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1934 - March

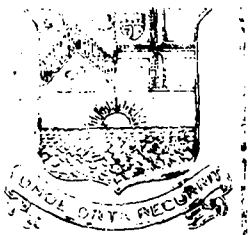
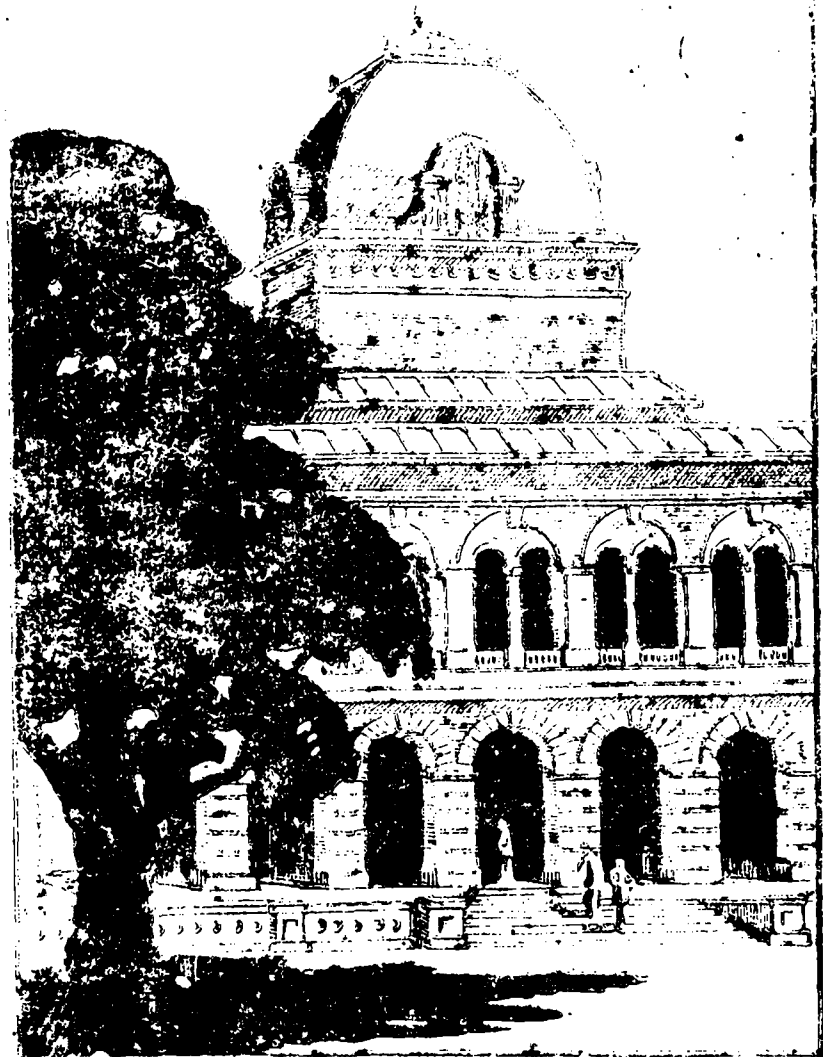
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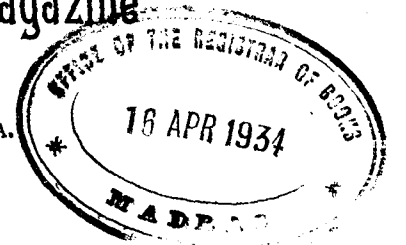


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Editor:—D. S. SARMA, M.A.

Associate Editors:— { P. R. KRISHNASWAMI, M.A.
 { S. RAJAGOPALAN.



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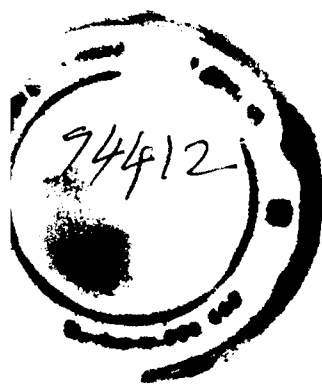
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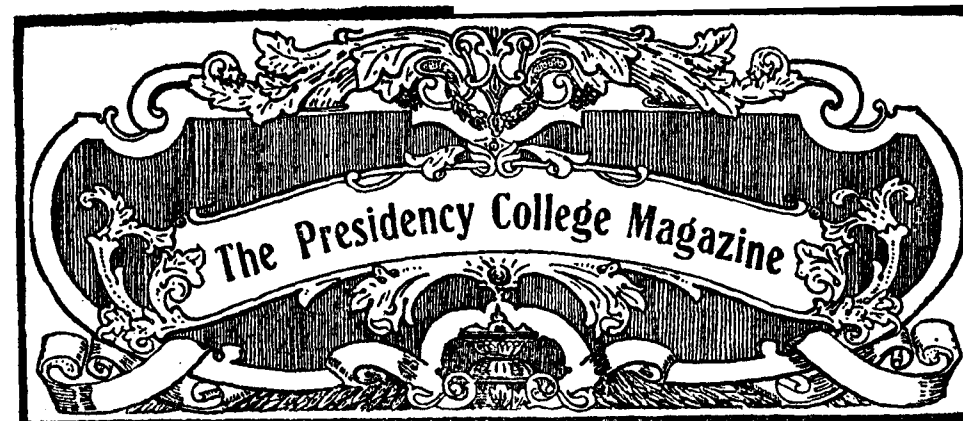
Contributions to the Magazine from the Members of the Staff and the past and the present students of the College will always be gladly received.

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





The Union Society "At Home" to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas.



Vol. IX

MARCH 1934

No. 3

Earthquakes

FOR quite a long time, scientists and laymen believed that earthquakes had their origin in volcanic activity. Earth tremors necessarily accompany volcanic eruptions. It is only natural to expect that the earth would quake in an eruption of the kind that occurred at Krakatoa in the Isles of Sunda in 1883. Three months before that eruption the island roared and thundered. When the eruption took place, dust was shot up to a height of twenty miles. Darkness enveloped the region at mid-day and "the sun-sets in November and December of the same year in the British Isles were of wonderfully brilliant and vivid tints." This was discovered to be due to the scattering of volcanic dust all the world over. The oceanic disturbance was traceable as far as Cape Horn and the English Channel. Barometers all over the world were affected.

But the California earthquake of 1906, the Assam earthquake of 1897, the Bihar earthquake of January this year and many others have no connection with any volcanic activity. What are the causes of such earthquakes? Even a most casual observer of Nature will not fail to note

that the earth is changing and changeable. Tennyson wrote :—

“ There rolls the deep where grew the tree.
O Earth, what changes hast thou seen !
There, where the long street roars, hath been
The stillness of the central sea.”

Natural agents such as wind, water and glaciers are constantly wearing out mountains composed of the hardest rocks ; and in the course of some millions of years will reduce them to low plains. A mountain mass of matter gradually fills up the basin into which these agents transport them, and this loading of sediment exerts greater and greater pressure upon the formations that lie underneath. We know that any foundation will give way if loaded beyond a certain limit. The highly compacted rocks that lie deep in the basin are therefore affected when the load exceeds the maximum allowable pressure. They get cracked and fissured, and slide one against another and cause relative displacements. Such displacements are called ‘ faults.’ The growth of ‘ faults’ necessarily weakens the foundation and the parts affected become generally unstable, and consequently there is a natural tendency for the blocks to come to a stable equilibrium. It is in these movements that earthquakes have their origin.

But a mere gravitative re-adjustment is not the sole cause of the phenomenon. Mountain tops, as already said, are eroded, and the material transported to low-lying tracts. This transfer of material from high altitudes to lower regions is compensated for by a flow of material at great depths below the surface in the reverse direction. Such flows in the earth’s interior would exert a drag on the elastic rock masses overlying them. The dragged masses sometimes meet with obstacles in their way. The motion of the lower part is thus arrested, the top meanwhile continuing its movement because of the elasticity of the

material. With the removal of the obstruction there is a recoil which generates shocks. Earthquakes are thus the effect of elastic rebounds. Sometimes the force of movement may be greater than that of the resistance offered and the rock mass may crack and give rise to shocks.

The theory outlined above, known as Reid’s Theory of elastic rebound, can be easily grasped with the help of the following illustration. Suppose a rectangular block of India rubber is being pushed very slowly over a table and it meets with an obstruction from a nail protruding from the table. The motion of the lower part would be arrested, but the top portion would continue to move forward because of the elasticity of rubber. If the nail were suddenly removed, the block of rubber would make a violent jerk and recover its shape and continue the movement. The same thing happens in the case of the earth, only the energy stored up as elastic strain in the case of the earth movements is of colossal magnitude. In the California earthquake the potential energy was roughly calculated to be 130,000,000,000,000,000 foot-pounds. It is therefore no wonder that, though much of the energy is converted into heat, there is yet plenty left to be transformed into elastic vibrations and to cause considerable damage to life and property.

But then do observed facts support the view that earthquakes are common in regions of mountain building, of the rising and sinking parts of the earth’s crust ? Yes. One great earthquake belt passes along China, Tibet, Northern India, Persia, Asia Minor, Greece, Italy and Spain—that is, along the Himalayan-Alpine range. Geologically speaking, this region was till recently a Mediterranean, separating India from the rest of the Asiatic Continent. Another great belt borders the west coast of the Americas, which is a rising coast. Similarly the eastern coast of Asia extending from Kamchatka through Japan,

the Indian Archipelago as far as New Zealand, and the eastern coast of Africa have been subject to recent physiographic changes.

Earthquake vibrations are recorded by means of an instrument called the seismometer. Since the earthquake wave passes in a three dimensional medium, observations have to be recorded along three axes at right angles to one another. However, instruments that record the vertical component are lacking in quite a large number of stations, as these are very costly and delicate. From a study of the records it is possible to obtain the distance of what is known as the epi-centre from the station and the direction in which it lies. The epi-centre is the point on the earth's surface, directly beneath which the focus of the earthquake lies.

At what depths in the earth's crust have such disturbances their origin? There is much difficulty in determining the 'depth of focus,' as it is called. For the data from which the calculation has to be made are not as precise as desirable. A large number of precision instruments are required to make records at stations sufficiently near the affected country, and time has to be accurately measured up to one-tenth of a second. There are only a few stations commanding such facilities, and they are to be found at present only in some European countries and Japan. By means of accurate measurements made in Japan, the depth of focus of the Japanese earthquake of 1st September 1923 was found to be somewhere between twenty-two and thirty-four miles.

It may interest the reader to know that in the determination of the depth of focus, a scale based upon the intensity of shocks is also used. The one commonly used is the Rossi-Forel Scale. This lacks scientific precision as it depends only upon personal impressions which are bound to vary with individuals. The intensity measure here is made to depend upon impressions like—'scarcely perceptible'

—'setting lamps to swing'—'causing church bells to ring'—'causing severe damage to buildings'—and so on. The intensity thus measured is correlated with the acceleration and amplitude of the waves, and a formula for the depth of focus is evolved, due allowances being made for reduction in intensity caused by absorption of energy, dispersion, etc.

Calculations so far made point to the prevalence of two classes of earthquakes—a class (comprising very large numbers) which can be felt near the epi-centre but cannot be recorded at long distances, and another comprising shocks which affect instruments even at considerable distances from the place of origin and which are of a destructive nature. The first group originates at depths of about half a mile, and the second at depths of 250 miles on the average, that is, between .05 to .1 of the earth's radius. There is, however, no definite line of demarcation between the two groups.

Shallow-seated earthquakes seem to follow seasonal variation. The International Summary of Earthquakes for 1918-1924 reports: "On every day of these seven years, an earthquake had occurred somewhere on earth, though a few shocks only were recorded at one station and in September there was a sudden rise from about 23 to 30 monthly counts of epi-centre to 63, the maximum being reached on 9th September. The deep focus earthquakes do not appear to be concerned in the September maximum but to have their own maximum in March." Thus the shallow ones are more frequent in winter than in summer and are also found to be more common by night than by day. In any earthquake region the stresses are continually accumulating in the rocks deeper down and what is required is merely an agency to strain the rock to the limit of fracture. In winter the annual variations in atmospheric pressure are more favourable to produce this effect than in summer. Similarly, atmospheric variations during the

day account for the diurnal variations in earthquakes. There is therefore much force in the view expressed by Dr. A. K. Das of the Alipore Observatory in his lecture at Calcutta last month that the agency that precipitated the earthquake on the 15th January 1934 was the variation in the atmospheric pressure observed over North Bihar on 12th and 13th January due to the passage of a western disturbance.

The waves set up from the focus are chiefly of two kinds. They are: (1) Push waves of compression and (2) Shake waves in which the vibrations are transverse to the line of propagation. The 'P' and 'S' waves, as they are called, travel upwards through the elastic body of the earth by routes which are concave. The velocity of each depends upon the elasticity and density of the earth's crust in its path. The velocity increases with elasticity and decreases with density. The 'S' waves travel at 1.9 miles per second and the 'P' waves at 3.9 miles per second. In the deep focus earthquakes the waves travelling straight through the core of the earth to the antipodes take less time than those travelling along the surface. The waves are split by reflection and refraction while passing through different kinds of rocky masses. Much of the internal constitution of the earth has been inferred from the propagation of these waves.

Earthquakes rarely occur alone. They are preceded by slight fore-shocks and are always followed by after-shocks. The fore-shocks, though generally feeble, are sometimes by themselves of sufficient intensity to cause considerable damage to life and property. The Hereford earthquake of 1896 heralded its arrival by two fore-shocks which disturbed about 6500 square miles. But the Assam earthquake of 1897, one of the most violent, gave no warning whatsoever. The recent Bihar earthquake too did not follow in the wake of any fore-shocks. The after-

shocks are generally a great many in number and often cause terrible fright to people who are already terror-stricken. In the Assam earthquake the disturbed region continued to be unstable, giving shocks very freely for some days. Calcutta, at a distance of 250 miles, experienced eight shocks, and even Allahabad, 550 miles away, experienced one shock. The area was in a state of tremor for some days. It was reported that "at Bordwar the surface of a glass of water was observed for a week afterwards to be continually trembling and at Tura a lamp was swinging for three or four days."

The after-shocks are periodic in character. Turner has observed that they occur at intervals of multiples of 21 minutes. Jeans points out that the interval of time is in multiples of 126 or 222 minutes. He suggests that this may be due to one of the waves returning to its starting point, after making a complete circuit round the earth, to initiate a new after-shock and that this process is repeated.

Besides these shocks, there are what are known as sympathetic shocks that affect the adjoining districts. For, the release of energy in the earthquake tract will alter the stress condition in the country around and might bring about a change either favourable or unfavourable to seismic activity. If favourable, the stress is relieved by a fracture giving rise to a sympathetic shock.

As strains always precede rupture, it may be asked whether it is possible in any way to predict earthquakes by determining the state of strain. Though no serious attempt has yet been made in this direction, its possibility is not doubted. H. F. Reid says: "To measure the growth of strains, we should build a line of piers, say, a kilometre apart at right angles to the direction in which a geological examination of the region or past experience indicates the 'fault' will take place, when the rupture occurs; a careful

determination from time to time of the direction of the lines joining the successive piers, their differences of level and the exact distances between them would reveal any strains which might be developing along the region the line of piers crosses. Measures of the class described would be extremely useful not only for the purpose of prediction but also to reveal the true nature of the earth movements taking place and thus lead to a better understanding of the causes of earthquakes." The method now prevalent to have an insight into the growth of strains in the rocks is by triangulation and levelling at frequent intervals. This is being adopted in Japan and California, and the results are found useful.

In most Japanese earthquakes the surface of the earth slightly tilts and then the earthquake follows after a time not less than half an hour and not exceeding four hours. This phenomenon was noticed as early as 1793 by the people living in a coastal village. They saw a sudden tilting of the shore and expecting a tidal wave rushed to safe places. Within four hours both a tidal wave and an earthquake occurred. Tilting is now commonly noticed. The Japanese have actually invented a tiltometer which helps considerably to sound a note of warning of seismic activity.

Further, the strain in the earth has been found to bear a relationship to the shift of the poles. Milne, Cancani and Sieberg have studied the inter-dependence between latitude variation and earthquakes. Dr. H. Kimura has made an intensive research in this direction and comes to the conclusion that, whenever the amplitude of latitude variation is small, the effects of earthquakes are felt, and that there is a change in the velocity of the migration of poles before and after most earthquakes. He says that earthquakes could to a certain extent be predicted if daily observations of latitude variation are examined and that the change of velocity gives another hint to prediction. Oldham says

that, though one need not believe in the astrological influences of planets, the exact time of the occurrence of earthquakes might possibly be foretold by means of some astronomical or meteorological data. In the light of this statement the strange combination of seven planets on the 16th of January last has a profound significance. Possibly the combination brought to bear some microcosmic tidal influence on the earth which was enough to pull the trigger and raise the alarm. Curiously Raphaël's Almanack for 1934, published on 1st April 1933, foretells for the winter-quarter: "Great and awe-inspiring earthquakes in many places including Eastern India near Calcutta."

The destruction caused by earthquakes is due to shearing and vibratory movements. Shearing movements give rise to shifts in fences and pipes and to the increasing or decreasing of distances. In the Assam earthquake of 1897, telegraph posts which were all in the same line were displaced ten to fifteen feet away from the line. The distances between the railway lines increased and the shift was as much as six feet. Vibratory movements are caused by the compressional wave passing through a rock, subjecting the material to compression and expansion. If a city is situated at the junction of soft and hard rocks, the waves are reflected and their intensity increases. Monghyr has suffered most in the recent earthquake, possibly because of its being situated at a junction of Alluvium and hard rocks. The vibrations acting through the mass would open fissures and close them. During the Madrid earthquake of 1812, it was reported that the earth rolled like the swell of the sea, about three feet high, opening trenches which closed with the advance of the succeeding wave. In the California earthquake of 1906, sixteen persons reported that they had seen a similar phenomenon. It is difficult to believe that the eye is capable of resolving a wave velocity of about two miles a second, which is over 160 times the

velocity of the swell in the seas. The vibrations passing through the Alluvium have low breaking strength. Cracks therefore easily open and close at right angles to the direction of propagation. Water and sand are thrown out from the interior. Last month's earthquake opened out a number of cracks in Muzaffarpur forcing out mud and sulphurous water with the formation of large expanses of water on what used to be dry ground. As the waves cause rise and fall of the ground, it is no wonder that railway lines get buckled up. Pipes, particularly those laid in Alluvium, get easily broken up, the ruptures taking place easily at joints. Professor Ziro Takenama has devised a new socket which is earthquake-proof and in which "the strength increases with the increase of the straining speed." Such joints are now extensively used in laying out pipes in Japan. For it is a matter of utmost importance not to run the risk of a failure of water-supply in earthquake regions, owing to the possibilities of fire breaking out after earthquakes. For instance, in that terrible Japan earthquake of 1923, the like of which the world has not seen, Tokyo was enveloped in flames and people died asphyxiated. The estimated damage due to fire was £ 950,000,00 sterling, while that due to the shock itself was only £ 50,000,000.

As a result of the shock, walls and chimneys usually crack. When these lie at right angles to the direction of vibrations, they are thrown up and down. The force is applied at the base and is propagated upwards, the rate being determined by the flexibility or rigidity of the structure. This is a matter which should be within the easy grasp of even a second class passenger in the S. I. Ry., who is alternately subjected to compression and expansion when the train is in motion. Similarly the walls of buildings and chimneys alternately go up and down and eventually—though luckily this is not generally the experience of second class passengers—crack horizontally. Tops of chim-

neys, walls and gables are consequently thrown down. In the Japan earthquake already referred to, it was observed that in buildings from three to nine storeys high the most severe damages occurred in the second or the third storey. The detached top parts were seen rocking over the bottom parts. This is because the vertical component diminishes directly as the square of the distance in the epi-central tract, and some way off it becomes negligible. A twisting motion too is an accompaniment of many earthquakes. Statues have been in consequence rotated over their bases. In exceptional cases the rotation on the top has been as much as 180 degrees, though ordinarily it is about 20 degrees.

Earthquakes bring about remarkable changes in the country they visit. The yield of water in certain springs increases; in others it decreases. The water-bearing layer lying at depths, when it is compressed, will extrude water sometimes with considerable force, with the result that the earth is blown up in many places giving rise to sinks. Sand is also ejected and sandy craters are formed. Rivers too rise and fall. During the Assam earthquake the Brahmaputra showed a distinct rise of $7\frac{1}{2}$ feet at Gauhati within an hour of the shock. It took nearly two days before the waters resumed their original level. Such a rise is due to the lifting up of the river bed itself. In the earthquake last month, an eye-witness reported: "There was a dull roar followed by a hissing noise, and the waters of the Ganges subsided, as if by magic into the sand, several boats and river steamers being stranded. After five minutes, great cracks appeared and columns of water shot up to a man's height with loud noises and then in a few seconds the Ganges resumed its normal flow."

Peculiar sounds are generally heard during earthquakes. They are variously described:—'like a fast locomotive'—'like the surf'—'like a roaring'—'like that of a heavy truck'—'like thunder'—'like the discharge of an artillery'—and so on. The Collector of Purnia compared

the sound he heard at the Bihar earthquake to that of a gunshot. The sound is caused by the vibrating ground beating upon the air.

Brilliant flashes of light have also been observed during earthquakes. The colour of the light is bluish yellow, reddish yellow, or reddish blue. In the Idu earthquake of 26th November 1930, the luminosity was noted shortly before the earthquake and continued for about an hour in flashes after the cessation of the tremor. Each flash lasted for more than a minute—very much longer than that of lightning.

In India earthquakes are of frequent occurrence in the north along the foot of the Himalayas. These mountain ranges are of recent formation. The sediments that collected in a sea that once extended from the Mediterranean to the Pacific Ocean constitute the bulk of the ranges. The mountains of North-West Afghanistan, Baluchistan and the ranges in the north-east frontier of Burma, and the Andamans and Nicobar Islands have also grown from similar sediments. The high peaks of the Himalayas are granite covered. Their present elevation is due not only to the granite having resisted the wear and tear of the agents of denudation, but also to the fact that these areas belong to regions of elevation. The elevatory movement is still continuing and is a contributory factor to seismic activity in the 'faulted' region that extends the whole length of the Himalayas from the Punjab to Assam. The 'faulting' is very peculiar and is connected with the Himalayan upheaval. A number of subsidences have taken place one after another towards the south, each subsidence taking place nearly towards the close of the accumulation of material that was washed from the elevated ground in the north. The filled up tract was added on to the Himalayas in its upheaval. In the buckling to which the sediments were subjected they gave way at their contact with the original hills, giving rise to a boundary 'fault.' Thus, the Himalayas are invading

the south by adding ranges to themselves. The Siwalik hills (*i.e.*, the hills at Hardwar, Jammu, Kasauli and other places) constitute the latest addition. Where they abut on the older range, there is a boundary 'fault.' If this history is repeated, the Indo-Gangetic belt will also be added on to the Himalayas; and Calcutta, Benares and Patna may one day become Simlas or Darjeelings. But there is no fear that this will happen in the near future. What is clear, however, is the young Himalaya is growing, and in its growth it gets fractured. From the Punjab to Assam these dislocations or 'faults' exist and hence from the Punjab to Assam rock masses slip underground causing earthquakes.

Seismic disturbances are not confined in India to the countries situated at the foot of the Himalayas and their off-shoots—namely Afghanistan, Northern Baluchistan, Kashmir, Kumaon, Nepal, Assam, and the north-west frontier of Burma. For earthquakes have also been reported from the Cambay coast, which is a recently elevated one. Peninsular India is comparatively free from earthquakes; for it is a chip of an old continent that has set—and set well. Earth tremors have, however, been reported from the eastern side of the Vellikonda range, Malabar coast and Travancore. The latter particularly receives occasional shocks. The reason suggested is that "the dynamic process of separation of the chip of the continent from the parent one has not quite yet ceased." They say that earth tremors have become somewhat common at Mettur. This news is by no means pleasant. It is probable that the enormous pressure that is being brought to bear upon the floor of the reservoir is the cause of the phenomenon. The reservoir is said to be the third biggest in the world with a spread of $59\frac{1}{4}$ miles and a capacity of 93,500 million cubic feet. The water pressure on the dam has been estimated to be 15 tons per square foot. The pressure is perhaps sufficient to make the water percolate slowly through the joint planes of rocks that constitute the

floor of the reservoir. The water entering schistose rocks may easily bring about small displacement and earth tremors. Will such tremors rock the dam foundation? It is for the engineers to answer.

There are about 30,000 earthquakes occurring every year in the world. Of these about 1,500 occur in Japan. In Great Britain earthquakes are few. According to Davison ever since 1580, there has been only one casualty in Britain due to earthquake. Surely a privileged country! In the 1923 earthquake of Japan, about 100,000 people died, about 100,000 were wounded and the whereabouts of 43,000 was not known. In one place the floor sank 1321 feet; the sinking was close to an area of uplift of 755 feet. The total volume of subsidence was roughly 12 cubic miles, and that of elevation 5 cubic miles. The San Francisco earthquake of 1906 was in many ways as destructive as the Japan earthquake. Our Bihar earthquake cannot therefore be called a severe one and is comparatively milder than that of the Assam earthquake of 1897.

Engineers all over seismic countries are deeply engaged in designing structures that would be earthquake-proof. At Standford University types of structures and models of buildings are tested under conditions similar to those of earthquake shocks by operating a large shaking table. The principle of construction is "to embody structure that should be so framed and braced that it will move bodily as one block with its foundation." The New Bank of Italy, and the Mitsin Bank of Tokyo embody constructional principles calculated to resist earthquake disasters. Yet, we must say, Nature remains unconquered.

T. N. MUTHUSWAMI

Economic Internationalism

WE have to consider the present world depression in its relation to the world economic system. In doing this, we have to take note of the fact that, of the two thousand million inhabitants of the world, less than one quarter lives in Europe, one eighth in America, while more than one half lives in Asia. India has eight times the population of Great Britain. Even the United States have only 122,000,000 people to China's 444,000,000. Compared with these vast territories, the countries of Europe are quite tiny. Still, European and North American writers think of their own problems as the only important ones. They think of themselves as comprising the modern world. Other countries are destined to be markets and sources of raw materials for them. They speak as if large scale economic organisation were characteristic of the world and not merely of a minority of its inhabitants. In both India and China industrialism has barely touched the fringe of economic life. Hardly two and a half millions out of India's 348,000,000 inhabitants are engaged in large scale industry or transport. China and Africa are even less industrialised than India.

From the stand-point of industrial technique, there is no reason why industrialism should not proceed at a very rapid rate in these parts. The newest machines are now available to the whole world. The recent developments in machinery make it easier to use unskilled indigenous labour. But there are some non-technical obstacles in the way, the chief of them being the shortage of indigenous capital. The favourite method of getting over this difficulty in the last century was by means of foreign capital. Thus, France, Germany, the Argentine and Australia were all industrialised to a large extent by external capital. But

the problem of industrialising such vast countries like India and China with their dense population and deep poverty is not quite as easy. No doubt, Western capitalists are prepared up to a point to invest in China and India. The directors of Western factories have a strong motive for promoting industrialisation in these regions in order to find expanding markets for their goods. Cheap labour in these parts has also served in some measure to attract outside capital. Yet the pace of industrialisation has been very slow; for, one essential condition of industrialisation is that the markets must expand. But the markets cannot expand until a larger proportion of the inhabitants has been lifted out of the conditions of primary poverty. There is thus a vicious circle which can be broken only by a simultaneous expansion of production and consumption under a national plan.

Had the world recognised the brotherhood of man, all countries would have co-operated in promoting the economic development of the world. Instead, we have national jealousies and rivalries on the one hand and the resistance of the eastern world to imperialist penetration on the other, checking the investment of capital from overseas. If no one cared for sectional advantages, by far the greatest advance could be secured by a tremendous campaign of industrialisation in India and China. This would keep all the constructional industries of the West fully employed for a long time to come. But Economic Imperialism prevents the fullest utilisation of the possibilities of colonies and condemns half the world's inhabitants to an altogether unnecessary continuance of primary poverty. At every stage in the world's history, since the modern economic system began, there have been tariff barriers and political impediments to the free movement of trade. Governments and businessmen have been always thinking in terms of their own countries and their own industries rather than of the world or the whole industrial system. As Canan puts it

humorously, "It has long, except in a few isolated parts of the world, been considered wrong to eat the foreigner; almost everywhere it is now thought wrong to reduce him to slavery; if he is of the same colour, it is even thought wrong to deprive him of his land or other property. But as yet scarcely any one is ashamed to say that he would be delighted to tax the foreigner if only he could discover a way of doing it." If only countries could merge their differences and make full use of the technical resources placed at man's command, the problem of primary poverty would soon be in sight of solution for a large part of the world. In evidence of this we might point out that between 1913 and 1929, while food stuffs and raw materials increased in the world by 30%, population advanced only by 11%.

The real problem before us is the reconstruction of the present economic order in such a way as to take full advantage of the technical powers of production. The existing capitalistic system will have to be built on a broader basis creating a new world capitalism with a world stand-point. The outlook for world capitalism is by no means reassuring; for our present crisis consists fundamentally of the failure of our economic system to adapt itself to rapidly changing technical forces. The whole world does constitute one single economic system and hence it is impossible for prosperity to co-exist for long in any part with depression and crisis elsewhere. But, though the world is one economic unit, it refuses to behave as one. Twentieth century capitalism is fast destroying such internationalism as it did possess in the nineteenth century.

Any one looking back to the nineteenth century realises that the Industrial Revolution took place in Great Britain by a historical accident. She obtained a long lead over others. She made full use of the tremendous opportunities placed within her reach by pushing economic specialisation to the furthest point. This gave her the

monopoly of the best markets. Besides the high profits she made out of this, foreign trade rapidly accumulated her capital resources which gave her the control of economic development throughout the world, equipping the latter with clothing, instruments of transport and production. Great Britain's supreme example of economic specialisation caused specialisation elsewhere in food and raw materials. A great system of world inter-dependence slowly grew up. This system of mutual dependence underlay the nineteenth century philosophy of Free Trade. Unfortunately, this did not long continue. A new industrialism was growing up in Germany and the United States in direct competition with Britain on a basis of tariff protection. Long before 1914 Great Britain had lost her monopoly of world markets. There were in existence in 1914 world forces threatening a serious dissolution of the established harmony of the nineteenth century industrial order. That was why there was a world war.

When Britain enjoyed a monopoly of the world markets, economists argued that Free Trade was the right policy for the whole world and for all time. No doubt, there was a brief period in the middle of the nineteenth century when all Europe seemed heading for Free Trade. But this did not last, and before long, countries came round to the opinion of Friedrich List. Very soon, tariff walls rose rapidly. Even countries which formerly specialised in raw materials and food stuffs adopted tariffs to build up their manufacturing industries. The world economic order was becoming more and more unstable. The acceptance of a tariff was the abandonment of the notions underlying economic harmony and of "Laissez faire." It was definitely the first step towards the idea of national economic planning, namely, that the direction of economic action in a country should be brought under some form of conscious control.

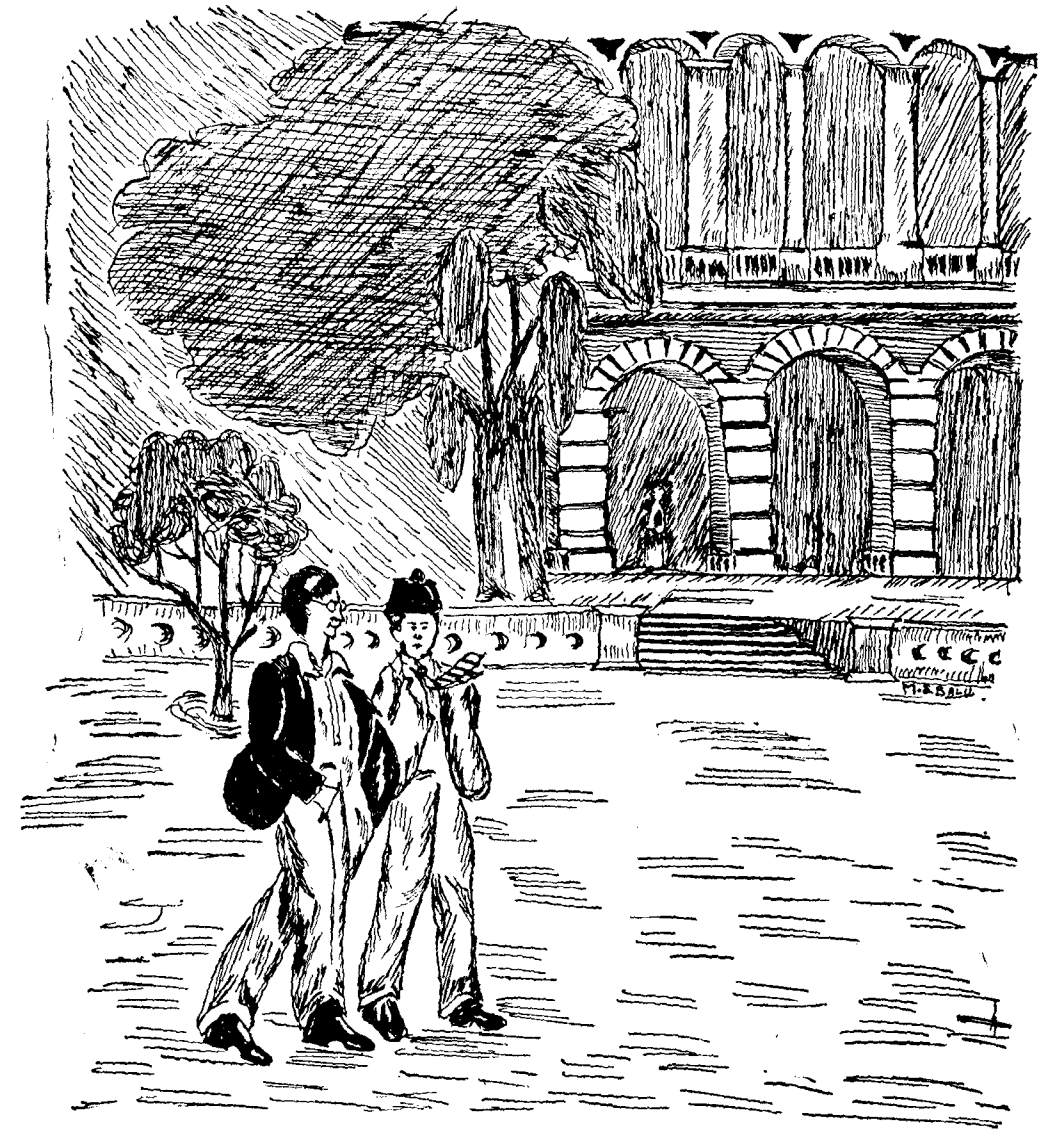
As long as tariffs are to be the main instruments of

economic control, they will negative any planning on an international scale. Tariffs treat each nation as an absolute economic entity enabling each country to follow a purely selfish policy and to engage in a perpetual economic warfare with others. Unless planning is undertaken both on a national and on an international scale, the conflict of nationalism is bound to lead the world to economic ruin. Unrestrained economic nationalism is assuredly a disaster for most countries and for the world as a whole. It may be a possible policy for a vast country with large diversified resources and population. But even such a country would soon find impassable limits set to its pursuit of economic nationalism. Above all, when once such a country becomes financially a creditor of others like the United States, the policy of economic nationalism will be bankrupt. The modern world is thus faced with a situation in which universal free trade is impossible and universal tariffs that have been adopted as an alternative result in a disastrous dislocation of the free flow of trade between countries. The nations will have to reconcile their national interests and build up an organised world system. Any policy of national exclusiveness to shelter each country from the economic blizzard is bound to bring chaos and collapse.

To any one who looks at the world of the past few years, the situation is bound to appear ludicrous. There has been great advance in productive power both in manufacture and in agriculture. It has outrun everywhere the growth of population. It ought to have taken us a long way towards solving the problem of poverty making the whole world richer and happier. Instead of that, what do we find? Raw material and food stuffs are accumulated beyond measure for want of purchasers. The trouble is not that the goods are not required but that the people who need them cannot afford to buy them. Millions of men and women are unemployed and thousands of factories are

standing idle. The world stands aghast at its own productive power. What is the use of scientists devising means of increasing the productive capacity of human labour if the result is to cause unemployment and distress? Of what use is it to devise labour-saving machines if they will throw more people out of work and income? Things have reached such a state that the farmer when he sows his crops has to pray for a bad harvest in order to rescue him from his financial difficulties. Of course, the answer is that abundance of goods can never be the cause of our troubles, and that the fault is not in the bounty of nature or in the achievements of science, but in our failure to organise our economic system as to take proper advantage of these benefits. Every one agrees that there is something seriously wrong with the management or lack of management of the world's economic affairs, but as soon as we ask where the fault lies, we are confronted with sharply divergent opinions like monetary reform, revision of tariff policies, universal cancellation of debts and disarmament. To my mind, the immense possibilities for Western industry in future lie in the direction of increasing the purchasing power in Asiatic countries. Recently, when Henry Ford was asked at a dinner what he thought to be the cure for the trade slump, the multi-millionaire wrote on the table cloth the numbers, 160—340—400, meaning thereby that the future depended on increased consumption by the 900 million people inhabiting Russia, India and China.

P. K.



First Student :—What shall we do now?

Second Student :—Well, I say, let's toss up. If it's heads, let's go to Roxy; tails, to Neo Komala Vilas; and if it stands on its edge, then we might think of work.

“The Gondoliers” in Tamil

“THE 17th and 20th of January 1934 will be important dates in the history of Tamil dramatic literature,” declared the Principal of the Presidency College, by way of expressing his appreciation of the performance of “Kattai-Vandi,” an opera in Tamil composed by Mr. K. Swaminathan. The persons who witnessed the opera on the two days were so delighted that they were almost beside themselves with joy through the most part of the play. Venerable old men were transported, women were excited, and children were spell-bound. The opera is a translation of the “Gondoliers” by Gilbert, but the Tamil words chosen by Mr. Swaminathan were so effective that they appeared winged, and quivered with life. It was almost difficult to believe that the opera was a translation.

English has long made the distinction sharp between the drama and the opera. Each of these subserves a special purpose and is not permitted to overlap the other. The spirit of each is distinctive. The opera is a fantasy or extravaganza, it is purely comical or even farcical in essence. The opera is music through and through, while the drama is all conversation. Men go to the opera to abandon themselves to the transports of the music and the broad comical farce. The opera is a dream, while the drama is a reality. The Englishman who is thoroughly familiar with the popular Gilbertian product must watch with more than ordinary interest the turn that a Tamil translation gives to it.

It is notable that Gilbert has given almost all his operas a foreign background. This must have afforded him as much convenience in writing his fantasies, as Illyria or Bohemia to Shakespeare in writing his romantic stories. Gilbert fills his operas with plenty of satire which carries no

bitterness with it, because it is so broad. The story is full of rich possibilities. The gondoliers are associated with a novel kind of vehicle of locomotion and look most promising for romantic associations. Indeed, if what modern writers like D. H. Lawrence have said about them is true, they are an object of romantic attraction to women even in the remoter parts of Europe. It is not surprising that the peasant women should hold a festival in honour of these heroes, when the gondoliers choose their brides from them. Two of them are more exalted than the rest and the women agree to let them have the first choice before all others. After the two have chosen, a summary method is adopted for the choice of partners for all others.

The two leading gondoliers—true princes among them—revel in their good fortune. Their idyllic happiness is, however, disturbed by the disclosure that one of them is really the prince of Barataria. When the Grand Inquisitor speaks in concern for the Duke whose daughter is betrothed to the prince, the gondoliers protest their ultra-republican principles, but the moment they learn that one of themselves is really a prince, their opinions suffer a great change. A king who could abolish taxes and make gondoliers prosperous should be thoroughly welcome to them. So they are induced to assume the joint monarchy in Barataria, agreeing to leave behind their newly married wives. The gondoliers' ideal republic is not the least entertaining of those imaginary pictures conceived by men since Gonzalo's time, for equality in it is stated in terms like these:

The Noble Lord who rules the State
 The Noble Lord who cleans the plate
 The Noble Lord who scrubs the grate
 They all shall equal be!

The sadness of the women obliged to part from their newly married husbands, the injunctions they lay on them

to secure their fidelity to themselves, and their arrival in the kingdom or Barataria prompted by impatience are all incidents of low comedy. The same impression is continued when it is revealed that the prince of Barataria has been betrothed already to the daughter of the Duke of Plaza-Toro. The existence of an already married wife disturbs the happiness of each of the married couples, and it irritates the wives, who swear in most brutal terms to take revenge on the unwanted sharer of their marital life.

The most amusing character in the play is the Duke of Plaza-Toro, a vain and pompous fool with his termagant and vainer Duchess. He tries to sustain his own importance somewhat in the manner of Caleb Balderstone. While just a baby, his daughter was betrothed to the prince of Barataria, also a baby then. The prince had been carried away by the solicitous care of the Grand Inquisitor, and entrusted to a gondolier for being reared. Casilda, the daughter of the Duke, is now apprised of all this story. She has already begun to love Luiz, the drummer-boy in attendance on the Duke. She is keenly excited to know the young man to whom she stands betrothed and she is also tickled in a high degree by the prospect of her assuming royalty.

The crisis of the play is reached in the intense suspense which fills every one of the principal characters when they expect to know who the true king of Barataria is. Casilda fears the prospect of her having to sever the bond of affection for Luiz, and the two gondoliers and their wives have similar misgivings. The comic character of the opera is well sustained by the revelation of the secret that Luiz himself is the king of Barataria.

An opera is not to be judged by the standards of a serious drama. It does not, like the drama, pretend to hold the mirror up to nature. Its attraction lies in its extravagance. Full of melodramatic situations, it is light-hearted

in spirit. The very absurdities and grotesque situations occurring in the opera are productive of pleasure to the audience. Pure music cannot tickle the audience, but music blended with words that arrest attention makes an instant appeal. The effective opera is lively and animating, and the minds of the audience are floated lightly over the waves of music. It is no small achievement in an author to conceive, create and execute an effective story in a manner which blends happily with the true spirit of the opera. It is the glory of Gilbert's genius to have succeeded in this.

Now for the Tamil translation. The Kattaivandi, the springless, age-old means of transport, does not claim the romantic associations of the gondola, but it has the distinction of being a survival from ancient times. The contrast which it presents to modern developments amounts to an amusement, and this was availed of by the Tamil translator. The bandy-wallah is a jolly person having the simplest outlook on life. That he should be ever called upon to fill the office of kingship is beyond the dreams of avarice, and when he is made to work out a scheme of polity, his ways become naturally most amusing. In the blind excesses of the democratic spirit people forget the natural distinction between the different classes of society. The Tamil translator has picked up his illustrations suitably from Indian society. For instance, the woman of the highest grade is the lady-like practiser on the *Veena*, while the lowest is the woman who handles cow-dung and makes cakes out of it for fuel. Instead of the Grand Inquisitor, the Tamil version has the head of a religious house, the Kasi-Puri Pandarasannadhi, and the conversion of the king of Baratania to the Wesleyan Church in the English play has its analogue in the loss of caste by touching the untouchable in the Tamil play. The Duke of Plaza-Toro undergoes the most enjoyable transformation into a Tamil Raja who lives by the arts of cheating, which he practises on society in different forms.

The domestic life of the Raja is yet more amusing. The author has introduced a powerful satire on the tendencies of the modern Indian woman in this context. The conventional standards of the relations between man and woman have in the past been so oppressive on the latter that the reaction in the opposite direction must naturally run to an extreme. The peasant women who become the wives of the leading cartmen, declaring their own high sense of wifely duty, take occasion to run down the modern woman, who plays no useful part at home, but goes to clubs and shops, plays games and is anxious to be reputed as Mrs. So and So.

The success of the Tamil translation is chiefly due to the allusion to the intimate details of modern life in this country, to the foolish democratic desire to level all intellectual distinctions, to the frauds practised on society by pretentious men, and to the danger of women losing the balance of their outlook in the intoxication of their first adoption of the principles of Western freedom. The things that make an audience happy in the theatre are not necessarily the highest aspects of the dramatic art; in fact, the low and grotesque makes a more immediate appeal. And it is a great thing for a playwright to know how to carry the audience with him. Mr. Swaminathan has very well succeeded in this as well as in the higher art.

To look at the complete happiness of the audience at the college performances would make one infer that the opera is the thing for the people of this country at present. The only way of enlisting popular feeling on the side of a new dramatic movement seems to lie in exploring for the present the untold possibilities of the opera. Mr. Swaminathan has helped to teach actors and audiences that music on the stage should not be a superfluous ornament as it is on the South Indian stage, but must blend with a vital meaning in the words. He has imitated and parodied in the opera many diverse tunes current in the country now.

While the effect of this is naturally to put an end to promiscuous or inappropriate exercise of the tunes, it is also an exhortation for the artistic composition of Tamil numbers. The command of words and the facility in the practice of the language are obviously due more to the exercise of poetic numbers than of serious prose. Mr. Swaminathan's opera is therefore a distinct stimulus to the development of the language. The creation of a popular stage in Tamil is necessarily a great impetus to the advancement of the language, and that is where the significance of the success of "Kattai-Vandi" lies.

But an opera is after all an entertainment of the lighter kind. We must not forget there is a higher dramatic ideal by which the noblest thoughts of a people may find reflection on the stage. We want creative artists who can present in dramatic form some of the great truths characteristic of the social life which we see around us in this country. It might then be given to us to speak of our national drama. But we cannot ignore, in the meanwhile, the great value of such successful experiments as "Kattai-Vandi."

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

The Girl who won the Prize in Domestic Science

"MY dear girl, we'll get a 'carrier' meal and be done with all the bother."

"I simply can't stand for two consecutive days the best hotel food in Madras. It makes me sick!"

"Then I will engage a cook. After all, it is only for a month."

"That's just the reason why I insist on my cooking. I know what you think of me. You think I am a dressed up doll, a mere ornamental commodity, incapable of any practical utility in the house."

"No, no, no ..."

"Yes, yes, yes. And because I happen to be an Honours graduate, you think I love to lounge the whole day in a chair with a book in hand. You are entirely mistaken, my dear. I am as much interested in house-keeping as any other housewife whose only solace is the home."

"I do not, for a moment, question your interest in house-keeping, but....."

"And I can't allow any waste in the house when it could be prevented. I have not studied Domestic Economy in vain. A cook means a lot of waste."

"I know you are the very ideal of economy where your dress and toilet are not concerned, but can you really cook? I have asked you many times to observe at least mother cooking but you never did. I wonder what you know of that art."

"Oh! is that your fear? Cooking is a science, not an art. I won the first prize in Domestic Science and obtained the largest number of marks for cooking (practical) in my

High School classes. I have still preserved those precious notes of Meenambal on Domestic Science and with the help of those I can prepare a thousand delicacies never even heard of by you."

"I know all that. You don't expect me to forget so soon what your mother mentioned with indulgent pride as your greatest achievement at school. Still..."

"If you still doubt, I take it that you lack confidence in me. If you are so incredulous about my skill, I will go to my father and you can have your own way here."

"Don't be angry, darling; what I object to is..."

"I am not angry; I am perfectly serious. Umh! I want none of your cajoling."

"All right, all right. Have your own way then."

Immediately Kamala's face beamed with joy.

"That's a darling. Wait and see what delicious dishes you'll have tomorrow. Let us first cast the budget. Get me a pencil and paper."

2

For the first time after we married we were left alone. My mother, who stayed with us these three years, left that evening for a change, promising to return in a month, and Kamala thus became the sole mistress of the house, and I, being a loyal member, dared not contradict her decision in her realm on principle. So I had to lend a hand whenever she wanted me.

Even the Chancellor of the Exchequer, casting the budget of his stricken country in the days of economic depression, when England went off the gold standard, could not have wasted so much of valuable thought as Kamala did that night over our domestic budget. At last, it was successful and balanced. With a great sacrifice on her part, she set aside only Rs. 75 that month for her dress and toilet out of an uncertain income of Rs. 325, as a great

amount was to be invested on the apparatus required for cooking. Not that there were no utensils in our house before, but they did not suit Kamala's requirements, being so different in shape and capacity from those she used in the laboratory. "After all, it's not a waste," she added, "for your mother is not going to live for ever, and I must take permanent charge of the kitchen one day, and then anyhow I shall require them." I could not deny the truth of that statement.

One full hour was spent in calculating with the assistance of the invaluable notes of Miss Meenambal, by Simple Proportion, the provisions required for $2\frac{1}{2}$ persons for a month (the number $2\frac{1}{2}$ includes an occasional guest, who, Kamala told me, could be taken, according to Domestic Science, as $\frac{1}{2}$ a member per day.)

"There might be some provisions left over from last month. You didn't take them into account" I said.

"We'll begin afresh. We'll give them away."

"Is that the 'sound economy' taught in your school?"

"You needn't be ironical. Well, then, get me their exact weights and volumes and subtract them from the quantities given here and ask Ponnuswami to get the remainder only."

"You want me to do all that!"

"Of course, you must help me. A husband must always help a wife."

"I can't do that. We shall keep them as they are until mother returns. You proceed with your budget."

The compromise was accepted.

The cost of sumptuous meals for $2\frac{1}{2}$ individuals for a month, according to Kamala's budget, amounted to Rs. 95. That was nearly twice what I gave to my mother within which sum she not only fed us to satiation, but managed to give regularly some tiny present to Kamala every month. I was staggered at the budget cast according to 'Domestic Science.'

For the first time in the last few years, I got up at half past five on that fateful Monday morning. Kamala got up an hour later and we began tidying up the house. Fortunately I had no clients that day, as I had finished my business with them the previous day, and was prepared to devote three hours to help Kamala, though she promised me that everything would be over in an hour. The apparatus required was ready—a spring balance (a compromise for the physical balance she used in her laboratory), a pair of tongs, a thermometer, cooking utensils, a glass mortar and pestle, a jug of water, an alarum clock a measuring jar, provisions and vegetables.

The first item in our programme was preparing rice. Kamala had Miss Meenambal's notes open before her so that there might not be any possibility of a mistake. She placed a vessel containing two pints of water on the stove and bade me add rice at a temperature of 100°C , keep stirring it for nineteen minutes, then close it, and set it down. I obeyed the instructions to the very letter. At the end of the nineteenth minute, seeing that the rice had boiled to a very gelatinous paste, I set the alarum working. Kamala ran to me, understood in a glance what had happened, and seeing that the mistake did not lie with me, glanced over the notes once again. I too peeped in. We had followed the notes to the very letter. I looked at her, she and looked at me, and we both looked at the rice, our morning's achievement.

"Perhaps..." I was just beginning to explain.

"Oh! I see. You ought not to have heated it to such a high temperature. It must be boiled below 200°C . At this temperature, which will be about 270°C ., you ought to have allowed it to boil only for three-fourths of the time." The fault, as usual, was mine.

We tried again. This time, for fear of the same experiment being repeated, at the end of the calculated time I closed my eyes, put the lid on and set the vessel down.

It would be tiresome to narrate in detail the whole process of our cooking that day. I shall satisfy myself with giving a few extracts from Miss Meenambal's notes which we followed to the very letter.

1. *Cabbage-Curry* : $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of minced cabbage to be added to water at 80°C . and kept for $7\frac{1}{2}$ minutes. Filter off the water and roast the residue (onions to taste) in 8 gms. of ghee, chilie powder $\frac{1}{2}$ a gm. and table salt $\frac{3}{4}$ gm. (Lemon juice or tamarind juice to taste).

N.B. A second variety can also be prepared by boiling together dhal and cabbage and adding, when roasting, spices and cocoanut scrapings.

We preferred the former.

2. *Sambar* : $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. of vegetables to be boiled in two pints of tamarind water of density 1.5 nearly. Add 15 gms. of boiled dhal and boil for 15 minutes. Salt 6 gms., chilie powder 4 gms., spices to taste.

3. *Rasam* : To two pints of tamarind water (Sp. Gr. 1.2) add 5 gms. of boiled dhal. Boil for 10 minutes. Salt $4\frac{1}{2}$ gms., chilie powder $1\frac{1}{2}$ gm., spices to taste.

These items and a chutney completed the menu for dinner, and it took exactly three hours to prepare them. I was very hungry and in a great hurry to get off, when we sat at the table at ten o'clock. Kamala served with jubilant hands hoping to spring a surprise on me; but I was cynical. We began eating.

The rice was little better than paste. I carried a little curry to my mouth, and for all the world could not make out its taste. It was neither bitter, sour, nor insipid. It was all these combined. The *Sambar* and *Rasam* were of a quality which even the worst hotel in Madras cannot produce. I never tasted the like in my life, nor ever hope to, unless I repeat the folly of sitting again to a scientifically prepared dinner. I made a pretence of eating and looked at Kamala. She was equally ill at ease and trying to conceal it.

"How do they taste?" she queried.

"Oh! superb," I exclaimed and made a miserable attempt at laughing.

"Then, why don't you eat?"

"Why don't *you* eat?"

That smashed the dam and the flood gates were thrust open. Kamala was in tears. "I know I am to blame," she began.

"Not at all, darling, it was all my fault. I didn't follow your instructions well. We'll try again this evening with greater success.....It's time for me to go," I said and hurried away.

4

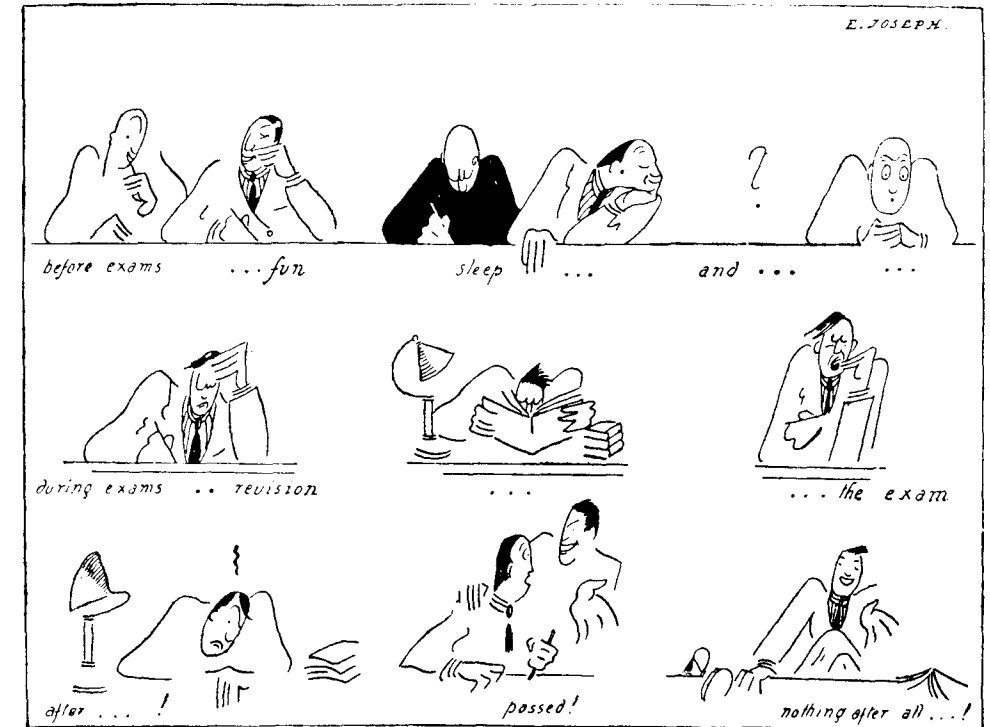
When I returned home for lunch at 3 o'clock with a full stomach (for I had gone to a coffee-house at 2) Kamala was waiting for me with various dishes of sweets and savouries on the table. At the sight of these and the pinched and hungry looks of Kamala, my guilty stomach sank into my shoes. We men are really selfish. I had my lunch without a thought for Kamala. What admirable, though vain foolish creatures, women are! Thus with a conscience not very clear and a stomach not at all light, I kept her company so that she might not suspect me. By the time we finished, my wife was very anxious to get a 'carrier' meal from Nikomas.

"But you can't stand it; it will make you sick," I said.

"If you say that again, I'll shut your mouth," she said raising her little hand.

My mother, on her return, was surprised, but extremely pleased to see the new set of cooking utensils. In fact she said she was about to ask me to buy one. But a greater surprise to her was the new recruit in the kitchen, the prize-girl in Domestic Science. Of course, we took great care not to give her the slightest hint of our adventure, hiding in a safe place the thermometer, the spring balance, the pair of tongs and other 'apparatus' bought for the prize-girl and mother thinks it is all due to Kamala's earnestness that she now spends an hour every day in the kitchen with her.

M. R. V. KRISHNA RAO



THE EXAMINATION BOGEY

On Writing for the Mags

THIS is an age of manias—an age when even the most common-sense philosophers fall easy victims to Anglo-mania, cross-word mania, race mania and a thousand other manias. It is no wonder that some have gone crazy about writing for the mags ; if such a great man as Segrave should break his neck for such a small thing as speed I don't see anything absurd about this. But when it happens that most of these aspirants are innocent of any aptitude for journalism, we must admit that the world is a bit out of joint. Anyway, it is a fact that the fever is abroad ; and the disastrous result is that every third man you meet in the street is either an assistant editor, a short-story writer or a lighter-vein-versifier.

The reason is not far to seek. The desire to break into print is innate in man ; it is something like the desire to fall in love or the desire to peer into a passing auto. It is not at all strange that the average man is susceptible to this temptation. Some of the world's strongest minds have been no better. Every school-boy knows what Garibaldi said when he was outlawed with a price on his head : "It was the first time he had the pleasure of seeing his name in print!" I know of a certain gentleman, a retired civilian (and that is saying a great deal) who, just for "the pleasure of seeing his name in print," contributes something between four annas and one rupee to every public charity ; provided, of course, the parties concerned publish a printed list of the donors. This desire is but an innocent one. The why of it we are not concerned with ; that is for the philosopher and the psychologist. This much is unquestionable : it has nothing to do with vanity or self-advertisement. There is something magical, something transmutative, about printer's ink. It is unsurpassed in its elevating

effects, except by "country gin." It lifts the mediocre above the common herd; and like the poet's pen it gives to the airy nobody a local habitation and a name.

But to one who has had a try at it, writing for the mags is by no means an agreeable job. It is rather a tiresome business—the sort that tells upon your patience and gets on your nerves. The main difficulty is that you can't write while you think, and you can't think while you write. And if by some strange miracle, you are confident that you can set your brains and your pen in simultaneous motion, it happens that your pen has lost its cap or your room-mate his temper. Again it is expedient that what you write must be of the lighter kind: for these are days when the reader has found out, after all, that a broad joke is something more enjoyable than a grey thought, when even the oldest of men with the bluest of spectacles try their hand at "side-splitters"—more often fumbling after the ludicrous or the vulgar. It is a hard thing, writing for the mags—and writing successfully; the magazine-reader's palate is something that needs very skilful catering.

In spite of these stumbling-blocks, however, the task has also its brighter side. Just imagine what your feelings are when, after months of waiting, your Penelopian patience is rewarded with a publication. There lies your work in print, for the world to read and admire and adore—with your name at its head or tail! You are transported with joy; your imagination brims with ideas of future greatness. You feel one with the glorious galaxy of by-gone worthies. You think your skit will go down to posterity as your "work," and critics will hover about it like bees about a molass. You think it will find its way to every salon, boudoir and chimney-corner. You think it will shield your name against the ravages of Time. (Pity you can't say that with the same certainty about worms!) You think, in a word, it will be an achievement, an asset, a monument! How far these thoughts are true, how far these

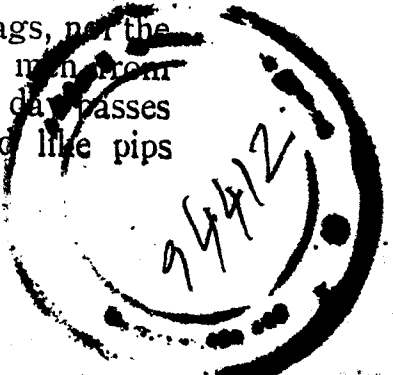
dreams are realized, it is better not to discuss. (Heaven knows there is many a worthy production finding its way to the scrap-heap and thence to oblivion—without the privilege of a perusal.) But they *are* sweet thoughts and lofty dreams that serve to cheer up and lighten the labour of the amateur writer—fishing for rhymes, chasing after slippery phrases and looking heavenward for ideas that have a way of never coming. Indeed, the joy which he feels when his attempt sees the light of day is worthy of a poet's pen; child-like, if not childish in its innocence, it has at once the tender eagerness of the emancipated mother and the unconscious pride of the sculptor who has made a precise counterpart of himself.

So much for the exultation when the contribution does appear in print. Against this must be set down the gloom of failure—the reaction which sets in when the "production" is returned with thanks. To the young enthusiast dreaming of posthumous reputation and a decent box-seat among the *literateurs* of the world, these words are, indeed, a home-thrust. His plans that soar to earth fall; his aerial castles tumble down with a tumultuous crash. His hopes and dreams are scattered to the winds. But he is not prepared to acknowledge defeat. He curses the editor to his heart's content. He judges him incompetent to weigh the merits of his work. He takes it into his head that the whole world is in a conspiracy against him; he defies the whole world! He fancies himself a martyr; he glories in the thought; and just in the fashion of a martyr he smiles through his agonies—as much as to say, "Forgive them, Lord, they know not what they do." But the limit of desperate pessimism is optimism; and the martyr is soon transformed into a bouncing optimist.

Neither the difficulties of writing for the mags, nor the unpleasant after-effects of failure have deterred men from aspiring to journalistic distinction. And not a day passes but fresh competitors are thrown into the field like pips

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out of a pomegranate. It is equally wonderful what cheap success some of these dabblers achieve. Men who cannot tell the difference between a sonata and a sonnet to save their souls are hailed as "poets"; people who can't definitely say whether Addison dealt in bicycles or in literature are presented as "essayists" and their "skits" are advertised as *chefs-de-oeuvre*; men whose knowledge of Poe is restricted to Monte Viso and the Adriatic find themselves labelled as "storyists." "It is a strange world," as somebody said to somebody else.

A word in conclusion about that personage who has to bear the brunt of this universal craze for magazine immortality—I mean the editor. His business must perhaps be the painfulest on earth. If you have ever had a look at an editor's table, you would admit it. Left to myself, I would think twice before I would accept an editorship (if one were offered me). Imagine his tribulations! Contributions—and the liberty to send in contributions has been abused to the utmost possible extent—pouring down from all the corners of the earth! His table, his waste-paper basket—and himself most of all—groan literally under the weight of MSS. In my honest opinion, if Madame Socrates had offered her husband a busy editorship instead of wasting so much of good water, she would have brought him to her way of thinking, in spite of all his stony Stoicism. Such are the editor's troubles. It is his duty to please everybody; he must please the subscribers, the contributors, the publishers—in a word, every blessed soul on earth. He must act the connoisseur, the hack, the business-man,—and the detective! The world, as a rule, takes pleasure in cavilling; nor does it leave the magazine editor alone. If he does this—he's blundered; if he does that—blundered again. O World! Think of an editor's woes and view him with charity. Uneasy lies the hand that wields the editorial pen!

P. S. NATARAJ SARMA.

The Modern Short Story

THE Short Story is, at its best, an epigram, a moment of illumination. We may say it bears the same relation to the novel as the lyric to the narrative poem, or the parable to the whole gospel. A parable is a fragment of truth, but a significant fragment. The short story is a significant fragment of life.

As a form of art the short story is concentrated and has a technique of its own. Because it is concentrated, every word has to be significant, organic, essential. The progress of the story must be even and controlled, strictly avoiding anything non-essential. It must march towards a climax steadily, allowing the reader no leisure, no opportunity to stop on the road and look around. If the author allows the reader to linger by non-essentials, he will defeat his own object. Again the author needs the reader's co-operation, just as the composer or dramatist does. The short story is so small and so highly charged that, unless the reader is swiftly intelligent, impressible and emotional, the author cannot hope to succeed. Finally, as there is no time for siege, and as assault is rarely allowable in art, the reader must be prepared to surrender.

The short story is not a novel in a nut-shell. It is of a different species. A really good short story has a concentration which gives it a certain quality of intensity. This we rarely find in a novel of the same length. For instance, in Kipling's story "Without the Benefit of the Clergy" the pathos of Ameera's story is so intense, because it is so direct and simple and, above all, sustained, as it could only be in a short story.

However we do not always meet the short story at its best. There seems to be an artistic and valuable type for which the fiction editor has a high regard, but which he

does not usually publish. It is only the average sort that is found in the popular magazines. If we examine the average magazine story, we shall find that it is symmetrically planned, the various parts of the story have a fixed symmetrical proportion to one another—a mechanical virtue which the truly literary short story often lacks. While the magazine short story has less to say, it generally says it better. It is business-like, far quicker to get to the point and better handled in the all-important matter of communication. This is because it is obliged to consider the reader at every point. Moreover, it belongs to a recognised type and has plenty of models. It owes its merits to the very qualities that most mercilessly give it its defects. It is written to please others. So it must have nothing that will shock or disturb the average middle or working class man who will read it. The requisites for such a story are orthodoxy, reaction to commonplace experience, and conformity to public opinion. It is said of one of R. E. Coppard's stories that, when it was offered for publication, the editor refused it saying: "Here is one of the finest things that have been in this office for the last ten years. But I can't print it. What's this? The characters are officials letting a man be hanged when they know he isn't guilty! I can't print that in a popular magazine. Public opinion wouldn't stand it for a moment." The average short story writer does not often produce such a story, and the editor can hardly be blamed for refusing to take a chance on a thing whose reactions he cannot foresee.

Another thing very necessary for the magazine short story is the quality of escape. All events must end in the ultimate happiness of the central figures. The story must present no problem that is not solved to the complete satisfaction of the reader, however unusual that solution may appear at a second glance. The hero may perform prodigies of valour and daring, because that would merely fulfil the day-dreams of the very ordinary, commonplace reader.

who does not notice the falsification of values involved and wants to be taken out of himself for a few moments, rather than think out the problem that the author states. The worst of the magazine story is this utter falsification of values.

Whom are we to blame for the position of the magazine short story? Not the author. When a man's art is his livelihood, he is led into over-production and repetition of the thing that has been found successful. We can hardly blame the literary critic. If he neglects the short story, it is because he feels that to neglect it is really the truest kindness. Often the story is too worthless, although it distracts the mind for a few moments.

The fact is, the position of the short story depends on the public taste and knowledge. These move slowly, but they do move. More people read Meredith now than in his own time. As people read and compare and grow in experience, their taste in literature is improved. All the same, if the author with a serious criticism of life should enter the popular field, it would be a good thing for the public as well as a training for himself. There are some modern authors who are regular contributors to the popular magazines and are yet good artists—Michael Arlen, P. G. Wodehouse, Stacy Aumouoir, Katherine Mansfield and Rudyard Kipling. Aldous Huxley, though rather "high brow," has a reputation that makes his short stories respected. Bennet, Wells and Galsworthy are no worse craftsmen for having contributed to popular magazines.

The earliest influences on the short story were those of Poe and Hawthorne. Poe had a wild, undisciplined, morbid genius; his stories are rich in suggestion, they are veritable incendiaries of the imagination. Oscar Wilde and Stevenson have each at least one short story in his manner. Kipling began to write stories for the *Allahabad Pioneer* which showed his capacity for suggestion. He described the shape and smell of things and so rendered them vivid

and convincing to the reader. And he brought so much new material and created so many life-like and pleasing characters that the general reader took to him instantly. He presents an acceptable set of values and tells a tale with swiftness, skill, economy and conviction. His Anglo-Indian stories produced an impression that has largely worn out to-day, because they became a formula with him and he became intoxicated with his formula. He lapses into a facile sentimentality that spoils the tale often for an adult reader. Convenient emotions are attributed to characters without any artistic appropriateness, and unfortunately a good deal of our popular literature is suffering from this influence. It is, however, only fair to Kipling to say that some of his stories are wonderful, like the "Jungle Book" and "The Ship that found herself," and they have influenced the literature of the world. In the last twenty years of the century, short stories have come from Kipling, Henry James, Barrie, Conrad, Quiller-Couch, Jacobs, Wells, Barry Pain, etc. Wells has had a certain influence on popular fiction, and his little handicapped men struggling and conquering against the odds of organised society are a wholesome subject for the popular short story.

Others who have increased the scope and possibilities of the short story are D. H. Lawrence and Katherine Mansfield. They have enlarged its nervous sensibility and made it more highly strung, made it express more, from the directness and intensity of their personal attack. Lawrence made it a medium for his peculiar philosophy that a man's actions are governed, not by his intellect or emotions, but a strange sort of nervous force that is neither the one nor the other, but is akin to both. His peculiar method of presentation is being imitated to-day by authors who have not his intensity or genius. Katherine Mansfield's work has a unique power of feeling, of intensity. It is as if she always looked on the world with the heightened sensibility, the eager appetite for sights and sounds of one

who is shortly to leave it all. Her work was almost her religion, it was her mystery. A year before her death she wrote: "A bad spell has been on me. I have begun two stories, but then told them and they felt betrayed." All that she wrote shines with this peculiar vision, and one effect her stories have on the reader's mind is that the world is suddenly seen to be teeming with situations which she could have utilised. In "The Doll's House," a story of little snobs in the making, it is the lamp on the table of the little house that works the whole up to a point. "The Life of Ma Parker," is the story of an old work-worn charwoman who has just buried her grand-child. She has borne sorrow all through her life and now feels that she must weep, break down at last. She leaves the flat and goes into the street to look for a place where she may hide her sorrow. But there is nowhere to go. The climax is here at the end. "There was nowhere," and the whole story is so pitched up that the emotional content of the last three words is unbearable. Katherine Mansfield's death was a great loss to literature. There are other authors who have her technical skill, but her personal, individual vision was her own and no one else's. And now it is gone.

The organisation of the short story is a matter for great technical skill. O. Henry, whose influence on American and English fiction has been considerable, and Kipling are master hands in the handling of their material. O. Henry's work was brilliantly presented, but with a commonplace outlook. His story "The Gifts of the Magi" is artistic and beautifully put, but "The Last Leaf" combines with technical perfection a flaccid sentimentality which he has bequeathed to his successors in the short story. He has an easy and natural handling of dialogue. By the way, dialogue is the briefest and best form of character drawing. For example, in one of Maupassant's stories a girl says to a man: "Sometimes you took like a cat that is just going to jump on a person." In one line of dialogue

we get an instantaneous picture of the man and a glimpse into the mind of the girl. Again, the printed dialogue must give the same impression as a spoken one. But if the atmosphere is false, the brilliance of the dialogue is worth nothing. This is why some people cannot read Oscar Wilde.

The short story has a definitely dramatic quality. In fact the tense emotional moment which the climax should create is more dramatic than literary. Of course the climax need not be one of action. It may exist purely in the mental life of the chief character. That depends on the type of story. It may be a detective story, or humorous, or adventure, or purely domestic, or supernatural. The form is flexible and sometimes the only suitable one. For example, a novel on the later years of Pontius Pilate would be a very difficult business. But Anatole France manages it by means of a conversation between two old Roman officers, one of whom depends for his claim to remembrance on the very incident he cannot remember, the punishment of the Jewish demagogue. The name will not come back to his memory. Finally he says: "I cannot remember it."

The novel is a satisfaction, the short story is a stimulus. The characters in a short story stand in a frame, the characters in a novel stand, as it were, out of the frame. The novelist gives more and asks less. The reader has the information and is satisfied. But the artist of the short story turns our thought inward, he disturbs, he makes us think.

ROSHEN MIRZA.

Second Thoughts on the Final Test

FACED by a really superior team on the one hand and suffering from many accidental disadvantages on the other, the Indian team in the final Test was doubly handicapped. From the faulty management of the Cricket Board of Control, through Nissar's ill-health and Nazir Ali's sprained leg and Naoomal's injury to the losing of the toss, it is a sad story throughout. No wonder India has lost the match by a wide margin of 202 runs.

But the English won the Test not only because their opponents were in a much worse position than themselves, but also because of their own sheer superior play. It must be admitted that Jardine is a great captain who had at his command a wonderful array of excellent batsmen and bowlers. In Verity, Clark, Nichols and Langridge he had all the various types of bowling that were essential to the winning of a match. In Bakewell, Walters, Mitchell, Barnett and himself he had various types of ideal batsmanship. Just compare the splendid opening which Bakewell and Walters made in the first innings with that of the poor performance of our opening pair and see the pathetic contrast between the two. No doubt Naoomal was hurt; but that doesn't explain what followed afterwards.

What strikes one at the outset in comparison of the relative powers of the two teams is the inferior fielding of the Indians and the far superior fielding of the Englishmen. The former seem to be lazy in their places with a kind of melancholic indifference that does not care for what is happening around. Singles were slowly allowed to become fours, catches were promptly placed on the ground, and bye-runs admitted. Exceptions no doubt must be made with regard to men like the Yuvaraja (who was advertised, however, only as a good bat but an indifferent field), C. S. and

C. K. Nayudu and Wazir Ali. But even these at times became lazy. How different was the English fielding! Men covered each other, and no unnecessary runs were allowed. The Mitchell-Verity combination passed, of course, all the bounds of criticism.

The cheap and quick fall of the English wickets, in the first innings after lunch was a remarkable phenomenon. In view of the first wicket century stand between Bakewell and Walters, all people were reminded of the colossal score which the M. C. C. had only very recently piled up against all-Madras, and were afraid that events might repeat themselves; but they were never prepared for this turn of events. Amar Singh, who was bowling very well, but to no effect, before one o'clock, suddenly became powerful after lunch, while Amarnath vied with him in his grab after victims. They raised great hopes and restored confidence in the home team.

Jardine justified his name of the "Rock of Gibraltar" by his masterly innings which came as a timely rescue to his team. He literally clung to his wicket and refused to move. He played on doggedly and though he scored slowly, he played very stylishly. But for Jardine and Verity that day, the English would have had an exciting run the next three days.

It is very sad that the Indian cricket fortunes, not only in Madras but in all the places previously, should always have been riveted on the head of a single individual, Major Nayudu. A successful day for the Major meant a sure win for his side; a bad day for him meant an ignominious defeat. It was so at Bombay; it was so in Calcutta; and it was so in Madras. As fate would have it, Nayudu failed to succeed in all the Tests.

The first innings of the Indians in the final Test brought neither glory to the team in general nor credit to any one in particular. India whole was dismissed for a meagre

total of 145. Dilawar played well; and so also Merchant. Major Nayudu got out through no fault of his own; and that such an accident should happen when he was actually settling down for some big score is really one of the most tragic scenes of the Final Test.

The English second innings, though it contributed much to their victory, was really very uneventful. Walter's masterly century which combined perfect technique with flawless art, showed really a good batsman in one of his masterly moods. The way in which he avoided hitting difficult balls, while he never let go loose ones unpunished is, I think, one of the lessons our players must learn and imitate. The rest of them quite justified their reputations, Jardine again standing out with an invincible 35 (not out).

The bowling hero of this innings was Nazir Ali. Disabled from bowling by a sprained leg in the first innings, he began his attack in the second which was really wonderful. A better analysis he could have got, which he certainly deserved, than the present 22 overs, 1 maiden, 83 runs and 4 wickets, had fieldsmen done their work properly and had not wilfully, as it were, thrown down a few catches that came into their hands.

The Indian second innings was really the most exciting part of the whole match. With 452 runs to win, when England declared. Mushtaq Ali and Wazir Ali both of them fell unfortunate victims to Verity's leg theory when they had just reached their 4 and 20 respectively. Thus Amar Singh entered two down.

It has been often said, with perfect justification, that Amar Singh's second innings has made history. It has. He scored his 48 in 40 minutes with 8 fours to his credit. Every stroke he made was a sixer-attempt and even if half of the shots that he made had not been fielded with such superhuman promptness and skill as they were, he would have got double the number of runs he has now and

in exactly the same time. The incredible ease and grace with which he lifted bowlers of the calibre of Verity and Langridge high up into the skies and dropped them somewhere near the boundary line was really wonderful and pleasant to watch. As the Old International in a thunder-struck-tone exclaimed: "How that man can swipe a cricket ball!" And balls literally began to fly off his bat like small stones out of a strong boy's catapult. It was most unfortunate that he was not able to stay at the wicket a few minutes longer; as it is it was more than fortunate that he was allowed to stay there even so long.

The splendid hopes which the patient batting of Dilawar and the hefty hitting of Amar Singh roused in our minds were ruined in the twinkling of an eye by the early and sudden dismissal of Nayudu and were never repaired afterwards despite the magnificent efforts of Merchant and the Yuvaraja. Major Nayudu was out in the first innings through sheer accident; he was out in the second owing to excess of caution. With a score on the board which, if by no means discouraging, was by no means encouraging, with tremendous responsibilities resting on his shoulders both as the captain of the team and as the acknowledged best bat of India, he opened his tragic innings with excess of restraint, by which he never looked comfortable at the wicket. His failure to impress both as a batsman and bowler in this Test suddenly reminded some pessimists of the age of the Major and that it was the exact time for an Indian sportsman to retire. But there is no use in kicking the idols we adore. It was the fate of Nayudu to fail; was it also his fault?

Merchant played real Test cricket; and the Yuvaraja played typical Indian cricket of which the late Ranji was the greatest exponent and Major Nayudu is now the greatest master. With late strokes, economy in energy, but never in polished style, hitting with great concealed powers, the Yuvaraja of Patiala batted only for sixty minutes at the

wicket to get his sixty runs which included ten fours and one five. As he was reaching his sixty he became more and more aggressive with extraordinary display of technique and skill. It was a pity he got out at the very moment when his services were most needed. We can with perfect security and confidence see in him a future great batsman and an all-India Captain.

If ever any one did solid work and never got enough praise for it, it was Merchant. He played, as I have said, not only here but in all the Tests, a real Test cricket, tenaciously clinging to the wicket, refusing to move and to score. That is the kind of game that always pays. For instance, in this final Test, in the second innings, he kept up one end for a remarkable length of time with a good deal of doggedness, staying at the wicket for one hour and forty minutes to score his 28 runs. All the time he was playing with an injured chin. A few more men like him in the team, and they would have told a different tale about the Test from the one we have at present.

The final Test instead of bestowing on us the happiness of a victory has brought to us the humiliation of a defeat; but if admitting our faults is no vice, let us say out frankly that we have lost because we have never deserved a win. Some of our players looked almost like 'straw soldiers' before those patagonian professionals. Apart from there being no bowler in this land who is not jealous of Verity's powers, there is no batsman in India who is not afraid of his "genius." Those who want to take credit for discernment might point out Amar Singh; but courage in blindness is a weakness to be cured rather than a strength to be admired.

Also, these matches have brought out the best of the good and the worst of the bad in both the teams. They have brought to light men of excellent promise like Amarnath, Merchant, the Yuvaraja, and justified the reputation of the standing players like Dilawar, Amar Singh and

Nissar. They have showed us what Jardine's captaincy means and the English Test batting always is. But this has got another side too.

The Madras Test has given rise to many unhappy incidents. The struggle over the complimentary tickets ought never to have arisen at all; and the remark about "hired assassins," coming wholly from unconcerned quarters, with its total inappropriateness (the Indian team never consisted of any professionals) is strange, if not impertinent. Then, the Jardine-Tarrant incident, Clark's "manslaughter" which found its logical way in Ceylon in his self-created acts, are all very painful to contemplate, and must, if possible, be forgotten. If what Tarrant says is true, then it is high time that Clark is reminded that after all sport is sport and that a batsman does not come to the wicket to get killed; and if he insists in breaking the other man's head, it is time again he was reminded that the cricket field was not the best place for it and that there were other ways of achieving this end than through the pretension of a game. It is really a trifle disillusioning to learn that the so-called sportsman spirit seems to be slightly lacking in those very places where sport is deified and is being assiduously practised as a religion.

Looking back, and speaking on second thoughts, let us suppose the Indians were to play the third Test over again, under more advantageous conditions, would and could they win? They could not, because—they could not. They need altogether a different training and outlook. As the Old International said "For some reasons I cannot fathom, Indian players have absolutely no restraint. They never wait for the right ball to come along but just hit as the fancy moves them. As I have said before, this is just suicide. A man like Verity can play with a restraint-less batsman as the fisherman with his catch. May be he will be hit high and hard a few times. The crowd will cheer and make the batsman run even bigger risks, but the end is always the same—Verity wins sooner than later...To be in the top flight of batsmen, Indian players must conquer temperament; they must learn to be cautious."

A. NARASIMHA RAO.

Tragedy as the Highest Form of Drama

"IN the productions of genius," says Johnson, "nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind." So in order to show that tragedy is the highest form of drama, it is necessary to compare it with the other forms, viz., comedy and melodrama.

Drama necessarily means action. A mere description of happiness and sorrow does not constitute drama, nor does a mere description of persons. In the drama all human happiness or misery does and must take the form of action. Otherwise its existence remains unknown. The state of mind of the chief characters must be shown by what they do. The strength of Juliet's love is seen in the courage which makes her drink the potion given her by Friar Lawrence. Othello's state of mind can only be expressed through his killing Desdemona. Drama therefore means action.

In comedy action is very often episodic. The actions are not related to one another. "Bartholomew Fair" may be taken as an example. Ben Jonson has brought the whole fair on the stage alive. There is plenty of action; but, as I said, the action is episodic; the characterisation is stationary. Every character is at the end of the play just what he or she was at the beginning. There is no growth or development in any single character. Hence it can be said that in comedy action is stationary. In tragedy on the other hand there is connected action. One action grows out of another, and as a consequence there is development of character. Hieronimo (in "The Spanish Tragedy") overcome by the passion for revenge is made to do things he seems quite incapable of doing in the first Act. How different is the Lear who dies in the fifth Act from the defiant headstrong

old despot of the first Act! In the first scene of the first Act he would never have dreamt of saying:—

“ Pray, do not mock me :

I am a very foolish fond old man,

Fourscore and upward, not an hour more or less :

And, to deal plainly

I fear I am not in my perfect mind.”

Melodrama is an inferior kind of tragedy or comedy. Its object, to a great extent, is merely to please the eye and the ear. Elaborate mechanical devices and a musical accompaniment are considered essential to it, but these accessories form no part of real drama. Melodrama usually makes violent appeal to the emotions, but the ending is usually tame. It fails at the last moment, because the ending has always to be happy. The conclusion leaves us cold and dissatisfied. In so far as melodrama succeeds it is due to the tragic element. Nahum Tate's version of *King Lear*, where he marries off Cordelia to Edgar and allows the old king to regain his throne, is most disappointing. On the other hand, at the conclusion of Shakespeare's *Lear* or *Othello*, we feel the fibres of our being almost torn asunder and the end does not leave us sad or disappointed, for Othello does not die blaspheming Desdemona and Lear is reconciled to Cordelia. They die, but we almost exult over their deaths. This exultation is connected with the sense that the hero has never shown himself so great or so noble as in the death which seals his fate. The emotion we feel is a cleansing and purifying passion. On the other hand, the conclusion of a melodrama is most disappointing, even though, and largely because, the ending is happy. Melodrama, then, is inferior to both comedy and tragedy as a work of art, though it may be more popular, (for even Johnson, we know, preferred Nahum Tate's version of *King Lear* to Shakespeare's).

A drama should be, on the whole, a fair representation of life. It is true that ghosts and fairies and witches

and other supernatural beings have been admitted into drama, but these things never form the core. Therefore setting these aside, we may say that drama deals with real men and should hold the mirror up to life. As Ulrici says, “ If drama is to mirror ‘ the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure ’ it will not only have to reflect the thoughts, tendencies and motives which lie most clearly within view, but will also have to portray such as are mysterious and deeply hidden, and yet determine the fate of men, nations and periods of time.” Now comedy only deals with the outward and visible side of human nature. It is very often nothing but burlesque, buffoonery and horse-play, delightful enough sometimes, but at other times lacking even this merit—as for example the clownage scenes in *Doctor Faustus*. Again very often the humour in comedy lies in the exaggeration in an unnatural way of some natural fact. There are only too many examples of this in comedy. Malvolio's credulity, for instance, or Mrs. Malaprop's malapropisms or those incredible fools, Aguecheek and Ralph Roister Doister, or Stephen in *Every Man in his Humour*, who does not behave like a human being at all but like a clock-work toy. But tragedy does hold the mirror up to nature, for in tragedy, especially Shakespearean tragedy, human nature and human emotions alone are depicted—human emotions such as jealousy in *Othello*, love in *Romeo and Juliet*, revenge in *Hamlet*, etc. In tragedy men truly live with all their passions and weaknesses aflame.

A question we must ask ourselves when discussing the relative merits of comedy and tragedy is whether edification is a desirable object of drama. Many great critics think it is. Shelley and Sidney think that poetry is the first of didactic agencies and cite the Bible as being full of poetry. Ben Jonson and Samuel Johnson think that it is the end of all writing and especially of drama to teach as well as to delight. If this is really so, then from the ethical point of

view, tragedy is the highest form of drama, for it gives better and more lessons than any other form. Such characters as Count Francesco in *The Cenci*, the Cardinal in *The Duchess of Malfi* and Ithamore in *The Jew of Malta* excite in the audience a genuine hatred for wickedness and villainy. We can hardly compare this hatred with the feeling evoked by the bad people of comedy. For Giles Overreach and Mrs. Wishfort we feel only a shallow dislike very different from the hatred and loathing with which we regard Cenci and Ithamore. The reason for this is that generally in comedy it is only minor weaknesses, the follies and foibles of human nature, that are treated. Comedy hardly touches upon actual sin and vice. Even satirical comedy only ridicules fashions, such as swearing in Brainworm, sensationalism in Faulkland and cowardice in Bob Acres, "who feels his valour oozing out of his finger tips." We hardly dislike these people. Tragedy on the other hand presents the struggle against evil and vice. There is no comparison between the shallow dislike evoked in comedy and the hatred for ingratitude, villainy and wickedness evoked in any of the great tragedies of Shakespeare.

Shelley says in his Preface to *The Cenci*: "The highest moral purpose aimed at in the highest species of the drama, is the teaching the human heart, through its sympathies and antipathies, the knowledge of itself, in proportion to the possession of which knowledge every human being is wise, just, sincere, tolerant and kind." It is tragedy more than any other form of drama that teaches the human heart the knowledge of itself. From an ethical point of view, then, tragedy is of greater force and accomplishes greater good, and is therefore higher than comedy.

Tragedy is the most sublime form of drama. It is *Julius Caesar*, *Hamlet*, *Macbeth*, *Othello* and *King Lear* that carry English drama to its highest tide-mark, and these are all tragedies. They produce a sense of overwhelming greatness. We can hardly ever call comedy or melodrama

sublime. Tragedy alone can give us something titanic, treating of passions of tremendous magnitude as in *King Lear*. Tragic drama treats of love and courage which are stronger than death or the terror of death. It is often terrible, but can be terrible without being brutal or vulgar. The best example of such a tragedy agonising in its pathos, terrible in its intensity, but never sordid or brutal—in the way that Shakespeare tells it—is *Othello*. Tragedy has grandeur and dignity owing to the strength and greatness of its heroes. There is no real tragedy, i.e., tragedy that gives rise to the feelings of fear and pity, if the calamity and suffering fall upon a person of weak nature who accepts them with a weak submission. Beatrice in *The Cenci* is not merely to be pitied. She is a character of genuine tragic mould. She is not a meek passive sufferer. She passes from vehement struggle to horror and deadly resolution which make her slay her father. The greatest tragedy calls for a sterner note than that of pathos. Aristotle distinguishes tragedy from other forms of drama not as the form which represents human misery, but as that which represents human greatness and nobleness. If this is true of ancient Greek tragedy, it is still more true of modern tragedy, where fate and destiny play a very small part. The gods never intervene, but man is supremely great. Comedy, on the other hand, makes us conscious of our feebleness and folly in a way that tragedy seldom does. Longinus says: "Sublimity is the echo of a great soul." So tragedy requires a greater genius than comedy, for it has to express more profound feeling and more exalted thought. If Ben Jonson's mind had been deeper and broader, he too could have written successful tragedies. A writer of tragedy must be a deep student of the passions which move men to do such deeds as stir our hearts to mingled admiration, abhorrence and pity. It requires no small genius to picture men a prey to ambitious weaknesses and self-deception, overthrown but yet re-

maining noble in their fall. We do not despise Samson and Brutus in their humiliation—and there is no greater triumph of literary skill in the whole of English drama than the way in which Shakespeare keeps the sympathy of the playgoers with Othello even when he is putting out the light of life in Desdemona. We are made somehow to feel that this is no vulgar violence. The idea of murder is lost in the sense of sacrifice. The greatness of Lear is, according to Lamb, not corporeal but intellectual. It is his mind that is laid bare. Hamlet too, like Lear, communicates to us a state of mind fraught with spiritual value. Only one who has sounded all the depths and shoals of the human heart can do this. In comedy, on other hand, such deep insight into human nature is not needed. Comedy need only tickle the fancy, but tragedy must move the very soul and set us grappling with thought. A writer of good comedy need be only a bright and masterly poet, a happy trickster with playful fancy—he need only be an observer of mankind in general, and need not know the secret passions which sway the individual. But the writer of tragedy has to give a soul and a voice to the deep emotions and thoughts of the human spirit.

Tragedy, therefore, is the highest form of drama, and if in these times, Moliere's *L'Avare* or any of his other comedies are appreciated more than *Ædipus Tyrannus*, this is not because comedy has greater artistry and emotional appeal, but because the world has learnt greater self-control. In the old days, an audience could appreciate the pleasure which arises from the poetry which exists in tempestuous sufferings and crimes. But we in our time have grown more stolid and far less serious-minded and less emotional, and this it is that prevents us from enjoying tragedy as much as we should, for it is the culmination not merely of dramatic but of human art.

I should now like to close this essay with a quotation from Bertrand Russell on the subject : "Of

all the arts, Tragedy is the proudest the most triumphant ; for it builds its shining citadel in the very centre of the enemy's country, on the very summit of his highest mountain ; from its impregnable watch-towers, his camps and arsenals, his columns and forts are all revealed : within its walls the free life continues, while the legions of death and pain and despair and the servile captains of tyrant Fate afford the burghers of that dauntless city new spectacles of beauty. But the beauty of Tragedy does but make visible a quality which, in more or less obvious shapes, is present always and everywhere in life. In the spectacle of Death, in the endurance of intolerable pain and in the irrevocableness of a vanished past, there is a sacredness, an overpowering awe, a feeling of the vastness, the depth, the inexhaustible mystery of existence, in which, as by some strange marriage of pain, the sufferer is bound to the world by bonds of sorrow. In these moments of weight, we lose all eagerness of temporal desire, all struggling and striving for petty ends, all care for the little trivial things that to a superficial view make up the common life of day by day ; we see surrounding the narrow raft illumined by the flickering light of human comradeship, the dark ocean on whose rolling waves we toss for a brief hour ; from the great night without, a chill blast breaks upon our refuge ; all the loneliness of humanity amid hostile forces is concentrated upon the individual soul which must struggle alone, with what courage it can command, against the whole weight of a universe that cares nothing for its hopes and fears. Victory in this struggle with the powers of darkness, is the true baptism unto the glorious company of heroes, the true initiation into the over-mastering beauty of human existence. From that awful encounter of the soul with the outer world renunciation, wisdom and charity are born."

THERESA COSTA.

Torsoes

I

EXPERIMENTS OF A MADRASEE

EXAGGERATED notions of delicacy should not prevent me from confessing that my wife is charming. My friends who are wived under less happy conditions admit the fact with a grudge. But I must make one point clear. She has made no impertinent attempts to improve her mind, which remains exactly as it was when it came into this world—in its pristine state of ignorance. She did not like covering it over with the crust of education. This, in the opinion of my friends, is a blemish and they would often, though without direct reference to my spouse, disparage ignorance in women, saying it is an ugly feature which makes itself felt all the more keenly for not being seen by the eye. But I would pardon this impertinence and let my friends have the consolation of imagining that education illumines not only the minds but the plain faces of their wives. The fact remains, however, that my wife is an unlettered girl and, what is worse, she hails from the heart of a village which is behind the civilized world by half a century. A perfect stranger to the latest improvements in dress, she persists in wearing a saree of extraordinary length (9 full yards!) which has to go round the waist a number of times. I wonder how she can take pleasure in such an elaborate process. She also takes pride in wearing a set of old-fashioned jewels—long since superseded by costly, fine and almost invisible chains of modern workmanship. These remnants of antiquity, a legacy from her grandmother, are lovingly preserved by my wife and she would not part with any of them for all the world.

II

WANTED A BRIDEGROOM

A few students were chatting in Shanker's room in the Victoria Hostel. It was the end of the year and the 'Varsity examinations were nearly over.

"What luck to-day, Ramu?" asked Shanker of his friend, "Any new vacancies?"

"To-day's nickel over *The Hindu* is a sheer waste," said Ramu. "Out of the thirteen wanted's only five refer to graduates. The rest ask either for a bride or a bridegroom. I am afraid the paper is fast becoming nothing but a matrimonial agency," he added flinging away the disappointing sheet.

These two had finished their B.Sc. examinations and were looking about for employment in anticipation of the results.

"Why do you people waste time hunting after jobs when you might easily secure a profitable wife?" remarked Srinivas, a junior student. "Look at this for instance; "Wanted a bridegroom for a young and beautiful ..."

"Oh, drop that vulgar stuff, Srinivas," interposed Ramu. "Imagine the feelings of the poor creature who is thus put to auction, as if she were a filly for sale."

"Leave that alone for a while, Ramu," said Srinivas, "Listen to this ... A high-caste virgin of sixteen with a fair complexion and a decent position ..."

"How can you revel in that slop?" roared Ramu. "I say, it's time," he ended abruptly, "I must be off;" and away he went.

"I must snub him; he thinks himself to be Sir Galahad," said Srinivas to himself and determined on a plan of action.

One morning, a few days later, the postman delivered into the hands of Ramu quite a conspicuous assortment of

mail—two envelopes and a flat oblong packet. One of the envelopes contained evidently his sister's letter from Trichinopoly. The long packet and the other envelope were unfamiliar to him. He took up the packet, cut the string, slit the wrapper and ... stood gazing in bewilderment at the likeness of a pretty girl, a total stranger! What could this mean? Seeking for a clue, he tore open the envelope and read hastily, "... his communication through 'The Hindu Office' ... brother's daughter ... hardship of dowry ... photo as requested ..." Mystery piled upon mystery! Then in a flash he guessed the truth — Can it be one of the beastly jokes so popular in the Hostel? — Perhaps it was the doing of the prankish Srinivas. What cheek! What impudence to have dragged a girl into it! He would like to administer Srinivas a sound box on his cheek. And thrusting the packet and the letters into the drawer he strode out of the room and made straight for Srinivas's room. But by the time the avenger had crossed the garden, Srinivas made good his escape to his aunt's house in town.

Ramu was annoyed that he missed Srinivas. His wrath was cooled by this time and he returned to his room. That brought him back to the photo again. He took it out of the drawer and gazed at it. The longer he saw the more fascinated he felt ... the fresh oval face, the delicate features, and sad gentle eyes and the rich raven ringlets—all exercised a subtle spell. Ah, he was nearly forgetting his sister's letter.

... ..

III

THE CAR ACCIDENT

It was four o'clock in the morning. Bangalore was as silent as silence could be. But in one house—a stately

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building—in Basavangudi, a heavily built bald-headed man was busy at work. His name was Narayana Iyer. He was the cook of a certain retired Collector, who spent the summer season in Bangalore. His master had left for Madras the previous night by the Bangalore Mail and he was to follow him by car. So, up betimes, he packed up the household utensils and arranged them one by one in the Chevrolet, standing in the portico. Kuppan, the driver, on the other hand, careless though experienced, was fast asleep. The distant clock in the tower chimed six. The driver started up and ere long Narayana Iyer, well-dressed, got into the car. Just at the time of starting, a few creditors, who had probably lent money to Kuppan, hurried in and accosted him. The ingenious man that he was, the driver, skilfully quieted the poor devils by assuring them that he would return after filling petrol. The unlucky money-lenders let him go.

The car started and before long it came to a sudden stop just opposite a mean hut. The driver got down and in a second returned to the car with four bottles, filled to the brim with raw toddy. Evidently, this was the reserve, as he took care to drink as much as he could in the shop itself. To him, even petrol for the car was not so essential. With eyes red and rolling he started his car and began to race through the Madras Road.

Narayana Iyer,—a man fond of his life—when not a mile was traversed, cried out "Kuppa, what do you mean by driving so fast?" Kuppan was never short of resources whether tipsy or not. Quite aware of the cook's ignorance in matters concerning cars he replied: "Oh! our master, the miser that he is, has given me only a few gallons to be used. The faster I go, the better shall I be able to keep within the limit, and if possible I can save some petrol for him." Thus saying he went on as fast as he could so that the wayside pedestrians never really saw a car, but only clouds of dust! Narayana Iyer, being a typical and orthodox

Brahmin, went on muttering his "Gayatri" with closed eyes.

The sun was high up in the heavens. The heat was intolerable. Ranipet factory chimneys were sighted. Never slackening a bit, the car sped on. Kuppan drove straight to his brother's house. His brother was a lean, puny, elderly man of sixty-five. Bent double with age, he resembled a question-mark. He was to have proceeded to Madras two days earlier on some business, but Kuppan had stopped him by a letter; the aged man naturally preferred a beautiful car to a train. Till now Narayana Iyer was seated in front by Kuppan's side. Now some space among the huddled things at the back was created for him and the two brothers shared the front seat.

The car restarted. As if in a whirlwind...

... ..

IV

OUR TRIP TO THIRUKALLUKUNDRAM

Thirukallukundram is a beautiful little village 44 miles from Madras, nestling among towering rocks—which on moonlight nights look like grim giant sentinels guarding a precious jewel. It is a fine sanatorium as well as a splendid holiday resort. But that which lends it its chief charm and importance is the Hill Temple, where two kites come daily at noon to feed from the hands of the Purohit. Tradition has it that these birds perform a daily pilgrimage from Rameswaram to Tirupati and that on their journey to and fro they halt at Thirukallukundram for their mid-day feed. Hence the name of the village—the Hill of the Holy Kites. It was to see these wonderful birds that some twenty of us, students, chaperoned by two Professors had come to Thirukallukundram.

We arrived at 5 o'clock in the evening of a Saturday, and immediately put up at one of the neighbouring choul-

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tries, owned by a very amiable old landlady—we had always been credited with a capacity for divining a person's character and nature within five minutes of acquaintance. That evening we did not follow an active programme, not because we were fatigued—a sensation utterly foreign to us outside class and drill hours—but because the Professors were—poor delicate darlings!

Dinner over, we formed a circle—around a betel leaf box and were ere long showing off our talent at bazaar gossip—a quality so deeply rooted in the female nature that even college education does not succeed in scrapping it. It may have been about 9 P.M. when in stepped our amiable landlady with lantern in hand—like another Florence Nightingale—to warn us, on no account, to venture into the Tamarind Tope at the back of the house, after dusk, as it was the nocturnal rendezvous of superhuman revellers—and she then cited a whole volume of instances of former lodgers, who, having paid no heed to her warning, had been found dead in the very tope next morning.

This fishy story made the goose skin creep upon us. An involuntary shudder passed over us, the blood in our veins began to course either quicker or slower, I forget which exactly, and a cold clammy perspiration, such as bursts from one, when the papers of a badly done examination are being returned, trickled down our faces.

Now, Sarojani and I had a mania for such shady adventures, though Saro was at times subject to fits of timidity or nervousness; scarcely had the woman's words fallen on my ears, when my mouth started watering and I dug my left elbow into Saro's right side. "Ayayo!" she shrieked out. "Sh! shut up, you goose," I whispered—"there's going to be ripping fun to-night." "I am not quite sure of that," she answered back, becoming quite frozen.

The clock chimed 11, and the Professors drove us

to bed—I say “drove us,” because, but for their threats never to take us out any more on outings, we would certainly have preferred to sit up all night and prevent the “revellers” from stalking in to pay us an informal visit. But our “guardian angels” curled up their noses—one of them had not much to spare for such a procedure—and said that it was all “Moonshine and Nonsense.” Much that was sense to us was nonsense for our Gurus or at least “She-Gurus” while nearly everything that was sense to them was absolutely nonsense to us. Our interests have always been thus diametrically opposed. Anyway we went to bed, taking care to show our reluctance by every possible contortion of our faces—which I shall leave to the leisurely reader to picture to himself or herself.

The reproof sealed our mouths and we lay not daring to breathe even, lest the Professors should be disturbed in their Dreamland. Now, I have often noticed, that whenever I was expected to do something, nature always thwarts me. In the present case, I felt a cough rising in my throat. What was I “to do or not to do?”—that was the question! I tried my level best to gulp it down, but if success should always crown our efforts, where is the necessity for a Board of Examiners? Shades of my ancestors! the cough was rising with ever-increasing persistence. O sympathetic readers, transfer yourselves for a trice to my position and then judge ye how ye would have acted in such a predicament. When I found I had reached the acme of my powers of endurance—which nevertheless had stretched further than in any circumstance before or since—I buried my face deep down into my pillow, muffled up my face and head in my blanket, made a sign to Saro to press down a second pillow on the back of my head—fortunately, my scanty knowledge of Physics came to my aid to remind me that sound waves lose some amount of their intensity when they have to struggle through a medium—and coughed! You may be sure that no student

awaited with greater dread and anxiety the results of her Honours Examination, than I did the result of my cough. —But the trumpeting continued uninterruptedly and nothing untoward happened.

Saro and I lay awake all night; but we were terribly disappointed, no visitor appeared and the day dawned. That day, a Sunday, we paid a visit to the famous Hill Temple and then made a tour of the whole village by evenfall.

But that night, as we sat chewing and laughing, ...

... ..

V

THE JUDGMENT

Mr. Chandrasekhara Menon had just returned after a game of tennis and was reclining on his easy-chair, when his boy brought him the *Hindu*. He was turning over the pages, but he suddenly stopped and stared at a photograph in it. He dropped the paper and cried “Oh Vijaya! my Vijaya!” Gathering the papers, he again looked at the photograph and slowly read the block letters under it. “A girl murdered—murderer caught red-handed.” The photograph was that of his friend, Vijaya.

Mr. Chandrasekhara Menon, I.C.S., was the District and Sessions Judge of S—. He belonged to a rich family in the south of Travancore. From his earliest childhood, Vijaya had been his playmate and companion. They were neighbours and went to the same elementary school.

Chandran belonged to that quiet type of boys always loved and petted by their teachers. But Vijaya was more popular with his school-mates. He always led them in all the wars against the school discipline. It was Chandra's business to pull him out of the many scrapes into which Vijaya fell. They were always together and were known as the inseparables.

Years passed. Vijaya and Chandra got through their School Final examination. It was proposed by his father that Chandrasekhar should be sent to the Presidency College, Madras, for his Intermediate. But Vijaya's father was too poor to send his son to Madras. So the friends had to part,

Two years passed away very soon. Yet Vijaya was unable to join his friend. Financial conditions again stood in the way and he had to stop his University education. His friend passed his Honours and went to England for his I.C.S. examination. When in England, Chandra heard only once from his friend. In a way it was good that he did not know why his friend was not writing to him. Vijaya, leading an idle life, naturally fell in with the worst young men of his village, and in no time he became a spoilt man. There was no Chandra to guard him from harm. Vijaya's love for Chandra had dwindled into a faint memory of the past.

Chandrasekhar returned from England as an officer in the Indian Civil Service. He came home, but his Vijaya was not there. He had left home and his people long ago, and was never heard of. At the time of the story, Mr. Menon was the District and Sessions Judge of S —.

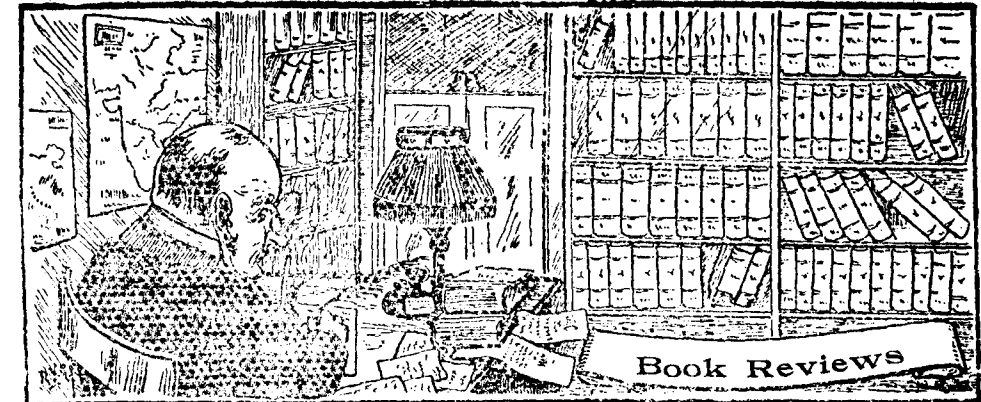
* * * * *

The Judge read the whole report of the murder, which had been committed about twelve miles from his residence and the case would be brought before him.

* * * * *

Every bit of evidence was against Vijaya. The Judge tried his best to see whether he could save his friend. But in all directions he was disappointed. The case was slowly nearing the end. Every moment was agonising to Mr. Chandrasekhara Menon. He thought he could get relief at home. But it was worse there. He was a mad man in his house. His servants were all surprised to see their jolly good master upset so much. He never ate anything and never slept. Whenever he looked at the face of Vijaya in the Court, he remembered the good old days. For a moment he would forget everything about the Court and the case and would rest his head on his hands and think of those happy days of the past. But waking up from his reverie, he would see the face of Vijaya. What was he to do? Justice or Love? that was the question. After all, if Vijaya were innocent—then what about Justice? ...

... ..



OVER THE RIVER : By John Galsworthy (Heinemann, London 1933. Price 7/6.)

THIS is the last of Galsworthy's novels and will be added in due course to the Grove edition of the works of the author beginning with *The Island Pharisees*. The first of Galsworthy's novels might serve as a general title to all his works. For the target of his criticism throughout is the Pharisaism of the British propertied class. To kill the spirit and save the letter is the besetting sin of Pharisees all over the world. Galsworthy tries to illustrate this in the last as well as the first of his novels.

The whole plot of "Over the River" centres round a divorce suit brought against Lady Corven and James Bernard Croom by Sir Gerald Corven of the Colonial Service, Ceylon. After seventeen months of married life in Ceylon, Lady Corven found that her husband was a Sadist (he once used a riding-whip on her person) and to live with him any longer was impossible. She ran away from him, and on board the ship made the acquaintance of Tony Croom. Croom fell over head and ears in love with her and tried to meet her as often as he could when they reached England. Clare did not at first love him in return, but she liked the youngman and pitied him for his devotion to her, and being essentially a modern woman (unlike her sister, Dinny,

who is always correct) did not bother about the conventional rules of conduct so long as she knew her heart was pure. Once Croom took her in his car to Oxford and showed her round. On their way back, in a deep wood where it was pitch dark, the lights of the car suddenly failed and they found it impossible to proceed further. They had to spend the night in the car. Clare knew she could trust Croom with her honour and confidently went to sleep with her head on his shoulder. It was a terrible strain to Croom, but he justified her trust. In the morning, as soon as there was light, he started the car and reached her rooms and they had breakfast together. All these doings of theirs were carefully noted by spies who had been employed by Sir Gerald Corven to watch them, so that evidence might be produced in court when the divorce suit came up. As all negotiations failed and Clare resolutely refused to go back to her husband, the suit was launched. Clare could have left it undefended and become free to marry her lover. But, as she was really "innocent" and not faithless to her husband, her people, who knew they could believe her word, urged her to defend herself and save the family name. She consented to do so, but she could not be induced to let in the evidence of her married life, (the riding-whip and all), in Ceylon. Come what may, she would not confess those cruel humiliations. Thus she stepped into the arena of the divorce court with this great voluntary handicap and, when cross-examined on the point, resolutely said that she was not prepared to go into the details of her married life. The judge and the jury could do nothing for her. "A night in a car with a lover in a forest" is too much for any judge or jury, and they had only the lovers' word that they innocently went to sleep. The decision went against them and the co-respondent was ordered to pay the costs. "The more one speaks the truth, the less one expects to be believed," ruefully exclaimed Croom in the course of his cross-examination and narrowly missed being charged for contempt of court. But, soon after the

trial, he was rewarded by Clare who wanted to justify the decision of the law court.

The outstanding merit of this novel—and probably the only merit—is its dialogue, which is wonderfully crisp and true to life. Take, for instance, the following casual conversation between the two sisters (p. 101) :—

"I feel inclined to sing, Dinny. A whole year's holiday from everything. I'm glad Aunt Em made me promise. But isn't she a scream?"

"Emphatically not. She's the wisest member of our family. Take life seriously and you're nowhere. She doesn't. She may want to, but she can't."

"But she hasn't any real worries."

"Only a husband, three children, several grand-children, two households, three dogs, some congenial gardeners, not enough money, and two passions—one for getting other people married, and one for French tapestry; besides trying hard not to get fat on it all."

"Oh! She's a duck all right. What d'you advise about these 'tendrils,' Dinny? They're an awful plague. Shall I shingle again?"

"Let them grow at present, we don't know what's coming; it might be ringlets."

"Do you believe that women get themselves up to please men?"

"Certainly not."

"To excite and annoy each other, then?"

"Fashion mostly; women are sheep about appearance."

"And morals?"

"Have we any? Man-made anyway. By nature we've only got feelings."

"I've none now."

"Sure?"

Clare laughed. "Oh! well in hand, anyhow." She put on her dress, and Dinny took her place at the mirror.....

But dialogue is not the only thing that counts in a novel. There is plot-construction, there is characterisation, there is the creation of the atmosphere and, above all, there is the author's view of life implicit in the whole work. The plot here is very thin and the characters are little better than figures in a frieze. The author seems to have sacri-

ficed everything to dialogue and the statement of a social problem. And it must be said that even in the handling of the social problem all is not well. For it is rather difficult for us to sympathise with Lady Corven in all her doings—especially when she perjures herself at one point in her cross-examination, forsooth to save the feelings of her lover. Sir Gerald Corven may be a brute. But what is the word for a woman who, clad in pyjamas and smoking a cigarette, triumphantly tells her sister that she went to her lover's rooms and justified the decision of the divorce court and proposes to live 'in sin' during the 'nisi' period in which she cannot marry again. And as for the crucial incident in the novel viz., the night in the car, which the novelist has invented to indicate the heroic innocence of the lover, we will content ourselves with a quotation from Jesus Christ, which falls like a heavenly ray on these dark clouds of casuistry:—

"Ye have heard that it was said by them of old time, Thou Shalt not commit adultery. But I say unto you, That whosoever looketh on a woman to lust after her hath committed adultery with her already in his heart."

D. S. S.

EAST AND WEST IN RELIGION—By S. Radhakrishnan (London, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.), 1933). Price 4s. 6d. net.

NOT seldom do readers feel it a somewhat irksome task when they are called upon to review a book, and seldom do they have the delightful privilege of reviewing a book which is full of matter, at once edifying, stimulating and healthy. However, this little book by Sir S. Radhakrishnan confers upon its reviewer such a delightful privilege. Within the short compass of 143 pages, and in five lectures delivered at Oxford, London and Calcutta, between October 1929 and December 1931, it deals with

five themes, viz., Comparative religion, East and West in religion, Chaos and Creation, Revolution through suffering and Rabindranath Tagore.

In the course of a brilliant exposition of the matter and method of *Comparative religion* in the first lecture, a discerning critic can easily find an agreeable and perfectly logical elucidation of the chief value of the study of comparative religion, which consists in the effective remedy it affords to the religious astigmatism of propagandists through the re-affirmation of the great Vedic truth—"Him Who is but One, sages name variously." [*Ekam sad viprā bahudhā vadanti*].

Consistently with the all-embracing unity of the true *advaitic spirit*, with which Professor Radhakrishnan's thought is permeated throughout, his second lecture maintains, in a very effective manner, that the antithesis between East and West is not real and is based on unreal barriers superimposed by age-long habits and sentiments. The Hindu spirit of *synthesis*, which dominates this lecture raises the reasonable hope that, 'through the ages to come, from the mixture and handling of the Eastern and Western religions, a new flower of rarely blended colours and rich complexity of tissues will grow.' And behind all this in the background, a Hindu cannot miss the self-conscious element of proud and, perhaps, also just conviction that the fruit of 'such a flower of exquisite beauty and profusion' will be full of the juice and flavour of the essence of Hindu Advaitism.

The text of the third lecture is "*Tapo Brahma*." The author equates *tapas* not merely with *meditating* but with *brooding*. In doing so, he reveals a real grasp of the core of the Upaniṣadic thought which shows how *ṣṛṣṭi* (creation from chaos) proceeds from *tapas*, which is not merely passive, quietistic meditation, but all this leading on to the active, energising and creative type of *brooding*. It should be noted here that the metaphor rests on the creative

aspect of brooding on the physical side. *Tapas* also involves an element of suffering; and in this connection, stress is happily laid on the idea that suffering and martyrdom should never be courted, though one should not shirk doing the right, simply because it cannot be done with ease and comfort. He who courts suffering and martyrdom for their own sake must be either a vain humbug or a misguided monomaniac.

The fourth lecture represents the acme of the particular line of thought which Prof. Radhakrishnan has been developing in these lectures. It is a thrilling sermon which seeks to impress how 'this world and the other are not like the two wives of one husband, who, by pleasing the one, makes the other envious,' but they are the two inseparable counterparts of a single whole. This is the great truth which the Hindu view of life recognises and emphasises. 'To whom does the world belong by right?' The author's answer to this question is given in the words of the Upaniṣad "*Īśāvāsyamidam sarvam*"—"All this is pervaded by the Lord." In the words of the author, 'if we are the servants of God, we must work for truth, for the truth which means the establishment of right relationships between man and man.' The great truth inculcated in this lecture is that *life ought not to be allowed to be a series of lost opportunities*. The irresistible accent of the closing exhortation of this lecture compels attention to it, as may be seen from the following:—

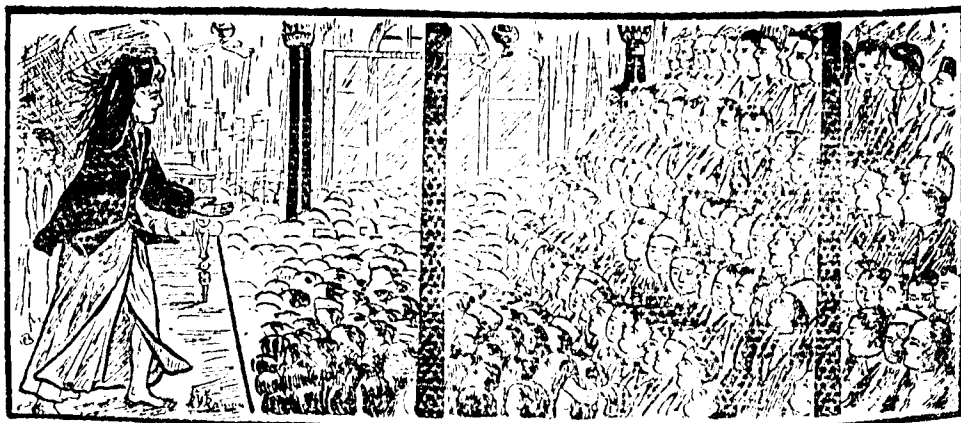
"Let us become soldiers on the march, soldiers of truth, soldiers fighting with love as our weapon, overturning the universe, until the reign of God is established on earth."

Why? The author is sure to come out—at any rate, his reviewer on his behalf comes out—with the answer—'*Tattvamasi*'=That thou art *Puruṣānnaparamkimcit* = *Manuṣyānnaparamkimcit* = There is nothing higher than the spirit of man.'

The fifth lecture is probably the weakest part of the book, not because of anything in it which is unworthy of the great reputation of the author or the personality of the greatest poet of modern India, who forms the theme of the lecture; but because, it is a pendant, with a personal aspect, which, however beautiful in itself, is somewhat incongruous in relation to the grand, all-embracing note of the impersonal spirit dominating the first four lectures.

In these lectures, as in his other works, Professor Radhakrishnan, by his brilliant exposition of great truths and arresting flashes of neatly turned and highly suggestive epigrams, 'talks himself into the current of opinion or writes himself into it, so as to let, not only his individuality, but the Hindu way of things which he typifies, tell in some way or other on its movement' and on the future course of things.

S. KUPPUSWAMI SASTRI



COLLEGE NOTES

The following were the changes in the staff during the third term:—

(1) M. R. Ry. T. Suryanarayana, Professor of Applied Mathematics, was transferred as Deputy Director of Public Instruction and M. R. Ry. C. N. Ganapati succeeded him.

(2) Dr. M.O. Parthasarathy Ayyangar, Professor of Botany, was appointed Director of the Botanical Research Laboratory of the University of Madras, and Dr. T. Ekambaram took his place.

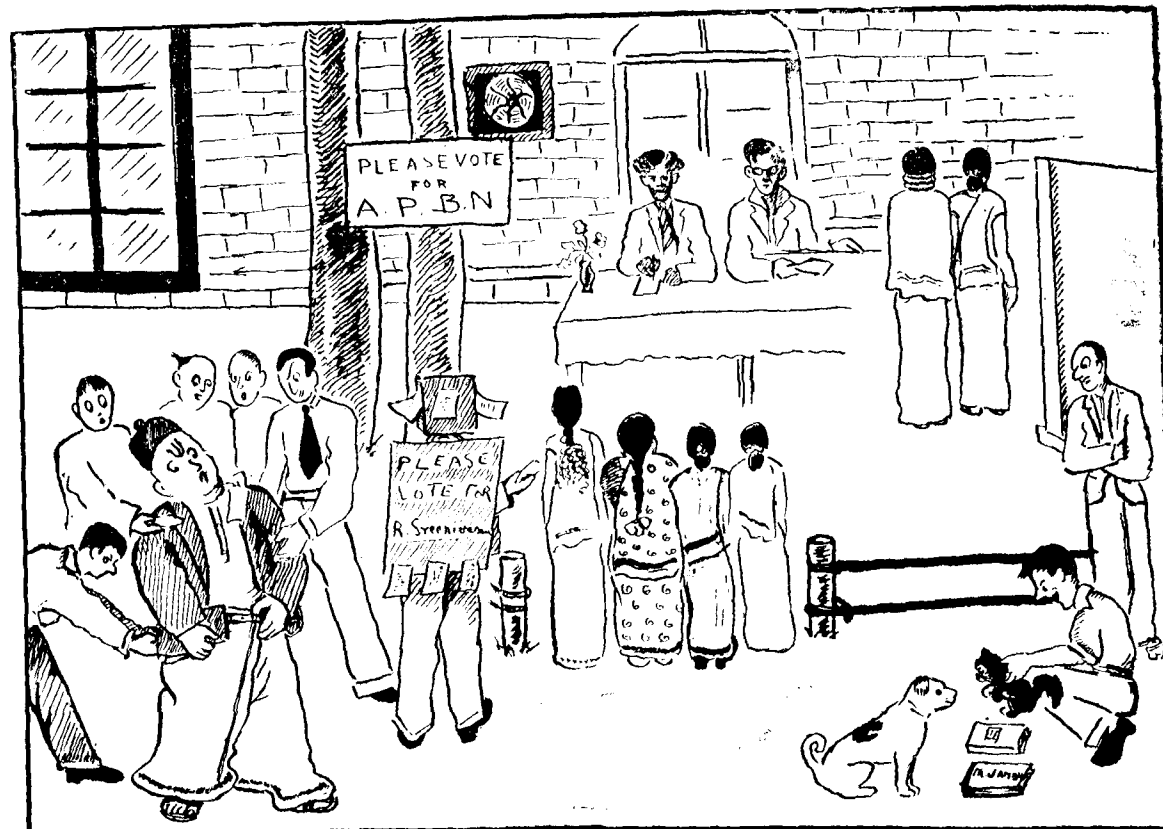
(3) M. R. Ry. M. Suryanarayana, Assistant Professor of English, was transferred on promotion to the M. E. S. as Lecturer in English, Government College, Kumbakonam, and Mr. A. S. Thiagaraju succeeded him.

It is not our policy generally to comment on the changes in the staff. But we feel we must refer now to the impending retirement of Mr. Douglas, the Principal, instead of formally recording it in the next issue of the Magazine. It is the unanimous opinion of all who know Mr. Douglas that his voluntary retirement (five years before his time) is a great loss to the Department. He has served the Department of Education in various capacities, as Inspector, as Deputy Director, as Professor and as Principal; and in all of them he has proved himself to be an able and conscientious officer, a fine scholar and, what is more important, a kind and good man. It is really a pity that his connection with the Presidency College has been so short. We wish him godspeed, long life and happiness and many years of useful work at Edinburgh where he and Mrs. Douglas are going to live.

THE UNION SOCIETY

The election of the Secretary for this term, which was held on 11th January, was of special interest, as the contest was triangular, the candidates being Messrs. A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar (IV H. English), K. Nassel Khan (IV B. A. Pass) and R. Srinivasan (IV H. English). Mr. A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar, who

THE UNION SOCIETY ELECTION DAY



got the largest number of votes, was duly declared elected. Mr. B. Muthusamy, the Secretary for the second term, became the President.

On 25th January, Mr. C. Brooke-Elliott, Bar-at-Law, delivered a lecture on 'Life at an English Public School.' The lecturer, who is an old Malvernian, detailed the various aspects of student life at a Public School and he illustrated his statements with lantern slides. Genuine English humour flowed from start to finish during his speech, which lasted for an hour.

On the invitation of the Secretary of the Associated Societies, Madras Christian College, to participate in an Inter-Collegiate debate, the Committee selected Mr. A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar and Miss K. Vilasini Shenoi as delegates to represent the Union. The debate took place on 14th February. Five colleges participated in the discussion—"Whether University Education is suitable to the present needs of the country." Mr. Balakrishnan Nayar, who spoke condemning the present system of education, evoked a good deal of laughter with his anecdotes and humour. Miss Shenoi's trenchant attack on those who cried down the present University Education was punctuated throughout with applause and cheers. This is the first time in the history of the Union that a mixed delegation represented the Union.

The annual oratorical contest was held on 22nd February. Eight competitors took part in the contest. Messrs. K. Swaminathan, V. Appa Rao and Ganapathi Iyer were the Judges, and they adjudicated in favour of Messrs. B. Muthusamy and P. Nagaraja Rao. Accordingly the prize was divided between these two.

The Valedictory Address was delivered on Friday, 2nd March, by the Principal, Mr. W. C. Douglas. The address was a valediction as well as a benediction. After making certain suggestions as to how the Union could be modelled on the lines of Associations in English 'Varsities, Mr. Douglas wished all the outgoing members success in their examinations and in their life.

On Friday, 2nd March, the Committee was 'At Home' to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas, as Mr. Douglas was shortly going home on leave. After a group photo and a garden party, Miss V. K. Kamalam spoke on behalf of the members present, wishing the guests happiness and prosperity in their lives. Mr. Douglas, who made an informal speech for five minutes, expressed his thanks to the Committee and wished the Union better success in the future. The function terminated at 6-10 P.M., after the members bade good-bye to the guests of the evening.

The Committee met four times this term. It is to be noted here that, though discussions were heated and prolonged, the decisions were without exception unanimous.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

Under the auspices of the above Association, Dr. Kanti Chandra Pande, M.A., M.O.L., of the Lucknow University, delivered an interesting lecture on "Realistic Idealism" on the 12th of January, 1934, when Prof. P. Nar-simham of the Philosophy Department presided.

The lecturer gave a historical account of the Kashmirian Saivism and the *pratyabhigna* system of Indian philosophy and pointed out how they were closely related to the subject on hand.

The learned professor, in his concluding remarks, clearly pointed out how some of the western metaphysical terms, when applied to Indian philosophical systems, were highly misleading.

The meeting terminated with the usual vote of thanks.

Under the joint auspices of the Presidency College and Pachaiyappa's College Sanskrit Associations, a series of lectures useful to the Intermediate and B.A. students appearing for the University Examinations, 1934, were delivered at 5 P.M., as per the following programme.

At the Presidency College

19-1-34	"Kalidasa's Theory of Poetry"	Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastriar, M.A., I.E.S.
26-1-34	"Kalidasa's Conception of Kingship"	Mr. A. S. Krishna Rao, M.A.
2-2-34	"Meghasandesa"	Mr. A. Shanmukha Mudaliar, M.A.

At the Pachaiyappa's College

23-1-34	"Kadambari"	Mr. O. P. Rangaswami, M.A.
6-2-34	"Nagananda"	Mr. W. Venkatakrishna Rao, M.A.
15-2-34	"Kavyadarsa"	Dr. A. Sankaran, M.A.

All the lectures were well attended by the students of the various colleges of the city.

The Valedictory Address was delivered on the 28th February, by Dr. C. Kunhan Rajah, Reader in Sanskrit, University of Madras. The Hon'ble Mr. Justice S. Varadachariar presided.

The learned lecturer, in the course of an interesting address, said that he was not at all certain whether what they called modern, scientific and historical criticism was really a modern thing and whether it had anything in opposition to the traditional way of Sanskrit study. In conclusion, he emphasised that two things were necessary to make the study of Sanskrit ideal, namely, raising

the status of Sanskrit Pundits, especially in the lower classes, and raising the standard of Sanskrit knowledge in the higher classes.

The Chairman, in the course of his concluding remarks, said that the purpose of education, according to our ancients, was to develop character. He told the audience that, if they believed in the revival of India's greatness, they must also believe in the revival of interest in the study of Sanskrit for its own sake.

The guests were then entertained to music. Mahamahopadhyaya Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastriar proposed a hearty vote of thanks and the meeting terminated with a *Mangala Sloka*.

THE ANDHRA BHASHABHIVARDHANI SAMAJ

A general body meeting of the above Association was held on the 15th of July, 1933, and the following office-bearers were elected for the year 1933-34.

President : M. R. Ry. Vidyasekhara A. Umakantam Garu.

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

„ M. Suryanarayana, M.A.

Secretaries : M. Narasimhachary (IV Class).

S. Sankarayya (II Class).

Class Representatives : P. Krishnamurthy (B. Sc. Class).

A. Narasimha Rao (IV Hons.)

Lady Representative : Miss Venkamma (IV Hons.)

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered by M. R. Ry. Korada Ramakrishnayya Pantulu Garu, M.A., of the Oriental Research Institute, on the 18th of August with Mr. V. Venkateswara Sastrulu in the chair. The subject of his lecture was 'The Early Period of Telugu Literature.' The lecture was very interesting and instructive and richly deserved the rapt attention given to it by the audience.

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

Under the auspices of the Association a debate was held on the 21st of November on the subject of 'The Influence of Music and Literature on Society.' Mr. A. Krishnaswamy of the IV Class occupied the chair. The debate aroused keen enthusiasm among the students and many of them took part in the proceedings.

An Oratorical Competition was held on the 28th of February, the subject for the competition being 'The Influence of Poets on Society.' Messrs. A. Umakantam, P. R. Krishnaswamy and T. V. Narasinga Rao acted as judges. About six students took part in the competition. Messrs. A. Krishna-

swamy of the IV Class and M. Ramachandra Reddy of the II Class were declared winners by the judges.

The Annual Social of the Samaj came off on the 5th of March, 1934, under the presidency of Prof. P. Narasimham Garu, M.A. After an enjoyable evening, the meeting came to a close.

THE MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Association for the second term began with an ordinary meeting at 4-30 P.M. on the 16th Oct., 1933, in the Senior History Lecture Hall under the presidentship of Mr. K. P. G. Pisharoti, when Mr. C. Murukan Nayar of the Final Hons. Class (Maths.) gave an instructive lecture on "The Malayalam Language and its Relation to other Languages." He dwelt at great length on the growth of the Malayalam language which is second to none in quality or importance. Though Sanskrit and the Dravidian languages had contributed not a little to the development of its literature, yet it is independent, original and not derived from any other. According to the learned speaker, the adoption of current words, especially those conveying scientific and other technical ideas from the great western languages, is to be welcomed, as it is not only not detrimental, but also bound to prove highly beneficial, to the production of scientific works in Malayalam.

Messrs. K. K. Thirumalpad and K. Bhaskara Menon also spoke on the subject.

After the President's concluding speech, which was short but very interesting, the meeting came to a close at 6 P.M.

The farce staged this year by our Association on the evening of Saturday, the 11th November, in the College Dramatic Hall was really a splendid success. 'Cheruthaen Columbus'—for that is the title of the farce selected—is undoubtedly one of the best works of the late Mr. C. V. Raman Pillai, the noted Malayalam writer, popularly known as the "Moliere of Kerala." It is quite needless and superfluous to comment on the quality of his work, and this piece bears ample testimony to the author's immense fund of humour and his unique originality of ideas.

There was a crowded gathering and the function took place under the kind patronage of the Hon. Mr. Justice K. K. Pandalai. It is very gratifying to note that the Hon. Sir M. Krishnan Nayar also graced the occasion with his presence. The farce began with a prayer specially prepared for the occasion by Mr. Chelanat Achuta Menon and sung by Mr. C. Murukan Nayar. The play was throughout very much appreciated and at the end a flash light group photo of the actors was taken.

We are glad to record that Miss P. Ratnamayi Devi, representative of our Association, was the worthy recipient of the first prize in the Inter-



The English Honours Association "At Home" to Mr. and Mrs. Douglas.

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Collegiate Elocution competition held under the auspices of the Loyola College Kerala Samaj.

An Inter-Collegiate Debate was conducted by our Association on the 2nd February under the presidentship of Dr. H. Parameswaran, in which the Madras Law College, Loyola and Christian Colleges also participated, Mr. K. V. Sankaran Nayar, M A., of the Law College, moved that "In the opinion of the house, there is necessity for a separate University for Kerala." In a vehement speech, he explained the various advantages of having a separate University for the Malayalees, especially in the matter of industrial and technical education which would be in great demand in the immediate future in view of the increasing prominence of the Cochin Harbour. Mr. Sastry of the Presidency College stoutly opposed the resolution on the ground that a separate University with limited extent and jurisdiction would not be conducive to a healthy development of the much-needed liberal education. Many spoke for and against the resolution, and when it was put to vote, there was a tie. Dr. H. Parameswaran wound up the debate in a humorous speech in the course of which he pointed out that a separate University would prove beneficial to Kerala, provided it was under efficient management. With a vote of thanks by the Secretary, the meeting came to a close.

The Valedictory Address and the Annual Social of the Association came off on the 7th March. Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan presided and Mr. C. Achutha Menon delivered the Address. After a group photo and light refreshments, the meeting commenced at 6 P.M. Dr. Parameswaran welcomed the guests, and the Secretary read the Annual Report of the Association, wherein he mentioned that from the total funds of the Association amounting to Rs. 542-15-7 a sum of Rs. 500 had been set apart for a prize to the student who came out first in the oratorical contest to be conducted every year by the Association. After the reading of the Report, the toast for the out-going students was proposed by Miss Ratnamayi Devi, and it was suitably replied to by Mr. C. Murukan Nayar. Mr. Achutha Menon, in his eloquent address, took occasion to refer to the greatness of Malayalam literature. He wished that young men of literary taste would enrich their language with the same enthusiasm as they would show for gaining a personal object. Mrs. Swaminathan, in her concluding remarks, pointed out the great responsibility of the students of the present day, who were the real makers of the future Kerala and India.

The prizes sanctioned by the Association for the best actors were then distributed to Messrs. A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar and M. Ramunni. With a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary, the function terminated.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Association for this term began with an ordinary meeting on the 10th January under the chairmanship of Mr. W. C. Douglas,

when Mr. A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar read a paper on 'Some Peculiarities of South Indians in the Pronunciation of English'. The essayist confined himself mostly to the peculiarities of the Malayalees. He pointed out the distorted pronunciation of vowel sounds in detail and gave examples of the peculiar pronunciation which provided much fun to the audience. Mr. V. K. A. Pillai, the critic of the evening, pointed out some more peculiarities and explained the origin of some of these. He concluded saying that the correct pronunciation of English could be cultivated by every Indian with some diligence. Mr. K. Swaminathan dealt exhaustively with the peculiarities of the Tamilians. Mr. S. Rajagopalan pointed out the influence of Americans and Scotsmen on English pronunciation. The President said that South Indians need not deplore their backwardness in correct pronunciation, for even Englishmen had their own peculiarities. The meeting broke up at 5-30 P.M.

The Association met again on the 31st January to listen to Miss Myers, who spoke on "Some Recent Experiments in Fiction." Mr. W. C. Douglas was in the chair. Miss Myers dealt with some of the important characteristics of modern novels and showed how the treatment of characters was different in modern fiction and how modern novelists handled the theme of love. She illustrated her arguments with passages from modern novels. The President wound up the meeting with a humorous speech in the course of which he narrated his first and last attempt at writing a book of fiction.

The last ordinary meeting for the year was held on the 14th February. Mr. V. K. A. Pillai, was voted to the chair in the absence of the President and the Vice-President. Miss Roshen Mirza read a paper on "The Modern Short Story." The essayist spoke at length on all the modern short story writers including Kipling, O'Henry, Stevenson, Quiller-Couch, Katherine Mansfield, Edgar Allan Poe, Coppard and Galsworthy. She dwelt on the merits and defects of the authors and analysed the style, technique and construction of this modern literary form. She took O'Henry's "Gift of the Magi" as a typical illustration of the short story. Mr. N. Narayanan Unni, who was the critic, enlightened the house with some "highly abstract views" on the subject. He said that "the short story is in prose what the sonnet is in poetry." Mr. V. A. Suryanarayana then gave the house some hints and suggestions on how to build up a short story. The chairman spoke of the short story as cultivated in the different countries of Europe, America and England, naming some of the important short story writers of these countries, and said that American schools went so far as to teach short-story writing, which is an art expressing personality and which therefore cannot really be taught. He compared the short story to miniature painting and said that the relation between a short story and a novel was the same as that between a miniature and an oil-painting. The meeting broke up at 5-20 P.M.

The Committee decided to give a fitting send-off to Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Douglas and also to unveil a portrait of the former. Accordingly the Association was 'At Home' to both of them on Friday, the 9th March. After a group photo an enjoyable hour was spent at tea. Mr. Narayanan Unni proposed the toast of the outgoing members, which was responded to by Mr. U. S. Ramachandran. Then Mr. V. A. Suryanarayana, B.A., read a paper on his "Impressions of the Year."

After tea, the party adjourned to the English Honours Library which was bedecked with festoons and garlands specially for the occasion. Mr. V. A. Suryanarayana came forward with a song in his characteristic manner. Mr. A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar, the Secretary, in a short speech in which he gave an account of the activities of the Association this year, requested Mr. V. K. A. Pillai to unveil the portrait of Mr. W. C. Douglas. Mr. Pillai made a brief speech touching the indebtedness of the Association and the English Department to Mr. Douglas, and the portrait was unveiled amid cheers and applause. Thanking the Association for the honour done to him, Mr. Douglas spoke for about half an hour, expressing his regret at leaving the College. He made it clear that he experienced genuine sorrow at severing his connection with the Association of which he was the founder, and assured the members that he and Mrs. Douglas would be always glad to receive any of them who happened to visit Scotland. "Do not waste your time" was the keynote of his advice to the members. He referred them to the Sybilline story of the Twelve Books of Wisdom.

Mr. and Mrs. Douglas shook hands with every member present and bade them good-bye, and the function terminated at 7 P.M.

THE MATHEMATICAL ASSOCIATION

Under the auspices of the Association, Mr. K. P. Subramanyam of the IV Year Honours read an instructive paper on "Pascal's Hexagon," on Friday, the 10th November 1933, when Mr. G. A. Srinivasan, M.A., L.T., was in the chair. There was a good attendance of members. The paper dealt with the several points connected with Pascal's Hexagon and with preliminary theorems as aids to the understanding of the abstruse problems discussed. Mr. Subramanyam was active with his chalk piece and black board and made the paper a success. Mr. S. Sankaran of the Final Honours then made a supplementary speech wherein he pointed out how the theorem marked the climax in the theory of projective geometry. Discovered by its precocious author at the age of sixteen, studied by the eminent fathers of projective geometry, this theorem caught the imagination of mathematicians to an astonishing degree. He then referred to the enthusiastic term *Hexagramma Mysticum*. The President, in winding up the proceedings, remarked that this was the first time when students came forward to address the Association. He offered useful words of advice on the length of the paper to be read, the

materials to be chosen to make the subject interesting, and congratulated Mr. Subramanyam on his valuable paper that evening. With the vote of thanks proposed by Mr. M. Narasimhan, Secretary of the Association, the meeting terminated.

The Members of the Association were 'At Home' to Professor T. Suryanarayana, B.A. (Cantab) on the eve of his transfer from the college as the Deputy Director of Public Instruction at 4-15 P.M. on Friday, the 15th December 1933. Almost all the members were present. The guest was profusely garlanded on the occasion. After tea, Professor K. Ananda Rao spoke in eulogistic terms of the valuable services rendered by Mr. T. Suryanarayana, both as a professor and a colleague. On behalf of the students, Mr. S. Sankaran spoke of the great help they derived from the Professor of Applied Mathematics, and expressed in feeling terms the students' regret on the eve of his transfer. The guest, in reply, said that if his lectures in the class-room were a success, he would attribute it to the intelligent understanding of his students. He thanked them all for the kindness they had shown him. With the vote of thanks proposed by Mr. M. Narasimhan, the function came to an end.

The Valedictory Address of the Association was delivered by Dr. R. Vaidyanathaswami, Reader, Madras University, at 3-30 P.M., on Monday, the 26th February. The meeting was very lively and well attended. The erudite lecturer spoke about "Infinity." After the usual vote of thanks the meeting came to an end.



This year has almost been barren in respect of winning trophies. Though the College has retained the Duncan Cup which has not been wrested from our hands from the time the Cup was instituted, we have lost the Pennyquick Trophy for cricket and the Panagal Cup for hockey. This is due to most of the star players in both the teams leaving the college. But it is encouraging to note that a large number of students have been taking full advantage of the facilities afforded to them in the field of games. The compulsory games for the Intermediate classes give real opportunities to many students who would otherwise have neglected to play and get the advantages of playing.

Mr. Hitch was again engaged to coach the students in cricket. His efforts to improve the standard of cricket were amply rewarded by the college team retaining the Duncan Cup. Besides, two of the college students, M. A. Utthappa and B. S. Thyagarajan, gained unique distinction among the students of this Presidency by their having been selected to play for the All-Madras side against the England team.

The annual tournaments open to all colleges and schools in the Presidency and the Inter-group competitions for the various groups in the college were conducted successfully, and the following are the results :—

Open Tournaments

1. Cricket (Duncan Memorial Cup)
Won by the Presidency College
Medals for the winners
2. Football (Professors' Cup)
Won by the Engineering College
Medals for the winners
3. Hockey (Raja of Panagal's Cup)
Won by the School of Technology
Medals for the winners

4. Tennis

Singles—

Sir C. P. Ramaswami Iyers's Cup

Won by the Loyola College

Cup Presented by

M. R. Ry. Diwan Bahadur K. P. Lakshmana Rao

Runner-up—The Engineering College

Doubles—

Won by the Loyola College

Runners-up—The Law College

Group Competitions

Medals for Group Events and

Shields for Group Competitions

Seniors

Football—Group B. Physics

Hockey—Group D. Natural Science

Volley Ball „ C. Chemistry

Cricket „ D. Natural Science

Athletic Sports B. Physics

(Team Events)

Medals for the winning teams

Bourne Trophy for Champion Group D. Natural Science

Juniors

Football Group IA

Hockey „ IA

Volley Ball „ II

Badminton „ II

Cricket „ II

Jagannathan Trophy for the Champion Group

Group II

Our college entered two tournaments in volley ball—one conducted by the Egmore Recreation Club and the other by the Y. M. C. A. Boys' and Girls' Exhibition. The College won the former and was the runner-up in the latter.

COLLEGE DAY

Diwan Bahadur S. Kumaraswami Reddiar, the Education Minister, presided on the College Day Celebration which was held on the 27th January 1934, and distributed the prizes. Though many distinguished old boys could not be present at the function owing to various other engagements, we had a fairly large gathering of the old boys. There were twenty-four items on the programme, which included the usual competitions for the old boys. In the old boys' race for people over forty, Major Grandhi won, while Justice K. P. Lakshmana Rao and Dr. Parthasarathi Ayyangar ran a close second and third to the winner. The old boys' race for those under forty was won by Mr. P. R. Subramanian and Mr. Wahid was second. The old boys also won the relay race against the present boys.

The lady students of the college have also been having a successful year in their athletic activities. They had won last year the tennis and the badminton tournaments conducted by the Madras Inter-Collegiate Women Athletic Association; this year they have retained these cups.

The following is the list of the winners in the college athletic sports :—

	First	Second
High jump	... T. Ramachandran	... A. Abraham.
Long jump	... John Kuruvilla	... T. Ramachandran.
440 yards	... P. Sitaramiah	... S. D. Hussainy.
Half mile	... S. D. Hussainy	... T. P. Venkataram.
One mile	... A. N. Jayaraman	... S. D. Hussainy.
Throwing the cricket ball	... B. S. Badradri	... A. Abraham.
Sack race	... M. Rajadorai	... C. V. Seshadri
100 yards race	... P. Sitaramiah	... B. S. Badradri.
Liliputians' race	... V. Ramamurthi	... A. N. Jayaraman
120 yds. High Hurdles.	John Kuruvilla	... P. Sitaramiah.
Fast cycling	... T. Ramachandran	... A. C. Srinivasan.
Shot put	... Md. Fazulludin	... John Kuruvilla.
Sack fight	... Md. Fazulludin	... E. Venugopal Reddi.
220 yds. race	... P. Sitaramiah	... B. S. Badradri.
One mile open to colleges	... Engineering College Balaji Naidu	}
Lady Students' Lime and spoon race	... Miss G. Mahadevan	... Miss Roshen Mirza.
Lady Students' Musical chairs	... Miss Malini	... Miss D'Souza.

	First	Second
Old boys under 40 ...	P. R. Subramanian	Wahid
Old boys over 40 ...	Major Grandhi	Justice, K. P. Lakshmana Rao.
Musical chair on cycles ...	A. C. Srinivasan	L. Rajiah.
Relay (past and present) Old Boys		
Champion Athlete of the college ...	P. Sitaramiah.	

INTER-GROUP ATHLETIC SPORTS

Seniors	Juniors
100 yards Relay	Chemistry Group II
220 yards	Physics. Group III
Hurdles	Physics. Group II
Long jump	Chemistrp. Group III

Tennis.

The College Tournaments in Open Singles, Doubles and Handicap Singles and Doubles were conducted successfully and the following are the winners and the runners-up in the various tournaments :—

Open Singles.

Winner: P. K. Kandaswami.
Runner-up: T. P. Pillai.

Open Doubles.

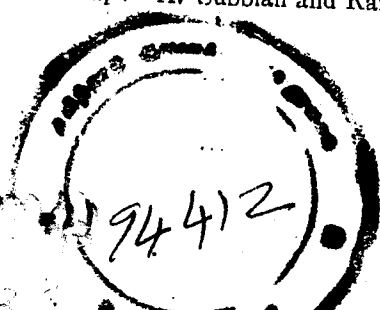
Winners: P. K. Kandaswami and T. P. Pillai.
Runners-up: Venkataraman and Subbiah.

Handicap Singles.

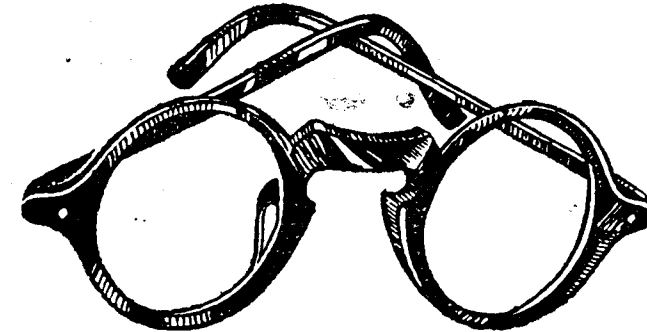
Winner: P. K. Kandaswami.
Runner-up: N. Venkateswara Row.

Handicap Doubles.

Winners: N. Venkateswara Row and Seshagiri Row.
Runners-up: K. Subbiah and Ramakrishnan.



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