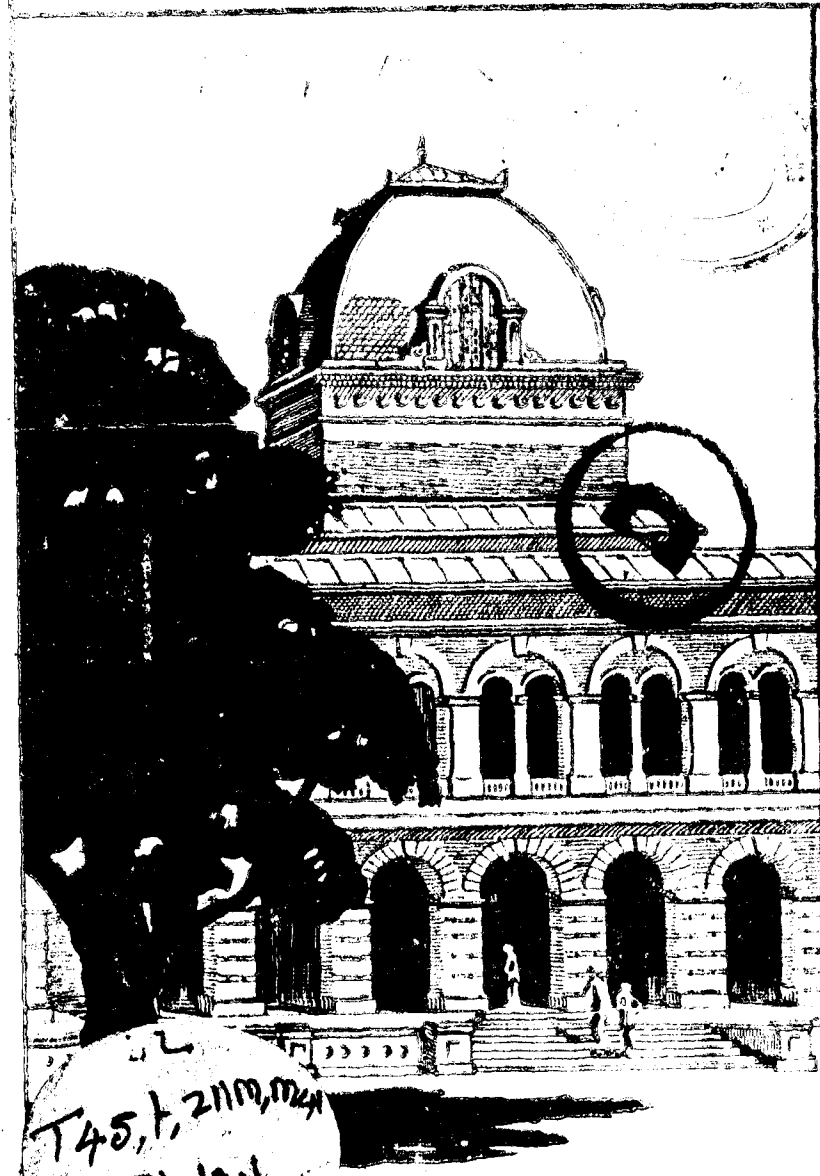


The PRESIDENCY COLLEGE³⁶¹



MAGAZINE

T45, 1, 2111, 1241
N34-10-1
9/14/13

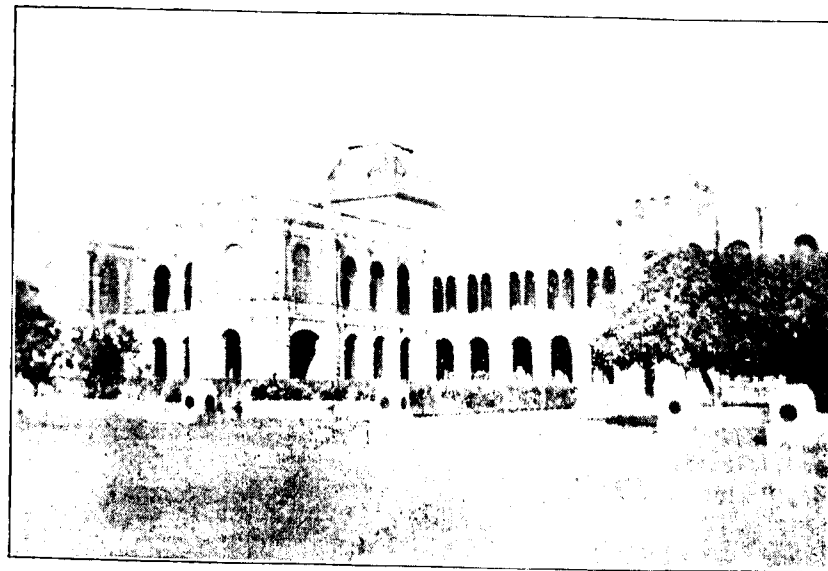
The Presidency College Magazine

Editor :—V. K. AYAPPAN PILLAI, B.A. (OXON.)

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

PUBLISHED TERMINALLY

Annual subscription for all except present students of the College Rs. 2-8-0.
Price of single copy One Rupee.



THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE.

C. N. Sundaram, Class I.

VOL. X

SEPTEMBER, 1934.

No. 1

CONTENTS

	PAGE
NATURALISM IN ART—By Mr. D. S. Sarma	... 1
A PART-TIME FAN—By P. S. Nataraja Sarma	... 3
HOBBIES—By C. Kunhiraman Kutty	... 8
SOME LOOSE THOUGHTS ON HAPPINESS—By S. R. Swami-nathan	... 12
SOUP—By M. Gopal Rao	... 16
ABOUT MYSELF AND MY CONTRIBUTIONS—By V. Vaidya-nathan	... 23
PROFESSOR THE RIGHT HONOURABLE FRIEDRICH MAX MÜLLER—By Mr. V. Rangacharya	... 27
DAY DREAM—By F. M. F.	... 41
IN MEMORIAM : M. A. CANDETH, O.B.E.—By Mr. R. N. Aiengar.	42
BOOK REVIEWS	... 43
COLLEGE NOTES	... 49
SPORTS NOTES	... 60

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.

path which Nature traces for us and be faithful to her even in the smallest details.

What Ruskin did for Nature in art is analogous to what Wordsworth had done for it in poetry. Wordsworth had demolished the artificial poetic diction of the eighteenth century. Ruskin demolished the technique of conventional art and revived naturalistic art.

But there is something higher than naturalism in art. Romantic art is on a higher plane than naturalistic art. Every natural object in its individuality and separateness is really incomplete and insignificant. Till it is sublimated by imagination into a spiritual order which transcends the natural order, it cannot gain significance. Take, for instance, the human hand. A naturalistic representation of it gives us the hand as it is in Nature, with all its contours, its joints, its veins, its nails and its hair. But the hand is only a part of a whole. The whole is the human body animated by a conscious spirit. The art which represents the hand in such a way as to give us a hint of this whole is surely on a higher plane than that which gives us no such hint. The hands that indicate prayer, command, consent or protection are superior to hands that are true to every anatomical detail, but point to nothing beyond their own physical existence. Gesture is surely better than hair, even as spirit is higher than matter.

The highest mission of art is not to indicate the separateness of objects in Nature, but to hint at their unity in Spirit. True romantic art teaches us indirectly what religion (at least Hinduism) teaches us directly, *viz.*, that individuality is only a half-way house, that we are deluded in thinking there is separateness in salvation, and that there is only one ultimate Reality in the universe of which all things in Nature are only fragments and shadows.

D. S. SARMA.

A Part-Time Fan

IF I am lucky in anything, it is in making friends. I get them as you might get the electric train or an attack of cold. The other day, while I was taking my first lessons in biking, I bumped into a chap on the Marina—and whenever he meets me now, it means a jolly sip at the nearest café. So also I have got my 'bus-friends and picture-house-friends and a host of other incidental friends. And the latest addition to the already-too-long catalogue is Mr. S—whom I met at a cricket match.

Personally I have no great predilection for cricket. There are two or three *great* things which I cannot, for the life of me, appreciate as I should. One is Tagore's pictures; another is Scientific South Indian Music; and the third is cricket. In vain have I sacrificed many a hard-earned holiday right beneath the fiery furnace of the Madras sun, and for hours on end, in the vain hope of getting over my prejudice. In vain have I sunk into the sporting columns of daily newspapers and pored over unpalatably dry statistics of batting and bowling. The bally thing's beyond me—or I'm beyond it: that is the perfectly certain, and as perfectly uncertain, conclusion I have arrived at.

When I say all this, you are not to mistake for a moment that I didn't attend the recent Test matches. In fact I did. You don't like to be behind-hand in such things and such hot events, however disagreeable their effect might be on your nerves. They are like castor oil or *etiquette de salons*—one of those little martyrdoms from which there cannot be an escape, and to which you must submit like a philosopher. Well, I had booked a fairly decent seat on top; but the game, the crowd, the sun and the enthusiasm had conspired together against me. I was terribly disgust-

ed with everything—with mankind in general and cricket in particular.

"Look here," I said to an acquaintance nearby, "Do you know what Shaw has said of cricket?"

"Shaw be blowed, let's see cricket," came a voice from the front. It was not the voice of my friend.

The owner of the voice turned round and I had a full look at him and his accoutrements. He was a very commonplace individual—the type of man you invariably meet with at a cricket match—all rattle and little sense. His mode of dress was a direct outrage on all the known proprieties of society. A battered khaki topee on a tufted cerebrum; a pair of big, dark goggles that put you vaguely in mind of pearl-divers and G. K. C.'s *Thursday*; a leathern wallet that hung from the shoulder like a postman's bag sending out rich promise of a luncheon; a thermos flask jutting out mysteriously from beneath the arm-pit; a pair of binoculars dangling from the neck at the end of a leathern girdle; and a thousand other sundries which experience had pointed out as indispensable companions for the field, constituted his pretentious outfit.

It was with immense difficulty that I fought down an irrepressible desire to laugh.

"Shaw?" my companion looked dubiously at me through his spectacles—surely he was not of the vulgar sort—"What does he say about cricket?"

"He calls it the slowest and stupidest of games."

"Bah!"

He lapsed into silence and riveted his attention on the game in progress.

"Suppose Shaw had played cricket," says he after a while, "What kind of player would he have made? Could you give a guess?"

I couldn't.

"I tell you what—he would have bowled with the devil's pace and done his batting with a battle-axe."

My friend evidently enjoyed his joke far better than I did. He burst into *he-haws* of laughter; and it took him a lot of time to come down to normal.

He was a cricket enthusiast—in every sense of the term. If ever a man got his money's worth out of the Test matches, he did. From start to finish he was in a fever of excitement; whenever the ball reeled to the boundary, his hair went on end; if it dislocated the stumps or the referee's arm, he looked as if he had done the trick himself. I have seen few instances of purer enjoyment. It never mattered to him whether brilliance was of this side or that. He was no mean partisan—he had a heart as big as a bowling-green. He had come there to see cricket, and whether the ball flew skyward or stumpward, he had his clap ready.

I believe he has the cricket twist in his brain—just as some people have the mathematics twist in their brains. It comes upon me now that some fellows there might have done immensely better by taking a tip from him. He, poor man! did his duty; shouting at the pitch of his poor lungs and telegraphing splendid directions to block and cut and drive and hit out in grand style. But they never cared; and an unheeding world failed to mark his genius and took it into its head to drown his cries. And he stood there shouting like a prophet without a following—condemned to waste his precious words on the *desert air*.

We had a short respite for lunch. And it was only then I realized what it was to have a friend, especially one with a rich wallet and a thermos flask full of delicious coffee that a dutiful wife has been at pains to prepare. My friend was very obliging and shared his rations liberally with me; and, between each gulp, he took the opportunity to instruct me on the scientific aspect of cricket.

"Ever heard of googly?" he asked me in the middle of his talk, coolly negotiating a peeled orange.

"Of course, yes," I returned, "could you imagine a Calcutta without a?"

I had to stop because my friend began to laugh as if the Devil was tickling at his side.

"It's not Hooghly, my dear man; it's googly, g as in goose. It is a type of bowling."

And he proceeded to bombard me with off-break balls and break-neck pitches—and he emptied such a lot of scientific jargon on my muddled head that I felt like having a head-ache.

Very soon the scramble for lunch-tickets and eating-places was over; wallets had emptied and bottles poured out their contents; newspapers, dried leaves, broken flasks and all the other magnificent ruins of a motley lunch covered the place 'thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks of Vallombrosa'; a mixed, coffee-house smell came floating on the dry afternoon breeze. The game began once again. There was a second rush and a general charge to the front as if the gates of Heaven had opened for a spell. I was carried to the front on the crest of a stampede. I lost my friend—but I could see his battered sun-hat towering not far away and his goggles pinned as steadily as ever to the game in front. And above all the rush and roar, above all the tumultuous ovations, I could hear his little voice piping out at intervals: "Block it man! That's right."

The rest of the evening I stood watching my friend. I left the game to take care of itself. My friend was a better study. I mused on the man as he stood there feeling almost at the brink of paradise. He was having one of the thrills of his life—something which, years hence, he would recall with a sort of melancholy pleasure, as an event, as a piece of history. He had been planning and plotting for this months ago; he had looked forward to it

every hour of his life—at home, at the office, even in his dreams perhaps. And now it had come—and he was in the midst of it!

I became a bit cynical. You do—when you have paid your Rs. 7/8 and haven't the ghost of an idea what is going on before you. What, after all, I thought, is there about this silly game to make so much fuss of? There might be sport in it, but I could not see it. There might be a lot of romance in basking under the sun and frisking about like rabbits in a warren. There might be tremendous fun in hitting a six and getting a lift for it. There must be excitement in splitting heads with such a harmless, sportsman-like thing as a cricket ball. There must surely be sport and honour and adventure about it all. And then the parties and shikars, the rush for autographs, the press interviews and newspaper-honours and action-pictures—what a cheap bid for immortality! But I could not see things in the right light. To me it all seemed summer madness—a madness with a remarkable touch of profundity about it—but madness nevertheless.

I met my friend in the evening as he was going away. The day had told rather miserably on him; he was reduced to a slight fraction of the jaunty enthusiast of the morning.

"Why don't you play cricket? You are so enthusiastic about other people playing it," I asked him casually.

He was brief in his answer.

"No time. Used to play during my college days—that was six years back—but have got office work now. There's the wife and the children—must work—yes, men must work and all that, you know.....Ha, ha, ha!....."

* * * *

I am told he is a clerk in a post office getting forty rupees—in addition to a lot of filthy air.

P. S. NATARAJ SARMA.

Hobbies.

ONE of the problems peculiar to modern civilization is the proper utilisation of leisure, enforced or voluntary. The increasing mechanisation of both industry and agriculture, which developed during the last century, has perceptibly diminished the toil and time necessary for man in the satisfaction of his primary needs. This has resulted in an increment of leisure in the daily life of the vast majority of the people, especially in the West. And the cultivation of a useful hobby is one of the methods which man has devised for utilising these leisure hours.

A hobby is any occupation in which a man engages himself for purposes other than the earning of his daily bread, or the acquisition of any other extraneous object. A hobby is pursued for its own sake, and its reward is the peculiar pleasure that a man feels in practising it. It has no other ulterior object in view, and the moment an occupation is carried on with any such object, it ceases to be a hobby. Another peculiarity of a hobby is the absence of compulsion. It is a purely voluntary pursuit. Instances of hobbies are the familiar one of collecting stamps, rare curios and works of art, amateur poetry and cross-word puzzles.

The significant importance of a hobby is the prevention of idleness. It prevents people from spending their leisure in scandalous gossip, interference with those engaged in useful work, and other anti-social activities. In short, it nips the 'devil's workshop' in the bud by preventing the existence of an 'idle brain.' Hobbies are especially useful in these days of unemployment and enforced idleness. The psychological results of unemployment are not a whit less

Hobbies

9

disastrous than its economic. In the absence of hobbies to occupy their enforced idleness with, the educated unemployed are a real menace to society. The cultivation of some useful by-employment is a very healthy cure for the despondency which invariably attacks the man who is denied the work he is willing to do.

Such by-employments have another advantage in view of the fact that 'variety is the spice of life.' The occupation by which a man earns his livelihood sometimes appears to him as a sort of unrelieved drudgery. As a pleasant diversion from this feeling of monotony, the pursuit of a hobby is unrivalled. It increases the man's capacity to work when he returns to his normal occupation. Hobbies thus make the man a better earner.

Especially in his declining years, when a man has retired from active work and feels that the time is hanging heavily on him, the pursuit of his hobby will be an excellent recreation to him. And if the hobby is of the sort that is beneficial to those around him, the old man can die peacefully, conscious of having done something to leave the world better than he found it. As an illustration, the work of those who strive for 'leper relief' might be quoted.

Sometimes a hobby, in addition to giving subjective satisfaction, can be responsible for material returns also. But this happens only rarely and by accident. Indeed, as already noted, it ceases to be a hobby when the motive behind it is definite material gain, and not the pleasure that it gives even without the gain. Thus a man who has been collecting old curios, manuscripts and works of art might find later on that he has acquired a rare or very ancient material which commands a high fancy price. But, as emphasised before, this type of windfall is rare, and should never be the one motive in pursuing the hobby. Again, sometimes, the ancient materials collected might be, at a later period, useful in unravelling past history. People

with such hobbies are especially useful in turbulent times when the preservation of useful materials and writings for the sake of the future generations is apt to be forgotten by most governments and peoples. But this type of advantage resulting from a hobby is also rare, especially in the comparatively peaceful and advanced days of the twentieth century.

Now, it is interesting to speculate whether the cultivation of hobbies, which is seen to be such a very useful institution, has any possible defects or disadvantages. The defects appear to be two-fold:—firstly, they might be overdone or carried to excess till they become a craze or mania, and secondly, they oust other rival and more useful occupations from finding a place in a man's life.

The craze for hobbies is well-known to those, for example, who have come across a stamp-collecting crank. It is a mania with him and he has no other topic to engage his mind with or discuss about. So also some amateur poets cause poetry to topple from its high pedestal and fall headlong like Milton's 'Satan', days on end.

The above occupations are not only of no benefit to anybody, but take up the whole of a man's leisure and prevent him from utilising it in more useful ways. Had it not been for his hobby a man frequently might have become sociable, better known and appreciated by his fellow-men, and might have contributed something more tangible and useful to the world. We need only imagine the case of what the world would have lost if the late Edison or Sir. C. V. Raman had fallen a victim to the craze for some hobby which occupied the lion's share of their time. Thus hobbies should be prevented from becoming crazes, and the more useful they are, the better.

In conclusion, it need only be pointed out that despite a few defects, the proper cultivation of a hobby within limits has unimpeachable and salutary benefits. Especially

at the present day, the education of the village artisan and agriculturist in more hygienic and improved methods of living and doing his work is a fit hobby for the educated unemployed. The uplift of the so-called "depressed classes", the promotion of Swadhesi and the encouragement of a higher economic outlook among the masses are highly commendable hobbies. Thus hobbies, properly and widely cultivated, result in preventing waste of time and energy in useless occupations and raise the general quality of the life of the community.

C. KUNHIRAMAN KUTTY.

Some Loose Thoughts on Happiness

THIS world has been a changing one ever since its beginning. Every age has its own tendencies, its special circumstances, its ideas. All human movements are based on these ideas. It is ideas that govern our lives. We react to them and they are the shaping spirit of our lives. But with the change of circumstances and tendencies conditioning humanity, ideas too must change. Hence ideas of yesterday become faded things of the past to-day; and those of to-day outworn fossils tomorrow. So that the history of civilisation, which is nothing but the history of these ideas, has been a fluid process—everchanging.

Modern life with its immense complexities—"with its sick hurry and divided aims," has rendered impossible for the normal human being any Buddhistic ideal of simplification of life through the rigorous control of wants and desires. We live in an age of bristling activity which can ill-brook a tame, passive and apparently lifeless principle. We have to react to our own age-complexes and fashion ourselves according to them. We are essentially concerned about our immediate present. We desire to increase possibilities of human progress and achievement. We refuse to believe in vain austerities, or subscribe to doctrines not naturally and inevitably evolved from the spirit of our age. We are too intensely self-conscious to forget that we have to live our lives, our own,—to attempt to live as others did. We must be ourselves and ourselves alone.

But however much obsessed we may be, or dazzled before an intensely alive here and now, the old ideals may still have a message for us. There is an infinite world of experience in the past; it is not well or worthy of us to ignore it altogether. Indeed that life is best informed which while keeping abreast with the times, can

also assimilate the wisdom of the past. Our ancestors were not fools; we dare not think so; if we do, posterity may not have a better compliment for us. Human beings ought to preserve, through all the shufflings and re-shufflings of this changing world, a reverence for the past, for all the greatness and glory of things that have ceased to be. It is this that can ensure the fundamental unity of the time-spirit—the sense of which marks man from beast. It is this reverence that can connect past, present and future, weld them together and transmute a process of change into an ultimate state of perfection and permanence.

Man lives on three planes—the physical, the intellectual and the spiritual. Happiness is the sum-total of sensations experienced on all the three. The moment one plane gets the upper hand over the others, man's happiness would be disturbed. Life would be thrown off its gear and the serene equipoise conditioning an all-round growth would be upset. The disproportionate strength of one and the corresponding weakness of any of the other two would result in conflict. A pure ethereal spirit, fed and sustained by a searching and vigorous intellect, supported by a healthy physical frame—all leading to a perfect harmony would make up every man's happiness.

A glance at life as we lead it to-day would reveal to us the worries and confusions that come thick upon us at every stage. It is unfortunate that with the increase of opportunities there should be a multiplication of life's perplexities. Somehow civilisation instead of effecting a corresponding increase of strength in us, instead of eliminating possible chances of worry, has been tending towards the contrary. Most of the worries in our life are due to a want of leisure. It should be the object of civilisation to provide greater leisure for man. Hurry, sick hurry, mad, meaningless and wasteful—this is the malady, of our life. Civilisation would be taking a wrong turn—a disastrously wrong turn—if it

should leave this tendency towards speed uncurbed. Speed is the cause of friction ; of the Great War. Greater leisure would enable us to live life more fully ; it would draw forth some of the more exalted and permanent forces in us that lie idle and rot under a surface, ruffled every moment. We must have time to think, time to repose. Let us not live all for our employers ; let us live for ourselves too.

Let us live for ourselves ; let us live for mankind too. One of the important ends of civilisation is to educate us to live for mankind. It ought to cultivate a larger self-interest in us—the interest of the society. All enlightened ideas, impulses and other vital forces must be realised and brought to bear on this centre. The ideal should be “joy in widest commonalty spread.”

A chief feature of all human happiness is the assiduous and careful development of the emotions. We are living in times that threaten emotional impoverishment of humanity. There are ominous signs visible in the confusions of our age. The life abundant requires an apprehension of the higher aesthetic values of life—“We are the music makers and dreamers of dreams.” Shall we cease to be these? Shall we cease to be ourselves? Our music and our dreams are the very fundamental laws of human expression and fulfilment.

Another and perhaps the most important principle of a happy life should be faith. We live in an age of reason ; it tends to over-rationalise everything. Science most aggressively questions faith. It is an age of negation. But an age that seeks to set at nought some of the eternal verities of life must soon die. If science is going to continue in a defiant spirit of arrogance and denial, it will be signing its own death warrant. It must own defeat where it cannot succeed. It is again trying to destroy a huge granite wall by scratches. If it scatters seeds of unhealthy faithlessness and destroys some of the greatest ideas, with

cold logic, the spirit it creates may react on itself. Faith is the only solution to all problems of life ; it is the science of our higher life ; faith in ourselves, our efforts, and our rewards ; faith in truth and its triumph. Faith is a constant emotion ; it can endow man with the richest poetry. Thinking minds can never reconcile themselves to the glib explanation that death is the obvious and final conclusion of ourselves ; that the greatest heroes of the world end with the grave. It is impossible not to believe in a higher world—where exists a more equitable distribution of goods ; where suffering virtue would be rewarded. It is faith that can cheer up the despondency of ill-requited worth and illumine the darkness of suffering virtue. It is this that can enable men to live life nobly, for noble ends ; mightily for mighty successes. This faith is the beginning and the end, the alpha and the omega of the alphabet of life.

Happiness is nothing but the supreme confidence that life has been lived fully, burningly, in great passions and ideals. The realisation of an all-round growth, a complete unfolding of the personality, in its widest sense, expressing itself in well directed efforts, and fulfilling itself in the joy of faithful actions, impelled by a serene principle of faith, is happiness. To live rationally, to live emotionally, to live abundantly and intensely is to live happily.

S. R. SWAMINATHAN.

Soup

"I AM in the soup" said Ralph to Victor, his friend, "I'm in it absolutely to the neck—and Heaven only knows what I am to do now."

The two friends, good fellows indeed, were passing the hour before dinner in the manner usual to young men. They were storing up digestive trouble by the aid of iced drinks.

"What is the particular trouble?" said Victor,—"a woman?" A married man, Victor had learnt a good deal about team work. He pulled his weight when he thought it necessary. Sometimes he held the coach back, but more often than not, he trotted on at the pace set by his wife. Indeed, it was natural that he should sympathise with Ralph, who had an ingenious knack of falling into soups or *sambars*, as occasions permitted.

"No," said Ralph, "not so ancient a trouble—it's money."

"Oh, money!" said Victor, contemptuously. He never knew what it was to have any; so could see no tragedy lurking in the currency of the realm.

"It's pretty bad," said Ralph, "I tried to get out of the cart by a bang at cotton—and sank in knee-deep."

"Dirty stuff cotton," said Victor, "I've got and always buy a clean sort of shares."

"And," continued Ralph, "I've got three months to settle—and, if I can't.....," he shrugged his shoulders expressively.

"And if you can't..." repeated Victor.

"Well, I shall have to clear the country" answered Ralph gloomily. Victor's was rather a delicate ques-

Soup

17

tion. A sensible man wouldn't have put that question, but sensible men are so rare nowadays. And particularly among married men. (Married men need not get incensed, for I too am one, and sympathise with them).

"Lucky dog," said Victor, "wish I could get out!"

"D—n it," said Ralph, "you are a casual blighter. How could I go home and start afresh at my time of life?"

"That's true," said Victor, "I have worked ten years out here myself and all I've got for it is a little pile of debt. I could have stayed at home—got into debt just as well."

"You've a fertile mind," said Ralph, "you have imagination though it's queer at times. (At school, his teacher had asked him: "What is imagination, Ralph?" and he had blinked). Can't you really suggest something?"

Victor pensively played with the bill that had been presented to him by the waiter. He handed it to Ralph. "Settle that while I think," said he, "and—er—order another. It might be worth it."

Twenty minutes had elapsed when Victor turned to Ralph.

"I have it," he said, "I have it."

"Thanks," said Ralph, "pass it along."

"You must marry money."

It is easier said than done. This marrying money. Ralph realized it, though not so soon. Victor had mentioned a name. Old David's daughter. "Pots of her own money, Ralph. And the daughter of old David, the man who could buy the High Court, if he had a fancy for it. Only talks in crores—the old fool."

It was terrible. The idea of his proposing to a rich man's daughter. Still more so, considering the fact that

he was never so perfect in his sartorial achievements. However, they ventured at last on their enterprise.

They found old David at home and he welcomed them without enthusiasm. Old fools rolling in money are never enthusiastic, unless it be towards amassing fortunes. He began at once to talk of a new scheme he had heard about—to buy up Fort St. George and convert it into a Garden city. He droned on for some time, and Ralph turned an enquiring eye on Victor.

"By the way," said the latter, "will we have the pleasure of seeing Miss David? I am particularly anxious to introduce my friend to her."

"She's lying down, I suppose—she always is" said David.

"I—er—heard she was engaged," hazarded Victor. "Is that so?"

Old David shook his head mournfully.

"No," he said, "but if she will only select a decent husband, I'll settle one lakh on him—if he is a good fellow."

Victor cleared his throat. "Er." he commenced rather hesitatingly, "my friend here—Ralph—is a distant relative of Sir Ralph Mitchell....."

"What!" said David "the button man?"

"No," replied Victor, "that was the other Ralph. The ancestor of this Sir Ralph came over with the Vikings."

"So many people won the war," said David, "that you mustn't ask me to guess his name."

"And Ralph caught sight of your daughter at the Elphinstone the other night...."

"She never goes to the pictures," said David.

"My mistake," said Victor, "she was driving down the Marina."

"She never drives down the Marina," was the reply.

"Oh, of course—she was standing at the window of this very house. Now don't say she never does that," he added quickly.

"Go on," said the old man, "it's a very long story."

"I'm sorry," said Victor. "I'm trying to convey a true picture of events to you. Well, Ralph caught sight of her—and since then he has had no rest."

"No, I suppose not," said David.

"And his one desire is to make her acquaintance—to try and instil—into her the passion he feels—with, of course, your approval."

"Hm!" said the old man. "Is your friend dumb?"

"No," said the startled Victor. "Why?"

"I was wondering. Only you have done all the talking. Are you," he said turning to Ralph, "medically sound?"

"I was passed for the U. T. C.," said Ralph.

"Pooh," said David, "they take anything in there. My proposition is that you secure a certificate from a doctor that you are physically and mentally sound. I've had some prize idiots pass this way. For the rest it is a question which remains with my daughter."

They departed into the night air. Ralph wasn't sure if he was really and truly alive.

"But this," said he, "is sheer lunacy. Why the medical certificate?"

"Eugenics," said Victor. "It's all the rage now. You go to the father of a girl—he says: 'Bring a certificate and then we'll get busy.'"

"By the way," said Ralph "rather curiously I've forgotten to ask what she is like."

"Oh, she is a combination of Mae West, Norma Shearer and Clara Bow; She's it!"

That evening, Victor sent a note to old David saying that they would call with the medical certificate the next night after dinner, and in due course they arrived and were ushered into the study. The old man inspected the certificate. 'Good,' he said and they were asked to go in and do their best.

Ralph followed Victor with a feeling akin to elation. How did one begin with young heiresses? Victor, as ever, was obliging enough; he instructed him to profess that he had followed her half round the world for a smile, he argued that love is nothing but lies, that he could go in by himself; he would surely get an inspiration and do better without him (Victor).

Ralph started for the drawing-room in a very hesitating manner. He felt that he had a job on hand which he did not understand in the least. He peered through the curtain for a moment, and there, on a dainty couch, sat a lovely lady. He had always hoped that the future Mrs. Ralph would be something like that—and as he advanced and she looked at him, he concluded that Aphrodite was a regular back number.

"Er—excuse me," he began. "Mr David said I was to come in here—er—how do you do? My name is Ralph—er—Ralph Mitchell."

She smiled at him and bade him sit down. He sat down awkwardly and completely tongue-tied. The conquest had been immediate and complete. Like Caesar's!

"It—er—has been very hot to-day," said he at last.

She answered this very unoriginal remark in the affirmative.

"We shall soon have rain," said he hopefully.

He was inwardly cursing himself. This matrimonial scheme was impossible. The more he looked at her, the more he consigned Victor and his material ideas to blazes.

Presently, he found himself and talked to her sincerely and naturally. He took the bold step of asking her to have tea with him, and to his very obvious delight she consented. He left the house in a dream and forgot all about Victor—and when he did see him he declined absolutely to speak a word on the subject. The Goddess and Ralph secured a table in a quiet corner for tea, and they both had the sensation that they had known each other for centuries.

Then Ralph came to a decision. He was going to have a straight game or none at all.

"I want you to listen to me quietly for a few moments," said he. "My conduct has been very bad indeed, but I'm determined that you shall know the truth."

And then he told her the whole undiluted truth.

"And now," he concluded lamely, "you'll not want to see me again, and you will see why I must not see you either. Why," he continued fiercely. "Why couldn't you have been a poor devil like myself?"

"I am," she answered quietly.

"What?" he almost shouted.

"I'm poorer than you are—I am a paid companion to Miss David.

Ralph jumped up.

"Say it again," he said excitedly "say it again!"

"I am the paid companion," she repeated with her eyes suspiciously bright, for there was no mistaking the fact that the discovery that she was a poor devil, had had a most exhilarating effect on Ralph.

"Here, old man," said Ralph to the waiter.

"Here's something to drink my health. Come," he turned to her, "what am I to call you?"

"My very dear friends call me Monica," she said.

"Come on, Monica, then," said Ralph. "We'll blow the balance of the funds on the Taxi."

They did. Opposite the Presidency College, they came to a halt by the Policeman's hand.

Monica pointed to a lady in a private car.

"Do you know her?" said she.

Ralph looked.

"Good lord," said he "what an extraordinary sight! She looks like a rhino in a skirt. Who the dickens is she?"

"Miss David," said Monica.

M. GOPAL RAO,
IV Hons. English.

About Myself and My Contributions

I WAS a young boy of thirteen when I first came to Madras in the year 1930. Till then I was prosecuting my studies in a village school which bears the name of the present Lord of the British Empire. Even while I was studying in the III Form, I had read Gray's "Elegy written in a Country Church-yard," and got by heart the stanza beginning "Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast".....Why not I too be a Milton? Why not I too be a Scott, a Dickens, or even a Macaulay?" was the thought that flowed in my mind every time I repeated my favourite stanza.

I began my maiden attempt at writing articles in the summer of 1930. It was a short poem of fourteen lines (Sonnet, I mean) with the grand title 'My School.' I had many a time read Wordsworth's sonnet on the city of London, and I imitated him now. My poem began with the line, "Tanjore has nothing to show more fine," and ended with "A school that bears the name of George the Fifth." It was a splendid piece of poetry, thought I, and without any delay on my part, despatched it to the "Everybody's Magazine," to be published. But I did not tell anybody about it (of my having contributed an article to the "Everybody's Magazine"), partly from strong motives of prudence, and partly to give them a neat surprise. I was therefore looking forward with eagerness to the next issue of the magazine, in which I hoped to find my *grand* poem, when one evening I came across an advertisement in the 'Public Mind' as follows:—

"September issue of the 'Everybody's Magazine' containing short stories and poems by famous writers. Price two annas only. Order your copies early."

"Perhaps I might be one of the *famous* writers," thought I to myself, in high glee.

My anxiety rose to a pitch when, on the morning of the second of September, I bought an issue of the "Everybody's Magazine," and looked into it with great expectations to find my poem in print. I took a glance at the 'Contents' page; my eyes became dim; and I sat myself down in front of the News Agency not knowing what to do. For, my poem (the fruit of fifteen days' strenuous labour) was missing! I cursed myself, cursed the copy of the magazine itself, cursed the Editor, and even went so far as to curse God Himself. I returned home crestfallen, almost beside myself. For, the first thing that I did on my returning home was that I slapped my younger brother right on his left cheek and sent him yelling to the kitchen. Then I made my way straight to my room and sat on my broken chair. I was quite moody; I could not set myself to any work. My head went down between my knees and tears began to wet my cheeks. But in a short time I came to my senses and induced myself to look into the contents of the issue; and to my surprise not even one of them seemed to me better than my rejected composition. Yet how did they find a place in the issue? After a prolonged discussion within myself, I could not but conclude that the Editor of the "Everybody's Magazine" must indeed be an idiot, who was unable to judge the value of the contributions he received.

Soon after this painful experience, I set myself to the task of writing a short story bearing the title 'The April Fool'—the only result of which, as you will shortly see, was that I made a *fool* of myself. It did not take much time for me to finish it, and this time I despatched it to the "Wanderer," a new English Daily. I was quite sure that the "Wanderer" would have more sense than to refuse my contribution. Therefore I waited and watched, spending an anna everyday to buy an issue of the newspaper. More than a month had passed since I had despatched my article. I became quite impatient, and was doubting whether my

manuscript had reached the Editor at all, when lo, one fine morning, after all my expectations and to my utter amazement and discomfiture, I received back from the 'Wanderer' my manuscript—of which I had entertained such high hopes.

But I was in no way broken down by my second failure. I at once despatched my manuscript, ("The April Fool," I mean), with a correction or two, to the "Humourist," where I thought I would have a fairer chance of being admitted and accepted. But "misfortunes never come singly." I waited for a long time to hear from the "Humourist" that it accepted my article and would pay for it! But all my hopes of hearing from it proved mirages in the firmament of desire. I became quite distracted; I could not settle my mind even to read calmly. I took a solemn vow not to write articles any more.

For a long time after this painful experience of mine, I did not write any article. I confined myself to studies only. But about the middle of last April I came across the following notice in the 'Onlooker':—

"20 Guineas Prize Competition.

"An amount of 20 guineas is offered for the best humorous short story written by any Matriculate of the Madras University. Articles should not exceed twelve pages of ordinary writing. For other particulars, apply to

The Editor,

The "Onlooker,"

Madras.

"N. B.:—Articles should be sent to the Editor of the "Onlooker" so as to reach him not later than 1st May, 1934."

"Twenty guineas! A very handsome offer indeed! God willing, I shall get the prize," were the words that came out of my mouth in low mutterings, as I returned

home from the News Agency. I soon forgot the vow that I took a few months back. I set myself in right earnest to the task of writing a short story. In a short time I finished the first draft of my article and gave it the title "The shining bald head that broke at last"—indeed a long title! Within a day or two I took a fair copy of the article and despatched it to the Editor of the "Onlooker," on the 18th April.

The results of the competition were announced about the middle of last May. The long-wished-for prize had gone to some other fellow! But two days later, I received a letter from the Editor of the "Onlooker," congratulating me on my fine endeavour, and asking me to 'try again.' I became a little bolder. I made up my mind to *try again*. In a short time I succeeded in working out what I considered a splendid short story. This article, I thought, had every chance of fetching me a small sum. It took me nearly three days to find a suitable title for my story. At last I gave it the title "The silly cat that lost its head." It was on the 1st of July that I despatched it to the "Onlooker." And yet I have not heard anything about it.

Intolerable suspense sets a keener edge upon our disappointments. I don't understand why the Editor of the "Onlooker" has not yet dropped me a letter about my manuscript. But I hope definitely to hear from the Editor in a day or two, and there is something in me that whispers that the contents of the letter will be favourable.

V. VAIDYANATHAN.

Professor the Right Honourable Friedrich Max Müller (1823—1900)

PROFESSOR Friedrich Max Müller, the great orientalist and philologist, whose name is familiar to all those interested in the history of India, was born on 6th December, 1823, at Dessau in Prussia. His father, Wilhelm Müller (1794—1827), was librarian to the Duke of Dessau, the master of a local school, and a poet of no mean gifts. He wrote many lyrics which were set to music by the most celebrated musical composers of the day, and he was a favourite among the intellectual circles of Germany. Friedrich's mother was the daughter of President Von Basadew, the Prime Minister of the Duchy of Dessau. Friedrich was thus a member of high society from the beginning; and though he possessed talents which would have made him rise to the highest rank even in societies which were hide-bound by tradition, custom and conventional etiquette, still it was a great help to Max Müller that, as a child, he was known to the most eminent Germans of the day. Gifted with a fascinating character, he would have been, under any circumstances, an emperor of life who could never meet or receive a challenge; but it was a great advantage to Max Müller that, in addition to a captivating aesthetic charm, he inherited from his father a privileged place in society.

Wilhelm Müller died while Friedrich was barely four years old; and the bereaved lad, with a little sister of his, had to be brought up by his mother in her father's house. For a space of six years, from 1829 to 1835, Friedrich studied in the High School at Dessau. He was not robust in health, and being poorly clad and fed in consequence of his dependence, constantly suffered from headache. Still,

he laid down the foundations of that passionate love of learning and intellectual work which afterwards raised him to the highest pinnacle of renown. Even when he was nine years of age, he indicated the possibility of his talents by composing verses during Christmas and in the family birth-days.

In 1836, when Friedrich was thirteen years of age, he went to Leipzig for his studies. Here he showed himself for the first time to be that sustained and methodical worker which he later on became. Even as a youth he had a scheme of life in which time, order, method had each its proper place. He had a keen sense of the fruits of toil, thrift and intellect. He acquired a good knowledge of Latin. He improved his knowledge not only by wide reading but by undertaking walking tours in Switzerland. He impressed the head of his school at once with his intellectual vigour and moral excellence.

In 1841, Friedrich obtained a classical scholarship of £6 per year from his native city in the University of Leipzig; and this was a great event in his life. The sum was insignificant, but Müller was too poor and resourceless to forego it. It enabled him to have a University career, and to discover his own mind. Fortunately for the young Matriculate, he came under the inspiring influence of Prof. Herman Brockhaus (1806—77). This eminent philologist helped Max Müller to realise that his field of honour and name lay in the hard and uninviting field of philology, particularly in the study of that difficult and mysterious language of the erudite, Sanskrit. Max Müller had an instinctive passion for linguistic studies and investigations. His mind always quickened with joy at the prospect, and by the time that he took his doctorate in philosophy (1843)—he borrowed the robes of investment from a friend, as he was too poor to own one—he had resolved to pursue the study of Sanskrit as the chief problem of his life and profession.

The young Doctor did not lack in patrons who were prepared to push him on in the field of worldly distinction. Prince Wilhelm of Dessau, whose wife was a relation of Friedrich's mother, offered to adopt him and secure a post for him in the Austrian diplomatic service. To his eternal credit Max Müller declined the offer. He had already made up his mind to devote himself to the study of the Vedas, gloomy as such a prospect was when compared with the one placed before him. Proceeding to Berlin in 1844, he characteristically plunged into the numerous manuscripts which the King of Prussia had just brought from England. For two years the young enthusiast had a titanic struggle. He had no adequate subsistence. The scholarship of six pounds which his native city gave was the only fixed support. He had to depend on the generosity of friends even for his meal. Often he had to go with bare bread and butter, to drink coffee without sugar or milk. Often he had to work till three without dinner. The copying of the Sanskrit manuscripts, again, on which he mainly relied for his livelihood, was no easy task. It was singularly depressing, and it often drove him to desperation. More than once, the unfortunate savant felt it tempting to give up everything. But Max Müller's spirit and purpose triumphed over all ills. He was full to the brim with the joy of intellectual labour, and his strong, steady vision refused to admit a compromise with weakness, hesitation or uncertainty. Resolved to shine in the world of science and learning, he brought his extraordinary faculty for methodical work into full play,—a true sample of the Teutonic savant with an inexhaustible reserve of roseate optimism and unsubdued spirits.

It was very fortunate for Max Müller that, at Berlin, he came into contact with two intellectual giants whose inspiration was instrumental, more than anything else, in shaping his future development. These were Prof. Franz Bopp (1791—1867) and Prof. Schelling of the Berlin Uni-

versity. The former of these made the young Sanskrit student a student of scientific comparative philology, and the latter awakened him to his love and capacity for metaphysical speculation. Time came when the ardent pupil showed himself to be an improved edition of his illustrious teachers.

In 1845, Max Müller left Berlin for Paris in order to further prosecute his Sanskrit studies. At Paris, he became the pupil of the great scholar, Prof. Francois Burnouf (1801—52), and under his guidance did not only improve his qualifications for philological investigations, but chalked out the fresh line of enquiry into comparative religion. Max Müller displayed phenomenal energy in acquiring knowledge of the different languages. He learnt Zend from his master, and further made himself an expert in French, Bengali, Persian, and above all English, in which he was to write and speak so beautifully well. He published a Bengali grammar in French in this period. And he did all this while starving at home and earning a poor penny by copying manuscripts for others! Dark as was the care which brooded over his home, he had for ever the vista of the fairyland of Vedic lore before him, and never allowed his bright hopes to fade.

It was while staying at Paris that Max Müller, inspired by Burnouf, seriously conceived the object of his life, namely, the publication of the R̥g-vēda. It was a task which, on account of its bigness and its difficulties, would have baffled ordinary men. Acquainted as we are with the stupendous accumulations of scholarship during a century, we can even hardly imagine the tremendousness of the task which Max Müller set before himself. The commentary of Sāyaṇāchārya alone, as far as it was available at Paris, ran through 4000 folio pages. Not only had this to be copied out, but other MSS. had to be obtained and compared. To collect, compare and critically examine them meant a phenomenal, a superhuman labour. Inaccurate

passages had to be corrected, the missing ones traced, and obscure references checked, often after days and weeks of labour. Meticulous care, infinite patience, was needed; and there was, to add to these, the dark shadow of the finance of the undertaking. Max Müller opened correspondence with various savants, and tried to secure their help in financing his project. Prof. Horace Hayman Wilson, the Librarian in the India Office, whose sympathetic zeal linked him with fellow-workers, offered to get it undertaken by the Oxford University, but somehow the proposal fell through. The idea of raising subscriptions in Germany for the publication had to be given up. Herr Bohtlingk offered to have it published by the Academy of St. Petersburg, but on condition that he was joint Editor. Max Müller was in a state bordering on despair, when the timely rescue came from the Directors of the East India Company who were induced to grant the money needed for the undertaking. The credit of this achievement belongs to Prof. Wilson and, even more, to Baron von Christian Charles Bunsen (1791—1860), the great Prussian diplomatist and scholar who was ambassador in the British court from 1841 to 1854. To Bunsen, who was versed in Hebrew, Arabic, Persian and Norse, Max Müller was indebted for the greatest opportunities of his life. The eminent diplomatist did not only secure the financing of the great literary enterprise, but introduced its daring author to Queen Victoria, to the Prince Consort and to the Oxford University. He further advised his young friend to display a very busy literary activity by his contributions to various journals during the time when he was engaged in the patient and necessarily tardy task of Vedic research and edition. And Max Müller never forgot these counsels. He utilised in full the value of his acquaintance with high personages. Endowed with engaging and captivating manners, he won the hearts of kings, queens, and noblemen by his courtly behaviour. He has been

rightly called the scholar-courtier, and in his title to it he showed one of the secrets of his success. Inheriting the musical talents of his father, and possessing a character which exercised considerable fascination, he was always society's favourite. In the interchange of conventional pleasantries he was unrivalled. He was not a mere book-worm, a shy, retiring, incongenial recluse as philologists were renowned to be. His life was a blaze of social sunshine and gorgeous colouring. Men forgot in him the dry literary savant. They saw in him one who, though living in the clouds of antique erudition, loved a life full of the essence and enjoyment of a high and pure social life. And as the counter-part of the scholar-courtier there was in Max Müller the scholar-author. He had the supreme faculty of expressing himself lucidly and beautifully. None could beat him in the art of expression. Obscure points of comparative philology and vague depths of metaphysics ceased to terrify men and women under his facile pen. Max Müller was a master of a dignified, alluring and informing style; and this power of his placed the science of comparative religion and comparative philology for the first time amidst subjects which the common people, even the man in the street, could understand. It is very difficult to imagine how Max Müller would have thriven in that cold, hide-bound, prejudiced atmosphere of Oxford, where he was fated (as will be shown presently) to settle and work, without these virtues. When judging him, it should never be forgotten that, for a foreigner, to rise in Oxford society to such a position as made people believe that he intimately belonged to it, was no easy thing.

Max Müller was now in a position to launch out into the unknown land of the Rīg-vēda with hope and enthusiasm. An elaborate prospectus of the work was published in five languages—German, English, French, Bengali and Sanskrit—and it was hoped that all that was needed was that Max Müller should stay for a few years in England.

He wrote to his mother on his prospects: "At last the long conflict is decided, and I have carried off, so to speak, the prize! I can hardly yet believe that I have at last got what I have struggled for so long, entire independence, and I am filled with the thought of how much more I have gained than I deserve...I am to hand over to the Company, ready for press, fifty sheets each year at £4 a sheet...As this work will be above 400 sheets I have a certain position for the next eight years."

In 1847, Max Müller began the work of preparation in the library of the India Office.* He soon saw that it was not possible for the London press to accomplish the task, and so received permission to shift to Oxford, the University of which alone had the proper facilities. In May 1848, he moved thither intending to stay for a short time, but destined by Providence to spend fifty years there!

A stupendous labour of fifteen months during which the indefatigable scholar dived deep into the smouldering manuscripts of the libraries of Paris, London and Oxford enabled him to publish in the close of 1849 the first volume of the Rīg-vēda. Max Müller introduced it with a full and elaborate preface of 300 quarto pages in which he described for the first time the different divisions of the Vēdic literature, the relation between the Vēdic and later Sanskrit, etc.—pages which remain a classic even today and upon which all subsequent research on Indian History has been based.

It is unnecessary to go into the details of the circumstances under which the subsequent volumes appeared. Suffice it to say that the difficulties often surpassed the expectations, and often the undertaking itself was in jeopardy. The Vēda was indeed a jealous taskmaster! Nights had to be converted into days at its factory! Even

* To his main work he added other ones. In 1847, for example, he spoke before the British Association on the relation of Bengali to Aryan and aboriginal languages.

the mechanical labour was stupendous. The printers were often provokingly tardy; Max Müller himself had often a precarious health. Manuscripts from India were often lost. And the longing for his native country never left the scholar's mind. Once he asked Baron Von Bunsen to see whether it was not possible to do the work in Germany. He asked Prof. Lassen to employ him in Bonn. There was, further, the desire to visit India. Indeed, he was disposed to try India permanently in case Germany was impossible, and seriously thought of accompanying Maharaja Dhilip Singh. But Providence ordained otherwise, and made the great savant a permanent recruit to the English University and lore. In 1851, he was made an M. A. and Honorary Fellow of Christ Church, and further offered the post of Professor of Modern Literature and Languages, and he remained ever after, till his death, in England.

As Taylorian Professor of Modern Literature and Languages, Max Müller rendered invaluable service to the linguistic science. His lectures were so erudite and yet agreeably expressed that they commanded a world-wide interest. Examiner at once for the Civil Service in French, German, and Sanskrit, he did much to safe-guard the dignity of the last language. He prepared a uniform alphabet to be used by missionaries when committing unwritten languages to writing. He contributed numerous articles to the learned journals of England, America and Germany. Very many of these were later on collected in his celebrated *Chips from a German Workshop*.

In the midst of this multifarious activity appeared the second volume of the Rg-vēda, in 1854. It contained a preface in which Max Müller acknowledged his debt to his great master and inspirer Burnouf who had died recently. In 1856 appeared the third volume. Half the work was now over. In 1859, Max Müller published his *History of Sanskrit Literature* in which he has explained, in his charming and inimitable style, the multifarious problems connected

with the Vēdas, fixed the periods of Vedic literature, and presented the evolution of its extensive range for the first time in a scientific spirit of analysis. It was so popular that a second edition became necessary in a few months.

Just at this time there happened two events in the life of Max Müller, one of which made him supremely happy for life, and the other made him momentarily unhappy though not so in the long run. The first was his marriage with Georgiana Adelaide Grenfeld, sister of the wives of Charles Kingsley and F. A. Froude. It was a very happy union which introduced perpetual sunlight into his home, and enabled him to support the dignity of his position with success. The other event was his failure to get the Boden Professorship at Oxford on the death of Prof. Wilson. The reputation of Max Müller, it seemed, would secure him the job. His rival, the celebrated Monier Williams, though a Sanskritist of no mean attainments, had not been a familiar figure in Oxford circles. The votes of the neighbouring peasantry turned, however, the poll on behalf of the latter, and Max Müller had the greatest disappointment in his life. But in reality his failure was a blessing in disguise; for it saved him from the comparatively narrow range of Sanskritism, and enabled him to play the larger role of the general and comparative linguist. It would have, for example, perhaps made it impossible for him to undertake that series of lectures on the science of languages which he delivered at the Royal Institution from 1861 to 1894, the last of which was on the Vēdānta Philosophy. These lectures gave oriental scholarship in the fields of comparative philology and mythology a brilliancy and a popularity not hitherto known. They have passed through fourteen editions, and been translated into all the chief European languages.

The publication of the fourth volume of the Rg-Vēda was delayed by the change in the Government of India and by the controversy which arose out of the question whether the Queen's government could continue the patronage,

Eventually the cause of culture won, and Max Müller dedicated the fourth volume to Her Majesty. The Queen had a high regard for him and occasionally invited him for discourse in her palace at Osborne, on the science of language and the Vēda. Princesses Helena and Louise, and others listened occasionally to his discourses. It may be pointed out that later on Max Müller gave a Sanskrit rendering to the British National Anthem, which gave uniform satisfaction. For the sake of those familiar with Sanskrit, I give here the verses. Others may skip them.

1. राज्ञीं प्रसादिनीं लोकप्रणादिनीं
पाहीश्वर
लक्षोनीप्रभासिनीं शत्रुप्रहासिनीं
पाहीश्वर
2. एहि अस्मधीश्वर शत्रून् प्रतिस्किर
उद्धिदितान् तच्छत्रु नाशय
मायाश्च पाशय पाह्यस्सदाश्रय
सर्वान् जनान्
3. त्वद्रत्नभूषिताम् राज्ये चिरोषिताम्
पाहीश्वर
राज्यप्रपालिनीं सद्धर्मशालिनीम्
तां स्तोत्रमालिनीम्
पाहीश्वर

Scholars were struck with the simple and felicitous translation, the musical setting and the consonance with the English original both in vocabulary and general structure. Her Majesty selected it to be sung on the opening of the Colonial and Indian Exhibition in the Albert Hall in 1886.

Between 1865 and 1874, Max Müller was very prolific with his pen. He published a Sanskrit grammar for the benefit of the Civil Service examinees. He gave the three highly interesting volumes of miscellaneous writings

known as *Chips from a German Workshop* to an admiring world. He issued a volume of translations from the Vēdic hymns. He delivered numerous addresses, and carried on extensive correspondence, with Keshub Chander Sen and Malabari among others who belonged to all parts of the world. Above all, he made the fifth and sixth volumes of the Rg-Vēda see the light in 1872 and 1874. When he had written the last line of the holy work and Sāyaṇāchārya's commentary, he says in the Preface to the last volume, he felt as if he had parted with an old, old friend. For thirty years scarcely had a day passed on which he had not worked at it. He was happy to have completed his work, but he missed his daily task, and began to long for some difficult passage to grapple with, some obscure allusion to be traced to its original source! He felt the void of the Vēda too hard to bear!

When the Rg-vēda was completed, Prof. Max Müller wanted to go back to Germany. He wished to place his boy in German schools.* In 1875, he actually resigned his professorship. But the Oxford University would not part with him. There was a universal chorus of expostulations and requests praying him to stop. Foreign Universities competed with each other to have the honour of his services. Oxford was prepared to retain him at any cost. He could have a deputy to lecture for him. He could devote himself without restriction to the ancient literature of India. He would be given all the means he needed for his publications. Prof. Max Müller had therefore to stay in Oxford for ever, contenting himself with occasional visits to his native land, where his children were educated.

The years which followed saw the eminent scholar phenomenally active. His greatest work, however, was

* In 1872, he delivered a series of lectures at Strassburg and devoted the honorarium he received for them to the endowment of a Sanskrit lectureship. In 1873, he spoke on the *Introduction to the Science of Religion* in Westminster Abbey—the only occasion when a layman has had that honour.

the planning of the great series known as *The Sacred Books of the East*, the cost of which was to be met jointly by the Oxford University and the Government of India. The task of arranging for the translations was not easy. There were other obstacles too. But a noble band of workers were enlisted, and in 1879 appeared the first three volumes of the magnificent series. By 1883, the first series of twenty-four volumes were almost finished, and a second series of an equal number of volumes were arranged for. By 1896, a magnificent set of forty-nine volumes indicated that one of the greatest things for which erudition and honour had vowed itself, was an accomplished fact. It is not possible to give here even a mere enumeration of the volumes and of the names of the scholars who collaborated in their publication. It is sufficient to state that, for the first time, the student of comparative religion came to have the authoritative originals and expositions of all the non-Christian scriptures of the world.

In addition to the edition of the forty-eight volumes of *the Sacred Books of the East*, Max Müller saw several publications in his later years. Among these particular mention must be made of his Gifford Lectures on the Origin and Growth of Religion, in 1888. It was not much liked in England, as India is too much praised in it; but it became exceedingly popular in India; and enthusiasts like Malabari made arrangements for translating it into the Gujarāṭi, Sanskrit, Bengali, Marathi, Hindi and Tamil. Max Müller was clearly of the opinion that he was understood by India far better than by England.

Another important work of Max Müller in this period was his second edition of the R̥g-Vēda. This was mainly intended for India, and it was nobly financed by the Rāja of Vizayanagaram. This princely Zamindar earned the eternal gratitude of India by enabling the Professor to have an assistant for four years and contributing £ 4000 towards the cost of the re-issue, which saw the light in 1892,

five years after it was planned. A Conference of Pandits at Poona expressed the unpayable debt of orthodox India to the eminent savant and, besides hailing him as a saviour of the Vēdas, sent him a *Yagnōpavīta*. Presents of a fine brass vase with a Sanskrit inscription, of a silk scarf and a shawl were made on other occasions. The German Emperor signalled his appreciation of the new edition by placing a copy of it in his library and presenting a life-size portrait of his to the eminent scholar. A Pandit of Jodhpur addressed a poem which was perhaps more genuinely welcomed by the illustrious hero. In 1896, Max Müller was given the high honour of membership of the Privy Council.

The last important work of Prof. Max Müller was his book of autobiographical reminiscences called *Auld Long Syne*, published in 1899. A few months later, he died on 27th October 1900 in the seventy-seventh year of his age in the midst of the members of his family consisting of a son (attached to the American Embassy), a daughter and three children. Amidst the messages of sorrow from all parts of the world, from men high and low, he was laid at rest in the Holywell cemetery at Oxford. The funeral was attended by the representatives of four Universities and numerous societies, besides those of the Queen of England and the Emperor of Germany. And the eminent man died happy in the belief that God had been kind to him in saving him from the worst torture which could befall a scholar, the torture of misused opportunities and disappointed hopes; and to India, his success has been a veritable blessing. More to him than to any other Orientalist, perhaps, she has reasons to be grateful; for he taught her self-respect, restoring her to her due place in the history of human thought and progress. He made the Indian, as well as every other man, vision the old land of spiritual aspirations and philosophic achievements as in a picture. Max Müller never visited the land which had so charmed and captivated him, for the hoary lore of which he had dedicated his life.

Providence had so arranged that, in spite of his ardent longing, he had no opportunity to satisfy it. India remained to him only a land of romance and mystery, of wisdom and truth, of creeds and codes, which he could see only through her poems, literatures and philosophies. It was not through the physical eye, but the eye of imagination and admiration, which were uninterruptedly aflame throughout his long and rich life, that he saw and described her. And to the Indian he remains not a mere performer of mighty prodigies of literary toil, but a missionary of India's greatness, a supreme benefactor who showed that she need not be ashamed of herself, but on the contrary proud of herself as the teacher of humanity in the fundamentals of truth and wisdom. He taught to the world the real place of India in the march of cultural history. And as the incidents of the great savant's life pass in procession before one's mental eye, one cannot but realise that there is no battle which a poor votary of learning cannot win. Nothing is more common in India than the sight of young and enthusiastic men gifted with talents but denied opportunities; of men pale with fear at the thought of a life spent at the altar of poverty and learning. To such men Prof. Max Müller's life remains a model to be imitated, a beacon-light to guide, a supreme example of one who could, provided he had the necessary grit, faith, fervour, application and self-confidence, fight to a finish and overcome obstacles, however hard they may be, in the path of inquiry and research.

V. RANGACHARYA.

Day Dream

Sometimes, when studying hour on hour,
I feel as tho' I were a flower
On slender stem, with petals which
Dew-drench the air with fragrance rich,
All from a dark herbarium nook,
Or algae small from turbid brook
Intriguing, with dull, shapeless twist,
Our world-renowned algologist !
Again, a fungus gaily drest,
Or sweetest violet cruelly prest
On ground-glass pedestal unblest ;
And last of all a section thin
For microscopes to peer within.—
Then suddenly waking with a start
I am myself.—The dreams depart,
The flowers and fungi fade away
Forgetful of my wasted day.

F. M. F.

In Memoriam: M. A. Candeth, O.B.E.

A RARE and exotic flower blossomed for a while, shed its fragrant petals, and is no more. The beauty, the delicacy, and the pervasiveness of his personality make one think of him as such a flower. Ever dressed with meticulous care; flourishing a coloured handkerchief; punctuating his sentences with a slight cough; talking fast with a husky emphasis which, in him, was itself so attractive; capable of many and strong friendships; a true Artist in Life; his was an entirely loving and lovable personality.

Born in good circumstances; reared in comfort, nay, opulence; educated abroad in the University of Cambridge and called to the Bar in London; working in the Chambers of the then Advocate-General of Madras, some twenty years ago; he soon found his true *métier* in the educational line, in which he began as a Professor of History in the Presidency College, later rose in the service to be Deputy Director of Public Instruction, and, if death had not suddenly snatched him away, would have been the first Indian Principal of the Presidency College. His popularity with the students was immense. His ready advice and his encyclopaedic knowledge were always at the service of those who sought them, and there were many who sought them and benefited thereby. One loves to recall him most as a teacher, as a guide, and as a friend to the younger generations.

Rich in all cultural lore; refreshing in his outlook on life in all its facets; swift and sudden in his kaliedoscopic turns of thought and expression; fertile in his imagination; exuberant in his phraseology; humorous always and spontaneously, but devastatingly so against all cant and humbug; his genial companionship was ever a source of wholesome pleasure and activating influence to all those who had the good fortune to come into contact with him. His life, alas, was much too short; but it was a good, and a great, and a glorious life.

R. N. AINGAR,
Barrister-at-Law.



MR. M. A. CANDETH.



A COMPANION TO SHAKESPEARE STUDIES.—

Edited by H. Granville-Barker and G. B. Harrison.
Cambridge University Press. 1934.

THIS is, on the whole, an admirable volume which we could heartily commend to the attention of all serious students of Shakespeare. A symposium edited by two such distinguished students of Shakespeare, Granville-Barker, the author of the classic *Prefaces*, and G. B. Harrison, whose *Elizabethan Journal* and *Shakespeare at Work* are well-known, rouses expectations and they are not belied. The volume leads off with a life of Shakespeare by J. W. MacKail which is a model of severe compression. The most notable essay in the work is on *Shakespeare's Dramatic Art*, a singularly penetrative and illuminating study by Granville-Barker. The essay on 'Shakespeare's Text' by A. W. Pollard is the kind of thing which one has a right to expect of the author, an admirably lucid and authoritative survey of the present position in the study of the many problems relating to the text of Shakespeare. *Shakespeare and Music* is the subject of a full and satisfying essay by Edward J. Dent. The studies of T. S. Eliot on *Shakespearean Criticism* and Bonamy Dobru on *Shakespeare and the Drama of His Time* are disappointing, but the good things are so many and so really good that one could say emphatically that the book is one not only to be consulted but to be bought and studied.

V. K. A. PILLAI.

A BOOK OF INDIAN CULTURE.—By Prof. D. S. Sarma, Presidency College, Madras. Macmillan & Co. 1934. Crown 8 vo, pp. 152. Price Re. 1.

PROF. D. S. SARMA has added to the long list of books which he has hitherto published for the moral and intellectual uplift of the student population, another valuable treatise for which they cannot be too much indebted. Those, who have studied his *Primer of Hinduism*, his description of *Hinduism to-day*, and his works on the Gita and the Upanishads, know what services he has done for the enlightenment of the student minds in the all-important field of moral and spiritual education which has so grievously and undeservedly been neglected by the Department. In the present treatise, which is an excellent text book for fairly advanced students, Prof. Sarma has culled a few well-known contributions on the different aspects of Indian culture by different writers. In the first two chapters, he reproduces Dr. Rabindranath Tagore's suggestive contribution on the inner meaning of Kālidāsa's *Sākuntalam* and Prof. A. B. Keith's views on the characteristics and achievements of the *Indian Drama*. Chapter III on the *Indian Epics* is taken from Sir Monier Monier-Williams' classical work, *Indian Wisdom*. In Chapter IV, the celebrated constructive criticism on *Indian Art* by E. B. Havell is reproduced. Chapters V, VI and VIII contain extracts from Rev. F. E. Keay's *Indian Education*, E. W. Hopkins' *Ethics of India*, and Dr. Rabindranath Tagore's *Greater India*. In Chapter VII Prof. Sarma happily and fittingly gives an extract from his own Introduction to the *Students' Edition of the Bhagavadgīta*. The notes given at the end of the book are exceedingly valuable, and calculated to stimulate the further study of the topics dealt with in the volume. They also give brief biographical and bibliographical notices of great value. A book like this ought to be studied by students (as well as others) for the proper appreciation and understanding of important phases of Indian cultural history, and it is hoped that the educational authorities will recognize this, and prescribe it for compulsory reading by students.

V. RANGACHARYA.

INTERMEDIATE LOGIC IN TAMIL—NAVEENA-TARKAM—The Annamalai University Vernacular Publications, No. 1.—By K. R. Appalacharya, Lecturer in Logic, Government College, Coimbatore. Published by the University and printed at the St. Joseph's Industrial School Press, Trichinopoly, pp. 431, 1934. (Price not stated).

It will be recalled that (with a view to having as many books as possible in Tamil for the University courses), the authorities of the Annamalai University announced that a prize of one thousand rupees would be awarded to the best work on Logic in Tamil which would conform to the syllabus for the Intermediate Examination in Arts. Mr. K. R. Appalacharya was declared the successful competitor to whom the prize was awarded. His work has now been published by the University.

The work has been modelled on well-known texts like Creighton's Logic, and has been arranged into twenty-five chapters. The first part of fifteen chapters deals with Deductive Logic. The second part of ten chapters is devoted to Inductive Logic. Typical questions are added at the end of each chapter. The book has been prepared for the benefit of candidates offering themselves for the Intermediate Examination, and now that a suitable text is available in Tamil, students of Logic may, in future, receive instruction in that language. From the standpoint of the University students, the book satisfies all requirements.

In noticing a text-book of this kind, a reviewer may not feel any need for growing controversial. It should be strictly borne in mind that Mr. K. R. Appalacharya is a pioneer in placing before the academic public a text of Logic in Tamil and that the public must be grateful to him for his constructive work.

I should, however, like to be permitted to make the following remarks:—(1) In the first place, the title of the

book "Naveena-Tarkam" is undoubtedly dubious. Students of Indian Logic acquainted with the development of the Nyaya-Vaiseshika systems will immediately understand that "Naveena-Tarkam" (Modern Logic) is one different from "Pracheena-Tarkam" (Ancient Logic). In the fixation of the boundaries of the central and cardinal concept of universal, unconditional concomitance held so dear and sacred by the Nyaya-Vaiseshika (Vyapti) and in allied matters, the ancient approach (pracheena) differs from the modern (naveena). Mr. K. R. Appalacharya's work is a presentation in Tamil of the essentials of Syllogistic and Inductive Logic after the model of texts like Creighton's. The title "Naveena-Tarkam" does not indicate that essentials of European Logic have been presented in the Tamil garb. It just means "Modern Logic." (2) In rendering the respective English terms, a large number of Sanskrit equivalents like "Sapeksha," "Nirapeksha," and others are freely used. I am aware of the existence of a school of purists who aim at using the Tamil vocabulary unadulterated by any admixture of Sanskrit terms. Beyond very narrow and obvious limits, the puristic practice is bound to break down. I am sure Mr. K. R. Appalacharya's free use of Sanskrit terms will administer a shock to these purists. (3) Mr. K. R. Appalacharya's translation of "Induction" into "Vyapti-vadam" involves an obvious injustice to the pre-eminent position held by the concept of "Vyapti" in the Nyaya-Vaiseshika scheme. The Nyaya-Vaiseshika knows nothing about the empty formalisms of Syllogistic Logic. The Nyaya-Vaiseshika quest is right through Inductive. The Syllogistic or Deductive Logic of the European scheme is as much grounded on "Vyapti" or universal concomitance, as the Inductive approach. The Sanskrit term "Vyapti-vada" cannot be restricted to "Induction."

The book is fittingly dedicated to the Hon. Raja Dr. Sir Annamalai Chettiar, Kt., LL.D., Founder and Pro-

Chancellor of the University. Mr. K. R. Appalacharya deserves to be congratulated on what is undoubtedly a first attempt at a constructive presentation of the essentials of European Logic in Tamil.

R. NAGA RAJA SARMA.

ENGLISH POETICAL SELECTIONS FOR COLLEGE CLASSES. Macmillan & Co., Ltd., pp. 163.

THIS is a selection from very varied sources. Chinese and Persian poetry, the work of modern Indian poets like Tagore, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu and Iqbal, are drawn upon, while there are also familiar extracts from the greater English poets. Instead of remaining a mere name in literary annals, Surrey is represented in the book by a readable extract. Sir Edwin Arnold, as specially interesting to Indian readers, is well represented in three pieces. Yeats, Hodgson, Gibson and Drinkwater are among the others found in this book. Thirty-three poets are comprehended in ninety-one pages. The poems are all simple and beautiful and must make suitable reading for the Intermediate classes. The notes are well written and adequate for the purposes of students.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMY.

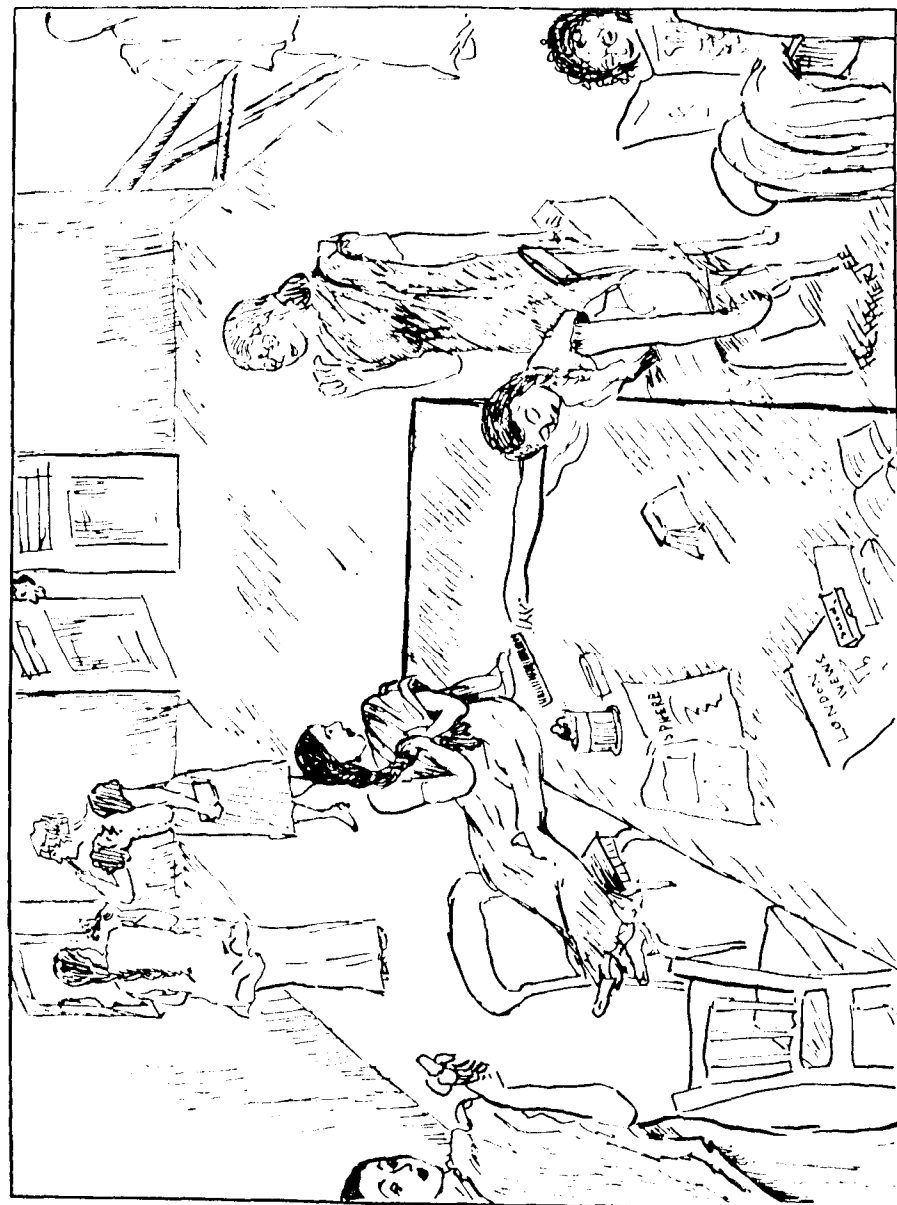
ON POETS AND POETRY.—By T. B. Krishnaswami, M.A., B.L. P. R. Rama Iyer & Co., pp. 74.

MR. KRISHNASWAMI has a genuine enthusiasm for English poetry and this is a collection of six essays by him, the first of which is on poetry and the five others on Rossetti, Browning, Thompson, Tennyson and Swinburne. He tells us in the first essay that poetry is of the heart and imagination and that its instrument is language rifted with the ore of thought. Ethical and aesthetic satisfaction are naturally to be looked for in poetry. Poetry is

wrongly regarded as fantastic falsehood. Poetry always implies a certain degree of philosophical thought. Poetry invests the things of the world with a halo. It is suggestive rather than explicit. Then there is imagination which may be pictorial or sensuous. The power to uplift the human mind is the last and greatest quality of poetry. The essay on Tennyson is too short while Rossetti and Browning are more comprehensively treated. Mr. Krishnaswami is a sympathetic and well-read critic and his sympathy is perhaps greatest for a writer like Swinburne, because he himself is given to a style like Swinburne's. Mr. Krishnaswami has a weakness for words and phrases and for heaping them on one another, without a real warrant in meaning for doing so. But enthusiasms must have their excesses and we wholly commend the excellent spirit in which these essays have been written.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI.

INSIDE THE LADY STUDENTS' ROOM.
(JUST AN IMAGINATION)



COLLEGE NOTES.

The following changes in the staff occurred since the last issue of the Magazine in March 1934:—

(1) As indicated and commented on in the March number, Mr. W. C. Douglas left the College on leave in continuation of the summer vacation preparatory to retirement. In recording the impending retirement of Mr. Douglas, Mr. W. E. Smith, Ag. Director of Public Instruction, thus remarked in the last administration report of the College: "Mr. Douglas has never spared himself in either the administrative or the Collegiate posts which he has held, and in both spheres, his work has been characterised by a logical and penetrating habit of mind and by the highest standards of efficiency. His retirement deprives the Education department of an officer whom it can ill afford to lose."

Mr. H. C. Papworth, M.A., I. E. S., the new Principal, took charge of his duties at the reopening of the College after the summer vacation. Early this term Mr. Papworth addressed the students of the college in three batches in the English Lecture Hall. In the course of the address—an unusual, but excellent step for the Principal of the college to take—the Principal told the students what he expected of them and advised how they should conduct themselves. Mr. Papworth keenly felt the absence of a large assembly hall in the college. It is hoped that during his regime the provision of a suitable hall would be made possible.

(2) On the return of Mr. T. Suryanarayana, Prof. of Applied Mathematics, to the College, Mr. C. N. Ganapathi Ayyar was transferred to the Govt. Victoria College, Palghat.

(3) On the abolition of the Philosophy Chair in the College, Mr. P. Narasimham was transferred to the Training College, Rajahmundry.

(4) Mr. Joseph Franco, Prof. of History, who had been acting as Inspector of European Schools during the vacation, returned to the College in the middle of August. Mr. K. A. Joseph had been attached to the Hist. Dept. in the absence of Mr. Franco.

(5) Dr. R. Nagaraja Sarma has succeeded Mr. Saiyid Abdul Quadir Sahib who was transferred as Asst. Prof. of Philosophy in the Govt. Muhummadan College, Madras.

(6) In the Sanskrit department, Mr. L. R. Ramachandra Ayyar, who was transferred to the Queen Mary's College, has been succeeded by Mr. P. Ranga-swami.

(7) Mr. T. Sankar Singh, Asst. Prof. of Geology, was transferred to the Teachers' College, Saidapet, on promotion as Ag. Lecturer and Mr. Paul Douae has been appointed to his place.

(8) Dr. I. S. Peter has been transferred on promotion to the M. E. S. as Lecturer in English, Govt. Training College, Rajahmundry, and Mr. Raghava Baliga has been transferred from Palghat to take his place.

The Magazine.

Prof. D. S. Sarma has, owing to reasons of health, retired from the editorship of the magazine. His interest in the magazine which he has helped so much to grow has, however, not waned as will be seen from his Contribution—Naturalism in Art—which will be found elsewhere in this number.

Old Students.

We record with deep regret the passing away of two of our distinguished old students, Sir. C. Sankaran Nair, statesman and social reformer, and Mr. V. K. Aravamudu Aiengar, a distinguished member of the Finance Department of the Govt. of India. A name far dearer to the College, though not an alumnus himself, is that of the late Mr. M. A. Candeth, one of the makers of the Presidency College in recent years. At the public meeting held at the College early this term presided over by Mr. R. Littlehales, the Vice-Chancellor, striking tributes were paid to the richly endowed personality of Mr. Candeth and his invaluable service to the cause of education. The meeting has resolved to perpetuate his memory by endowing studentships and lectureships in his name, and it is hoped that old students of the College will contribute liberally towards the Candeth Memorial Fund. A brief sketch of Mr. Candeth will be found elsewhere in this number.

Old Students and the College Magazine.

A magazine like ours should not only serve as a mirror to the life lived by the present students in the College but also as a link between the past and present students. Past students are therefore cordially invited to subscribe to the magazine and send in contributions for publication to the Editor.

THE COLLEGE UNION.

The Union Society commenced its activities for this term early in July, when Miss R. Vilasini Devi Shenai, IV (Econ.) Hons., was elected Secretary for this term, unopposed. Mr. A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar, V (Eng.) Hons., became the President.

The Union Committee is constituted as follows this year :—

<i>President</i>	...	...	Mr. A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar.
<i>Secretary</i>	...	...	Miss R. Vilasini Devi Shenai.
<i>Ex-President</i>	...	...	Mr. B. Muthusamy.
<i>Mathematics Assn. Representative</i>	...	...	" S. Balakrishnan.
<i>Physics</i>	"	"	...
<i>English Honours Assn.</i>	"	"	" A. V. V. Krishna Rao.
<i>Botany</i>	"	"	" A. K. Kumara Menon.
<i>Sanskrit</i>	"	"	" A. Abraham.
<i>History</i>	"	"	" R. Ramachandra Rao.
<i>Chemistry</i>	"	"	" C. Dorasamy.
<i>Women Students' Representative</i>	...	...	Miss K. Parvathi Amma.
			" P. Bhagirathi.

The first meeting of the Committee was held on the 18th July to draw up the programme of work for the current term.

The Union Society assembled at 4-15 P. M. on 25th July to felicitate Mr. H. C. Papworth, M.A. (Oxon.), I. E. S., the newly-appointed Principal of the College. President Balakrishnan Nayar, in a lengthy speech, first welcomed all the members of the Union, the old as well as the new, and hoped they would try their best to keep up the glorious traditions of the Union. He then congratulated the new Secretary, Miss R. Vilasini Devi Shenai, who has the distinction of being the first woman Secretary of this Union and wished her a successful career. The President extended a hearty welcome to Mr. and Mrs. Papworth and to the Union; he dwelt on the various permanent improvements that Mr. Papworth has effected in the Victoria College, Palghat, and concluded by requesting him to take an active interest in the proceedings of the Union Society. Mr. Papworth replied briefly and expressed his appreciation of the honour done to him by the members of the College.



THE UNION SOCIETY.

74413

On the same evening, the Union Committee was "At Home" to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Papworth. After group photo, the party spent an enjoyable hour at Tea and broke up at 6-30 P. M.

The Committee met again on 8th August.

Sir A. P. Patro, Kt., delivered the Inaugural Address of the Union on 8th August at 4-15 P.M. The President was in the chair. The subject of the address was "A study of Representative Government in Japan." Sir A. P. spoke for forty minutes; he gave a detailed account of the evolution of Representative Government in Japan and pointed out what lessons Japan had to teach India.

Later, the Union Committee was "At Home" to Sir A. P. Patro. A group photo also was taken.

The Union Society met again on 16th August, when condolence resolutions on the demise of Sir C. Sankaran Nayar, Kt., Sir C. V. K. Sastri, Kt., and Prof. M. A. Candeth were moved from the chair, and unanimously passed, the house standing.

There was a debate on 16th August, when Mr. M. Ramunni, IV B. Sc., moved that "In the opinion of the House, chivalry has outlived its utility." Mr. A. Abraham, IV B. Sc., opposed the resolution. Messrs. K. Ramamurthy, P. S. Nataraja Sarma and G. L. Raja spoke for the motion; Messrs. M. A. Sheriff, S. V. Ramani, A. C. Madhavan Nambyar, S. Y. Padmanabhan, K. Mammoo, P. L. Ramachandra Rau and Miss P. R. Devi against. After the mover had replied to the debate, the resolution was put to the vote and it was found that the House was equally divided. The President did not exercise his casting vote. The meeting broke up at 5-40 P.M.

Mr. S. S. Rajagopalan, M.A. B.L., Speaker of the Y. M. C. A. Athenaeum, delivered an interesting lecture on 22nd August, on "Obedience or Disobedience to Convention—which is more dangerous in modern life." The President was in the chair. Mr. Rajagopalan's main theme was that observance of all healthy conventions, and rejection of all time-worn useless conventions would be beneficial to any nation. The meeting dispersed at 5-20 P.M.

A meeting of the Union Committee was held on 29th August.

There was an ordinary debate on Wednesday, 29th August, when Mr. A. C. Madhavan Nambyar, IV History Hons., moved that 'In the opinion of the House, Dictatorship is the best form of Government possible.' Mr. K. Ramamurthy, IV B. Sc. Hons., led the opposition. Messrs. S. Balakrishnan, A. Abraham, P. P. S. Sastry, M. A., and M. R. V. Krishna Rao supported the

resolution, Messrs. E. M. Subramanian, Joseph Franco, M.A., M. Ramaswamy and Miss M. Varada Bai spoke against the motion. After the mover had replied to the debate, the resolution was put to vote and defeated by a large majority.

On Friday, 7th September, a Committee meeting was held. The Committee met again on Thursday, 13th September, when Mr. A. P. Balakrishnan Nayar's resolution that "the Union Committee requests the Principal to utilise a sum of Rs. 250 out of the permanent funds of the Union Society for the construction of an illuminated side-dial, for the Fyson Clock" was unanimously passed. This dial is expected to be constructed before the end of this academic year. It will be facing south and be called the College Union Dial.

THE MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION.

A general body meeting of the above association was held on Wednesday, the 11th July, with Mr. S. Mahadevan, M.A., L.T., in the chair to elect the office-bearers for the year 1934-35. The result of the election is as follows:—

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

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

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

Mr. S. Mahadevan, M.A., L. T.

Mr. N. Raghunathan, M.A., L.T.

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

Secretaries : V. P. Sarathi.

M. Venkata Rama Sastry.

Union Society Representative : Mr. S. Balakrishna Ayyar.

The Inaugural Address was delivered by the Hon'ble Justice Sir V. Ramesam on 30th July. Prof. K. Ananda Rao was in the chair. There was a large gathering of members present.

The subject of the Address was 'The Properties of the Orthopole of a Triangle.' The learned speaker began by introducing himself as an old boy of the College and the explanation he offered for his extraordinary interest in the subject was that the propositions he placed before us were intrinsically simple and pleasing. He also showed the advantages that a mathematics student has over students of other branches of knowledge. The orthopole was defined, its properties given out one by one, and the justly celebrated Feuerbach's Theorem followed. The speaker gave evidence of his great intimacy with the subject and concluded his lecture with the advice that students of Mathematics should apply their knowledge to the solution of the problems which face them in life.

The members of the Association were 'At Home' to the graduates of the year on 6th August '34 at 4-30 p. m. Prof. T. Suryanarayana presided on the occasion. The toast was proposed by Mr. V. P. Sarathy and was ably responded to by the guests. With a vote of thanks by the Secretary, the meeting came to an end.

BOTANY ASSOCIATION.

At a general body meeting held on the 13th July 1934 with Dr. Ekambaram in the chair, the following office-bearers were elected for the current year:—

President : Dr. T. Ekambaram, M.A., PH.D., F.L.S.

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

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

Secretaries : Miss Mariam P. Oomman, B.A.

Mr. T. V. Krishna, B.Sc.

Editor of the Magazine : Mr. T. R. Purushothaman, B.A.

Associate Editor „ Sister Finbarr.

Representatives :

Honours Class : Mr. P. C. Mathews.

IV B.Sc. „ : Mr. S. P. Livingstone.

III B.Sc. „ : Mr. P. Govinda Rao.

Union Society : Mr. A. Abraham, B.Sc.

Post-Graduates : Mr. C. N. Babu, B.Sc.

The members of the Association were At Home to the old boys and new graduates of the year on the 4th August 1934 in the B.Sc. practical laboratory, when Dr. Ekambaram presided. Toasts were proposed to the old boys and the new graduates by Mr. T.R. Purushothaman and were ably responded to by Dr. M. O. P. Ayyangar and by Mr. S. Chintamani, B.Sc. (Hons.), respectively. With the concluding remarks of the President and a vote of thanks by the Secretary, the meeting came to a close.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered on the 27th July 1934 by Dr. (Miss) Elizabeth Hartman, Professor of Botany, Women's Christian College, on "The Himalayan Vegetation." Dr. Ekambaram presided. There was a large gathering. The lecture was interesting, and the learned speaker also showed some interesting lantern slides and a number of herbarium specimens which gave us some idea of the real Himalayan vegetation. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks by the Secretary.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION.

The following office-bearers were elected unanimously for the present year:—

President : Mr. H. C. Papworth, M.A., I.E.S.

Vice-President : Mr. A. C. Dharmaraj, B.A.

Secretary : Mr. S. Srinivasan.

Treasurer : Mr. S. R. Swaminathan.

Representatives :—

V Hons. : Mr. R. Srinivasan.

IV Hons. : Mr. M. Gopal Rao.

III Hons. : Mr. I. P. Cotelingam.

The Association was At Home to the new graduates on the 11th of August.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered by Rev. Father Murphy, S. J., on the 15th August, the Principal presiding.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

A business meeting was held on the 13th July 1934 to elect the office-bearers of the Society for the current academic year. Mr. S. Lakshminarayanan, M.A., L.T., was in the chair. The elections resulted as follows:—

President : Dr. B. B. Dey, M.Sc., D.Sc. (London), F.I.C.

Vice-President : Mr. U. Mudaligiri Nayak, M.A., L.T.

Mr. M. V. Sitaraman, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries : Mr. K. Ramamurthi.

Mr. L. Rajah.

Treasurer : Mr. C. G. Ramanathan.

Representatives :

Post-Graduates : Miss Rajamma, B.A.

Honours : Mr. K. V. Ramunni.

IV B.Sc. : Mr. M. Ramunni,

III B.Sc. : Miss Ambujam.

II Class : Mr. S. S. Mahadevan.

I Class : Mr. I. K. Vasudeva Menon.

Lady Students : Miss L. Williams.

Representative of the Society on the Union Committee } Miss Parvathiamma, B.A.

On the 25th July, Professor Barnes, B.Sc. (Hons.) (London), delivered the Inaugural Address—an extraordinary luminous exposition of the modern “Electronic Theory of Valency.” The President, Dr. B. B. Dey, brought the meeting to a close with a few concise but comprehensive remarks on the extension of the theory in its application to the more complicated problems of the chemistry of carbon compounds.

The social evening to meet the new graduates from the Department and the new members of the Society was held on the 3rd August, when Mr. M. V. Sitaraman, M.A., L.T., presided. It was, as usual, a very successful gathering with refreshments, the toasts, replies and the President's remarks.

TAMIL MANAVAR SANGAM.

A meeting of the above Sangam was held on 16-7-34 at 4-15 P.M. to elect the office-bearers for the year 1934-1935.

The following were duly elected:—

President: Vidvan R. Viswanatha Iyer Avl., B.A.

Vice-Presidents: Mr. O. P. Rangaswami Iyengar, M.A., L.T.

Mr. V. Venkatarama Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries: Mr. V. S. Thyagarajan, II Class.

Mr. S. C. Thiagarajan, I Class.

Class Representatives: Mr. Kasim Sheriff, IV Class.

Mr. P. V. Ramanathan, III Class.

The Inaugural Address of the Sangam was delivered on 25-7-34 by Vidwan S. Kothandarama Iyer Avl., Lecturer, Women's Christian College, under the presidency of Dr. V. Swaminatha Iyer Avl., D.Litt., the subject of the address being “Kalambagangal.”

THE MUSLIM ASSOCIATION.

The activities of the Muslim Association began with a general body meeting held on Friday, the 24th August '34, with Mr. Osman Abdur Rubb in the chair to elect the following office-bearers for the current year:—

President: Mr. H. C. Papworth, M.A. (Oxon.)

Vice-President: Mr. Osman Abdur Rubb.

Secretaries: Mr. S. H. Husainy.

Mr. M. H. Hydari.

JUNIOR NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION.

The election of the office-bearers for the current year took place at a general body meeting held on the 8th August 1934, with Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam in the chair. The following were elected:

President: Dr. S. G. Manavala Ramanujam, M.A., Ph.D. (Lond.), F.C.S.

Dr. T. Ekambaram, M.A., L.T., Ph.D. (Cantab).

Vice-Presidents: Mr. R. V. Narayanaswamy, M.A., L.T.

Mr. E. Ekambaranatha Ayyer, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries: Mr. S. A. Mugaddam.

Mr. J. Gurunathan Naidu.

Representatives. II Class: Mr. D. Padmanabhan.

Miss M. Iyengar.

I Class: Mr. G. Sundararajan.

Mr. Madana Gopal.

The Inaugural Address was delivered on the 15th August 1934 by Dr. N. N. Murthi, Ph.D. (London), on “The colour and pattern in animal life” under the presidentship of Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam. The lecture was interesting and instructive. The speaker concluded his speech with some witty remarks.

The meeting terminated with the President's concluding remarks and the usual vote of thanks by the Secretary.

THE ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

A general body meeting of the above Association was held on the 25th July 1934, with Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam in the chair, to elect the office-bearers for the current year. The following were elected at the meeting:—

President: Dr. S. G. Manavala Ramanujam, M.A., Ph.D., D.I.C.

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

Treasurer: Mr. M. Ekambaranatha Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries: Miss C. K. Ratnavathy, B. Sc.

Mr. Ernest A. Williams.

Editor of the Magazine : Mr. M. D. Paul, B.A.

Honours Representative : Miss Kamawa.

Third Year Representative : Mr. Syed Hussaini.

Fourth Year Representative : Mr. Prabhaker Rao.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered by Mr. C. Lakshminarayana, M.A., L.T., of the Madras Christian College, on "The determination of Sex" on the 31st July 1934. Mr. A. Ramanatham presided on the occasion. There was a large and distinguished gathering to hear a very interesting lecture.

The members of the Association were At Home to the Old Boys and new graduates of the Department, on the 6th August 1934, in the Zoological Laboratory. Dr. Ramanujam presided on the occasion. Toasts were proposed to the Old Boys and the new graduates by Mr. Victor Anbudyan and were ably responded to by Mr. S. Bhiman.

On the 10th September 1934, Mr. R. Gopala Iyer, M.A., M.Sc. (Liverpool), Director of the University Zoological Research Laboratory, delivered an interesting lantern lecture on "The sea and its inhabitants." The pleasant function came to a close with a few remarks by Dr. Ramanujam who presided on the occasion.

THE ANDHRA BASHABHI VARDHANA SAMAJ.

At a meeting of the above Samaj held on the 16th August, 1934, the office-bearers for the current year were elected as follows :—

President : Vidya Sekhara A. Umakantam Garu.

Vice-Presidents : M. R. Ry. T. U. Narasinga Rao Garu, M.A., L.T.

„ I. S. Peter Garu, M.A., Ph.D.

Secretaries : Mr. R. B. V. Sitaramaswamy.

Mr. A. C. Kuppuswamy.

Class Representatives IV Class : Mr. R. Neeladri Rao.

III Class : Mr. G. Ramalinga Reddy.

II Class : Mr. Md. Mujaheduddin.

I Class : Mr. S. R. V. Krishna Prasad.

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Mr. P. R. Krishnaswamy, M.A., in the Telugu Lecture Hall, on the 15th September 1934.

The speaker in his interesting lecture dealt with the present day Telugu writings. Men should specialise in the study of some aspect of life before venturing to write a novel. English authors offer a high ideal of accurate knowledge in what they write about. He also referred to the natural scenes in the Telugu country and said that authors could derive much inspiration from them.

Messrs. G. Ramalinga Reddy and M. Ramachandra Reddy, an old student of the College, also spoke on the present literary situation in the Telugu country.

The Chairman in a brief speech thanked the lecturer for the instructive lecture and the impressive advice he gave to the members of the Samaj.

The meeting closed with a vote of thanks by Mr. Sitaramaswamy, the Secretary of the Samaj, who also referred to the departure of Dr. I. S. Peter from their midst and expressed his thanks to him for his services to the Association.



Hockey.

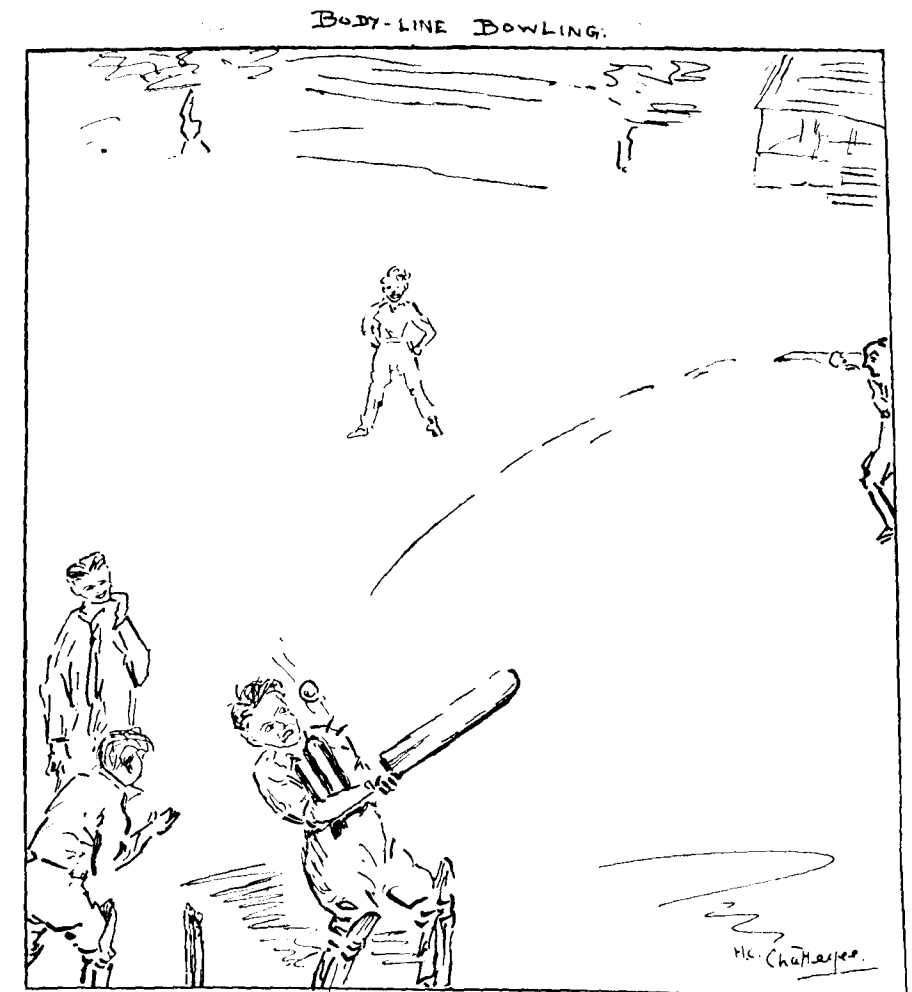
Report of the Hockey Club :—

There is nothing much to say of this year's eleven excepting that it seems to be a better one than that of last year. Most of last year's men are still with us excepting Flory and Hussaini who have left the College. The new-comers have seen some hockey, so much so our present eleven are good enough to play Inter-Collegiate matches. P. V. Ramanathan, Seetha Ramaswami, and Bhasker Naidu, ('Varsity Blue') are the new-comers. Mention should be made of Sambandham and McKenzie who are also useful to the team.

So far, nine matches have been played, out of which four were Inter-Collegiate League fixtures. Players are beginning to understand one another, and even though there are no hopes of securing the Inter-Collegiate trophy, we hope to do well in the Panagal Tournament conducted by our College, and to carry off the trophy.

Of the leading Clubs in Madras, we have met both the Minerva Cricket Club and the Mylapore Recreation Club once, at the beginning of the season. We beat the former by 3-1 and were beaten by the latter by 2-3. So far, we have had the pleasure of meeting the Old Boys of the College twice and on both occasions we beat them. Apart from the victory, all of us enjoyed the two fixtures. And we are only looking forward to other opportunities when we could have such pleasant games. As the season goes on, we hope to meet our old students as many times as possible.

Coming to the Inter-Collegiate League, we have so far met all the good sides. Our first encounter was with the Loyola College. This being our



Batsman : (who has been hit with a ball) : "Excuse me, where was I bowling?"
 Bowler : "Sorry, Bala, I mistook the stripes on your jersey for the wicket!"

first League match and playing on foreign grounds, we were beaten by 1-3. All our men played well, but a bit more of understanding among them would have made them victors. Better luck next time! Then came the match with the winners of the M. U. C. Open Tournament, *i.e.*, the Medical College. We were all expected to be beaten crushingly. They fielded a full team, and our men put up a gallant fight. The defence line was hard-pressed throughout. There were glimpses of some understanding among the forwards. Even here there were a few wasted chances. The end of the game saw the Medicoes winners by 5-2. Surely the margin does not speak the truth of the fine display of our men. Having played both the above matches on the opponents' grounds we met the Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Education on our grounds in the third fixture. They were a heavy team. This was the match where we had it in our hands till the last five minutes and then we allowed them to draw level with us. But we hope that at least this match will teach our men many a lesson in playing a losing game. Again it was the question of the defence playing all through. They have got to be helped, for at this rate they alone cannot manage all the matches. Next we met the School of Technology on our grounds and beat them by the odd goal in three. This too we managed to do in the last stages. We close this term with two more fixtures in the League.

The Hockey team is touring Bangalore during the Michaelmas holidays. We propose to leave Madras by the 15th September and be back by the 28th or 29th. Last year we visited the same place but had a bad time in the matches. But we expect that our men will show to the Bangalore public that they can really play the game both on and off the field as good sportsmen. Let us wish them all luck and a good time during the tour and for the rest of the year.

This Year's Eleven:—

Goal : Damodaran, II Class.

Backs : S. S. Mahadevan, II Class (Captain).

Seetha Ramaswami, III Class.

Halfs : Joseph Doss, IV B.Sc.

Uthappa, IV B.Sc.

Balasundaram, IV B.Sc.

Forwards : P. V. Ramanathan, II Class.

Bhasker Naidu, III Class.

Md. Kasim Sheriff, IV Class (Secretary).

C. K. Seetha Raman, IV (Hons.)

M. A. Sampath Raj, II Class.

Reserves : Sambandham, II B.Sc.

McKenzie, III B.Sc.

Results of Matches Played.

Practice.

College vs. The Mylapore Recreation Club	Beaten	2-3
„ vs. The Minerva C.C.	Won	3-1
„ vs. The Old Boys	Won	3-0
„ vs. The National Club	Won	2-1
„ vs. The Old Boys	Won	3-2

Inter-Collegiate.

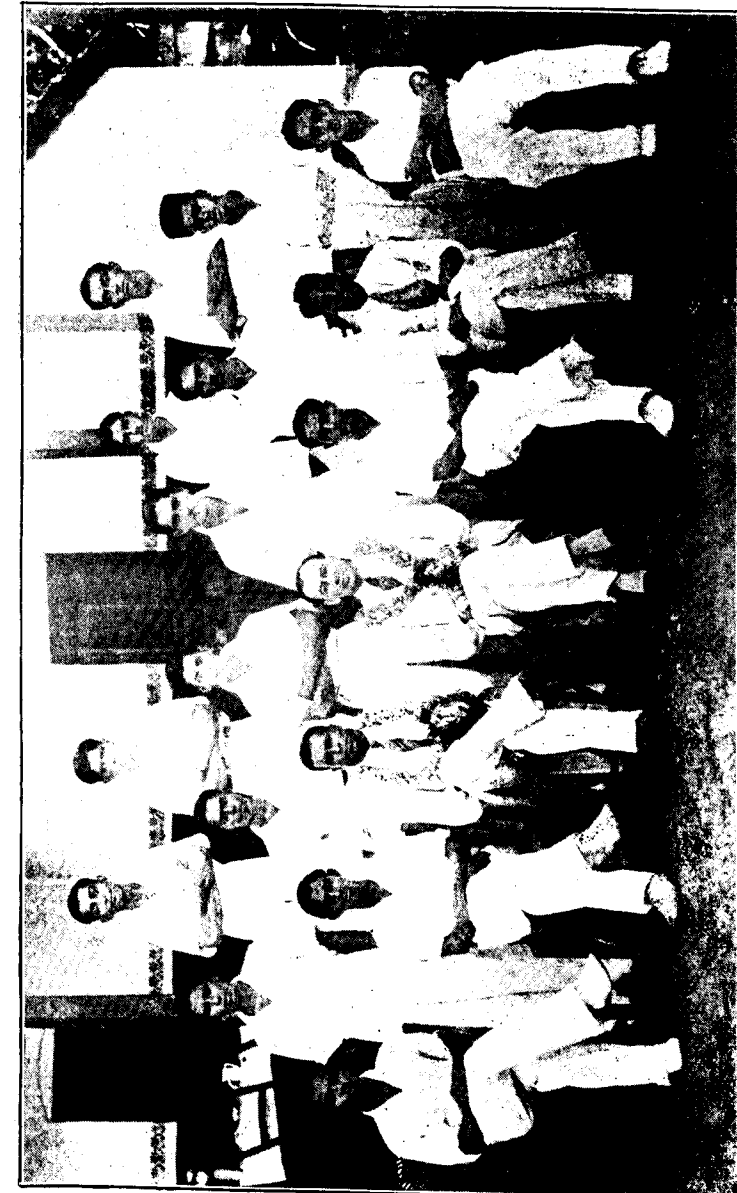
„ vs. The Loyola College	Beaten	1-3
„ vs. The Medicoes	Beaten	2-5
„ vs. Y. M. C. A.	Drawn	3-3
„ vs. School of Technology	Won	2-1

Cricket.

We began our season with a slightly weaker team than last year, but with better bowling talent. Though the absence of Messrs. K. S. Venkataraman, B. S. Badradri, B. S. Thyagarajan, A. R. Srinivasan, Sarangam and others was felt very much, the addition of Messrs. P. V. Ramanathan, Sundaresan, Sambandam has greatly improved the side. We are very glad that Ramanathan has come back to the College; he has many fine performances to his credit, and can see through a side any day on a fast wicket.

Uthappa continues to be Captain this year with Ramanathan as Secretary. We have to congratulate our Captain on his having been selected last year for the All-Madras XI to play against the M. C. C. We are really proud to have him as our Captain.

The College opened the season with a match against the Old Boys, who were captained by B.V. Ramanujam, the Old Boys scoring 120, and the Present Boys 122. For the College, Balasundaram scored 31, Sambandam 26, Sundaresan 21 and A. A. Ram 12.—Ramanathan took 4 wickets for 34, Uthappa 2 for 23 and Sundaresan 2 for 24.



THE COLLEGE CRICKET CLUB.

