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

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

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Foreword

BY THE PRINCIPAL

Rex Imperator mortuus est.

THE last issue of this magazine was the Silver Jubilee number—a tribute of loyalty and affection to the beloved Sovereign who had served His peoples so faithfully and unsparingly for twenty-five years, and who humbly said at the end of His Jubilee day, "I dedicate myself anew to your service for the years that may still be given to me."

It is now well known that King George was deeply moved by the spontaneous offerings of gratitude and love which were bestowed upon him so abundantly on his jubilee from all parts of his dominions. He was never able to speak of these things afterwards without showing how deeply he had been touched by them, and how thankfully and humbly he had accepted the only reward that it was in his people's power to offer him—their gratitude and their love. In his last message to his people, spoken less than a month before his death, he said :—

"The year that is passing—the twenty-fifth since my Accession—has been to me most memorable. It called forth a spontaneous offering of loyalty—and may I say of love—which the Queen and I can never forget. How could I fail to note in all the rejoicing not merely respect for the Throne, but a warm and generous remembrance of the man himself who, may God help him, has been placed upon it. It is this personal link between me and my people which I value more than I can say. I feel this link now as I speak to you. For I am thinking not so much of the Empire itself as of the individual men, women, and children who live within it, whether they are dwelling here at home or in some distant outpost of the Empire."

Thus, his life of service was blessed with the highest reward that any man can have, freely offered and humbly accepted. This will do much to help those who are nearest to him to bear the sorrow of his passing. In the knowledge of this Queen Mary finds her greatest comfort, for, as she said in her message to her husband's people, "In the midst of my grief I rejoice to think that after his Reign of twenty-five years he lived to know that he had received the reward in overflowing measure of the loyalty and love of his people."

King George was such a steadying influence. Through all the crises of his reign, the war, the peace, the changes of governments and the stages of progress, his noble personality and his thorough knowledge of constitutional affairs were a refuge of strength and reliance to all who worked with him and for him. When thanking the League of Nations for their sympathy in our national loss, the British Foreign Secretary said to the assembled statesmen of the world:—"We have had times of storm and stress and we tread warily on shifting sands, but to us, in my country, there has been one sure rock—the personality of our King. Through all these troubled days he has stood as the symbol of all we respect and the epitome of those qualities which we admire. Now he has left us, we mourn him deeply and sincerely, for we feel we have lost in him, not merely a ruler, but a Father of his people."

And for the future? Changes will come, and in India too, and progress will continue from one stage to another. The noblest and best of His people will try to follow His example and continue to serve in their several avocations to the best of their abilities. His son, now King Edward VIII, has led the way. "I am determined," he said on the first day of his accession, "to follow in My Father's footsteps, and to work as he did throughout his life for the happiness and welfare of all classes of my subjects."

The best service that all can give is the best guarantee for the fulfilment of our hopes for the future. These hopes are for peace and happiness in our time; and they cannot be better expressed than in the following passage from the address presented on his accession to King Edward VIII by the Socialist leaders in England:—

"The National Council of Labour, appreciating to the full Your Majesty's deep interest in all matters affecting the well-being of the people, assure Your Majesty of their loyalty, and express their earnest hope that the Ideals and example of Your late Father will ever inspire and sustain Your Majesty throughout a long reign of peace and prosperity."

Vivat Rex Imperator.



VICEROY'S CAMP,
INDIA.
15th December 1935.

Dear Mr. Papworth,

I thank you for your letter of December the 5th and also for the copy of the Silver Jubilee number of the Presidency College magazine which you were good enough to send me and which I am delighted to accept. May I offer my congratulations to those who are responsible for producing such a very interesting memento of Their Majesties' Silver Jubilee.

Yours sincerely,

Wilkinson

H.C. Papworth, Esq., M.A., I.E.S.,
Principal, Presidency College,
Madras.



GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
MADRAS

Dear Mr. Papworth,

Thanks you very much for the copy of the jubilee number of the Presidency college magazine.

It is indeed a most excellent production and well worthy of the occasion. The pictures in it are very good indeed and the subject matter extremely interesting. I heartily congratulate all those concerned in bringing it out.

Yrs sincerely,

Estlin

*Letter from Mr. H. J. ALLEN, Professor of History from
1894 to 1915, and Principal of the College from 1915 to 1920.*

MARLEY ORCHARD,
NR. HASLEMERE,
SURREY.
8—1--36.

Dear Papworth,

When I last heard from India you were said to be running Presidency College, though the changes and chances of our mortal life in the tropics and Madras officialdom give no certainty that you are there now. Today I received a copy of the Jubilee number of the *Presidency College Magazine*, so I write to thank you for sending it. It was a happy idea to try to bring home to the students their imperial connection especially when India is starting on her career of self-government. I hope they appreciate it and the very attractive form in which it has been presented.

I hope also that you flourish personally and officially and that the Presidency College moves along without "those alarms and excursions," so injurious to students and staff alike. How are my old friends, or enemies, the bats? Do you keep your eye in with an occasional *battue*? (forgive this resurrected joke!).

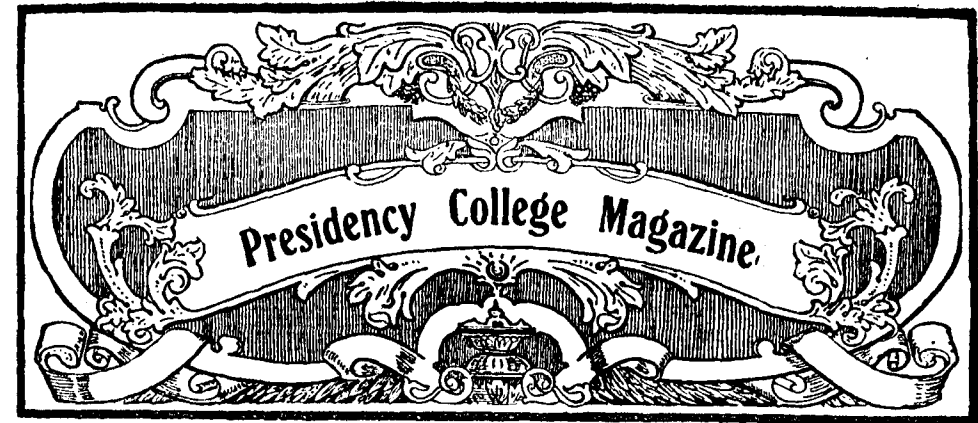
The I. E. S. must now be wearing thin—as thin as the Girondist chorus below the guillotine in Carlyle's *Fr. Revol!*

Well, good luck in 1936 to you and the College.

Yours sincerely,
H. J. ALLEN.



Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
 To-day of past Regrets and Future Fears :
 To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
 Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n thousand Years.
 — OMAR KHAYYAM. —



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The Common Things of Life

READING a few days ago a review of Mr. Baldwin's "Torch of Freedom," I came across a passage in which Mr. Baldwin speaks of Morris with appreciation and personal affection. "He took great joy in all the common things of life: Beer. Tobacco. He thanked God for having made anything as strong as an onion. He liked just the ordinary simple fun of life. I can hear his laughter now in those far-off days; he was fond of practical jokes, of horseplay; and all mixed up with his work. A great, glorious, jolly human being." This capacity for the enjoyment of the common things of life was not peculiar to Morris; it is shared by many other Englishmen. Many of the English novelists love to depict the common things of life and carry their realism to the extent of indulging in long descriptions of what to us are uninteresting trivialities. For instance, the elaborate descriptions of the details of the furniture of rooms occupied by the characters in Dickens's novels are tiresome and boring. So also the detailed description of the *mise en scène* in the plays of Mr. Bernard Shaw and many another modern dramatist. Perhaps the description is intended for the benefit of the theatrical manager rather than the general reader. It may be said in

justification of such elaborate description by novelists and dramatists that it is meant to convey a picture of the conditions under which men live or things take place. Some time back I made an attempt to read again a famous novel by Dickens, but soon gave it up with a sense of boredom. I am referring not to Dickens's portraiture of character or his humorous passages, which I have always enjoyed, but to those descriptions of trivialities with which his novels are often overladen. But the common and the trivial, whether in fact or in fiction, seem to have an appeal to the minds of many Englishmen. I have no wish to indulge in any sweeping generalisation which is beset with dangers and pitfalls. The question has occurred to me whether a capacity for the enjoyment of the common and the trivial is a gift to be cultivated. A distinction must be drawn between the common and the trivial. Many common things are not trivial, but of great importance to life, and there are many common things which have the charm of beauty. The flower by the wayside or a common plant in the garden may have the merit of beauty. There is much that is trivial in fashions, in pleasures and in sports. The surroundings in which most of us spend our lives are filled with common things. We cannot afford to despise them merely because they are common. It is the part of wisdom to learn to be contented with the common things of our daily life and maintain a spirit of cheerfulness. It is not given to all of us to obtain things which are rare or uncommon, or to have a life of adventure and quest of experiences out of the common. It is worth our while to learn the joys of the simple life and to sympathize with the joys and pleasures of the poor and the lowly. But the description of the common things of life may easily be carried to the point of tediousness and fail to excite any interest in the reader. The art of description has to be exercised with a due sense of proportion, if the writer wishes to evoke the interest of the reader in the common

experiences of life. Whether it is possible to take great joy in all the common things of life or not, it is possible not merely to be reconciled to them, but to learn to enjoy them and cultivate a spirit of thankfulness to God for our quota of the common things which contribute to the cheerfulness of life.

Whether it is possible for all of us to enjoy the fun and frolic of life, I am not sure. It is partly a matter of individual temperament, health and animal spirits, and partly a matter of national tastes. I am often inclined to think that as a nation we take too serious a view of life and are not capable of enjoying the fun and the comic side of life to the same extent as an Englishman. If we listen to our moralists, religious preachers and social reformers, we should feel contrition for every minute of life that is not devoted to serious purposes and high causes. The moralist is too apt to forget that the bow requires to be unstrung and that due relaxation is essential to maintain that bodily health and vigour without which nothing can be achieved. Far greater interest is taken by the new generation in games and sports than by the older. The interest is more often the interest of watching the play than of actually taking part in it. But the Englishman knows how to unbend himself and enjoy the fun and frolic of life. He knows also how to mix it up with his work. A life devoted to play and pleasures only, without any work of useful character or of ennobling ideals, would be despicable. We are not as a nation indifferent to the claims of duty or work; nor are we indifferent to the pleasures of life. But in the combination of work and play and in the systematic pursuit of healthy recreation there is much that we can learn from the Englishman. I do not forget that in a poverty-stricken country and among an ill-nourished people the opportunities and the desire for healthy recreation and enjoyment of the innocent pleasures of life must be deficient. An improvement in the standard of living and of our economic conditions is necessary before we can expect our people to develop a full, healthy and vigorous life.

(Sir) P. S. SIVASWAMY AYYAR.

Scenes from the Indian Jungle

BEING PEEPS INTO THE CAMP LIFE OF A GAME WARDEN

I

THE camp is set on the top of the steep bank of a broad and once mighty river, now shrunk into a series of little channels separated by low flat embankments of sand and boulders. A thin stream of water is rolling over the pebbles and trailing between the boulders just in front, at the foot of the camp.

It is nearing the end of the day. The sun is quietly sinking behind the dense line of trees to the West. A couple of game-watchers are busy cooking their evening meal—in the open air, with an oven improvised with just three stones from the river bed. The camp elephants, after a whole day's labour, are lying on their sides in the stream, contentedly blowing bubbles in the water with their trunks. It is their bath time. The attendants are rubbing up and down their huge bodies, while the 'mahouts' are lazing close by, near a small fire lit early to keep off the incoming cold.

The warden climbs down the bank at leisure and goes for an aimless stroll up the river bed. The shadows are lengthening, the hills to the north are turning blue with the evening haze, and the diffuse twilight is spreading; and, complete stillness reigns all around. Suddenly, in the distance, he perceives a moving form. It gets close to the grass on the edge of the low embankment. He walks towards it slowly, step by step, curious to see how close he will be allowed to approach. Every alternate minute the poor thing instinctively looks up and cranes its neck from side to side, always in fear of some unknown danger, always alert against every unseen foe: and yet feeds on calmly all the while. It is eating the earth that is just

drying on the side of the low ridge—probably the earth is saltish to taste. He moves up closer and closer, coming to an absolute stand-still every time it looks his way. He gets to within a hundred feet. He is noticed. He comes to a quick halt; but, as quickly does its whole body stiffen. Its short tail is up-turned, its legs are straightened, its neck is uplifted; and its gaze is set steadily on the immovable form in front. The 'impasse' lasts a few minutes; how long they seem! The poor animal is puzzled. It becomes impatient; and stamps its fore-feet on the ground—alternately; that does not help, however. A little more of steady watching, a slight twist of the white tail, a hesitant turn; and a short run, up and away from the suspicious form. It stops and looks over its shoulder—for quite a few seconds. Nothing stirs; and so, confidence is somewhat restored. It turns back and returns slowly to where it was feeding, doubting and self-assuring, yet watching all the time. It feeds again, but just a little; then looks up and calls, a low mew at first and later a couple of sharp whistles. There is no reply; it steps a little into the grass on the bank and calls again.

Just then, from the distant bank comes an eerie sound, —hm-m-m-m, the dread bellowing of a hungry tiger impatiently on the look-out for food. All doubts vanish instantly: a second warning is not needed now: the strange still form that caused all the suspicion, no longer counts. The little thing gives a jump (almost vertically) for sheer fright, follows it up with a spring and a dart forward. It is off into the grass and the jungle, all within a twinkle.

The tiger moves on prowling and bellowing. The warden returns slowly back to camp, pleased within himself for what he saw.

The poor little beautiful deer! How graceful it looked when it stood up and stamped its feet! Its life is one of continuous suspicion and constant alertness. Yet, it

seems to like it—it seemed so much at peace with its surroundings when it was first sighted. It has but started on its life (as its small horns would indicate); and may it go on for a long time—in spite of tiger and man! Yes, it may, free from fear of man at least, for it has made its home luckily in the game sanctuary—although it knows not what that is or means.

And at camp, everything is on by routine, even the blazing camp-fire before the tent and the bright lamp inside it. The elephants have been fed and tied up for the night. The men have huddled around the little kitchen fire. Darkness has set in; and with it, the cold of the winter night.

II

The camp consists of three little thatch huts on the one flat bit of land, in an otherwise broken country—of narrow ragged ridges alternating with deep swampy hollows. The only path through the area (used by man and beast alike) wriggles from ridge to ridge, dodging all the time a slip here and a depression there; and looks safe only where it crosses this flat camping ground. The hollows around are choked with green vegetation. On one side of the camp-site and below it, a stream of crystal-clear water is forcing its way through the mass of vegetation that crowds into its bed from either side. The entire tract is 'closed in' but for this single foot-path. The region beyond is low-lying, covered with tall grasses and taller reeds, a type of country which never fails to attract the elephant and the rhino, and where elephants (singly or in herds) love to linger—for good fodder is the prime concern of these big beasts. There is hardly a day in the year when one or other of these roaming rogues or groups does not invade this area.

It is a pleasant moonlit night. Dinner-time is well over. In his little camp hut the warden is busy writing up

his notes of the day. The men are chatting in low tones round a little fire. The camp elephants (tied up for the night beside their stacks of fodder) are feeding at leisure. The regularly-timed munching of the stalks and the equally monotonous flapping of the large ears are distinctly audible. An owl keeps time, hooting in a tree nearby. A deer is whistling not far away. Everything seems to be in its place, and nothing disturbing is felt in the air.

Suddenly, the warden stops in the middle of his writing and is up on his feet in an instant. The elephants are feeding no longer, their ears do not move, and the men have ceased talking. Tense silence has set in, but for the hooting of the owl. The warden knows the signs: he steps out of his hut, a revolver in one hand and a long-range electric torch in the other. One of the men moves up to him quietly and whispers "Jungle-goonda." The warden nods knowingly and moves swiftly to the end where his elephants are tied up. The men all follow in a small and quiet crowd. All their ears are strained to catch the little give-away noise. How long the waiting seems! It comes at last, just a light crack from a breaking twig. In the instant, the warden flashes his torch and fires a shot in the direction of the sound. A short crash in the jungle—the intruder moves back but does not depart. He knows men are about and instinct tells him that he cannot advance boldly; but he is not inclined to leave either.

The firing is repeated, but to no purpose. A couple of men start lighting a fire nearby, with a few dry sticks and some blades of dry grass. Another brings an empty bath tin and raises a hellish din (beating on its back with a stick) for a couple of minutes, before he stops to listen for the effect. Yet, nothing stirs. The men look at the tied-up elephants; they are still as stone—perhaps fear of the unknown is a potent factor even with tame animals. Their attitude plainly says "the unwelcome visitor is still there."

One of the men exclaims that it is a 'dhan-chor' (habitual crop raider) and that it is not to be frightened away easily. The fire goes out, while the men wait. Finally, the warden orders the men to be quiet and calls for his heavy rifle. And yet another silent watching begins. Some tense moments pass, when the slow cracking of jungle begins, pointing to the measured advancing of the rogue. The men become excited; "there," "there," hisses each of them at every step they hear. The animal is within a hundred yards. At a signal from the warden, a man flashes the torch towards the sound, and 'bang' thunders the rifle at the same instant—the bullet leaving the muzzle with a visible flash of fire. The warden has played his last hand! Yes, it succeeds! There follows a tremendous crash through the jungle, going off from the camp and audibly dying away in the distance. The rogue has been scared alright and has gone away, for the time being. May be, he is not returning.

The camp elephants breathe freely, their ears begin to flap again and gradually they resume their ever-continuous feeding. The men get to bed after they are told to be on the alert for some time yet. And, the warden goes back into his hut, to his work, and to sit up for another hour at least, to make sure that the rogue has finally gone away for the night.

A good half-an-hour of high excitement. To shoot the wild elephant is ordinarily not allowed; and even if allowed, to try it in the darkness of the night and in such surroundings would be nothing short of madness. To scare him away successfully is not very easy, especially if he is accustomed to cultivated fields and villagers' antics. Unless the shot goes pretty close in his direction, it does not worry him. And sometimes, one cannot be too sure he will not walk up to the fire, towards the tom-tom and against the gun-shot,—to enquire what all the 'halla-halla' is about! To leave him quietly, to follow his own course

is to bow to serious trouble, for though normally he may not disturb men or the camp (unless he is particularly vicious), if he has turned up attracted by the smell of the camp elephants he will not deal with them lightly, if and when he gets near enough to them; and in the scuffle the poor tied-up animals will have nothing near a fair chance, even if they are strong enough to resist the care-free wanderer, which they mostly are not.

* * * * *

It is barely dawn yet. The first streaks of day-light are just appearing. Yet, according to routine, the men are up and about, busy packing. The elephants have been already untethered and are being loaded up. The warden steps out of the hut, to help in the loading. The 'mahouts' salaam him. "He did not return, did he?" queries the warden. "No, sir," comes the reply. The loading is over, the camp is struck and the trail moves on, as if nothing disturbing happened the previous night—to the next camp, looking for animals and for trespassers who may be about, poaching for them.

And yet, if the rogue elephant had approached a few yards closer before his presence was noticed—there might have been pandemonium and one at least of the camp elephants would have been badly hurt, even if nothing worse had happened.

III

The camp is pitched in a very small clearing hurriedly made for the day, in heavy jungle on both sides of a 'molan' (game track). There is no moving space even on the sides of the tent; the tall grass is covering in on all sides. The men have accommodated their tiny single-fly 'pals' about fifty yards behind on the same track, close to the edge of a stream the banks of which are lost to view, overgrown with reeds and grasses.

It is about ten in the night. There was some rain during the day, but the sky is clear and cloudless now. A bright moon is shining. Winter is fully in—it is late in November—and the ordinarily chill night has become particularly cold because of an afternoon shower. The men have settled in for the night and are asleep, nestling together to keep each other warm. The warden is at the little table inside his tent. The entrance flaps are down, to hold in the heat from his Petromax and keep the tent warm. For him, it is a busy evening. Just that noon he has received his mail (it reaches him only once in ten days or even a fortnight) consisting of private and official letters and a bundle of newspapers. He is glancing through the news-sheets in the regular sequence of dates—to learn of happenings that are by now tales of the past to ordinary townspeople. The big camp fire that, before dinner time, was blazing in front of his tent, not twenty feet away, is now a large heap of live charcoal quietly smouldering away.

He glances at his time-piece and mutters to himself that it is getting late. He has not got through half his mail yet, but he must get to bed to snatch some good sleep before moving off at dawn. He gets up from his chair, a bit wearied, and moves to the front of his tent—to secure down the flaps and thus keep out the chill wind that will start blowing in the early hours of the morning. Lazily, he pulls apart, just a little though, one of the flaps to have a casual look outside, at the dying fire; but with a jerk, immediately lets go the flap, stifles a shout that rises to his throat and stands back as if dazed. His heart is thumping wildly. He is perspiring profusely, all over—in spite of the cold. What was it that he saw, that took him aback so suddenly?

Close to the fire, sitting on his haunches is a full-grown tiger. “Mr. Stripes” is obviously finding the fire-side cosy

on this cold night, being apparently neither hungry nor in the mood to be out killing. In fact, he had a hearty meal (as the remains of a pig—to be located next morning not far away from camp—would show) before he strolled up the path, came on to the mild fire (warm, but with no leaping flames to frighten him) and chose to stay basking in its comforting warmth. The tents and the men in them, he just ignores.

The warden has regained his composure. Slowly and ever so quietly, he peeps between the flaps again, to make sure of what he saw. Of course, there is no mistake about it; the tiger is there. Only, it is facing the fire, sitting broadside on to the tent, and is too drowsy after its heavy meal to bother about what is happening behind it. He steps up quietly and picks up his loaded rifle. He handles it steadily, yet fingers the safety-catch with hesitation, and does not push it up: he says to himself “We are in the game reserve and the visitor seems to mean no harm.”

He feels weak; and sits silently on the edge of his camp bed with the rifle held between his legs, for what he feels a long time. Then he tip-toes to the tent-flap and peeps out again, hoping to find the tiger gone. But, the latter has settled down at ease, and is now lying at full length just where it was sitting a few minutes ago. The warden is not sure in his mind as to what next to do. He does not want to shoot—since, for one thing, it is in the sanctuary and if left undisturbed, the tiger would probably go away as quietly as it came, and for another, to handle the flap and the gun at the same time, quickly enough and yet shoot correctly before the tiger is disturbed is a difficult task, and then, to miss or mis-hit at such close quarters is to invite no small danger. He cannot guess what the animal may do if he calls out to his men; and there is no way to go and rouse them quietly and then, raise a din. He goes back to his bed and sinks in it. Overcome by

weariness he drops on to his pillow but cannot persuade himself to go to sleep. He is, alternately, peeping at the tiger through the eye-hole in the flap, and sitting in his bed matching his heart-beat with the ticking of the time-piece—all else is dead quiet in the place.

* * * * *

It is early morning. The warden is unusually late in rising. He hurries through his morning routine, all the time vaguely wondering whether *it* was a real fact or a strange night-mare. He had no idea that the wild 'cats' could find it comfortable near camp fires as house cats do near fire-places! Of course, he noticed that he had slept with his blankets *under* him—and on such a cold night too. He steps out of the tent. The experienced game-keeper, ready for the day's work, salaams him and adds pointing to the place near the now extinct fire, "a tiger slept here during the night." Surely, there is no mistaking the foot-prints and the imprint of the body on the soft mud and ash in the path. It was a fact! "Yes, I saw him there, last night," replies the warden in quiet tones.

He must have fallen asleep unknowingly, during the last of his watches from his bed. The tiger was probably roused from slumber some hours later, by the cold wind, to find the fire gone out; and so, moved off to keep himself warm by stretching his limbs out a bit.

The camp is soon on the move again by routine—to look for the next halting place, after the day's march. A few minutes later, the game-keeper leaves the track attracted by the sight of a group of vultures on a tree nearby; and after a short space of time, returns with the remains of the pig that provided Mr. Stripes his meal the previous night—just the head and a few odd pieces of flesh; but that will serve him for a curry! Of course, he left behind the dry bones which the tiger had cleaned of the flesh!

C. A. R. BHADRAN
(Old Student)



The Nobel Prize for Physics during 1935

THE Nobel Prize* for physics for 1935 has been recently awarded to Dr. J. Chadwick, F. R. S., for his discovery of the neutron, the third fundamental constituent of matter. The first two fundamental constituents of matter known for a number of years were the electron, discovered in the Cavendish Laboratory† in 1897 and the proton discovered a few years after. The electron behaves like a unit negative electric charge of mass nearly 1840 times less than that of the lightest of the atoms, *viz.*, hydrogen. The proton has an equal but positive electric charge and is very nearly equal in mass to that of hydrogen atom. The neutron, the third fundamental constituent of matter, is a combination of one proton and one electron

* Alfred Bernhard Nobel (1833-96) was a Swedish Chemist who acquired his knowledge in private studies without attending any secondary school. He was the discoverer of dynamite and of smokeless powder, called ballistite. He earned a fortune and in 1895 created by his will the Nobel Foundation estimated at £1,680,000. The annual interest on the amount is utilised for the award of five Nobel prizes, each of the value £8,000-10,000 for discoveries of a fundamental and far-reaching character in Physics, Chemistry, Physiology and Medicine, for the best literary production of an idealistic tendency and for distinguished service towards the promotion of Peace. The prizes were first awarded in 1901 and Dr. Rabindranath Tagore and Sir C. V. Raman are the two recipients this side of Suez of this great International honour.

† The Cavendish Laboratory, Cambridge, England, was founded in 1874. This is a remarkable institution with a brilliant record of a series of discoveries. Clerk Maxwell (1874-1879), Lord Rayleigh (1879-1884), Sir J. J. Thomson (1884-1919), and Lord Rutherford (1919-), were appointed as directors of the institution in succession. They form a marvellous group of intellectual giants. A great tradition has been built up and continued most successfully in this institution. Many distinguished professors of Physics have had their training in the Cavendish Laboratory. Rutherford, Bragg, Richardson, C. T. R. Wilson, Langevin, Callendar, Aston and Bohr are among them.

forming an electrically neutral particle and having a mass nearly equal to that of hydrogen atom.

A hydrogen atom is also such a combination, the electron being at a larger distance from the central proton, and going round it incessantly. The neutron is therefore of very much smaller size than the hydrogen atom and hence passes almost freely through all solid bodies.

The electronic structure of matter is well known and has been very well established during the last twenty-five years. An atom is a complex structure; it has a central core called the nucleus where nearly all the mass of the atom is concentrated. Round the nucleus are arranged a number of electrons. These electrons occupy definite shells of spherical and spheroidal shape and are incessantly going round the central nucleus in circular or elliptical orbits just as the planets go round the sun. The number of chemical elements is known to be 92. Hydrogen, being the lightest atom with the least atomic weight, occupies the first place and uranium, the heaviest atom, occupies the 92nd place. The ordinal number of the element in the periodic table is its atomic number, Z . The atomic number of hydrogen is 1, of sodium 11, of gold 79 and of uranium 92. The number of electrons that occupy the shells of the atomic structure is equal to the atomic number. The atom being an electrically neutral body the central nucleus has a positive resultant charge equal to the number of electrons that encircle the nucleus. The nucleus is a complex structure by itself. If A is the atomic weight (A protons + A electrons) of the body and Z the atomic number, the nucleus contains A protons and $A - Z$ electrons grouped together in a negligibly small space and the remaining Z electrons occupy a varying number of shells round the nucleus at varying distances depending on the complexity of the atomic structure which increases with the Z value. Hence it is clear that the atomic number Z is a measure of the number of units of resultant positive electric charge $[+ A - (A - Z)]$

$= + Z$, carried by the nucleus and also a measure of the number of electrons surrounding the nucleus.

The discovery of neutron by Dr. Chadwick is a fruit of years of patient research into the various aspects of atomic structure. When in 1920 Rutherford delivered the Royal Society's Bakerian Lecture on the Nuclear Constitution of Atoms, he made some brilliant speculations regarding the possible existence of an atom of unit mass with zero nuclear charge. He further speculated that such a particle would be the outcome of the combination of an electron and proton at much smaller distance than in a hydrogen atom, that it would easily penetrate into solids and enter the structure of atoms and disintegrate the nucleus or knock out from it a proton or electron or both. Attempts were immediately made to discover such an electrically neutral doublet—the neutron—by electrical discharges in hydrogen but they proved unsuccessful. However, attempts in another direction were also made at the same time and a well known method of attack was pursued. That radio-active substances like radium and polonium spontaneously radiate α particles, β particles and γ rays is a well known fact. α particle is the nucleus of helium atom—made up of four protons and two electrons—the β particle is the electron, and γ rays are light radiations of extremely small wave-length much smaller than the hardest X-rays that could be produced in the laboratory. Rutherford demonstrated successfully in 1919 that bombardment of light atoms, like aluminium by α particles, resulted in the disintegration of the atom. As the helium nuclei are nearly 8000 times as massive as electrons and as they are thrown out with great velocities possessing enormous energies and momenta they cause disintegration of atomic nuclei.

The German Physicists, Bothe and Becker, were engaged in the study of the bombardment of light atoms by α particles radiated from polonium—polonium having been chosen because, it radiates chiefly α particles of high velocity.

Ordinarily products of disintegration of light nuclei were particles with moderate velocity and therefore of low penetrating power. In the case of beryllium, Bothe and Becker found, in 1930, that the products of bombardment were highly penetrating and therefore assumed them to be not particles but waves. These beryllium rays are capable of penetrating several feet of lead and more than one mile of atmospheric air. They are much more penetrating than even the γ rays and they are exceeded in their penetrating power only by cosmic rays, those mysterious rays of cosmic origin. So these beryllium rays soon became the object of keen study. Mme. Curie Joliot (the daughter of Mme. Curie, the discoverer of radium) and her husband, M. Joliot, investigated them at Paris and Dr. Chadwick and his collaborators investigated them in the Cavendish Laboratory. The Curie-Joliot discovered that these beryllium rays could knock protons of extraordinary speed out of paraffin wax. This was a striking and a strange discovery. Applying the principles of conservation of energy and momentum to the interaction of the beryllium rays and particles of paraffin wax, the energy of the rays and the energy of the bombarding α particles from polonium were calculated. But the energy of α particles from polonium was already known by direct and well established measurements. It was found that these two values did not agree at all. Curie-Joliot and Joliot attributed this discrepancy to a new method of interaction between radiation and matter in which the known laws of conservation of energy and momentum did not hold good. In addition to this, Chadwick discovered another anomalous behaviour of the beryllium rays which did not obey the law of conservation of energy. A critical situation thus arose in February 1932 and Dr. Chadwick, under the influence of the traditional methods and trends of thought peculiar to the Cavendish Laboratory, was inspired with the alternative and natural suggestion that the highly penetrating

radiations from beryllium were not rays at all but streams of neutrons—the entities for which active research was continuously made at the Cavendish for more than a decade. Immediately after this Dr. Chadwick showed that the contradictions and discrepancies regarding the application of the well established and fundamental principle of conservation of energy could be resolved, and that the classical laws were obeyed. It is the high penetrating power of the neutron that made M. and Mme. Joliot suggest the wave nature to the so-called beryllium rays, and it is that again that lured them into the wrong tract and robbed them of the Nobel prize for physics for 1935.

How then is this high penetrating power of the neutron to be explained? It may be put briefly thus. The neutron has no electric charge and therefore no electric field surrounding it, and hence has a much less effective size than a proton and has, therefore, a correspondingly greater penetrating power. Again the extraordinary penetrating power of neutrons may be viewed as being due to the rarity of their interactions with electrons surrounding the nucleus of an atom. This rarity of interaction has been ingeniously explained by Niels Bohr—the acknowledged leader of thought in theoretical physics and the presiding genius of the Institute of Theoretical Research at Copenhagen—who showed that the probability of interaction between an electron and a neutron is nearly four million times less than that between a neutron and the nucleus of the atom.

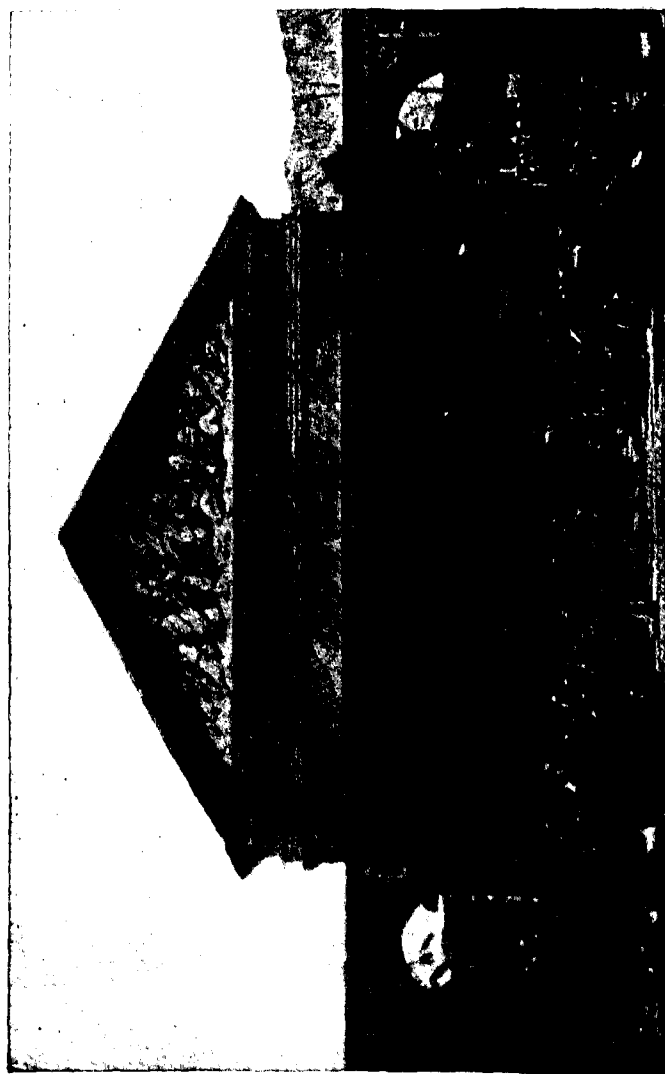
The discovery of the neutron by Chadwick was the realisation of a long cherished hope. This discovery has raised many possibilities in modern physical research. The neutron, as was first shown by Heisenberg, proved of great importance in simplifying our ideas of the structure of nuclei. It proved also to be an extraordinarily effective bombarding agent in bringing about the transformation of many elements. Further it was shown by Fermi and his

co-workers, in Rome, that neutrons could enter freely into the structure of even the heaviest nuclei and produce, in many cases, artificial radio-active bodies which broke up at a characteristic rate with the emission of fast electrons. The phenomenon of artificial or induced radio-activity was discovered early in 1934, by M. and Mme. Joliot, and they were the recipients of the Nobel prize for Chemistry for 1935, while Dr. Chadwick had the honour along with them for his discovery of neutron—which discovery, as could be gathered from the brief history given above, was also intimately connected with the work of M. and Mme. Joliot.

It is now generally believed that the proton and neutron are the primary building units of atomic nuclei and that free electrons cannot exist in the nucleus of an atom. The exact relation between the neutron and proton is yet not clearly understood. It is believed that they are mutually convertible in a nucleus by the gain or loss of an electron. The discovery of the positron, the counterpart of an electron with a positive charge, has very much facilitated and accelerated the progress in our knowledge of the structure and properties of the nucleus of an atom. While experimental research has been going on at a great speed, the theoretical aspects of the part which neutron plays in the nucleus, are also being explored—chiefly through the efforts of Gamow, though it must be said that such theories are yet in their infant stages.

It is therefore no exaggeration to state that the year 1932, the year of the discovery of the neutron, started a new era in physical science and gave a new impetus to the experimental work in the domain of nuclear physics. No more proof is therefore needed to declare that the discovery of the neutron is undoubtedly one of a fundamental and far-reaching character and that it richly deserved the award of the Nobel Prize for Physics.

V. APPA RAO.



CHRIST'S ENTRY INTO JERUSALEM.

The Ober-Ammergau Passion Play

THIS is a celebrated and now a well-worn theme.

Matthew Arnold, in a little-read essay*, referred to it with admiration and wrote that the "peasants of the neighbouring country, the great and fashionable world, the ordinary tourist, were all at Ammergau, and were all delighted." Arnold witnessed the performance in 1871 and noticed "the immense audiences, the seriousness of its actors, the passionate emotion of its spectators" which, in their turn, awakened in the mind of the critic memories of something "produced not in Bavaria nor in Christendom at all, but far away in that wonderful East, from which, whatever airs of superiority Europe may justly give itself, all our religion has come, and where religion, of some sort or other, has still an empire over men's feelings such as it has nowhere else." It was in the autumn of 1922 that I was privileged to watch the performance and the interest and associations of the play are such that no apology, I believe, is needed for setting down here the impressions it produced in me.

It is well-known that European drama, after the decay of dramatic art which flourished in ancient Greece and Rome, arose in the mediæval ages when the dramatic sense inherent in every human being—the imitation or acting of events that have happened in real life being a necessity that lies deep in human nature—was finding expression in all forms of crude village acting. The history of early European drama, like the history of every drama of which we have any record, is indissolubly mixed up with religion. In Greece drama arose as an off-shoot from the worship of Dionysus; in France and England and in Europe generally early drama was an act of worship. The drama in

* A Persian Passion Play. Essays in Criticism, First Series.

Europe started its vital growth when the early Christian church, which had long set its face against all theatrical representation as savouring of paganism, definitely recognized, and started to make good use of, the inherent dramatic sense of man for the purpose of religious instruction. To the uninitiated mind abstractions make no appeal: it craves for concrete symbols which would appeal to the senses. Written at first in Latin, the language of learning and culture and of the church in mediæval Europe, and acted by the clergy in churches and cathedrals, drama soon became popular and to accommodate, the large crowds, it began to be performed in the open air. Often a scaffold was erected in front of the church door. Later, wheeled platforms were constructed which were drawn into the market places. The subjects of the plays in the mediæval times were, no doubt, episodes from the Old and New Testaments and from the legends of the saints of the church. One of the most affecting of these is the *Massacre of the Innocents* dealing with the murder, under the cruel orders of King Herod, of the little children and the woeful lament of the mothers. The play of the shepherds awaiting the advent of Christ is one of the most famous—largely because of a very ludicrous admixture, the story of Mac, the sheep-stealer. These plays continued to be popular from the eleventh to the fourteenth century and were acted even much later, as late as 1600 in England, long after regular drama, as we know it now, had arisen, under the influence of the awakening of the human mind known as the Renaissance, and the renewed study of ancient drama. Of all the subjects that which attracted most interest on the Continent was the theme of the Passion of Christ. Passion Plays are known to have existed in Vienna, Frankfort and Heidelberg, but they have all died out. That of Oberammergau has survived to this day and has assumed very large proportions owing to a combination of circumstances.

One of these, often popularly but, it would appear, erroneously, considered to be the origin of the play itself, is of special significance because it gave rise to the periodical exhibition of the play. Tradition maintains that in the year 1633 a great plague swept over the whole of Bavaria and that the whole neighbourhood of Oberammergau was in the grip of the pest. The little village of Ammergau lies between two ranges of mountains and there was the less peril, therefore, of the plague invading it. Further, every precaution was taken to guard the village from the epidemic. But a working man from the affected part, wanting to celebrate the consecration of the Church, came over in secret and brought with him the fatal disease. It was not given to him to celebrate the feast. He died on the following day and within three weeks an appalling number became victims to the same disease. The alarmed village elders, twelve in number, with their whole community made a solemn vow to represent the Passion of Christ "every ten years in grateful veneration of him and for edifying meditation." The solemn prayer was offered and the prayer was heard! No other person died of the disease and in 1634, in fulfilment of the vow, the Passion of Christ was played for the first time, and from 1680 it was played every tenth year, and the community of the villagers at Oberammergau has been steadily keeping up their vow.

This was the circumstance which gave the Passion Play at Ammergau that long lease of life which was denied to others of its kind. The play grew and developed with the ages, dropped its cruder parts, its elements of buffoonery like the introduction of devils, and the play, the earliest text of which dates from the sixteenth century, was subjected to a series of revisions. The last of these revisions which has given us the present text was the work of the village priest, Daisenberger, a scholar learned in Greek, himself a translator of the *Antigone* of Sophocles. In this last revision he adapted the play in its exterior parts to the

ancient Greek tragedy, of which the *Antigone* is a perfect example and provided it with a chorus which now forms one of its most striking aspects.

The village where the play is acted and its people who act the play are of singular interest to the tourist. The village of Oberammergau (Ober *i.e.*, upper Ammergau, there being not far from it another Ammergau which is called unter *i.e.*, lower), is in Bavaria, on the borders of the Austrian territory, and is best approached from München, the capital city of Bavaria, one of the most attractive cities of Europe with its Pinakotheken or art galleries which preserve some of the finest paintings of the great Renaissance masters. From München Ammergau is a distance of only 72 miles. It is a lovely green and sunny valley, more than three thousand feet above the sea level, between two sharply rising ranges of mountains and has one of the most picturesque and delightful situations conceivable. There are level roads in the slopes and valleys for the humble pedestrian but there are the snow-clad peaks inviting the adventurous climber. The inhabitants of the village who were not more than 2,000 in 1922, have a genuine taste for wood carving. One curious feature in their appearance is the long hair, the wearing of which is enjoined upon the males because at the Passion Play all artificial means like paint for the face, beards, etc., are tabooed. Nearly all the people of the village are concerned, in some way or other, with the Passion Play either as performers, of whom alone there are 700, as singers who number a hundred, or as attached to the technical staff. The play is, without exaggeration, an undertaking of the whole community.

The survival into modern times in an obscure country village in Bavaria of a mediæval religious play naturally raised interest. The wonderfully touching faith of the people, their evident belief in it as a solemn religious act, aroused enthusiasm, and the fame of Ammergau and its

Passion Play spread far and wide in the nineteenth century. An article in its praise by a well-known actor, Devrient, which was widely read, assured the future of the play. Tourists visited the village and were charmed by its beauty and simplicity, and the Passion Play soon became perhaps the most eagerly awaited dramatic performance in the whole world.

The theatre where the performance takes place is an iron-building which can accommodate over 5,000 spectators. While the auditorium has a roof above it, the stage proper is in the open air. There is the gigantic proscenium which could display to advantage the crowds of people crying hosanna and accompanying Christ in his dramatic triumphal entry to Jerusalem, the scene with which the play opens, or jeering at him when infuriated by the Pharisees. The streets of Jerusalem may be seen opening on either side of the stage while the houses of Annas and Pilate are seen on the right and left respectively. The Passion theatre has a natural lovely back-ground formed by the luxuriantly green meadows and the tree-clad and sunny valleys bordered by the sharply rising cliffs. The play is performed during the summer months beginning with May and ending with September and in 1922, when as many as seventy performances were given, it has been estimated, that no less than half a million people saw the play. The performance starts at 8 in the morning and goes on for eight hours! with two hours' break for lunch. When I saw Christ angel-like clothed all in white appearing to the astonished Magdalene, the shades of evening were falling upon me.

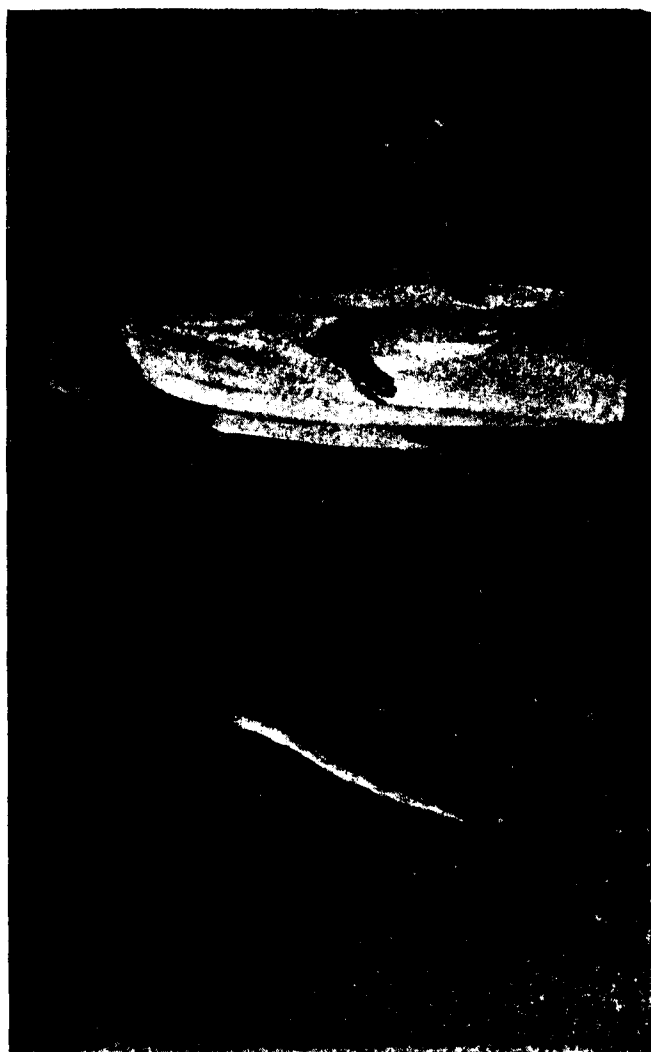
The vast audience which congregated in the theatre was strictly international. There were, however, in 1922, so soon after the War, no Frenchmen, who, in those days, could endure nothing German. It was the time when in the occupied area of Germany, the well-known national song of Germany, *Die Wacht am Rhein*, the Watch on the



THE LAST SUPPER.

Rhein, had been prohibited, not without reason too, for the song breathes the national hatred of Germany for France and the Frenchman. There was the ubiquitous American, indefatigable tourist and sight-seer with his pockets, full of dollars, in those days before the depression, ever ready with his diary and pencil to set down any item of interest, however trivial. There were the yellow Chinese and the Japanese too with their awkward manner of English pronunciation, not to speak of the Indian student brimful of the consciousness of an inheritance of an age-long culture of the history of which he knew often so little.

The play itself, written in modern German, is divided into three parts, the first extending from Christ's triumphal entry into Jerusalem up to his arrest, the second from Christ's apprehension to his condemnation, and the third and last from his condemnation to his resurrection. The chorus, to which reference has already been made, consists of 35 guardian spirits, both men and women, with their leader in the centre, imposingly clad each with a staff in hand. The chorus as a body through their songs and action gives information to the audience about the action which is going on when required, offers comments on it, and further serves as the "spectator idealised." The chorus in the Passion Play, again, introduces and comments on the tableau which are a striking feature of the performance. The significant episodes of the Old Testament are selected and exhibited in the shape of the tableau and the action thereby gains in massiveness and reach and the Old Testament is shown as pointing the way to the New and the New as fulfilling the Old. The first of the tableau is the expulsion of Adam and Eve from Paradise when they "with wandering steps and slow through Eden took their solitary way." Others include the conspiracy of Jacob's son against their brother, the shower of manna in



CHRIST APPEARS TO MARY MAGADALENE.

which more than 600 actors take part, Job sitting on a dung hill and so forth.

Of course one could not claim the play as a whole as anything like a great work of art. It is not that; it does not pretend to be that either. It is rather the nature of the theme, the noble personality of Christ himself, the splendidly natural and vivid acting and the unquestioning readiness of the audience to take it as it is that combine to make the play one of the most impressive ever staged. Among the most striking impersonations was that of Christ himself acted with consummate mastery by Anton Lang. The grey-bearded Peter with his heart full of warmth, eager to sit on his master's right hand in his glory, crying out his heart at the thought that he denied his master thrice before the cock crew had his special appeal.

As a work of art the play has one substantial defect—its unrelieved solemnity of tone. The honest mediæval church folk were hard put to it to keep the religious drama free from farcical elements. But they failed, and inevitably, and we have Herod the ranter, the Devils with the vice, a typical comic character,

Who with dagger of lath
In his rage and his wrath,
Cries, Ah, ah ! to the devil

in the old Morality plays. The Passion Play does not of course admit it and the strain, therefore, is overpowering.

The whole play is performed not only with the deepest solemnity but with a certain native beauty and majesty which take the heart of all spectators. At several points in the performance the audience was in tears and the whole audience from the beginning, announced, according to the traditional custom by cannon shots, to the close, sat with bated breath to see the action and hear the words. Altogether a unique experience.

V. K. A. PILLAI.

To Ambition

(VARIATIONS ON A THEME)

I. YOUTH'S RHAPSODY (XX CENTURY)

Was it a dream?

I sat upon a hill and longed for power
To rise above the surging tide of life,—
The undirected effort and the strife,—
Far, far above this painted world to tower.

Was it a dream?

I knelt me at the altar of ambition,
And, with keen eyes towards her sovran throne,
Within the placid silence, claimed my own,
Within one hall unhallowed by tradition,
Wherein disaster is a thing unknown;
Where time goes gently lazing as a stream
And midst the many shadows numberless,
Creation stalks alone.
Where effort is a pleasure, life a dream,
And all around reposeful happiness.

O! I had loved thee even as a boy
And on the surface of thine earthly sea
Poured forth my soul in dreamy ecstasy;
Yes, I adored thee with wild, wistful joy,
And, every passing night of reverie.
'Twas not through envy of another's lot,
But on the moonlit wings of melody,
This earth of pain begot
Rose to the skies and turned a rhapsody,
Eternity endured and Hell forgot.

Ere on this earth the endless silence came
And put the human host to rapid scorn,
Ere spirits withered and were left forlorn
Unnoticed on the parchment scroll of fame;
My soul had heeded not the darkest hour
But in its confidence decreed the dawn,
To laugh triumphant at the force of time
Impotent in its power
And to see hope upon the final morn
Writing its letters on the void sublime.

Were I to live my life but once again,
Could I remodel on the sands of old
The ancient evil and the uncontrolled,
I would not do so, would not pause amain.
The struggle ended this was worth the sorrow,
The pain, eternal anguish and the strife
The ceaseless vigil and the song of Mars,
The vistas of tomorrow;
Tonight a name is struck from human life;
And a new banner marches to the stars.

Was it a dream, a vision born of reason—
The sea, the winds, the woodland, and the shore?
Will it survive the shift of changing season,
Or lost amidst the sands for evermore
In recollection fade and pass away,
Unhindered and forgot?

B. RAJAN,
I Class, Group 1.

II. MIDDLE-AGED CYNICISM (XVIII CENTURY)

Oft, when a boy, upon the ocean shore
I'd stand, and dream of places I'd explore ;
Of thrilling adventures in distant lands,
'Midst dangers from wild beasts and savage bands.

But these dreams passed with Boyhood's happy days,
And higher aspirations took their place ;
Ambition to excel—to win applause,
To die a martyr to some noble cause.

Alas ! for youthful dreams—ambition high,
Now, just an ill-paid, plodding clerk am I.
Day after day, as o'er my work I sigh,
“ Ease-giving wealth is all I want ” I cry.

Perhaps, as years pass on, and I become
An aged invalid, tied down to home ;
My boyhood's dreams to recollect I'd try,
And youth's ambition, Manhood's tortured cry ;

And smile to think on every fond desire
Dragged under in Life's dark and dreary mire ;
And cry perhaps, “ Enough of Worldly store !
My peace of mind, alone, Oh Lord ! restore.”

S. V. RAMANIAH,
III Hons.

On Bikes and Biking

"SUFFER little children to come unto me," said Jesus Christ, "for theirs is the Kingdom of God." But Jesus Christ never rode a bike, or he might have modified his views of the Kingdom Come. For little children are the despair of the cyclist. In your experience of the pedal, you must have observed what the tiny brats mean on the road—how they upset your equipoise, paralyze your thinking machine, with what electric deftness they manage to get knocked down and scream! "What would the world be to us," said the poet, "If the children were no more?" A safer place for pedalling.

Humanitarians will scowl at me. Wiseacres will cry me down as a heretic. And parents will curse me from the bottom of their parental depths. But while I can appreciate child psychology in short stories, and even like studying a child, given a bit of coaxing, a chocolate, or a pinch, I must admit that, so far as biking is concerned, "the child is the bother of the man." Viewed from the saddle—a precarious position of unstable equilibrium—they are nothing more than the pests of the pedal and the signals of accident.

Not that they are the only worries of the cyclist. Survey mankind from R—to the Presidency College, and you meet others as popular and as inauspicious. There are old women, for instance, impossible creatures on impossible errands whom no amount of ding-dinging can move, and whom not even a Quetta repeated can rouse to activity—annoying females whose only ideal in life seems to be to get their death out of somebody's wheels. Then there are lorries which protrude their portly proportions on all the available dimensions of space. There are jutkas, and rickshaws, and *kattai vandies*—our indigenous locomotives



which have broken roads and road rules for generations, and survived many civilizations—and will survive many more. There are buffaloes which stop to philosophize in the middle of the road, and men who dream great dreams while shopping. There are rainy days, and roads which are knottier than the Differential Calculus. There is the cop round the corner.—Altogether a legion of pests out to bring destruction on the cyclist. Pity the poor cyclist!

While my sympathies are wholly with the cyclist, I hate bikes and biking. I hate all bikes—Raleigh or Rudge, the aristocrat as well as the cheaper upstart, and even—begging your pardon—ladies' bikes. For me there is something absurd about the machine. I don't know whether it is because of its suggestion of Demos, or its ridiculous simplicity, or because it has landed me in awkward situations. The man who invented bikes must have been that abominable specimen of our species—the practical joker; the thing is a first-rate bloomer. And how the joke has worked! How seriously mankind and womankind have taken to it! There are people who just love their bikes! I for one can't understand the psychology behind one's love for one's bike. I wonder if there is much psychology behind it at all. But people get sentimental, nevertheless, over their bikes as a housewife might over a dilapidated broom. There is my friend, Mr. S—, for instance, the owner of the oldest bike in South India (the thing is a shame, you could tell it from ten thousand others; a prehistoric affair, mostly spokes, rusty as Rip van Winkle's rifle, sans bell, sans brakes, sans mud-guard, blasphemous as a hag). But my friend is mighty proud of it. He goes over its qualities and antecedents in a rare mood of retrospection now and then:—

"A true-blood B. S. A., mind, none of your new models. She was in the family before I was born, my dear fellow. My brother rode her before me, and my great-

grand-father before him. Fifty years of Hard Labour, and still she's going strong. A bit oldish, no doubt, and no brakes, but my word! She is a runner—try her.'

And once I did try the pre-war matron, but the consumptive female refused to budge until I had coaxed her and cajoled her for the better part of a Sunday, spoilt a dhoti and all prospects of a good evening—and then she coughed and coughed and began crawling like a centipede, to the accompaniment of unmusical sputterings—she is a runner!

My own bike is a thorn in my side. The very thought of it humiliates me and puts me in mind of the Sermon on the Mount. But the worst of it is that, unlike other members of the species, my machine has a soul. Its body is itself sufficient to make an owner with refined sensibilities ashamed. Aeons of use have left unmistakable signs of decay on it. Additions, losses, and alterations have completely masked all traces of its original physical chemistry. The most penetrative radiation cannot remove its tinctorial disfigurement. But its spirit is still alive. And the spirit manifests itself in a head-strong will, a cantankerous individuality. There is only a very imperfect sympathy between me and my bike. When I mount the thing, I feel as if I mount the brink of a precipice. Presentiment of danger and unpalatable visions of sudden despatch accompany me. I think of the mortuary, and why I didn't insure. With all that I try to have my own way—and which self-respecting gentleman does not try to have his own way?—when I ride; but my bicycle succeeds more often in having its own way. When I turn it to the right, off it goes with a gush to the right. When I apply the brakes, it picks up speed and runs like a whirlwind. When I try to ring the bell, the whole concern comes to a dead-lock. I remonstrated once; I have grown wiser since and humour its idiosyncracies. It creaks and squeaks; with spasmodic jolts and jerks, jumps that might dislocate one's digestive

apparatus, and jars that have often given me the tooth-ache, it tears down highways with a fury that is Satanic, and an unconcern almost Socratic.....I am in the grip of the Machine!

It is a common fallacy that the process of pedalling is purely a mechanical one. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A modicum of science will serve to manipulate the movements of your machine. The greater need is a sound knowledge of psychology. In the first place, you have to understand the temperament of your bike. You must observe the latest trends of thought among buffaloes on the road. You must study the pedestrian mind in the bazaar; from the look of a face or the gesture of a limb, you must be able to tell which way the rest of the anatomy contemplates moving. It's only the good psychologist who makes a good cyclist. And it is always the bad psychologist who gets knocks and biffs

Nowadays you often hear the lament that, what with electricity and speed and Prof. Einstein and all that, life has lost much of its savour and romance for the average man. It hasn't. We have still got cross-word puzzles; have still got mumps. And we have got—yes, bicycles. For my own part, the few thrills I have got out of life are from the saddle. My career has been rather prosaic. I never got a black eye, boxing. I never drew a winner at Guindy. I never collected horned butterflies. But it is almost with a shiver I remember my relations with my bike. My heart comes into my mouth when I think of the days when the mysteries of the pedal were first unfolded to me, and I bumped into walls, men, dogs, dust-bins, things animate and inanimate, damaging lamp-posts and exasperating policemen; of the ingenuity and inspiration I have displayed when the license has been overdue and the Law on the look-out for my surreptitious soul; of lights that have gone out, dashes comic and tragic, the puncture, the burst. And how I shudder to think of

the gloomy-looking man with the formidable fez and forbidding whiskers who pulled me off my bike for some slight offence of mine, and gave me a sharp piece of his mind in the shape of a pinch, supplementing the operation with vague word-pictures of the Police Court and the Retributory Nemesis!

Dust-bins, damaged lamp-posts, infuriated females, forbidding policemen, formidable fez caps, all come back to me in my dreams. And often I ask myself if I haven't lived a life as exciting as that of Du Chaillu or Fridtjof Nansen.

P. S. NATARAJA SARMA,
IV B. Sc. Hons. (Chemis.)

A Lament

WOMAN! How much thou hast changed! Not only in manners but also in dress, not only in gentleness but also in beauty, not only in ideas but also in habits. The twentieth century has been well christened the age of Revolutions. But even in this mighty age thou hast proved mightier than all.

In the nineteenth century, you were one of the most charming things in the world. With raven tresses and flowing robes, with gentle step and delicate touch, with natural colour and lovely speech, you beautified every home. Your homely task of domestic service was poetry itself. Fond of your husband, happy with your children and gay with your neighbours, your life was lovable. You remained an emblem of purity, simplicity and chastity. But alas! all that is now a thing of the past.

Many a year has rolled since. The modern age has set in. What an altered one you are! Artificialities you have developed and assumed manners you have cultivated. Powdered face, artificial walk, stinted dresses and affected grin have become the valued possessions of your once worthy self.

Verily the world is toppling down. The more we look at your past, the more are we grieved about your present. In the last century, you were the epitome of all the virtues of the human race. In you took visible shape the highest ideals of civilizations. In you was visible the sublimated essence of feminine perfectibility. Modesty was the ornament of your character. You liked to be quiet and yet admiring men were attracted by your irresistible charms.

Life must have change. But never have we seen a change of this kind, which is enveloping you. You have

ceased to be "the weaker sex" and you are no longer a member of "the fairer sex". You have lost your feminine graces in your hare brained attempt to excel man in all fields.

The present age is one of competition and you are no weak participator in it in knocking at preferments' door, in clamouring for admission to colleges, nay, even in smoking and drinking, you are trying to outvie man! If a man drinks away a bottle of beer a day, you swallow two; if he smokes away two tins of 'Gold Flake' daily, you are able to consume four; if he attends a theatre thrice a week, you are found there on all the days of the week. The world is experiencing a severe transformation and you are the cause of it!

Woman! Unhappy woman! you have lost your place among the cherished objects of this wonderful world. You have cast off modesty for good. Your laughs are louder and longer than those of man. The natural colour of your face is lost among tons of powder and gallons of scent. Your beautiful, bewitching, flowing and curly locks have unfortunately given place to ugly, and prosaic bobbed hair. The tufted cocoanut seems better in appearance than your undignified head.

Enough, perhaps, has been said. The noblest work of God has been undone. Woman! thou hast unwomaned thyself. You no longer charm our soul. Your higher self has been entombed never to return. Alas! we, men, are left alone to face the stormy troubles of this rude world, without your soothing company. Ah! Ideal woman! Whither art thou fled?

V. N. SRINIVASA RAO,
V Hons. (Econ.)

On Recommending Things to Others

CHARLES Lamb could never enjoy himself on a Sunday. That was because others enjoyed themselves on that day. He could not be happy while the whole world around him was happy. His pleasures were all Lucretian. He was one to whom others' meat was poison.

Now, that was ill nature, though it sounds queer when applied to a man, otherwise so splendid. But I am different. My happiness is nothing so exclusive as Lamb's. In fact I measure my enjoyments by the relish of those around me—their meat is my meat, their poison my poison. I have no ill nature. My enjoyments and enthusiasms are incomplete unless I draw my neighbours and friends with me. I live in the opinions of others. I prosper in the brotherly acquiescence of their sympathetic tastes and feelings. It is the reflection that gives a reality to my substance. It is the echo that makes my sound.

For this reason it is that I read good books, hear good songs, see good pictures and recommend them to others. For this reason it is that I see a good picture twice, read a good book many times over and repeat my visit to beautiful scenes. My enjoyment of these things when alone and by myself was purely tentative, faint and timid. It was my friends that made them definite and final by looking at them through my eyes and measuring them with my judgment.

My cravings are not purely individual. I share them with the mob. It is a typically human weakness. Why else should two people who have been clapping all the time at the eloquence of a popular orator be anxious to tell each

other at the same time: "It was a fine speech"? Why else should my neighbour the other day at the cricket match, have poked me in my ribs and asked me with breathless eagerness: "Was that not a lovely boundary?" when there could not have been even the shred of a doubt about the superlative quality of that particular stroke?

Well, come to think of it, it is not the "one touch of nature" that makes the whole world kin. It is our common enjoyments and common repulsions. I have known one good song, or one good painting melt all the reserve of the proudest aristocrat and reduce him to a degree of sociability and demonstrativeness that was nothing short of amazing. Some of the finest friendships have been made over a common object of enthusiasm like a pretty sunset or a dainty bit of china. I have known two men who went to a table perfect strangers but rose up as the warmest chums and all because both pronounced the beer mud and the waiter a fool. If all the romantically disposed people of the world could only discover this point of common enthusiasm or hatred, there would be no rejected lover under the sun. Why, only the other day, I heard that the prettiest girl in my district had stooped down to the ugliest booby I have known, and all because the booby agreed with her in thinking she was enchantingly beautiful!

In these things therefore I have a way of my own. I regard my friends' time as my own and do what I please with it. But time is bringing its revenges. I am gradually made to realize that I have built my pleasures on the wrong foundation. The other day I was nearly insulted. I was certainly injured. Vasu, my friend, came in and delivered himself of a perfectly-worded execration on my taste and judgment, and wondered why I had not been born in the primitive days when my intellectual gifts would have found free and ample scope, and all because I had recommended to him a certain picture that was then

running at the theatre. He said he had wasted good money on it. But he took care to say that it was not the loss of the money he regretted. It was the pain and mortification that ever a good friend of his like me should have such appallingly low and incorrect tastes.

And I must not forget to tell you that the other day I attempted to impart the pleasure that I have received out of one of the most wonderful stories I have read in recent times—a story of W. W. Jacobs', "Dirty Work," he calls it. Two of my most respected friends were with me—two whose hearts beat in perfect unison with mine, two whose judgments were delicately attuned to mine, I mean up to that evil day. I began reading the story. I read two pages of it. The silence in the room was profound. I read three pages and gave a tentative laugh. The silence grew more profound. I read louder and distributed the emphasis on the words more justly. The silence became oppressive. I read on. I stopped to venture a suggestion that perhaps I had made a mistake. There was no answer. One of them was looking into the face of the other with a sick smile that sent the blood cold in my veins. I finished the story. My friends rose up, and departed from my room without a word. We parted company.

I now try to curb my extravagant and erring spirits. But I cannot. The moment I see one of the old familiar faces of friends, I start thinking what I have got to recommend to him. When I catch a friend at a shop selecting his dress, I pounce upon him and choose his article for him and I take no denial. In this way it has come to pass that there is nothing which my friends possess from a tie-pin to a hobby which I have not recommended to them. I remember there are two friends for whom I chose their brides.

But it seems as though my days of recommending are over and the days of retribution have begun. Not a day

passes now without somebody making it the occasion of a visit to remind me of a coat I had chosen for him, a hat I had certified or a book I had specially praised, and behave as though I had brought the plague on them. I even hear that one of my friends goes about darkly hinting that I have been the cause of the tragedy of his life—for that the partner of his life who was my selection was squint-eyed and played the harmonium!

B. K. SARVOTHAM RAO,

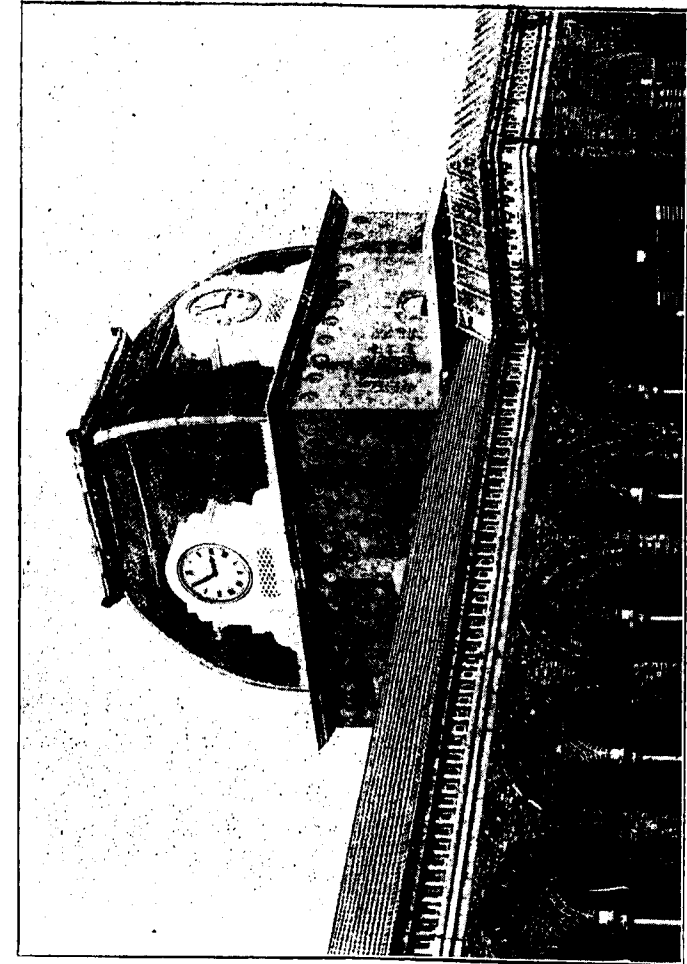
(Old Boy.)

The Electrical System of the Fyson Clock

AT the time of writing, the Fyson Clock has been in operation for a considerable period—two years and three quarters, to be precise. It is regrettable that during this period, so few have grasped its working principles—particularly as its accuracy as a time-keeper is beyond any shadow of doubt. This ignorance is particularly widespread where the electrical aspect is considered, although the ingenious employment of electricity is the most salient feature of the Fyson Clock. It is to clarify this aspect of the mechanism, by explaining the details under classified headings, so as to bring home its principles to the appreciation of the many, that this account is penned. If it succeeds, however slightly, in its purpose, it would be as much to the satisfaction of the writer as to the reader's enlightenment.

In all electrical systems, trouble arises from the failure of contact. In a clock system this would be disastrous, as it would stop the clock. In the Fyson Clock, this has been ingeniously got over by our professor, by the use of what is known as the mercury switch. This consists of two pools of mercury enclosed in a glass tube filled with Hydrogen, the two surfaces being made to touch each other by a tilt of the tube, as shown in figures (1) and (2).

In such a switch, failure of contact is impossible, as the clean surface of mercury can always be relied upon to establish contact with each other, unlike the metal surfaces of ordinary switches which fail owing to oxidation or pitting. It may be of interest to note, that this kind of reliable switch, though specially devised to meet the particularly exacting demands of the Fyson Clock, is an indepen-



THE COLLEGE TOWER WITH THE FYSON CLOCK.

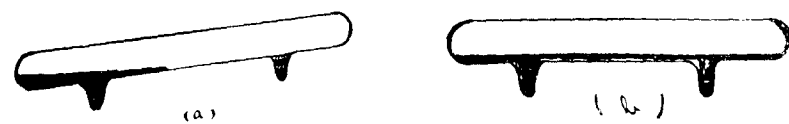
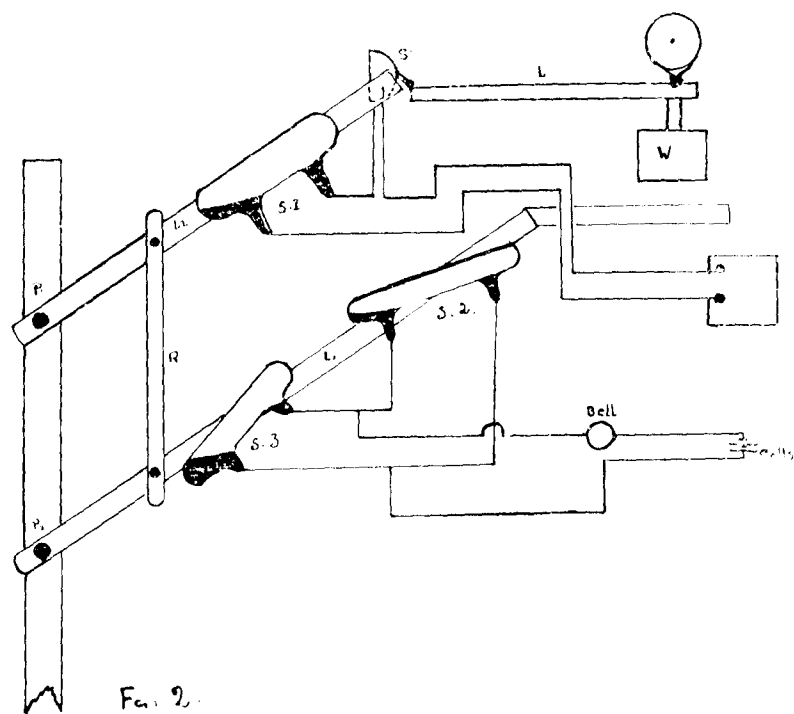
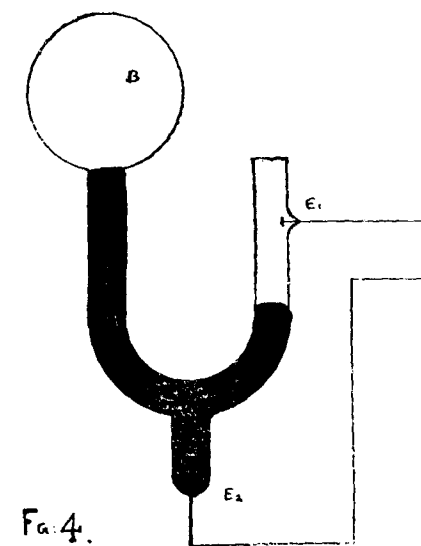
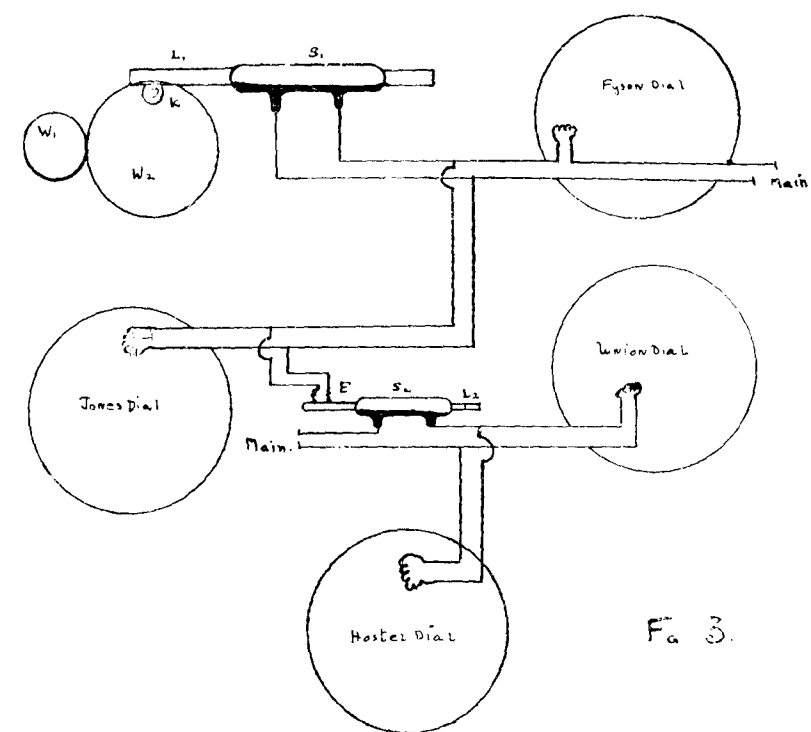


FIG. 1.



dent invention brought out in the west, about the same time.

The Fyson Clock electrical system may be divided into eight separate divisions.

THE AUTOMATIC WINDING GEAR

The Fyson Clock driving weight of 70 lbs. has got a space of fall of four feet in the college tower and it falls one foot every hour. So, it is necessary to raise up this weight to its original position every four hours. This is done automatically as follows :—(See fig. 2)

The driving weight W carrying a lever L, comes into contact with a lever L_1 at its bottom position. A parallel lever L_2 carries a mercury switch S_1 , connecting an electric motor to the 220 volts main. The levers L_1 and L_2 are capable of parallel movement, being pivoted at the points P_1 and P_2 and connected by the rod R. As the weight comes down, it tilts the lever L_1 by means of the lever L and the mercury flows in the switch and contact is made. The motor starts and the weight is wound up. As the weight reaches the top position, L comes into contact with L_2 and lifts it up. Mercury in the switch flows back, contact is broken and the motor stops.

PREVENTION OF OVER-WINDING

Even though the mercury contact in S_1 is broken, there is still a likelihood of the circuit being closed, owing to arcing between the two mercury surfaces in the switch. Under such circumstances the motor will continue to wind up the weight. If such a thing happens, lever L_2 will be tilted further and L will come into contact with an ordinary switch S which controls the supply to the electric motor through the mercury switch S_1 . S is permanently kept 'on' and hence S_1 controls the current supply. The lever L comes up and by contact puts off the switch S,

thus cutting off the current supply altogether, and over-winding is prevented.

The lever L_1 , which is also raised up along with L_2 and parallel to it, carries a mercury switch S_2 which, under such circumstances, closes a separate circuit and a bell rings in the Professor's room, indicating that something is wrong with the clock.

FAILURE OF ELECTRIC SUPPLY

In any position of the driving weight, if the main current supply fails, rewinding becomes impossible. Under such circumstances, the weight will come down and touch lever L_1 , and, no effect being produced, will continue to fall. A reserve space of fall of one foot has been provided for such a contingency. As lever L_1 gets tilted, it carries another mercury switch S_3 which again closes the same electric bell circuit and again the warning bell rings. Thus, even if the current fails, the clock can continue to work for a maximum of five hours and even afterwards it can be rewound by hand. But the supply is sure to be restored within this period.

AUTOMATIC LIGHTING OF THE DIALS

It is a well-known fact that the dials of the Fyson Clock are beautifully illuminated between the hours of six and ten P. M. This lighting is controlled by a very ingenious and interesting piece of mechanism. (See fig. 3).

To the hour wheel W_1 is geared another wheel W_2 of double the diameter. This wheel completes one complete revolution in 24 hours and is called the Day Wheel. The day wheel carries a button K near its circumference and during a certain period is in contact with a lever L_1 which carries a mercury switch S_1 . The button raises the lever, the mercury flows and closes the circuit and the Fyson Dial and Jones Dial are lighted. On the line to the Jones Dial is placed an electro-magnet E . As the switch S_1 closes

the circuit, the electro-magnet is also supplied with current and this attracts lever L_2 carrying another mercury switch S_2 , and both the Hostel and Union Dials are lighted. The day wheel is fixed in such a way that the button lifts lever L_1 exactly at 6 P. M. and releases it at 10 P. M.

THE SAFETY FIRE ALARM

In the case of mechanisms like that of the Fyson Clock, electrically driven, and alive all the twenty-four hours, in an enclosed tower, precautions against fire are very essential. The fire alarm mechanism in the Fyson Clock consists of a glass bulb B in continuation of which there is a tube as in figure 4. A portion of the bulb contains air at low pressure. The rest contains mercury and one limb is open to the atmosphere. E_1 and E_2 are platinum electrodes fused to the glass, and are connected through independent batteries to an electrical bell in the Physics department. If the temperature rises above 50° , the air in the bulb expands and pushes down the mercury surface. The mercury in the other limb rises up and touches the electrode E_1 , the circuit is closed and the bell rings, indicating the defect. There is every danger of this glass bulb breaking owing to some cause, especially, since the spot is frequented by visitors. Even if it breaks, that limb which previously contained air at low pressure gets exposed to the atmosphere and this pressure is enough to raise the mercury surface in the other limb. Thus the device is sure to act and err on the safe side.

AUTOMATIC RINGING OF THE COLLEGE HOURS

The future is likely to see the Fyson Clock invested with new responsibilities. The manipulation of the College slave-dials for instance—which at present are controlled by a perilously antique Master clock which was bought in the year 1915—will be entrusted to its charge. What is infinitely more important, it will set out to govern a stan-

dard which is deplorably and disgustingly variable—the college time.

At present, we have four distinct shades within our hallowed precincts. Number one is kept by the Sergeant ; number two, by a decrepit contrivance adjoining the main stair case, which can have no claim to so tremendous a duty ; number three by the slave dials and number four, by the Fyson Clock itself. The unhappy knack of all these, of disagreeing with one another, has long been a subject for comment. Of all these, it need not be said that the time shown by the Fyson Clock is the correct time as it is controlled and periodically checked by time signals received from all parts of the world. When the Fyson Clock takes over the charge of controlling the slave-dials and ringing the college hours, there will be one time and only one, within the college.

GURUMURTI,
IV B. Sc. (Physics).

The Mystery of the Missing Vadais

HOLMES studied the heavy decided signature at the bottom of the typed page, then laid the letter upon the table.

"One who judges character by hand-writing," said he, "would probably think the Secretary a strong man."

Holmes took the stem of the pipe from between his lips. We were sitting in a room facing the Museum—the guests of an Indian friend. Holmes had hinted before we set out from London that he intended to suspend his crime-hunting activities for a time. But we were not to be let alone, even in distant Madras. Now we were in this month of August 19—the guests of Sir Jamsetjee Jankawalla, the eminent lawyer. Before we had left home, it had been mildly hinted to us by Lord Trimsfield that scholarly eminence and ingeniousness were not absolutely favourable to one's welfare and happiness in India. It was a gross misconception, but we were not surprised at it, coming as it did from such a diehard as Trimsfield. Our host, an exceedingly courteous young man, of about fifty, spared no pains to make our stay comfortable.

The day was dark, overcast and damp, like the soft unwholesome dampness that follows a hard frost.

"From your tone" said I, "you don't so consider him."

Sherlock Holmes was looking down at the letter.

"With that staring me in the face, how can I? Here is a matter of tremendous importance—to the man at least—one of these things, the failure of which spells disaster. Yesterday, in what was undoubtedly a panic, he wired to us, begging help. Then almost immediately after, he weakens and writes requesting us to do nothing."

Thick clouds arose from the pipe; the smoker snuggled into the big chair luxuriously.

"And from these you infer he lacks force?"

"Yes, he gave in before even catching a glimpse of the end."

"There are times when it is not altogether desirable to catch that glimpse" remarked Holmes. He blew out a veil of smoke and watched it idly for a moment. "It is possible, in pushing a thing to the end to force an entirely unexpected result. For instance, the case of that professor. He was all fire when he brought the case to us. And yet, when I convinced him that his own son was the thief, rather unwittingly, that it was his six year old son who swallowed his much-prized Mohenjo-Daro coin, he collapsed."

I regarded him with questioning eyes. The windows were open, the high-pitched drawl of a drunken soldier from the street drifted up and into the room. A bar of sunlight shot between two uprearing brick-bulks across the way, it glittered among the glasses on the table, slipped along the carpet and entered at the door of the sitting-room.

And then a knock came upon the door.

I looked at Holmes. He was gazing at the door intently.

"New shoes. Five feet and ten" he gently murmured. "Open the door, doc., and let in our strong friend who dropped in here while we were out. White hat too, at that."

A big square-shouldered young man entered the room. He had thick ebony-coloured hair and wide open eyes. He seemed in doubt for a moment as to whom to address, but Holmes stirred in his seat rather significantly, and our visitor, I was glad to observe, felt relieved. However, he entertained vague suspicions, for he looked at me uncomfortably as I lingered by the window, but Holmes with his

usual 'No fears, sir, we work together' pacified him. He sat down on a seat offered to him.

"Sir," said he, drawing up the chair closer to the table, "if I am intruding, I ask your pardon. I was directed to you by Mr. W—, the stock-broker." He looked big and ill at ease. There was a perplexed expression upon his rugged face, but he said quietly enough:

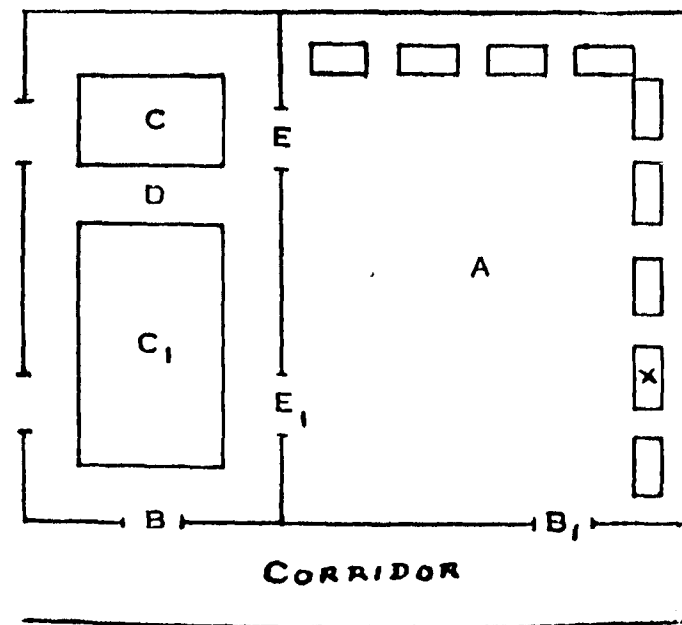
"The story that I shall now relate to you will prove no great problem to you. It may be that my imagination has been playing tricks upon me. However that may be, the whole matter is utterly beyond my comprehension, as for instance, the way you were just now detailing to this gentleman here, who I presume is the doc., your assistant, my figure and my dress."

"Nothing unusual in that sir," Holmes laughed. "It is very simple. Only it needs a pair of quick ears, and two well-discerning eyes. If you would glance at that door, you may observe the thin gap above the door, which permits a thin strip of sunlight to enter this room. I noticed only this morning that it is five feet ten inches high. When you walked up those steps, your new shoes produced a squeaking noise. Your plying of the knocker was decidedly vigorous considering the fact that the brass knocker is at least six or seven pounds in weight. As regards the hat, I could see its crown through that gap. Now unless you were at least five feet ten in height, the crown of that sola hat could not have been visible. A white hat, five feet and ten and a vigorous knock, why there you are—a complete picture!"

"It's marvellous, Mr. Holmes. It is wonderful." He nodded his head and bent forward a trifle. "I shall introduce myself at the outset. I am a money-lender, what you call in polite English, a banker."

"I could feel it by the way you feel that note-paper at your elbow," interrupted Holmes.

"My name is S. Sundaresan,—something has happened, something inexplicable. It may sound silly to you, sir, but it does not sound so to me. This problem has set us all on edge. The affair isn't my own but that of my daughter. Meena, short for Meenambal, is a B.Sc. student at the P—College. She goes to college at 10 A.M. and returns home in the evening at 4. She lunches at 1-30 P.M., in the ladies' retiring room." He drew a pencil from his pocket and leaning forward, drew a plan on a sheet of note-paper. This is a rough plan of the retiring room.



B and B₁ are the two doors opening into the corridor. The room is divided by a partition into two unequal portions, the larger portion A being utilized for dining. The smaller, marked D, is the reading room provided with chairs and two big tables C and C₁. E and E₁ are the two doors in the wooden partition. The table marked x, according to my daughter, is the table she generally occupies. Table No. 1 is unoccupied since it lies in the shadow of the door. Every noon, after the servant, who carried her food for my

daughter had left the dishes uncovered and posted herself outside in the corridor, my daughter would come in, wash her hands at the basin, and proceed to eat. For the past three days, she has been missing the vadais sent along with her food. The maid swears that she saw them when the dishes were laid on the table."

"How long has she been in your service?"

"Nearly seventeen years. I could vouch for her innocence."

Here the man rose and Holmes pressed the bell for Pali, our servant.

"This," he said, "promises to be an interesting case, and it so happens, one that falls in with my inclinations at this time."

"You will undertake it then?" asked the man eagerly.

"With pleasure."

Pali held open the door that the visitor might depart.

"On behalf of my daughter," said the man earnestly, "I thank you." He hesitated a moment and then said, "Before making a definite start in the matter, I suppose it will be necessary for you to visit us at Egmore, 4, Kenneth's Lane."

"Yes," acquiesced Holmes.

"When may I expect you?"

"4 P.M."

The man smiled. "You are prompt," said he. "But my daughter will be delighted," and with that he took his departure.

"Queer things happen in the east," said Holmes, as we drove in a taxi to the Egmore house. "A strange and interesting people. There are a great many things which are held as marking the line of division between the races of the East and the West; but I have an idea that food

and the cooking thereof have more to do with it than anything else. The mental and physical differences are the results of this."

We had turned a corner, and were speeding along the Pantheon Road. We were approaching the Egmore tram shed, when we saw a house, zealously screened off from the road by a thickly growing herbage, and near the gate our friend of the morning stood waiting. The taxi came to a halt at our bidding, and we alighted.

It was a red-brick house, well furnished, and surrounded by a neatly kept garden. In the drawing-room we were introduced to Miss Meena, a charming young lady, with gold-rimmed spectacles, big eyes and black hair. Slightly dark in complexion, (they call it fair in India) she was yet interesting to look at. She spoke good English. Somehow she seemed to bear a good resemblance to Elsie Randolph whom I had seen at the B. I. P. Studios, London.

"Miss Meenambal, this morning your father told us something about the case. I have here the sketch he gave me. You could give me some more information, I am sure."

"Yes sir," she said and remained standing, though she wouldn't sit even when asked to. "Forty of us take our lunch in the retiring room. A few of us are Brahmins, some Christians, five Mohamedans. I used to sit at the second table from the door. The maid would generally leave the dishes open and retire. I would return only then from my class room, go straight to the basin to wash my hands and go back to my seat. I can assure you that none of my fellow-students would have removed the vadais, as they are all good and honest girls, and never indulge in silly pranks."

The maid when questioned, swore that she touched nothing; she opened the dishes, kept them on the table, and retired from the scene.

"How long have you been here?"

"Seventeen years, sir."

"Did you know that on those occasions you carried the tiffin there were some vadais placed therein?"

"Yes sir. The first day I noticed one in the topmost dish, but the other two days, I did not care to look."

"You don't have any partiality for vadais?"

"You mean, sir, I could have eaten them up."

"No, certainly not. I meant that some like vadais and some don't, and that you may perhaps be the one or the other."

"I hate vadais, sir, I like sweets more," and she blushed.

We were then shown the tiffin-box, a brass affair! It had two separate dishes, both being strung together by a brass wire. Holmes examined it closely, turned it over from side to side, and then laid it down.

"There are finger prints of various types. It is no use searching for finger prints here. We may have to go to the college."

The next morning at ten we went to the P— College. Mr. Sundaresan accompanied us. We were taken over a flight of stairs to the second floor. It being a holiday, the college was almost deserted. The doors of the retiring room were shut, but we pushed them open. As shown in the sketch, a wooden partition divided the room into two, the smaller portion being used as a Reading Room. There were copies of the "Sketch" and "London Illustrated Times," on the tables.

Holmes walked over to the table marked X in the plan, and with his lens examined it closely.

"The table presents a hard surface, and we may not find it so easy to take prints. It is the second table from the door and still lies partly in the shade. Miss Meena says none of her friends would have stolen the vadais. I am inclined to believe that, for girls are girls and are not so mischievous as boys. But ——" he pricked his ears and listened. "There is a cat somewhere here. I should like to see it. I am interested in cats."

He stood upon his feet and crept towards the tables in the Reading Room. I followed him and so did Mr. Sundaresan. Holmes leant by the bigger table, and applying his palm to the mouth, produced a 'mewing' sound, which enabled him to draw the cat out from its hiding place. It was a big, black and white cat, nine inches high and about a foot long. It emerged from behind the door and two kittens followed in its wake.

"It is a wonderful specimen. I shall have to mention it in my monograph on 'cats'" said Holmes, as he straightened his back. He drew his coat tighter and walked out into the corridor. "I can assure you sir," he said turning to Mr. Sundaresan, "we would solve the mystery before this evening." With that, he started descending the stairs.

Mr. Sundaresan dropped us at our hosts' at 11. At about one, Holmes went out, saying that he would return in an hour. Feeling tired because of the heat, I ensconced myself comfortably in a sofa, curled up my legs and had a nap. At 3 P.M. Holmes returned with a smile on his lips. "We have solved it, doctor. It was damned easy." Holmes never swore. It looked rather strange and unmannerly, but much could be forgiven to a detective. "We shall now go to the Egmore house." It was not very far from our place and we decided to walk. In twenty minutes,

we reached our destination. Miss Meena was in the drawing-room and on seeing us, ran inside and brought her father with her.

"It is solved, Mr. Sundaresan," Holmes said, seating himself in a chair. "A very simple one, it was. When we went to the college this morning, I mentioned to you that the surface of the table was rough. I noticed then some scratches, which could not have been due to any human agency. They were slight scratches and not deep, which would have been the case if nails or pins had been used. At one I again went to the college. We noticed earlier in the morning the cat and the kittens. I had a vague feeling that the cat might have had something to do with the disappearance of the vadais. So then, I placed a vadai on the table, and near it spread a thin sheet of paper with flour strewn on it. Some animals have a great instinct for punctuality, particularly so the feline species. At 1-30, I stationed myself behind the screen, and mewed. The cat emerged followed by the two kittens. It approached the table marked X in the sketch, and smelling the presence of the vadai, slightly rested on its haunches and leapt on the table. And while doing so, it left some marks on the paper. The marks there were identical with those left on the hard surface. The cat picked the vadai in its mouth and followed by the kittens disappeared under the table."

He took his hat in his hand.

"Let's go doc," he said, as I too got up. "We had a very nice adventure. It was a pretty success too, though I had my fears, that like the Lady of the Bohemian Scandal, the villain of this case might give us a sufficiently hard defeat." He walked towards the door. "Good-bye Mr. Sundaresan," he waved his hat and stepped out into the garden.

On Book-Worms

YONDER, in the farthest corner of my stuffy room, stands my book case crammed with worm-eaten volumes. Oh, these book-worms! Can they not find better things for their food than these century-old books..... Alas, what a metamorphosis my Boswell's "Johnson" has undergone!.....Oh, these wonderful artists have created mountains, valleys and islands out of my books!.....Nay reader, come to my house one day and I shall show you the glorious Himalayas, the wonderful Californian valley and the tropical Bahamas in miniature.

It was yesterday that I woke up and started—'seeming to espy the home and sheltered bed, the book-worm's dwelling' built entirely of torn pages. Looking down I found another page lying on the ground changed beyond recognition. I rushed forth into my room and then towards my book-shelf, and searched for my copy of Prescott's 'Conquest of Mexico.' To my utter disappointment Prescott was not there. I ran hither and thither searching for the book in every nook and corner of the room. But all my search was of no avail; Prescott was not to be found anywhere. I thought for a while. The mystery became clear. Prescott had fallen a prey to these obnoxious book-worms.

Reader, excuse me. Have you a copy of the C. O. D., I mean the Concise Oxford Dictionary. Then turn to page ninety-three and find out the meaning of the word 'book-worm.' My dictionary says that the word 'book-worm' is applied to 'persons devoted to reading.'.....

Well reader, the word 'book-worm,' as your dictionary says, is also applied to persons who stick to books just as the worms do. Then what difference is there

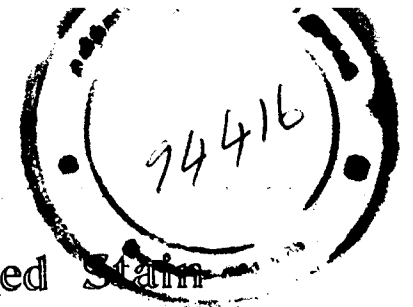
between the human book-worm and the maggot? Reader, trust in me when I say that there are two remarkable differences between the two. The maggot eats and digests the books themselves, whereas the human book-worm eats and digests only the contents of the books. The other difference lies in the fact that while the maggot is skilful enough to create mountains, valleys and islands out of books, the human book-worm can do nothing but mug up the matter contained in the books and vomit what it has memorized whenever occasion arises

Personally I am not a book-worm. But people find nothing more pleasant than calling me 'a book-worm.' And I dare say that I am not perturbed by their styling me a book-worm. Is a book-worm a despicable object? Was not Macaulay—that Macaulay who wrote that he had read 'Aeschylus twice; Sophocles once; Euripides once; Pindar twice;.....Livy, Velleius Paterculus; Cæsar; and lastly Cicero'; that great Macaulay but for whom, they say, we would not have learnt to hold a book in our hands—a great book-worm? Was not the great essayist, William Hazlitt, another great book-worm? Was not the late 'Aircraftsman Shaw,' Thomas Edward Laurence (may his soul be exempted from the tortures of hell!)—that great Arabian Knight who fought hard and bitterly for freedom and whose mysteries 'lie buried in a simple grave' by the side of the river Frome—called a 'book-worm' while he was prosecuting his studies in an Oxford School?

The word book-worm is now in everybody's mouth. If you do not want to be styled a book-worm, you must obey the following directions:—In the first place you should take care to see that you do not secure good marks in the examinations. Secondly you should not carry with you a bundle of books, for a bundle of books is always associated with a book-worm. Thirdly and lastly you

should not spend your leisure hours peacefully in the library room but should be strutting along the corridors debating with your friends whether Greta Garbo is really the most popular film star living, whether Major Nayudu is a better batsman than that great Australian Wizard, or for the matter of that, whether the days of tuft are over or still surviving. Your Principal indeed may not like your fooling away your time like that. But if you take it into your head to satisfy your Principal, you are doomed to be called a 'book-worm.'

V. VAIDHYANATHAN,
II CLASS.



The Clue of the Red Stain

PROLOGUE

It was an Alpine forest. Midwinter. Fierce hail-storms and gales raged on all sides. Tall pine trees were uprooted. Some of them were split into match wood. The whole country was covered with the red dust of the forest. Such a tornado had never been witnessed in Rosa before. The wild animals of the forest never dared to leave their dens in spite of their hunger. Birds flew here and there screaming—all their nests had been torn away by the fierce gale. The fierce wind abated, but heavy rains followed in its wake.

A traveller muffled in a red cloak glancing furtively here and there, was going through the forest. He seemed to be quite unmindful of the heavy rains and the fierce tornado. A tall tree with scarlet flowers lay on his path. All the branches of the tree had been lopped off except one which was clinging to the trunk loosely. A parrot had built its nest on this branch; it was uninjured. Owing to the fall of the tree, the nest had been violently shaken, and out of it fluttered a small parrot. It was seen pecking at the little red flowers. The muffled gentleman took the parrot tenderly and wrapped it in his handkerchief and went on his way.

Detective Chief Inspector Hawkins was sitting at his desk one morning when the telephone buzzed in his ears. He took the receiver off the hook and heard the Rosa Police Station calling him. He was informed in a clear voice that Mr. Jones had been found dead in his room in the early hours of the morning. There were only four other people in the house—one of them, however, being away that night—Mrs. Jones, Edith, their daughter, Alec, their son, and Mr. Stephen, their nephew. Mr. Stephen had gone boating

with his friends that evening. Inspector Hawkins rose from his chair with a groan and taking his car drove to the Rosa Police Station where he heard the same story told over again. Sub-Inspector Roberts took him to the 'Green Cottage' to show him the body and the scene of the murder. Mr. Jones was lying in his easy chair. He was wearing a shirt made of a fine white silk with red spots. There was no other clue on Mr. Jones except a small puncture mark on his left arm. The doctor was of the opinion that he had died of poison. Nobody in the house could be suspected. Mr. Stephen, it was true, was not on good terms with his uncle. Yet he had been away on the evening of the murder at Lake Geneva. Hawkins was baffled. He dreaded to see the eyes of his chief who liked to hear of no failures. But the whole case was enwrapped in complete mystery and there was no clue except the puncture mark—but the doctor could not help the detective much.

A week had elapsed and the detective felt that he was just where he began. Newspapers began to write inconvenient remarks against the C. I. D. and Hawkins could not do anything at all except bite his teeth. The next morning brought in sensational developments. Alec too, the young son of Mrs. Jones, had been found murdered in the 'Green Cottage'! There was, as in the case of the father, no visible mark on the body except a small puncture mark in the neck. The boy was dressed in a white drill coat and was wearing a deep red coloured tie. No suspicion could be attached to anybody in the house—not even on Mr. Stephen who had left for shooting with his friends that morning. Moreover he had shown great grief at his uncle's death and had vowed that he would bring the murderer to book. Hawkins wrung his hand in despair.

It was really foolish on the part of the widow and her daughter to stay in the house after these two horrible murders. But the mother proved obstinate and refused to

move from the house till her husband's murderer had been found. It was the third murder in the house that made Hawkins think a bit. Mrs. Jones was the third victim. She was clad in a blue gown, and had a jacket of white silk. In the evening, her nephew had spoilt her jacket slightly by accidentally pouring red ink from his fountain pen which he was then cleaning. There were only a spot or two, and Mrs. Jones didn't care to change. She had other thoughts just then. That same night she was found murdered in her sleeping room. Edith had sworn that no one entered her mother's room that night.

Mr. Hawkins went to the 'Green Cottage' for the third time, made a few enquiries, and returned home apparently much satisfied. He had solved the whole mystery and so he slept heavily. The next day he had a talk with his chief for an hour. He promised Edith, who was living with her uncle, Mr. Brown, and all her relations including Mr. Stephen, that he would explain to all of them the mystery of the murders if they would be present at the 'Green Cottage' the next morning. Everybody was in the drawing room of the 'Green Cottage' early the next day. Even Edith, who was advised to stay away, was present there. She was really a brave girl. Hawkins began his story:

"You all know that Mr. Jones was wearing a shirt which had red spots on the day of his death. You also remember that Alec was wearing a red tie when he died. Mrs. Jones had spoilt her jacket with a splash of red ink. The motif is red, gentlemen.....

"Miss Edith was loved by a gentleman who was refused unkindly by the family and herself. The gentleman happened to be a near heir of the family. With Mr. Jones and Alec out of the way he thought he could force Mrs. Jones to give her daughter's hand in marriage to him. The husband had made a will in which he left his money to his widow. So Mrs. Jones had also to be silenced. He now

intends to win by force the hand of the brave girl sitting before you all. You all know him by name, he is....."

Just then flew a parrot into the room. It flew to the table and sat before Edith. Hawkins rushed from his place and shot the bird with his rifle.

"This parrot was the instrument by which Mr. Stephen committed the three murders. Owing to some antipathy to red objects from its birth, the parrot had a habit of pecking at red objects. The murderer had noticed this and with a gleam of joy he thought of utilising it to his advantage by painting the parrot's beak with a deadly poison which would do its work every time the bird pecked at an object. But he went too far. It was he who bought the silk shirt with red spots for his uncle. It was he who presented the red tie to Alec. But he revealed himself when he poured red ink on Mrs. Jones's jacket....."

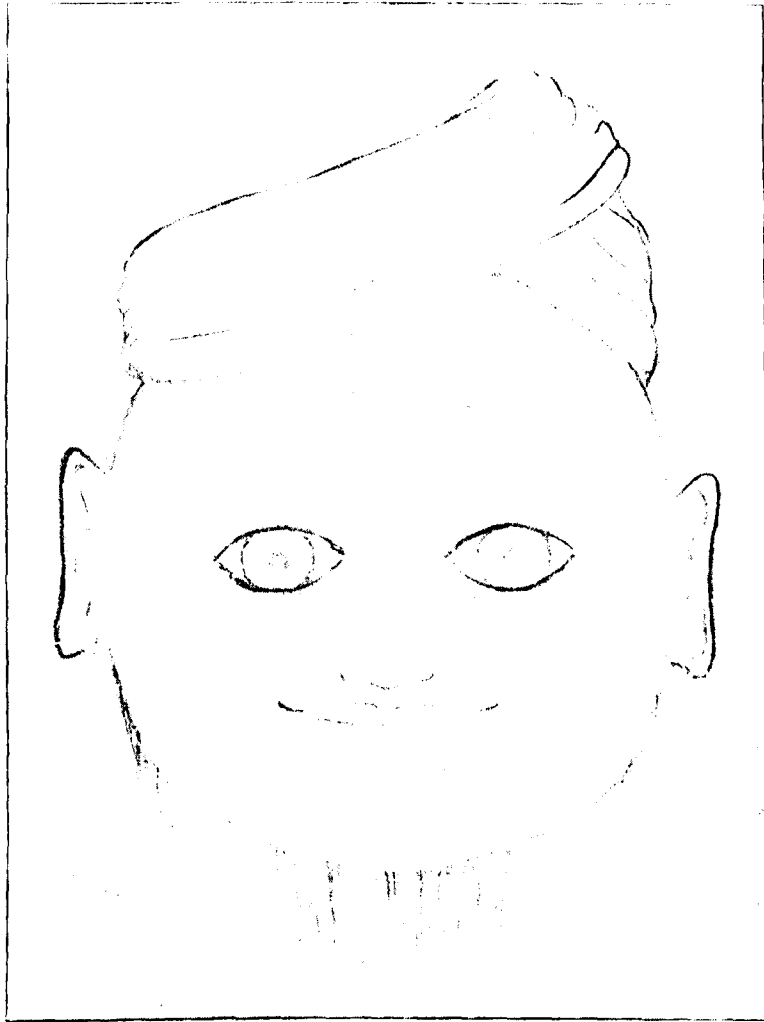
"Miss Edith you should not have worn the red flower on your breast. You would have been dead long ago if I had not shot the bird. The flower, it will be interesting to you, was sent to your aunt by Mr. Stephen yesterday as a present to you.

"The case was indeed difficult, for Mr. Stephen always had cast iron alibis. He used to let the parrot out of its cage and go out with his friends immediately. Look there....."

Mr. Stephen was taking something from his pocket. Two plain clothes men seized from his hand, a small phial, and handcuffed him. Mr. Hawkins took it in his hand. "Some more of the South African poison, I need it for my laboratory."

S. SRINIVASAN,
V. Hons. (English).

NOT TWO



NOT ONE

S. Moimuddin.

The Newly Formed Student Christian Movement of India, Burma and Ceylon

THE conference of the delegates from all over India of the Student Christian Association which consisted entirely of men-students ever since its formation in 1912, and the Student Young Women's Christian Association, which met at the Women's Christian College, Madras, from April 29th to May 5th, 1935, resolved unanimously, that the two bodies be formed into one united movement, henceforward to be called the Student Christian Movement of India, Burma and Ceylon. The desire of the members of the new movement is "that God may purify and inspire their minds and hearts so that they may be able to discern His will for them, and be ready to follow gladly wherever He may call them; that they may live in close communion with Christ so that He may at all times manifest in their daily life His Spirit of self-forgetful love and service...." The members of the movement aim also at understanding and appreciating all that is true, good and beautiful in the ancient religions of India. This movement is federated with the World's Student Christian Federation which binds the Christian students in the Universities and Colleges of the world in a common fellowship. Four representatives of the Student Christian Movement of India, Burma and Ceylon will visit Java in August at the invitation of the S. C. M. of Java and it will be noted with pleasure that one of them is Miss Mercy Schaffter, B. Sc., an old student of the College.

P. G. D.

IN MEMORIAM

Rao Sahib T. K. Hanumantha Rao,
B.A., L.T.

Asst. Professor of Chemistry, Presidency College, 1895—1909

Professor of Chemistry, Kumbakonam College, 1909—1923

(Born 1868—Died 1936)

MR. HANUMANTHA RAO was born in the Tinnevelly District in 1868, of very humble parents. He passed his F. A. Examination in 1882 from the Tinnevelly Hindu College and his B. A. Examination in 1886, from the Madras Presidency College. While in Presidency College, he greatly impressed his Professor, Dr. Wilson, who came to like his pupil for his sterling character and unremitting devotion to his studies.

After a few years of service in private institutions, Mr. Hanumantha Rao joined Government service as an Assistant Lecturer, in the Government Arts College at Rajahmundry in 1894. In 1895 Dr. Wilson had him transferred to Presidency College to help him make his department popular and attractive. For fourteen years, from 1895 to 1909, Mr. Hanumantha Rao served Presidency College in the Chemistry department with credit to himself and profit to those who came under his persuasive and eloquent teaching. In 1909, he was transferred to the Kumbakonam Government College as Head of the Department of Chemistry in that institution. He filled this chair for another fourteen years, from 1909 to 1923, when he retired from Government service, full of age and honours.

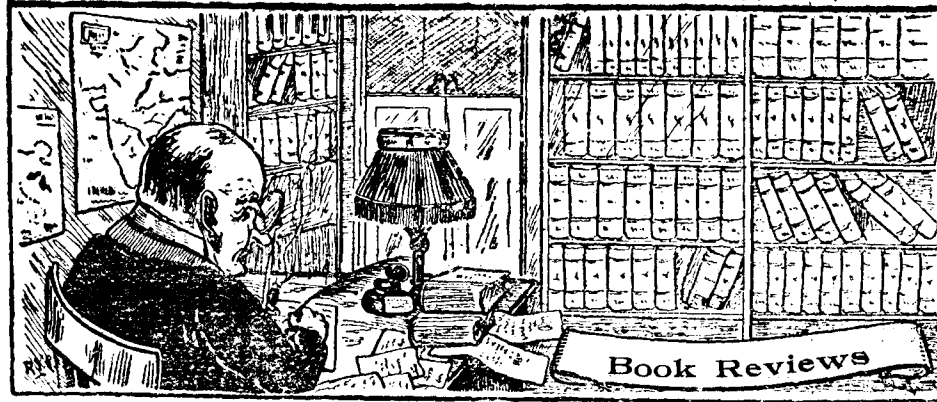
Side by side with his educational work which won him the high esteem, both of the Government and of the public, Mr. Hanumantha Rao developed a few hobbies, even from quite an early period in his career.

In close association with the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri and a few others he started the "Triplicane Store" in 1904, which, thanks to the enthusiasm and self-sacrifice of those early pioneers, is to-day one of the biggest Co-operative Stores in India. Mr. Hanumantha Rao's love of "Co-operation" and co-operative endeavours knew no bounds. Besides helping the Co-operative Movement in this Presidency in various ways even while in service, he threw himself heart and soul into the starting of the "Triplicane Fund," as soon as he retired from service and settled down in Madras. The present position and prosperity of the Fund furnish eloquent testimony to the foresight and business integrity of Mr. Hanumantha Rao.

Mr. Hanumantha Rao died on the 23rd January 1936.

Thoroughness and efficiency characterised all his work in life, be it the study of Shakespeare or Science, of the Ramayana or of Astrology. He was interested equally in the designing and construction of houses as of laboratories. Though conservative in his private life, he had a genuine sympathy for all progressive ideas and movements; and his work and his memory will live long after him.

P. P. S. SASTRI.



MILTON'S 'PARADISE LOST,' Book II. Edited with Introduction and Notes by M. Macmillan, D. Litt. Published by Messrs. Macmillan & Co., in the "English Classics for India" Series.

THE suitability of this edition of an English Classic for Indian students lies in the simple exposition of Milton's thought and language which the Editor has attempted both in the Introduction and in the Notes. The introduction is not unnecessarily packed with elaborate details of Milton's life nor is it an extensive criticism of Milton's works included in it; but it covers sufficient ground to create in the student a desire to study the great poet. The nobility of Milton's character, the great aim he kept in view as a poet, and the intimate relation between Milton's life and his works are all sufficiently emphasized and illustrated. The Editor also discusses the genesis and the so-called sources of *Paradise Lost*, the various blemishes attributed to Milton's epic, the outstanding features of Books I and II, and the grandeur of the picture of Satan. The notes are not burdened with lengthy philological discussions and references to, or quotations of, parallel passages from other great writers, which are usually the despair of the ordinary Indian student requiring no scholarly knowledge of Milton's poetry. Words that have undergone semantic changes and tough Miltonic con-

struction (including those on the classical model) have been lucidly explained in terms of modern English grammar and usage. Figures of speech that adorn the poetry of Milton have been illustrated in the classified list that forms the Appendix.

But in this useful edition there are a few omissions which cannot be lightly passed over. Nowhere in the course of the Introduction, Notes or Appendix does the Editor comment on Milton's use of the Homeric Simile of which there are some good examples in Book II, e.g., l. 284 et seq., l. 488 et seq., and l. 636 et seq.; nor is the student's attention drawn, except in one casual remark, to Milton's wonderful skill in portraiture displayed in the variegated picture of Satan's Cabinet, each member of which is endowed with distinctive traits of his own. In his discussion of the sources the Editor makes no mention of Hugo Grotius's "Adamus Exul" to which, as many critics hold, Milton is much indebted. Notwithstanding these drawbacks, the edition seems well suited to the needs of students in Indian Universities.

A small error in grammar that has crept into an otherwise carefully-worded Introduction may be pointed out. At page xxiv, line 5 et seq, we read: "The general reading *public* in *their* heart of hearts *is* inclined to endorse" etc.

B. RAGHAVA BALIGA.

THE RING AND THE BOOK: By Robert Browning. The Story retold by Charles Williams. Oxford University Press.

MR. CHARLES WILLIAMS, poet and critic, has in this booklet of not more than a hundred pages admirably retold the story of Browning's poem, *The Ring and the Book*, "one of the greatest of all English Poems, and quite the greatest of Robert Browning's." As Mr. Williams remarks in his brief but excellent introduction,

"to tell the story of the poem in prose is to make but a poor and base imitation of the Ring (*i.e.*, the poem). It has but one excuse—that the story is a little complicated, and that the method Browning adopted, of retelling it ten times from different points of view, does not altogether make it easier to follow. Also there is in it no surprise; the development of the poem is in the spiritual temper, not in the narration." Mr. Williams has done his work supremely well. His narrative is of the right size and its proportion and emphasis reveal the mind of an artist. Not only is the narrative an admirable introduction to the story of the great poem but also to an understanding of the great characters whom the poet's imagination has re-created out of the seventeenth century Italian murder story—Pietro and Violante Comparini, the married couple, Pompilia, the tragic heroine, Guido Franceschini, her brutal husband, Caponsacchi, who is elevated and purified by Pompilia, and the noble Pope Innocent XIII, who condemned Guido and his accomplices to death. The book includes a portrait of Browning, a facsimile of the title-page of 'The Book,' the famous old square, yellow volume which Browning picked up at a second-hand dealer's shop in Florence in 1860, and a helpful plan of the city of Rome to illustrate the narrative. It is altogether a delightful volume.

V. K. A. PILLAI.

THE SECRET OF ANAL HAQQ—By Khan Sahib Khaja Khan, B.A.—Printed at the Hogarth Press, Mount Road P. O. Pages 238. Price Rs. 2.

SHAYKH Ibrahim Gazur-i-Ilahi of the Central Provinces was a *sufi* of great reputation. His Persian sayings are in the nature of a commentary on the verses of the Holy Quran, and thus are helpful in the elucidation and understanding of the esoteric teachings of the Prophet. Muhammad Sadiq, one of the disciples of

Gazur-i-Ilahi, collected his sayings in a volume under the title 'Irshadatul-Arifin' (Directions to Devotees). But the book was never published.

Khan Sahib Khaja Khan, Madras, who had access to a rough copy of the manuscript some years ago, selected some of the sayings, rendered them into English, and first published them in a small volume in 1926. The book under review is the second edition. It would have been more helpful if the translator had given a synopsis of the original manuscript as well as the reasons for his confining himself to selections.

A systematised transliteration of Arabic and Persian would add utility to the work.

S. M. H. N.

THE CRITIC: By R. B. Sheridan. Edited by Robert Herring. (Macmillan's English Literature Series. 1s. 6d.)

THE *Critic* is a play of much intrinsic interest and of more historical importance; but it cannot be understood or even enjoyed without editorial assistance. Mr. Herring's excellent and inexpensive edition meets a real want and is sure of a kindly welcome from teachers and students of eighteenth-century drama. His comments and criticisms, in the Introduction and Notes, are full without being prolix and enable the ordinary reader to relate the speeches, the characters and the situations in the play to the incidents and the social and theatrical conditions which they satirize.

K. S.

TAGORE'S LECTURES AND ADDRESSES : (Indian Edition). Edited by Antony X. Soares, M.A., LL.B. Macmillan & Co. Price Re. 1.

IN the seven lectures and extracts brought together in this little book, the Editor has succeeded in placing before the readers a vivid account of the influences which shaped Dr. Tagore's poetic life and of his thoughts and convictions on some of the most pressing problems of modern life. The poet is left alone with the reader to reveal his personality and his creed by his own words without the officious intervention of a commentator. In thus helping us to an understanding of Dr. Tagore's spiritual ideals, the Editor has indirectly enabled us to interpret also the soul of India in her days of glory.

Among the formative influences of his life, Dr. Tagore gives the first place to the social ostracism of his family due to his father being a Brahmo. This saved him from the deadening effect of convention and imitation and 'stimulated him to freedom of thought and experiment in all departments of life.' He was brought up in a family where literature, music, and art had become instinctive. The old Vaishnavite hymns stirred his imagination 'with the beauty of their forms and the music of their words.' From his early years he had an intimate feeling of 'companionship with the trees and the clouds and felt in tune with the musical touch of the seasons in the air.' His susceptibility to human kindness was also keen. These craved for artistic expression and he embodied his emotions in forms that were not dictated by artificial standards and conventions and were true only to the inner law of his own fancy.

The second lecture 'My School' gives glimpses, albeit too few, of Shanti-Niketan, of the methods of teaching adopted there and of the absence of all formal discipline in it. Dr. Tagore holds that poverty alone brings us into

complete touch with life and the world and that 'living rich is living by proxy' and thus living in a world of lesser reality. The pupils at Shanti-Niketan learn all that they can with the tips of their fingers and the sensitive soles of their feet. They run about, jump, and climb trees so that they may have 'personal experience of the world.' Dr. Tagore is of opinion that the regular type of school 'forcibly snatches away children from a world full of the mystery of God's own handiwork, full of the suggestiveness of personality'. The goal of education he finds 'not in any particular material object or wealth, or comfort or power but our awaking to full consciousness in soul freedom, the freedom of the life in God where we have no enmity with those who must fight, no competition with those who must make money, where we are beyond all attacks and above all insult.' He tells us how poetry, music, and painting are taught at Shanti-Niketan without any constraint and in the most natural manner by avoiding the formal processes of teaching. His words frequently remind us of Rousseau's system of education for Emile, but one would like to know by what means Shanti-Niketan renders pleasant the study of the higher branches of mathematics and science where the learner has to toil in our schools and colleges up the hill of knowledge with great and often painful effort to make the acquisitions of the past his own.

In the lecture on Civilization and Progress, Dr. Tagore makes out a wide distinction between these two concepts. True civilization has, according to him, for its central force, a great spiritual ideal. Its values are based on 'the perfection of human relationship to be obtained by controlling the egotistic instincts of man and by giving him a philosophy of his fundamental unity. Progress, on the other hand maintains itself by finding access to Nature's store-houses of power. In mere progress the inner ideal of civilization is pushed aside by the love of power. Civilization finds its completeness when

it expresses humanity and not when it displays its power to amass materials. The passion for power and money in the modern world has not only Science for its ally, but also other forces that have some semblance of religion, such as nation-worship and the idealizing of self-interest.' Against this aggressive, selfish nationalism of the West Tagore makes an emphatic protest. "The West," he says, "must not make herself a curse to the world by using her power for her own selfish ends. She must not make her materialism to be the final thing, but must realize that she is doing a service in freeing the spiritual being from the tyranny of matter." The true aim of civilization is, according to Tagore, to recognise 'the divine ideal of personality.' "The ultimate truth in man," he says in 'Construction *versus* Creation,' "is not in his intellect or in his material wealth; it is in his imagination of sympathy, in his illumination of heart, in his activities of self-sacrifice, in his capacity for extending love far and wide across all barriers of caste and colour, in his realizing this world not as a store-house of power, but as a habitation of man's soul with its eternal music of beauty and its inner light of a divine presence."

Two of these lectures were delivered in Japan and Italy and are of great topical interest in the circumstances of to-day. In 'International Relations,' addressed to a Japanese audience, Tagore is boldly outspoken. "I have a deep love and respect," he said, "for you as a people, but when as a nation you have your dealings with other nations, you also can be deceptive, cruel, and efficient in handling those methods in which the western nations show such mastery. Whenever the spirit of the nation has come, it has destroyed sympathy and beauty and driven out the generous obligations of human relationship from the hearts of men." The same boldness characterises the speech delivered at Milan where he said to the Italians: "Only those races will prosper, who, for the sake of their own perfection, and

permanent safety are ready to cultivate the spiritual magnanimity of mind that enables the soul of man to be realized in the heart of all races." 'What a cry in the wilderness,' one is apt to exclaim when one thinks of the 'civilizing mission' undertaken by Japan and Italy since then in Manchuko and Abyssinia.

The last selection is an extract from 'Sadhana' and is entitled 'The Realisation of the Infinite.' Dr. Tagore's religion is the religion of the heart and does not seek the support of reason and his language in describing his spiritual faith is that of the ancient seers of the Upanishads. He says: 'Brahma is Brahma; He is the infinite ideal of perfection. But we are not what we truly are; we are ever to become true, ever to become Brahma. There is the eternal play of love in the relation between this being and the becoming, and in the depth of this mystery is the source of all truth and beauty that sustains the endless march of creation'. A little further on he observes in words glowing with emotion, "The union is already accomplished. The Paramatman, the supreme soul, has Himself chosen this soul of ours as His bride and the marriage has been completed. And now goes on the endless *lila*, the play of love. He who has been gained in eternity is now being pursued in time and space: in joys and sorrows, in this world and in the worlds beyond. When the soul-bride understands this well, her heart is blissful, and at rest. But so long as she remains obstinately in the dark, lifts not her veil, does not recognise her lover and only knows the world dissociated from Him, she serves as a handmaid here, where by right she might reign as a queen." The reader who happens to rely on reason for his religious convictions will perhaps feel a sense of disappointment at this poetic but elusive description of mystic experience.

Tagore's prose is the prose of a poet. He thinks in figures and images. Speaking of Bankim Chandra Chatterjea, he says for instance: "He lifted the dead weight

of ponderous forms from our language and with a touch of his magic wand aroused our literature from her age-long sleep. What a vision of beauty she revealed to us when she awoke in the fulness of her strength and grace! Elsewhere he speaks of children's lives crushed in their classes like flowers pressed between book leaves. He describes the joy that lies in Truth thus: "Gladness is the one criterion of Truth, and we know when we have touched Truth by the music it gives, by the joy of the greeting it sends forth to the Truth in us." The images come spontaneously to his mind not only when he has to describe things that are beautiful, but when he condemns those that are ugly and degrading. Mark, for example, the following sentences:—

"This huge degradation, (the greed for money) like a slimy reptile has spread its coils round the whole human world. Before we can rescue humanity from the bondage of its interminable tail we must free our mind from the sacrilege of worship offered to this unholy power, this evil dragon which can never be the presiding deity of the civilization of man."

Dr. Tagore is, by no means, a correct writer and has occasional lapses of grammar and idiom. But the pettifogging grammarian is silenced into shame by outbursts of poetic splendour like the following:—

"For the forest sanctuary or *Asram* blossomed in India like its own lotus, under a sky generous in its sunlight and starry splendour. India's climate has brought to us the invitation of the open air; the language of her mighty rivers is solemn in their chants; the limitless expanse of her plains encircles our homes with the silence of the world beyond; there the sun arises from the marge of the green earth like an offering of the Unseen to the altar of the Unknown and it goes down to the West at the end of the day like a gorgeous ceremony of Nature's salutation to the Eternal."

Nothing could be more bracing to the spirit of the youthful student than contact with a personality so independent in its outlook on life, so free from the taint of the aggressive self-interest of the modern world and so deeply consecrated to the love of all that is beautiful in Nature and in the relations of men towards one another; and no better introduction to the writings of India's idealistic poet could be thought of than this small collection of lectures and addresses.

M. R. RAJAGOPALA AYYANGAR.



COLLEGE NOTES

The following were the changes in the staff of the College since March 1935 :—

(1) Mr. A. S. Thiagaraju, Assistant Professor of English, was transferred to the Ceded Districts College, Anantapur, and Dr. I. S. Peter succeeded him. Dr. Peter has now been transferred, on promotion, which he has well earned, to the Madras Educational Service, as Lecturer in the Government Training College at Rajahmundry and Mr. P. V. Alexander has succeeded him.

(2) Mahamahopadhyaya Professor S. Kuppuswami Sastriar, after a distinguished service as Professor of Sanskrit in the College from 1914, retired in December 1935. Mr. P. P. S. Sastri has succeeded him as Professor and the Additional Professorship has been abolished. Mr. L. R. Ramachandra Ayyar has come back to the College as Assistant Professor of Sanskrit.

(3) Mr. S. Venkatacharya, Assistant Professor of History, has been transferred on promotion to the Madras Educational Service as Lecturer in the Government Training College at Rajahmundry and Mr. V. Narayanaswami has succeeded him.

(4) Mr. V. Appa Rao, Additional Professor of Physics in the College for the last nine years, has been transferred on promotion as Principal of the Government Training College at Rajahmundry. Professor Appa Rao's distinction as a teacher of his subject and his popularity among his students and colleagues were testified to by the speakers at the special meeting of the Physics Association a report of which will be found elsewhere in the number.

Mr. P. S. Subrahmanya Ayyar, who is not new to the College, has been transferred from Rajahmundry to succeed him.

• * * * *

The Annual Athletic Sports of the College were held on 20th January 1936, in the Presidency College grounds under the distinguished presidency of His

Excellency the Lord Erskine, Governor of Madras. The function which was attended by a large number of distinguished guests and old students was, thanks largely to the hearty and cheerful co-operation of the students and staff, a great success. A large and varied programme of sports was gone through under ideal weather. In appreciation of the whole-hearted co-operation and unstinted work of everybody concerned, the Principal issued the following notice.

NOTICE

To all members of the College.

I desire to congratulate all members of the College on the great success of the Annual Sports Day on 20th January, and to thank all who, by their hard work, courteous behaviour and regard for orderly arrangement contributed to this success.

Many of our guests, including His Excellency the Governor, told me how much they had enjoyed the afternoon and thanked me for the orderly arrangements which had been made for their comfort. Quite a number of guests said that they had never attended a happier or more comfortable function.

Presidency College,
Madras, 24-1-1936

H. C. PAPWORTH,
Principal.

The Sports over, the Principal, Mr. H. C. Papworth, M.A., I.E.S., spoke as follows :—

“YOUR EXCELLENCY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

“It is my privilege on this occasion to offer to His Excellency a very hearty and sincere welcome on the occasion of his first visit to Presidency College. This is the first time that His Excellency has honoured us by being our guest ; but we hope that he will do so again on many future occasions. At the end of this year, we hope that our new Natural Science Building, which will be the last word in modern equipment, will be opened by His Excellency. That, of course, will be a very formal occasion ; but His Excellency has very kindly promised me that he will visit the College on an ordinary week day morning and see us at our work. I can assure him that we shall appreciate that visit more than I can say.

"I do not, on these occasions, make a long and formal speech ; neither do I give an account of the work of the College. But there are just one or two things I will take this opportunity of saying. First of all, I am glad to welcome amongst our guests a large number of old students of the College. Last year, I referred to the fact that we were in process of forming an Old Students' Association. During the year, that Association has been formed and it has been registered under the Societies' Act. So, now it exists as a proper organized Association with a definite constitution and a definite membership. Now that the Association has been formed, (perhaps rather late in the day, as we are very nearly a hundred years old) I hope that all the old students of the College who still take an interest in us and in our affairs will join that Association, and make it a real living Club of Old Presidency College Students, of whom there are many thousands in public life and in prominence in the Presidency. Those of you who have already joined, I want you to be recruiting agents for new members, because by 1940 when we celebrate our Centenary I want that Association to be a flourishing concern, able to take a prominent and adequate part in our Centenary Celebrations, for the Centenary of Presidency College will be a unique factor in Government education in India.

"With regard to our sporting and athletic activities, throughout the year we have taken part in all the various tournaments organized by the various Athletic Associations in Madras, and we have also contributed largely to the newly formed University Athletic Organizations. We have, as usual, excelled in Cricket, but not so much in other games. For the eleventh year in succession, that is, ever since its foundation, we have won the Duncan Memorial Cup. (Hear hear). We have never lost it. (Applause). I shall tell Mr. Duncan, as I always do, that we have again won it. (Hear hear). He is in perfect health and in perfect happiness ; but I hesitate to think what would happen to him if you ever lost that Memorial Cup! In other games we have not won any trophy so large and so important ; but as I have said before, it is playing the game and not winning the game that really matters. I am also glad to compliment the College on the large number of students who have taken part throughout the year in the various athletic activities and games. It often happens in a College that a small nucleus forms the entire team in every direction. A small minority does the work while the vast majority looks on. We are improving in that direction. Nearly 500 out of 750 have, during the year, taken either a great or small part in some form of sport or athletics ; and that is a thing which gives me much pleasure.

"With regard to the athletic activities and sports which culminate in to-day's proceedings, there are many willing helpers whom I ought to thank. As you know, in an organization of this kind, there are many helpers ; but the brunt of the work and the weight of the responsibility usually fall upon one person who has to bear the heat and burden of the day ; and in that connexion

the man who has done most not only to-day but throughout the year is Mr. P. R. Subramanian. You and I are grateful to him for all that he does, and not only for that but also for the very cheerful way in which he does it. Nothing is too much trouble to him. He draws no line of distinction between his work and other people's work ; but does cheerfully and willingly and well whatever comes to hand—his job and other people's jobs too! Some people are very particular to do only their own job. In addition to Mr. Subramanian, there are those who have been associated with him during the year like Mr. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai and Mr. Suryanarayana, and also the various captains of the various teams, and the Union Society Committee and all who have throughout the year willingly given their services not merely to the work of the College, but also to the play of the College. To them and to those who have helped by being judges, and other officials in to-day's sports the College is exceedingly grateful.

"I am not going to say any more about our activities except to congratulate all those who have won and who have taken part in these events, and who have contributed to our day's enjoyment. I will now ask His Excellency very kindly to give away the prizes."

His Excellency the Lord Erskine, G.C.I.E., who presided over the function, spoke as follows :—

"MR. PRINCIPAL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"It has given me very great pleasure to be able to come here this afternoon and give away the prizes. I should be only too delighted to accept your Principal's invitation to come and see the College on an ordinary working day, because I would very much like to see how it is conducted on an ordinary day when no special function has been arranged. I would like to congratulate you very much on the excellent show that you have made in sports, and particularly in Cricket. (Hear hear). I would also like to take this opportunity of congratulating the Guard of Honour which received me this afternoon on the smartness and excellence of their turn-out. I hope that it will be my privilege to come here again in future years and give away the prizes and I wish the College every success."

Mr. J. Franco, Professor of History, spoke as follows :—

"LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

"It is now my pleasant duty on behalf of the College, the old students of this College and all the guests assembled here this evening to propose a hearty vote of thanks to H. E. the Governor for his gracious kindness in presiding over the function of this evening and helping to make it a glorious success."

THE UNION SOCIETY

I TERM

In the first instance, the Union interested itself in the Library Reading Room. As a result, the magazines which used to come to the table after a week's circulation among the Professors are now there, after three days' stay in the Professors' Common Room.

During this term many interesting lectures and debates were held.

The inaugural debate of the year was held on the 22nd July, with the President, Mr. C. K. Sitaraman, in the chair.

"Are we Civilized?" was the subject on which the discussion was initiated by Mr. Nagaraja Rao (old student).

Mr. K. Sarvothama Row (old student) led the opposition.

The others who took part were :

For	Against
P. S. Nataraja Sarma (IV Hons. Chem.)	K. Narayanan, B. A. (Hons.) old student.
P. J. Ramachandran (IV Hons.)	C. Balakrishnan Nair (IV Phy.)
S. V. Ramani (V Hons. Bot.)	T. V. Narasinga Row (IV Hons. Lit.)

The House returned a verdict that "we were civilized."

The Secretary proposed a vote of thanks and the House rose for the day.

On the 2nd August Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri, M. A., B. L., C. I. E., addressed the House on "A Miscellany of Interesting Topics." The President of the Union, Mr. C. K. Sitaraman, handsomely introduced the lecturer, and Mr. Sastri gave us an interesting talk mainly about social uplift and rural reconstruction problems in India.

On the 21st August Mr. K. J. Mahadevan, B.A., delivered an address on "Cinema as an Art and a Career." It was a topic of interest to the members and at question time several interesting points were raised and answered.

On the 23rd August, Mr. P. S. Nataraja Sarma, IV Hons. (Chemistry) moved that in the opinion of the House, "Religion is a stumbling block to progress."

Mr. S. V. Ramani V Hons. (Botany) opposed the motion.

Miss Vilasini Sheno, ex-President of the Union Society, presided.

After the debate, the motion was put to vote, and lost.

On the 26th of August, Dewan Bahadur S. E. Runganathan, M.A., addressed the House on "Propaganda and Public Opinion."



THE UNION SOCIETY.

The Society met again on the 25th August to hear Mr. G. E. Walker speak on "The University System of England."

On the 30th August, Swami Sidheswarananda of the Ramakrishna Mutt, Mylapore, spoke on the Spiritual Problem of Modern Man.

The Union Committee adopted a resolution that the candidate for the Secretaryship of the Union Society must have taken part at least twice in the debates held under the auspices of the Union, in one of which he or she should have moved or opposed a resolution. The Principal, however, differed from the Committee and the resolution was dropped.

II TERM

The election for the Secretaryship of the Union Society for the Second Term was held on the 7th of October. Mr. C. Raghunatha Reddy, IV Hons. (History), Mr. P. S. Nataraja Sarma IV Hons. (Chemistry), and Mr. P. Chinniah Raju, III Hons. (Zoology), contested. Mr. C. Raghunatha Reddy was elected as the Secretary. Mr. S. Y. Padmanabhan, IV Hons. (Botany), became the President.

The Union Committee met for the first time for this term on the 10th of October. It was decided to hold the annual inter-collegiate debate on the 17th of October.

Mr. Madhavan Nambiar, M. A. (Post Graduate History), Miss Vilasini Devi Shenoi, V Hons. (Economics), Miss K. M. Sowmini B.A. (Post Graduate History) and Mr. Balakrishnan Nair, IV M. Sc. (Physics) were selected to represent our college.

On the 16th of October, Miss Mani Ben Kara addressed the Union on 'Economic Problems.' The lecturer, in her own inimitable eloquent way, pointed out the evils of exploitation by the capitalists. She advised the students to go back to villages and do rural upliftment work.

On the 17th of October the inter-collegiate debate was held. The subject for the debate was "That, in the opinion of the House, if the Congress take up office, they will experience more difficulties than the British in governing India." Mr. Madhavan Nambiar, of our college, moved the resolution and was supported by Mr. P. R. Vijaya Rangan (Pachaiyappa's College), Mr. Ramanathan (Pachaiyappa's College), Mr. Tatachary (Christian College), and Miss Sowmini (Presidency College). The opposition consisted of Mr. T. C. A. Ramanujachari (Christian College), Miss Vilasini Devi Shenoi (Presidency College), Mr. Syed Ghulam Rashood (Muhammadan College), and Mr. Balakrishnan Nayar (Presidency College). The motion being put to vote was lost.

It may be mentioned here that the motion was lost not because the house was inclined to be patriotic or sentimental but because the Opposition with their eloquence and presentation of facts carried the house with it.

On the 24th of October a meeting of the Union Committee was held to consider the ways and means of raising a fund in aid of the lepers. The members of the committee lent their assistance and the Secretary is very grateful to them.

A debate was held on the 1st of November when Mr. P. L. Ramachandran, IV Hons. (Sanskrit), moved "That in the opinion of the house the League of Nations has outgrown its purpose and must be abolished."

Mr. Manjappa Nayak, III B. Sc. (Physics), ably opposed the resolution and the motion was lost when put to vote.

The Union Committee met on the 5th of November, to select representatives from our College to participate in the debates to be held under the auspices of the Pachaiyappa's College Union Society and the Christian College Debating Society. Mr. C. K. Sitaraman, IV Class (History), and Mr. S. V. Ramani, V Hons. (Botany), were selected to represent our College at Pachaiyappa's College. Mr. T. V. Narasinga Rao, B. A. (Post Graduate Literature), C. K. Sitaraman, IV Class (History), Mr. P. L. Ramachandran, IV Hons. (Sanskrit), Mr. Manjappa Nayak, III B. Sc. (Physics), were selected to participate in the debate at the Christian College.

It will not be quite out of place to mention that the Union is proud to possess some good speakers, this year, the notables being Miss K. M. Sowmini, Mr. T. V. Narasinga Rao, Mr. Manjappa Nayak. We wish them all success in their future endeavours both in our Union and as its representatives elsewhere.

The last meeting for the term was held on the 22nd November. Swami Chidbhavananda spoke on "The Development of Civic Consciousness." He said that it was the duty of every one to cultivate the spirit of self-sacrifice. The ideal of a student should be not cramming up lessons and passing examinations but he should be on the look-out for opportunities to serve mankind to the best of his ability.

The Secretary wishes to thank the members of the Union Committee for their kind co-operation.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

The office-bearers of the Association for this academic year were elected at the business meeting of the 10th July 1935 with Mr. H. C. Papworth in the chair. Mr. S. Srinivasan and Mr. C. G. Divakara Menon were elected as the Vice-President and Secretary-Treasurer respectively. At the suggestion of

the President, no members were elected from each of the Honours classes as it was deemed unnecessary to have a cumbrous Committee to man so small an Association.

The members of the Association were "At Home" to the new graduates on 14th August 1935, and it was a very pleasant function. In the absence of the *ex-officio* President, Mr. V. K. Ayappan Pillai, the Additional Professor of English, occupied the chair. The evening was a very lively one when pleasant sallies were exchanged across the table.

The real business of the Association began rather late, what with the languid interest of some of the members and the difficulty of getting somebody to break the ice. There was an agreeable change this year. There was no need to call for the Committee together whenever there was any need to do some small thing or other, for there was no Committee. Thus much of the needless pain of the Secretary to go through the elaborate formalities of very very dull Committee meetings was avoided.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered by Mr. G. C. Martin, M.A. (Edin.), on 3rd September 1935. The subject of the address was "Rupert Brooke" and we went back home wiser men but none the sadder for that. Mr. T. S. R. Narasinga Row of the post-graduate class spoke on "Browning's Challenge to the Modern World" on 9th October with the Vice-President in the chair. The walls and the ceiling—not to speak of the audience—quailed before his stentorian challenge. About half a dozen other meetings were held during the second term, the meetings falling on Wednesdays for the convenience of the members. An inter-collegiate debate with the Christian College was held on 16th November. The motion before the house was "That in the opinion of the House Poetic Drama has no future." The motion was lost. Mr. K. Swaminathan acted as the Speaker on that day.

The Professors (but not Asst. Professors) were on almost all occasions present and one new feature was that much of the tedium of ordinary meetings was avoided by making them occasions for delightful discussion. We recall with particular pleasure the meetings at which our learned Professors enlightened us with their brilliant little speeches.

When Dr. Peter left us for the Rajahmundry College, the members gave him a tea party on 17th January 1936. That was another lively evening. The Association has not wound up its business for the year. The Secretary hopes to hold one or two meetings more before the end of the year.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

The following have been elected office-bearers of the above Association for the year 1935-36 :—

President : Professor P. P. S. Sastri, B.A. (Oxon).

Vice-Presidents : Dr. S. Sankaran, M.A., Ph.D.

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

„ O. P. Rangaswami, M.A., L.T.

„ S. R. Doraiswami Sastri, M.A.

Pandit S.K. Padmanabha Sastri Avl., Vidyavisarada, Siromani.

Secretaries : Mr. P. L. Ramachandran.

„ J. Vaikuntha Bhat, B.A.

Treasurer : Miss K. M. Sundari.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered on 5th Sept. by Diwan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastriar Avl. on "The Vitality of the Indian Theory of Beauty." The lecturer in the course of his address referred to the different aspects of the Indian Theory of Beauty and substantiated his statements by quoting from Kalidasa and other great poets. The lecture was largely attended and much appreciated.

Three extraordinary meetings were held in the course of the second term. The first lecture was delivered by Brahma Sri Varadachariar, M.A., the subject being the Development of Sanskrit. The lecturer read an interesting poem composed by himself. The second lecture was delivered in Sanskrit by Brahma Sri Sambasiva Sastriar of Trivandrum, the subject being 'Manuscript Libraries in India.' Mahamahopadhyaya Krishna Sastriar delivered the third lecture on 'The Conception of Moksha in Astika Darsanas.' The lecture was in Sanskrit and was largely attended.

Five ordinary meetings were held in all and papers were read on interesting topics.

The first paper was read by Mr. M. Venkatacharulu on the 'Six Systems of Indian Philosophy'. The paper dealt with the various phases of Indian Philosophy. Mr. V. Varadachari read a paper on 'The Conception of Isvara in Indian Philosophy.' The third paper was read by Mr. P. L. Ramachandran the subject being 'Puranas and their Importance'. Mr. S. Subramanyan read a paper on Sri Harsha dealing with the position of Sri Harsha in Indian literature. Mr. J. Vaikuntha Bhat read an interesting paper on historical Kavyas. He repudiated the charge levelled against Indians that they lack the historical sense.

THE ANDHRA BHASHABHI VARDHANA SAMAJ

A meeting of the Samaj was held on Friday, 26th July, at 4 P. M. and the office-bearers for the current year were elected as follows :—

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

Vice-Presidents : 1. M. R. Ry. Dr. I. S. Peter Garu, M.A., Ph.D.

2. M. R. Ry. T. V. Narasinga Rao Garu, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries : 1. Mr. E. Venugopal Reddy (III Class.)

2. Mr. K. V. Kanakachary (II Class.)

The Inaugural Address of the Samaj was delivered by M.R. Ry. G. Sambamurthi Garu, M.A., L.T., on Friday, August 16th, 1935, at 4-15 P. M. M.R. Ry. A. Umakantam Garu presided. After prayer by the Secretary, Mr. E. Venugopal Reddy, the lecturer delivered the address. The lecture was instructive and illuminating. He dealt with the structure of the atom. He referred to the theory of Kanada and mentioned the modern developments in that direction which might eventually tend towards the Advaitic theory of Oneness. He closed his speech with an advice to the members of the Samaj to give up differences in matters of common interest. Then Mr. M. Ramachandra Reddy (Loyola College) spoke on the literary position in Telugu and said that the inartistic and unscientific features of the present Telugu verse should be removed and that they should try to raise Telugu to the level of the advanced languages. Mr. N. Ramanujachari (III Class), who followed, deplored the indiscriminate prescribing of the works of even commonplace authors of to-day as University texts and thus killing the interest of students in Telugu. Mr. K. Surya Narayan Rao (II Class) suggested that they would serve the cause of Telugu well if they tried to avoid the mixture of English words and phrases in their Telugu conversations and speeches.

The President in winding up the proceedings thanked the lecturer for his interesting lecture and useful advice to the members of the Samaj. He pointed out that the students of modern sciences would find new and wider fields of research if they, in addition to their knowledge in their subjects, could have access to the precious treasures of Indian culture stored up in Sanskrit. He referred to the plant life theory of Sir J. C. Bose and said that Manu declared several centuries ago that plants had pleasure and pain. He appreciated the suggestion of Mr. K. Surya Narayan Rao and advised the members of the Samaj to acquire the necessary equipment for expressing even high abstract thoughts and scientific ideas in Telugu though it was a difficult task. With a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary, the function came to a close.

Under the auspices of the Samaj a debate was conducted on Friday, the 6th September, at 4-15 P.M. with M. R. Ry. T. V. Narasinga Rao Garu, M.A.,

L.T., in the chair. Mr. Nabi Saheb (III Class) moved that "Translation with additions and alterations as the translator likes is desirable." He maintained that the translator should be given freedom in his work so that he might make it intelligible to ordinary people.

Mr. K. Surya Narayan Rao (II Class) opposed the motion in a telling speech. He said that if the translator made additions and alterations as he liked the purpose of the original would be lost and that inaccurate translation was unauthoritative. He cited many examples. A lively debate followed and Messrs. E. Venugopal Reddy, W. Ramanujachari, and Narappa Reddy took part.

The President in his concluding remarks stated that accurate translation should be the aim wherever possible and that the translator might use his discretion in the case of technical words. The motion was put to vote and lost. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks to the chair.

Under the auspices of the Samaj a debate was held on Monday, 11th November 1935, at 4-15 P. M. in the Telugu Lecture Hall with M. R. Ry. Dr. I. S. Peter Garu, M.A., Ph.D., in the chair. Mr. Narappa Reddy moved that "Marriage with a person related to parents as brother's or sister's offspring is desirable."

Messrs. Venkayya Surya Narayan Rao and E. Venugopal Reddy supported him. The mover and the supporters pleaded that it was a traditional custom and that there should be no objection to it. Moreover near relationships strengthen marriage bonds.

Mr. G. Ramalinga Reddy opposed the motion and Messrs. K. Satya Narayana and S. R. Madava Gopal Naidu supported him. The opposition contended that a custom ought not to be followed simply because it was traditional. According to eugenics consanguineous relationship was bad as thereby the race would degenerate. This custom though in vogue in the Telugu country was prohibited in the Sastras and such marriages were considered illegal in Northern India. Even nature is not in favour of such relationships as botany tells us. Moreover distant relationships will promote high ambitions while the near relationship marriages stifle all romance in life.

The Chairman in his concluding remarks deplored the present apathy in social questions and said that in his opinion blood relationship marriages would tend to weaken the nation. He advised the members of the Samaj to have great ideals and aspirations and not to be tied down by undesirable customs.

The motion was put to vote and lost. With a vote of thanks to the Chairman the meeting came to an end.

THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

The Physics Association, as usual, had a busy programme during the year. A general body meeting was held on the 19th July 1935 when the following were elected office-bearers for the current year :—

President : Dr. H. Parameswaran, M.A., Ph.D., D.Sc., F.I.P.

Vice-Presidents : Mr. G. P. Krishnamurthi, M.A., L.T.

„ S. Ganapathi Subramanyam, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries : „ C. S. Ramachandran.

„ C. Balakrishnan.

Treasurer : „ G. K. Ramamurthi.

Editor of Magazine : Dr. S. Kalyanaraman, M.A., D.Sc.

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on the 31st July when Dr. H. Parameswaran gave an address on "Our Ways of Research." A reception to the new graduates of the year was given on the 10th August. A programme of lectures was drawn up at the beginning of the year and about twenty meetings have been held when lectures on a variety of interesting topics were given.

Mr. M. G. Ramachandran	Anemometry	16-8-35
„ G. Venkataramiah	Modern Motor Cars—I	20-8-35
„ G. Venkataramiah	Modern Motor Cars—II	23-8-35
„ V. M. Sreekumaran, B.Sc.	Acoustics of Buildings	28-8-35
„ K. V. S. Ramamurthi	Photography	29-8-35
„ S. V. Ramiah	Evolution of Railways	3-9-35
„ N. Mahalingam	Time, its Determinations, and Distribution	6-9-35
„ V. G. Kamath	India's Contribution to Physics	11-9-35
„ S. A. Abdul Rahim	Induced Radio-activity	9-10-35
„ H. Joga Rao	Some Interesting Physical Principles and their Applications	11-10-35
Miss K. R. Kamala Bai, B.Sc.	Vowel Sounds	15-10-35
Mr. C. Sudhama Rao	Physics of Aviation	16-10-35
„ T. V. Balasubramanyam, B.Sc.	Photoelectric Cells	22-10-35
„ P. Hariharan	Modern Motor Cars and their Fittings	23-10-35
„ V. Srinivasamurthi	Chronometers	29-10-35
„ S. Doraiswami	Turbines	30-10-35
„ R. Gopalaswami	Refrigeration	1-11-35

Mr. T. Aruvamudhan, B.Sc.	Thermionic Valves	8-11-35
„ S. Muthuswami	Steam Engines	26-11-35
„ Parthasarathi	Relativity	27-11-35
„ C. Balakrishnan	Sun and Stars	4-12-35

The first issue of the Association Magazine was published in October.

The members of the Physics Association were "At Home" to Prof. V. Appa Rao, M.A., L.T., Additional Professor of Physics, on the eve of his transfer as Principal, Government Training College, Rajahmundry, on Monday, the 17th instant, at 4.30 P.M.

The function began with a group photo of Professor V. Appa Rao with the members of the Association.

After light refreshments, the members assembled in the New Lecture Theatre with Mr. H. C. Papworth in the chair. The members were entertained with music by Mr. K. Rajagopalan. After music, Dr. H. Parameswaran addressed the gathering in his capacity as the President of the Association. He briefly reviewed his personal contact with Mr. Appa Rao. He then spoke of the great qualities of Professor Appa Rao, both as a Professor and as a man. He thanked him most warmly for the splendid co-operation which he gave in handling the senior classes in this department. He earnestly hoped that Professor Appa Rao will be endowed with long life to continue the work that he was doing in this laboratory, with the additional advantages of being the Principal of a Training College.

Mr. H. C. Papworth addressed the gathering next. He traced his early acquaintance with Professor V. Appa Rao, and narrated his own experiences at Rajahmundry. He paid glowing tributes to the work of Professor Appa Rao, in the last two years, when he (Mr. Papworth) was Principal of this institution.

Mr. G. P. Krishnamoorthy then addressed the meeting and spoke of the nice way in which Mr. Appa Rao moved with the other members of the staff. He admired his personality and wished him long life and prosperity.

A number of students representing all classes spoke of their experiences as students under Professor Appa Rao. They appreciated the great clarity, the extreme simplicity and the gentle humour, which characterised all his lectures. Outside the class rooms he moved intimately with them and helped them through their difficulties. He was more than a teacher to them—he was more of a friend.

Professor Appa Rao's keen interest in the activities of the Association, especially in raising the standard of the magazine by his own interesting contributions, was gratefully acknowledged by the Secretary.

Professor Appa Rao rose amidst cheers to reply. He thanked the members for the nice things they had said of him. He thanked Dr. Parameswaran and Mr. Papworth for the kindness and courtesy extended to him throughout his stay in this College. He had the greatest regard for all his students. He advised them to do their work with honesty and enthusiasm.

With a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. C. S. Ramchandran, the function came to a close.

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

At a business meeting held on the 18th July 1935, with Dr B. B. Dey in the chair, the following were elected office-bearers for the year 1935-36 :—

President : Mr. G. Sambamurty, B.A., L.T.

Vice-President : „ M. V. Sitaraman, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries : „ K. Thiagarajan, IV Hons.

„ A. R. Swaminathan, IV B.Sc.

Treasurer : „ P. S. Nataraja Sarma, IV Hons.

The Inaugural Address of the Society was delivered on the 3rd August 1935, by Dr. Damodaran, D. Sc. (Lond.), F. I. C., when Mr. G. Sambamurty, B.A., L.T., presided. The subject of the address was "Blood," and the learned lecturer treated us to an interesting exposition of an interesting topic.

The members of the Society were "At Home" to the graduates of the year on the 9th August 1935, Mr. G. Sambamurty presiding. There was a record gathering of members and the function was a perfect success. Mr. P. S. Nataraja Sarma proposed the toast on behalf of the Society, and Messrs. K. V. Kasturirangan and Murkot Ramunni responded. With the President's concluding remarks and a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary the function terminated.

On the 16th August 1935, Mr. V. Mahadevan, B.A., gave an interesting talk on "The Electron and its Applications in Chemistry," when Mr. S. Lakshminarayanan, M.A., L.T., presided.

On the 21st August 1935, Mr. U. Sunder Kini, V Hons., read a highly instructive paper on "Heavy Hydrogen and Heavy Water." Mr. G. Sambamurty occupied the chair.

The third paper for the term was read by Mr. G. V. Raju, V Hons., on the 29th August with Mr. G. Sambamurty again in the chair. The theme of the paper was "The Transmutation of Elements."

At an ordinary meeting of the Society held on the 5th Sept. 1935, under the presidency of Mr. M. Lakshmanan, M.Sc., Mr. C. S. Ramakrishnan, V Hons., read a paper on "Milk."

We began our activities for the second term with a lecture on "Indicators" by Mr. V. Mahadevan, B.A., on the 18th Oct. 1935, when Mr. M.V. Sitaraman, M.A., L.T., presided. The President's instructive remarks were a feature of the meeting.

On the 30th Oct. 1935, Mr. C. G. Ramanathan read a paper on "Recent Developments in Analytical Chemistry." Mr. M. V. Sitaraman presided.

A meeting was held on the 6th Nov. 1935, with Mr. M. Lakshmanan, M.Sc., in the chair, when Mr. T. K. Meenakshisundaram read a paper on the "Sugar Industry."

On the 8th Nov. 1935, Mr. U. Sunder Kini spoke on "The Rare Earths," with Mr. V. Mahadevan, B.A., in the chair. The meeting was unique in that for the first time in the annals of the Society a student presided.

The last meeting of the Society was held on the 22nd Nov. 1935 when Mr. S. L. Venkiteswaran, IV Hons., read a lengthy paper on "Soap Manufacture." Mr. T. K. Meenakshisundaram, B.Sc., presided.

We have been extremely lucky in the number of our lectures, as well as in the variety and interest of the themes chosen. There is still a crowded programme of papers ahead of us.

ZOOLOGICAL SOCIETY

A general body meeting of the above Society was held on the 19th July '35 with Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam in the chair and the following were elected office-bearers for the current year:—

President: Dr. S.G. Manavala Ramanujam, M.A., PH.D., F.Z.S.

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

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

Secretaries: Miss V. R. Ramani.

Mr. P. Chinniah Raju.

Editor: Mr. Job.

Associate Editor: Miss Nalini.

The Inaugural Address of the Society was delivered by Miss Mason, M.A., PH.D., on the 2nd August 1935 on "The History of Embryology" with

Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam in the chair. The lecture which was illustrated by lantern slides was very interesting and almost all the members of the Society were present.

The members of the Society were "At Home" to the graduates of the year and the Old Boys on the 10th August 1935 at 3 P.M. in the B. Sc. Laboratory. Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam presided on the occasion and welcomed the new graduates and the old boys on behalf of the Society. Mr. V. Ramakrishnan proposed the toast of the New Graduates and the Old Boys and it was ably responded to by Mr. Paul, M.A., and Mr. Ranga Rao respectively. The guests were entertained with a few songs by Mr. Krishnan. Then the pleasant social evening came to a close with the usual vote of thanks to the President and the new graduates.

On Wednesday, the 22nd August 1935, Mr. A. M. Sambandam of the final P. G. class delivered an interesting lecture on "Bio-Physics" under the presidency of Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam.

A meeting was held on Tuesday, the 27th August 1935, with Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam in the chair when Dr. A. Lakshmanasawmy Mudaliar, B.A., M.D., F.C.O.G., addressed a fully packed house on "The Physician as a Naturalist." The lecturer dwelt upon the various aspects under which a physician is made to have a close study about Nature and other things of biological importance, and how very often a physician, owing to circumstances and environment, is made a Naturalist for the timebeing and thus the lecturer established a close relationship between the two. The lecture was very impressive, interesting and instructive.

THE BOTANY ASSOCIATION

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

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

Secretaries: Miss T. C. Vimala.
Mr. M. A. Rao Pasha.

Editor of the Magazine: Mr. T. V. Krishna, B.Sc.

Associate Editor: „ S. Y. Padmanabhan.

The members of the Association were 'At Home' to the Old Boys and New Graduates of the year on Saturday, the 10th August 1935, at 4-30 P.M., in the B. Sc. Laboratory when Dr. T. Ekambaram presided. Toasts were proposed to the old boys and new graduates by Mr. S. Y. Padmanabhan and Miss M. Varada Bai, and were ably responded to by Mr. Jaganatha Rao, B.A., and Mr. A. Abraham, M.A.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered on Monday, the 26th August 1935, by Mr. K. Ramiah, M.Sc., Paddy Specialist, Government Agricultural College, Coimbatore, with Dr. T. Ekambaram in the chair. The subject was "Recent Advances in Plant Breeding." The lecture was an interesting one, and the speaker also showed some lantern slides on plant breeding.

The main activity of our Association during the first term was the organisation of a Natural Science Exhibition, after a lapse of three years, the previous one being in the year 1932. This was a combined exhibition consisting of Botany, Zoology and Geology exhibits. With the kind cooperation of the Zoology and Geology departments we were able to run the show quite satisfactorily. The exhibition was held on Tuesday, the 3rd, and Wednesday, the 4th, September 1935; and on the whole it was a grand success.

This year, in addition to the various interesting exhibits of our department, there were some, which deserve special mention as not having been exhibited hitherto. They were the following :—

1. Genetics and Plant Breeding.
2. The Effect of Centrifugal Force on Plants.
3. The Difference of Electric Potential in Plants.

THE MUSLIM ASSOCIATION

At a general body meeting of the Association, the following office-bearers were elected for the year 1935-36 :—

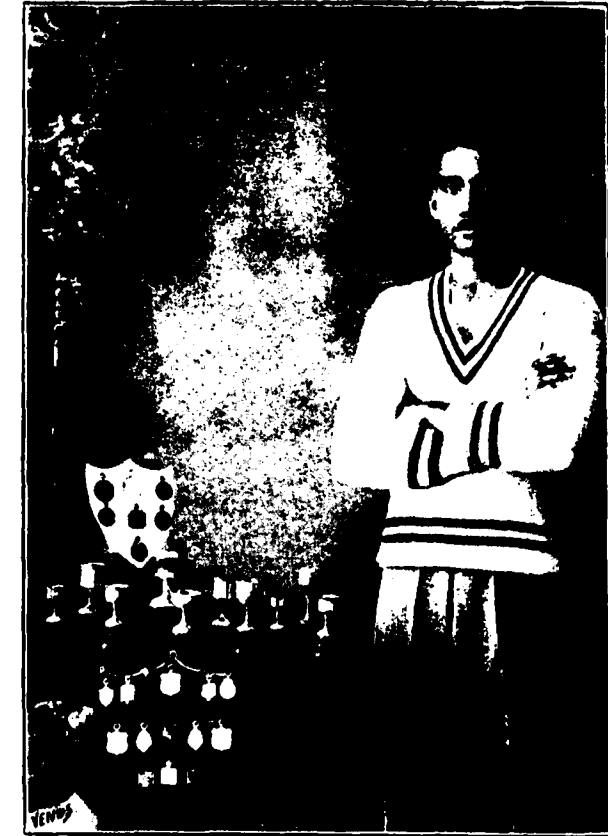
President : Prof. J. Franco.

Vice-President : Mr. M. H. Hydari.

Joint Secretaries : { Miss Zackia Zahiruddin.
 { Mr. M. A. Sheriff.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered on 11-9-1935 by Dr. Miss E. McDougall, Principal, Women's Christian College, Madras, on 'The Purpose of a University.' Prof. J. Franco, President of the Association, presided.

Subsequently an ordinary meeting was held on 23-10-1935 when Dr. Zacharias of the Madras Christian College delivered a lecture on 'Citizenship in India.' Mr. Krishna Menon, Principal, Law College, Madras, presided.



G. K. NAIDU

Born ... 27-11-1905

Died ... 25-8-1935

He was a student of the College from 1926 to 1928 in the B.A. Classes.

A good athlete, he won the College Championship in the year 1928.

He also took part in the All-India Olympic Sports and cleared 6 feet in High Jump.



The College had a successful year this season in all the spheres of sporting activities. We excelled as usual in cricket while in hockey and football we are endeavouring to excel. In cricket we won the Duncan Memorial Cup but lost the Pennyquick Trophy; but at the same time the college won distinction by six of our cricketers being included in the Madras University XI. These were M. Runganathan, P. V. Ramanathan, R. Dorairaj, M. Sambandam, B. S. Thiagarajan, and T. Gabriel. Besides, the college skipper had the honour of leading the first University team in the Inter-University Cricket Tournament.

During the Michaelmas holidays the hockey and the cricket clubs toured Colombo and played several matches. Of the six hockey matches we won five and drew the other and in cricket the honours were even, as we won two of the four matches played in all. A detailed score of these matches is given elsewhere. In this connection we have to thank Mr. Jaya, the Principal, and Mr. Caldera, the Sports Secretary of the Zahira College, Colombo, for so kindly accommodating our team. Mr. A. Virasinghe, an old boy of the college, very kindly arranged all the fixtures and looked to the comforts of the players. Mention should also be made of Col. J. Rockwood (since deceased) whose interest in our college was unbounded. We owe a great deal to his kindness and to everything he did for us during our three trips to that Island. In his death the Island has lost one of its eminent sportsmen and we have equally lost one of our strong supporters and a good and generous friend.

The College conducted successfully the various open tournaments and the following were the winners:—

<i>Cricket</i> : Duncan Memorial Cup	Presidency College
<i>Hockey</i> : Panagal Cup	Loyola College
<i>Football</i> : Professors' Cup	Engineering College
<i>Tennis, Singles,</i>	Law College
<i>Do. Doubles,</i>	Law College

In the Inter-Collegiate Cricket Tournament our college won all the matches except the one with the Medical College and this cost us the Pennyquick Trophy as already mentioned. In the hockey tournament our boys played uniformly well and sustained defeats at the hands of only two colleges, namely, the Medical and the School of Technology, and thus came up to the second rank among the competing colleges. In football we had an improved team this year and stood fifth.

CRICKET

The College cricket team was as good as that of last year. Messrs. Uthappa and Abraham left the college and created a big gap to be filled in. The inclusion of Swarna, Gabriel, and M. Runganathan strengthened the side a good deal. M. Runganathan was nominated Captain and P. V. Ramanathan continued to be the Secretary.

The college won all the matches in the first term but the second term we lost to the Medical College as previously mentioned. The following are the results of the matches played :—

1. Presidency beat Y.M.C.A. by 71 runs and 6 wickets : Swarna 27 not out, Sambandam 43. Y. M. C. A. 27 runs ; Gabriel 5 for 3 and Runganathan 5 for 11.
2. Presidency beat Teachers' College : Teachers' College 33 runs ; Gabriel 5 for 15 and N. V. Rajagopal 4 for 71 ; College scored 84 for 3.
3. Presidency beat Engineering : Engineering College 22 runs ; Runganathan 5 for 6. College scored 56 for 2 and declared ; Jayaraman 33 and Rajagopal 20 not out.
4. Presidency beat Eccentrics : College 135 runs ; Dorairaj 46, Swarna 44. Eccentrics 78 ; Ramanathan 6 for 31.
5. Presidency beat Pachaiyappa's College by 2 wickets and 10 runs.
6. Presidency was beaten by an innings and 100 runs by the University College, Colombo, who made 174 runs. Presidency 35 and 39 runs.
7. Presidency beat Zahira College by 58 runs : Zahira 90 and Presidency 148 ; Runganathan 34 and Thiagarajan 46.
8. Presidency beat Wesley College, Colombo : College 345 for 9 ; Wesley College 100.
9. Ananda College beat Presidency : Presidency 87 ; Ananda 150.

THE COMBINED HOCKEY TEAM—PRESIDENCY AND LOYOLA.



Sports Notes

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10. Presidency beat Veterinary by 5 wickets and 9 runs.

11. Medical College beat Presidency : Presidency 47 : Medical 49 for 6 and declared.

In the Duncan Memorial Tournament the College A met and defeated the Law College by an innings and 69 runs. In the semi-final and in the final the college met and defeated the Christian College by an innings and 80 runs and thus retained the Cup.

HOCKEY

At the beginning of the year Mr. A. Bhaskara Naidu was nominated as the Captain and Mr. C. K. Sitharaman, as the Secretary.

We began the year with a practice match against the Christian College which we won by a single goal. Bhaskara Naidu was the scorer.

In the Inter-College Tourney, we first met the Pachaiyappa's College and defeated them by 2-0. C. K. Sitharaman and Bhaskara Naidu scored one goal each.

The second match in the above tournament was with the Stanley Medical School whom we defeated by 2-1. Kassim Sheriff did all the scoring.

We played two practice matches, one against the Chepauk United Club and the other against the Law College. Against the former we won by 2-1 and the latter by 5-1.

The best game played was against the Medical College in the Inter-Collegiate Tourney. Pitted against one of the best teams in the City, our players rose to great heights and forced the Medicals to fight hard for a narrow victory. After a hard struggle we went down by a narrow margin of 2-1.

Strange as it may seem the Inter-College fixture with the Christian College was an exact repetition of the practice game and it was again left to Bhaskara Naidu to give us a victory by scoring the only goal of the match.

Next we played against the Loyola College whom we defeated by 3-2. C. K. Sitharaman scored 2 and Bhaskara Naidu 1.

We finished the Inter-College Tourney by defeating the Engineering College by 2-0. C. K. Sitharaman and Bhaskara Naidu shared the honours.

We toured Ceylon during Michaelmas. In our first match with the University College we defeated them by 3-1. C. K. Sitharaman, Bhaskara Naidu and Kariappa were the scorers.

Meeting the Ceylon ladies we won by 7-1. But the best goal of the match was the one scored by the Ceylon ladies.

The third match was against the Tamil Union Club, the Champion side of the Ceylon Hockey League. We beat them by 3-2. Bhaskaran scored 2 goals and Sampath 1.

The C. H. & F. C. were trounced by us by 6 goals to 0. C. K. Sitharaman and Bhaskara Naidu scored most of the goals between themselves.

Andries Eleven, a strong combined side, were beaten by us by 3-0, Bhaskara Naidu 2, and C. K. Sitharaman 1.

The last match with Beera Sing's Eleven was a draw.

The standard of Hockey exhibited by the College team was of a very high order. The Ceylon press paid very high tributes to the brilliant stickwork and positional play of our team.

Among the forwards Bhaskara Naidu and C. K. Sitharaman and in the defence R. Dorairaj and R. V. B. Seetharamasamy played well.

In the Panagal Cup Tourney we reached the finals after defeating redoubtable teams like the Muhammadan College, Engineering College and the Government School of Technology. We were unlucky to draw with the Loyola College in the first encounter when we had the better of the exchanges. In the replay we were beaten by 4-0. Though it is sad to contemplate that we lost for the second year in succession after reaching the final stage, yet we can console ourselves by feeling that we have played the game in the right spirit.

To Messrs. Bhaskara Naidu, R. V. B. Seetharamasamy, Mackenzie, Sambandam and C. K. Sitharaman who are leaving the College, the Secretary offers the best wishes.



ANNUAL SPORTS

His Excellency the Lord Erskine presided at the annual sports of the College held on the 20th January. Many old students and a large number of distinguished guests were present at the function. The following are the results:—

	I	II	Time or Distance
100 yds. race	Seetharamasamy, R.V. B.	Bhaskara Naidu	10 $\frac{3}{4}$ sec.
220 yds. race	Bhaskara Naidu, A	Seetharamasamy, R.V. B.	27 sec.
440 yds. race	Bhaskara Naidu	P. K. Jayaraman	58 sec.
880 yds. run	Janakiraman	P. K. Jayaraman	2 min. 22 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
One mile run	Janakiraman	S. Krishnamachari	5 m. 35 $\frac{1}{2}$ sec.
Hop, Step and Jump	Bhaskara Naidu	C. C. Kurien	40 ft. 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ in.
Long Jump	C. C. Kurien	P. K. Jayaraman	19 ft. 8 in.
Pole Vault	Janakiraman	E. Swarna	8 ft. 4 in.
120 yds. Hurdles	Seetharamasamy	Jayaraman	19 sec.
Shot put	Bhavanarayan	R. Mahadevan	29 ft. 9 in.
Throwing Cricket Ball	C. C. Kurien	R. Mahadevan	103 yds.
Discus Throw	R. Mahadevan	C. C. Kurien	81 ft. 1 in.
Sack Race	Macci	Abdul Rauf Khan	
Liliputian's Race	Subbiah, P. V.	Viswanathan	
Bicycle Race	Somasundaram	Thirumalachari, M. O.	3 m. 25 sec.
Women Students	Miss Zahiruddin and	Miss Ratnavalli and	
Thread and Needle	Partner	Partner	
Old Boys under 40	Srinivasulu Chetti	P. R. Subramanian	
Women Students' Relay	Science	Arts	
Old Boys over 40	Major Grandhi	V. Venkatarama Ayyar, P.P.S. Sastri	
Relay (duds) Past	Present		
vs. Present			
Musical Chair on Cycles	R. Gopalasami	P. V. Subbiah	
Individual	Championship	Bhaskara Naidu	

In the Inter-Group Athletics the following are the winners:—

	Seniors	Juniors
4 x 100 yds. Shuttle Relay	History	Class I Groups II and III
4 x 220 yds. Relay	"	Class II Groups II and III
4 x 120 yds. Hurdles	"	" "
Long Jump teams of 4	"	" "

All-Round Championship:—

Senior.—Bourne Trophy won by History.

Junior.—Jagannathan Memorial Trophy won by Class II, Groups II and III.

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