiment this year.

The acknowledged defects of the Tamil stage to-day are (1) the total absence of creative geniuses among playwrights and the total absence of 'producers'; (2) the absolute lack of unity in the plays and of sustained dramatic interest; (3) an inextricable confusion between drama and opera; (4) lack of co-ordination between the action and the

music; (5) lack of co-ordination between the words and the tunes; (6) abominable 'gagging' and (7) pre-occupation with mythological subjects.

All these defects—except lack of genius—are curable. In our Tamil play—adapted from Gilbert's *Gondoliers*—we have attempted to dispense the following specific remedies:—one continuous story built round a single, central situation—though it is only comic; music which is organic, not merely ornamental; songs which do essential work in the play and not merely please the ear; the association of significant and necessary words with tunes appropriate to the situations; the parody of popular tunes, both good and bad, by associating incongruous ideas and emotions with them; the separation of opera from prose drama; the choice of a commonplace subject.

With a little attention and sympathy on the part of the audiences, the play may succeed; but whether it succeeds or fails, we should go on experimenting. Failure in a good cause is better than an easy and obvious success.

K. S.

A Note on the Poetry of Mr. A. E. Housman

MR. A. E. Housman (not to be confused with his brother, Lawrence Housman, also a poet) has published but two slender volumes of original English verse. He was for sometime in the English Civil Service and later became Professor of Latin at Cambridge. By temperament and inclination Mr. Housman is a scholar, and as a scholar, he is a 'front ranker.' He chooses to be known as deliberately preferring his scholarship to his poetry.

He hates poetry. Indeed, if we might venture on an inference from his brief but illuminating preface to the volume of "Last Poems" (1922) he appears to stand in dread of the condition of continuous excitement which led to the composition of his poems. He says: "I can no longer expect to be revisited by the excitement, under which, in the early months of 1895, I wrote the greater part of my other book (The Shropshire Lad)—*nor indeed could I well sustain it if it came.*" I do not wish to discuss here the extraordinarily interesting question of the actual condition of a poet's mind at the moment of creative composition. I cite this passage merely to point out that Mr. Housman wrote in verse because he could not help it. He hates to be revisited by that excitement; he feels himself quite unequal to the strain of poetic excitement.

He is a great scholar who, in spite of himself, almost turned poet, and he has achieved an immortality as poet that bids fair to outlast his European reputation as perhaps the greatest classical scholar of his time. There are few English poets who have had the severe intellectual training of Mr. Housman, fewer still who have united to consummate scholarship such deep imaginative sensibility and

emotional intensity. He does not anywhere in his work merely let himself go in exuberant exploitation of an intense and dramatic situation. Nor, on the other hand, does his exact scholarship freeze and paralyse and clip his poetic wings. The scholar in him is not the enemy of the poet. On the other hand, his scholarship lends a fundamental intellectual quality to his poetry, which makes it a sheer intellectual delight, as bracing to the mind as it is satisfying to the senses. There is no trace in him whatever of that merely amusing but beautiful nonsense unadulterated with thought—which is called "pure poetry." The poetry may be "pure" enough in Spenser, but I do not think that even lovers of poetry and poetry alone would delight to spend the greater part of their time in that world of mainly aimless and monotonously beautiful garrulity. It is only a Milton, a Donne, a Wordsworth, an Arnold and an Abercrombie who can give us the poetry that is a piece of sheer intellectual experience which is emotionally satisfying as well. The poetry of Mr. Housman is in this great tradition, the greatest glory of English poetry. His is a poetry with a fundamental framework of extraordinarily intense thought. This intensity transmutes the thought into poetry.

Mr. Housman, as already stated, is a great classical scholar. I don't remember and so I cannot quote in entirety his entirely serious and caustically witty remarks on textual editing, but I recall that somewhere in that connection he says: "The faintest of human passions is the love of truth." "There is no truth in man or woman." This fundamentally gloomy view of the world is at the core of his poetry. He seeks refuge in the world of scholarship because there the sordidness of this monstrously unjust and dishonest world intrudes but seldom and to little purpose. With Swiftian ferocity he attacks and destroys with consummate authority the intellectual incompetences of inadequate or incorrect scholarship.

This he can do ; and it seems to afford him some relief from the conviction of the monstrous cruelty and ugliness of the larger world outside. But he does not regard poetry as a mere secondary medium of his self-expression. Through poetry he seeks to tell the naughty world what it is like—not by trenchant Swinburnian exuberance, but by an icy silence and immovable and contemptuous calm. Telling, meticulous exactitude of statement—this is enough. The truth stated with a bareness and cold matter-of-factness that is thoroughly expressive is enough—not all the massed resources of stentorian emphasis and declamation could do as much to show up the world as the ugly, hideous, brutal thing it is.

"I pace the earth, and drink the air, and feel the sun.
Be still, my soul, be still ; it is but for a season,
Let us endure an hour and see injustice done."

The world is unjust ; it is cruel ; it is untruthful ; it is ungrateful. There is 'some good' in it, but "much less good than ill." No question arises of a 'President of the Immortals' making wanton sport of man, as boys do with flies. He does not care to know "whatever brute or black-guard made this world." There is nothing one can do but know the truth and hate the world. "Should we live on such terms if these be the terms of Life?" is a question which naturally arises. But the poet murmurs : "Be still, be still, my soul." Verily, this is a stoicism, not of the schools, but of the blood.

He does not, after the manner of Browning, invite each rebuff, defiantly daring each throe in confident expectation of another world, where the broken arcs of this earth become complete rounds. He does not retire, like Hardy, with face like a stored-up thunder-cloud, behind his sombre defences, behind some too formidable arraignment of the villain—God. He is completely unexcited, imperturb-

able. The ruthless artistic concision, the disciplined perfection of his verse expresses the utterly and magnificently courageous, bed-rock calm of his mind. He has an unquenchable desire, but he hopes for nothing. Acutely and delicately sensitive to the cruelty of life as he is, he is not, however, blind to the fleeting evidences, here and there, of heroic loyalty in the soldier, of tragically transient but glorious beauty in some corner of Nature, of the magnificently sublime steadfastness of friendship—transient phantoms racing across this too hideous world, as does lightning, but to the beholder a warrant of spiritual strength.

"The fairies break their dances
And leave the printed lawn,
And up from India glances
The silver sail of dawn."

Yet again,

"Since to look at things in bloom
Fifty springs are little room,
About the woods I will go
To see the cherry hung with snow."

There is friendship in this world and some capacity for self-sacrifice in *some* men like the army of mercenaries who, "in the day when heaven was falling," "held the sky suspended," defending "what God abandoned." But these make existence merely tolerable. Shall we, then, die? No!

"Too full already is the grave
Of fellows that were good and brave ;"

Must we then live? No, we cannot.

Too full already is the grave
Of fellows that were good and brave
And died because they were.



More need not be said. Indeed more cannot be said.

The poetry of Mr. Housman is a 'pessimistic' poetry. But if we would remember that most of it was written between 1895—1910, *i.e.*, some years before the Armageddon and the disillusion which followed, it is rather clear that Mr. Housman was not exaggerating what was and what had to come. He is no elfin-hearted dreamer of lovely dreams of an ideal world, of course; but neither is he lamenting any lost but unforgotten Paradise. Like Hardy, he is inexorably honest. We need his kind in the world.

R.

A Suite of Rooms

It was a sensible man who wrote:—

"What I like about Clive

Is that he is no longer alive.

There's something to be said

For being dead."

There's something to be said about my rooms in Tumbledown Street, because they are no more. During one of my late rambles in T—, I observed that the house where I lodged last year was being pulled down without any regard for my sentiments. I felt sad, though there was nothing for me to be sad about; for the "lodging" had never had any great pretensions to that respectable appellation. Still I am only human; and that same touch of nature which makes the housewife sigh for the battered saucepan had its hold on me.

My rooms were in Tumbledown Street, as I have said. I engaged them at a 'dead cheap rate' when I came to Madras last year. I had resided temporarily in a crowded hotel in the city; but the company there (consisting, among other things, of cooks, mosquitoes and bank clerks whose sole purpose in life seemed to be catching electric trains), the hooting of motor-horns, the chatter of pedestrians and the self-important booming of trams did not go quite well with me. I was on the look-out for a more comfortable suite of rooms. I pitched upon one in Tumbledown Street. But whether it was comfortable or otherwise, it's for the reader to judge.

I never can tell why I took up that lodging. The house was far from attractive. I hit my head against the fifty-stone solid teak beam as I ascended the spiral stair-

case. This in itself would have been enough to drive a sensible man out of the house. But it happens sometimes that sensible men accept things for which they have no marked predilection. I am a fatalist; when I first set foot on the threshold of the house, I at once believed that the rooms were made for me and I for them. It was the landlady who was, in part, responsible for my engaging the rooms. Now as I look back, I am half inclined to think that she would have made a capital business woman. She was a little plump, bustling busy-body, all smiles and giggles and good nature. No sooner had I inspected the rooms and escaped with minor injuries to my cranium, than the cheery soul broke into floods of information and spoke to me as if I had been in her confidence ever since the days of Noah. "You will find the rooms uncommon lucky," says she. "Before you, we had two smart young men for tenants. Such modest boys—none of your fops and swanks. They were medicoes, and, of course, they passed with honours. They haven't forgotten us, good souls! They write to us every fortnight and tell us they owe everything to our rooms! I'm sure you will say the same thing next year." And she laughed. That did it; the trick worked and I struck the bargain.

A couple of days later, when a friend asked for my address, I was so desperate that this was the answer I gave him: 'Look about you for the most evil-smelling nook in T—, turn on your heel, walk with your eyes shut till you come to a canary-coloured building with post-office windows, go ahead, take a turn to the right, then to the left, then to the right again, walk up the flight of cork-screw stairs and if you don't break your neck in the operation, thank your stars, and find you are opposite my looking-glass.'

The most noteworthy feature about my suite of apartments was the cork-screw staircase. It had a sort of mediæval grandeur about it. I have always held the

opinion that in its palmier days it had formed part of some miniature Mogul palace. But in Tumbledown Street and in the early thirties of this century, it was painfully out of place. Sprightly young men of 1932 could not be expected to conduct themselves with Nabobish dexterity on a sixteenth century staircase. It was no wonder that some of them cursed and swore when they attempted an ascent. One of them clean forgot the copy-book virtues in a tantrum and said he would apply to the S. P. C. A. authorities and see that 'this sort of thing' was not tolerated. Another said that he would never more darken my doors as our 'deuce of a staircase' put him in mind of Amy Robsart and alchemists and trap-doors. But my own impression is that these unfortunate young men were rather too hasty in their judgment. Time partially reconciles us to anything. Perhaps if they had waited, they would have learnt to like it. That was what I did. As days went by, I began to love the staircase, and its painted iron entered into my soul. I moved up and down the spiral stairs with surprising ease and swiftness.

My 'lodgings' consisted essentially of a sitting-room and a sleeping-room. The latter of these was so small and dingy that when once you got into it, you had to look twice before you could contemplate an exit. I went into it as late and as sleepy as ever I could. The former was something really interesting, and I wonder why they did not include it in the list of the world's wonders. I used it as saloon, study, smoking-room and chatting-room—all rolled into one. This room like the rest of the house had something queer about it. Innocent of electric lamps and other modern absurdities, it was picturesque and elf-like. One never felt like living in a world of hard realities, a world of Rs. as. ps., Physics records and professors. There were many quaint structures in it that I could not for the life of me have explained; there was an arch in the middle which cut off the share of light that legally belonged to the

portion behind and gave it the appearance of an ancient bakery ; there were some pegs on the walls, a stone slab in a corner and many other things of a non-descript nature. But the landlady discovered some purpose or other for each ingenious device and always left me with the impression that in some curious way each of them was essential to my well-being.

It is an odd way with me that, whenever a new friend does me the honour of a drop-in, I invariably ask him what he thinks of my apartments. It was the same with my late lodgings in Tumbledown Street. This agreeable weakness, or virtue as you like it, brought out many ingenious witticisms from the most unexpected quarters. One said that my rooms smelt of Poe all over. Another—and one without a ha'p'orth of poetry about him—said that they were “just a rickety, ramshackle Black Hole with a blasted, blundering, break-neck staircase where one might be damned and nobody be the wiser for it.” A third was of opinion that my lodging was just the thing that Johnson had in mind when he wrote about garrets and inspiration. While a fourth composed a burlesque on my rooms on the spot.

“Books battered and dog-eared scattered around,
Brave lodgings for one on unholy ground.”

I have never been able to account for a certain peculiarity about my rooms. They were situated in the very heart of T—which was never free from the pedlar's hoots, the street-urchins' screeches or the bus-conductors' “Baday, Paris!” But no sooner had I set foot on the magic floor of my rooms, than all these noises grew faint upon me and I was wafted into a world of gossamer gloom. A lotos-eater-sort of drowsiness crept over me and I felt like “one who dreamt of idleness in caves Elysian.” I sank into my arm-chair, mused, day-dreamed or smoked investing the aromatic vapours with creatures of my fancy. My lodging

was a miniature elf-land in the midst of a world of green-grocers and jutka-wallas. I wove out of it my own Mustard-seeds and Peasblossoms and faerie quarrels—though there was no room for a chuckle-head and asses' ears.

In spite of the break-neck staircase and the precipitous heights I inhabited, I had a number of regular visitors. I was a great lover of books, especially those of an antiquarian nature ; and whenever a ragged-looking volume went cheap either at the Moore Market or at any of those here-today-and-gone-tomorrow book-stalls, I took good care not to miss it. The result of this inordinate passion for books was that, in a very short time, the little shelf in the corner was crammed with a good deal of eighteenth century paper, the air began to reek of rotten wood-pulp and bugs were bred by battalions. My curious collection attracted great attention and I soon came to have a “ragged regiment” of friends. I doled out my books with a grudging hand, but the loan often lost itself, though not the friend. One by one, the mighty minds of old bade good-bye to my bookcase ; and by the end of the year, all, all were gone, the old familiar faces ! Only one volume escaped the universal dissolution (like the dear old rat in Browning's poem) and that was an oily smelling copy of “Robinson Crusoe” which was as old as that gentleman himself and hence not much of an attraction.

The first term went by (as the first term universally does) without anything unusual. But November came at last, dragging in its train all sorts of idle fancies. The skies looked down upon the world below with saddened brows and the sun seldom dared to show himself. It was during this season that I formed a correct idea of the cosiness of my rooms. Indeed, this winter was one of the sweetest periods of my life. I had a regular visitor in the person of Mr. R—, and oh ! how we chatted there ! or rather, indulged in that mixture of braggadocio, dogmatism and foolish twaddle which passes among young

folk for fine talk. The wind would howl outside and bang against the solitary window seeking an entrance. The rain would come splashing against the window-pane and wetting the sill. We could see nothing of each other in the uncertain light of the evening. We would talk for a while, then my friend would break into music, and sing such nonsensical songs as :

“Loafing in the sunlight, larking in the moonlight,
Having a marvellous time ;
‘Slacking’ in the first term, ‘sweating’ in the last term,
Having a lot of fun—”

Then we would light our cigarettes and smoke in silence—as only true smokers can. But it not infrequently happened that the darkness closed in upon us, and we lost each other so completely in the ‘cigaretteiferous’ fumes that when at last my friend prepared to leave and fumbled for his umbrella, he would invariably pitch upon my walking stick and walk away with it.

It was only once that I took a violent dislike to my rooms and that was, of course, during the “Ides of March.” To say that I was partly roasted in my lodgings (and wholly in the Examination Hall) would be the mildest euphemism that ever a young man wrote. If it had been the heat alone, I could have put up with it ; as a matter of fact, I have almost a “feminine” partiality for sun-baths and iced drinks. But examinations ! As a decent young man (I can’t voice the opinions of decent young women, they seem to cross swords with us at every point), I can say it is the very limit of monstrosity that sprightly young spirits should be cooped up in a cage of an Examination Hall and asked to answer such questions as :—

Annotate :—

“Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine.”

And this at a time when blasted midsummer is at the zenith of its scorching brilliance, and bugs, mosquitoes, tar-roads and all the other annoying agents of the Devil make life literally intolerable ! Oh ! it’s beastly, it’s callous, it’s not cricket ! But past is past. March came, and with it the examinations ! That’s the fact in a nut-shell. I had been in a ‘blue funk’ ever since the advent of the examination bogey. But somehow I pulled myself together and banged at the first two papers ; and all went well as a funeral bell, until we came to Hydra-headed hydrostatics ; and then—well, instead of banging, I bungled.

Well, and that was the last of my days in Tumbledown Street. Our sweetest songs, the poet says, are those that tell of saddest thoughts. I had stayed there but for a twelvemonth ; but within this brief period, my reputation was established, my name was insured against the ravages of oblivion. I was never a distinguished student, but just one of the obscure back-benchers. I was never a ‘cock’ of any class. My academic honours were trumpery. I was once awarded a prize for something and that was simply because I happened to be the sole competitor. I never dared to propose or oppose anything on the Union platform. No self-respecting team ever condescended to take me into its fold. I was never a ‘Varsity blue or black or brown. I knew as much of cricket as Shaw’s Black Girl knew about Myna’s sex. In a word, I was never much of a figure in the ‘College politics.’ And I might have continued as obscure a nobody as ever breathed and died unremembered, but for my rooms in Tumbledown Street. There was not a soul at college but knew the Glorious Nonentity from Tumbledown Street. Indeed it was with almost a parliamentary strut that I paced the corridors of the college, pausing now and then to overhear a whisper of my official sobriquet. In course of time, my rooms became a centre of attraction and a place of pilgrimage, and one or two enthusiasts went to the

length of photographing the cork-screw staircase from various points of vantage.

But alas! where stands that glorious edifice wherein I spent some of the happiest hours of my life? It is gone, gone to the bottomless depths of Lethe; and nothing of it remains but a garrulous landlady and an oily smelling volume of "Robinson Crusoe." Unhealthy contributor and to my weal! Stern fosterer of my fancies! Fit mansion for Oberon and all his train! Farewell. No more shall foot of mine traverse thy spiral stairs, nor Virginian smoke fumigate thy dreary walls. Thou hast become a legend, a fable, a thing of the past! But when all the world has forgotten thee, and the mist of Time has veiled thee in its vaporous gloom, then shalt thou find an honourable refuge in the caves of my memory.....

I must beg the reader's pardon; I fear I am breaking into poetry. You might call me a shallow sentimentalist. But sentimentalism, sir, is it not the very spice of life?

P. S. NATARAJ SARMA.

The Marwari's Clerk

"Sankar!"

"Yes, Sir!"

"How much did you give me yesterday?" asked the Sait counting his collection of the previous day.

"I don't exactly remember, sir."

"You never do. Refer and tell me."

..... "Fifty-six thousand two hundred and twenty-six rupees."

"All right. You can go.....well, just a minute, who are the defaulters?"

"I don't remember, sir."

"You must never say that word again. I hear it at least fifty times a day. You *must* remember. Look into the bills and let me know."

"Yes, sir."

Otherwise Sankar Rau was a model clerk. His honesty was above question and he always did his work with efficiency and zeal. He joined as a clerk under Mohanlal Sait, the richest banker, agent and broker in Madras, at the age of fifteen; and in ten years he was entrusted with the keys of the iron safe. The Sait trusted none else with money, and so it fell to Sankar to collect every evening sums always amounting to half a lakh and more.

II

It was nine o'clock and Sankar had not returned. He would invariably be back at the office by eight o'clock at the latest. The Sait was worried. Ten! Eleven! The clock struck the midnight hour. Yet there was no trace of Sankar. The Sait began to suspect—not his

employee's honesty, but his safety. Perhaps Sankar was attacked, robbed and—murdered? The Sait shuddered at the thought; but it was a possibility. He phoned to the police.

A Search was made; but no trace could be found.

III

That evening Sankar collected a little over a lakh and fifteen thousands. A lakh and fifteen thousands! The sum which he could never aspire to earn in his life, but which would give him all the comfort and luxury he craved for.

At 8-30 he got into the Calcutta Mail—into a first class compartment. In a quarter of an hour he changed his dress. He put on a new suit, and at half past four in the morning threw his old clothes with his sandals wrapped in them into the river Kistna. He got down at Bezwada and at eight o'clock in the morning proceeded to a famous Gujarati merchant, who kept a warehouse and charged for all articles kept in his custody.

"Mr. Manoharlal, you must keep this small box for me, for—I don't know—a few years. I am going out to foreign lands and I don't know when exactly I can return. It contains valuable documents and, though they mean nothing to others, they would mean more than a lakh for me—my whole fortune."

"Yes, sir. Our charges are ten rupees per month."

"I will pay five or six years' rent in advance, if you want."

"Thanks. What name, please?"

"Yes! I forgot about it. Venkata Rau! Venkata Rau is my name—V. Venkata Rau!"

"Thanks. Please sign your name on this piece of paper. The box shall be handed back to you when you give this identical signature!" And the Sait smiled.

"I understand," said Sankar.

IV

Two days later, the Madras Police arrested Sankar Rau, who had surrendered himself. He was in rags, looked haggard and thin. He was attacked, he told them, while coming alone near the Adyar Bridge, taken he knew not where, robbed, starved and left adrift somewhere on the Mount Road the next night. The police, of course, did not believe the story, because it was not theirs; nor did the magistrate who tried him. The Sait himself testified that he never suspected Sankar and said that some highway robbers must really have robbed his clerk, only the police, as usual, were not able to detect them.

The magistrate considered all the facts of the case and sentenced Sankar to five years R. I.

V

Five years R. I....Sankar did not feel it was too great a price. He would be thirty when he came out, still in the prime of life. He would settle down in some distant place and never be in want for the rest of his life. He would take part in politics, first become a Municipal Councillor, then the Chairman and then perhaps an M.L.C. He could buy with his money not only luxury and comfort, but honour, fame and power.

Sankar Row was a model convict in jail. He never cursed his lot, never grumbled, never complained. His one absorbing thought was how to spend the rest of his life when he would rank among the rich.

VI

In spite of the cheer and hope that kept him up, Sankar was rather a changed man when he came out. His hair turned gray here and there and a few lines round the mouth exaggerated his age.

He immediately proceeded to Bezwada. It was five o' clock in the evening when he went to the house of Manoharlal. The merchant was not there. Sankar told the clerk that he came to recover a certain box which he had placed in his master's custody five years ago. It contained valuable papers.

"Mr. Manoharlal has gone out, sir, and will be returning only by eight o' clock. It's better you come to-morrow morning. What name shall I give him?"

"The name, ah! the name You needn't give any name. I will come again to-morrow morning!"

The name—the name—he forgot the name he had given him. He tried to recollect it; but he couldn't. He wandered through the whole town aimlessly racking his brain trying to recollect the name he had given him. Without it, he was penniless; worse than before. He thought, he meditated, he concentrated his mind and he even prayed to God. But all to no purpose. He tried several names, but not one of them did he feel to be the correct one. A burning heat came over him; he felt restless and scorched. He went to the river-bank, and aimlessly crossed over to the other side. The night was dark and cool. He sat on the water's edge. He cursed himself for not remembering the one precious secret of his life. Again he ransacked his memory. He remembered clearly all the details of that fateful night—the sorted bank notes, the new suit of clothes, the luxuries of the first class compartment, the bad coffee on the Bezwada railway platform and the effort he had to make to conceal his excitement before Manoharlal—all, all except the name he gave the merchant off-hand. He went over these experiences a thousand times—now in their natural order and now in the reverse order. He thought of all possible names. He took the letters of the alphabet one by one and tried some dozen names on each, but gave up the thing in despair before he came to the middle of the

alphabet. It was maddening. His head began to reel. The cool water attracted his heated brain. He wanted to have a dip and slowly walked into the stream. He did not know what he was doing. He was still racking his brains to remember the name. Suddenly he fell into the depths, went down and came up. Then he remembered. 'Venkata Rau! Venkata Rau!' He cried out, "Save me, save me" "Venkata Rau, Venkata Rau!" he cried frantically. But the shore was deserted. No one heard his cries. Once, twice, thrice he came up and cried out. But there was none to help him. For the last time he cried out and sank never to rise again. For a second, the winds echoed his cry and then all was still. Silence reigned all around, and the river calmly flowed on.

M. R. V. KRISHNA RAO.

Castor Oil

BETTING is a dangerous habit. This is not an advice but an experience, as you will see. Horse-races have ruined families and steeped them in poverty. The gardens outside the Casino in Monte Carlo have often reverberated to the sound of pistols. All kinds of betting are bad. They lead to disasters and calamities—sometimes of a very serious nature.

I have never liked betting and my recent experience has strengthened that opinion. My 'battle' was fought not on the turf of Guindy or on the tables in the Casino, but on the Central Court in Wimbledon. I was praising Vines one day in our Hostel and describing his merits and his superiority over all other players in the Tennis world. Crawford, I remarked, was sure to be beaten and Vines would vindicate his place which he gained last year. While I was thus eulogising the American, my friend Manoharan was smoking like a volcano. He disliked, and even now dislikes, any one lavishing praise on anybody except himself. He is a kind of Bolshevik. So, before my last word escaped from my lips, he had begun. Crawford, he was of opinion (with a bang on the table), would be the star of Wimbledon, and Vines (another bang on the table, a bottle cracked) was only a meteor in the firmament of Tennis. He was prepared to bet fifty solid rupees on that.

I was now in a sorry plight. I had spoken confidently amidst my friends who were in the room, and if I had any courage or honour left in me, I must, I thought, take up the gauntlet, especially because it was thrown by Monoharan. But I was not prepared to bet money with a man who had already borrowed from me. He not only owed me eight rupees, but had asked for two more to make it a

round figure. And he had assured me that my money was as safe as the Bank of England. I believed it truly, for I shall never have an opportunity of losing that sum. So, I said that we should bet anything except filthy lucre. This 'hit' touched his pride, and like a wounded tiger he roared that we should bet 'an ounce of Castor Oil.' You know what that bet means. My friend remembered that I did not particularly like Castor Oil.

Manoharan is a curious specimen of humanity. Though the public in general do not know his eccentricities and his unique character, he has been twice in their "eye." Once when he played for his College XI and his score (that easily remembered figure) was reported in the sporting column! He then boasted that all the 40,000 copies of *The Hindu* would contain his name. The other occasion was when his photograph adorned the last page of *The Hindu*. He was on the platform while a certain 'notable' arrived at the Central, and he was fortunate enough to get into the lens of the press-photographer. In our Hostel copy of the paper, he drew a circle round his figure in the picture, so that his friends might not miss him.

Those who were fortunate enough to get a glimpse of his figure in the paper would have realised the huge dimensions of my friend. He was not that size before. All those who had known him in his teens would have wondered how my friend, who could not have been used even as a paper-weight then, attained these dimensions. I too shared their doubts once. But he cleared them away by confiding to me his secret that he took a physical culture course and was mainly inspired to do so by a picture of Primo Camera with four girls clinging to his out-stretched arms.

On his eccentricities and other admirable qualities I do not want to dwell. They may very well fill a book. I leave that task to any enterprising Boswell which our Hostel may contain.

But let me come back to the bet. On the day on which our bet was to be decided five thousand or more miles away, I felt a little nervous. Vines had not been in formally and he might not at all be at Wimbledon. The whole of that day I perceived ominous signs. Three cats, all of them black, crossed me on the road from left to right as I walked to the College. Historians believe that the same incident happened to Darius before Marathon. My left eye-lid winked all through the day, and that night I dreamt that I was swimming in a castor oil tank.

The results were to be published the next day. The hours dragged on with leaden steps. That evening, I hurried to the Mount Road and stared at the placards. I had always detested, and now detest all the more strongly, the vagueness of these press advertisements. Instead of saying in simple English that Crawford had triumphed, they blazed forth 'Wimbledon Result' and 'This Year's Champion.' This vagueness, I thought, was another ominous sign. I parted with an anna to know my fate. Vines was defeated. When I attempted to read further, I saw an ounce glass on the paper with a dull oily liquid in it. I crushed the glass in my hand to the great amusement of the newspaper boy. He had never seen any one crush the whole paper into his fist. With a head bent-down and with the smell of Castor Oil in my nose, I slowly plodded my way to the Hostel. A snail could have beaten me then in a race.

You might be wondering why I should be so downcast and crest-fallen for a matter of an ounce of Castor Oil. But, reader, you do not know me. Ten or twelve years ago, while I was a young boy I was by force given half an ounce of the liquid and I have not forgotten either its

smell or its taste. All the perfumes of Arabia and the dainties of a French cook cannot make me forget the experience of castor oil. I hate it as I do carbon monoxide.

My 'execution' was to take place the next day. Manoharan brought an ounce of Indian Castor Oil cold drawn. We must help our home industries, he said. My mind went back to 339 B. C., when Socrates was in the same position, with the cup of hemlock in his hand. I drank my cup thinking of the Athenian sage.

Reader, you can imagine the unholy glee of Manoharan and his crew while I was undergoing these tortures. He says he will preserve the ounce glass as a trophy.

U. SUNDARA KINI.

The Underguard

THE Malabar Express was steaming fast and furious like an angry serpent through the verdant fields of Malabar. The moonlight spread itself on the landscape like an unsubstantial misty carpet. The air was chilly and there was an eloquent silence in the atmosphere that a sensitive mind like Balu's could feel above the roar and bustle of the train. As he strained his neck out—as all underguards do—and looked across at the black engine and heard its muffled whistle from the opposite end and felt the cold wind blowing on his cheek, our sentimental underguard became contemplative. The moonlit Nature around him seemed to him to be a fairy place; the whistle of the engine was like elfin music. He felt himself being wafted to an unknown haven of joy; his mind became satiated with pleasure and wonder.

All the while the usual occupations of the passengers were in progress in all the compartments. A first-class passenger was swearing at the guard for not providing hot water in his closet; the next order of train aristocracy, the second-class passengers were scowling among themselves utilising every minute in being impolite to one another, while the human contents of the third-class waggon were engaged in the usual variety of train-pastimes—quarrelling, sleeping, trying to sleep, pretending to sleep, treading on neighbours' toes to make them budge an inch, arguing with one another, picking other men's pockets and so on. Nobody was contemplative in the train except Balu.

Balu's nature was a nest of vigorous appetites. I cannot trace the connection of thoughts by which he knew himself to be terribly hungry. It may be that a philosopher can sometimes endure his stomach-ache—or was it tooth-

ache? Anyway Balu could not. Never in his life did contemplation of Nature—nor, for the matter of that, anything else—make him oblivious to hunger. He was hungry and he knew himself to be hungry; moreover, he knew he could stem his hunger only at the risk of a total capsize of his physical and spiritual manhood.

I have always maintained that it is hunger that draws out of man his real sentiments and opinions about the world; all his faculties become keen-edged and, as his inner man cries out for food, his imagination becomes sharp and active. Hunger made Balu a very loving husband. I do not here insinuate that Balu was anything other than a very very affectionate husband even when he was not hungry. His wife was to him always an object of love and adoration. And now in his mind he tasted all the delicacies prepared by his wife to which he had seldom failed, like a loving husband, to do the fullest justice. He cast his eyes around and suddenly a brain wave seized him. He removed the sliding panel which connects the guard's compartment with the brake-van and entered it like a determined conqueror. Five minutes later he emerged with a basket in his hand.

Hunger gave Balu extraordinary strength and he snapped the strings that bound the basket, removed the lid,—and behold! there before his eyes were mangoes, a dozen of them, big, ripe, yellow mangoes, that seemed to invite him to taste them. A smile came on Balu's face and, without more ado, he thrust his hand into the basket.

Balu had still with him, even at this fatal moment of intolerable hunger, some vestiges of conscience, but the spur of the stomach being absolutely unbearable, a battle raged within him between conscience and hunger. Water surged in his mouth at the very sight of these edibles. Quite unwittingly he stretched his hand until it came into contact with the golden skin of one of the fruits. That was the crisis, and that settled the

issue. Balu was quite aware that the unfortunate man to whom the mangoes were originally intended might curse him, but he had enough philosophy in his brains not to forget the very convenient maxim, 'A dram of sweet is worth a pound of sour.'

One mango led to another; and this to a third; and that again led to the next one, which in its turn led to a fifth and a sixth. The train was steaming fast and furious and Balu's munching apparatus was working faster and more furious. In short for half an hour Balu and the yellow comestibles were engaged in returning greetings. Balu would have most conscientiously despatched the whole lot; but he didn't, because he couldn't, for one of those was quite unripe, one was over-ripe and a third one was not a mango at all—it was just a big-sized yellow brinjal (evidently an unpardonable mistake of the grocer, thought Balu). And hunger, when satisfied, made him mischievous, so much so that he stuffed the basket with what were just half an hour ago mangoes, and with a complacent air he replaced the basket in the brake-van.

When his hunger was satisfied, Balu was galvanized into activity. He got up, leaned out of the window, looked at the fuming black engine and moved his head in a knowing joyous nod, before he again became contemplative. It was only then that he fully realized the rapture of being an underguard in a fast-moving train. He, however, began to curse the train for its slow motion, (though the driver would tell you it was doing 40 m. p. h.) for he longed to be at home,—his snug new little home lighted by the smiles of his newly-married wife (and Balu had a special reason to be so longing for his home to-day, for the next day was his birth-day, the first after his marriage). It seemed to him that there was something radically wrong with the whole Railway administrative system. If he had been the chief Railway Executive Officer,

he would have granted a holiday to all to celebrate their birth-days and also a free pass to carry them home.

Everything in this world has an end; even a railway journey. The next day, in the early hours of the morning, you could have seen a lean figure in the white uniform of an underguard rushing headlong along the sheets of Calicut, oblivious to all pedestrian or automobile traffic. If any of you, readers, feel inclined to laugh at Balu, I tell you, don't be ridiculous; you have not studied human nature. Which human being, young in years, hot-blooded, newly married and expecting a birth-day feast, would not be so nervous and hurried and flurried?

I have said that by nature Balu was contemplative. Even when hurrying along, his mind was engaged in anticipating the welcome that his wife would afford him and the courses that would follow. "What a busy day you have had" she would begin and end with "Oh! in this world good people are often left uncared for. My poor over-worked husband!" And then she would, on this particular day, be awaiting him with a little lovely birth-day present. A present is in itself quite welcome; more so if it is a birth-day present; still more so, if it comes from one who has a place in your affections; and most welcome, if it is from your newly married wife. And the acme of the pleasure is reached if you have no fore-knowledge of what exactly the present is going to be.

Balu's wife had kept the present quite a secret from her husband. You may be one of those unfortunate husbands whose wives cannot keep a secret or prevent a present from being made obvious before-hand. Suppose your wife wants to make you a present of a chair-cushion, knit by herself, on your birth-day. Well, then, a month before your birth-day it becomes obvious to you, even if you practise self-deception. You cannot sit on a chair as you usually do, for sure as anything there you see the half-knit cushion with

threatening needles sticking out from all its surface. You cannot sit in your office-room looking over the daily paper, but some funny figure crops in with a polite cough and an unassailable introduction that the mistress of the house had sent for him and asked for reels of knitting wool of all possible hues and thickness. You cannot but receive various letters from various mofussil shops stating that they have sent you as per your esteemed order two embroidery-books. Nothing of this sort had happened to Balu and no wonder he was so anxious to receive the unknown present from his loving wife.

But the welcome accorded to Balu on his birth-day was not at all what he had expected it to be. First of all, the front door was bolted from inside—a bad omen, but not serious. He knocked once gently, then repeated it on a larger scale, and then reinforced it with a banging. “Who is that?” a low voice enquired from within. The owner of the voice was evidently crying and Balu recognised it to be his own wife’s. Consternation seized him. “I” he cried aloud, “It is me—er—simply me, you know Me. The door was gently opened and into his hands fell moaning his beloved wife. Balu could not comprehend the situation and he stammered out, “What is the matter?”

His wife, who was in agony, could speak only in monosyllables and sobs. She pointed to a basket on the floor with its contents of what once had been mangoes. She could not endure the sight of the basket with the remnants of mangoes and a big size yellow brinjal, and swooned in her husband’s arms. The poor husband was so bewildered that he could feel the truth of things around him not as an idea but only as a nebulous atmosphere. By degrees, all the details synthesised themselves into one solid fact and a window in his mind let in that strange light of surprise and self-abasement and remorse. He felt so small that he considered himself to be just a simulacrum of humanity hovering on the verge of existence, helpless, humiliated and

down-trodden. He wished the earth would gape and swallow him : but unfortunately for him it did nothing of that kind. He wished the skies would fall on him ; however the skies did not move an inch from their place. When his wife recovered from her swoon she told him how she had ordered for a basket of the best Salem mangoes for a birth-day present to him and how in her impatience she had sent her servant in a taxi to the station to fetch the consignment home without loss of time, how she had rewarded the man for coming back so quick from the Railway Station and how, on opening it, the basket proved to contain only some relics of mangoes, an unripe mango, an over-ripe mango and a big sized yellow brinjal. She called upon the gods to avenge her for the loss of the mangoes and solemnly wished that the thief might suffer from life-long indigestion and asked her husband where the miscreant might be—at Salem or Calicut ? All that Balu said was, “God alone knows,” but his wife was not satisfied with God alone knowing.

* * * * *

Balu is still an underguard. Promotion has not yet come to him, but there has been some increment in his salary since last July. On Tuesdays and Fridays you can see him in his immaculate white uniform of an underguard in the last compartment of the Malabar Express and often you may catch him in a contemplative mood. He is still the old Balu except that now-a-days contemplation does not make him hungry ; nor does hunger make him go into the brake-van to grope among the luggage there for edible things, especially fruits. They say that nothing is too sacred to be blurted out in wedlock, but Balu is a living contradiction to this, for he has never explained the incident to his wife. In fact he keeps the curtain nailed down on that night in his life when he was so hungry.....

A. P. B. N.

Golden Lilies

THERE was a cloud of sadness on Miriam's brow, though she was naturally inclined to cheerfulness. Her husband was killed during the Great War and she was left with an only child, Cicely, now a beautiful girl of fifteen.

Miriam was glad that the young man who showed a dawning love for her lovely daughter belonged to a family much esteemed by her dead husband. Joseph and Cicely had been playmates from childhood and from their earliest days each had held the first place in the other's heart. Their attachment to each other grew with the years, and Joseph, who was a few years older than his playmate, now felt his affection fast ripening into love. It was looked on as a settled thing by the friends of both that they should wed as soon as Joseph was old enough to set up a home.

But now a cloud of sadness came which darkened the pleasant prospect which had spread before them and even threatened to ruin it altogether. The deep cloud became deeper on Miriam's brow, as she watched her child grow thinner and paler and her air grow listless and dispirited. She guessed that her daughter's utter dejection was caused by a wounded heart. Of late Joseph had not paid them his usual frequent visits, and even when he did come at rare intervals, his manner towards Cicely was almost refrigerating.

One day, Cicely looked so painfully sad that her mother took her in her arms and said: "Don't be sorrowful, my little one, even if Joseph has deserted you for another woman; it may be God sees he is unworthy of you and destines you for some one better."

Cheered by her mother's consoling words, Cicely went about with a brighter air performing their little household

Golden Lilies

tasks. Then Miriam took up anew some white material which she was fashioning into a dress for her daughter and began to sew it with a care which showed that she was determined it should be a model of neatness and finish. "Yes," she thought as she went on stitching, "this dress must be especially pretty. Men's hearts are so often reached through their eyes if they are not more than ordinarily virtuous and penetrating, and particularly, if they are young and inexperienced like Joseph. The flaunting poppy by the wayside will attract them when they will scarcely notice the sweet violet that loves the shade. It is surely Mercuria's voluptuous attire, or rather want of attire, which has ensnared Joseph. She is beautiful, it is true; but my Cicely is as beautiful, and I think I can judge impartially, though I am her mother."

Mercuria, who had deprived Cicely of her lover was a new-comer to the town, and merely on a visit to an aunt who resided there. There was no denying that she had great physical beauty; her features were clear cut, her eyes large, dark and velvety and her form perfectly symmetrical as she made plain to everyone by the scantiness of the draperies with which she covered them: such as they were, they might rival in brilliancy the most gorgeous butterfly. Her neck, shoulders and arms were quite bare except for some bright-coloured necklace and glittering bracelets, while her skirt of soft, flimsy, clinging material scarcely reached below her knees.

Cicely's lover averted his eyes when first he saw her. Accustomed as she was to admiration, this coldness piqued her and made her all the more desirous of having him for a lover. On every succeeding occasion she fascinated him more and more. Soon she had him at her beck and call.

Miriam had finished the dress and Cicely was just trying it on when a friend came in. A few minutes later, Cicely appeared before her mother and their visitor like an angel of light in her new white gown. A bright smile over-

spread Miriam's countenance as she saw how sweet her child looked. Cicely did indeed look bewitchingly lovely; her golden hair and blue eyes were set off to perfection by the soft white of the dress, the wide sleeves of which reached below the elbows, while the ample folds of the skirt fell to her ankles.

"What do you think of Cicely's gown, Anna?" asked Miriam with a tone of justifiable pride. "Perfectly sweet," replied Anna, "but I think its beauty would be enhanced by just a little touch of colour—a little embroidery on the bodice and sash. I have lately heard of a woman who does most exquisite needle work." Miriam thought for a while. "I think I will send the dress to that lady, for I want Cicely to look as charming as possible. I suppose you have heard all about Joseph and Mercuria?" "I will not deny that I have heard something of the kind hinted at, but it may be only a temporary infatuation. Joseph is but a boy, and boys are so often dazzled by outward show," said Anna.

The dress was accordingly sent to the lady. Her deft fingers were not long in giving a few masterful, tasteful touches to the soft white dress. She embroidered just one golden lily on the bodice and two on the sash—one at either end.

It was with little pleasure that Cicely looked forward to the annual ball. Joseph would be there with Mercuria making a great display of all her charms, smoking a cigarette and perhaps drinking cock-tails! But Cicely had many admirers too; from time to time Joseph cast sly, envious glances at his former beloved. The golden lilies had a charm for him which made the scales fall from his eyes. They reminded him of all things sweet and beautiful and pure, and of that modesty which is the inheritance of all true women. Cicely regained her old place in his heart.

SISTER M. FINBARR.

The Triumph of the Panters

THERE was a current of excitement all around us. The "Hall of Silence," lately one of the quietest spots in the college, was humming with sound and activity. Being naturally curious to know the reason for this unusual activity, I approached a friend and on enquiry learned that a notice had been put up calling for good speakers to take part in a debate. Great interest was attached to this, because our boys were to be selected to face the debating team from England.

Knowing that this would be a historical event, I decided to be present on the day of the debate. The subject too was another inducement, being one of great importance. The subject was 'Pants *versus* Dhoties as items of masculine apparel.' The hall was full of impatient youths who expressed their lack of the parent of all virtues by their virile demonstrations.

N. D—a philosophic young man, who fancied that the mantle of the orators of Greece and Rome had fallen on his insignificant shoulders, was to take up the cudgels on behalf of Dhoties. Being fully aware of the importance of the question and the temper of the audience N. D. had sat up the whole night looking up undoubted authorities and their views on the matter. He determined that this speech should be remembered by posterity and therefore arranged that his friend, Gopal, should shout out some heckling questions, whereupon our hero would retort in a brilliantly witty manner (the retorts and the answers having been prepared beforehand). When N.D. stepped out to speak, he was welcomed with the usual greetings: "Get out," "Sit down," "Shut up," etc. Being used to this sort of thing he was undaunted and held up his hand authoritatively. After the lapse of a few minutes during which the bell had been almost

put out of order by frequent ringing and the table almost broken by frequent thumping, some degree of silence prevailed. N. D. surveyed the audience with a mighty frown and a "this-fish-won't-get-scared" look and began his defence of the Dhoti. In a learned speech, he traced the history of the word, and showed how his forefathers in the hoary past had worn dhoties. At this stage, ardent followers of the great Naturalist made themselves felt for they openly alluded to the resemblance between the speaker and his Darwinian forefathers and the impossibility of his assertion. Heedless of the disturbers, N.D. continued to give a lengthy list of all the great men who were members of the "Dhoti Dragoon." Then he began to sing some verses composed by him. Clearing his throat, he looked round and began :

"O that soft nice 'Dhoti"

This was greeted with prolonged cheers and N.D. was called a Milton, a Wordsworth and other formidable names. Emboldened by this warm reception, he then proceeded :

"Ah ! how my heart doth sink,
When of pants I think,"

Now the whole audience began to roar with laughter. The pro-panters fearing for their cause threatened to visit the speaker with dire consequences. To show them that he cared nought for their threats, he continued :

"When on a hike, who'll ever like,
A rotten pant, with seat so scant?"

This sounded the death-knell of the cause of the pants. But N.D. did not stop there. He examined the same article of clothing from the point of view of hygiene, economy, utility, comfort, production, distribution, consumption, etc. The "silence" in the hall encouraged the speaker. He warmed up and his voice began to rise. After

an exceedingly eloquent outburst, he paused (according to the approved manner advocated by "Public speaking made easy" X. Y. & Sons—6 d. net). But N.D. had misjudged his audience. Immediately on his stopping, a deafening shout was raised, which nearly lifted up the roof of the hall. Shouts of "go on," cries of "current off" and earnest requests to resume his seat or leave the hall filled the air. In this medley, the unfortunate Gopal tried faithfully, though in vain, to make his voice heard by his friend. Therefore the repartees that had been prepared at such pains were lost to the world.

After some time had been spent by the President in trying to break the bell and crush the table, silence was again restored. N.D. took up the thread where he had left it and went on to say that the fair sex liked Dhoties. He held that Madura Silk Dhoties, with their beautiful coloured borders, were especially pleasing to feminine eyes. The audience became more and more jocular. Humorous remarks on his person, deportment and looks were freely passed. It soon became plain that the speaker, if he had never before known what nervousness meant, was quickly learning something of this mystery. To make himself heard he had to shout at the highest pitch. It seemed as if his voice was becoming tired, and once there was actually a danger of its breaking down. But then N.D. pulled himself together, lifted up his chin, threw out his chest and boldly attacked the subject. He went up and up till he reached again the highest pitch of his voice. The result sounded like the quivering shriek of a leaky steam-whistle. No one, however, knew what it was like, for its vibrations were drowned by the howls of laughter of the students in the last bench, and in another instant these infectious sounds spread to the body of the hall causing irrepressible merriment ; even the honest attempts made by some of the "Undergrads" to suggest a natural parallel to N.D.'s note failed to restore order. But this was

only to be expected considering that there was serious difference of opinion among these authorities as to the direction in which the equivalent was to be found, a large and important section maintaining sturdily that the farm-yard at the break of day provided a variety of such notes (examples given), while the others more than hinted at their impression that not dawn, but moonlight was made vocal with such sounds—moonlight and tiles or perhaps a garden wall.

The efforts of the President to restore order made confusion more confounded. At this moment, the occupiers of the front rows made a dignified walk out. Thereupon the audience became so demonstrative that N.D.'s person resembled a Moore Market Stall with tomatoes, rotten turnips, etc. The President then did the only possible thing under the circumstances. In a dignified speech (audible only to the Secretary who was now and then making faces, as though saying, "hear, hear"), he dissolved the meeting.

Poor N.D. fled from the hall and betook himself to Pitchu and there finished his speech in the presence of a few of the faithful who had followed him in his exile.

W. Y.

The Recitation

YOUNG Ramanan ran along the school corridor at break-neck speed, and almost knocked against the burly figure of Bhupathi, as the latter stood talking to one of his friends.

"O! Bhupathi, I'm sorry," apologised Ramanan. "But you see, I just saw an announcement on the notice-board which makes me almost forget myself with joy."

"What may that wonderful announcement be?" queried the leader of the Fifth Form.

"You see, Bhupathi," cried our young friend, "*the Entertainment Week is to come off next month.*"

Here was news indeed. For the Entertainment Week was the most popular function among the students and staff of the Chintamani High School. In addition to a week's holiday, they enjoyed much fun and entertainment during the week. The dull routine of daily work was cast aside in favour of various entertainments provided by the six higher classes, each on a separate day of the week.

To Bhupathi, the beloved leader of the Fifth, the news imparted by Ramanan was the signal for action. So he quickly left his friend and went to the notice-board.

A hive could not have attracted as many bees as the notice-board did that day. For each student was eager to learn the good news with his own eyes. Bhupathi called to his class-mates who were there, and asked them to assemble in their class-room within ten minutes.

When all the boys had assembled, Bhupathi addressed them:

"You all know that for the last two years, the Sixth has been carrying away the prize for the best entertainment. I do not know why ~~we~~ should not capture the

trophy this year. For doing this, I rely on you. If each of you understands his responsibility and does his best, I am almost certain we can carry off the prize. And, as an incentive to get the best out of you, I make this offer: I will present a nice cricket bat with the autograph of C. K. Naidu to any one of my class-mates who makes our Principal laugh."

A hundred up-turned faces sat gazing at the speaker. The mention of the cricket bat made numerous young Bradmans long for it; but the condition imposed by the donor was rather hard. For, the students full well knew that even Charlie Chaplin could hardly make their Principal laugh.

If anybody did full justice to his name, it was Mr. Stone, the Principal of the Chintamani High School. Mr. Stone had rarely been seen by his students or staff without his austere frown. In fact, he did not appear to be moved by any emotion. He never laughed, and he seemed to be as hard as the article that his name signified. Hence the boys realised the futility of trying to make him cast off his frown, much less to make him laugh. Yet, a Naidu-autographed cricket bat was a great attraction. So many resolved to 'have a try.'

Among these courageous individuals was Joe. Joe was noted among his class-mates for the great number of scrapes he got into by his pranks. Joe, in fact, was the buffoon of the Fifth. To Joe, the bat acted as a magnet; not because he could play with it, but because of the autograph of his idol, Kanakiah Naidu (he never said 'C. K. Naidu.') He resolved, like the others, to take part in the Entertainment Week. With this end in view, he went up to Ju (a corruption of 'Rajan'), a great friend and class-mate of his, for consultation.

"I tell you, Joe," said Ju, with the authority of a Carlyle, "the best way to get the prize is by trying a hand

at recitation. I am sure your gestures and style will go a long way to make the 'Stone' laugh."

"O. K." said Joe. "What piece do you recommend for recitation?"

"Anything you like. It is left to your choice. But let it be a poem which is easily got by heart. I prefer one with rhymes, and four-line stanzas, for the remembrance of the rhyming words alone will make you remember the whole stanza."

"Thanks, Ju. I will do as you say."

Joe spent the next two or three days in asking numerous friends for the best poem, in their opinion, for recitation. Ten people recommended ten different poems. This put Joe in a quandary. To him, all poems were of equal ease, and he was at a loss to make a choice. He again went to Ju for guidance. With the gravity of a lawyer, Ju told him, "Look here, Joe, it all depends upon you, what you choose. If you cannot make up your mind well, have a go at each piece and decide in the end what you should recite."

"That is a fine idea," said Joe. "And what do you suppose to be the best method for memorizing?"

"As I told you before, take care of the rhyming words. Your task will then be easy, because there are only three ways in which a four-line stanza can rhyme, namely, a b b a, or a a b b or a b a b."

"Good. That will help me a lot."

So saying, Joe started off in right earnest to get by heart "Casabianca."

The next twenty days, he was busy with his cramming. But, as evil luck would have it, he could get none of the poems into his head. For the first two or three days he tried "Casabianca." He then abandoned it and attacked

Inchcape Rock." Then "King Bruce," "Lord Ullin's Daughter," "The Enchanted Shirt," "Young Lochinvar" all received his attention one by one. But none stayed in the mind of poor Joe. Disgusted, he thought of giving it up. But the sweet vision of a yellow bat, with the name "C. K. Naidu" scrawled with a flourish on it, soon gave him strength to try again.

The long-expected week arrived and two days passed by. The Sixth and Fourth Forms gave their performances, and met with great success. The Fourth had even succeeded in extracting a "That's nice" from the Principal. And now came the turn of the Fifth to emulate them.

An hour before the performance, Joe went to Bhupathi in the Entertainers' Room, and requested him to strike his name off the list of entertainers. But Bhupathi refused, saying:—

"It is too late, my Joey."

Poor Joe! He could not get his piece ready. He was between two stools. On the one side were Bhupathi and his bat goading him on to further attempts. On the other were the poems themselves, disobedient, refractory, resistant. Yet he did not lose heart. He went through the poems for the last time, remembering all the hints of Ju. When the entertainment began, he thought he had "Casabianca" quite under control.

As he sat next to Ju, waiting to be called to the stage, he turned to his friend and asked him for hints about the delivery of his recitation. Ju advised him, "Speak clearly, loudly and calmly. Do not hesitate between lines. Above all, remember the rhymes." Armed with these instructions, he went to the platform, and, in a voice like thunder, recited the following "sonnet":—

"The boy stood on the burning deck,
His eye was clear and bright;
And for the loan of your shirt to-night,

He fixed his eye on the darker speck;
Sir Ralph the Rover tore his hair,
With mast, and helm, and pennon fair;
Together they looked at the royal tongue,
And over the waves its warning rung.
Up, up, it went, nor a second did stay.
So thick a haze overspread the sky;
He called out aloud: 'Say, father, say!'
He conquered and why should not I?
So daring in love and so dauntless in war,
Have you ever heard of a gallant like young Lochinvar?"

Even from the outset, the house began to shake with laughter. Bhupathi saw with mingled feelings the frown on his Principal's face slowly lift, as Joe proceeded, till he began to shake with laughter.

But what about Joe? He appeared to find Ju's instructions about rhymes and all difficult to follow. Yet he could not stop to recollect, because Ju had asked him not to stop between the lines. The laughter of the audience made him more disconcerted, so that after the fourteenth line he could not proceed. So, making a profound bow, he left the platform and threw himself on a chair, fully convinced that he had made a fool of himself. Tears began to rush down his cheeks, as he thought how his hopes had been blasted. He knew there was something wrong in his recitation, but did not know what.

But Bhupathi and others soon consoled him. They told him that he had won the coveted bat for having made even a Stone laugh. This news brought more tears to his eyes, but these were tears of joy.

Sure enough, the Fifth won the prize for the best entertainment.

G. V. RAJU.



COUNTER ATTACK FROM THE EAST—The Philosophy of Radhakrishnan : By C. E. M. Joad, London, George Allen and Unwin ; Pp. 269 ; price 7s. 6d. net.

IT is the lot of very few philosophers to see publications about their philosophy in their own life time. In the case of Radhakrishnan, whose thought and expression are alike remarkably clear, calling for little in the way of commentary, and whose work has been mainly expository and critical with the exception of his '*Hibbert Lectures*,' one is likely to view with surprise the appearance of a volume studying his philosophy. And the surprise is all the greater when it comes from a Western student of Philosophy of the standing of Mr. C. E. M. Joad. But very little consideration is required to show the need for such a book. Radhakrishnan is one of the band of thinkers who challenge the present phase of Western civilisation. And he does it neither as a mere outsider nor as a wanton critic, but as one who, while being steeped in Western culture, sees its defects and indicates a remedy. He is "a philosophical bi-linguist" and a man with a message from the East. It is no wonder then that serious-minded Westerners make a sincere effort to understand this message. Radhakrishnan has a remarkable felicity of style which makes an irresistible appeal to hearer and reader ; but just because of that felicity, his thoughts tend to be elusive except in the face of a deter-

mined attempt to grasp them. Such an attempt is therefore bound to be very welcome, especially when it comes from one who, while being undoubtedly sympathetic, yet does not subscribe to the idealist metaphysics professed by Radhakrishnan.

The book, which is divided into seven chapters, excluding a prologue and an epilogue, is a clear portrait of the man and his teaching. We are treated to a very interesting pen picture of the appearance of Radhakrishnan and the impression he created on his audience. His attack on Western culture is set forth with a good deal of sympathetic appreciation, though his condemnation of Western writers is deprecated.* It is made clear that Radhakrishnan has a message for his countrymen too, that he is not satisfied with the spirituality of people in his own home, that his teaching is not meant merely for export, that he is essentially *liaison-officer* trying to bring two cultures into contact and vivify each with the help of the other. Such an attitude is essentially characteristic of the man who sounds the call to integral thinking bemoaning the woes which are all due to partial modes of thought and absorption in abstractions. To think is the first necessity and not to be lost in the desert sands of dead habit—to think, to rebel against mere conventions, to live truly and wholly, that is his message to India. To think not in bits, not as economic or political animals or as mere nationals, to think of the whole as a whole and thence to intuit the whole which is Spirit—that is his message to the West. These are different phases of the same teaching, the phase emphasised depending on the needs of the listener.

* See, for instance, p. 113. One is inclined to suspect that Mr. Joad has missed the point of the criticism. No one questions the sincerity, intellectual acumen or width of learning of writers like Shaw and Wells. What one does miss is the profundity of the great artist, the deep that alone can call unto the deep.

Mr. Joad takes us with a firm hand and steady step through the various aspects of Radhakrishnan's philosophy—epistemological, ontological and ethical. We are shown how the intuition he insists on is neither pre-logical thinking nor a new and distinct faculty, but is rather the fulfilment of the intellect, being not non-rational, but non-conceptual. Next comes the treatment of the universe as a spiritual unity. Here Mr. Joad is faced with at least two difficulties as to why the Absolute should create, and how evil, error and multiplicity can be consistent therewith. These difficulties seem to be irresolvable. The conception of creation as sport, as the overflowing of perfection, may to some extent solve the first question. But the overflowing of perfection cannot cause imperfection. We seem compelled to postulate a limiting entity which interferes with the full and free manifestation of perfection. With this we have no longer unity, but duality. And if multiplicity is erroneous apprehension, the error at least is real, and this is inconsistent with the unity of reality. These problems have been tackled in Indian Philosophy, not without some measure of success. The Advaitin would say that the Absolute (*Brahman*) does not create, while for the Creator (*Isvara*) there is undoubtedly limitation in the shape of nescience (*māyā*). The Architect of the Universe is limited by the material which He shapes; but in truth both Architect and material are imperfect appearances of Brahman which is above both. Radhakrishnan makes it clear in his teaching that God is not the Absolute; and if He is limited, it is not the Absolute that is limited. Again as for illusoriness being real, it is no doubt real, but relatively; the reality that error can claim cannot be more than is needed to justify its existence and appearance. And this may vary, if at all, only in degree from what reality belongs to individual errors and delusions. The illusoriness of illusion is a well-established Advaita doctrine, though its subtlety and abstruseness make it hardly fit matter for general lectures to a Western

audience. The statement of these difficulties does not interfere with Mr. Joad's appreciation of the philosophy, especially in its aesthetic and ethical bearings. His chapter on "The Way of Life" and "The Pendant on Immortality" are particularly worth reading.

Radhakrishnan's study of Western science and philosophy has been of service to him not merely in the expression of his thought but also in the clarification and the enriching thereof. The task of the philosopher today is more the re-interpretation of existing concepts than the discovery of new ones. In this task Radhakrishnan makes abundant use of the current coin of Western thought. To say that the existence of *Isvara* is concomitant with the ignorance of the *Jiva* seems hardly convincing or worth while, though it is sound Advaita. But to say, as Radhakrishnan does, that God is the symbol of an unknown spiritual reality, just as the atom is the symbol of an unknown physical reality, is to bring the doctrine home to the mind attuned to modern science. It may be sound philosophy to teach the law of *Karma* together with the reality of freedom. But the teaching gains body only when illustrated by the game of cards and supplemented by recent biological doctrine which can draw no hard and fast line between organism and environment. It is a trite enough saying that for Hindu philosophy mind and life are of the same nature as matter; but it acquires a world of new significance when you say that in the light of modern science "Atom, molecule, colloid, protoplasm, cell seem to be more or less continuous phases of a single process."

In thus blending the knowledge he has gained from the East and the West, Radhakrishnan is a master craftsman. But the core of his teaching is Indian, even in those aspects where he establishes contacts with the West. Despite appearances to the contrary, it is not true to say that he "fuses and reconciles" different strains of thought. Thus, for instance, a part of the teaching that may strike

a Western student most forcibly is the doctrine of Universal Salvation. He has expounded it with all his skill utilising the current conceptions of Western theology to make his appeal. But it is none other than the *sarvāmukti* fore-shadowed by Sankara, casually mentioned by Vacaspati and greatly elaborated by Appaya Dikshita. Those unacquainted with the later development of Advaita will naturally be inclined to attribute these doctrines as they appear in Radhakrishnan to the teachings of modern science or Christianity. The fact remains that Radhakrishnan is all the time expounding the traditional lore of this country, but handling it with the art of a magician making it appear to the hearers of all shades of philosophic thought that it is nearest their own cherished belief.* There would be little point in this observation but for the tendency of many thinkers (including Mr. Joad) to look forward to some kind of spiritual barter between the East and the West, since each possesses only one kind of product, while there seems to be a genuine demand for both. The truth would seem to be otherwise; neither the East nor the West lacks anything that is really needed by the Spirit of man; but in varying degrees and in various ways what exists has been forgotten and left to lie unutilised. The present contact and clash serve to remind each of what it seems to lack; the revival of spirituality, however, can come through no barter, but through a successful rediscovery by each of its own heritage. The illumination and the shock of the contact can profitably act as a spur to this inquiry. It is as the dispenser of such illumination that the philosophy of Radhakrishnan will be of service to the East and the West alike.

Both in matter and in manner this little volume is so delightfully interesting that it deserves to be in the hands of all thoughtful people, philosophers as well as laymen.

S. S. SURYANARAYANAN.

* Of course, Radhakrishnan is himself fully aware of the sources of his inspiration and always makes due acknowledgment.

THE WORK PROMETHEAN—By James H. Cousins,
D. Lit. (Ganesh and Co.) Re. 1-8-0.

IN this profound and in places pugnacious treatment of Shelley's ideas, Dr. Cousins, himself a poet and reformer, tries to explain and justify the message of the great poet and reformer. We say "message" and not "poetry" deliberately,—for Dr. Cousins' concern is with the prophetic rather than the poetical side of Shelley's work. He considers in turn Shelley's ideas of progress and perfection in Religion, in the Arts, in Thought and in Life.

Dr. Cousins has done Shelley some service here; but we take leave to doubt whether this is the best or the most necessary service that one poet could do to another. Dr. Cousins has made hay of Messrs. Sydney Waterlow, W. J. Long and Aldous Huxley; but what has he to say to Raleigh, Gordon, Clutton-Brock, Elton and the rest of the Unromantics? The Matthew Arnold tradition of Shelley criticism is palpably unsound; and the place of Shelley among the world's poets is clearly higher than what it concedes. Dr. Cousins, by establishing Shelley as a reformer among reformers rather than as a poet among poets, has provided for him a platform which, however high, is needlessly narrow.

To those who are unable to share the generous enthusiasms (we shall not say "illusions") of Shelley, concerning the religious, moral, artistic and social progress of human life on earth, Dr. Cousins makes no appeal and would give no quarter. But it is just these people who should be encouraged to turn to Shelley; and they will find soon enough that Shelley is not, after all, the poet of

a coterie, but a poet for every man. Dr. Cousins—quoting indiscriminately from “The Revolt of Islam” and from “Prometheus Unbound”—refuses to temper the wind of his doctrine to the worldling and the lover of safeguards.

To the unpractised eye of sanguine youth, to its fierce logic and terrible rectitude, worldlings are despicable worms and security a dull and bitter state. And perhaps, what Johnson said of Scotchmen is true of Shelley-lovers, “you must catch them young, if you wish to make anything of them.” All young men, then, with or without ideals, should for their own souls’ good read and consider this interpretation of Shelley.



COLLEGE NOTES

The following are the changes in the College Staff during the second term :—

(1) Mr. G. Ramachandra Aiyar, Assistant Professor of Mathematics, went on leave and Mr. S. Isaac is acting for him.

(2) Mr. A. Umakantam, Telugu Pundit, went on leave for two months and Mr. V. Prabhakara Sastri of the Government Oriental MSS Library acted for him.

THE UNION SOCIETY

The following is the list of Debates and Addresses during the second term :—

(1) *Thursday, 26th October, 1933.*

Mr. B. Parameswaran, President, in the chair.

Mr. M. R. V. Krishna Rao, Post-Graduate (English), moved : “That in the opinion of this House mass production is a menace to civilisation.”

For the Motion.

Against the Motion.

Mr. M. R. V. Krishna Rao.

Mr. K. Narayanan, V Hons. (Economics).

„ P. Nagaraja Rao, V Hons. (Philosophy).

„ S. Y. Padmanabhan, II Class.

„ K. Ramagopal Rao, Post-Graduate (History).

Dr. H. Parameswaran, Professor of Physics.

„ P. P. S. Sastri, Additional Professor of Sanskrit.

Mr. S. Srinivasan, II Class.

The Opener having replied, the House divided and the motion was carried by a large majority. The House adjourned at 6 P.M.

(2) *Friday, 27th October, 1933.*

Mr. B. Parameswaran, President, in the chair.

Dr. James H. Cousins, D.Litt., Principal, Theosophical College, Madanapalle, addressed the House on "The Irish Renaissance."

The House adjourned at 5-30 P.M.

(3) *Wednesday, 1st November, 1933.*

Mr. B. Parameswaran, President, in the chair.

Mr. K. Narayanan, V Honours (Economics) moved:—

"That East is East and West is West,
And never the twain shall meet."*For the Motion.**Against the Motion.*

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| Mr. K. Narayanan. | Mr. Mathew C. Polak, V Hons. (English). |
| „ M. Gopal Rao, III Hons. (English). | Principal W. C. Douglas, M.A. |
| „ P. Nagaraja Rao, V Hons. (Philosophy.) | Mr. U. S. Ramachandran, V Hons. (English). |
| „ M. R. V. Krishna Rao, P. G. (English). | „ K. Ramagopal Rao, P. G. (History). |
| | „ C. K. Seetharaman, III Hons. (History). |

The Opener having replied, the House divided and the motion was lost by a large majority.

The House adjourned at 5-45 P.M.

(4) *Wednesday, 8th November, 1933.*

Mr. B. Parameswaran, President, in the chair.

Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswami Mudaliar, B.A., B.L., M.L.A., addressed the House on:

"The British Commonwealth Relations."

The House adjourned at 5-40 P.M.

(5) *Wednesday, 15th November, 1933.*

Mr. B. Parameswaran, IV Class, in the chair.

Mr. Mathew C. Polak (Presidency College) moved:—

"That in the opinion of this House the study of English should not be compulsory in Indian Universities."

*For the Motion.**Against the Motion.*

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| Mr. Mathew C. Polak. | Mr. A. Narayana Pai (Law). |
| Miss Vilasini Sheno (Presidency). | „ M. R. V. Krishna Rao (Presidency). |
| Mr. Parthasarathi (Christian) | „ Miss Macleod (L. W. Training College). |

*For the Motion.**Against the Motion.*

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| Mr. K. Kadir (Muhammadan). | Mr. P. Nagaraja Rao (Presidency). |
| „ A. Ramamoorthy (Engineering). | „ M. Abdulla (Muhammadan). |
| Mrs. Seetharaman (L. W. T. C.). | „ T. E. Jayaraman (Christian). |
| Mr. M. Shama Doss (Pachaiyappa's). | „ D. Krishnamoorthy (Pachaiyappa's). |
| „ C. V. M. Krishna Rao Naidu (Law). | „ C. Goveas (Engineering). |
| „ Suryanarayana (Loyola). | „ Govinda Menon (Loyola). |
| Principal W. C. Douglas (Presidency College). | |

The Opener having waived his right of reply the House divided and the motion was carried by a large majority. The House adjourned at 6-20 P.M.

(6) *Wednesday, 29th November, 1933.*

Mr. B. Parameswaran, President, in the chair.

Miss Vilasini Sheno (III Hons. Economics) moved:—

"That this House considers that the Government of Madras should appoint women as Professors in the Presidency College."

*For the Motion.**Against the Motion.*

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| Miss Vilasini Sheno. | Mr. C. K. Seetharaman (III Hons. History). |
| Mr. R. Srinivasan (IV Hons. English). | „ S. Bhiman (V Hons. Zoology). |
| „ Hyder Alikhan (III Class). | „ A. C. Dharmaraj (P. G. English). |
| „ K. Naseebkhan (III Class). | „ S. V. Ramanathan (II Class). |
| „ S. Rajagopalan (V Hons. English). | „ M. R. V. Krishna Rao (P. G. English). |
| „ A. Pattabhiraman (II Class). | „ S. Srinivasan (II Class). |
| „ U. S. Ramachandran (V Hons. English). | „ K. Ramagopal Rao (P. G. History). |
| „ S. V. Ramani (III Class). | „ S. Y. Padmanabhan (II Class). |
| „ P. Nagaraja Rao (V Hons. Philosophy). | „ C. Doraiswami (III Hons.). |
| „ A. S. Viswanathan (V Hons. Sanskrit). | „ S. V. Doraiswami (IV Hons. Sanskrit). |

The Opener having waived her right of reply the House divided, and the motion was carried. The House adjourned at 5-50 P.M.

The activities of the term opened with the University Union Debate in which the Madras and British University representatives participated.

In the first debate in the College Prof. P. P. S. Sastri dissuaded us from joining with Dr. H. Parameswaran and cajoled the house to pass a death sentence on 'Mass Production.' This was followed by an exceedingly interesting debate in which Mr. K. Narayanan strove with Mr. Mathew C. Polak on the abused couplet of Kipling about East and West. Principal Douglas came in with his weighty and convincing arguments and the enlightened House found little difficulty in deciding the issue. The third debate, which was an inter-collegiate one, must be one of the most memorable in the modern annals of the Society. A packed House of over a thousand students listened with wrapt attention to the representatives of the different institutions, whose eloquence, sincerity and humour, both on and off the paper, have evidently, been enough to silence the most carping of our critics. It was a fateful occasion for our Universities, for then was the House worked up to an iconoclastic temper and it decided that it shall not study English any longer, except by option. An innovation of first rate importance to the College has been planned by Miss Vilasini Shenoï in the last debate of the term, when she argued successfully with a hardy band of conservatives for women Professors in the Presidency College.

The addresses delivered by Dr. James H. Cousins and Dewan Bahadur A. Ramaswami Mudaliar have evoked great interest and provided much food for thought among the members of the Union Society and the Secretary feels profoundly thankful to the gentlemen for having given the House opportunities to listen to them.

THE SENIOR HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

There was a meeting on Monday, the 16th October, when Rev. C. W. Ranson spoke about "The Blindness of Poverty." Prof. J. Franco presided. The speaker, in the course of his lecture, said that poverty existed in all the countries of the modern world and it meant inability on the part of the people to acquire the simple necessities of life. Poverty is universal and it is a chronic disease of the middle class. H. G. Wells, in his works, has said that it was imperative on the part of the State to supply the poor with food. In the midst of plenty, people suffer from scarcity. It is because of the low purchasing capacity of the people. The recent Census Report in India showed an increase of population with the result that it has outgrown the means of subsistence. In America the State has come to realize its responsibility in reducing the number of working hours and recognising the economy of higher wages to the employees. This has contributed to efficiency in production and also improvement in the standard of living. The main problem that is to be solved is a fair distribution of the potential wealth of the world. Thus in all countries of the world organised attempts have been made to overcome poverty. The Industrial Revolution in the West changed the structure of society and the western and eastern system of aristocracy was replaced by plutocracy.

Mr. Ranson ended his lecture by making references to the writings of Major Douglas who says that the gulf between the rich and the poor is not absolutely inevitable.

There was a debate on Monday, the 30th October, when Mr. Ramagopal Rao, IV Hons., moved that "In the opinion of the House the world needs Dictatorship and not Democracy." Mr. Balasundaram, IV Class, led the opposition. Mr. Mohamed S. Mogral presided. The mover in the course of his speech said that Dictatorship meant that power was centralised in a single person. It is the rule of a constitutional king who is endowed with a certain amount of absolute power to steer the ship of state by effecting social, political and economic reforms. A Dictator is not really an irresponsible autocrat but a benefactor to humanity by patronising art and literature and improving industry and Agriculture. A Dictator could introduce better discipline in public life and could co-ordinate and subordinate, for the benefits of the State, energies which are at present wasted on party warfare. In Russia, Parliamentary Government has gone utterly and in Italy it has become a mockery. The causes for the advent of the Dictators are due to the failure to solve the economic and the political problems on the part of the States and also due to the loss of confidence in the slow-moving Parliamentary executive. Sgr. Mussolini and Kemal Pasha can accomplish the task of government better than a big Parliament. The Dictators can deliver the goods better than any other Parliamentary institutions. Hitler's patriotism and motives are laudable. He has done much for the abolition of reparations of War debts, equality of armaments, and what is more, he has given employment to all unemployed workers and the conditions the masses have been ameliorated. In recent years Italy has made splendid progress in commerce and industry. Turkey which was once the "sick man of Europe" is now a blooming youth under Kemal Pasha. The end justifies the means. Democracy can be saved by Dictatorships.

Mr. Balasundaram in opposing the motion contended that in Dictatorship power is practically unlimited, that the subjects can be treated like a herd of cattle. There was no constitutional authority which can legitimately resist him or call him to action. Democracy has become an under-trial prisoner at the present day and power had been snatched away by the Dictators. Dictatorship is a fatal remedy and there is the probability of the Dictator playing the part of a tyrant. He is apt to leave behind him a legacy of revolutionary tendencies and his rule weakens the idea of law and order. Hitler's attitude and Mussolini's policy towards the Press and Universities are notorious and disastrous. Dictators have no permanent place in the modern scheme of political, economic and social organization. Dictators may come; dictators may go; but they cannot go on for ever. The Kingdom of Heaven promised in the Bible is nothing but the spiritualisation of democracy. Public opinion and liberty are struggling for existence and Dictatorship has sounded the death-knell of popular governments.

Messrs. K. Narayanan, A. Masilamani and Seshadri took part in the debate. The resolution was put to vote and carried by a majority.

On the 2nd November, there was a meeting when Dr. P. Subbaroyan delivered a lecture on "Bismarck and the German Empire." Prof. Joseph Franco presided. The lecturer in the course of an inspiring address said that Bismarck belonged, as usual with the German politicians of the time, to what they called the Junker group, those people who were conservatively inclined and who stood for German domination. Bismarck's early career did not show any promise of his future greatness and when the question of introducing the Parliamentary system into Prussia came in, Bismarck as a conservative felt that there ought not to be an inroad of democratic principles into the king's power. Bismarck's will prevailed to the extent that he was able to see that the constitution which was given was not of such a nature as to take away power from aristocratic families in the State.

Concluding, Dr. Subbaroyan said that their representative to the League of Nations, Sir Brojendarlal Mitter, had stated that the war mentality in Europe had not yet disappeared and the break-down of the Disarmament Conference clearly showed the way in which the world was moving. For his part, the lecturer said that he sincerely hoped that that would not be the case, and the League's function would be maintained and that they would not see another Great War brought about by diplomatic bargaining and the thirst for land which existed in all European countries.

With a few remarks from the Chairman and a vote of thanks, the meeting terminated.

GEOLOGY ASSOCIATION

At a general body meeting of the above Association held under the presidency of Prof. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai, the following were elected office-bearers of the Association for the academic year 1933-34.

President : Prof. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai, M.A., M.Sc., D.I.C.

Vice-President : Mr. T. Sankara Singh, M.A., B.Sc., L.T.

Secretary : Mr. M. S. Rangaratnam.

Editor : Mr. V. D. Krishnaswami, M.A.

Main Students' Representative : Mr. M. Vivekananda.

Subsidiary Students' Representative : Mr. D. Bernard.

Hons. Representative : Mr. P. Hanumantha Rao.

Union Representative : Mr. M. S. Rangaratnam.

The activities of the Association began with a pleasant social given to the new graduates of the Geology Department on the 8th August. Prof. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai presided on the occasion. Toasts were proposed to the old boys and the new graduates by Mr. V. D. Krishnaswami, M.A., and were responded to by Mr. J. D. Chelliah, M.A., B.Sc.

The Inaugural Address was delivered on the 25th August by Mr. R. Rajagopalaswami, M.A., B.A. (Cantab.), Research Fellow of the Madras University. The subject of the address was "The Alkaline Rocks."

The following papers were read and discussed in the Association :—

- (1) V. Venkatasubramanian, (IV Hons.)
"Genesis of the Earth" 17-10-33.
- (2) P. Hanumantha Rao (V Hons.)
"Thermal Metamorphism" 21-11-33.
- (3) P. Sridhara Rao, M.A. (University Research Student)
"Foliation in Rocks" 6-12-33.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

A general body meeting of the Association was held on the 14th of July, 1933, and the following office-bearers were elected for the year 1933-34.

President : Mahamahopadhyaya Vidyavachaspati S. Kuppuswami Sastriar, M.A., I.E.S.

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

Messrs. L. R. Ramachandra Iyer, M.A., L.T.

„ A. Sankaran, M.A., Ph. D.

„ T. S. Balasubramania Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Pandit S. K. Padmanabha Sastriar.

Secretary : M. Venkatacharulu (III Hons.)

Treasurer : A. Seshasayi (V Hons.)

Auditor : M. R. Ry. A. S. Krishna Rao Avl., M.A.

Representative on the Dramatic Club : S. Sankaran (V Hons.)

Lady Representative : Miss A. Kamalam (IV Hons.)

Representative of the Special Members : Mr. V. Raghavan, B.A. (Hons.)

Honours Section Representative : Mr. K. S. Raman (V Hons.)

Representative on the Union Society : Mr. A. S. Viswanathan (V Hons.)

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered by M. R. Ry. K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, B.A., B.L., Retired District Judge, on the 7th of August with Professor Kuppuswami Sastriar in the chair. The subject of his lecture was "The Importance of Sanskrit Study." During the course of his lecture, he remarked that Sanskrit study was the Cinderella of our studies and that we must endeavour to raise this Cinderella to the throne of power and make her the queen of our studies. Further he pointed out that Sanskrit was not a dead language, and it could never be dead but in the hands of carping critics. It was a language that could unlock to them the secrets of *Yoga, Bhakti*, and

Jnana, and as such, they must show the greatest respect to such a language, not the respect of an hourly study in the course of a week or month, but the respect shown to it by the daily increasing knowledge thereof. The lecturer continued that, unfortunately for some centuries past, their great thinkers and leaders in the intellectual field had not bestowed enough attention on synthesis and wanted the present-day students to bear the burden of their culture in the direction of synthesis. The lecturer felt that science not being a divinity by itself, nothing need be sacrificed at its altar. He rather felt that science must subserve the needs of culture, and culture itself, not being an end in itself, must subserve the higher ends of the human spirit; and he believed that the Sanskrit language and literature were the bed-rocks of the human spirit and specially of the Indian spirit.

The Chairman, in his concluding remarks, pointed out that students who specialised in Sanskrit well knew that the idea of 'synthesis' emphasised by the lecturer was an old one in India. Synthesis was the key-note of Hindu culture; and if Hinduism was still alive, it was because that synthesis had been its key-note from the earliest times down to the present day.

With a hearty vote of thanks to the Chairman and the Lecturer the meeting terminated.

Under the auspices of the Association, on the 11th August, Mahamahopadhyaya Ananthakrishna Sastriar of Culcutta delivered an interesting and instructive lecture in Sanskrit on "The Comparative Study of the Three South Indian Schools of Vedanta." Prof. Kuppuswami Sastriar presided. The Lecturer said that Badarayana's *Brahma Sutras* upheld the Advaitic Philosophy and not the other two schools, as interpreted by Ramanuja and Madhva. Pandit S. R. Padmanabha Sastriar proposed the vote of thanks to the Lecturer and the Chairman in Sanskrit and the meeting terminated.

The first ordinary meeting of the Association was held on the 18th of August at 4-15 P.M. Miss A. Kamalam (IV Hons.) read an interesting paper on 'The Influence of Nature on Kalidasa' under the presidency of Mr. P. P. S. Sastri. After the reading of the essay, the President called upon the students to deliver supplementary speeches in their own mother-tongues and not less than ten languages were represented. The President, in his concluding remarks, spoke in Tamil and appreciated much the spirit of the speakers and emphasised that they should never give up their mother-tongue. It was very interesting throughout and the meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the learned professor.

The second meeting was convened on the 25th of August at 4-15 P.M. Mr. K. S. Raman (V Hons.) read a paper in Sanskrit on "Naishada, a Sastra Kavya", when Pandit S. R. Padmanabha Sastriar presided. The essay was very interesting and scholarly and was much appreciated both by the

audience and the President. A few supplementary speeches were delivered in Sanskrit. The learned President, in his concluding speech, referred to some of the fine verses in the Naishada Kavya to illustrate and substantiate the appropriateness of the title of the paper. After the usual vote of thanks the meeting came to a close.

Second Term

Under the auspices of the above Association, M. R. Ry. N. Vasudeva Sarma Avl., M.A., B.L., L.T., Lecturer in Sanskrit, National College, Trichinopoly, delivered a very interesting lecture on the "Meghasandesa" on the 6th of October at 4-30 P.M. in the Sanskrit Lecture Hall. M. R. Ry. S. R. Narayanaswami Iyer, M.A., L.T., Lecturer in Sanskrit, Government Victoria College, Palghat, presided. He remarked that the 'Meghasandesa' as a Sandesa Kavya was peerless in the field of Sanskrit literature. It was a testimony to the wonderful imagination of the poet. We have a fine geographical survey of the northern regions in that immortal work. The lecturer dealt with the various other aspects of the Kavya. The President, in his concluding remarks, said that there remained nothing for him to deal with, as everything had been exhausted by the learned Lecturer himself. The meeting terminated after a vote of thanks both to the Lecturer and the President.

At 4-15 P.M., on Wednesday, the 1st of November, Mr. A. S. Viswanathan (V Hons.) read an interesting paper on "The Sandesa Kavyas in Sanskrit Literature with special reference to the *Hamsasandesa* of Venkatanatha," when M. R. Ry. T. S. Balasubramanya Iyer Avl., M.A., L.T., presided. He traced the indebtedness of Venkatanatha to the *Meghaduta* of Kalidasa who, in turn, got his inspiration from the Ramayana of Valmiki. The picture is borrowed from the Ramayana scene of the sending of a Hamsa by Rama to Sita to familiarise her with the love-lorn condition of the hero. Venkatanatha completed the geographical survey of the whole of India, for Kalidasa had confined himself to that of Northern India. The Lecturer remarked that the *Hamsasandesa* was highly lyrical and as such deserved a unique position in the field of Sanskrit literature. A few supplementary speeches were made, and the President, in his concluding remarks, pointed out that the *Hamsasandesa* was one of the luminaries in the firmament of Sanskrit literature and that every student should be familiar with it. After the usual vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

Under the auspices of the Association, Mr. B. Ramalinga Reddi, B. A., read a paper on "The Dramatic Element in the Valmiki Ramayana." Mr. K. S. Raman (V Hons.) presided and Prof. P. P. S. Sastri watched the proceedings. The Lecturer touched upon some of the dramatic situations in the Ramayana which furnished materials for the later dramatists and his paper was very telling and exhaustive. After the reading of the paper, a few supplementary speeches were made and towards the close, the learned Professor,

in his interesting speech, threw additional light on the subject. The President, in his concluding remarks, pointed out how the Ramayana itself could be transformed into a drama, with characters and verses employed by the great Sage Valmiki himself. The meeting terminated after the vote of thanks by the Secretary.

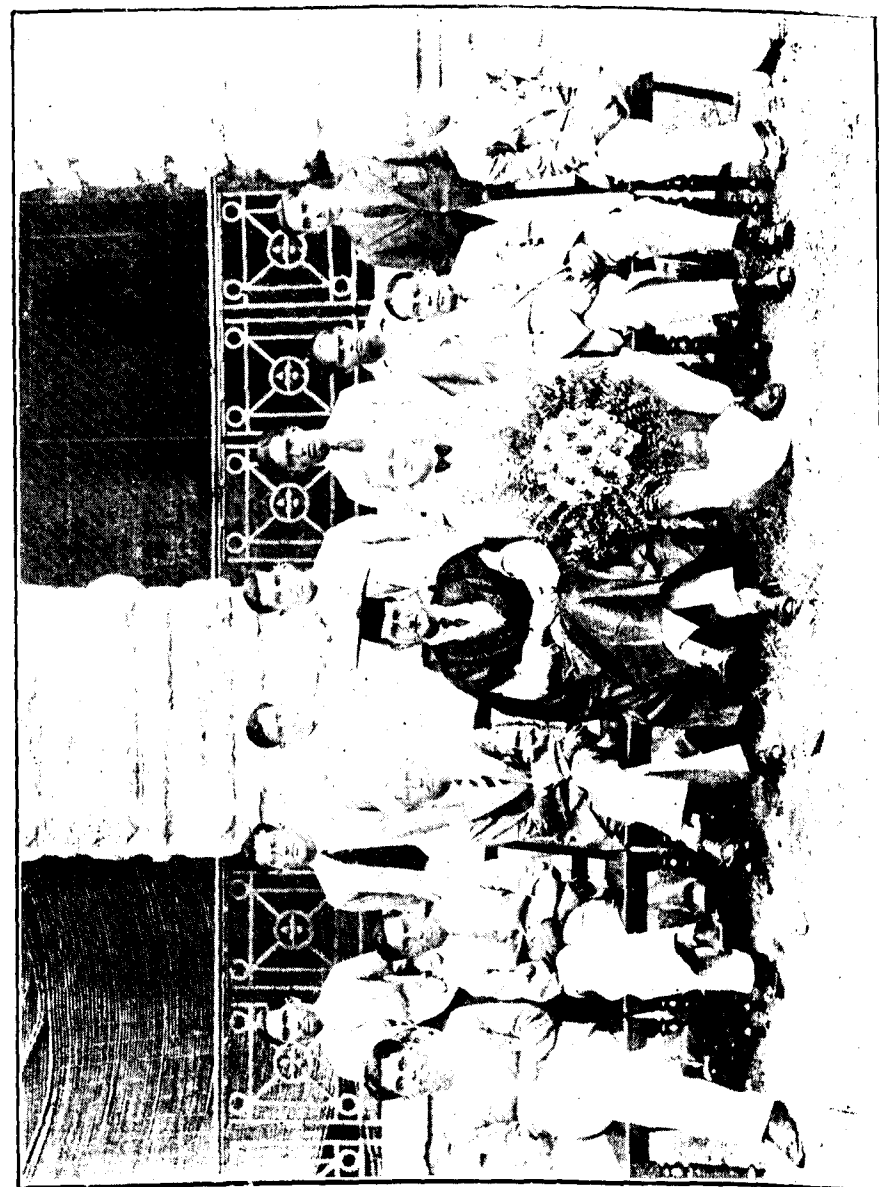
At 4-30 P. M., on the 28th of November, Pandit Jagadis Chandra Chatterji, B. A. (Cantab.), Vidyavaridhi, Director of the International School of Vedic and Allied Research, New York, London and Benares, formerly Director of Oriental Research and Archaeology to the Government of Kashmir, delivered a lecture on "The Appeal of India's Philosophy to Occidental Minds" under the presidency of Prof. S. Kuppuswamy Sastriar. The Lecturer pointed out how the occidental minds found it difficult to understand the Indian philosophical systems and how they groped in darkness for want of proper light in the field. He appealed to the audience that they should take delight in undertaking the task of going to the West and enlightening the minds of the people in the highly valuable but abstract systems of our philosophy. Only scholarly Indians could do it successfully. The President, in his concluding remarks, said that the idea was highly commendable and that he and the staff were prepared to help him in his endeavour and enterprise whole-heartedly. The meeting came to a close after the usual vote of thanks.

On Friday, the 8th of December, Pandit Padmanabha Sastriar delivered a very interesting lecture on the "Kumarasambhava" in Tamil. He expatiated on the high poetic genius of Kalidasa, and the feeble attempts made by the commentators in explaining this unique work. He said that the commentaries were in accordance with the intellectual fibre and whims of the commentators and to illustrate his point he quoted some ten verses with slight change of readings and dwelt upon their poetic beauty. Before he concluded, he stressed the philosophical attitude of Kalidasa and said that there were strong and substantial evidences to prove that he was a staunch Advaitin. Before the meeting terminated, Mr. L. R. Ramachandra Iyer, Asst. Prof. of Sanskrit, thanked the Pandit for his expert and original views on the *Kumarasambhava* and requested him on behalf of the students to enlighten them in such subjects whenever he found it convenient.

THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Physics Association for the second term began with an interesting and instructive lecture on "Aviation" by Mr. M. M. Thomas (V Hons. Physics) on 6-11-33. Dr. H. Parameswaran presided on the occasion.

On 16-11-33, Mr. M. T. Lakshmi Pathy (IV B.Sc. Physics) read a paper on "Time and its Measurement." He traced the development of the methods of measurement of time and explained the mechanism of different kinds of clocks and their pendulums. Dr. H. Parameswaran, who presided on



*On the occasion of the Opening of the Chemistry Exhibition by
Mr. ERLAM SMITH, the Director of Public Instruction.*

College Notes

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the occasion, made many instructive remarks on the subject in his concluding speech.

The third meeting for the term was held on 24-11-33, with Dr. H. Parameswaran in the chair. Mr. Kannapper, M.A., L.T., delivered a lecture on "Statistical Mechanics." The lecture was very instructive, because it explained many points of interest in Modern Physics.

At an ordinary meeting held on 4-12-33 with Dr. H. Parameswaran in the chair, Mr. N. Kasinathan, B.A. (Hons.), gave a lecture on "Investigations of Photographic Processes." The lecturer explained in an able manner that aspect of photography which is concerned with the truthful delineation of light and shade. The choice of the proper grade of paper to give the best possible results corresponding to any particular negative was clearly explained.

The last meeting for the term was held on 8-12-33 when Dr. H. Parameswaran presided. Mr. Kannapper, M.A., L.T., delivered his second lecture. The subject was "Sommerfeld's Application of Fermi-Dirac Statistics to Thermionic Emission." The Lecturer laid much stress on the "Theorem of Equipartition" and explained its importance in understanding Fermi-Dirac Statistics. The state of matter at zero temperature absolute was explained in an interesting manner from the points of view of both Max Willian and Fermi-Dirac Statistics.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

Foremost among the activities of this term was the Ninth Annual Chemistry Exhibition. It was opened by Mr. W. Erlam Smith, Director of Public Instruction, Madras, at 9 A.M. on the 30th October 1933. It was the usual custom to hold the Exhibition for one day, but the unusually large number of visitors necessitated it to be continued the next day also. Several industrial applications bearing on Indian conditions were demonstrated in a simple and understandable manner. The Exhibition was conducted with a view to popularize scientific knowledge. The success of the Exhibition was entirely due to the keen interest and enthusiasm displayed by the students, and the ready help rendered by the Professor and Assistant Professors of the department.

Earlier in the term, on the 4th October 1933, Professor P. C. Ray of the Calcutta University delivered a very interesting and instructive lecture on "Quantum Chemistry." Dr. B. B. Dey, D. Sc., F.I.C., presided. The Lecturer traced the development of the Quantum Theory and its application to the elucidation of the structure of the atom, laying emphasis on the antiquity of the idea of quantum.

An ordinary meeting was held on 24-11-33 when Mr. E. K. Narayana Aiyar, B.A., spoke on "X-Rays and their Applications to Chemistry" with illustrations by means of lantern slides. Dr. H. Parameswaran presided on the occasion.

ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

The Association held its first meeting during this term on 25th October with Mr. W. C. Douglas, M. A., in the chair. Mr. Mathew Polak then read a paper on "G. B. Shaw as a Playwright." He said that Mr. Shaw was primarily a journalist rather than an artist, just like Peacock. Mr. Shaw did not attempt to deal with primary human emotions; there was no characterization in his plays and his success was due to his exploitation of theatrical ways. Mr. T. Ramankuty Menon, who was the critic, contended that Mr. Shaw had created a new type of drama which should be judged by modern critical canons and that characterization was an important feature in his plays. Messrs. N. S. Ramachandran, M. R. V. Krishna Rao, and A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar spoke for five minutes each. The President wound up the debate with a clear and precise critique on Shaw.

The next two meetings were on 8th November and 14th November with Mr. N. S. Ramachandran in the chair, when Mr. W. C. Douglas, M. A., delivered two lectures on Edmund Spenser with particular reference to the First Book of the *Faerie Queene*. He traced the general characteristics of Spenser as an epic poet and proved that his aim was to write practical moral philosophy clothed in an alluring form. The first lecture closed with an analysis of the *Faerie Queene*, Book I. The lecturer pointed out certain favourite rudimentary expressions of the poet. In his second lecture, Mr. Douglas dealt with Spenser's faults as a story-teller, but added that the many digressions in the *Faerie Queene* were among the chief beauties of the epic. As it is, the epic lacked human interest, and character was found not in personality but in mood. Spenser excelled himself here as a painter of portraits, but in his descriptions realism was a matter of degree. The Lecturer also explained the moral and the religious allegory and the political interest of the poem. He concluded by saying that the epic was unsuccessful as a narrative, that it lacked unity, but that as a romance it was a success and that vivid imaginative pictorialism was a feature of the whole book.

The Inter-Association Debate between this Association and the Eng. Honours Association, Madras Christian College, took place on 24th November at the Madras Christian College. Mr. Gordon Mathews, B. Litt., M. A., was in the chair. The subject was "That in literature it is not the what but the how that counts." The debate was opened by a member of the Christian College English Honours Association, and the opposition was led by Mr. M. Narayanan Unni. Our Association was represented by Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami, M.A., L.T., Mr. M. R. V. Krishna Rao, B. A., and Mr. G. N. Seshadri as well as the opposer. Our delegates did quite well and left a deep impression on the audience, especi-

ally Mr. Unni with his eloquence, Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami with his humour, Mr. Krishna Rao with his impressive manner and Mr. Seshadri with his solid unassailable facts. The meeting was well attended and it broke up at 6 P.M.

On December 5th, Miss Costa read a paper on "Tragedy as the Highest Form of Drama." Mr. N. S. Ramachandran presided on the occasion. The essayist traced the origin of tragedy from Aristotle's definition and dealt with its purifying, sublime aspect as revealed in *King Lear*. She said that characterization was the most important element in tragedy as it was the only key to the external manifestations of the tragic emotions; every incident and every action are important in tragedy as these have to explain the catastrophe, while in comedy and in melodrama incidents are only supererogations because here character and action are not mutually explanatory. Exhaustive analysis, original criticism and an accurate knowledge of facts were the main distinguishing features of this essay. Mr. A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar, the critic, said that he found his ideas to be in consonance with the essayist's. He drew attention to the subtlety of insight into human life required on the part of the tragedy-writer, and he was of opinion that it was tragedy that held a faithful mirror up to life. Messrs. M.R.V. Krishna Rao and Mathew Polak were the supplementary speakers.

THE TAMIL MANAVAR SANGAM

At the general body meeting held on the 10th August, 1933, the following office-bearers were elected:—

President of the Sangam : Vidwan R. Viswanatha Iyer, B.A.

Vice-Presidents : Mr. V. Venkatarama Iyer, M.A., L.T.

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

Secretaries : Mr. C. M. Rajakandasawmy (IV Class).

Mr. C. N. Thanigaimani (II Class).

Class Representatives : Mr. Mahadevan (I Class).

Mr. Kasim Sheriff (III Class).

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

On the 22nd August, 1933, the inaugural meeting of the Sangam was held under the presidency of Mr. C. R. Namasivaya Mudaliar, Retired Tamil Pandit of the College. After light refreshments and a group photo, the meeting which was attended by many learned men, was addressed by Mr. S. D. Sargunar, B. A., Lecturer in Tamil, Madras Christian College, on 'The Message of Tiruvalluvar to the World' for over an hour. The lecture was very interesting and instructive. The speaker pointed out the importance and the uses of the study of the *Tirukkural*, the masterpiece of Tiruvalluvar. In winding up the proceedings, the President advised the members of the Sangam to take to the study of the *Kural* in right earnest. The meeting was brought to a close with a vote of thanks to the Lecturer and the President proposed by Vidwan R. Viswanatha Iyer, B.A.



FOOTBALL CLUB

The following matches were played by our college team during this term in the Inter-Collegiate Tournament. The first match was played on the Loyola College grounds against the Loyola College. Enthusiasm prevailed throughout, but the match ended in a draw with one all.

The second match was played against the Law College on our grounds. We lost by a narrow margin of one goal.

The third match was played against the Engineering College on their grounds. Owing to the unavoidable absence of four of our regular players, we lost by four goals.

The Presidency College Football Tournament attracted many colleges, including three mofussil colleges.

The Engineers and the School of Technology qualified themselves for the finals. Till the half-time the game was indecisive. A few minutes before the close, the Engineers scored a goal and carried the cup.

Practice matches were played against the "Merry Gems," the Accountant General Office Team, and the Mysore Maharaja's College Team. We won the first and lost the others by a narrow margin of one goal.

Our College Team was "At Home" to the Maharaja's College Team on 29th November.

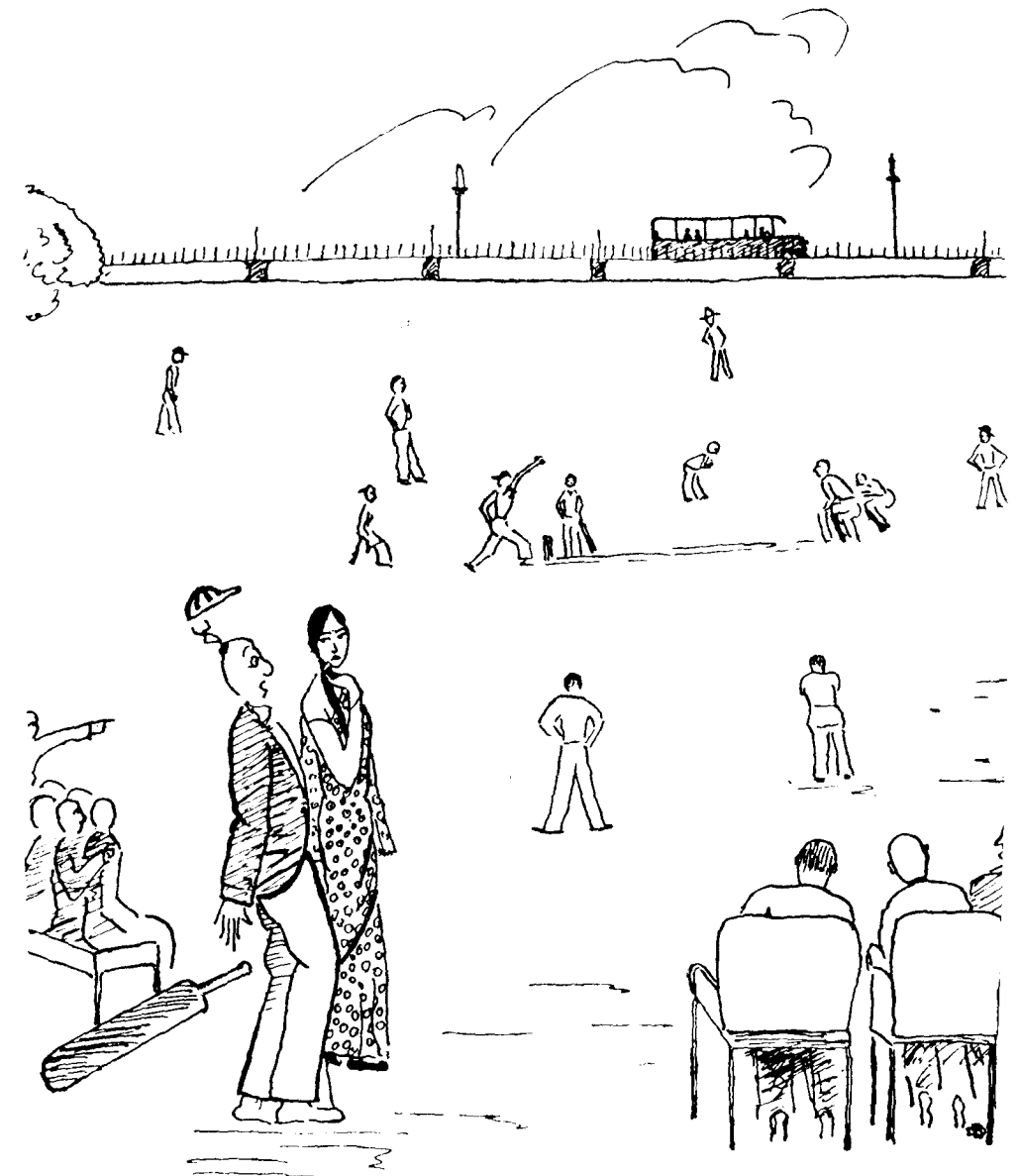
We intended leaving for Mysore on a football tour on the 18th December, but the inclemency of the weather prevented us from starting. We have postponed our tour to the 4th January 1934.

CRICKET

The College Cricket team visited Bangalore during the Michaelmas holidays to play a series of matches.

The first match we drew with the 'Varsity Boys. They scored 248. Uthappa took four wickets for 48, Rajagopalan 4 for 74 and Srinivasan 2 for 33. We replied with 161 for 9—Uthappa 43, Thyagarajan 27 and Srinivasan 25.

AS TWO SEE IT.



First Student: That fellow Ramu took two wickets for three, you know.

Second Lady Student: Poor boy! What a short-sighted fellow he must be.

We next met the St. Joseph's College. We made 146 for 9 and declared. Venkataraman scored 45, Badradri 38 and Flory 21. The match ended in a draw, the home team scoring 84 for 3.

Our third fixture was against the Engineers. The Presidency scored 184 for 7. Uthappa played a splendid innings, scoring 87. At close of play the Engineers were 7 down for 113—Uthappa 3 for 35 and Thyagarajan 2 for 30.

The next match against the Central College also ended in a draw. They scored 250 for 5, Thyagarajan taking two wickets for 25. We replied with 198 for 4, of which Uthappa contributed 73, Thyagarajan 33, Venkataraman 25, Badradri 26 (including three sixes).

The first reverse we met at the hands of the Bangalore Athletics. We were all out for 74 (Badradi 29). The home team scored 115 for 5, Flory 2 for 20.

The last match against the B. U. C. C., we won after an exciting finish. We scored 128. Badradri played well scoring 71, and Srinivasan 32. The B. U. C. C. were in their turn all out for 123. We won the match by five runs. Uthappa took 4 for 42, Flory 2 for 33.

Out of the six matches we played in the tour we drew four, lost one and won the other. Uthappa topped the batting and bowling averages. We were all very much benefited by the tour and our Captain has returned a greatly improved batsman.

Our first inter-collegiate match, after returning, was against the Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Education. We had not the services of Uthappa, Thyagarajan, Venkataraman and Srinivasan. Batting first we were all out for 39 (N. V. Rajagopalan 20). The Y. M. C. A. scored 53 for 3 and won the match.

The last inter-collegiate match was against the Christian College. A feature of the match was the century by Uthappa. We scored 252, Uthappa 114 not out, Badradri 31, Thyagarajan 21. The Christian College were all out for 82—Thyagarajan 3 for 10, Uthappa 2 for 10 and Rajagopalan 2 for 13.

We are glad that Uthappa and Thyagarajan have been selected for the Indian Cricket Federation to play against Bangalore and Mysore.

Under the captaincy of S. S. Mahadevan, our second eleven has played till now four matches and have won two, drawn one and lost the other.

At the outset they met the Luz Youths in a half-day fixture and our team beat them by two wickets and 30 runs. A notable feature of this game was the splendid performance of S. S. Mahadevan in capturing as many as eight wickets for 50 runs and those of C. A. Mahadevan and Mr. P. R. Subramanyam, who did well with the bat scoring 42 not out, and 29 runs respectively,

Next they met the Minerva Cricket Club's second eleven and beat them by 14 runs. Krishnarathnam did well in scoring 18 runs and S. S. Mahadevan captured two wickets for 30 runs.

Prior to our Duncan Tournament, they met the T. R. C. and drew with them. This was a half-day fixture and both the sides did some stale scoring. S. S. Mahadevan batted well and gathered as many as 57 runs in the quick time of 25 minutes. Mr. P. R. Subramanyam followed suit with a useful 24. Bowling was shared among S. S. Mahadevan, Krishnarathnam and D. Natarajan who got 3 for 30, 2 for 14 and 2 for 54 respectively.

Our bad luck brought us defeat in the Duncan Tournament at the hands of the Pachaiyappa's by the meagre margin of 11 runs. Mention should be made of the splendid batting of T. P. Subramanyam and C. A. Mahadevan. It was the former who saved the College in the first innings by a useful 34.

A few of the second eleven have played for the College "A" team in some matches.

HOCKEY

Bangalore Tour

Leaving Madras on the night of 13th September, we returned on the night of the 25th after an enjoyable tour, in spite of the results being far below the expectations of all.

Even though we lost in four games out of the five we played, our players have gathered a lot of experience and they have improved a good deal.

The series began with a tough encounter with the Central College in which we lost by 2—1. Then we played the strongest side, the Old 'Varsity Boys and we were beaten by 4—1. These were followed by two other defeats at the hands of the Champions and the Bangalore Socials. But we drew with the Engineers. The defeats in no way reflect on our merit on the ground. Our players fought out well in every game to the last second under new conditions of weather and ground.

It will not be out of place to mention that Uthappa, Hussaini and Mahadevan distinguished themselves and saved the side from heavy trouncing.

Goals scored against = 15

Goals scored for = 7

Inter-Collegiate Tournament

A notable feature in this tournament was that we beat the Loyola College, last year's cup-holders, by 2—1 on our grounds. Mahadevan, Hussaini and Uthappa played well and others also did their little bit. But this victory does not in any way draw us nearer to the Trophy this year.

Inter-Group Tournaments

JUNIORS

Group I A with Mahadevan and Flory came to the finals beating the Group III by 5—3. M. Ganapathi of Group III played well at the back and saved the side from a heavy trouncing. On the other side, Group II have come to finals beating 1 B by 1—0.

SENIORS

The Natural Science XI have come up to the finals by defeating the History Section by 3—1, where they are meeting the Chemistry team.

The Panagal Tournament.

Eleven teams competed for the above tournament including teams from Cocanada and Anantapur. The College sent in its second XI who met the Pachaiyappa's in the first round and after a good fight went down bravely by the meagre margin of 2—1.

The hockey played in the tourney has not been of a high standard. Our 'A' team met the Engineering College in the quarter finals after beating the local Muslim High School by 1—0. On the first day, they drew (2 all) by throwing away the game which they had in their hands till the last few minutes. But they went down on replay by 2—1. Uthappa and Mahadevan did well and tried their utmost to pull through the college.

P. R. College of Cocanada and C. D. College of Anantapur were eliminated in the first and second rounds respectively.

The finals was played between the Christian College and the School of Technology when the latter carried away the trophy for the year by beating their opponents by 2—0.

Practically, the hockey season of the college has come to a close with the finish of the above tourney.

VOLLEY BALL

For the current year, Mr. K. G. Manickavasagan was nominated as the Captain of our team.

We have been having greater activities this year than during the last. The college team can easily be reckoned as one of the leading ones of the city. Besides our last year's men, we have D. Natarajan, C. R. Namasivayam and M. D. Thirumalai to offer their invaluable services on the field.

We entered two tournaments this year, one conducted by the Egmore Friends' Union Club and the other by the Y. M. C. A. of Madras. Our first two fixtures were against the Egmore Recreation Club and Egmore Nines. We won them easily in two straight games.

Our third encounter was with the Purasawalkam Recreation Club which came off on the 23rd of August. Though they were better represented than ever with Gerald Mani playing for them, we put up a gallant fight and did our best to force a win. Jacob Vergeese successfully blocked the shots of the opponents and practically disabled them. The Captain played more like his real self. Taking advantage of the lifts of C. R. Namasivayam he cut a volley of magnificent shots marked by splendid timing and power. In this connection the defensive games played by Natarajan and Thirumalai are worthy of mention.

By thus defeating the Purasawalkam Club, we reached the final stage of the tournament and took the field on the 15th of September against the Kaiser-I-Hind. We were greatly handicapped by the absence of J. Vergeese and S. Viswanathan. However, we keenly contested and it was mainly through the effective shots of T. P. Venkataraman that we ran out champions. He proved the mainstay of the team and richly deserves praise for his fine display.

We came to the finals in the Y. M. C. A. tournament by playing two matches. We made our first debut in a match against the Egmore Play ground, last year's champion team, whom we beat in two straight games. The Egmore team dominated play for the greater part, but against the sound defence of the Collegians coupled with the fine placings and blockings of J. Vergeese they could make no headway. Next we met the Christian High School and had a comfortable win. In the finals, we met the Triplicane Nines and drew with them twice.

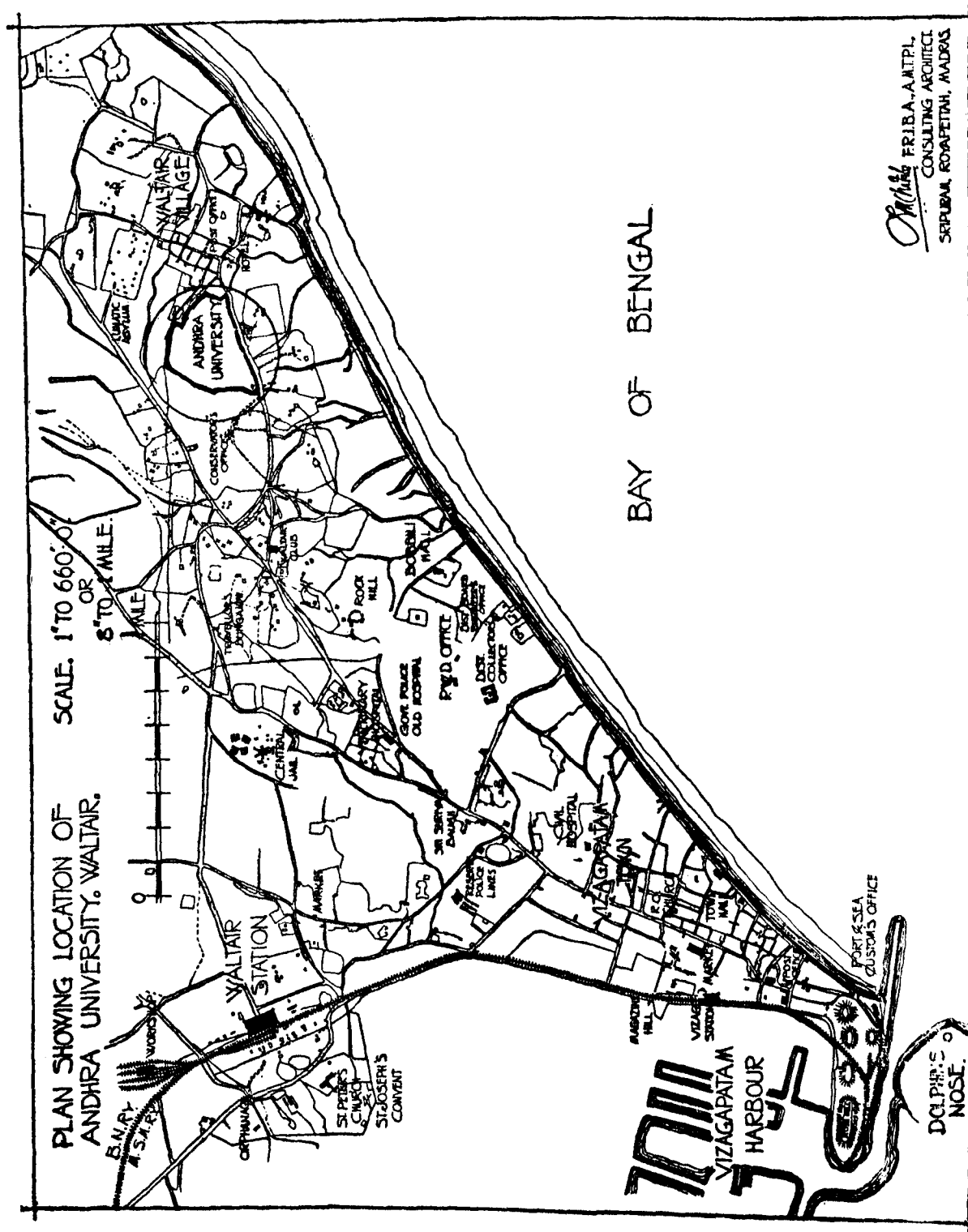
The tournament remains postponed on account of the inclemency of the weather and we have every hope of winning the shield this year.

Our inter-group tournament also drew a great deal of interest as the teams were all equally matched. Many contesting games were witnessed in both the Senior and Junior matches. The Chemistry department among the seniors and Group II among the juniors have won their respective shields this year.

The Magazine Competition Prizes

- (1) The prize of Rs. 10 for the best essay is awarded to P. S. Nataraj Sarma (II Class).
- (2) The prize for the best short story is not awarded.

D. S. SARMA,
Editor.



The Andhra University Buildings

THE following are extracts from the speeches of the Vice-Chancellor and the Chancellor on the occasion of the opening of the Buildings of the Andhra University on 8th December, 1933 :—

THE VICE-CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH

YOUR EXCELLENCY,

Let me thank you for your kindness in consenting to open the first buildings of this University, which may be said to have commenced a new life in this growing town, during your term of office as Chancellor. It is a matter of extreme gratification to us that we are able to-day to request you to open the buildings for which two years ago Your Excellency laid the foundation-stone.

It is a pleasure to know that we have some among our aristocrats who regard themselves as the servants of the public and the commonweal. If the great families of England, such as the Cecils and the Derbys, are still flourishing and if similar ones of the Continent have passed away, it is because the former had the good sense to come to terms with the aspiring middle and lower classes. It is no use building sandbanks against the rising waves. The notable example of the annual gift of the Rajah Saheb of Jeypore to this University for the expenses of the College of Science and Technology, I venture to say, deserves to be followed by the members of his class. According to the terms of the deed he has executed in favour of the University, the College which Your Excellency will now open is to be called JEYPORE VIKRAMA DEO COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND TECHNOLOGY. It will serve for long to remind us of the generosity of this learned donor and to inspire other large gifts.

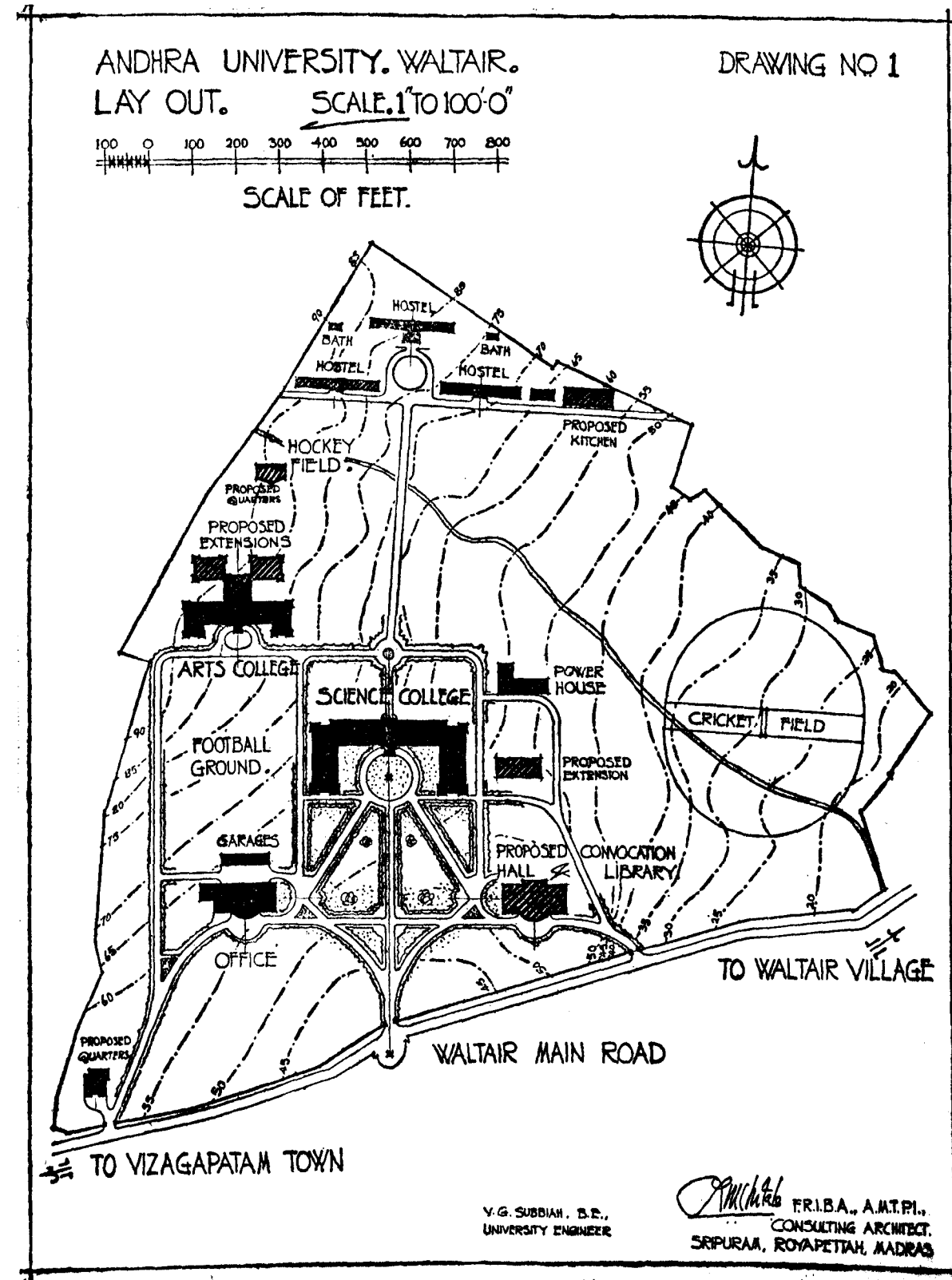
Buildings play an important role in the life of a University. The attraction of the great centres of Oxford and Cambridge and, to a lesser extent, of Harvard and Yale, is not merely in their system of teaching and examinations,

but in the tradition that is embodied in their spires and quadrangles. It is these that convey to the passer-by the extent, the reputation and the power of the University. We are to-day proud to own a home in which tradition can be preserved and transmitted.

From an architectural point of view, the different units form an impressive whole, and even while incomplete, this effect is visible. It is our plan to build a clock-tower on the Science College and a suitable dome on the Arts College. When our Convocation Hall with which will be bound up the ceremonial life of the University is built on the most elevated part of the whole area, facing the street, I am sure that our buildings will impress the imagination of visitors. From the designs of these, it is clear that our main buildings, when completed, will give pleasure to the beholder.

The old Roman architect Vitruvius defined architecture as "Well-building," which has for its conditions three elements, strength, convenience and delight. Our buildings, constructed mainly of local stone, quite sound and suitable, will, we hope, stand secure for a long time. The buildings are commodious and well suited for our purposes. They ensure a maximum of light and air, green spaces and open views. The main groups of buildings will be centrally on the site, the open spaces being more or less evenly distributed along the two main frontages of the Science and Arts Colleges. They are capable of considerable internal variation of treatment to meet the different needs to which they will be put. The general plan is flexible and minor changes are not likely to prejudice the general design. Possible extensions of each of the units in an orderly manner, so as not to leave untidy ends and ragged edges, are provided for. In their strength and simplicity, they seem to promise an addition of distinctive beauty to the setting of the town.

* * * *



H. E. THE CHANCELLOR'S SPEECH

MR. VICE-CHANCELLOR, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

The completion of these, the first new buildings to be erected for the Andhra University, is a great event in the annals of its history and it is especially gratifying to me that I have had the honour not only of laying the foundation-stone but also of now declaring them open. The expedition with which the work has been carried out reflects the greatest credit on all who have been concerned in it and I take this opportunity of congratulating them on their labours. It is indeed a magnificent building, and if the other buildings which you, Sir, have described to us are of the same dignified standard, then one day you will have a beautiful University comparable to any that India, and indeed many other countries, can show.

The speed at which you will be able to attain this desirable end depends on the generosity with which the wealthy members of Andhradesa come forward with donations. The Raja Saheb of Jeypore, after whom this building is deservedly named, has set an outstanding example which deserves to be followed by others of the community. I would appeal to them, as I have done in former years, and impress upon them that there are few more meritorious acts of benevolence which they can do than to help generously towards the expansion of the University. Colleges and schools of an older tradition benefit considerably from the donations of their sons, who, when they make their mark in life, wish to express their gratitude towards the institution which launched them on their careers of success. The Andhra University is of too recent a growth yet to feel the benefit of such donations, but I feel sure that in years to come the graduates of this University will not be dilatory in acknowledging the debt they owe to their Alma Mater.

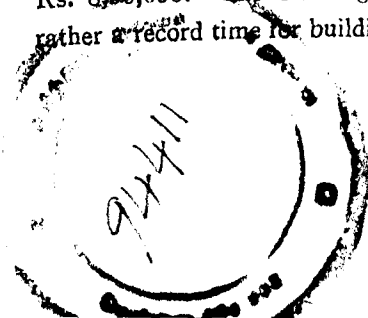
I now have much pleasure in declaring open the Jeypore Vikrama Deo College of Science and Technology.

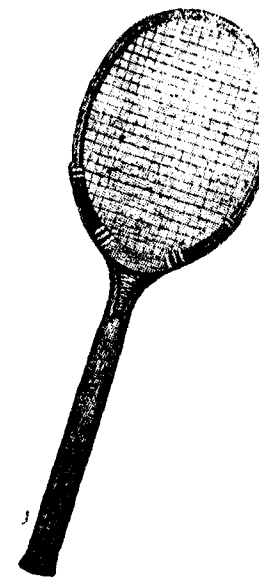
We are obliged to Mr. L. M. Chitale, F.R.I., B.A., A.M.T.P.I., the Consulting Architect of the Andhra University, for the following note on the buildings designed by him as well as for the drawings published here :—

The Andhra University can claim to possess one of the best sites when compared with other University sites in India and abroad. It is a piece of undulating site and it commands a magnificent view of its surroundings with Dolphin's Nose and the Vizagapatam Harbour on the south-west and the Bay of Bengal on the south-east and with hills further north forming the background to the buildings in general perspective. The site is away from traffic and industry and it comprises about 53 acres. The ground falls towards the sea which is within a distance of about a furlong.

The general scheme is based on its central axis on which the Jeypore Vikrama Deo College of Science and Technology is built. The College will have a clock tower in the centre springing up 90 ft. height from its ground level, which would dominate the scheme and its surroundings. It would be seen from ships passing through the Bay of Bengal a distance away. The University College of Arts is on the west and will have an observatory over the central staircase. The hostels are put up extreme north. The scheme facing the sea would be complete when the Convocation Hall and the Library are built and aesthetically controlled by a similar building on the south-west in place of the present office. A parallel and similar building to the Arts College on the east would probably form a complete unit of the University buildings for many years to come. The orientation of buildings is best secured with plenty of provision for light, air and ventilation. Recreative facilities are provided for football, hockey, cricket, tennis and walks. Sufficient provision is made for future extensions. Traffic facilities are provided. The effect of terraces, forecourts, gardens, greens, fountains and statuary would be fully insured when the scheme is completed.

The buildings are constructed of local stone with rather reddish tint which is rather difficult to carve but quite strong and durable for building purposes. The architectural treatment and expression is a product of local materials obtainable, influenced by local conditions. The present scheme costs over Rs. 8,00,000. The buildings were completed within 18 months which was rather a record time for buildings of this magnitude in the Madras Presidency.





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