

The Presidency college

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The Presidency College Magazine

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

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Vol. X

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On Detectives and the Fine Art of Detection

IT is one of my pet ambitions in life to be a great detective. From childhood I have devoured detective fiction with avid interest, and the adventures of the renowned Sexton Blake were at first the happy hunting ground in which I revelled. To think of them now as "penny-dreadfuls" is sacrilege—they were sheer "penny-wonderfuls" to me. I can never forget my admiration for Sexton Blake and for Tinker, his remarkable and youthful ally. At that time I rather fancied myself in the role of Tinker. Though not frightfully good at detection himself, Tinker was extremely useful to the great detective in the guise of street-Arab. I liked the parts where I—I mean Tinker—got into scrapes and was about to be done in by some vicious Chinaman or other in some dungeon in Lime-house—and how my spirits rose when Sexton Blake butted in in the nick of time, landed the Chinaman one on the jaw with a straight left, or hit him on the head with a revolver-butt. I, I mean

Tinker, was then rescued by Blake, and a sob of relief would escape the great man, one of the rare moments in which he allowed any sign of emotion to play on his otherwise stolid features.

All great detectives, I soon learnt, had stolid features and were not susceptible to the ordinary emotions of mankind. I practised stolidity and immovable calm before a mirror with great assiduity. I soon began to look stolid, somewhat like wood. I was somewhat sorry to learn that great detectives had no love affairs. This seemed to be rather hard on me, their disciple, who wanted so faithfully to copy their ways in everything. Love affairs, in my opinion, brightened life up so much. I was very much heartened, of course, when I read that even the great Sherlock had his moment of weakness in this respect, when he conceived a violent admiration for Miss Irene Adler, the one who tricked him so cleverly over the affair of the compromising portrait so ardently desired by the King of Bohemia. It seemed to me that Conan Doyle wanted to water down this admission of Holmes's weakness by suggesting that it was admiration for her intellect that prompted emotion in Holmes. But as he had already told us that Irene Adler was a very pretty girl and a great actress, and as the lady had charm enough to compel and hold the affection and admiration of the magnificent furl-clad King of Bohemia, I gather that Holmes's admiration must have had a complex origin in the entire personality of Miss Adler and not merely her head. This incident in Holmes's life cheered me up considerably. I felt I need not be doomed to a life of celibacy, of eternal *Brahmacharya*. Besides, if the worst came to the worst, I could assume the role of Watson who was evidently a detective on a minor scale. Marriage was allowed to Watson, and if I remember clearly, Watson effected no less than two marriages. (Probably to make up for Holmes who had none.) It seemed of course to have had unfortunate

reactions on Watson's intellect, for Watson seemed to have a veritable genius for bungling and for getting hold of the wrong end of the stick. Still, as Holmes got hold of the right end invariably, it didn't very much matter. Perhaps Doyle wanted to avoid the tussle which would have ensued if both had caught hold of the right end. Still, he might have let Watson catch the right end occasionally, despite his being a married man. I think Doyle was needlessly hard on married men. Having satisfied myself that my love for detectives would not hamper my personal liberty, I went ahead again in my admiration and veneration.

I at once found that I would need to be a Superman to be a good detective. A knowledge of Chemistry was inevitable. I therefore took Group I in the Intermediate and planned to take Chemistry Honours. Knowledge of boxing, swimming, jiu-jitsu, shooting, pole-jump, diving, riding and all the other accomplishments of Tom Mix and Buffalo Bill also seemed to be a *sine qua non*. I therefore joined the U. T. C. and attended every wild West film in order to watch and learn from the proficients in the various arts mentioned. I found that a devotion to music was essential, preferably violin, to soothe the troubled moments when the mystery refused to resolve itself. So I bought a violin and took it to the house-top and scraped away at it at night until the neighbours threw stones to drive away the persistent cat and its mewing misery. I then gave it up and bought a gramophone and a fair number of Pudukottah Narayaswami Iyer's violin records. I will not detail the other obscure arts which I pursued but one of them, the art of deciphering cyphers and puzzles, must be recorded. I used to pour over the "Personal" columns in the Daily Press, the nearest approach to the "Agony" column of the *Times* and decipher anything in code. Words cannot express my triumph when I followed the methods of

Holmes and deciphered one such message, which, romantically enough, read thus :—

“Dear Percy,

Will you meet me at Elliot's Beach on the next Full Moon Night ?

Your Meggie.”

I did not consider this worth following up; as being a full-blown detective now, I looked with pity on this emotional interlude between Percy and Meggie.

Having thus equipped myself, I next decided to write a few trifling monographs. Detectives, it seems, are always doing this to while away the hours when crime-life is dull, and while waiting for sensational crimes to materialise. Sherlock Holmes did all kinds of monographs, some of them connected with the art of detection but also others which were genuine efforts of abstruse research into esoteric topics. I knew that I could not hope to research into philosophy as Sir Radhakrishnan and Mr. Nagaraja Sarma held the field already and there was nothing I could usefully contribute in that field of knowledge. As for general science, Sir J. C. Bose and Sir C. V. Raman and Sir James Jeans seemed to have discovered everything already, and not only everything, but the effects of everything on everything. It was Archaeology I thought would be a field for me. But even here, Mr. M. S. Ramaswami Iyer seemed to have covered the whole ground in his celebrated articles proving conclusively that Christ is a Tamilian and that the Jews are the early Tamils. I therefore took to Ornithology as a virgin field of research and wrote two absolutely unique treatises on “The Phonology of the Cawing of Crows” and “The Ethics of the Cuckoo” which I fondly believe to be the very last word on the subject. I have in hand a slight treatise on “A Theory of Geometric Progression deduced from the Flight of Pigeons” which, when completed, may rank in

mathematical importance with the discoveries of Einstein (on the other hand, it might not).

Meanwhile, I had not omitted to go ahead and solve the numberless unsolved mysteries of the crime-world. With this careful apprenticeship, success was a foregone conclusion. I had already decided with fine generosity and self-abnegation that I would take no credit whatever for my discoveries. Having handed over the criminal to the Police and placed my clues and solutions in the hands of some Circle Inspector or Deputy Superintendent, I would seek the shelter of the humble room from which those mysteries were really tackled and solved. In fact, to give a secret away, half the successfully discovered murder mysteries in South India have been due to the quiet, unobtrusive help that I have invariably given to the muddle-headed police. For, what do I care for fame? It's only an obsession of petty minds. As to the other half of the aforesaid murder mysteries, they have not yet been solved, and never will be, as I was not called in.

Meanwhile, if you have any problem of surpassing interest or involved criminality, you cannot do better than consult me. I should appreciate such cases being sent on to me, along with a case or two of the best Godavari tobacco, as I find the inhalation of smoke to be the best remedy for clearing the cobwebs of the brain. I need not inform you, for you will have already guessed it, that I have been a habitual opium and ganja-smoker for several years, as I found practical difficulties in obtaining and stocking an adequate supply of pure cocaine.

S. K. CHETTUR.

A Breton Legend

BRITTANY is a country of surprising contrasts, where one can see maidens like Ceres hoeing the fields, and peasants who speak with the courtesy of kings, living in the light of distant visions.

But even these sharp contrasts scarcely prepare one for the disproportion evidenced between the spire of the church of Pont l' Archeveque, and the body of the church itself.

The church is of the kind one meets in any village of that land of prayer ; low, built of grey stone, poor and holy, but the spire is a miracle of grace and beauty, lifting a slender finger to the grey skies. No wonder that legends have grown around it, for it is as little native to that poor village as was the golden-haired Apollo to the shepherd-quarters of the farm of Admetus. Now the legend is this.

About three hundred years ago there was no church in Pont l' Archeveque and the Curé had to say Mass in a barn. He was zealous and determined to build a church, however small. He stinted himself, fasted, prayed and begged, until finally, with infinite labour, he had saved the necessary money.

Triumphantly he engaged the workmen ; he himself drew the plan of the church ; not magnificent, (and he sighed softly, thinking of the rich oratory in his own home in the warm south) but his intention was high, and the good God knew it.

Every morning at daybreak, he was on the site. He saw the foundations dug, the stones collected, urged on the builders, helped to mix the mortar, and through the misty days of the grey, cold winter lived among the stones like a man in a dream. Slowly the building rose ; with the New Year they began to build the roof, and the Curé rejoiced

A Breton Legend

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because he knew that the Easter Mass could be sung in the new church.

Winter gave place reluctantly to Spring. And his soul sang within him. More than ever now, he haunted the stone fragment, leaving it only at night fall, and looking out on it from the narrow window of his cold room.

Then on Laetare Sunday, when men rejoice because Lent is half over, the blow fell.

The mason to whom he had entrusted the money to buy materials absconded, and the church stood there without a spire, to remain in perpetual mockery of him, the man who built without looking to the end.

All that day he stood in the echoing nave, while the children peeped through the windows, and the women passed the door with furtive glances, laying on the steps the traditional offering of Simnel cake ; and still he did not move. When the stars came out, he went home, and by the pale light of a candle, began to read his Breviary. He had just reached Complin when a quick step made him turn. Suddenly the bed creaked, and there on the white sheet sat the blackest little devil you can imagine. His tail was curled over his head like a squirrel's and shivering with the cold he tucked his little hoofs under him and winked cheerfully. The Curé was a good man and he knew all about devils. So he just went on with his prayers, and when he had finished, turned politely to the little guest. "What do you want?" he asked. "I can help you" said the other. "You want a spire for your church. I will build it."

The good man looked astonished, for was not Satan the Father of Lies ! And undoubtedly this was his trick to catch a foolish old parish priest.

"On one condition" continued the imp, "that you give me all the souls who die on Easter Sunday after Mass and before Vespers."

"Begone Satan !" he cried in horror and with a flicker of his tail, the devil disappeared into the night.

The days passed, and in spite of his earnest endeavours, the little Devil's suggestion stuck in his mind—especially when he looked, as he so often did, at the squat, spireless church. Then, on Palm Sunday, the idea came to him—suddenly, dazzlingly, blindingly, and he leaned back and smiled.

The villagers noticed that during Holy Week he lived almost constantly in the church, smiling gently to himself and looking as enrapturedly ecstatic as any stained-glass-window saint. With clothes of fine linen, he prepared the altar, small and beautiful, of richly carved oak; a present from his brother, the Vicounte D'Arles—decorated it with happy yellow daffodils, and narcissus, pale as dead stars embalmed, and announced that High Mass would be sung there on Easter Sunday.

The people looked at the place where the spire should have been and cursed Boineville—the absconding mason—and he too looked and smiled.

On the night of Holy Saturday, he sat again, saying his office and again came that quick patter and little flicker, and again the winking, smiling imp was there.

"Well, brother" said the sprite.

"Yes, build it" said the holy man. "You'll finish it to-morrow."

"Before mid-night" came the answer "You remember the condition."

"Yes" replied the Curé.

And another wink, he was gone.

When the priest rose at dawn to see the Easter sun dance on the hills, he saw the spire, slender, beautiful, a vision of grace and limpid dignity rising into the sky. The villagers saw it too, and stared open-mouthed, and crossed themselves for fear. At eight o'clock the Mass began; the morning sunlight shone through the leaded windows and fell on the crowd of peasants; on the women in their white

cornettes, and the men in blue, and, more surprising, on the powdered wig, fine lace auffles and brocaded coat of a court exquisite. This gentleman who sat in the middle of the front bench bore himself devoutly, to the edified awe of his neighbours, but after the Gospel, when the Curé turned round to preach, he winked knowingly and crossed his legs with an air of deliberate enjoyment. Certainly, if he enjoyed the sermon, he was the only one of the congregation to do so, for instead of the usual Easter Sermon which they expected—a paean of grateful joy for this Spring Feast, the Curé in a few brief words told them the story of the spire, and of the condition imposed and accepted. A thrill of incredulous horror ran through the close-packed congregation; each one in a moment of dazzling vision saw himself as he really was, for who knew who might not die in those long hours which stretched between mid-day when Mass would end, and five o'clock when Vespers usually began?

The service went on its ceremonies unheeded, while each one thought earnestly what he would do. Jacques Martin who kept the cabaret at the end of the village, resolved to sit in church until evening. His florid face was curiously mitted, as there passed in quick review before his staring eyes, those Sundays of revelry when he had kept the youth of the village in his shop while Vespers were sung.

Vaurain, the grocer, thought sadly of the sand he had mixed with the sugar, and the saw dust with the flour, reflecting with horror on his growing weakness.

The worshippers were roused by the chiming of the Angelus—then Mass surely ending and the period of waiting coming near! Instinctively they drew closer together, each looking at his neighbour, to see if any change was passing over his face, and encountering everywhere that awe-struck horror which Death alone can bring.

Then suddenly there was a cry, a flash of light and a great shout. The women clung together in terror. Had Death, then, come so soon? They raised their eyes, and the place where the courtier had knelt was empty. Only the wooden bench was scarred, and the air was smoky.

Then above the din and terror came the exulting, supplicating chant of the priest. "Deus in adjutorium meum intende" and the answer—confident and expectant—"Domine ad adjuvandum me festina."

The Easter Vespers had begun.

And this is why, says the legend, even to-day in Pont l' Archeveque Vespers are sung immediately after Mass.

SISTER MARY BARBARA

To Miss Presidency College

SUPERIOR thou art
Scornful and cold
Nor free with us, nor easy,
Tho' we are bold.
Thy pride and disdain
Make us feel
Small and lowly
And fill us with pain.
We dream of being breezy;
But thy looks—
So distant and so holy—
They are so freezy.
Fain would we love
Thee, and of fear rid us;
But thy eyes from above

To Miss Presidency College

Sternly forbid us.
We'd be friends with you
And this we often try.
But you seem to think you are
An Angel from on High.
But, dear Miss, remember
Even Angels from the sky
Should be amiable to men
And not scorn them and shun.
But you are too, too solemn
And have no fun.
You are too, too proud
And super-ci-li-ous.
You won't mix with the crowd;
You won't ever forget—
And you won't let us forget—
That you came down from Heaven,
And so are superior to us,
To us, sorry mortals.
You won't humbly bend down
And enter the portals
Of our loving hearts.
And so at last we fly hence,
Bachelors of Arts
Yes, and of Science;
Scores and scores and scores
Of Bachelors.

H. C. C.

The Invisible Dog

(With due apologies to MR. H. G. WELLS.)

I AM a brilliant scientist. But I have a weakness,—as all great men have—a passion for novels, especially those of Mr. H. G. Wells. After obtaining my D. Sc. degree in the University of Berlin, I had returned home and was spending my time in research—the main object of which was to render opaque objects invisible to the eye. I knew (and I dare say even a student of elementary science knows it) that all I had to do was to transform the refractive index of the opaque body equal to that of air. Till a fortnight ago, my researches had been of no avail.

Sitting on my table one afternoon, I was pouring on a recent book on 'Light' by a well-known scientist, when all at once it struck me that if I used a certain formula, I might succeed in rendering solid things invisible. Hastily going to my laboratory, I mixed a few chemicals, and had the preparation ready. Not willing to test it on myself,—I had read in Mr. H. G. Wells's novel that when one is rendered invisible, one becomes a lunatic thirsting for power,—I wished to experiment it on some other living being. My dog Tommy was near by, and I thought I might try the experiment on him. Taking out a biscuit I poured the liquid on it and gave it to Tommy who immediately gulped it.

I wiped out my eyes to find out what the effect of my preparation was. Yes—there it was—it was really amazing. Slowly the outer skin of the dog disappeared, then the flesh, and I saw before me the skeleton of a dog. I called out to Tommy, and I heard his friendly bark. A few minutes later, even the skeleton slowly faded away and I saw only broken portions of a biscuit hanging in the air.

My joy knew no bounds. My method of rendering living beings invisible was even better than that of the scientist in Mr. Wells's novel. The dog, though rendered invisible, exhibited no sign of madness. I longed to go out to tell my friends of my wonderful discovery. I dressed and went out, and when I had gone a few yards, I felt something licking my leg. In my haste, I had forgotten Tommy. Feeling very hungry after a day's hard work, I entered a restaurant and ordered some lunch, when all at once there was a commotion in the dining hall. A big pie was hanging in mid air; slowly it began to move throughout the room, and when the commotion increased, the pie began to dance all over the room very violently and quickly. I knew it was my Tommy. The pie slowly began to decrease in size and a few minutes later had become a mass (perhaps in the process of digestion). Everybody was amazed, and I also appeared to be amazed. Some attributed it to an evil spirit, while others said that it was black magic. Hastily paying my bill, I came out.

Walking on the pavement, I chanced to meet two ladies, with whom I narrowly avoided colliding. But soon I turned round when one of the ladies screamed, this being later followed by the barking of a dog. The other lady had swooned. For it looked as if she had stepped on the invisible tail of Tommy and Tommy had bitten her in her leg. The ladies were helped into a taxi and sent to the nearest apothecary. But nobody suspected me, for there was nothing near me. Tommy had by now become uncontrollable. An old man's walking stick was suddenly pulled out from his hand, and he was surprised to find it slowly travelling in the air towards me. I returned the stick to him appearing to be as amazed as he was. A loaf in the hand of a little boy was suddenly snatched away and it disappeared. Many of the missing articles unfortunately were found near me. So I felt very uncomfortable—I might be taken for a sorcerer. I whistled to Tommy, and

slowly groping in the air I felt his neck and tied one end of a string to it. Taking the other end in my hand, I led him toward my house. The people who saw me thought I had run mad—indeed, any man who saw another holding a string with a loop tight would think him to be mad—but I cared for nobody. I reached my house at last ; and looking down, I saw a skeleton near my feet at the end of the string. Then slowly flesh and skin appeared, and in a few minutes Tommy stood before me. I staggered at my wonderful discovery. I wished to publish it throughout the world. Longing to make myself invisible, I raised the remaining liquid to my lips.....

Why don't you get up, Ramu? You sit all night reading cheap novels and you sleep till nine o'clock in the morning. When I come to see you, you have your Physics book ; but when I go away, you take to your novels. When are you going to prepare for your examination? Please get up soon.

I opened my eyes and saw my father before me. Near my bed staring at me were an Intermediate text-book on 'Light' and Mr. H. G. Wells's "The Invisible Man."

S. SRINIVASAN,
IV Hons. English.

Sociology and Literary Criticism

THE growth of impressionism and the increasing emphasis on the critic's personality as an inevitable and necessary influence in his appreciation of art are features of literary criticism during the last century. Critics like Anatole France hold that there is no such thing as objective criticism any more than objective art and all who are pleased to think that they put into their work something else than themselves are dupes of the most fallacious illusion. This subjective theory of criticism is based on the ground that the value of a work of art lies, primarily, essentially and ultimately, in its relationship. The critic's judgment of it must be conditioned by the responses it evokes in him and his account of it will be one of its intimate personal appeal, modified by his own moods and moments.

But the question naturally suggests itself—What about the work of art in and by itself? The impressionist gives us only a recital of himself and his peculiar sensations—no more. If a book appeals to us, rouses and rules our sympathy, is it not possible that it has some intrinsic virtues which exist independent of our infinitely variable responsiveness? Is there nothing permanent, deeply embedded in the very make-up of the piece of art that ensures a uniformity of appeal, however much our own likes and dislikes may vary? The possibility of the objective value of works of art is increased when we consider the unanimity of opinion about the greatest artists. The function of criticism that admits this aspect would be to find out the inherent significance, which gives a book an absolute existence—not merely a relative value. The objective critic claims a detachment, subdues his personality, attempts to assess the value of a book not in terms of himself—but credits it with a separate existence and concerns himself with the

essence of this existence which, for him, lies in something else than a mere relationship.

Both the impressionist and the objective critic have fairly convincing cases made out for themselves—but neither seems to have the whole truth. However, their half truths are enormously important. A deeper examination would reveal that the chief factor in the controversy lies somewhere else.

Taine held that every work of art is conditioned by the particular time, people and environment to which it belongs. A poem is not merely the exquisite distillation, into imagery and language, of the poet's own moods. "In every artist there is a definite mental bias, a definite spiritual organisation and play of instincts which results in a large measure from the common life of his day and which represents this life,—makes it potent—within the individuality of the artist." In a sense the artist *acquires* "the constitution of the life of the soul" in some measure. His genius is always under the stress of the spirit of his time, and his personality, as our own without his genius—is formed and shaped by the prevailing tone and temper. "Literature shares in the life of the race-mind, partakes of its nature, as language does of thought, corresponds to it accurately, duplicates it, is its other self. It is through literature that we know the race-mind and come to possess it. Men of genius are great in proportion as they share in it and national literatures are great in proportion as they embody and express it."—G. E. WOODBERRY.

This conception of the influence of the race-mind on art can be applied with equal truth to criticism.

The theory of monadism is as much an illusion in criticism as in art. Sociology has demonstrated that the individual pure and simple, is a myth. With all his intensely personal likes and dislikes, he exists only in relation to society. With the same common inheritance, cultural

and otherwise, our ideas, our thought-processes are a part of the social system in which we exist and into which they must naturally cohere. Our machinery of thought, language, ideals and visions—in fact our entire being—is derived from this common inheritance of traditions. It is socially given to us. It does not mean that we all are or ought to be exactly similar. But "every individual mind is a part of a larger whole, every thought in the individual mind has been influenced by processes in the minds of others, every process in the individual mind influences directly or indirectly the processes in the minds of others. The minds of all of us are in such intimate functional inter-relation that they may be said to constitute one greater mind."

Granted that we live and move in such a plane of social actions and reactions, the fallacy of the self-complacent impressionist is obvious. Even allowing for the largest measure of personal idiosyncrasies, the judgment of the impressionist will mainly be the verdict of the society to which he belongs. He imagines that he is applying the touchstone of his own personality, while, really, all the time it is the "social mind" that expresses itself through him and determines his appreciation. It must be conceded however, that there may be, in a given state of society, exceptional individuals, who may honestly and vitally differ from a scale of values socially accepted. The problem is not merely confined to literary criticism, but to almost all values. When all the world comes to believe in democracy as the only form of civilised government, or that human beings should cease to eat potatoes, there may be a sprinkling of individuals refusing to subscribe to those views. Some of us may think that diamonds being of the same substance or source as coal should sell as cheap. But in all such cases, it must be recognised that though individuals here and there differ, yet society has assessed the value of democracy, potato and diamond

in terms of itself. Thus what may be objective values for individuals, if they exist as such, may be purely subjective so far as the society is concerned. This applies to all social values—including the literary. For Tolstoy the socio-literary estimate of *King Lear* was meaningless and absurd. His responsiveness to the older play was something exceptionally individual,—a piece of criticism with which society could not sympathise.

That values can exist only when there are minds to feel and respond is obvious. Criticism in one sense must remain inevitably subjective. But impressionism without this social back-ground would be chaotic. Stability of values is possible only when the "social mind" is in operation. The extreme objectivist's case that the intrinsic value of literature exists regardless of the reader's is a mistaken one. Again, the impressionist who is right when he insists on the relationship of a book as its only measurable value, goes too far when he asserts that it cannot have any other standard of value apart from the widely varying individual valuations. The real factor that determines the unanimity of the reputation of an artist at a given period is the "social mind." If and when subsequently he falls into obscurity, it is because the social mind has changed.

If we think of literature—not in terms of isolated artists, but in terms of movements and periods, and interpret every artist in relation to the particular movement to which he may belong, the influence of the race-mind will be clearly understood. Even so, if we think of critics not as separable, detached individuals but relate them to the time spirit which they embody and fit them into the appropriate socio-literary scale of values contemporary with them, the influence of the race-mind will be equally clear and remarkable.

S. R. SWAMINATHAN

School Life—(1) The Head

(a) IN FICTION

Scene. The book-lined sanctum of Miss Lavinia Fairweather, Headmistress of the 'Grove.'—She sits alone, her hands grasping the embossed arms of her chair so that her knuckles gleam whitely. From her clenched lips escapes a moan of horror.

Rises and walks gracefully to the bell—but admires for a moment her dignified figure clad in a trailing black gown, and touches her raven tresses, arranged simply and effectively in a Grecian knot. Presses the bell and retires to her chair and gazes sombrely at the wall.

A deferential knock.—*Enter* Miss Joanna Hardcastle, Mathematics Mistress—angular, sallow, spectacled, hair drawn tightly back from her horse-like face; carries a 'Hall and Stevens' Algebra.

J. H. Yes, Madam.

Head (Agitatedly). The fair name of the school has been smirched—The Examination Papers have been tampered with. (Rises imperiously and points dramatically to the door.) Summon the Girls to the Assembly Hall.

Exit J. H. muttering Algebraic formulae.

Head faces the study, then "sweeps" down the polished corridor.

(b) IN FACT

Scene. The office of the Headmistress of St. Joan's. 'Head' is typing busily.

A hasty knock and *enter* a member of the Junior Staff.

Head. Well—What is it now? This is the seventh time the cook has——(Looks up). Oh! it's you.

M. J. S. Yes, 'morning dear. The VI is waiting; come now?

Head. What do they want? Not another Hike, I hope.

M. J. S. No, you said you'd speak to them about the frightful slang they write home. So I collected them in the study.

H. Of course. But I *must* finish this letter first. You know these parents, dear—Mamma Kirkby wants to know if "darling Joan" may wear *two* woollen vests when the cold weather sets in.

M. J. S. I'll do that. You go and act the Dignified Lady Principal! Drink your coffee first though, or Marie will take it for John.

H. Thanks—that reminds me I missed it yesterday when I went to interview that prospective parent.—Excellent really. She must have made it for John—I usually get chicory water.

M. J. S. I've finished this, just sign it, will you?

H. Finished for today, thank Heaven—Come along and make an audience.

Exeunt M. J. S. & H., talking animatedly.

S. B.

Botanising on the Nilgiris

THE botany lab was unusually busy on the 19th of October. We were leaving that evening on our botanical excursion. Numerous cleaned and dried bottles, the cast-off of Eno's and Horlicks, were getting filled with alcohol and xylol and packed with care so as to prevent breakage and leakage. The students grew scarcer in the lab in the afternoon as they were preparing themselves for the journey. The Blue Mountain Express was quite pleased and proud of carrying the Presidites that night. The journey however was uneventful.

Early the next morning we took the passenger at Podanur for Walayar. From the Forest Bungalow there, where we put up, we commanded a good view of the hills around. After staying a couple of days, we started on the procession to make collections, some with vasculums in hand, others letting them hang by leather-straps, belts or strings from the shoulder, some others being armed with leather-bags and tin-cases and some others still, with large suit cases,—we must have presented a picturesque sight to the onlooker, that morning.

Though as good a place as any other, Walayar disappointed us as it was not the proper season in which to make a botanical collection. The reserve-forests are chiefly under teak cultivation. The place was peculiar as we could not see there a single Liverwort, parasite or epiphyte except the mushrooms growing on the elephant's dung.

The second day was varied for us by a visit to a water-fall. A fair amount of hard climbing up the hills was necessary before reaching the place. The party divided itself into batches on the way, according to the efficiency of the members in hill-climbing, till at last the whole group refreshed itself by drinking of the stream. On the way,

it was our privilege to discover the foot-prints of elephants and this exercised the imagination of some of us into such terror as to seek the protective proximity of the professor and the forest-guard. The forest-guard, however, had his own misgivings, for he knew that white garments attract the wild elephant. But the lords of the jungle were merciful to us and we all returned safely to the bungalow which formed our camp.

The next day we left for Coimbatore where we suspended our botanising in favour of visits to the different departments of the Agricultural College. The head of each department explained to us the various methods adopted in crossing and breeding plants, so as to get new varieties which would produce better yields, both in quality and in quantity.

Coimbatore proved the pink of chivalry to women-students. Old boys of the Botany department were met there, and they were pleased and proud of being helpful to the younger generation issuing out of the *Alma Mater*.

After two days at Coimbatore we left for Kotagiri, preferring to go by bus, though that brought us difficulties at Mettupalayam—as two buses capacious enough to carry us all together could be procured only with difficulty. Further hardship was in store for us when four miles ahead of Mettupalayam, one of the buses broke down and could not proceed further. Victimised by rain and severe cold on the way, it was nearly midnight when the whole party was collected at 'Blue Villa,' Kotagiri.

Our three days at Kotagiri were quite full. All the morning we went out collecting and the rest of the day was engaged in pressing the specimens, the usual way for drying them. Kotagiri yielded us a splendid collection, especially of ferns. Huge tree ferns were also got abundantly in almost all shaded places.

At Ootacamund rain kept us constant company,

and our first task there was the buying of rain-coats. Twenty people issued out of a shop on that occasion with new rain-coats on. We lived in a palatial house and the first day we spent at Lovedale, busy collecting the ferns, *Equisitum*, *Ophioglossum*, *Botrychium* and others. The second day we went to the Governor's Shola where we procured a good variety of typical specimens. The third day we were in the Government Botanical Gardens. We were permitted to make a collection of the plants there and enjoined to take care to see that no plant was wasted. When we left Ooty, our boxes and vasculums were quite full and many of us used our rain-coats to carry the specimens in.

During the excursion we had found 'tongues in trees, and books in the running brooks.' On the 3rd of November we steamed into the Central Station, missing two of us—lucky fellows—who had run away to enjoy Deepavali at home. The enchantment of the excursion was broken when the members left the Central Station in different ways to come together prosaically again in the Presidency Collge Botany Laboratory.

P. B.

The Ghost

IN the inmost recesses of his own heart, Kullachary, the village goldsmith, was strongly disposed to admit that good liquor could make a cat speak.

He had a strong appetite for liquor sharpened on this Tuesday evening by the discovery in his shelf of a bottle of beer of an inferior quality and inwardly determining that no man should dictate to him whether liquor was good or not, resolved to empty it at the earliest opportunity. He took the bottle in his hand, examined the label rather curiously, bestowed a mark of recognition upon the contents and then in a second emptied the bottle.

"That's good," he growled, dropping down the bottle with an air of satisfaction. "Aye," he staggered back a little, "that's nice" and reclining backwards, with an irrepressible ebullition of mirth, he laid himself flat on the floor and kicked convulsively for six minutes in an ecstasy of facetious joy. Then jumping to his feet, he snatched his cap from the peg and putting it on rather rakishly on one side, as one might who felt he had achieved a difficult thing in the face of much opposition, thrust his hands into the folds of his dhoti and staggered towards the door with much ease and waggishness depicted on his whole appearance.

Uncommonly handsome, this easy, pathetic young man of thirty had flourished at the time when it was the fashion among people of the middle class to spend at least a portion of their income in refreshment rooms where they drank coffee between trains.

Kullachary, only son of his father, had succeeded him as the chief goldsmith of the village. A tall, heavy, good-natured creature of the Gama type, who, if he had the

energy and alertness, would have made another Carnera, dedicated enough of the best years of his life to the cheap toddy crawl to achieve the enviable position of its chief exponent. It was his proud boast that he knew every toddy vendor in the neighbourhood. He favoured drinking, for it gave him 'sensations.'

His sensations now were very much like those of a school-boy who knows he has been in mischief and yet has the temerity to thrust in excuses. A God-fearing man, he now was not half so pious as he was on festival days. He felt that his friends would be bitter at the prospect of his drinking—instinct taught him that now—and he believed that of all vices, the most objectionable to them would be this drink.

Kullachary walked along the main street in a state of mind that could only be called chaotic. He disliked being criticised when he felt he should be admired.

"What a charm there is about this!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "It is so suggestive of warmth and freshness. It is really fascinating—" and quickening his steps unconsciously, out of the mere natural impulse of the intoxicant which held a seductive influence over him, he walked across the road, across an avenue of palms, thence over a small bridge and so on till he reached a small 'tope' of mango trees on the outskirts of the village.

In the centre of the tope, there was a well. Towards this, Kullachary directed his steps. The twilight was passing on to night. He sat on the low wall encircling the well for a few minutes, then as if the craving to swim in the water had been accelerated by the cool image of the moon being tossed to and fro by the small ripples in the water, he leapt down to the ground, divested himself of his clothes and jumped into the water. He stayed there for a fairly long time. The longing to linger in the well for a little more time tried to assert itself as the fatal midnight hour ap-

proached. At 12-30, a face peeped out of the water. It was a hopeful face, but less serene and infinitely happy. It seemed as though his whole intemperance had been swept off. It seemed that by some force of circumstance his stay there in the water was being dominated by a new directing power. That he, despite the regaining strength of mind, could only passively submit to the power!

Slowly, he ascended the steps. In the darkness of the shadow of the wall, he could not mark out the positions of the steps. The fourth was a little slippery; he stood for some moments quite undecided what to do and then as he looked up, the legs slipped and he fell into the water. Twice or thrice he rose to the surface, but being weak, he could not rescue himself.

In a few minutes he sank never to rise.

This was a few months ago!

And now though Kullachary has been quite forgotten, his ghost is not.

With the unhappy occurrence in the village well came a complete change in the routine of life of Modavakkam; a change that was infinitely dismal. The happy course of events which, for a long time, had been supposed to be God's best blessing on the place, disappeared as though the place had seen no happiness at all. Late comers seldom entered the village after ten and even the cattle were penned in at 7.

For Kullachary's ghost had been more than once seen perching on the branch of the mango tree overhanging the well.

Ghosts are terrible things. Particularly, when they perch upon mango trees. The goldsmith's ghost, as a rule, would never exhibit its rare talent—flinging mangoes at unwary travellers—before any strangers. It was strictly conservative. While it stood there on the branch with a big mango poised in one hand, it was in itself a fit study

for an artist. It stood in the gap a little above the trunk, where the dim light provided an appropriate background for its figure clad in a thin loin cloth and a white turban. The dress was a coarse one without the trace of a single line of lace to relieve its classic severity; its face was enshrouded always in darkness. To and fro the ghost moved on the tree occasionally standing in the gap, but it never exposed its countenance. Travellers had often seen it and sometimes been invited for a supper; but they never dared to approach the tree. At odd waking moments during the nights, the neighbours had descried the ghost descending the tree and each had longed to see the ghost at close quarters, but—.

Some say that ghosts do not exist; and some say they do, but the people of Modavakkam were strongly disposed to admit that ghosts did exist, particularly Kullachary's. Had they not seen it with their own eyes, and had they not been invited for supper? What greater proof could one have?

Srinivasa Reddiar, the headman of the village, often said that it was a wonderful scholar; that it had all the poets in its heart, if it had any; I thought at the time that he was only exaggerating its gifts out of mere affectionate complaisance, for I never quite believed in the ghost's real aptitude for learning. But since others too told me it was true, I had to believe what he said.

One day, the collector's servant having overfed himself, felt worried by indigestion, and passing by the tree, sat down near the well. He was a stranger to the village and was scarcely aware of the fact that that tree was haunted. He was a short, rotund person but was pale and so concentrated within the mystic circle of his own thoughts that he never cared to look above or around him. At about 4 in the evening he shut his eyes and when he woke it was well-nigh eight.

The ghost perched at the top looked at the man in-

terestedly. It listened in dumb, rapt ecstasy to his snoring and watched tenderly the abdomen rise and fall. As it considered him, a new and awful instinct rose up within it—the thirst for mischief that lurks in the ‘heart’ of every devil; and involuntarily it clenched its fingers in the sudden and insatiate eagerness that possessed it to know the name of that impertinent person. Again it looked down on the happy, unconscious figure of the peon and became hazily conscious that he had no business to come there, and stooping a little, held out a hand, plucked a mango and hurled it with great force at him.

The peon was rudely awakened. He did not know how long he sat there; the numb confused feeling in his nether regions had rendered him insensible to the flight of time. Hearing a laugh, a low laugh of exceeding bitterness, he looked up and forced a smile. He was too remarkable a character in his way to be afraid of such hideous laughs. All Mayavaram knew him as Murugan the dauntless, who worked at the collectorate. His bizarre figure, rotund belly, the surface of which was still further exaggerated when he put on his tight coat, and office badge were familiar to everyone in the town.

And on seeing his face, even the ghost trembled. It looked at the face of the man first, then at his belly, then plucked a mango and aimed it at the rotund organ. The mango fell with a thud.

Murugan eyed the ghost with a threatening stare. He rose. His face betokened the liveliest surprise and curiosity at meeting this ghost out here at night and under such circumstances, and he could not at once master his voice sufficiently to challenge it. He waited for some time, then clapped his hands and shouted.

“You—up there! Can’t you leave me alone?”

The ghost regarded him for a moment curiously, then realising that he was probably a stranger in those parts

gave a terrific yell and rocked for a few seconds up and down in the branch.

“This is rather bad,” decided the peon. “Something fishy about it,” and almost mechanically he began to tie his loin cloth tighter. He would climb the tree, he thought. Something indefinable prompted him to do that. It was not difficult climbing, for he reached the ghost’s side almost too soon. He laughed a trifle nervously and his hands shook. He caught hold of the branch above him and moved towards the ghost. The ghost too moved. But this respectable distance between the two could not be maintained long, for in his chase, the man had reached the tip of the branch and the ghost, in its turn feeling rather uncomfortable and insecure, jumped down to the ground. It jumped from a height of nearly thirty feet and it collapsed in a heap on reaching ground.

Murugan jumped after it, and straight on it. His jump was well calculated. He landed on the ghost exercising his full weight of fifteen stone and ten. He thought that he had driven the devil out of the devil by then, but he was sadly mistaken. A groan emanated from the ghost. It was a cruel, heart-rending groan. It was a human groan. Murugan rubbed his eyes, stared twice at the heap and then started back.

It was a man—no other than Kuppu the village idiot.

* * * *

A few days later, in the court house, the village ‘Thoti’ was sentenced to four months R. I. for causing wilful annoyance and stealing mangoes.

M. GOPAL RAO

The Late Professor M. A. Candeth

PRESENTATION OF PORTRAIT BY HIS
"LAST ELEVEN."

TEN years ago, eleven young men, drawn from all parts of the Presidency, began a three-year course in the History Honours class of the Presidency College. Most of them were strangers to one another, and they came to the classes, listened to lectures, wrote at examinations and went their several ways.

One evening in March 1927 saw them gathered round a tea-table in the verandah outside the History Lecture Hall, with the four professors with whom they had lived and read for three years. They had come to take leave of their College, their professors and of one another. They had the feeling that they were being cruelly forsaken by everybody and everything, and that the very College was disowning them all too abruptly and too soon.

They left and they took away from the College at the same time as themselves, one who had for so long and with such singular mastery and grace, presided over the destinies of the History Department of the College. Mr. M. A. Candeth, whose connexion with the History Department had been an uninterrupted one ever since he joined the College in 1914, pulled up his roots, and went out of the College with the "eleven" that he captained last.

The "eleven" scattered, and after more reading in other Colleges and, with some, in other climes, became in time Teachers, Lawyers, Businessmen and Government Servants. One might think that seven years would be sufficient to blunt the finer human feelings and dull the edge of memory; but this was not the case in regard to Mr. Candeth and his last eleven.

The news of the death of Mr. Candeth brought a blight and a sorrow to many hearts, but to none more poignantly than to those with whom he last lived in the College. To them the College had been a microcosm in which Mr. Candeth had been an institution and a landmark, and though he was no longer in the College, their thoughts of the College had been thoughts of him.

A word here and a letter there, and soon came from all corners the echoes of the unspoken thoughts and the unanimous desire of the eleven young men, all variously placed in different parts of the country, to unite in doing something in token of their love and affection for that College, which had been the means of bringing them under the spell of a personality so vivid and so virile, the memory of which time could not stale nor even death wither. What more fitting and appropriate, then, than that a likeness of their Professor should be placed in the College, to be for ever looking on at the passing crowds of young men and women and of generations yet unborn, as a memorial and a reminder of one who verily was "The Hero as Teacher," a great and a brilliant intellectual, one of the many such gone before him whose spirits are for ever enshrined within the walls of the Presidency College.

The students of the History Honours class of the years 1924 to 1927 realise that the passing of years cannot make them any the less the children of the College to which they belonged in those years. To the Principal, whose gracious kindness has enabled them to pay this humble tribute to the memory of the days they spent within its walls, their gratitude will be eternal. The portrait of the late Mr. M. A. Candeth, presented to the College by them, which the Principal has kindly accepted on behalf of the College, goes with their heart-felt prayers as a dedication to the soul of a great man who belonged to a great College. To live in hearts we leave behind is not to die.

G. TYAGARAJAN

The Principal acknowledged the receipt of the photograph in the following letter :—

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE,
Madras,
8th December 1934.

Dear Mr. Tyagarajan,

It is my privilege on behalf of the College to send our most grateful thanks to you and to your ten friends for your kindness in presenting to us a photograph of the late Mr. M. A. Candeth, which I am delighted to accept. Candeth's work in the College is remembered with appreciation and gratitude, and his portrait will serve as an inspiration to the students of History in years to come, and to those of us who worked with him for many years as his colleagues, it will be a happy memorial of him.

Yours sincerely,
H. C. PAPWORTH

The Short Stories of Tagore

THE profound possibilities of the short story receive a brilliant illustration in the works of Tagore. They are invariably tragic in colour, for otherwise you cannot work things up to the highest pitch of excitement and also come to a quick end—two essentials of the short story. In following *Mashi and Other Stories* in English, Indian students are for once familiar with and interested deeply in the *matter* of the stories, for they read in English of Hindu life, at least as it is illustrated in Bengali life. Tagore is depicting in the stories the Bengal of an earlier generation when Hindu customs withstood the inroads of new ideas and gave room for tragedies borne in silence. Marriage is the most exciting institution of life and gives room for tragedies of different intensity. Like all great artists, Tagore is brilliant in his creations of women. Women are usually capable of the most heroic acts of self-sacrifice, which, however, fail to figure in any public chronicle. Hindu widows are silent benefactors in Hindu homes, the exact degree of their self-sacrifice being unmeasured by the world. The sentimental young husband in his poignant pain caused by an unresponsive wife, is an extremely interesting type for artistic portraiture as in Bjornsen's play, *The Newly Married Couple*, where the wife is moved at last by jealousy to turn to her husband with a real intense love. The good office of converting the wife is performed in the play by a lady who is a friend of the young man. In Tagore's story, the task falls on the selfless Mashi and, though she fails in it, she remains the most lovable and the most memorable in the story.

It is, however, not the widow only who is capable of heroic acts. *The Elder Sister* is the thrilling story of a wife and mother who felt that she could not go too far to protect her orphaned younger brother from the avaricious

designs of his brother-in-law. Sasikala was a dutiful wife, but there were different, if not higher, loyalties to be fulfilled. It was a sacred trust for her to carry out, when her dying parents charged her with the care of their little son; and when her own husband was guilty of plans to rob the young fellow of his property, she felt obliged to take arms even against him. But in so taking arms she brought to irreproachable reconciliation her duty as wife with her duty as elder sister. She openly charged her husband with treachery before the Magistrate and she was not afraid of returning to her home of which her husband was the master. But her life after this return was of short duration. It was reported that she had died of cholera. Tagore was using in this a current euphemism for violent death. But we hope that the husband did not add murder to the list of his crimes. Sasikala very likely committed suicide. We can cite a parallel story here from Sir Edwin Arnold. The Rajput nurse of his verse tale was remarkable for balancing two loyalties. To save the royal baby entrusted to her charge she let her own baby be slaughtered by the murderers. But she would have remained a monstrously unnatural mother to have done this and to live comfortably on the munificent gifts made to her on the occasion. She therefore killed herself the same night and went to suckle her own baby in heaven. Tagore's Sasikala, when leaving her younger brother in the charge of the Magistrate, promised him that he would meet her again. The poet's last sentence in the story runs: "Where that word was kept none can tell."

Woman is the benevolent mother on earth. Distress, suffering and defencelessness are claims on her kindness, which is sometimes carried to surprising intensity. Nilkanta, the strolling player who was saved from drowning, basks in the sun of Kiran's maternal favour and he flees the place before he can know how firmly she takes steps to shield his reputation, which is not high with her own

husband and relations. The romance of short and transient attachments is a worthy theme of literary art and it has perhaps found its highest expression in the two poems by Wordsworth addressed to *The Solitary Reaper* and *The Highland Girl*. Under the benevolence of Kiran, Nilkanta feels a new sense of life and as he begins to grow only now he is filled afresh with the desire to learn everything. *The Postmaster* tells the story of unsuspected inroads made on the heart of a village girl by the temporary stay of a Calcutta man in the village, when she serves him faithfully as a servant.

The attraction of the dumb creature is enshrined in two stories, *The Auspicious Vision* and *Subha*. Both of these deal with the tragical quality of dumbness in a girl, in relation to her marriageableness. In the first story, a young man is providentially saved from being wedded irrevocably to a dumb girl, though at the time he was filled with disappointment. In the second story, a dumb girl is passed off as the bride of an unsuspecting young man, and the tragedy of her life, after the dumbness is revealed, is better imagined than described. Tagore is simply hitting the Bengali custom by which the bride and bridegroom hardly see each other before and even during the marriage celebration. This feature provides the starting point for the whole action of the novel, *The Wreck*.

Even though Tagore is writing only short stories, he reveals a delicate art in the mere instrument of telling them. The instrument or the setting is everything sometimes in stories, like the setting in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* or in Boccaccio's *Decameron*. *The River Stairs* is fascinating for the mouthpiece by which the whole story is told. The personality of the "Stairs" is never forgotten in the course of the story. At the start, the reader is asked 'to sit on this step of mine' and lend ears to the murmur of the rippling water. At the conclusion we read: "The moon set; the night grew dark. I

heard a splash in the water. The wind raved in the darkness, as if it wanted to blow out all the stars of the sky." The beginning and end of the *Elder Sister* are expressed in the form of comment made by a talkative woman, Tara, who is neighbour to Sasikala. The great fact of life is its flux or change. This is always brilliantly brought out in Tagore's stories. Tara in the *Elder Sister* serves the same function as the chorus of the Greek drama.

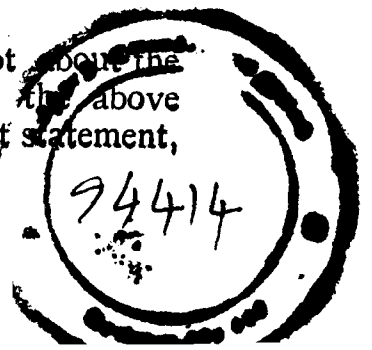
Another peculiar feature of Hindu society seized by Tagore is the hypocrisy of men professing an ascetic life. Closely allied to this is the problem facing men and women when they, by deliberate preference or by force of circumstance, give up the worldly life and embrace the life of asceticism. Romesh Dutt has told in *The Lake of Palms* how Uma, born of rich parents and married to a Zemindar of Calcutta, was obliged, by the disgusting life of her pleasure-loving husband who never turned to his wife at home, to flee the home and turn a sanyasini within the precincts of a holy temple. Dhananjay, the husband, is filled with infinite repentance soon after the wife's departure and seeks her out after long wandering from place to place. When at last he is face to face with her, it is a touchingly solemn scene made of the colloquy between the repentant husband pleading for forgiveness towards human faults, and the wife, sick at heart, and sincerely anxious to pass to the serenity of a religious life, pleading with equal intensity to the husband, that he should not tempt the woman's heart in her, to make her return to domestic life. The woman at last yields, but Romesh meant perhaps to exalt the domestic ideal above the religious one of withdrawing from the active pursuits of life. *The River Stairs* and *Saved* are complementary to each other in dealing with the temptations of a religious life. In the first story, a young man has sufficient resolution to abandon the prospect of a married life—like the Lord Buddha—and assume the sanyasi existence. He is faced with a great

temptation. His own girl-wife whom he hardly knows, has grown into attractive womanhood and becomes his religious pupil. But the throbs of love disturb her and one day she confesses it to him. The sanyasi is affected profoundly but his resolution triumphs. The woman's remedy once again is suicide. In the second story, *Saved*, the religious guru falls so low as to make a love engagement with a married woman who has taken him seriously as her religious teacher. When the woman realises the depth of the guru's degradation, she loses no time to join in death her husband who has died broken-hearted by jealousy.

Like all great artists, Tagore makes his stories stimulating by the suggestiveness of his writing, which usually implies much more than it makes explicit. There is often only the slightest indication of a happening, the inferring or guessing of which is left largely to the intelligence and imagination of the reader. This suggestiveness may be illustrated easily from the *River Stairs*. That the hero of the story spread, or caused to be spread, a false report of his own death and became a sanyasi is never explicitly told but is beautifully indicated:

"It was morning. The Sanyasi was counting his beads on my steps, when all of a sudden one of the women pilgrims nudged another, and said: 'Why! He is our Kusum's husband!' Another parted her veil a little in the middle with two fingers and cried out: 'Oh dear me! So it is! He is the younger son of the Chattergu family of our village!' Said a third, who made little parade of her veil: 'Ah! he has got exactly the same brow, nose, and eyes!' Yet another woman, without turning to the Sanyasi, stirred the water with her pitcher, and sighed: 'Alas! That young man is no more; he will not come back. Bad luck to Kusum!'"

Tagore can leave the reader in no doubt about the identity of Kusum's husband, after writing the above paragraph; but even then he desists from direct statement,



to point out that the young man's appearance has naturally changed since his assumption of the Sanyasi's robes, he having grown a beard, and being thin looks taller than before. This is told in another paragraph:

"But, objected one, 'He had not such a big beard'; and another, 'He was not so thin'; or 'He was most probably not so tall.' That settled the question for the time, and the matter spread no further."

The speech of the fourth woman reported in the earlier paragraph must suggest to us another characteristic Hindu notion, that it amounts to a calamity to the living for a dead person to come back to life. Even if a person has been wrongly regarded as dead and carried to the cremation ground, the escape home of the person is apt to be viewed with terror. *Living or Dead?* is the title of a terrible story by Tagore in which a woman mistakenly regarded as dead, comes back home and fails to convince the members therein that she is really living. That she beat her forehead with a brass vessel and produced blood did not seem sufficient proof. She could at last only drown herself in the well, and the poet writes: "By dying she proved that she was living."

The charms of the Tagorean short story are obviously apt to turn a critic garrulous, and I must be content to conclude here with having pointed out some.

P. R. KRISHNASWAMI

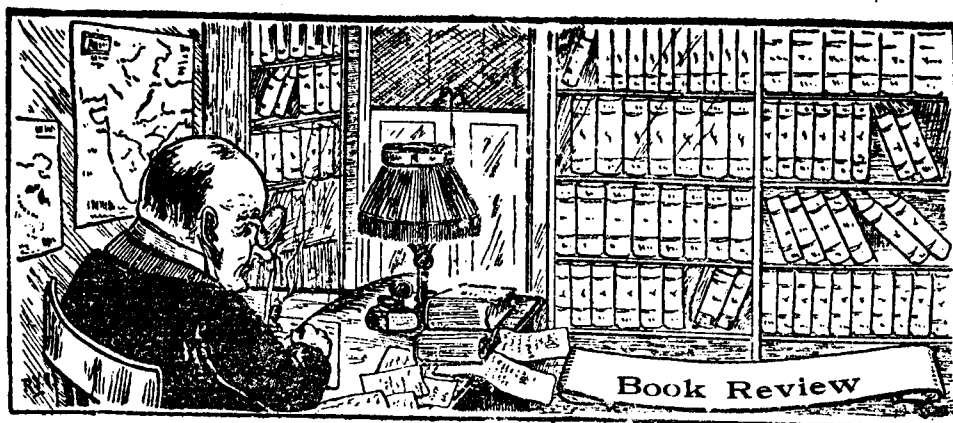
Parting Words

EIGHTEENTH December, 1934! This is one of the saddest days in my life. I may be officially relieved a few days hence. But today is the last day that I work in this college (unless, of course, I am called back) in which I have worked through good or ill repute for the last twenty-one years. I know that our religion teaches us that we should get over our attachments. But this injunction does not mean that we should be unfeeling or inhuman.* We should be above our attachments and not below them. It is human to cherish love and affection, to have hopes and regrets, to feel for the loss of friends and to shed a tear perhaps when one comes to the parting of ways. Religion only bids us move from this human position, where poetry mostly has its dwelling-place, to something more than human. It bids us purify our affections, widen our sympathies and learn to look upon our ties as only parts of a more sacred tie. In Him we all meet.....

.....
But let me not stand on my stilts, as I usually do, and try to appear taller than I really am. One should not talk of the ideals of religion when one is, to speak the truth, not dry-eyed.....And so, my friends, farewell.

D. S. SARMA

* Surely Professor Sarma's weakness is human and intelligible. Was not even Kanva, in Kalidasa's drama, deeply touched at the parting of his foster-daughter?—*The Editor.*



MANONMANIYAM—A Tamil Drama rendered into Prose by Mr. M. Shanmughasundara Mudaliar, M.A., L.T., published by Kalavalli Pathippagam, Madras, pp. 8+151, 1934. Price Rs. 2-4-0.

The future of Tamil largely depends on the attitude of the English-educated Tamilians towards it. Master minds like the late Subrahmanya Bharatiar, Rajamayyar and Sundaram Pillai have shown how much such men can do for the improvement of Tamil literature.

Manonmaniyam was originally composed in Tamil verse in the year 1891 by the late Prof. P. Sundaram Pillai, M. A. of the Maharaja's College, Trivandrum, and was an adaptation of an English poem, 'The Secret Way' by the Rt. Hon. Lord Lytton. Though the play closely follows its English original, the author has introduced much new thought and alike by its form and matter this verse play holds a very high position in modern Tamil literature. But—as the author has himself remarked—the work was intended for reading and not for acting and its language was such that an average reader could not easily comprehend it, while many of the speeches were too long and ill adapted for delivery on the popular stage.

Mr. M. Shanmughasundara Mudaliar has done a good service to the Tamil public in having now published a prose

version of the work. While keeping close to the original, he has here and there introduced a few changes in the personae as also in the action of the play. Mr. Mudaliar introduces an artist to replace the dream episode of the original; he provides a new pedigree to Natarajan, and brings him to the battle-field in disguise; he omits altogether the story of Sivagami and some characters like Nishtaparar and Karunakarar and their weighty discussions; all this is done with a view to making the play more credible and more attractive on the stage and these changes do really serve their purpose.

But one is tempted to offer the following suggestions also with a view to make the prose rendering more attractive and useful. Mr Sundaram Pillai with his profound knowledge of the Tamil classics has created splendid occasions to quote and exemplify them. Many of these situations could have been retained and shown in simplified form. Further, the colloquial dialogue is in many places larded with correct speech forms which sound somewhat unnatural.

It may also be pointed out that in a few places the original plan could have been preserved; for instance Vani's explanations to the king are more appropriate from her place near the princess; she need not have been called to the king's presence in his room; again the curd-seller's introduction in Act III, Sc. IV, is not a distinct improvement on the original.

The style and get-up of the book are good. It is hoped that the learned author will present the Tamil world with the fruits of his vast scholarship in Tamil and English and that his example will be widely followed.

R. VISWANATHAN



COLLEGE NOTES

The following changes in the staff have occurred since September 1934 :—

(1) Mr. W. Mudalagiri Nayak, Assistant Professor of Chemistry, was transferred to the College of Engineering, Guindy, and in his place Mr. M. Lakshmanan has been appointed.

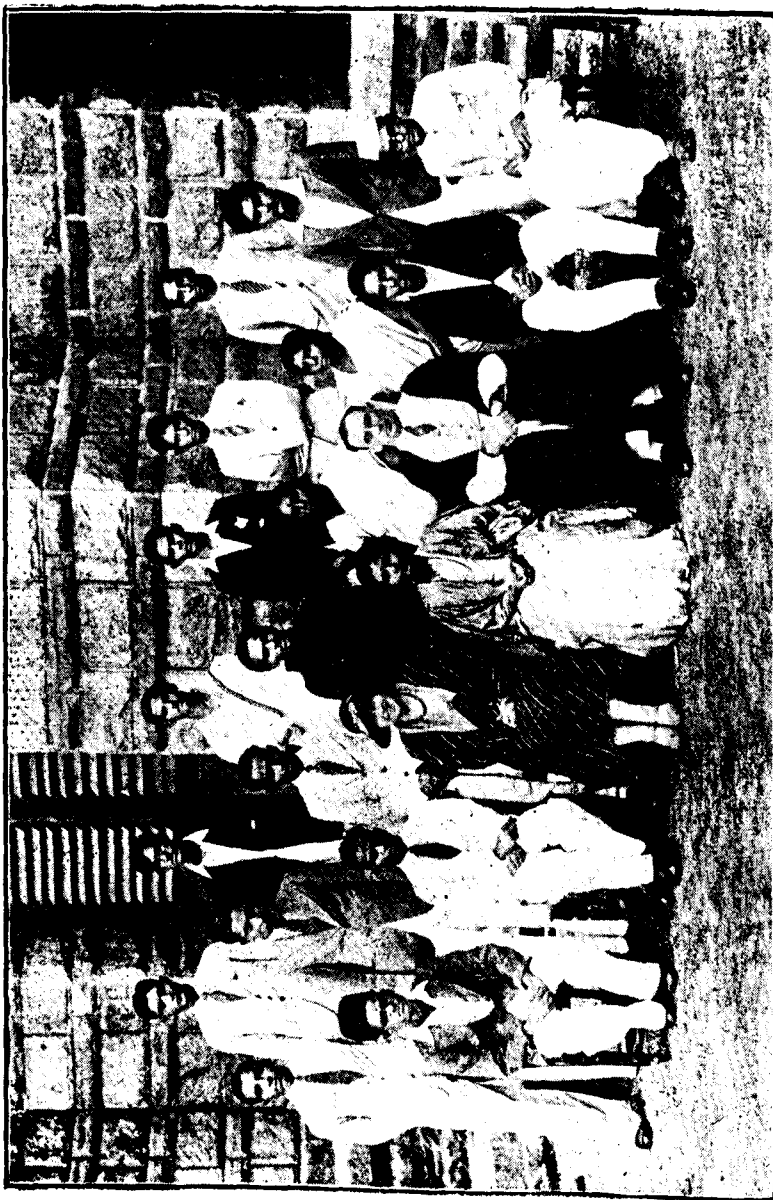
(2) Mr. D. S. Sarma, Junior Professor of English, has been appointed to officiate as Principal of the Government Arts College, Rajahmundry. His appointment takes effect on the 3rd January, 1935. Prof. Sarma has been on the staff of this College ever since 1913. While congratulating him on his promotion it must be admitted that neither the College nor he is happy at this severance. The old students of the Professor have expressed their regard for him by presenting a portrait of his to the College which the Principal has accepted. A report of the proceedings of the meeting at which the presentation of the portrait was made will be found elsewhere in this number.

Mr. M. R. Rajagopala Ayyangar, of the Government Arts College, Kumbakonam, has been appointed to succeed Prof. D. S. Sarma.

THE COLLEGE UNION

The election for the secretaryship of the Union Society was held on 4th October. Mr. Murkot Ramunny, IV B. Sc. (Chemistry), and Mr. S. V. Ramani, IV Hons. (Botany), polled 315 and 177 votes respectively. Mr. Murkot Ramunny was duly elected Secretary of the Union Society for the term from October to December. Miss R. Vilasini Devi Shenai, the Secretary for the previous term, became the President.

The Committee met for the first time on 11th October to draw up a programme of work for the term.



On the occasion of the Inter-Collegiate Debate.

College Notes

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On 19th October at 4-15 P.M. an ordinary debate was held under the auspices of the Union Society when Mr. C. K. Sitaraman of IV Hons. (History) moved that "In the opinion of the house a Bradman is more useful to India than a Bernard Shaw." Mr. S. V. Ramani, IV Hons. (Botany), opposed the resolution. Messrs. A. Abraham, Z. Raja, M. R. V. Krishna Rao and S. Y. Padmanabhan spoke for the motion and Messrs. P. S. Nataraja Sarma, B. Ramachandra Rao and Prof. P. R. Krishnaswamy spoke against. After Mr. C. K. Sitaraman had replied, the motion was put to vote and was lost by a large majority.

The Union Committee met on 19th October, when it was decided to have the annual Inter-Collegiate debate on 7th November. The question as to who should represent the College was then discussed and it was decided to have a preliminary debate and to have two Professors as Judges. The President brought in a resolution "That the Committee places on record its appreciation of the services rendered to the Union by Mr. A. P. Balakrishnan Nair as President of the Union Society." It was unanimously passed.

An Oratorical Contest to select representatives from the college for the Inter-Collegiate debate was held on 24th October. Professors D. S. Sarma and V. Appa Rao were the judges. The subject was "The influence of drama on social life." Ten took part in the contest and Messrs. M. R. V. Krishna Rao and Nataraja Sarma were declared to have got the highest marks and the President announced that they would represent the College in the Inter-Collegiate debate.

The Inter-Collegiate debate came off on the 7th November. The Christian College, the Mohammedan College, the Engineering College and the Pachiappa's College accepted our invitation. Mr. M. R. V. Krishna Rao of the Presidency College moved "In the opinion of the house science is a danger to religion." The Christian College led the opposition. The mover having replied, the motion was put to vote and was lost by a large majority.

The Union Committee was 'At Home' the same evening to the representatives of the various Colleges and to Mr. and Mrs. H. C. Papworth. A group photo was also taken.

The next day, the 8th November, Rev. Macnicol of the Christian College entertained the Union with a talk on the bag-pipe. He gave a history of the bag-pipe, followed by a description of the instrument and played some select tunes. It was a most enjoyable evening.

At the next ordinary debate, Mr. Purushotham, B. A., of the Botany department moved: "In the opinion of the house the days of the tuft are over."

Mr. C. K. Sitaraman led the opposition. When the motion was put to vote, it was found to have been carried by a large majority.

The Union undertook to help the 'Leper Relief Fund' and also 'The S. P. C. A.' and flags were sold and collections made in the College on the Leper Day and Animal Day.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE OLD STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION

The following letter was sent to all the Old Students of the College whose names are still on record in the College Office.

"Dear Sir,

As you are aware, several attempts have been made in the past to form a Presidency College Old Students' Association and on several occasions many old students of the College have met, and have helped the College by their subscriptions and in various other ways. But there has never been any permanence about the Association, and as soon as the purpose for which some of the old students met and worked had been achieved, the Association fell into abeyance.

It is our desire to revive this Association and establish it on a permanent basis by having it registered with a definite membership and constitution, and we are therefore writing to ask you kindly to make it convenient to attend a meeting of old students at the Presidency College on Saturday, 27th October, at 6-15 P.M. at which this proposal will be discussed, and, if it is accepted, a constitution will be drawn up and arrangements made for having the Association registered.

The Hon. Diwan Bahadur S. Kumaraswami Reddiar, Minister for Education, has kindly consented to preside over this meeting of old students of the Presidency College.

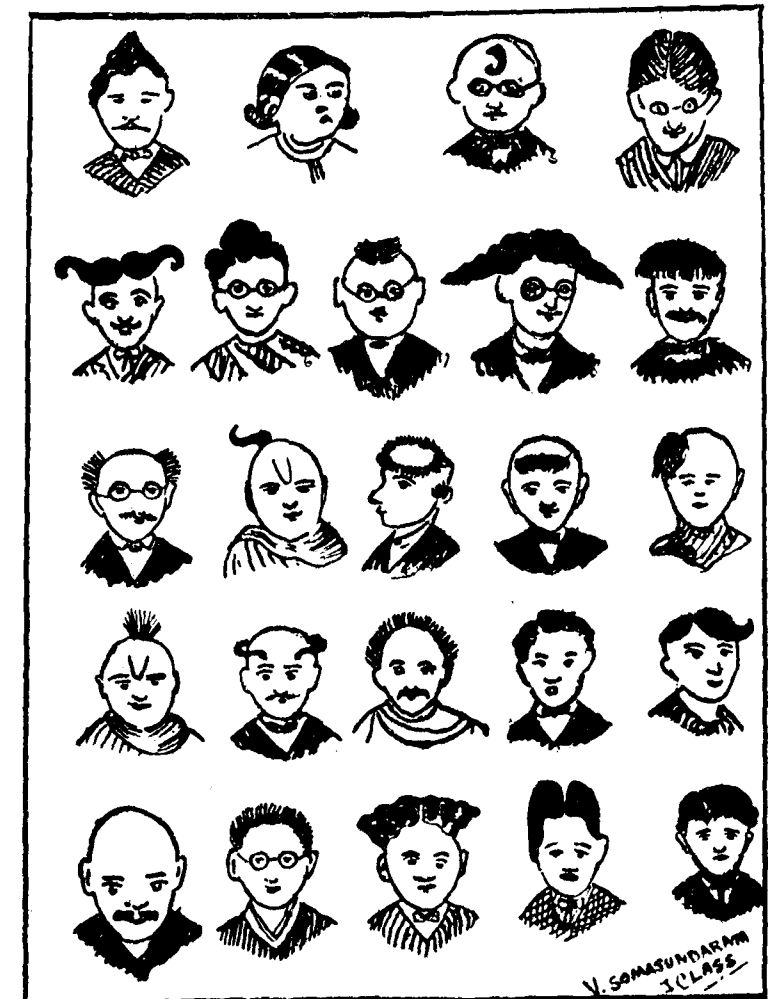
Yours Sincerely,

S. Kumaraswami.
C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer.
P. S. Sivaswami Aiyer.
V. Ramesam.
P. Subbarayan.
K. P. Lakshmana Rao.
C. K. Kausalya.
H. C. Papworth,
Principal."

COIFFURES—WHICH DO YOU LIKE BEST?



COIFFURES—WHICH IS YOURS?



In response to this letter a meeting of the old students of the Presidency College was held in the College on Saturday, 27th October 1934, at 6-15 P.M. with the Hon. Diwan Bahadur S. Kumaraswami Reddiar, Minister for Education, in the Chair. The following resolutions were passed :

(1) This meeting of Old Students of the Presidency College resolves that an Association of the Old Students of the Presidency College be formed, and that it be registered under the title 'The Presidency College Old Students' Association.'

(2) That an Executive Committee be elected by this meeting for the year 1935, and that the Committee thus elected be authorised to make arrangements for the registration of the Association.

(3) That the following be elected as Members of the Executive Committee for 1935 :

President : Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer, K.C.I.E.

Vice-President : The Hon. Diwan Bahadur S. Kumaraswami Reddiar.

Joint Honorary Secretaries : Mr. J. Franco.

Mr. V. T. Arasu.

Honorary Treasurer : The Principal of the College (ex-officio).

Members of the Committee :

Mr. K. V. Al. Rm. Alagappa Chettiar.

Miss C. K. Kausalya.

Kumara Rajah M. A. Muthia Chettiar.

Mr. S. Kannan.

(4) That the subscription for Life Membership be Rs. 50 and for Ordinary Membership Rs. 3 per annum.

A copy of these Minutes and Enrolment Forms were sent to those old students of the College whose names are still on record. This list, however, is incomplete and there must be many old students who have not received these documents, but who wish to join the Association. The Principal requests all old students of the College, who have not received an enrolment form, to write for particulars to Mr. J. Franco, Honorary Secretary, Old Students' Association, Presidency College, Madras.

Articles of Association are being drawn up, and we hope that the Association will be registered under Act XXI of 1860 with effect from 1st January 1935. The Articles of Association, including a statement of the objects of the Association and of the privileges which will be extended to Members of the

Association, will be published in the next issue of the College Magazine. The authorities of the College sincerely hope that all old students will enrol themselves either as Life or as Ordinary Members of the Association.

The following old students of the College have joined the Association :—

Life Members :

Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyer, K.C.I.E.
The Hon'ble Diwan Bahadur S. Kumaraswami Reddiar
Mr. J. Franco.
Kumara Rajah M. A. Muthia Chettiar of Chettinad.
Mr. K. V. Al. Rm. Alagappa Chettiar.
Mr. C. A. Ramakrishnan, I.C.S.
The Raja of Chellapalli.
Mr. K. Swaminathan.
Mr. K. Setu Rao, I.C.S.
Mr. V. T. Arasu.
Mr. K. R. Subrahmaniam.

Ordinary Members :

Mr. S. Kannan.
Mr. S. A. Govindarajan.
Mr. K. Balaraman.
Rao Bahadur K. V. Natesa Ayyar.
Dr. M. O. Parthasarathi Ayyangar.
Mr. V. Venkata Rao.
Mr. M. R. Venkataraman.
Mr. V. S. Ramaswami Sastri.
Miss L. Rangacharlu.
Rao Bahadur S. Audisundarachari.
Diwan Bahadur M. Ramachandra Rao.
Mr. S. K. Chettur, I.C.S.
Mr. P. G. Sahasranama Ayyar.
Mr. C. A. Vaidialingam.
Rao Bahadur C. D. J. Pinto.
Mr. P. Achutha Menon, I.C.S.
Mr. T. Mahadevan.
Mr. P. Anantapadmanaba Charlu.
Mr. T. V. Narasinga Rao.
Mr. G. Tyagarajan.
Mr. S. R. Gopalakrishna Mudaliar.
Mr. D. H. Nambudripad.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

The Association was 'At Home' to the graduates of the year on 11-8-34. After tea Mr. A. C. Dharmaraj felicitated the guests on their brilliant success in the last University Examination. Mr. M. R. V. Krishna Rao welcomed the new members of the Association. Professors V. K. Aiyappan Pillai, D. S. Sarma and K. Swaminathan offered helpful words of advice to the members. Principal Papworth wound up the proceedings with a few concluding remarks.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered on 15-8-34 by Father Murphy, S. J., of the Loyola College. Principal Papworth presided on the occasion. In an address of absorbing interest, the lecturer dealt with 'The Art of Self-Expression.'

The Association met next on the 25th of October with Mr. A. C. Dharmaraj in the chair. Mr. B. Muthuswami, V (Hons.), read a paper on 'Some aspects of the technique of Poetry.' Messrs. Parthasarathi, IV (Hons.), and M. R. V. Krishna Rao, B.A., also participated in the discussion that ensued.

On the 1st November a debate was held under the auspices of the Association. Prof. K. Swaminathan occupied the chair. Mr. B. Muthuswami moved that 'More and more Poetry should replace Religion.' Messrs. G. N. Seshadri, B.A. (Hons.), and M. R. V. Krishna Rao, B.A., supported the motion. Mr. M. S. Sundaram, B.A. (Oxon.), supported by Mr. Ramaswami, B.A. (Hons.), led the opposition. Mr. Muthuswami and others contended that both religion and poetry were in essence the same and attempted to realise the unity of things through an emotional approach, but that religion had the fundamental disability of its mystic exponents being never completely articulate; and further poetry has never caused a war; nor degenerated into clumsy theology. Mr. Sundaram in a most witty speech maintained that religion had the right of the elder; that without religion no great era of poetry ever thrived. The Greeks, Dante, Milton and others were cited. The resolution was talked out and the meeting ended with a few illuminating remarks from the chair.

The Association was 'At Home' to Prof. D. S. Sarma on 12-12-34 on the eve of his transfer from the College. Many of the old students of Mr. Sarma and some distinguished guests, besides the members of the Association, were present on the occasion. Mr. P. Achyuta Menon, I.C.S., presenting a portrait of Prof. Sarma on behalf of the old students, spoke of the regard and affection which his students entertained for Professor Sarma. Principal Papworth unveiled his portrait and in accepting it for the College, spoke thus :—

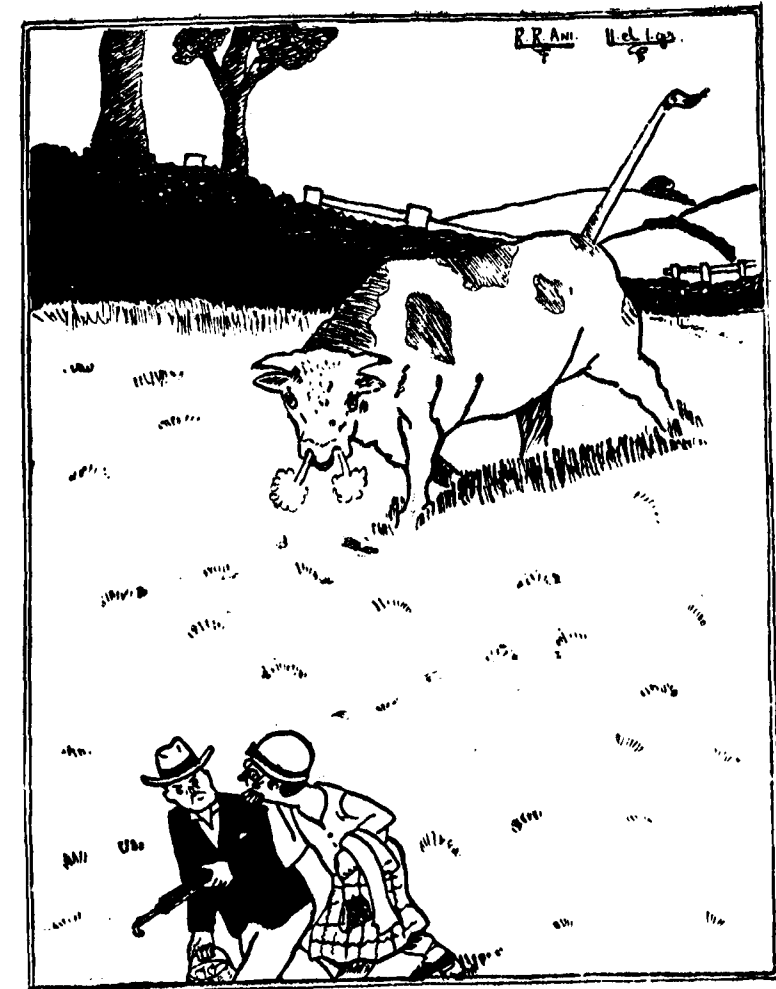
"When I first came to this College in 1916 as Additional Professor of English, I remember the first morning I sat in the Additional Professor's room, surrounded by strange sights and strange people. After a little while, I heard strange noises emanating from the English Department. I was young, perhaps shy and nervous, and I did not like to go outside to investigate. So, when the peon came into my room, I asked him quite quietly, 'What are those funny noises?' He replied, 'Mr. Hunter lecturing, Sir.' Gutturals and labials were being snorted out. Mr. Hunter was lecturing on Phonetics. Two years later, Hunter went to Burma, and I took charge of the English Department, and I remained here altogether for twelve years.

During this time I had daily associations with Mr. Sarma. I got to know him well, and my friendship with him quickly ripened into respect and affection. And my speech to you to-day is not the formal speech of the Principal of a college, but it is the expression of the sincere feelings of a colleague who has worked with Mr. Sarma for many years, and who holds him in the deepest respect and affection.

Mr. Sarma has been in this college for twenty-three years, and throughout these years his work has been consistently characterised by erudition, conscientiousness and thoroughness. Mr. Sarma has never for a single day fallen into the safe and lazy rut, into which persons in permanent employment unendowed with his strength of character are liable to, and sometimes do, fall. No one has been more regular in his attendance or assiduous in his duties than Mr. Sarma. He has been a daily inspiration to his students and to his colleagues.

Mr. Sarma is a man by whom and by whose standard of work and life his students and colleagues can measure their own short-comings, and if we can approach but nearly to the standard which he has set and made his own, we may then feel, as he can feel, the comfort of work well done. And this is the highest reward to which man can aspire. And I may say that in leaving us, (I would like to say, temporarily I hope) he leaves behind an example which will show us an ideal of what a learned and good man can achieve.

Not only has Mr. Sarma performed this service for his students and for us, but there is the complementary side too. He has always been intolerant of bad work, laziness, shams and eye-wash. It is very easy for a person to shrug his shoulders and be indifferent to things that ought not to happen. This is the line of least resistance, and the road to cheap popularity. There are petty foibles to which a wise man will sometimes close his eye, but real badness should never go unrebuked; and Mr. Sarma has always been emphatic in his condemnation of wrong-doing. But whilst he has condemned wrong-doing, he has always helped the wrong-doer. Many of his students will bear witness to this, including those who lived in the Hostel during his wardenship.



WHAT DO YOU MEAN BY "Don't do anything rash?"

It is not only in his work that he has set and leaves behind this standard and this example, but also in his life. We know from the books and articles which he has written how deep are his religious convictions. But to him religion is not merely a system of philosophy, or a code of ethics, but a life to be lived; a life of thoroughness, of service, and of goodness.

To me personally, Mr. Sarma has always been a charming colleague and a friend whose friendship I greatly prize. It has always been a delight to talk with him, and discuss matters with him, and I have often sought his help and advice, which have been willingly given and gratefully followed.

Only in one matter has he given trouble, and that is in connection with the photograph. He was made to sit several times, because we were not satisfied with the earlier efforts, in which he showed his unhappiness at leaving us. We did not wish to perpetuate this; we wanted to have him as we know him.

Mr. Sarma, on behalf of us all, I want to thank you for all that you have done for us, and for all that you have been to us. We say 'au revoir' to you with great regret, and we wish you perfect health and perfect happiness in everything you undertake to do. Wherever you are, you have our deepest affection.

It is now my privilege to unveil and to accept on behalf of the college this portrait of you, which has been presented to us by your old students. I am delighted that your old students have eagerly seized this opportunity of manifesting their regard and affection for you. Your portrait will be an inspiration to many students of English in years to come, and to those who have had the joy of working with you as colleagues, it will be a happy memorial of your friendship."

Mr. B. Muthuswami spoke on behalf of the Association expressing the great esteem and affection the members have for Prof. Sarma. Mr. M. R. V. Krishna Rao also emphasised the sympathetic attitude of the chief guest towards the students and the indispensable nature of his lectures.

Rising amidst cheers, Prof. Sarma in replying to the various speeches spoke for over an hour. Twenty-one years formed a large slice of one's life, Mr. Sarma said, and that was the period during which he had been connected with the College, not only in his professorial office but in various other capacities—as the Librarian, as the Editor of the College Magazine and as the Warden of the College Hostel. He recalled many incidents in this long career and spoke touchingly of how much he loved this great College. He paid a tribute to his several colleagues and friends, and hoped that no false sense of nationalism would make the youth of this country neglect the study of English which is the one language which opens to us the flood gates of European

culture. With an appeal to the students to keep up the glorious traditions of the College and expressing a hope that he might be back again in this College, which had become so much a part of his life, Prof. Sarma closed his speech, thanking the past and present students for their mark of affection.

SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

A general body meeting of the above Association was held on 27th July to elect the office-bearers for the year 1934-35. Dr. A. Sankaran, M.A., Ph.D., was in the Chair.

The following office-bearers were elected :—

President : Mahamahopadhyaya Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastriar, M.A.

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

Dr. A. Sankaran, M.A., Ph.D.

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

Mr. O. P. Rangaswami, M.A., L.T.

Mr. S. K. Padmanabha Sastri.

Secretaries : Mr. S. R. Doraiswami, B.A.

Mr. P. L. Ramachandran.

Treasurer : Miss A. Kamalam.

Auditor : Mr. A. S. Krishna Rao, M.A., L.T.

Representatives :

Lady Representative : Miss P. R. Devi.

Union Society : Mr. R. Ramachandra Rao.

Dramatic Club : Miss B. Sita.

Honours : Mr. V. Varadachari.

B.A. : Mr. N. Subrahmanyam.

II Class : P. R. Viswanathan.

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Mr. K. Balasubrahmanya Iyer, B.A., B.L., on 27th August. Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastriar, M.A., was in the chair. There was a large gathering. The subject was "Vyutpathi." The lecturer dealt with various aspects of the subject and suggested some practical methods to acquire general knowledge in Sanskrit. The President, agreeing with the views of the lecturer, supplemented him by giving a few hints as to how Vyutpathi could be attained.

An ordinary meeting of the Association was held on 5th October with Vidyasagar P. P. S. Sastri in the chair. Mr. S. R. Doraiswami, B.A., read a paper on 'Women in Indian Literature.' Mr. P. L. Ramachandran, Mr. K. Raghavan, Mr. V. Varadachari and others took part in the meeting.

The second ordinary meeting was held on 13th October. Mr. T. S. Balasubrahmanya Iyer, M.A., L.T., was in the chair. Mr. P. L. Ramachandran spoke on the date of Bhasa. Mr. S. R. Doraiswami and others supplemented the speech.

An extraordinary meeting of the Association was held on 26th October when Principal S. V. Venkateswar, M.A., delivered a lecture on 'Some new thoughts on Kalidasa.' Prof. S. Kuppuswami Sastriar, M.A., presided. The lecture was very interesting. The speaker dealt with some recent researches which have thrown some new light upon the date of Kalidasa.

On the 8th November, Mr. Ramachandra Rao read a paper on 'Religion.' Mr. O. P. Rangaswami, M.A., presided. Mr. S. R. Doraiswami, Miss P. R. Devi, Mr. P. L. Ramachandran and Mr. V. Varadachari spoke on the subject.

The fourth ordinary meeting was held on 23rd November when Mr. E. P. Radhakrishnan, B.A., spoke on the 'Authorship and Date of Mricchakatika.' Dr. A. Sankaran, M.A., Ph.D., was in the chair. Mr. S. R. Doraiswami and others supplemented the speaker.

JUNIOR NATURAL SCIENCE ASSOCIATION

The Junior Natural Science Association started its activities for the second term with an interesting and instructive Cinema show on "Reproduction in Nature" by the National Health Association on the 3rd October, 1934. The show was well attended, students from all departments thronging into the room.

On the 26th November 1934, there was another Cinema show on "The process of digestion in man."

The Association hopes to have a few more shows of this sort during the short term.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

Foremost among the activities of our Society this term was the Annual Exhibition which was opened by R. Littlehales, Esq., M.A., C.I.E., the new Vice-Chancellor of our University. The Exhibition was kept open for the public for two days. The members of the Society took a very keen interest in

the Exhibition and many new and interesting items were added on to the usual exhibits shown every year. The Exhibition was an unqualified success in spite of very inclement weather throughout the first day of the Exhibition.

Since the publication of the report of the proceedings of the Society in the last issue of the Magazine, as many as six meetings were held under the auspices of the Society, when a number of subjects of chemical interest were discussed. The first of these meetings was held under the presidentship of Mr. M. V. Sitaramaiyar, M.A., L.T., when Mr. K. V. Kasturirangan of V Honours class lectured on "Enzymes." The next lecture was by Mr. B. V. Ramachandran on "The Stereo-chemistry of carbon compounds." Dr. B. B. Dey, D.Sc. (Lond.), F.I.C., was in the chair. The third lecture was by Mr. Syamasundar Ratho on "Radio-activity", when Mr. M. Lakshmanaiyar, M. Sc., presided. This was followed by an interesting paper on "Dyes" by Mr. T. R. Govindachari, B.Sc., Dr. B. B. Dey, D.Sc., (Lond.), F.I.C., presided on the occasion. The next lecture was delivered by Mr. V. Sundar Kini, IV Hons., on "Glass", when Mr. M. Lakshmanaiyar, M. Sc., presided. The last meeting for this term was presided over by Dr. B. B. Dey when Mr. C. G. Ramanathan, IV Hons., lectured on "X-rays and their applications to Chemical Analysis." In all these meetings a keen and lively discussion took place in which the professors took an active part.

THE ANDHRA BHASHABHI VARDHANA SAMAJ

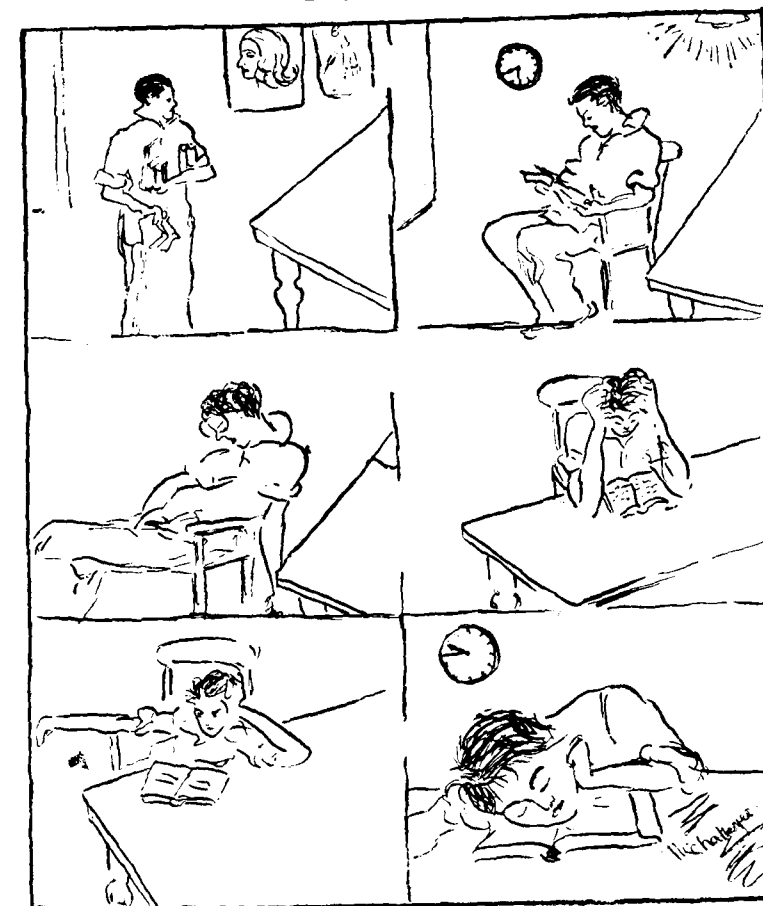
Under the auspices of the above Samaj, a debate was held on the 13th November '34 under the presidency of Mr. V. Apparao Pantulu Garu, M.A., L.T.

Mr. G. Ramalinga Reddy of III Class moved "that inter-caste marriages are beneficial to society" and contrasted countries like India with a notoriously large number of creeds—with countries offering fewer varieties of creeds and religion, and showed that the latter enjoy social happiness owing to the fact that they have union among them and union can be brought about easily by the introduction of inter-caste marriages.

Mr. N. Venkataramana of the II Class, the opposer, condemned inter-caste marriages—as injuring the religious customs laid down by our forefathers. In their days, they were happy with those customs—and he could not see why, in this age too, people should not be equally happy with the old traditions of purity of caste, etc.

The President, in his interesting remarks, dealt with the subject clearly—saying, that perhaps if the old customs were followed scrupulously, we might be happy. But they were not being followed strictly. If those rules were neg-

THE STUDY.



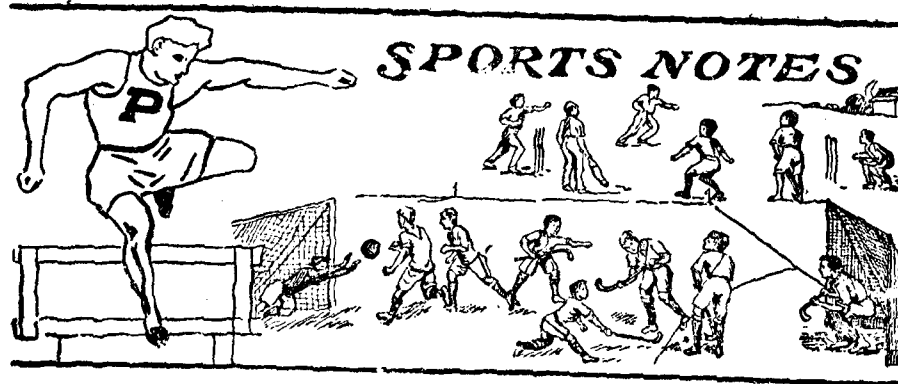
lected, let us make use of the present customs to advantage. Inter-marriages did promote union among different communities. He spoke in complete support of the motion. With a vote of thanks, the meeting terminated.

SENIOR HISTORICAL ASSOCIATION

The Association commenced its activities early in August. On the 4th an 'At Home' was given to the new graduates of the Association.

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Dr. S. Krishnaswami Iyengar on the 17th August. The subject was: 'What is wrong with the world?' Prof. Franco presided.

In the second term, we were invited by the History and Politics Society, Annamalai University, to send some representatives from our Association to take part in a debate there. We hope to respond early next term.



THE COLLEGE TOURNAMENTS

(Open to all the colleges and schools in the Presidency.)

The Annual Open Tournaments were very successfully conducted this term. The success was mainly due to the early commencement of these tournaments and to the hearty co-operation of all the competing teams. No postponements of matches were allowed and the matches were begun punctually. Mention should be made in this connection of the valuable help rendered by the Captains and the Secretaries of all the games and by a few other students of the college in refereeing and in helping to keep order while the matches were being played.

This year, ten teams competed for the Football and eight for Hockey, seventeen for Tennis Singles and nine for the Tennis Doubles Tournaments. The Cricket Tournament, however, drew only four entries. There was only one motussil team that entered these lists and that was the High School from Ellore who entered for the Football Tournament.

The matches in all tournaments roused great general interest as the standard of play was very high. In football the hot favourites were the Stanley Medical School and they deserved all the public favour as they not only won the tournament but also demonstrated on the field some of the finer points of the game. The team was no doubt the best. The forwards combined well and were very fast and tricky. The defence worked hard and with plenty of skill. Their strong rivals were the Christian College in the semi-final and the Engineering College in the final.

In the college hockey tournament, our College were the favourites and the Loyola College had also an equal backing for the cup, as the School of Technology, who were the winners last year, were defeated by Loyola even in the first round, and the Christian College, who were the runners-up, were eliminated by our College in the semi-final. So very great interest was centred

in the final between the Loyola and the Presidency Colleges. The game was very fast and very clean and the end left Loyola the winners by the very narrow margin of three goals to two.

The tennis tournaments saw surprises only in the early matches. On the whole the standard of tennis was high. S. Narayan Rao, who is the Inter-Collegiate Champion this year and who has the credit of beating Blake in the S. I. A. A. Tournament, added one more feather to his cap by winning our College Singles after a good fight against Sadasivan of the Loyola College in the final. The Tennis Doubles Tournament was won by S. Narayan Rao and Rama Rao of Law College. This result was anticipated even at the beginning, as this pair from the Law College are, at present, the Madras Champions and have recently won in fine style the all-India Open Doubles Tournament conducted by the S. I. A. A.

In the cricket tournament, the final is yet to be played between the Hindu High School and our College.

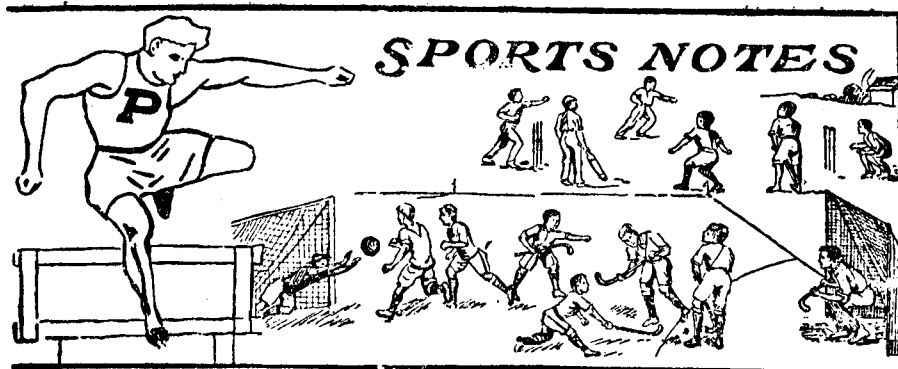
P. R. SUBRAHMANYAN.

CRICKET

Our tour to Bangalore and Mysore during the last holidays was not a great success considering the number of matches that we won: but it was a most enjoyable one. With our able Physical Director to look after everything, we had only to play, eat and sleep. The people were very kind and hospitable and we enjoyed every bit of our stay there.

In Bangalore we beat the St. Joseph's by four wickets and the Athletics by a large margin of eight wickets and about one hundred runs. We drew with the Indian Gymkhana, but were defeated by the B. U. C. C. by four runs and by the Engineers by ten runs. The Bishop Cottons gave us a very bad defeat. We were all out for 78 and they scored about 150 for eight wickets. As usual our mainstay in the back was Ramanathan and Uthappa, and occasionally Balasundaram, Muthuswamy and Sundaresan helped to dissolve some partnerships. In batting Abraham had the distinction of scoring the only century, making 100 not out against the Athletics. Uthappa and Ramanathan scored many valuable innings of above 50. Sambandam was always consistent never failing to get a 20 or 25. Sundaresan, Balasundaram, Chikkap Rai and Ramunny saved the side when we were fighting with our backs to the wall. Sundaresan's 27 not out saved the match with the Indian Gymkhana and Ramunny's 31 against the B. U. C. C. saved the side from an utter collapse. Sambandam was cheered everywhere for his brilliant fielding often bringing off marvellous catches.

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THE COLLEGE TOURNAMENTS

(Open to all the colleges and schools in the Presidency.)

The Annual Open Tournaments were very successfully conducted this term. The success was mainly due to the early commencement of these tournaments and to the hearty co-operation of all the competing teams. No postponements of matches were allowed and the matches were begun punctually. Mention should be made in this connection of the valuable help rendered by the Captains and the Secretaries of all the games and by a few other students of the college in refereeing and in helping to keep order while the matches were being played.

This year, ten teams competed for the Football and eight for Hockey, seventeen for Tennis Singles and nine for the Tennis Doubles Tournaments. The Cricket Tournament, however, drew only four entries. There was only one mofussil team that entered these lists and that was the High School from Ellore who entered for the Football Tournament.

The matches in all tournaments roused great general interest as the standard of play was very high. In football the hot favourites were the Stanley Medical School and they deserved all the public favour as they not only won the tournament but also demonstrated on the field some of the finer points of the game. The team was no doubt the best. The forwards combined well and were very fast and tricky. The defence worked hard and with plenty of skill. Their strong rivals were the Christian College in the semi-final and the Engineering College in the final.

In the college hockey tournament, our College were the favourites and the Loyola College had also an equal backing for the cup, as the School of Technology, who were the winners last year, were defeated by Loyola even in the first round, and the Christian College, who were the runners-up, were eliminated by our College in the semi-final. So very great interest was centred

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in the final between the Loyola and the Presidency Colleges. The game was very fast and very clean and the end left Loyola the winners by the very narrow margin of three goals to two.

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the season in Mysore. He is the second Madras cricketer to complete one hundred wickets this year. Mention should be made of Mr. P. R. Subrahmanian who played for us on many occasions. He had a good record and his fielding was always good. In Mysore we spent a whole day sight-seeing. Kannambadi Dam with its terrace gardens was really a dream and some of us were very lucky to see it twice, the second time at night when it was illuminated. We went to Seringapatam and saw all that was left of the glorious days of Tippoo. It made us feel very old. At night we visited Chamundi Hills and from there Mysore seemed to be a city of lights.

We returned to Madras on the re-opening day.

In the Inter-Collegiate Tournament we had three more matches to play.

We beat Pachayappas by about sixty runs. We were all out for 129, Chikkap Rai being top scorer with 36. Mr. Subrahmanian scored 34. Without Ramanathan our side was considerably weakened; but Uthappa took eight wickets for 27 and got them all out for 67.

Engineering College we beat by four wickets. They scored 82 and we made about 120 for 6. Balasundaram played well for his 35. In this match Uthappa completed his one hundred wickets of the season.

All interest was centred upon the last Inter-Collegiate match, against the Y. M. C. A. College of Physical Education. Both the Colleges had won all the matches and this match was to decide the fate of the cup. We declared at 179 for 9. Sambandam scored a brilliant 54, Uthappa 74 and Abraham 22. Y. M. C. A. had scored 75 for 5 when play was stopped owing to bad light.

In the replay we were all out for 149. Sundaresan was top scorer with 38; Sambandam 22, Uthappa 20, Ramunny 18 not out. Y. M. C. A. collapsed for sixty runs, Ramanathan bowling excellently and getting six wickets for forty-five runs. Uthappa took 4 for 24. We won the match and with that the Inter-Collegiate Tournament.

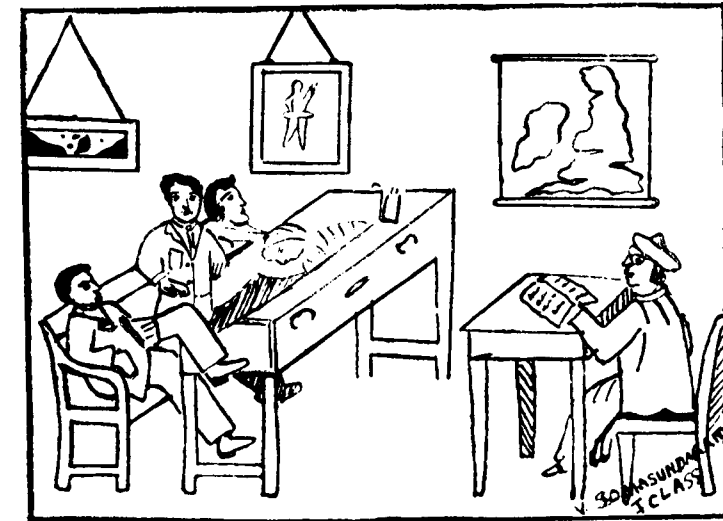
Five from our College were selected to play for the Combined Colleges, Uthappa, Ramanathan, Abraham, Sambandam and Sundaresan, and we are really proud to note that the first two have been selected for the All-Madras side to play in the Inter-Provincial tourney.

FOOTBALL CLUB

We feel rightly proud to report that we have shown considerable improvements during the course of this term. On the whole we played five Inter-Collegiate matches, of which we won three and lost two.

We had an easy win over Pachayappas whom we met early in October, on our ground.

IMPROVEMENT OF VERNACULAR.



Next, we played against the Christians on their ground. As usual we were leading for the first half, by one goal—but by an unlucky turn of events, we saw, when the game was over, that we were the losers by one.

The third fixture was against the Engineers. At the start exchanges were even; but as the teams warmed up, both the defences were tested. Our defence broke away to give the opponents the lead.

The closing phase of the Inter-Collegiate tourney witnessed the two magnificent victories of our team—one over the Lawyers and the last over the Veterinary.

We also competed in the Soccer tourney and played the first match against the School of Technology. We were equal to the opponents in all departments of the game, except in the matter of size. From the beginning to the end the play was quite exciting. Our forwards gave a brilliant display of constructive work, but our short passing, skilled foot-work and cannon-shots were of no avail on that day. Many a wasted chance we had, and as some one said, "our traditional ill-luck" changed the tide in favour of the opponents. We hope for better luck in the ensuing Wilson Cup tourney.

MATHEWS, *Captain.*

HOCKEY

During the September holidays the Hockey team toured Bangalore and Mysore and played five matches. The tour was enjoyable and the results too were encouraging. Unlike last year we had better games and better results this year. Out of the five games played, two we won, two we drew and the other we lost. All our men did well and showed excellent understanding. They soon got accustomed to the new conditions of the place and did exceedingly well throughout. Even though in certain games the results were not a true index of the game, our men were on top form.

First we met the Tata Institute of Science XI and made a draw. The game was rather sober and the ground awful. We were leading till the last ten minutes of the game when the opponents rallied well and drew level. C. K. Sitaraman made a name for himself by scoring two splendid goals. The game ended with three goals all, C. K. Sitaraman scoring two and Bhasker Naidu one.

Then we met the Central College and were beaten after a hard struggle. The score was 3—4. But this does not speak the truth of the game proper. Our boys were unlucky and the game was throughout theirs and they should have won it. Kasim scored two goals and P. V. Ramanathan one.

Meeting the Engineering College we won the match easily, for throughout the game was ours. P. V. Ramanathan scored the first goal and Mahadevan

followed it up with another, converting a short corner with a lightning shot. The next game was with the Medicals and it was again a draw of one all.

The last game of the tour was with the Maharaja's College at Mysore, and many of our men got wounded but we managed to win the game by three goals to one. Again C. K. Sitaraman played well and scored the first of the three goals. Then Mahadevan followed it up with the conversion of a short corner in his usual manner. Bhasker finished up the scoring by a solo run.

Returning home on the 1st of October we played the Christian College in the Inter-Collegiate on our grounds on the 5th and drew with them 1-1. Mahadevan and Ramanathan did not play. Playing the Engineers on their grounds, we drew, again with the score one goal each.

Coming down to the Panagil Cup Tournament conducted by our College, we had only eight teams competing. The College A and B teams were in different rounds. Our second eleven met the School of Technology in the first round and narrowly lost the game. The latter were the winners of the Trophy last year. Till the last minute our boys played well. Outstanding among them were Janakiraman and Sambandam.

The College first eleven met the Christian College in the first round and drew with them on the first day and on replaying the game we won by three-nil. The game was fast and lively. Everyone of our men did exceptionally well showing unusual understanding and great stick work. Special mention must be made of Mahadevan and Uthappa who played well in the defence and helped the forwards to be on the move constantly with judicious passes and clearing tactics. Meeting the Muslims in the semi-finals we had an easy time of it. We won the match by five goals to nil.

Having qualified for the finals, we met the Loyola College on the 9th of November in the finals.

On the day's form our opponents were superior to us in every department of the game. They had combination, understanding and lastly the heart for it. We lost the game and the Trophy which we could have annexed easily. It was only the year before last when our College eleven met the same opponents in the final of the tournament and beat them by 2 to 1 after an exciting game. We lacked the experience and the match temperament which are required to play a big match like the finals of a tournament. This was the first time that many of our boys were playing the finals of a tournament. It is really hard luck and nothing else. Better luck next year!

Mostly, games in Hockey are over for the year. But there is another Inter-Collegiate knock-out tournament coming off in January, in which we are taking part and we must try and do our bit then.