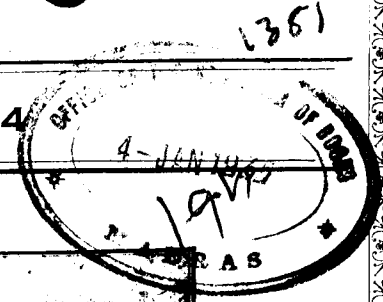


# Our Home Magazine

DECEMBER 1934



SRI RAMAKRISHNA MISSION STUDENTS' HOME, MADRAS



# OUR HOME MAGAZINE

'Come unto Me, all Ye, Children of Immortal Bliss'

—Sri Ramakrishna

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*The sword did not ask to be made nor does it resist the user, nor lament when it is broken.*

*There is a joy of being made, and a joy of being used, and a joy of being put aside, and a joy too being broken.*

*That equal joy discern.*

—ARAVINDA GHOSE.

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प्रार्थना ॥

मधुवाता ऋतायने मधुश्चरन्ति सिन्धवः ।

माध्वीनिः सन्त्वोषधीः ।

मधुनक्तमुतोषसि मधुमत्पार्थिवं रजः ।

मधुर्योस्तुनः पिता ।

मधुमान्नो वनस्पतिर्मधुमौ अस्तु सूर्यः ।

माध्वीर्गात्रो भवन्तु नः ।

मधु मधु मधु ॥

*Taittiriya Upanishad.*

Sweet blow the winds, and the rivers scatter sweetness.

May the herbs and trees be full of honeyed sweetness.

May night and morning yield us joy.

May the very dust of the earth be sweet unto us.

May father Heaven give us happiness.

May the sun shower bliss on us.

And may the cows yield us all sweetness.

May joy, sweetness and bliss cover all and overflow !

## The Unseen School

By K. VEDANTADESIKAN, B.A., L.T.

THE cry of the hour, whether at Allahabad or at Hyderabad, or at Mysore or at Annamalai, is for re-orientation and reorganisation of secondary education and a novel classification of the different stages of education from the infant up to the school final class. Syllabuses are drafted and redrafted; experiments are conducted to work out the syllabuses according to the old and the new methods of imparting instruction. From one quarter comes the suggestion that secondary education should be made practical and new courses of instruction should be opened to give a vocational bias, so that the country's wealth and the individual's time, energy and money may not be wasted upon those unfit for successful and efficient university education. From another quarter comes the more forcible suggestion that the medium of instruction should be the mother tongue of the pupil. All these suggestions are good in their own way and need the greatest consideration at the hands of those who are responsible for education, as the ultimate object of all such suggestions is to make education serve the needs of the society according to its changing conditions at the present day. But there is another need and a great one that needs no legislator or Director to guide or control, that does not admit of unreasonable alterations and that cannot be measured by the written tests of examinations.

It is the standard of moral efficiency of the school. The syllabuses that we follow, the courses of instruction that are offered, the rules and regulations of the Department and of the schools that govern us, the oracular ordinances of the ill-fitted heads of institutions help us but little to make an honest attempt to go anywhere near the standard of moral and ethical efficiency that we intend and which no educational institution worth its name can afford to neglect in the larger interests of society and country. Whether the schools belong to this district or the other, whether they are managed by public bodies or private bodies, whether they are missionary or non-missionary schools, it is essential that the moral tone of the school should never be relegated to the background in any educational system, in any school of any grade. For, after all, it is not the brick and the mortar, the mud walls and the thatched shed that may be the real living school; it is the tone, it is the tradition, it is the ideal for which it stands that makes or mars the school. The arduous attempt to cover up a top-heavy syllabus and to produce a high percentage of passes is one thing and in some respects a minor thing; it is another and a nobler one to set up an unwritten ideal and an established moral standard dwelling in and around the school, surcharging the whole atmosphere with its spirit,

making every one—the young and the old—feel its inspiring influences and impressing upon the public mind its sacredness. We have no quarrel here in setting up a common ideal, nay a universal ideal, as we believe strongly and wisely too that Islam or Christianity or Hinduism will never disagree on the fundamentals of ordinary moral code as well as the highest spiritual truths. We commence our preparations for war only when we begin to talk of our great persons that gave us those truths in different climes and in different countries, suited to the nature of the country and its physical and economic environments, as well as to the prejudices and predilections of the recipient folk. It is all a war regarding the methods of approach towards the goal. But behind these apparent contradictions of the overwhelming and suffocating offshoots of a variety of rituals and ceremonies, creeds and dogmas, we have the greatest truths as well as the *Sanatana Dharma*, which we cannot but admit to be the same for all mankind. Even among those of our own faith, there may be differences of *acharas* and *anushtanas* according as we belong to this community or the other, to the Tamil Nad or Andhra Desa or the Uttara Desa. The *Visesha Dharma* may vary with the various communities and individuals but the *Sanatana Dharma* is the same for all. To speak the truth, to be good and honest in word and deed, to abstain from doing harm to others, to render service to others, to sink one's own interests in the larger interests of the society and the country—to mention only a few—are the accepted canons of all religions and these are

the rudiments on which any happy and civilised society can build up its foundations. The general tone of the school is judged according to the measure of approach that has been made towards reaching this *Samanya Dharma*. One should hold out one's hands in utter despair and despondency, if this unwritten side of our educational records is not remembered in our eagerness to get ahead in our headlong race for manufacturing a larger number of unsaleable articles of S.S.L.C's.

The methods of approach towards this moral standard of the school are as difficult as the standard itself is vague, vague in the sense that it is not in the form of a definite written code and as such its implications are unrealised. We may have a voluminous statute book or a penal code for the school setting forth in all detail the rules of conduct for boys and also the penalties and the punishments that may follow the violation of any of these rules. But these elaborate rules will never make a man, just as the enormity of the school size does not make the real school. There are on the other hand two very powerful unwritten laws and conventional forces that are bound to have the desired effect on those that enter the portals of an institution. They are tradition and public opinion. Boys may come and go, teachers may come and go, the syllabuses may change, the methods of instruction may vary from day to day, but as years roll on, these mighty forces, just because they are unwritten, will continue to live for ever, throwing their increasing illumination on the successive batches of students and masters.

The force of tradition is seen in many of our political and social activities. The most wonderful of all political institutions is that built by Great Britain and its basic principles are its unwritten laws and traditions. In our own social and religious institutions, the force of tradition is very strongly felt. Many of our traditional customs and manners, even our modes of living and thinking, our festivals like Deepavali and Pongal and similar festivals of the Christians and the Muslims have all come down to us from generation to generation making us feel together as belonging to one race and one country. We hear so much of the Eton School in England, its established traditions of order and discipline and of similar traditions in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. Coming nearer in time and space, we may mention, without any intention of making any invidious distinctions, only two institutions among many, that have attempted to build up certain traditions—the Madras Christian College and the Hindu Theological High School. Loyalty to institutions, gratitude to great men, respect for authority, a sense of decency in our dealing with fellow-students and masters, a sort of reverence for the good name of the institution and a kind of affinity that all of the institution belong to one community—these and many others are the symptoms of the healthy traditions of the institutions and not the artificial productions of their written rules and regulations. Such traditions of noble life and character live on and pass from generation to generation through powerful personalities that are the living currents working up this

radiation of life and love. Many institutions and examples can be quoted where tradition has built up a sound moral fabric in all spheres of human activity; but space forbids.

The second force that we need to remember is public opinion, the hand-maid of traditions. Once the tradition is established, the moral tone is built up, the *esprit de corps* is inculcated, the public opinion among those that live within the institution comes out as a sergeant with all its weapons of contempt and ridicule for those who deviate from this established order of moral standards. In village life especially, and particularly among certain communities, the public opinion is so strongly developed that any miscreant is sure to incur the hatred and contempt of the whole society. We would only wish that such a powerful weapon of public opinion instead of merely denouncing the evil doer, and ostracising him, would go a step further and would also endeavour to bring him round to live up to the accepted standard of moral decency. A sound public opinion is the test of the moral standard of the civilised society. The same is the case with our institutions. We are all assembled in a hall for prayer and it is desirable to have perfect silence. In a place where there is a healthy public opinion among the pupils, even if one or two of them begin to break the sanctity by any disturbance whatever, all other eyes are upon them as if to demand order and silence. It is not the master's rod but the pupils' public opinion that controls discipline here. A distinguished visitor goes round the school. We can at once gauge the

moral tone of the school from the way in which the boys talk to him, receive him, behave towards him and bid good-bye to him. The good name of the school and the traditions dictate how all these things should be done and if there should be any stray chumps as there will certainly be in all societies, their unwholesome exhibitions are controlled by the general influence of the school standard and school sense of fairness. In the school election of a Secretary, we find that no communal feeling predominates except the only common feeling that all of them should give their votes only for that student who would carry out his functions most satisfactorily and would be a worthy representative of the school folk. Many such small details could be quoted from our own school life and in all these little things, we find the presence of a sound and healthy public opinion, giving credit to real merit and honest work and condemning the evil doer and the mischief-monger. Such schools have only one outcaste and that is the outcaste of the evildoer.

The creation and fostering of such a sound and healthy public opinion is highly essential in all our institutions of all grades and ranks, if they are really to be the temples

of true learning and training ground for right citizenship. Blessed are those institutions where through the magic wand of powerful personalities, noble traditions are well established and go down to posterity, gaining strength and vigour while so doing. Such traditions, unwritten though they are, and not the printed rules and regulations, dictate the manner of our talking and walking, of our conduct towards all, the foundation of healthy ideas and healthy habits, the longing for an ideal, the sense of fair play in and out of the class rooms—all these and many others of similar nature that make up the true citizen and a true man. The institution sets up the standard and if the tone of the school and public opinion engendered by it defends it, protects it and fosters it. Really glorious is the institution that can send out citizens nursed by such high ideals of right thinking, right doing and right living and proud is the person who says he hails from such an institution. The real school therefore is not the seen one with its imposing structure and enviable super-structure or with its insignificant and unattractive appearance but the unseen one whose moral edifice is built upon the lasting pillars of tradition and public opinion.

*"Education is not the amount of information that is put into your brain and runs riot there, undigested, all your life. We must have life building, man making assimilation of ideas. If you have assimilated five ideas and made them your life and character, you have more education than any man who has got by heart a whole library."*

—SWAMI VIVEKANANDA.

## From the Setu to the Himalayas

V. Tiruvannamalai

By KAUNDINYA

From Chidambaram to Villupuram is 50 miles, and to reach Tiruvannamalai you have to travel another 40 miles by the chord line from Villupuram to Katpadi.

The Tiruvannamalai Hill.

As you approach the place, you observe the beautiful temple with its majestic towers, like a huge picture painted on the hill in the background, which gives the name Tiruvannamalai to the sacred spot.

concept of the Tejo-lingam. God Siva once stood forth before the Devas as a Pillar of light, shooting higher and higher beyond the farthest heavens and lower and lower beyond the very depths of space, as it were. The Devas were baffled but Brahma and Vishnu desiring to unravel the mystery, assumed respectively the forms of Hamsa and Varaha; the one proceeded digging down to the nether regions and the



TIRUVANNAMALAI

The hill itself is in the shape of a Sivalingam, and from its heart flames forth a supramental light, visible only to the awakened spiritual vision of sages and hence is Tiruvannamalai said to represent Tejo-lingam (the symbol of Light) as Chidambaram represents Akasa-lingam.

There is an old Puranic story which, though crude in form, indicates the deeper meaning of this

A Puranic Story.

other flew up into the skies. After a long, long time, they returned and met again, Vishnu declared that he could not dig to the source, while Brahma said in exultation that he had seen the summit of the Light. But what Brahma said was false and for that falsehood, we are told, he lost the homage of the world; so are no temples erected for Brahma and no worship offered. Looking deeper into the parable, Brahma figured as a bird, represents speech

and the creative power of the mind, soaring to giddy heights of imagination; Vishnu as Varaha represents the power of Reason that dives deep and enquires into the ultimate nature of things. Before the supramental Light, reason wisely confesses its defeat, while the egoistic mind falsely declares the incomprehensible as comprehended.

At Tiruvannamalai, you are reminded of this truth, and you are invited to realise it in the depth of your own being. To visualise the old story and to represent God as the source of all Light and Power, a huge conflagration is lit once a year in the month of Karthigai on the Tiruvannamalai, which is seen for miles round. Besides this huge Light, there are myriads of lamps lighted that evening, not only on the hill and the temple, but in every corner of the country. Then you cannot but feel that this entire world is a huge festival of lights, to which you have come with your own little lamp, kindled at the source of all Light.

"That Light whose smile kindles the universe,  
That beauty in which all things work and move,  
That benediction which the eclipsing curse  
Of birth can quench not, that sustaining Love,  
Which through the web of being blindly wove,  
By man and beast and earth and air and sea,  
Burns light or dim as each are mirrors of"

This symbol of Light has gone deep into the Hindu consciousness

and the culminating aspect of all formal worship is therefore the ceremony of lamps, the 'Deeparadhana' and it is conducted day after day at every temple and in several households. The ceremony begins with the waving of a lamp with a hundred wicks; then the wicks are gradually reduced to ten, seven, five, three and one. From the many to the one is the formula of worship. And finally, even the one wick which leaves a dark cinder behind, gives place to camphor which burns away completely, and so has the human soul to sublimate in love without the least trace of the dark little self.

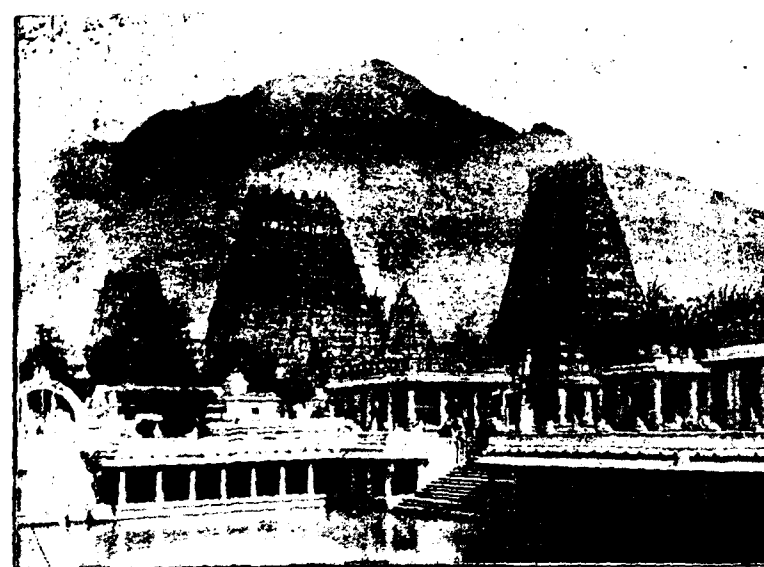
Such are the ideas and associations that pass across the mind while you are in Tiruvannamalai and contemplate on its spiritual glory.

Externally these ideas have been worked out in stone and mortar as splendidly here as in other great shrines. The nine stages of consciousness are the nine gopurams or towers and the five sheaths of the soul are the five prakaras. The Sahasraram or the thousand-petalled lotus is the thousand-pillared mantapam, and the joy that comes in Samadhi while the mind is raised to that region, is symbolised by the Sivaganga tank close by.

The shrine is a very ancient one. The sage Gautama is said to have lived here. King Pratardana from the north, and Ratnangada Pandya from the south, have been devoted worshippers; and several rulers have left ample endowments. There is an

inscription on one of the walls, which runs thus: "Dated the 26th year of the reign of Kulothunga III (A. D. 1178-1275). When selling houses in the temple street, the supervisor of the temple treasury shall determine their prices and of the prices so determined, one half shall be

by him as a garment worn in sleep. Born in 1870 in Conjeevaram, profoundly learned in Sanskrit and trained in music, he became greatly devoted to Kamakshi, had initiation from a Gauda Sannyasin and finally giving up home and hearth, reached Tiruvannamalai in 1890. He was



SIVAGANGA TANK.

paid to the Treasury and the other half to the owner of the house etc."

The thousand-pillared mantapam, the eleven-storeyed Gopuram and tanks are according to other inscriptions attributed to Krishnadeva Raya, king of Vijayanagar (16th century).

Arunagirinathar, the author of Tiruppugal, lived here and a sculptural representation of him together with God Subramanya is found on the eastern side of the hill.

Coming to our own times, there was the great Seshadri Swamigal who attained Mahasamadhi in 1929. His body seemed to be carried about

then approached by people for his learning and accomplishments but as days passed by, he became a thoroughly changed man, a Siddha Purusha. The world then regarded him as mad.

'Heed then no more how body lives or goes,  
Its task is done. Let Karma float it down;  
Let one put garlands on, another kick  
This frame; say naught. No praise, or blame can be  
Where praiser, praised, and blamer, blamed are,—one,  
Thus be thou calm, Sannyasin bold!

Say, Om Tat Sat Om,

with a new cloth and entombed. The lives of these animals, the Maharishi held to be as sacred and valuable as the life of any human being. Who knows if some of them were not probably attracted to him by their past association though unknowingly?

lifted far above the world and feel as if on a Himalayan peak, alone with him. He is a living commentary on the Upanishads and the Gita, and those who would understand their scriptures should read them in the light shed by men like the Maharishi.



SRI RAMANA ASHRAM.

Skandasram was infested with snakes and to them too the Maharishi had nothing but love. He said to those about him, "We have come to their abode as guests, and so we have no business to molest them; let us leave them in peace".

In the present Ashram at Pali Theertham, these animal friends and visitors are not so many, as men and women have begun to pour in constantly for instruction, guidance and solace. The Maharishi talks little, but to be in his presence for ever so short a while, is in itself a benediction; an ineffable peace comes over you. You feel lifted,

His life appeals to all, irrespective of caste, creed or race. Mr. Raphael Hurst, an English Journalist, writing under the assumed name of Paul Brunton, has recently published a book, "A Search in Secret India." He says therein, "I feel that in the Maharishi I have met the most mysterious personality whom life has yet brought within the orbit of my experience... It seems to me that the presence of men like the Maharishi ensures the continuity down history of a divine message from regions not easily accessible to us all."

So, that is Tiruvannamalai!

## "Is Philosophy the Practice of Death?"

T. M. P. MAHADEV, B. A., (HONS.)

PLATO puts the question 'Is philosophy the practice of death?' and answers emphatically in the affirmative. The philosopher, according to him, is one who knows how to die with ease. This Platonic view can be characterised as representing the Hindu attitude to philosophy as well. In the East, and especially in India, philosophy has always been an answer to a practical need. It is not a defect for a philosophy to be practical or pragmatic, provided the term 'practical' is understood in its widest sense. To define philosophy as 'thinking things out' were to cripple its scope and limit its application. Philosophy for the Hindu, is not a set of academic abstractions, intellectual gymnastics. In its commencement it is an effort to solve the life-puzzles; and in its consummation it is life lived in the light of the eternal.

Philosophy, in India, begins with an observation of the life-functions and offers a solution to the riddles of life. The finite self finds itself caught up in the meshes of misery and metempsychosis. It longs for happiness, but it gets in return only misery and pain. Those things which it regards as the sweetest fruits turn to ashes in its mouth. It longs for eternal life, but it is scared by the spectre of death. The function of philosophy is to provide an answer to these problems.

Shallow metaphysics like that of materialists cannot give us a satis-

factory solution. It declares that death is soul's destiny, and that it is no good to indulge in piety and philosophy. There is no eternal life, no happiness hereafter. The pleasures of the empirical life are the only true pleasures. Existence in this world is the only reality. The Charvaka metaphysics, instead of solving the problem, ignores it. Death is not the end of the soul; nor is the self a mass of flesh.

The Vedanta which marks the final flights of philosophy in India is quite an antithesis to the materialism of the Charvaka and the Lokayata. The self, according to the Vedanta, is neither a physical substance nor a psychical entity. It is neither matter nor mind. It is that-which-is. It is one only without a second. It is Brahman.

This fundamental tenet of the philosophy of Vedanta frees the self from the fear of death. The self is unborn and eternal. "Weapons cleave him not, fire does not burn, nor water wet him, nor wind dries him away." The theme of the Kathopanishad, one of the best known treatises on the science of the self, is that the self is unaffected by the visitations of disease and death to the psycho-physical organism that constitutes its empirical outfit. The secret of death is everlasting life. 'Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting'. Birth is neither the beginning, nor death the destiny of the soul.

The Vedanta shows us also the way to immortality. The cycle of metempsychosis can be broken through by the light of knowledge. '*Atmanam viddhi* sums up the law and the prophets'. It is nescience which makes us believe the transient world to be true. It is *avidya* which dresses us in clothes not our own. Bewildered in the darkness of ignorance we deem the self to be finite and fleeting. This wrong notion can be dispelled only by right knowledge, clear insight, *samyag-darsana*. It is not possible to perceive the self as we perceive an external object. It is not possible to prove its existence, since it is the basis of all proofs. The self does not stand at the fag end of a syllogistic process. "This self admits of no proof, but it also stands in no need of proof, for it is in itself the basis of all arguments, and therefore is already established antecedent to any possibility of proof. Similarly,

also, it cannot be denied, for every one in denying it assumes and testifies to its existence". It is not possible to doubt the self, for it is the very being of him who doubts. The self can be known through intuitive insight; and the self is known to be reality, intelligence and bliss.

According to the Vedantic view the person who has acquired the intuitive insight is the true philosopher. Such a philosopher, in the language of Plato, is one who knows how to die with ease. Death counts naught in his life. He lives in terms of eternity. The space-time world shrinks to nothing before him. Of him it is true to say that he has lost himself only to find his self. The 'empirical me' is to be lost before the supreme self can be gained. In the words of Sri Ramakrishna :

When shall I be free :

When 'I' shall cease to be.

## The Catastrophe

By K. JANAKIRAMAN (III YEAR, B.A. HONOURS).

It was a very damp night. Outside, the sickly drizzle of the morning persisted through the long hours of gloom, making the deserted streets unspeakably dirty and nauseous. The dim lights in the distance were twinkling through the fog, only making the atmosphere the heavier and more depressing. But we in the library felt thoroughly comfortable and snug, wrapped in our shawls from head to foot like the witch in the tale.

It is truly wonderful what things the examination bogey can do—

more powerful than the pedagogue, more persuasive than the birch. We who, before, were tucked away in our beds by nine were now droning away for our lives with our old tomes, regardless of the chimes of the clock that was tolling the hour of midnight. But apparently we were interested more in the ensuing Assembly elections and in the Melbourne Air Race than in the Theories of Value or in the mechanism of the Gold Standard. Enthusiasm was running high and the odds were in favour of Mr. S—and

the M-'s in both the events. But poor I was taboo from the discussions, since I had long ago been dubbed a non-entity in things other than bookish. So that you cannot wonder when I state that I was drifting before long into the Land of Nod, bored as I was with all this profitless wastage of breath.

It was all a dream. I had a magnificent feeling of ineffable content and elfin lightness about my whole being. I felt that I was drifting away like a feather among the clouds, passing my fingers idly through the countless layers of snowy white that were scattered all about me. But suddenly the scene changed. The clouds gathered in an ominous mass of black in the distance. The skies darkened and on a sudden the unruffled stillness was broken by a peal of thunder that sent my whole frame shivering. Forked tongues of lightning began to play about with astonishing rapidity and large drops of rain, to pelt me like a summer hail. A sudden flash of blinding brilliance revealed the dim outlines of a large and straggling house that seemed to be the most ludicrous conglomeration of masonic styles imaginable. I made a dash for it, my speed accelerated with an inexplicable instinct. And I hurtled in, all of a heap, into a large oaken hall, with a big, crackling fire in the left and a seething mass of humanity about that baffled all description in its ludicrous pageantry and phantasy.

It was a motley crowd—and what will surprise you more, a crowd drawing its strength from every sphere of life imaginable but mostly from the world of fiction, mediæval and modern. Greater diversity in

costume, in appearance, in taste—in short, in all the attributes of humanity, I had never come across. A group of old men were huddling near the fire and talking in low whispers between long intervals. But not a single other group of folk as such could I find in that big hall. Every one else was moving about in a restless hurly-burly and never seemed to have a word of greeting for a friend that elbowed by through the throng. And the most curious thing of all that I noticed was easily this. The only attention that my unceremonious entrance excited seemed to be but a momentary turn of their drowsy eyes towards me, and an immediate and unconcerned relapse into their own stagnant selves again. I felt a little mortified at this unwelcome departure from the celebrated mediæval hospitality I have read so much of. But then I was equally glad that I was free to observe unmolested this interesting specimen of an unknown world—a thing that can by no means be said of this other one of ours.

I was struck first by an indescribably squalid and miserable-looking figure that was crouching over the grate, stretching its lean and wasted hands over the flames. I stepped towards him with an uneasy sense of horror but still impelled to have a closer look at him. And in so doing I ran into a little boy and nearly knocked him down, more with the suddenness of astonishment than with the violence of the impact.

"By Jove! I can clearly recognise you" I called out. "Aren't you—eh—*Oliver Twist*?"

"Yes. But I am so sorry I have no time to be talking with you. I

am going to ask for more," the fellow piped out in a thin and hungry voice and before I could stop him, was lost in the crowd.

I knew only too well what the poor child was going to get. And so in a trice, I was off in pursuit.

Panting and running, I went after him through a little door and found myself in the identical room which Dickens describes in his novel as the scene of that unforgettable drama—of Oliver's "asking for more." Mr. Bumble was lifting the cane in the act of striking the terrified little being writhing and squealing below him. I made a gesture towards intervening, when I was pulled behind by a strong arm. I turned and looked full into the face of that strangely familiar figure aforementioned.

"I am Squeers," he grinned.

"But who are you to stop me from having my way?" I said and attempted to free myself.

"This is the world of chaos—and evil. I am the devil here," he grinned again and with my frail figure whimpering and struggling in his grasp, he removed me from the room without more ado and banged the door after me, with a well-aimed kick behind, that sent me hurtling through the air into that old crowd again.

I slowly got up, rubbing my sore limbs bruised by the violence of the fall. A kindly, little dame aided me to gather up my sorry figure and set me on my legs again, but she too disappeared into the crowd at once, with a kind nod and an exclamation to the effect that she was Miss La Creevy.

Ruminating over the singularity of these folk, I suddenly felt about

my person an uncomfortable sense of being watched. I raised my head and saw that Mr. Pecksniff was eyeing me benevolently through his double eye-glass. Before I could turn away in disgust as was my first impulse, I saw that the gentleman himself took the initiative and walked off with supreme contempt depicted large in his face.

I felt sick at this never-varying monotony on the part of these busybodies and turned away to look for more faces and figures that were familiar. There was little Nell and Emile playing happily together. I had hardly done admiring the placid contentedness of the children, before I was startled by a wild figure starting back in terror from apparently nothing.

"Avaunt! and quit my sight!" screamed he and hid his eyes with his hands.

"Macbeth!" I muttered to myself and pushed on.

I was by now quite used to this extraordinary crew and was beginning to be less startled by the sudden apparitions that burst upon me from apparently nowhere. I saw Hamlet musing in a corner within himself, his fists clenched and his teeth set. I saw Bois-Gilbert swaggering by, sniffing contemptuously at a fine youth that passed him whom I identified easily as Ivanhoe. I saw Ebenezer Scrooge seated in a dingy corner, muttering humbug at the score of urchins hooting "Happy Christmas" at him. I saw Joe snoring over his porridge and Smike casting hungry glances at the coveted dish. I saw Rip Van Winkle and Caleb Balderstone stalking by arm in arm, probably to the tavern. Long John was stumping away with

surprising rapidity, possibly to avoid Squire Trelawney over there, smiling with content and good cheer at the folk round him. But luckily for John, the good squire stopped to exchange a word of greeting with a patriarchal group that came by prominent among whom were Square Bracebridge, Mr. Pickwick and Mr. Primrose the Vicar. But probably the most ridiculous scene that I blundered into was that where little Red Riding Hood and the Duchess (of "Alice") were playing billiards on a table that was too high for them. The little girl was on the big, bad wolf, while the Duchess tried her best to balance herself precariously on the March Hare that was squealing piteously.

It was with much regret that I recollected it was time to go home, the storm apparently having subsided long since. I turned to have a last look at this little world—and now into the "body of magi" ranged round the hearth. Fancy my astonishment when I saw that the Junta was composed of an entirely Jewish personnel! There was Shylock; there was Fagin; there was Isaac; there was in fact the entire fraternity faithfully transposed to this paradise of fiction. "When the Jews have such

extreme ideas of nationalism, no wonder the Fuhrer ordered the crowd out of Germany!" thought I. An irresistible impulse seized me to question these patriarchs. I asked Shylock whether he was still hot for the pound of flesh. The old dog grinned viciously but answer, there was none. Turning to Fagin, I asked about the health of the Artful Dodger. That was all. An immense and hideous figure, hitherto unnoticed by me, rose with a quick flush from an obscure heap of scrap stacked in a corner. Villainy, murder and vice were written large in his bloated features. The butt-end of a pistol dripping red with blood, with flesh and hair sticking to it, loomed before my misty eyes. Too late I realised that I had roused the wrath of the dreadful Sikes, the ruthless murderer of Nancy.

"Take that for your insolence!", he roared—and struck.

A loud thud. I knocked my head against the library table and with a scream that rent the hall through its ceilings, I woke up, my eyes dazzled by the light, amidst a roar of laughter which promptly marched me off to bed.

I now carry a scar on my forehead for life.

## Whither India?

By K. P. SUBRAMANIAN, III YEAR L. A. E.

TO-day Japan boasts of her modern developments, America of its vast industry, England of its great empire over which the Sun never sets and France of its ever-changing fashion. India, though politically fallen, financially ruined

and socially degraded, is yet a great spiritual giant. She has been contemporary with the World's oldest empires as well as with the young nations now struggling for liberty. What can be the ultimate goal of this ruined nation? I cannot

imagine her to be a powerful military power bringing under subjection all the races of the world. Nor can she be again an industrial nation capturing the world market. But she surpasses all others in one thing i. e. in her spiritual splendour. Hinduism has withstood the onslaughts of foreign invaders. Again and again they have attacked her but like a sea dashing against a mountain they have been beaten back. Buddhism once threatened the very existence of this religion but it has now been completely absorbed. Though in these periods of long-drawn conflicts many discrepancies have crept in, she still retains the spirit.

We have felt that the crying need of our civilization is a new creative interest. This has created a religion of possessions and bank balances. What a man believes is his religion. Russia believes in the doctrines of Lenin and Karl Marx. A highly artificial education has robbed us, the Nation's youth, of our physical and mental vigour. Unfortunately we have developed a faculty of imitating the Westerners in every way. Russian politics has penetrated even to India. Men in the mad craze of following Russia started a campaign against religion. No nationalism that denies the divine values of life can ever hope to succeed. The history of our land bears testimony to the importance of religion in the thought of India. They, the Russian enthusiasts, say that religion is weakening; it creates split. But really

religion discards sectarianism. When followed in its true spirit, it will unite the disrupted land.

The Government of the land is not in our hands. A nation that neither understands nor cares to understand the goal of India shapes our destinies. The highly artificial education should give room to something better. The world forces are marching and we should keep abreast with the advancing nations. We should be educated in Western sciences and Indian spirituality. In addition to the university education we will acquire a manly discipline by the training of the spirit. Both the Western science and Indian spirituality should be combined and boys should study as in the days of yore in the Gurukula Universities.

The Nation's youth should be strengthened physically, intellectually, and spiritually. It is such a type of education that we want. Different nations take to different methods in acquiring supremacy over others. The other nations have chosen an external method. We Hindus have always tried to control the internal and thereby conquer the external. We shall acquire such spiritual energy as to give a vision of Christ to the Christian by our touch. Let us acquire such powers that the greatest exponent of Christianity will be a Hindu; and Mohammedanism will find her greatest exponent amongst us. We shall conquer the universe in this way.

## ஆர்தி

(நத்தகோபாலன்)

[சுவாமி விவேகானந்தர் எழுதிய "கண்டன பவந்தன" என்று தொடங்கும் பாடலின் மொழிபெயர்ப்பு]

பிறவித் தளையை அறுப்பவனே!  
பெருமான்! உலகம் தோழுவனே!  
மறுவற்றவனே! குணங்கடந்த  
மணியே! அணிகட் குறைவிடமே!

பாவ அழுக்கை மாய்ப்பவனே!  
பரனே! நானாய் வரும் திருவே!  
தூய கருத்தே வடிவமெனும்  
கடரே! பூமிக் கணிகலனே!

ஞானஞ்சனத்துன் விமல விழி  
நாட்டம் போதும் மோகம் அறும்!  
கோனே! சரணம்! பக்திமுதற்  
கூறும் உணர்ச்சிப் பெருங்கடலே!

அறிவுக் கனலுற் றொளிர்பவனே!  
அன்பால் உன்பால் அடைபவரே  
பெறுநன்னிதி உன்னினை அடிகள்!  
பித்தேறிய பேரன்புடையாய்!

சமுசாரத்தைக் கடத்தி அருள்  
தருவாய்! யுகத்தின் இறையவனே!  
அமுதே! அடியார் நோன்புயர்  
அருள்வாய்! புவியின் நாயகமே!

உள்ளம் நழுவு சமாதி நிலை  
உணர்வோம் உந்தன் கிருபையினால்!  
தேளும் தேளியே! வாழ்விலுறும்  
தீமை, துயரம் தேய்ப்பவனே!

கருணாகரன் நீ! கருமையிலே  
கை தேர்ந்தவனும் நீ! கலியின்  
இருள் தீர்ப்பவனே! இன்னுயிரை  
ஈந்தும் உலகு புரப்பவனே!

வேன்றாய், நம்பி, ஐம்புலனை !  
வேன்றாய் போன்னும் பற்றுதலும் !  
வேன்றார் வேந்தே ! நின்னடியில்  
மீளாக் காதல் அருளுதியே !

அச்சம் இல்லாய் ! ஐயம் இலாய் !  
அசையா உறுதி படைத்தவனே !  
நச்சம் அடியார்க்குள் புரிவாய் !  
நவிலும் ஜாதிதலம் கருதாய் !

உன் பொற்பதமே உற்றதுணை !  
ஒரு சிற்றுவின் அடியுறு நீர்  
என்னும் விதமாம் பவக்கடலும் !  
இனிமீதல்லல் எமக்குளதோ ?

எல்லா உயிரும் ஒன்றெனவே  
எண்ணிக் கருணை ஈபவனே !  
எல்லா உயிரும் உன் அருளால்  
இன்பம் தழுவும் ! துயரறமே !

மொழியும் மனமும் எட்டாத  
முதலாய் நிற்பாய் ! பின்னந்த  
மொழியும் மனமும் இயங்க ஒரு  
முலாதாரம் நீ ஆவாய் !

சரணம் ! கடரின் கடர் நீயே !  
சரணம் ! சரணம் ! நெஞ்சிலுறும்  
இருளைக் கடிவாய் ! ஒளி தருவாய் !  
எம்மான் ! சரணம் ! அடிபோற்றி !

தாம் தாம் தீம் தீம் தோம் எனமுன்  
தங்கும் மிகுதங்கத் தோலியில்,  
யாமுன் பக்தர் சந்தமிகும்  
இசையால் ஆரதி பாடுகிறோம் !

## தருமசீலன்

(க. ஜனகன், 4வது பாரம் எழுதியது.)

“வேழமுடைத்து மலைநாடுமேதக்க  
சோழவளநாடு சோறடைத்துப்—  
பூழியர்கோன்  
தென்னாடு முத்துடைத்துத்  
தெண்ணீர் வயற்றெண்ணடை  
நன்னாடு சான்றோருடைத்து.”

என்ற முதியார் மொழியின்படி முத்து  
வளத்தை மிகுதியாகவுடையதும் செந்  
தமிழ்நாடு என்ற சிறப்புற்றதுமாகிய பாண்  
டிய நாட்டிலே முன்னொருகால் பசுபாலன்  
என்னுமோர் அரசன் செங்கோல் செலு  
த்திவந்தான். அவனுக்கு ரூபசௌந்தரி  
என்னுமோர் மனைவி இருந்தாள். இரு  
வரும் சரிவர இல்லற வாழ்க்கையை  
நடத்திவருங்கால் அவர்கட்கு தருமசீலன்  
என்னுமோர் புத்திரன் அவதரித்தான்.  
அவன் வயது வந்ததும் கலாசாலைக்  
கனுப்பப்பட்டு செம்மையாய் உணர்  
வேண்டியவைகளைக் கற்றுணர்ந்தான்.

இவ்வாறு இருந்துவருங்காலையில் தரும  
சீலன் ஒரு நாள் சில கைதிகளைச் சேவகர்  
கள் கவர்ந்து செல்வதைப் பார்த்தான்.  
பார்த்தவுடன் தருமசீலன் மனம் இளகிச்  
சில பொன் நாணயங்களை அச்சேவகர்களிடம்  
கொடுத்துக் கைதிகளை மீட்டான்.  
இவன் இவ்வாறு தரும காரியங்கள் செய்  
வதில் சிறு வயதிலேயே ஊக்கங்கொண்  
டிருந்தான்.

சிலநாட்கள் சென்றதும் இவன் தந்தை  
யாகிய பசுபாலன் தருமசீலனை பொக்கிஷ  
அதிபதியாக்கினான். ஒரு நாள் தரும  
சீலன் ஓர் உதஸவம் பார்க்கச் சென்  
றான். அங்கே அநேக முடம், செவிடு,  
குருடு, ஊமை முதலிய அங்கலூனர்களே  
யும் சில ஏழைகளையும் பார்த்தான். அக்  
காசியைக் கண்டதும் தருமசீலன் மனம்  
தாங்காமல் அரண்மனை சென்று பொக்  
கிஷத்திலிருந்த பணம் முழுவதையும்  
அவர்கட்காகச் செலவழித்துவிட்டான்.  
இதை அறிந்த இவன் தந்தையாகிய பசு  
பாலன் கோபம்கொண்டு இவனை தூர

தேசங்களுக்கு வியாபாரம் செய்யும்  
பொருட்டு அனுப்பலாம் என்று ஓர் கலத்  
தில் சாக்குகளை ஏற்றி இவனை அனுப்பி  
விட்டான். தருமசீலன் பிரயாணம் செய்து  
கொண்டிருக்கும்பொழுது ஓர் அழகுரல்  
அவன் காதிற்கு எட்டிற்று. உடனே  
தருமசீலன் அச்சப்தம் கேட்கும் திசை  
யை நோக்கித் தன் கப்பலைச் செலுத்தி  
னான். அவ்விடத்தை அணுகியதும் ஓர்  
கலம் நிறையச் சிறுவர்களை ஏற்றி இருந்  
தது. அவர்கள் கண்ணும் கண்ணீருமாக  
இருந்தனர். விசாரித்ததில் இச்சிறுவர்களை  
அக்கப்பல் மாலுமிகள் அடிமைகளாக  
விற்கப்போவதாகத் தெரிந்தது.

உடனே தருமசீலன் மனம் இளகி தன்  
கலத்தில் இருந்த எல்லாவிதமான சாக்கு  
களையும் அம்மாலுமிகளிடம் கொடுத்து  
விட்டு அதற்குப் பதிலாக அச்சிறுவர்க  
ளைத் தன் கப்பலில் ஏற்றி அவர்களைத்  
தப்பவைத்துவிட்டு வெறுங் கையுடன்  
அரண்மனைசேர்ந்தான். நடந்ததை அறிந்த  
தந்தை கோபாவேசம் கொண்டு “நீ இனி  
என் முகத்தில் விழிக்காதே” என்று  
தூரத்திவிட்டான்.

தருமசீலன் தாயராகிய ரூபசௌந்  
தரி மனம்நொந்து குமாரன் பிரிவைப்  
போறுக்கமுடியாமல் அவனுக்குத் தெரியா  
மலேயே அவன் உடைகளில் சில பொன்  
நாணயங்களை மறைத்துவைத்திருந்தான்.  
அவன் நேரே சமுத்திரக்கரையை அணுகித்  
தன் உடைகளை நீக்கினான். அப்பொழுது  
அவன் அன்னையாகிய ரூபசௌந்தரி  
அவன் உடைகளில் வைத்திருந்த நாணயங்  
களைப் பார்த்தான். அவன் உலகத்தைத்  
தூற்துவிட்டதால் அவற்றையும் அங்கே  
யே வைத்துவிட்டு கடலுக்குள் இறங்கி  
னான்.

அப்பொழுது ஓர் யாசகன் தருமசீல  
னிடம் வந்து அவன் கடலுக்குள் இறங்கு  
வதைத் தடுத்து ஏதாவது அவனுக்குக்  
கொடுக்கும்படி யாசித்தான். தருமசீலன்

தன்னிடமிருந்த நானயங்களையும் உடைகளையும் தானம்பண்ணிவிட்டு அவன் இறங்கவேண்டாம் என்று மறுத்ததை கவனியாமல் நீருக்குள்ளே போக ஆரம்பித்தான். அவன் தண்ணீருக்குள் அதிக தூரம் சென்றபோதிலும் நீர் முழங்காலுக்குமேல் எழுந்ததால் தன் உயிரை வெறுத்தவனாகிய தருமசீலன் இன்னும் ஆழம் செல்ல ஆரம்பித்தான்.

தருமசீலன் வெகுதூரம் சென்றதும் இன்னும் அதிக தூரத்தில் ஓர் பெரும் கல் போன்ற ஒரு உருவைப் பார்த்தான். அதன் சமீபத்தில் செல்லச் செல்ல ரூபம் மாறிக்கொண்டே வந்தது. கடைசியில் ஓர் அழகிய பெண்ணைக் கண்டான். அவள் ஓர் கல்லின்மேல் உட்கார்ந்து அழுதுகொண்டிருந்தாள்.

தருமசீலனும் அக்கல்மேல் ஏறி உட்கார்ந்துகொண்டு, “நீ யார்? எவ்வாறு இங்கு வந்தாய்?” என்று வினவினான். அதற்கு அவள், “நான் ஒரு அரசகுமாரி. நான் பிறந்த ஊர் காலில்பட்டணம். நான் ஒரு பூர்த்தோட்டத்தில் உலவிக்கொண்டிருக்கும்பொழுது சிலர் என்னைக் கவர்த்து வந்து ஓர் கப்பலில் ஏற்றி அடிமையாய் விற்பதற்குக் கொண்டுபோய்க்கொண்டிருந்தனர். நான் பயந்து கடலுக்குள் குதித்து இங்கே இக்கல்லின்மேல் உட்கார்ந்து கொண்டிருக்கிறேன்” என்றாள்.

இவர்கள் இவ்வாறு பேசிக்கொண்டிருக்கும்பொழுது ஓர் ஓடக்காரன் தன் ஓடத்துடன் அங்கே வந்து தான் அவர்களை ஊரில் கொண்டுபோய் விட்டால் அவர்கள் தங்கனிடம் இருக்கும் சொத்தில் பாதியை அவன் கேட்கும்பொழுது தரவேண்டும் என்று சொன்னான். உடனே தருமசீலன் அதற்கொத்து ஓர் ஒலையில் அவ்வாறு செய்வதாக எழுதிக் கையொப்பமிட்டான். அச்சுவடியைப் பெற்றதும் அவ் வோடக்காரன் அவர்களை காவில் என்னும் பட்டணத்தில் கொண்டுபோய் விட்டான்.

காணாமற்போன தன் மகளைக் கண்ட மன்னன் தருமசீலனைக் கண்டு அவன் செய்த உபதாரத்திற்கு மகிழ்ந்து தன் மக ளாகிய ஞானசௌந்தரியை தருமசீலனுக்குக் கலியாணம் செய்துகொடுத்தான். தம்பதிகள் இருவரும் சுகமாக இல்லற வாழ்க்கையை நடத்திவரும் காலையில் ஒரு புத்திரன் அவர்கட்கு பிறந்திருந்தான். ஞானசௌந்தரியின் தந்தை வயது முதிர்ந்து பலஹீனமாயிருந்ததால் தன் மருமக னாகிய தருமசீலனை அரசனாக எண்ணிப் பட்டாபிஷேகத்திற்கு எல்லோரையும் வரவழைத்திருந்தான். தருமசீலன் பெற் றோராகிய பசுபாலனும் ஞானசௌந்தரியும் கூட வந்து சேர்ந்தனர்.

அச்சமயத்தில் சமுத்திரத்திலிருந்து இவர்களை நாட்டிற்கு கொண்டுவந்து விட்ட படகுக்காரன் அங்கு ஓடிவந்து தருமசீலனிடம் அவன் கையொப்பமிட்ட ஏட்டைக் கொடுத்தான். உடனே தரும சீலன், “சரி! உனக்கென்ன வேண்டும்?” என்று கேட்டான். அப்படகுக்காரன், “உன்னிடமிருக்கும் எல்லாப் பொருள் களிலும் பாதியை எனக்குத் தா,” என் றான்.

தருமசீலன் பின்வாங்காமல் அவ்வாறே தந்தும், முடிவில் செல்வப் புதல்வனையும் எடுத்துவைத்துக் குறுக்கே வெட்டி ஒரு பாதி தரவேண்டும் என்ற படகுக் காரன் சொன்னான். தருமசீலன் அவ்வண் ணம் செய்ய ஆயத்தமானதும் படகுக்கா ரன் தர்மதேவதையாகக் காட்சி தந்து தானே அப்படக்காட்டி என்றும் தானே தருமசீலன் கடலில் இறங்கப்போன பொழுது வந்த யாசகனென்றும் புகன்று மறைந்தான்.

எல்லாரும் அதிசயித்து தருமசீலனைப் புகழ்ந்து பட்டாபிஷேகம் செய்து மகிழ்ந் தனர்.

தருமமே ஜெயம்!

## Notes and News

### From Our Diary.

Sept. 1.—Sri Jayanti. Special Puja. Mr. V. Ramiah, B.A., Teacher, from Singapore spoke to the boys on ‘Life in the Straits Settlements’.

Sept. 11.—Sama Veda Upakarmam. ‘Subramania Bharati’ Day. S. Sanku Subra maniam delivered an address.

Sept. 12.—Vinayaka Chaturthi. The inmates of the Home attended the Secre-

tariat Party’s ‘Karna-Arjuna’ at the Midland Theatre. Seva Sangam members acted as volunteers.

Sept. 21.—R. Littlehailes Esq., Vice-Chancellor, Madras University visited the Home.

Sept. 27.—Swami Ganeswaranandaji sang with his Sitar at the shrine. Musiri Subramania Aiyar also sang a piece. The Swamiji spoke to the boys on ‘What we can learn from the American Youth.’ Professor D. S. Sarma presented copies of his Gita to senior students after the meeting.

Oct. 9.—17—Navaratri Celebrations.

Oct. 28.—Fifty boys attended ‘Shap-mochan’ of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore at the Museum Theatre.

Nov. 5.—Dipavali clothing distributed to the inmates of the Home.

Nov. 6.—Dipavali.

Dec. 10.—T. S. Ramachandran Esq., I.C.S., promised a prize of Rs. 5 for an elocution competition in ‘Pearl of Faiths’ on the Home Day.

Dec. 12.—The Government approved the purchase of 5 acres of land for Playground for Mambalam School and sanctioned a grant of Rs. 11,250 thereon.

### Coming Events.

Jan. 14.—Pongal.

Jan. 27.—Birthday of Swami Viveka-nanda.

Feb. 15.—Home Day.

Feb. 17.—Do. Public Celebration.

Mar. 3.—Mahasivaratri.

Mar. 6.—Birthday of Sri Ramakrishna

April 12.—Sri Rama Navami.

April 14.—Tamil New Year Day.

### Navaratri Celebrations.

We place on record our grateful thanks to all those who helped to make the celebra-tions a success.

| Date.    | Religious Discourses<br>(8-30—9-30 A.M.)       | Evening<br>Entertainments.                                                                 |
|----------|------------------------------------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------------------------|
| Oct. 9.  | Nammalwar—Srirangam Paravastu Srinivasachariar | Music—Madura Subramania Aiyar, Venu Naicker and Varahur Muthuswamy Iyer.                   |
| Oct. 10. | Dhruva—Srirangam Satagopachariar.              | Music—Ramamurti Aiyar, Chel-lappa Aiyar and Parthasarathi.                                 |
| Oct. 11. | Saka Deva—Kodavasal Narasimha-chariar          | Music—Mudikondan Venkat-rama Aiyar, Tirupparkadal Srinivasa Aiyangar and San-kara Menon.   |
| Oct. 12. | Sri Andal—Govindappangar Swami                 | Music—Srimati Saraswati Bai.                                                               |
| Oct. 13. | Markandeya—K. Vadivelu Chettiar.               | Drama—‘Karna-Arjuna’ by the Secretariat Party in Sundares-wara Hall, Mylapore.             |
| Oct. 14. | Tirugunanasambandar—S. Satchida-nandam Pillai  | Music—Maharajapuram Viswa-natha Aiyar, Tirupparkadal Srinivasa Ayyangar and Sankara Menon. |
| Oct. 15. | Prahlada—Tillayambur Chakravarthi Acharya      | Bhajana—Sitarama Aiyar of Hindu High School.                                               |
| Oct. 16. | Chandrabasa—Srivilliputtur Sesha-char          | Vikram—K. Natesa Aiyar of Christian College.                                               |
| Oct. 17. | Vijaya Dasami.                                 | Harikatha—‘Kuchelopa-kya-nam’ by Srivilliputhur Sesha-char.                                |
|          |                                                | Drama—‘Bharata’ by Home students.                                                          |

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**Workers.**

Mr. B. R. Natarajan, B.A., B.E., was appointed as Additional Lecturer for the Industrial School. He joined duty on the 29th October.

Mr. Neelakanta Aiyar, B.A., L.T., joined the Home as an honorary worker on the 11th November.

**Scholarships.**

Fresh Government Scholarships to

- (1) M. Balaguru (V.F.)
- (2) S. Seshadri (IV F.)
- (3) S. R. Ramanujam (I year L.A.E.)
- (4) K. Viswanathan (III U.C.)
- (5) S. K. Joghi (III U.C.)

'Rao Bahadur S. Chandrasekhara Mudaliar Scholarship' to  
K. G. Kannappan (III U.C.)

**Admissions and Withdrawals.**

The strength of the Home was 157 on the 1st September. Subsequently there were three withdrawals, and towards the end of December, the number on rolls was 154.

**Athletics.**

Secretary: N. Subramaniam, B.A., L.T.  
Superintendent: R. Aravamudan, B.A.

**Captains.**

Senior Hockey: N. Ramanathan, S. Arjuna Raju

Junior Hockey: S. Ponnambalam, P. N. Mohandoss

Senior Foot-ball: K. P. Subramanian, R. Seshappan

Junior Foot-ball: S. Aravamudan, L. Bhaktavatsalam

Senior Volley-ball: K. N. Ramadoss, P. L. Ramachandran

Junior Volley-ball: M. N. Krishnamurthi, R. Soundararajan

Cricket: V. Srinivasaraghavan

Badminton: K. Venkatappiah Sastri.

Several matches were played during the term with teams from outside and the Home acquitted itself creditably.

|                     | Matches played | Won | Lost. |
|---------------------|----------------|-----|-------|
| Foot-ball ...       | 4              | 3   | 1     |
| Hockey (Senior) ... | 10             | 8   | 2     |
| " (Junior) ...      | 1              | -   | 1     |
| Volley-ball ...     | 1              | -   | 1     |
| Cricket ...         | 4              | 2   | 2     |
| Badminton ...       | 3              | 2   | 1     |

**Old Boys.***Changes of Address.*

49. A. N. Balasubramanian, Revenue Inspector, Vikravandi, S.I Ry.

51. M. A. Narasimhachari, Supervisor, P.W.D., Wariapalle, Ceylon.

52. K. Ramalingam, B.A., Office of the I. G. of Registration, Madras.

123. M. Subramaniam, Electrician, H.E.D., Pollachi.

154. S. S. Sreenathan, c/o Motor-Warehouse, Trichy-Palakarai.

242. C. Kumaraswami, Asst., Board High School, Arni.

244. S. R. Narayanaswami, M.A., Cloth Merchant, Chintadripet, Madras.

246. P. Subramanian, B.A., Rev. Inspector, Narayanavaram, Via Puthur, M.S.M. Ry.

257. F. R. Nathan (K. V. Ranganathan), c/o Haverro Trading Co., 135 Canning Street, P. R. 2122, Calcutta.

267. G. Krishnamachari, Laboratory Asst., Imperial Chemical Industries (India) Ltd., Armenian Street, Madras.

269. M. K. Subramaniam, Clerk, Department of Industries, Chepauk.

301. M. A. Tirumalai Aiyangar, I.C.S., Asst Magistrate, Rampurghat, Nadea Dt., Bengal.

452. S. S. Jagannathan, M.A., c/o Indian Students' Union, Gower Street, London.

608. P. R. Vaidyanathan, Clerk, M. O. W. 79, Buckingham Mills, Perambur, Madras.

**Gift and Endowments.**

Menakara Balarama Reddi Garu of Buchi-reddipalayam assigned to the Home a policy for Rs. 2,500 in the National Indian Life Insurance Co.

Benefit Musical concerts given by eminent music Vidwans in Bezwada and Bangalore recently brought in a further collection of Rs. 1223-9-0, raising the total under this this head to about Rs. 6000. It is their aim to raise a sum of Rs. 50,000 by this means for the institution.

The Madras Secretariat Party made further contributions during the last quarter and raised the total for the year to about Rs. 8,000.

195. **Srinivasan, R.**, b. 1906, son of V. Ranga Aiyangar of Dharapuram, (Clerk, Taluk Office, Bhavani), Coimbatore Dt.

E. 1921, V Form, Wesley College.

L. 1931, M.B., B.S., Third rank in the Presidency list; First honours certificate in Physics and midwifery and Maitland Memorial Prize; Sevalai Seturam Gold Medal and Dr. Nair Gold Medal for the first rank in surgery.

1931, House Surgeon in the General Hospital, Madras.

Married.

1932, Assistant to Dr. S. Rangachari.

1933, Set up private practice in Salem.

Address: Sri Ramakrishna Pharmacy, Salem.

196. **Sailapathi, P. S.**, b. 1906, son of P. A. Subramania Aiyar, Tinnevely.

E. 1921, IV Form, P. S. High School.

L. 1927, Inter.

Clerk, All India Swadeshi Exhibition.

1930, Clerk, Office of the Sanitary Engineer, Madras.

197. **Ramamurthi, A. E.**, b. 1906, son of Yegiabhirama Dikshitar, Purohit, South Arcot Dt.

E. 1921, IV Form, P. S. High School.

L. 1925.

1930, B.A.,

1934, B.L.

Address: Lalita Agraharam, Royapettah, Madras.

198. **Ramakrishnan, A.**, b. 1908, son of S. Konda Reddiar, Landlord, Orathur Village, Villupuram, South Arcot Dt.

E. 1921, IV Form, Pachaiyappa's High School.

L. 1926; 1930, B. A.

1934, L. T. Class, Teachers' College, Saidapet.

Address: Do Do

199. **Subramanian, R.**, b. 1908, son of Ramasubramania Dikshitar, Purohit, Umayalpuram, Tanjore Dt.

E. 1921, IV Form, P. S. High School.

L. 1924, S. S. L. C.

1925, Clerk, Military Accounts.

Address: R. S. Mani, C. M. A's Office, Poona.

200. **Kanakasabhai, S. V.**, b. 1907, son of Venkatachalam Naicker,

Merchant, Sirunai Village, Conjeevaram, Chingleput Dt.

E. 1921, IV Form, Wesley college.

L. 1924, S. S. L. C., Joined the Ramakrishna Math.

Address: Swami Sarvagnananda, Sri Ramakrishna Ashram, Nattarampalli, Jalarpet, North Arcot Dt.

201. **Sambandam, K. V.**, b. 1905, son of K. Vaidyanatha Mudaliar, Landlord, Kaddalore, Veppancheri P. O., Chingleput Dt.

E. 1921, IV Form, P. S. High School.

L. 1926.

1928, Intermediate (Pachayappa's College.)

Address: 8, Venkatachala Asari St., Komaleswaranpet, Madras.

202. **Narayanan, L.**, b. 1908, Kallidai-kurichi, Tinnevely Dt.

E. 1921, III Form, P. S. High School.

L. 1927, Married.

1930, B.A., St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.

1933, Head-master, Higher Ele. School, Parali, Parthivanoor.

Address: Do. Do.

203. **Velayudam, V.**, b. 1906, son of Kunhi Krishna Menon, Trichur, Cochin State.

E. 1921, III Form, Wesley College.

L. 1923.

1926, Clerk, Red Hills, Perambur P. O.

Address: Do. Do.

204. **Subbiah, A.**, b. 1901, son of N. Ayaru Mudaliar, Anniamangalam, Tanjore Dt.

E. 1921, III Year, Subordinate Engineering Class.

L. 1923, Agent, General Construction Co.

1925, Permanent Way Inspector.

Superintendent, R. S. Home Technical Institute.

Supervisor, P. W. D.

Address: Supervisor, P. W. D. Masulipatam.

205. **Vikramasingham, R.**, b. 1901, son of T. Ramanatham Pillai, Jaffna, Ceylon.

E. 1921, Senior Inter., Wesley College.

L. 1922.

206. **Ramakrishna Cowsik, A.**, b. 1909, son of V. R. Cowsik, Engineer, Bangalore.

- E. 1921, III Form, P. S. High School, L. 1922.  
1931, M.A., 1934, M. Sc. (Presidency College, Madras).  
*Address*: Electrical Technology Department, Indian Institute of Science, Bangalore.
- 207. Pattabhiraman, C. R.**, b. 1908, son of Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Madras.  
E. 1922, V Form, R. R. High School, L. 1922.  
1928, B.A.  
1931, Bar-at-Law.  
*Address*: The Grove, Teynampet, Madras.
- 1922**
- 208. Vedantam, R.**, b. 1909, son of Rangachariar, Gandharvakottai, Tanjore Dt.  
E. 1922, II Form, R. R. High School, L. 1927, S. S. L. C.  
1929, Clerk, Shaw Wallace & Co., Madras.  
*Address*: Kaltular Village, Mandai P. O., via Peralam, Tanjore Dt.
- 209. Totadri, V.**, b. 1911, son of T. Vanamamalai Pillai, Military Accounts service, Vellur, Tinnevely Dt.  
E. 1922, I Form.  
L. 1928, S. S. L. C.  
1933, B. A., St. Joseph's College, Trichinopoly.
- 210. Tiruvadi, V. P.**, b. 1914, son of T. Vanamamalai Pillai, Military Accounts Service, Vellur, Tinnevely Dt.  
E. 1922, I Form.  
L. 1929, S. S. L. C.  
*Address*: Student, Govt. School of Technology, Broadway, Madras.
- 211. Kandaswami, O. M.**, b. 1907, son of O. M. Kumaraswami Mudaliar, Mirasdar, Ozhalur, Ponvilaindakalathur P. O., Chingleput Dt.  
E. 1922, IV Form.  
L. 1925.  
*Address*: Ozhalur, Ponvilaindakalathur P. O.
- 212. Krishnaswami, T. R.**, b. 1907, son of Tiruvengadathayyanagar, School-master, Devakottah, Trichinopoly Dt.  
E. 1922, VI Form.  
L. 1927, B. A., (Chemistry), Presidency College.
- 1929 B. L.  
*Address*: Vakil, Tiruppur, Coimbatore Dt.
- 213. Lakshminarasimban, K.**, b. 1909, son of P. Krishna Aiyar, Village Munsif, Pallakapalyam, San-karidrug, Salem Dt.  
E. 1922, III Form.  
L. 1926, S. S. L. C.  
1927, Priestley Institute, Trichy.  
1929, Ticket Examiner, S. L. Ry. Salem.  
*Address*: Transhipment clerk, Mettupalayam.
- 214. Arunachalam, N.**, b. 1906, son of N. Vijayaraghava Mudaliar, Sub Asst Surgeon, Governor's Bodyguard, Madras.  
E. 1922, V Form.  
L. 1923.  
*Address*: Running Shed, Carriage Department, M. S. M. Ry., Rajahmundry.
- 215. Ranganathan, C. V.**, b. 1908, son of C. V. Srinivasa Sastri, Cashier, Imperial Bank of India.  
E. 1922, IV Form.  
L. 1923.  
1927, Deceased.
- 216. Annaswami, C.**, b. 1911, son of C. Subramania Mudaliar, Clerk, Telegraph Engineering Department (Chingleput District).  
E. 1922, II Form.  
L. 1934, M. A.  
*Address*: 3, Chinni Chetty Street, Chingleput.
- 217. Daviah, I. K.**, b. 1903, Ponnampet, Coorg.  
E. 1922, VI Form.  
L. 1925, Intermediate.
- 218. Krishnamurti, C.**, b. 1906, son of Rao Bahadur C. Ramanujachariar, (Under-Secretary to Government), Colattur, Chingleput Dt.  
E. 1922, V Form.  
L. 1924, S. S. L. C.  
1927, Inter.  
1929, Apprentice Broker, Bombay Co., Madras.  
1932, General Swadeshis Ltd., Madras.  
*Address*: "Kripa", Sullivan's Garden Road, Mylapore, Madras.

- 219. Narasimbulu, G.**, b. 1907, son of G. Padmanabha Naidu, Farmer, Varadapuram, Wallajabad, Chingleput Dt.  
E. 1922, V Form.  
L. 1927, Intermediate.  
1927-32, Electrical Department, Corporation of Madras and Student Govt. School of Technology.  
1932, L. E. E.  
1933, Electrical Inspector, Corporation of Madras.  
*Address*: Electrical Inspector, Nizam Government Ry. c/o Dr. G. V. Naidu, Veterinary Officer, Secunderabad.
- 220. Vijayasarithi, N. S.**, b. 1906, son of M. V. Suryanarayana Ayyar, Asst. Engineer, P. W. D., Tinnevely Dt.  
E. 1922, VI Form  
L. 1923; 1930, B. A.,  
*Address*: Hutchin's Gramophone Co., Wallajah Road, Mount Road, Madras.
- 221. Chakrapani Marar, K.**, b. 1902, son of H. H. Prince Ravi Varma, II Prince of Cochin, Trichur.  
E. 1922, VI Form.  
L. 1923.  
1928, Deceased.
- 222. Mudalyandan, S.**, 1907, Madras.  
E. 1922, IV Form; 1925 S. S. L. C.  
L. 1927, Clerk, General Offices, M. S. M. Ry.  
1931, Clerk, Madras Provincial Co-operative Bank, Mylapore, Madras.  
*Address*: Do. Do.
- 223. Venkatachari, P.**, b. 1905, son of P. Srinivasachariar, Pleader, Conjeevaram, Chingleput Dt.  
E. 1922, IV Form.  
L. 1925, S. S. L. C.  
*Address*: 15, Yadotkari Sannidhi Street, Little Conjeevaram.
- 224. Varadarajan, C.**, son of Rao Bahadur C. Ramanujachariar, Under Secretary to Govt., Colattur, Chingleput Dt.  
E. 1922, IV Form.  
L. 1926; 1930, B. A.  
1931-1934, Apprentice, Messrs. Fraser & Ross, Chartered Accountants, Madras.
- Address*: "Kripa" Sullivan's Garden Road, Mylapore, Madras.
- 225. Gopalan, C.**, b. 1909, son of Rao Sahib C. Ramaswami Aiyangar, Head Clerk, Office of the S. G. I. of Railways, Madras. (Colattur, Chingleput Dt.)  
E. 1922, III Form.  
L. 1927, S. S. L. C.  
1927-31, Apprentice, Diocesan Press, Madras.  
1933, "Hindu" Office.  
*Address*: "Kripa", Sullivan's Garden Road, Mylapore, Madras.
- 226. Vijayaraghavan, N. V.**, b. 1909, c/o S. Vasudevachariar, Lecturer, Wesley College, Madras. (Native District, Tanjore.)  
E. 1922, IV Form.  
L. 1925.  
*Address*: c/o S. Vasudevachariar, Tyagaroyanagar, Teynampet P. O., Madras.
- 227. Narayana Rao, T. S.**, b. 1909, son of T. R. Swaminatha Rao, Clerk, Sub Registrar's Office, Tirukkattupalli, Tanjore Dt.  
E. 1922, IV Form.  
L. 1927, Intermediate (Wesley College) Joined College of Engineering.  
1932, B. E. (Mechanical),  
1933, G. I. P. Ry. Workshops, Bombay.  
1934, Representative, Standard Oil Company of New York.  
*Address*: Do. Do.
- 228. Krishnamachari, S. A.**, b. 1907, son of S. A. Srinivasa Aiyangar, Tanjore.  
E. 1922, IV Form.  
L. 1924.  
1927, Hood Institute, Tanjore.  
1928, Clerk, Mettur Project Works, Tanjore.  
1932-34, Employed in Calcutta.
- 229. Gopalachari, K. S.**, b. 1909, son of K. R. Srinivasachariar, Kattuman-narkoil, South Arcot Dt.  
E. 1922, IV Form.  
L. 1929, B. A. Honours (Loyola College).
- 230. Subramanian, A. K.**, b. 1907, Annanganellore, North Arcot Dt.

- E. 1922, IV Form.  
L. 1926, Married.  
1928 Deceased.
- 231. Balasubramanian, M. K.**, b. 1910, son of M. G. Kuppuswami Aiyar, Vakil, Teynampet, Madras, (Native Dt., Tinnevely).  
E. 1922, I Form.  
L. 1923.
- 232. Natarajan, M. K.**, b. 1922, son of M. G. Kuppuswami Aiyar, Vakil, Teynampet, Madras, (Native Dt., Tinnevely).  
E. 1922, I Form.  
L. 1923.
- 233. Rajagopalan, P.**, b. 1908, son of Purushothama Aiyar, Ubhayavedantapuram, Tanjore Dt.  
E. 1922, IV Form.  
L. 1927, Intermediate.  
1930, B.A.  
*Address*: c/o S. R. Ranganatha Aiyar, M.A., University Librarian, Sami Pillai Street, Triplicane.
- 234. Sundararajan, V. R.**, b. 1909, son of V. Raju Mudaliar, Vakil, Cuddalore N. T.  
E. 1922, II Form.  
L. 1927, S. S. L. C.  
1928-30, Sri Minakshi College, Chidambaram.  
*Address*: c/o V. Raju Mudaliar, Vakil, Cuddalore N. T.
- 235. Natarajan, M. N.**, b. 1909, son of Muthukumaraswami Mudaliar, Landlord, Mamandur, Chingleput Dt.  
E. 1922, I Form.  
L. 1927.
- 236. Mahadevan, T. M. P.**, b. 1912, son of T. M. Ponnambala Mudaliar, Thattavaram, North Arcot Dt.  
E. 1922, I Form.  
L. 1929.  
1933, B.A. Honours (Philosophy), First in the Presidency. (Pachaiyappa's College).  
1933-34, Research Fellow, University of Madras.  
*Address*: Satchidananda Sangam, Nagappier Street, Triplicane, Madras.
- 237. Ramaswami, N.**, b. 1909, son of S. N. Narasa Aiyar, Pallakapalyam, Sankaridrug, Salem Dt.  
E. 1922, III Form.  
L. 1928, Intermediate.  
Joined College of Engineering.  
1933, Diploma in Mechanical Engineering Apprenticed in Messrs. Massey & Co., Madras.  
Worked in the Sugar Factory, Hospet, and then in Messrs. Gannon, Dunkerley & Co. Ltd.  
*Address*: R. S. Home Staff Quarters, Mylapore, Madras.
- 238. Ganapati, N.**, b. 1910, son of S. N. Narasa Aiyer, Pallakapalyam, Sankaridrug, Salem, Dt.  
E. 1922, I Form.  
L. 1928, S. S. L. C.  
1928-1934, Printing Apprentice in the Diocesan Press, Vepery.  
1934, Employed in the 'Ananda Vigadan' Office.  
*Address*: R. S. Home Staff Quarters, Mylapore, Madras.
- 239. Mahadevan, N.**, b. 1912, son of S. N. Narasa Ayer, Pallakapalyam, Sankaridrug, Salem Dt.  
E. 1922, I Form.  
L. 1930 Intermediate.  
1931, Clerk, Madras Central Urban Bank.  
1932-33, L. E. E. Course at the Govt. School of Technology.  
1933-34, Private Electrician doing house installations and repairs.  
*Address*: R. S. Home Staff Quarters, Mylapore, Madras.
- 240. Sivaswami, V.**, b. 1909, son of V. Duraiswami Mudaliar, Landlord, Vadapatti, Mamandur, Chingleput Dt.  
E. 1922, I Form.  
L. 1925.  
*Address*: Mamandur.
- 241. Sivaswami, M.**, b. 1908, son of A. Arunachala Mudaliar, Landlord, Mamandur, Chingleput Dt.  
E. 1922, I Form.  
L. 1925.  
*Address*: Mamandur.