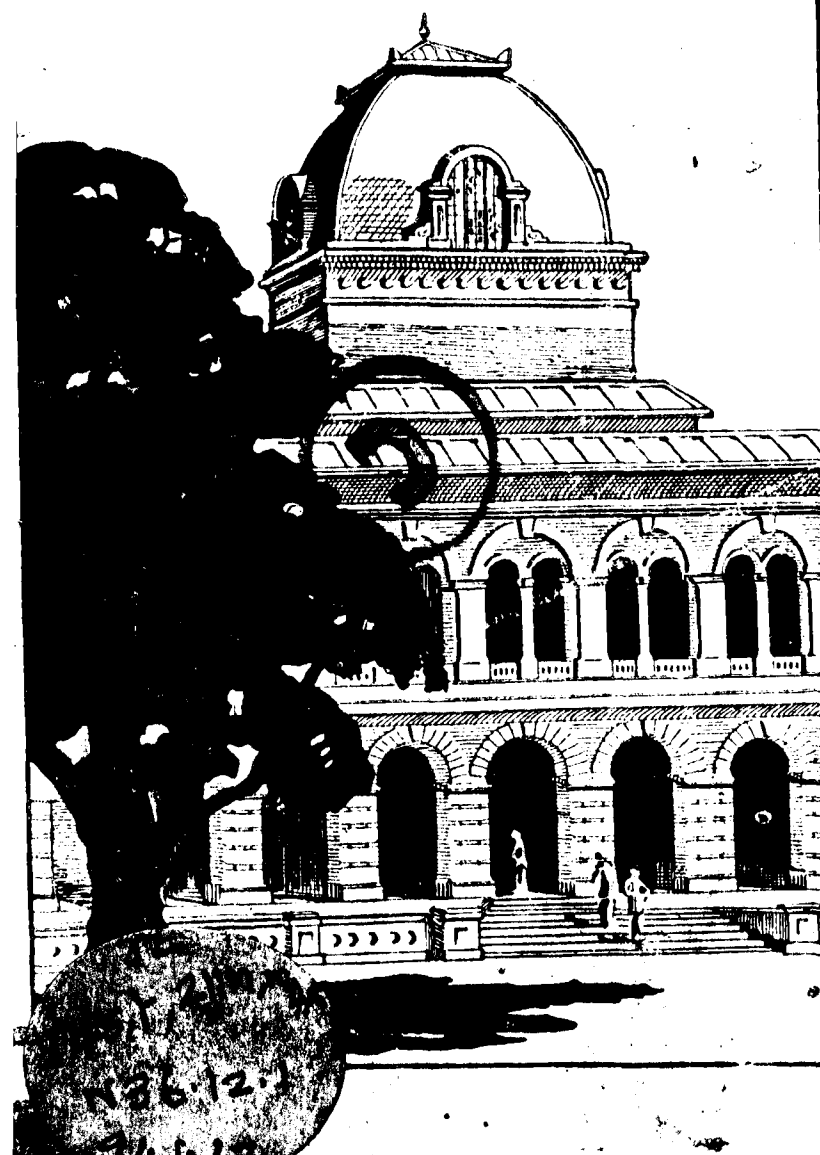


The PRESIDENCY COLLEGE

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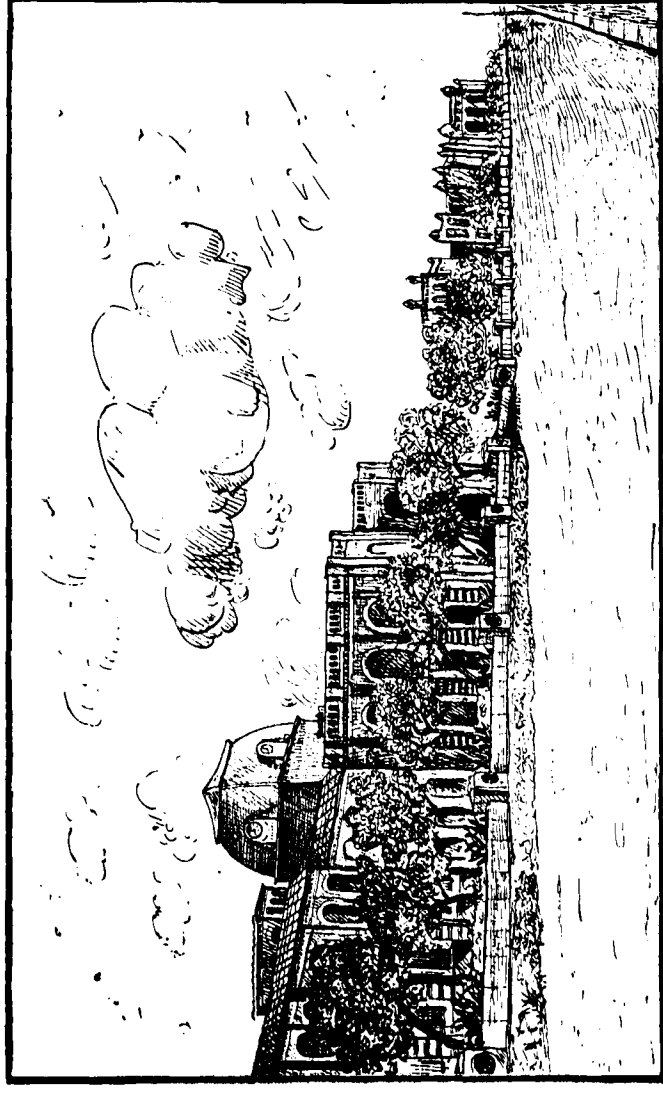
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THE COLLEGE WITH THE CLOCK TOWER.



BUCKINGHAM PALACE

28th February 1936.

Dear Sir,

I have had the honour to submit to Queen Mary your letter of February 1st, together with the copy of the Silver Jubilee number of the Presidency College Magazine.

In reply I am commanded to convey to you an expression of The Queen's sincere thanks for so kindly forwarding this publication for Her Majesty's acceptance.

The Queen is much pleased to receive this tribute, and I am to assure you that Her Majesty greatly appreciates the very kind terms of your communication.

Yours very truly,

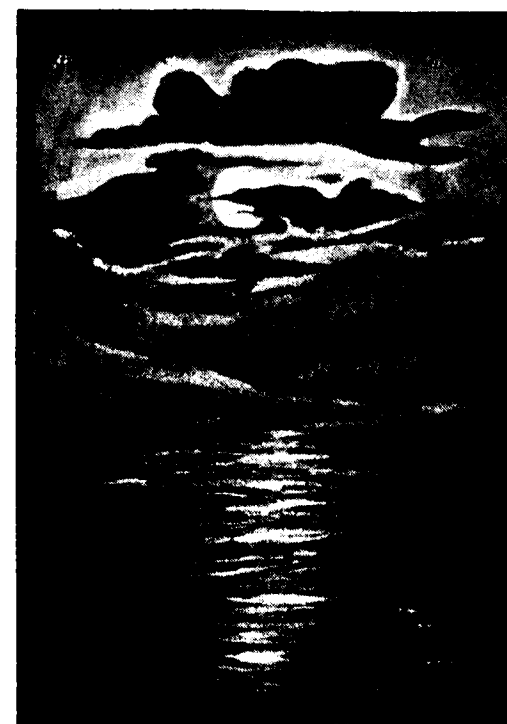
Gerald H. Chester

Private Secretary to H.M. Queen Mary.

H.C. Papworth Esq.

Principal -

Presidency College, MADRAS.



MOONRISE.



Vol. XII

SEPTEMBER 1936

No. 1

The Tragic Sentiment in Sanskrit Literature

INDIA is supposed to lack the true element of tragedy.

Prof. Macdonell wrote as early as 1900: "One of the characteristic features of Indian Drama is the *entire absence of tragedy*." But Prof. Keith goes farther and denies the very existence of the tragic sentiment: "The sentiments which are truly evoked by the Sanskrit Drama are the heroic or the erotic with that of wonder as a subordinate element.....The tragic sentiment is nowhere recognised, for the term *raudra* is the sentiment which is based on anger and has nothing truly tragic in it.....The wicked man who perishes is merely in Sanskrit Drama a criminal undergoing punishment, for whose sufferings we should feel no sympathy whatsoever.....It will not allow the enemy of the hero to rival him in any degree.....The *Ūrubhanga* may to us be tragic, but that is because we are not adorers of Vishnu who regard with relish the fate of the enemy of that god, the evil Duryodhana.....It banishes a conception of the struggle of the conscience in the mind of the hero or the heroine."

Tragedy and Comedy alike arise from an interpretation of life and an over-emphasis of what is common and colourless. Life, said Horace Walpole, is a tragedy to him who feels and a comedy to him who thinks. There is a deal of wisdom packed into this pithy saying. Socrates seems to have held that the genius of tragedy was the same as that of comedy. In the one, judgment on the persons is absent or falls on the spectator; in the other it is in the structure of the play. Aristotle's view of tragedy is that it effects a purgation of the soul by evoking emotions of pity and fear. Some critics have substituted 'purification' for 'purgation.' Tragedians like Aeschylus have gone so far as to plead that terror has a rightful place and must sit for ever watching over the soul. The human being must suffer and struggle, as the price of a more searching vision. Others like Euripides, see nothing wrong or ugly in sin or pain, and hold that ugliness arises only when life has become unintelligible. A tragic drama is beautiful because it explains sin or pain and unifies human experience. Prof. E. K. Chambers in his *Essays on Shakespeare's Dramas*, analyses tragedy into (i) external—that of villainy, (ii) psychological—that of character and (iii) cosmic—that of fate, as illustrated by the stories of Othello, Hamlet and Macbeth.

The condition of real tragedy is the contention between vital elements in human nature. Hegel clinches the point when he explains that tragedy arises not from the conflict of right and wrong but from the conflict of right with right. The degree of righteousness in this conflict should be other than unevenly balanced, though from different points of view, for a conflict of what is puny with what is great would evoke a sense of pathos rather than a tragic sense.

II

The fall of Duryodhana is depicted in Bhāsa's *Urubhanga*. Duryodhana is beaten and his thighs are

pounded into dust, but he is not crest-fallen and he sees nothing to regret. His point is that the Pāṇḍavas headed by Yudhishtira are not fit to govern. They may be saintly, but saints are not fit to rule mankind. They beg for peace in a bondman's key, and there is a paralysis of the will to war, due to over-cultivated spirituality 'which grey-beards call divine.' His sheer joy is in the technique of efficiency: "Kingship implies a mighty charge and a paramount duty. Political power is never a gift from those who are strong to those who are weak. Power is engendered in the course of fighting out a righteous cause. It is crushed by every effort at pacification." "O, Durjaya, my son, I have left nothing unto you, but grieve not. Your father is dying the noble death of a Kshatriya with his honour unstained and his dignity held aloft." The short play ends a true tragedy. In the *Dūtavākya* the dramatist does not hide from us his sympathy for Duryodhana as well as with the messenger of peace, Krishna. The latter demands half the realm, and Duryodhana refuses to yield even an inch of ground. He sits before a picture depicting the indignity offered to Draupadi when she was gambled away at dice. The play does not mention the far-famed help of Krishna in providing her with lengthening raiment each time the folds of her garment were loosened, at this outrage. While Bhāsa is thus less than just to Krishna, he tries to improve the character of Duryodhana. In the *Pancharātra* he has a new story, not found anywhere else in Sanskrit Literature. It is the gift by Duryodhana of half his realm to Droṇa, agreeably to compact, though the circumstances could have justified an evasion. The fact is that Bhāsa regards the Great War as inevitable, and even necessary, in the ends of justice. It is a conflict of Efficiency with Right. We are enabled to understand how Kshatriyas, steeped in the *dharma*, stuck to Duryodhana until the bitter end.

Bhāravi takes up the tale, and represents the rule of Duryodhana as both efficient and popular.

Look at this picture and on that of a later century. *Veṇisamhāra* represents Duryodhana as a man of pleasure, more or less like Daśaratha in the *Rāmāyaṇa*. Its real hero is Bhīma who is all fire and fury, and the torrent of terrible passion yields us a meal of horrors. The touch of genius is altogether wanting. Rāṇa's *Gadā-Yuddha* retains the spirit of *Urabhanga* and maintains its tragic sense undimmed though it is later than *Veṇisamhāra* in date.

III

The *Mṛcchakatikā* is tragic in sentiment. Chārudatta, the hero, suffers not from outrageous sin but from leading a gay and gallant life. His trouble arises from the opposition of the vulgar lewdness of a man in power. The heroine, Vasantasena, is attached to him by a Platonic affection, which he reciprocates. His nobility stands out in his willingness to make any sacrifices rather than be guilty of cowardice or neglect. His resources are drained to the last pie by his liberality. The artist who makes theft a Fine Art deprives him of whatever personal belongings were left, until his neglected wife comes to the rescue and is prepared to sacrifice everything with a view to share his poverty. The King's brother-in-law decides to clasp Vasantasena in his lusty embrace. His love is the way of man with maid due to wantonness of the flesh. She resists this gross affair of the physical senses, and he leaves her nearly dead or dying. When she is rescued, a charge of murder is brought against her confidant and passing events seem to favour the persecutor. Chārudatta feels that man is but a self-conscious windlestraw swept along the remorseless flood of fate. He makes no defence, and is condemned to execution. The poet works on our sense of pity by introducing the hero's baby son, who likewise shows a spirit of self-sacrifice in offering to change places

with his father on the scaffold. The latter hands over to his boy the only patrimony left with him, namely, the sacred thread on his left shoulder.

Thus far in the drama, including the trial scene, the poet's play on human emotions is comparable to the tragic sense evoked in *Cymbeline*, *Othello* and the *Merchant of Venice*. But the end is unlike that in *Othello*. For Sanskrit Drama, as Tennyson said of the Sonnet, 'must dance in fetters,' and have a happy ending conforming to the rule. Hence the superimposition of the last two Acts of the play, converting it into a tragi-comedy. The tide of fortune turns, and Chārudatta is saved by a political revolution and by proofs regarding the real culprit who had attempted the homicide. In Bhasa's *Chārudatta* this effort to convert the play is still more unmistakably in evidence, though the political theme is not of the essence of the plot and is not needed to provide the happy denouement.

IV

Let us consider the story of Śakuntalā. Dushyanta had wedded this mango-blossom in his bee-like lust for latent honey. Lust is not love, though it plays at love in honeyed falsehoods. Deceit is perhaps the delight of love. Man is fickle and faithless, the woman serious and absorbed. The curse of sage Durvasa is a *deus ex machina* invented by the dramatist to save his hero from the charge of cruelly neglecting and repudiating his wedded wife. The old tale is woven into a new form, with the beauty of a higher ethical ideal. The shadow of the curse lengthens over her, and her rose-red vision has given place to grey. The wedding ring is lost while fording a stream on the way. A cloud of oblivion settles on the polygamous king. The daughter of the forest gazes into the void, terror-stricken and tear-stained. She had lost the jasmine purity of maidenhood and calmed her passion in the caress of a lover's arms. She has herself to thank for pinning her

faith on his perfumed promises. The music of her soul is stilled, and the vacuity of her heart filled with a mighty grief. Her former home of peace and innocence is lost to her, and the poet sends her to her ethereal mother. Silence and sadness seem to reign over us. But soon she becomes a mother; and her son, a veritable cub, fills the lively forest world. The glory of motherhood reflects a sweetness and light anew.

As for Dushyanta, he is on the verge of a psychological tragedy. His sub-conscious mind harbours a sense of guilt, as sweet strains of music have ceased to please his ear. Fain would he receive the girl into his harem, but she might really be another man's wife. Her efforts to remind him had served only to intensify his suspicion. He is tortured by conscience and stung by her words of insulted innocence. She is put away, but the ring that was lost, like Poly-crates' in the Greek story, is found in a fish and brought before the king. His awakened memory reacts on itself and melts into grief and remorse. The whirligig of time has brought its revenges. He is won from the follies of youth to sincerity and sanity, and the passion of sex is exalted into a spiritual ideal. Verily does Aristotle's dictum apply that the tragic sentiment purges and purifies the soul. Our heroine's storm in life had been due to her error of ecstasy and the callousness of a clandestine connexion. When the curtain falls, we find that the evil is destroyed in the last two Acts and that harmony and peace are restored in the sweetness of the home. Cosmic stability is reached in a condition of harmony and synthesis.

V

In the meanderings of Rāma in quest of Sīta the villainous hand of Rāvaṇa is responsible for the tragic situation. The poet rises to the occasion. Rāma and Rāvaṇa are face to face, and Rama finds a foeman worthy of his steel. For,

Rāvaṇa had laid the world low and acquired giant strength. He had been willing to place his powers unreservedly at the feet of Śiva. The mighty mountain Kailās was to him a doll to play with, and the very guardians of the quarters were at his beck and call. Kāṇḍāsa expressly declares that such a combination of virtues compelled Rāma's admiration. It was truly tragic that these virtues and powers were eclipsed by a dominating vice, a grave defect of character. The instinct of domination was crushed by that of sex. An emotion of pity is excited in Rama's heart. But the power of evil is subordinated to the good in Hinduism, and the bolt of Rāma strikes Rāvaṇa dead.

Tragic likewise is the theme of Sīta's exile in the *Rāmāyaṇa*. It was probably not in the original Vālmiki. But it furnished a theme to our poets and dramatists to illustrate the tragic sentiment. Kāṇḍāsa in the *Raghuvamśa* (Canto XIV) has treated the theme with poetic justice. Kāṇḍāsa's Rāma, though full of pathos, shows a masculine vigour of will. Sīta is as innocent as she is sweet. But the queen of the country should be beyond the pale of busybodies and scandalous tongues. The king bows to popular sentiment which he had probed by the agency of spies. The Ideal King must be prepared for the pains and penalties pertaining to his position: to immolate everything at the altar of the political Moloch. A darling devoted wife is the sacrifice wrung from Rāma. Our poet represents the banishment as an act of strength, not of weakness; of sacrifice, not of butchery. But he presents the case of the other side with even justice. "I am quite innocent and the King is convinced of the fact. Is his conduct in putting me away consistent with lineage or learning? But he is a good, sweet soul incapable of wanton or callous cruelty!" Here indeed is tragedy arising from the torture within the human conscience, due to a conflict of duties (*dharma-sankāṭa*). The iron does not enter her soul. She convinces herself that her white soul is dragged through the mire by some sin pursuing

her through life. Rāma bursts into irrepressible tears. One might agree with Euripides that pain ceases to be ugly when it becomes intelligible. Bhavabhūti heightens the effect of Rāma's sacrifice, in his *Uttararāmacharita*. The love of Rāma and Sita was a thorough union of hearts, and identity of thought, feeling and will. "In pleasure and pain the same, abiding through conditions ever-changing, the love which grows with years and which age cannot wither." Rāma threw her to the wolves from a sense of duty. He weeps like a woman and is suffused with tears.

VI

A tragedy of circumstance is the story of Jimūtavāhana in the *Nāgānanda*, and his preparedness to sacrifice his life to rescue the serpent from the eagle. It breathes a tenderness for animal life, Buddhist, Jain and Hindu in sentiment, and the sublimity of self sacrifice suggests real tragedy. The Hindu counterpart is the story of Dilīpa and the cow. The cow has sinned in scratching the bark of a hallowed tree, and a divine lion is bent upon making her his prey. The king's efforts at rescue are in vain; he is rendered mute and motionless, as in a painted picture. His only thought is to liberate the cow at any cost and he offers his own body as ransom. The lion is amazed and warns him of his folly and lack of a sense of proportion. The king is adamant and is ready for self-immolation, like Śibi in the *Jātaka* story. Life is full of forces which make sport of man's nothingness. Similar helplessness is in evidence in the wailings of Vikrama separated suddenly from his spouse Urvaśī, whom he had wedded but not won.

Some circumstance or other is responsible for a tragic situation, and in the Western view there is no help from it. Alceste has his passion within control, and remains in a cruel and frowning universe which practises the conventional lies that he loathes. Old Timon with his noble heart that 'strongly loathing, greatly broke' finds his over-

weening trustfulness shattered against the real self-seekingness of mankind. There is a clash, not merely a contrast. Earthly life is pitiful, due to disasters from destiny, stupidity and malevolence. Hence the wild outbursts of Timon. Lady Macbeth is wickedness poisoning brutality; Othello is a monograph, Lear a world-picture. As Brandes puts it, Shakespeare's melancholy deepens into pessimism, a contempt for mankind, an all-embracing scorn.

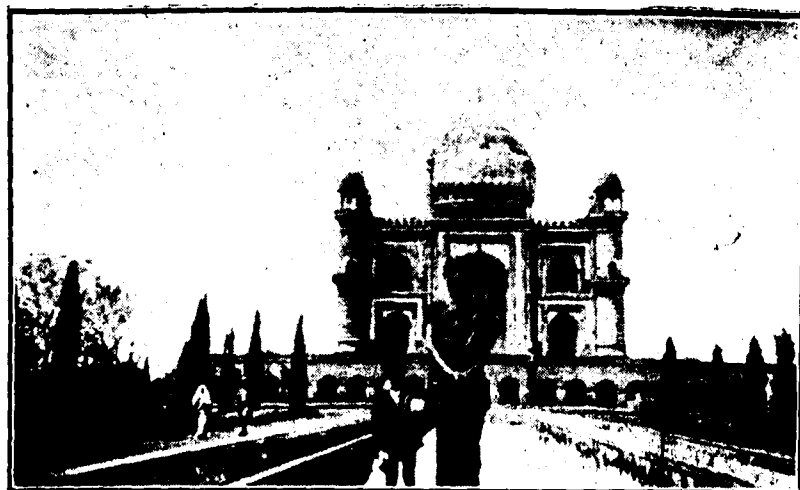
VII

Sanskrit dramatists represent the Indian view. The sad smile of sage Kaṇva or Chārudatta is based on the mystic vision of the Universal in the ordinary things of life. One touch of nature makes the whole world kin, as in the parting scene in *Sakuntala* and gives us passages rarely surpassed in lyrical beauty. When Rāma barter his throne for a life of wanderings in forest tracts, all Nature is in responsive gloom. When Sita falls in a swoon, the peacocks cease to dance, trees drop flowers and foliage and the deer let down their morsels of grass yet half-chewed. Thus does sentient Nature respond to moods of the spirit. But the joys and griefs of the passing moment do not shake the summit of the soul. It is thus that Kālidāsa initiates us into the eternal verities of existence:— "Lo, there the moon is setting in the west, and the glorious orb of the sun rises into view in the east. Even so are worlds and beings having their time and day, ups and downs in the ageless order of immortal Nature." As regards Chārudatta, every human heart bleeds for him, but his own is unruffled.

Things may appear lost or irretrievable, but the innocent cannot be done to death by tongues of slander or deeds of darkness. In course of time Truth will out, with the help of the invisible agents of God. Hindu Dharma on the background of the iron law of Karma, insists that one shall reap only as one has sown. One who has sown the

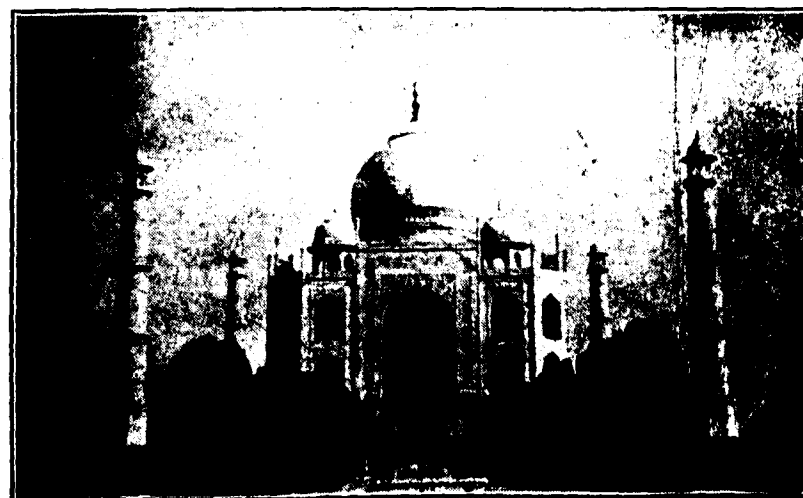
soft wind cannot reap the whirlwind. A cosmic pessimism is obviated by the conviction that an all-moral Power is shaping the destinies of the world. It is against the Indian view of social ethics to leave things hanging fire as in Hamlet, or to finish with the unmerited ruin of the innocent, be it a Duncan or a Desdemona. It is true that the course of true love never did run smooth, and there is most often the agony of deferred hope and lingered desire. But such incidents are passing events in the whirling march of the Spiral, *Samsāra*. They are irradiated and transfigured by the magical power of synthesis. Surely and slowly do things settle down into the great parallelogram of forces, and their mutual pulls establish stable equilibrium in peace, wisdom and happiness.

S. V. VENKATESWARA.



SAFDAR JANG TOMB.

Photo by V. R. N.



THE TAJ MAHAL.

The Place of the Cinema in Modern Life*

THE cinema has been subjected to a great deal of un-reasoning criticism. It has even been suggested that the institution impairs the morality of citizens. This, surely, is going too far. And whatever force there may be in these criticisms, it would appear that they fall wide of their mark since it is now fairly certain that the institution has come to stay.

It is surely the height of perversity to maintain that while the drama can be used for ennobling purposes, the cinema can inculcate only evil lessons. Shakespeare's *Hamlet* can be as effective on the screen as on the stage, perhaps much more so. And there are certain plays that can be more realistically depicted on the screen than on the stage. Hazlitt remarked of a stage production of the *Midsummer Night's Dream* that fairies may be all right but fairies six feet high are incredible. On the screen, however, with the modern apparatus of photography, the subtle effects of colour and shade can be brought out very much more clearly than can ever be done on the stage. There are many people who hold that by seeing a play of Shakespeare—even the *Midsummer Night's Dream* acted they understand it much better than by merely reading it. To such people, the cinema must come as a boon. There is always a sense of unreality about the stage. During the production of a play one is somehow irritatingly conscious of the prompter behind the screen. This sense of unreality disappears at the cinema. One, of course, knows that those are only shadows moving on a screen. But one feels at least that they are the shadows of

* Arbuthnot Prize Essay.

genuine men and women. On the stage the thought will obtrude itself that the player is a mere actor mouthing, unwillingly perhaps, his part.

This is not to decry the drama. It is only to emphasize the equally important place that the cinema has come to occupy in modern life. The drama played a great part in the education of Greek and Elizabethan youth. The cinema has now come to stay and it is no use being squeamish about it. The drama will always have a place in society—only it will now have to relegate some of its functions to the cinema. The drama, in spite of Shakespeare, will have to be circumscribed by 'unities.' It cannot very well, for example, depict a scene on the banks of the Amazon or a fight between wild animals. A chariot race as, for example, that in 'Ben-Hur' would on the stage be reduced to ridiculous proportions—a paper chariot drawn by dummy horses, pulled along by wires overhead! How realistic, on the other hand, is the effect produced on the screen. There is so much talk about 'Education by the Senses.' Does not the cinema fulfil, in great part, this important function? Students in India seldom go on the Grand Tour. Well, we do not need to! There is the cinema to do it for us. African and Malayan jungles, the volcanoes, the Pyramids, the Sphinx, Europe, America are all reproduced faithfully for us on the screen. Even the horrors of the earthquake are not quite unknown to us,—no, nor the excitement of Anglo-Australian or India *versus* England Test Matches.

We cannot over-emphasize the educative value of the cinema. It teaches us many noble lessons of service, self-sacrifice and heroism by depicting the great stories of the world. It is for us to draw the lessons and put them into practice. If we should choose only to note the bad points of a film, and close our eyes to the more numerous good points in it, it is our fault, not the fault of the film. And then the Restoration plays did worse!

One of the major criticisms levelled against the cinema is that it sacrifices much to 'sex-appeal,' whatever that might mean. It is hard to see how the film producers are to blame for this. They cater to the public taste, and the prevalence of such films can only point to the depraved taste of the people. Which is cause, and which is effect no one can determine. If we discovered one day that the whole world drank, would it be fair to lay all the blame at the door of the brewers? With a rigorous censorship, exercised by men of good sense the standard of the films should be kept fairly high. In fact, the cinema should be considered as doing a great service in thus opening our eyes to one of the major problems of our day. Such films form a very small portion of the whole and we should beware of making a mountain of an anthill.

The cinema is a thriving industry and affords employment to thousands of people. It goes a small way to solve the problem of unemployment—and that chiefly in a country where the question is really serious. We should think twice before condemning it as a questionable industry for it does satisfy the popular—the very clamorous popular—demand. It has become a highly specialised industry as well. It is to be doubted whether any of the highly paid 'stars' can make a living—let alone a fortune—off the stage.

The cinema can be very useful as an educative medium. We live in a generation which hails the invention of television as one of the greatest ever discovered by mankind. It would appear that the cinema supplies a substitute for that until television becomes a fact. When television comes, we may be able to tune in and see and listen to great men of other countries, great statesmen, ministers, etc. We saw the late King George V open the Round Table Conference, we have also seen other eminent statesmen and heard them talk. This somehow brings us

nearer to the man whom we saw talk. It is as if he talked to us personally. The nature of this bond is mysterious but it is there. It is one better than the Radio. We see the person as well as hear him talk.

International goodwill can be brought about by this medium. The cinema is a very useful, if somewhat dangerous, method of propaganda. It ought to be clear, though it hardly seems to be recognised, that other people can see our bad points better than ourselves (of our good points we constitute ourselves our own, perhaps partial, judges). It should not also be difficult to believe that the other man, if he be an impartial outsider, is pointing out our weaknesses for our own good. The Englishman would seem to have, in a peculiar measure, this winsome reasonableness and with a delicious sense of humour, is prepared to nickname himself. Where this feeling exists, there the potentialities of the cinema as a means of correcting foibles are great. It does one good to have one's faults clearly exposed, to have one's own monstrous ego mercilessly hunted down. Awareness of one's own weak points makes one the more ready to copy another's good points. This can always do a lot of good, never any harm. A mistaken and abnormal attitude of petty nationalism, however, prevents nations from taking lessons from each other. Where the attitude is hostile, the cinema cannot hope to thrive. It is a pity.

In our own country the cinema can be put to good purposes as a means of instruction. In this city, magic lantern shows are often held, describing the various ways in which diseases are contracted, the methods of their prevention and their cure. Some films also are occasionally shown. The value of these exhibitions in improving public health, in inculcating a proper sense of cleanliness and temperance needs hardly to be mentioned. In Russia we are told this kind of propaganda is carried on to a degree of perfection

not reached anywhere else. We learn also, on the authority of no less a person than H. G. Wells, that the films shown are of exceptionally high standard. He mentions as one of the best a life of Lenin. This suggests new possibilities. It should be part of any man's education that he should learn to know and revere the great men of his country, past and present. This stirs up in all minds a noble desire to emulate the actions of the great men that have gone before. All Englishmen cherish their noble heritage—they are proud, and justifiably proud, of their Miltons and Shakespeares and Chaucers. The Germans honour Bismarck and Hitler and the Italians Mussolini. We, in India, are also proud, or ought to be, of our Kalidasa, Valmiki and Gandhi. By familiarising us with the names and actions of such great men, the cinema can awaken us to a right sense of our greatness. A welcome indication is the production of such films as the *Iron Duke*, *Cardinal Richelieu* and others. What a fine subject for such a study would Johnson make, for example!

It should not be forgotten that the cinema is also a form of amusement—just as much as games. After a long and strenuous day it is soothing to spend two hours at the cinema-house. It takes us away from the worries and strifes of this world to a newer and happier world of fancy. It is remarkable how we live through every experience of the actors. We join heartily in their thrilling adventures, rejoice with them in their happiness, and feel sad at their misfortunes—in short we forget ourselves. It is certainly good that we do so. The mind has the much-needed rest, the body also is rested. There are many things which could bring about this result—a vigorous game as well as a good book. As fulfilling this function the cinema ought to be classed with the vigorous game and the good book. One of the most delightful forms of amusement is to see the book one likes best filmed,—a book like the *Treasure Island* for

example. The film was fuller of thrills even than the book. It may seem paradoxical that to see an incident on the screen when you know what is going to happen may also be pleasingly thrilling. But it is so. The anticipation of the thing to come is exciting. One looked out from the beginning for the scuffle between the Black Dog and Cap'n Billy Bones and when it did come it was as thrilling as when the book was first read. I fail to see why such innocent amusement should be condemned.

It is certainly true that small children (as well as hysterical old and young ladies) are unduly excited and that it is harmful to their nerves. But there are films to which the young people could go and others to which they should not. And, after all, the evil is not very serious. It seems untrue to say that gangster films exert a baneful influence on young minds. Gangster films generally end in the leader and his band being shot down and this instead of encouraging budding robbers, should rather damp their spirits. There will always be a certain amount of crime in the world. This is not going to be appreciably increased by the showing of gangster films (which emphasize generally the part of the detective and the agent rather than the bandit): or, on the other hand, will it appreciably decline if cinemas were abolished. Crime has its root in things other than cinemas.

The cinema, on the other hand, shows in proper proportions both sides of the picture. It generally shows vice punished and virtue rewarded. It would of course be folly to close our eyes to vice and think mankind a lump of virtue. If we feel disconcerted when vice is being exposed, it is only because we are unpleasantly conscious of a strong light applied to the beam in our own eye.

To conclude then. The cinema is an important institution and it has come to stay. It fulfils several functions, not the least of which is that it serves as a valuable means

of education. It caters for people of all types. It gives an adequate impression of several things in the world of which we would otherwise be ignorant. Much money is spent to make it a pleasant form of instruction. Its stage is the whole world and it can represent part of it realistically. Certain things not possible of reproduction on the stage can be shown on the screen. By boldly pursuing a policy that has been criticized, it represents both vice and virtue, doing more good than bad. It is idle to talk of the baneful influences of 'bandit' films and those with 'sex-appeal.' The cinema has been used to very good purpose in foreign countries and has great potentialities and can serve a good turn by familiarising us with the actions and lives of great men. It provides employment for many thousands of people and it would be unreasonable to talk of the industry as waste. Lastly it serves as a form of recreation most welcome to a large part of mankind, and for this reason alone, if for no other, it should continue.

R. RAGHUNATHA RAO, III (Hons.), (Econ.)

Number Twenty

ONE of the axioms of hostel life is that one likes to burn midnight electricity without one's neighbour scenting it. It was on this time-honoured consideration that I left the double room sandwiched between the card-room and the ping-pong table, which was a great centre of publicity, and shifted to Number Twenty.

As I called in Hassan, our hostel man-of-all-work, to take my things over to Number Twenty, his Adam's apple jerked down and disappeared, and he gave me a look which put me in mind of a popular screen comedian.

"Number Twenty, Sar?" he enquired, and from the way he said it, one would have thought that Number Twenty was the next world war, or an epidemic disease.

"Number Twenty."

"No other room vacant, Sar?"

"No other room vacant."

"Well, Sar, but——"

"Well, Sar, but?"

"I was going to say, Sar—there is, you know, Sar, a crack in the wall in Number Twenty."

"There is a crack in your nut," said I, with true undergraduate non-chalance.

"Nobody ever stuck to Number Twenty, not for long. But it might be different with you," he concluded incoherently and disappeared with my portmanteaus.

Little more was said, then or later, about the crack in the wall in Number Twenty. It was a solitary room on the second floor at the end of the northern wing of our hostel. Our hostel was a big, antiquated structure, grotesque and

loose-jointed, but it dated back to the early Carnatic wars. Tradition had it that generations ago it formed part of a Nawab's harem, but chance had, by one of its quixotries, turned it into a collegian's hostel, so that the walls which had once witnessed the amorous orgies of indolent potentates now witnessed the mugging manoeuvres of twentieth-century young men. There was a mosque within stone's throw of Number Twenty; and through the ancient window on the north, the Muezzin's call to prayer, a dry, dreary chant, came in at uneasy intervals of the day and stood between one and one's books. Through another, the rumble and jar of the city's traffic fell faint on one's ears, after oozing through filthy alleys, attics, and backyards. A cluster of almond trees nestled against a third, and a couple of herons billeted there of nights drove sleep from many a pillow with their incessant booming. A corkscrew staircase on one side cut Number Twenty definitely off from its neighbours and gave the finishing touch to its individuality.

All went well for the first three nights of my stay in Number Twenty, but on the fourth I had heaps to read and I "swotted" far into the night. It was twelve when the print started wobbling before my eyes; twelve-thirty when I contemplated a close-down; and finally one o'clock when I wound up and went to bed and slept straightway like a top.

That is, so long as I slept. I had not been in bed an hour, when I woke up with a shiver. A sudden dampness seemed to have gripped the air around me. My limbs felt cramped as though from over-exercise. A strange odour, unpleasant but indistinguishable, vaguely reminiscent of ozone, tickled my nasal nerves.

I suspected a draught, and closed the window adjacent to my bed. I pulled the sheets over my face and tried to sleep.

Sleep I couldn't however. The dampness in the air grew thicker around me. A chill gulped hurriedly down

my spine. A nameless terror took me by the throat. I jumped up and sat bolt upright on my bed, my hair on end, my body a-quiver from top to toe.....

I felt an uncanny fear that I was not alone!

As if in support of my dread, a few feet ahead of me something stirred—something lurid, something vague but visible, something I can never attempt to describe, moved as with a measured tread across the room. It was a thing and it was not a thing. It had a shape and it was shapeless. To an unwholesome resemblance to the striations in a discharge tube as the vacuum gets thinner, it added an enigmatic air of solidity.

The something moved. Even as I watched it, the splotch of light spread itself out and took horrid shape. A dull thud of unshod feet against the cemented floor, a rustle as of tissue paper, then a strange sound as of a moan from the underworld—sounds faint in their intensity, but piercing in their strangeness—fell sharply on my ears. And the next instant the lurid luminescence had defined itself and was—a woman!

I gasped. Involuntarily I tried to get up on my feet, but fell back—my body was limp, glued to the bed. I tried to shout, but the sounds dissolved in my throat, my tongue seemed stuccoed to the roof of my mouth. Shudders went down my frame. The flesh crept over the skin of my arms and legs. The blood froze in my veins. And my heart thumped against my chest, chokeful of fear and full to bursting.

With a mighty effort I lifted my arm and switched on the light.....

In the friendly glare of the electric lamp, I could discern nothing unusual about the room. My fancy had played tricks with me—that was all. Everything was as when I went to bed. The margosa trees in the yard rustled

faintly in the breeze and fantastic shadows of their foliage flitted across the wall opposite me. I watched the ghostly dance of the shadows, fearing they would emerge any moment from their back-ground and choke me to death.....

As I watched them, strange things happened. The light grew dim, fainter and still fainter until only the red-hot streak of filament remained—then that too went out. The electric lamp went out with the switch on, as I was alive!

And straight in front of me, almost at arm's length, chilling the air about me and curdling the blood in my veins, stood the super-electric being whose baleful power had put out the light and pinned me to my bed.

It was a young woman's—so much I was able to make out. I remember it all too distinctly—the heavy *burkha* drawn from the face, the white skirt and flowing pyjamas, rows on rows of metal and shell trinkets which belonged to an older world, but which still tinkled faintly—the dead hands and face, skin of the colour of wax and the texture of celluloid, looking, somehow, bleached, fantastic, unreal—eyes sunk deep within their sockets and around which hung loose lumps of earth, indefinite in their expression, but clearly gimletting into mine—unkempt hair that strayed from beneath a hood and fell loosely over the ears and temples like fibre beaten thin and dyed black—the whole a grey death come back to life.

My nerves had reached the acme of tension where panic merges into boldness.

"Who are you?" I shouted. But I started back at the sound of my voice. It was not my own.

For answer the figure turned round and looked at me through earth-bespattered eyes—a thin, wan look, plaintive and pained—and the next instant my fears melted and left me. Only for a flash the helpless look lasted. Then the eyes withdrew, and once again came the thud of moving

feet, the muffled tinkle of old-world ornaments, the dry rustle of tissue-paper-like garments, and a sob, a broken sob which gripped at the roots of my heart and sent a wave of pity surging across my breast... With eyes no longer scared I followed its movements... Tap tap tap! What was that? I cupped my hands behind my ears and listened. My heart leapt into my mouth as the phantom stopped in front of my book-shelf and ran its fingers over the portion of the wall exposed between two rows of books. It was the cracked bit of wall which had been plastered up ages ago with concrete and over which I had placed my shelf in order to conceal the unpresentable patch... Hassan's casual remark about the crack in the wall in Number Twenty came back to me—I had called him cracked in the head then..... Three times I heard the tapping sound. Then the figure moaned as if in despair, drew back, swung round on its heel and left.

Gingerly I followed. I never can tell why. Down two flights of stairs, across the yard, through dim vaults steeped in blackness where lizards chirped with ominous portent as the sound of our movements disturbed their slumber. I traced the thud of phantom feet and the muffled tinkle of old-world trinkets. The city slept about me. No stir in the houses, no lamps, no sounds whatever. Only the silence of the sepulchre, and deathly darkness. Darkness on earth and darkness on the sky. My midnight visitor moved on and I went hot on the trail. I was drawn I couldn't know where; I was too dazed to know where; I didn't mind where. A broad strip of barren ground intercepted our path, dotted with stones and bramble, where scraggy mounds of up-turned earth alternated with greying, oblong slabs of stone, and strange heads of dead-man's-rose nodded like drunken ghosts in the night wind. A Moslem graveyard. My guide flitted past the tombs, and I sped on, in close pursuit. We had left the last tomb behind and turned round a broken boundary wall when of a sudden we came

on the iron-grey levels of a stagnant tank. The shadowy minarets of a mosque at a short distance from the tank glowered at me like a couple of Colossuses. A toad broke the silence of night with a croak. The water splashed in response. The minarets loomed larger at the croak, statelier and more spectral. I turned on my companion. She had clasped her hands tightly round her bosom and rocked her arms wildly like a whirlwind. Then with one sweep of her shadowy hand she drew the *burkha* across her face, and as she did so I caught a final glimpse of her face. Her teeth chattered, her eyes shot death, something hideous sat on her face. I recoiled with horror. There was a splash. I looked again. She was gone.

I ran back as for life. I shall never forget that hectic run. I don't know what lent lightning speed to my legs, but I skipped the graveyard in the twinkling of an eye, crossed the streets, climbed up the corkscrew stairs, and was back again in Number Twenty in less than it takes to tell. Only one thought was in me—not a thought, but a frenzy, a goading frenzy lashing me on to action. The crack in the wall—the crack in the wall... Once in my room, I shot bullet-like towards my book-shelf, and, even as I passed, I caught my image in the mirror. I shrank back, petrified at myself. I had aged in the last two hours—I looked like somebody else; springs of sweat inundated my face, my hair stood in bunches on my head, my eyes had the look of a fugitive hunted by his fate..... In my ears a spectral sound worked havoc. Tap tap tap! The crack in the wall..... Madly I leapt to my shelf. One demoniac tug, and down it came with a crash. In vain I ran my eyes over the room for a chisel. They landed on a cricket stump. Wildly I struck with the point of it into the wall. The mortar held, fast and firm. I struck home with Satan in my blood. The paste gave way, crumbled, and powdered to the floor, I tossed the stump aside and clawed my hands into the concrete. My fingers bled, blood oozed from my lips—I

never felt the pain. The debris came down in lumps smeared with my blood. Then my fingers closed round something cold and spongy—a thrill of horror ran up my blood—I laughed a fiendish laugh at which I felt the walls of Number Twenty quivered and sent back an echo. My hands gripped a bone. One, two, three.....in quick succession they came, bones with withered tufts of feathery flesh clinging to them which crumbled at the touch—Horror! I was staring at a child's skeleton!

• • • • •

Years after it seemed to me, when I opened my eyes on a scene that took my breath away by its strangeness. I found myself in the midst of beds, doctors, nurses—in the General Hospital. My hands were bandaged, and something indefinable sat on my head like a lump of lead. I told them my story; the doctors pooh-poohed it; my hostel-mates put their tongues in their cheeks. The find of a child's skeleton, they admitted, was strange, but my explanation of it they blew up like a puff of cigarette smoke.

They said I was mad. Probably I was. I know nothing of those three feverish months in which I was nursed back to consciousness, and, during which, they said, I lay in bed in a kind of endless torpor, staring vacantly ahead of me at emptiness, starting up now and then, and grabbing wildly at something imaginary, with cries they could never understand. I cannot fill up the hiatus myself. For me those three months don't exist—or probably they exist in the tablets of the sub-conscious memory.

Hassan alone of all those around me lent a patient ear to my experiences. He supplied missing links, and here is the finished chain:

In the unwritten history of Arcot, says Hassan, this story lies hidden in a maze of obscurity. There was a beautiful woman, says Hassan, and it is not unlikely, for beautiful women there have been always. She was a Hindu

by birth, and, more hapless, she chanced to cross the life of a Nawab (of whose identity Hassan is uncertain.) The Nawab set his heart on her following the fashions of Nawabs in those days (of which Hassan's opinion is that they were not for women). The Nawab had a thing when he wanted it, and when he wanted her, he bought her husband, a young gentleman in the employ of the court, with silver and tried to buy her love with the same currency. But the woman would not consent to his illicit amour. He dragged her, nevertheless, together with her child, protesting wildly, calling vainly on her gods, to his harem. She took the room which was afterwards Number Twenty. For days the Nawab waited on her and tried to win her love, going down on his knees before her, flattering her, promising her all that she could desire, finally losing his temper when all other measures failed. For the art that had filled his harems brimful of beauties was lost on this ingenuous girl who clung to her honour like a limpet. She stood aloof, no victim to his wiles, clasping her child ever more fondly to her bosom, and finding solace in him. She neither ate nor drank, but spent the livelong day between wails and prayer. The Nawab's passion inflamed him; his defeat fanned the fire; he took to torturing the unhappy woman. He hated her child—probably because in him he saw his only rival. "You will rue your pride one day," he told her in one of his fits of madness. "I will bend your will yet. I will bend it till it breaks." The next morning she missed her child. All day, it was said, and far into the night even, they could hear her lamentations out in the streets below..... The next day her body floated on the iron-grey levels of the mosque tank..... And nightly since then, says Hassan, they hear her wails among the tombstones when silence has wrapped the world in its shroud and the night gust hisses through the briars and bramble.

Hassan may be wrong. But I haven't recovered from the shock. I doubt if I ever shall.

P. S. NATARAJA SARMA

The Stars Look Down

A SHORT STORY

THE thoughts of Alex Grahame, as he sat in a corner of the deserted deck, were not particularly pleasant. It was one of those beautiful nights which poets have immortalised. There was a bright moon and myriads of stars were twinkling in the infinite void above. But Alex Grahame's thoughts were not of the beauty of Nature. His thoughts were far away for he was thinking of the girl who had caused him to leave England.

Alex Grahame was a young man of twenty-six. He was going to Australia to forget. The world had been a good place to live in until Maurice Sutton had come on the scene and Jean had returned his engagement ring. And now he was going to Australia and to

He had no definite plans as to what he would do. He hoped to get work on one of the sheep-farms there. Nor was he much worried about the future. All he wanted was to forget.

All through the voyage he had kept aloof from his fellow passengers, and only mixed with them that he might not appear churlish.

He heard a light foot-step behind him and turned. There stood Miss Margaret Sumnor with a pleasant smile on her face and a cheery good-evening on her lips.

This was the first of many good-evenings and there grew up between them one of those shipboard friendships. Miss Sumnor somehow took the edge off his grief and he found himself take a pleasanter view of life.

It was their last night on the boat. As they sat in Alex's favourite corner, he told her his story and where he was going. In return he learnt from her that she was an

orphan and that she was going as Governess to a family in Sydney.

The next day they parted, with promises to write to each other.

On the sheep-farm Alex Grahame, the Foreman, found time hanging heavily on his hands. He had been only three months in Australia but his future was almost assured. His master, an old bachelor, loved him like a son and had hinted on partnership.

Alex often found himself thinking of his ship-board acquaintance. He missed the quiet evenings and pleasant talks they had had together on the deck, away from the rest of the crowd. It slowly dawned on him that he loved her.

The great carnival was on. Alex had written to Miss Sumnor that he would be at Sydney that evening. Miss Sumnor heard a horse galloping and saw Alex come in.

They went for the carnival together. It was another evening like that at sea when Alex had first met Margaret. They had walked round the fair and now they were embarking in a boat on the lake for a quiet row.

Alex and Margaret pulled along side by side. The moon was up. The stars were shining. In the beautiful shimmering dusk, they were silent.

Margaret broke the silence for it was becoming oppressive to her.

"How well we pull together."

"Makes me want to pull on for ever with you."

"Will you, Margaret?" Alex whispered.

"Yes," Margaret said softly.

The stars looked down on their first betrothal kiss.

GEORGE VURGESE,
III Hons. (Economics)

The Publicity Complex

I FELT very much depressed. I had done my best to please the Editor of our college magazine. After much thinking and serious deliberation I wrote down two short stories. One fine morning, putting on my best smile, I stood before him with what I felt was the better of the two stories. I presented the six sheets with a feeling of satisfaction and a sense of pride. I was confident of being praised for the attempt, for, had I not split my sides with laughter in the solitude of my study when going through it for the umpteenth time? The editor scanned through the pages. I looked on watching for signs of approbation on his countenance. But none was there. At the end of a quarter of an hour he turned to me and with a smile half betokening pity, said, "Well Makki you write well! but this is not exactly what we require."

Involuntarily I stretched my hand to receive the manuscript. Thrusting it carelessly into my pocket I left the place with an air of indifference. But really I was crest-fallen. This was bad enough, but worse was to follow.

In my room I was unable to control myself. Yet, what does the old proverb say? Try, try, try again. Yes, I will try yet again. I straightaway began my hunt after a new plot. I discussed with myself the why and the wherefore of my failure. Eureka! I got it. What is life without love? Love is the spice of life. I had been too puritanical. In my first attempt there was not an atom of love. There was no Miss or Mrs., no triangular contests, no prize fights.

So I began to write of love with a vengeance. I invented a Miss Jaddan Bai, made her a paragon of beauty,

the cynosure of all eyes. The hero was totally unworthy of her. Yet by perseverance and faithful service and liberal use of the purse he ran his obstacle race and won the prize. The clever, overwise fellow who made up the third angle of this triangle was utterly baffled. Here was a plot sure to catch. I clothed the story in perfectly ornate language with a bit of humour here and a bit of irony there.

Admiring my powers and with a self-satisfied air, I once again approached the editor. He received my article with a smile. That evening I waited to hear either a repetition of the remark he made on the previous occasion or the word which I most longed to hear "accepted." But nothing was said either that day or the next. I was hopeful; nay, certain that this time success would be mine. But the third day! How I wish that day had not been born! The manuscript was returned, rejected again with the remark.....But what mattered what the remark was. The words were a sword-thrust to me. The first time the manuscript was rejected I mustered up courage to try again. But now? No more. No more the desire to write because no more hope that my articles would ever be approved by the editor. Good bye to literary ambitions!

The date for submitting articles has been extended by a few days. The news could not affect me. Yet optimism was so ingrained in my nature that I felt I should make just one more attempt. The day was cloudy and dull. The immortal "A Tale of Two Cities" of Charles Dickens was being shown at the Paragon. Precisely at 6 P.M., I was there.

The crowd at the gate was a record one. I jostled through it on my way to the booking office. When the first bell rang I was still some twenty yards away from my ticket. At this juncture my old friend Mackenzie appeared. Mac had passed the Intermediate

the same year as I did. He was now a clerk at Q. M. C. A clever man Mac always was. Here he was quite ready to oblige me by getting the ticket for me. I gave him the rupee and two annas. He vanished the next second and in two minutes again stood by my side ticket in hand. We entered the theatre just in time.

It was a good picture; but I did not enjoy it so much as my friend did. On our way home Mac asked me why I looked so worried. To try to evade him was futile. So I told him my disappointments. He listened very attentively and in the end advised me to do as others had done in similar situations. "Put it all down," said he, "in black and white. Write just as you have spoken to me. Take the manuscript to the editor. He will find how earnest you are. He will either publish it so as to invite others to enlighten you, or he himself will advise you how you should write and what you should write about."

Mr. Editor, in submitting this article to you I have only followed the counsel of my friend, a wise man. Young and inexperienced as I am from where else can I get the knowledge of your requirements or an estimate of my ability to write if not from yourself?

S. M. S. MAKKI,
IV B. Sc. (Bot.)

Auto-suggestion

AT Nancy in France, there is a big mansion with a magnificent garden, where what is called Nancy clinic is held six or seven times daily. Sick persons suffering from various ailments such as rheumatism, gout, nervous debility, mental weakness, acute as well as chronic, go to Nancy in myriads and when they return they say that they feel as healthy as every human being is expected to be. Is there any one inside the big mansion who is working wonders? Is it through some mysterious spirits, that some one there is exercising marvellous influence on the patients? How is that people whose lives have been despaired of by doctors, have recovered their almost lost lives by a few visits to Nancy?

The answer to these questions is surprisingly simple. The working agent that brings health to these people, or putting the other way, the "medicine" that is used at Nancy is auto-suggestion. What is auto-suggestion?

Before discussing it, let us know something about psychology. This science of the mind is not a new subject. It was studied long long ago by the ancient philosophers and the Hindu Yogis. In those far off days, this science had its charm, blossomed, and bore fruit for the welfare of humanity. Our Hindu philosophers studied this and applied it for practical purposes. But those past relics of triumph in psychology have almost disappeared in course of time. Now, fortunately, the Western scholars have taken up this subject. They have thoroughly analysed the mind, co-ordinated the facts, and formulated certain laws. Through applied psychology they have attempted to give a great many lessons for the emancipation of suffering humanity.

What have we to learn from applied psychology? Put a plank twenty feet long on the ground and walk over it from one end to the other. You do it easily. But put the same plank on the house tops across a street and now try to walk on the plank. You say you can't. Why? Physically both the actions are identical. Still your state of mind or rather your imagination is quite different in the two cases. In the first, you imagine beforehand that you will walk and therefore you walk. But in the latter case your imagination is against your will—you will to walk but the imagination is against you. It says that you will fall down and break your neck. This idea of fear is so predominant in your mind, that it is capable of being realized in action. You may try to walk but your leg fails and you fall down. The idea of falling down has realized itself. You find now that you are the dupe of imagination. There is nothing to be ashamed of in this statement because all our actions, emotions, and all that we do in our life are all influenced by imagination caused by suggestion.

The pencil is lying on the floor. As soon as you see it, there is an unconscious suggestion produced in your mind that the proper place for the pencil is the table. And that suggestion realizes itself at once when you automatically bend down, pick up the pencil and place it on the table. Sometimes this spontaneous suggestion is harmful to you. For example, you are laid down with fever. Your imagination runs riot and there are so many harmful suggestions produced in your mind. You fear that you will never recover or that you will die, you are afraid that the fever may turn out to be typhoid and in that case you dread the consequent idea of being glued down to bed for at least two months. All these suggestions spontaneously come to you. As we have pointed out before that every idea or suggestion accepted by the mind tends to realise itself in action, these bad suggestions, if allowed to gain strength by your

giving way to them, may realize themselves into the disastrous results which you imagine.

What is the remedy? The remedy is to voluntarily implant in your mind positive suggestions. That is, you have to voluntarily imagine the contrary. In other words, you should replace bad suggestion by good suggestions. You should suggest to yourself that the fever will go away in a few days, that every moment you are feeling better and better, that you are slowly recovering, that you will soon be strong enough to get out of bed and attend your lecture classes, and so on. Thus the voluntary or conscious auto-suggestions planted in your mind will realize themselves into actions and you are sure to be healthy, very soon.

Now we are in a position to fully understand 'auto-suggestion.' "Auto-suggestion is the planting of an idea (or suggestion) in oneself by oneself. The boy who whistles to keep his courage whilst in the dare, and the savage who endeavours to increase his bravery and formidable presence by wariness and fantastic movements alike use auto-suggestion. Indeed, it is an agent which we all employ, whether we desire or not, from the cradle to the grave." Therefore it becomes obvious that auto-suggestion is a potent instrument in our hand, which, if tactfully utilised, will be of immense use in curing our ailments.

At this stage, it is necessary to emphasize, once again, the supremacy of the mind. The proverb, "A man is what he thinks," has great many lessons to teach us, which we fail to recognise. All our actions originate from our thought or imagination. We can control our actions by controlling our thought or imagination. The way to control the imagination for curative purposes or as a matter of fact for anything which will bring about the happiness of the man, is to use methodical auto-suggestion.

Let us return. How is a patient cured by auto-suggestion? We know that our body is built up of extremely

minute bodies called cells. Each cell contains in itself a miniature life. All these cells are working day and night incessantly for our welfare. When a portion of the body gets hurt, the cells there try to heal up the wound. As mind is the master who is controlling all these cells, though unconsciously, by conscious auto-suggestion, it is possible to exercise influence over these cells and help them. In a wound the cells are struggling hard to heal up the wounded portion. But if you use auto-suggestion, that is, if you imagine that your wound will be better and better, which amounts to giving encouragement to these cells, the wound heals up quickly, because they have received encouragement and hope in their struggle towards recovery.

It is by making use of this secret, that is, by methodical auto-suggestion which, in other words, means the planting in of healthy ideas in the mind, that all the sufferers who go to Nancy are cured.

A few words about Nancy. Though we have got the tool of auto-suggestion, we should know a good method of using this tool. So many psychologists of the West have thought over this and evolved methods of their own. The one school which has gained renown all over the world is at Nancy. It was started by a great pioneer in applied psychology, Monsieur Emile Conè. His system is popularly known as Coneism. It is admitted on all hands that for some reason or other, his system has met the public need to an unprecedented extent.

Now, these marvellous cures are achieved not only at Nancy but all over the world, wherever one has realised the potent possibilities of auto-suggestion.

When considering the use of auto-suggestion for healing, it might be asked 'What about medicines? Are we to disregard them?' 'No' is the answer. There are diseases

which are purely mental in origin and which can therefore be cured by auto-suggestion alone. But organic disabilities should be treated with medicine as well as by auto-suggestion. Let us see what M. Conè says to the patients who come to him. "'Are you receiving medical treatment?'. If the reply is 'yes,' I give advice: 'continue with it then, and practise auto-suggestion also.' If they reply 'No,' I say: 'Consult a doctor then, and follow the treatment, as well as using auto-suggestion. You will find that the two treatments help each other.'" It may also be argued that the taking of medicine is by itself an auto-suggestion because when you swallow a pill or drink a mixture, you do so with the firm hope that it will do you good. It is the same as implanting in your mind a positive auto-suggestion for health. This auto-suggestion realizes itself and you are cured. Therefore call a doctor when you are ill. But to get a cure, a quick cure, a lasting cure, use conscious auto-suggestion also.

Indeed conscious auto-suggestion can be practised in all spheres of life, not only for healing but also for success, power, and happiness. "From the cradle to the grave, conscious auto-suggestion should form the basis of a philosophy of life, a philosophy capable of producing a race endowed with the highest physical, intellectual and moral attributes."

D. PADMANABHAN,
IV B. Sc. (Physics)

The Reward of Virtue

IT was a fine morning. The secretary of Rajah Ping Pong of Banana Island telephoned to the detective Timothy Titbits to investigate the case of the Rajah's sudden death. When the detective arrived, he made his deposition. The story was as follows.

A postman delivered a packet of "Pinkie Pickles" to the servant of Rajah Ping Pong of Banana Island, who was staying at a hotel in Santon, a small town in Scotland. The Rajah subsequently fell ill and asked the landlord to call in an expert doctor. He fetched Dr. Carlson, who happened to be staying at the hotel just then. The next day the Rajah died of the injections of the doctor, who gave a death certificate for sudden heart failure and *the next day* disappeared from the scene, being suddenly called away for an urgent case in London.

The Rajah had come to England to be married to Mrs. Grant. After the marriage, they had been staying at the hotel "Feelwell" in Santon. There had come a cablegram for the Rani from an Aunt in Switzerland and she had left for a short space.

What was Mrs. Grant?

The secretary did not know. He had been engaged by the Rajah after his arrival in England. The detective asked him why the Rajah had fallen ill? Did he suspect any foul play? He did not know.

The servant was next questioned. He said there had been nothing of note except the arrival of the "Pinkie Pickles;" perhaps that was the cause of the Rajah's death.

Secretary Johnson:—"There was no harm in that. I examined the wrapper. It was all right." "Let us see it,"

demanded Titbits. It was brought. "It is a clever piece of work. The wrapper and the address on it are too fresh for the long stowing from Banana Island. The stamp is duly dated. Perhaps it was removed from another letter of the same date and affixed to the parcel. The contents are just the stuff you presumed them to be—"Pinkie Pickles" but I shall have them sent for chemical examination.

"Have you cabled the Rani?" inquired Mr. Titbits. "Yes, she has also sent a reply." He handed it over from the file on the table. Mr. Titbits scrutinised it. It ran: "Your cable—No aunt here—Starting—Send for detective. RANI PING PONG."

"It was after receiving her reply that I suspected some foul play and summoned your assistance," replied Mr. Johnson.

A vision of bright prospects flashed across the mind of the poor detective, who had been waiting long for a real case—"a sensational and paying proposition" as he called it.

"So the Rani has to pay me for my trouble, hasn't she?"

"Indeed. You may rest assured that besides the sudden increase in your reputation in tackling this case, your bank account will be considerably augmented. Why should you hesitate to play your noble part in the affair, Mr. Titbits? I've heard that here in England, the home of Sherlock Holmes, amateur detectives simply run wild and may be just had for the picking. Then just think how much the sense of hunting is ingrained in this nation? Why, even the discovery of the source of the Nile pales into insignificance, before the tracing of this 'royal' crime to its source—I never before met an Englishman, who was so fond of money, as you are! Well Sir, if this place were Banana Island or anywhere in the East, shoals of detectives would have run helter-skelter to the

spot and begged me with rich bribes to give the commission. I guarantee you a handsome fee for the discovery of the cause of His Highness's death."

"All right, Mr. Johnson, I shall hold you responsible for the fee. But what troubles me is why the Rani has not yet turned up here. Do you think she would have engineered the crime from there? Then, what are the whereabouts of this Dr. Carlson? Have you found his London address?"

"Have a care as to what you impute to the Rani Mr. Titbits," angrily retorted Mr. Johnson "She is the most loving creature I ever saw. Why, she was desperately fond of the Raja. I don't know what hinders her return. As regards the doctor—Why, he is a famous West End Man. The landlord knows him very well. In his hurry he failed to leave his address. But it would be quite easy to find out where a famous doctor lives in London. The Rani wears the world famous Brazil diamonds costing many millions."

The detective went to the landlord, Mr. Huggins, who assured him that he had known Dr. Carlson since he was a boy of eight years. "He is the son of Sir Charles Carlson, baronet of the neighbourhood."

The detective then went to London to make further investigations. Two days later Mr. Johnson received the following letter from him.

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"I have made detailed inquiries regarding Dr. Carlson. There was one such man fifteen years ago. He went on a pleasure excursion in a yacht. There has been no official notice of his return till now. Most probably the man, who was at your town, was a good impostor. I am proceeding to Switzerland to see the Rani."

11 P.M. at "Swissville" a modern "chateau de lux," was an hour of perfect silence. In the library the Rani was reading a book. She was all alone. Suddenly she turned round hearing the tread of a dreaded man's foot.

A fiendish man stood before her, revolver in hand, ready to shoot her.

"Why did you divorce me to marry that 'brownie?'" he demanded angrily.

"So you killed him! I was sure it was you that did it. Why so jealous?" she replied calmly.

"Don't you argue with me. I will shoot you this instant." He aimed the revolver at her.

"Pardon me. It is a tremendous mistake, a misunderstanding on your part. I also had some cause or provocation, you should know," she urged

"What the deuce do you mean? When did I give the least cause for complaint—What provocation did you receive?"—he queried in a strange and vehement tone, revealing sincere conviction.

"Why, it was represented to me that before you married me, you had divorced one wife and after marrying me, you kept engagements with her though she had married Mr. Brown after your formal divorce."

"It is all a lie—a—d—d lie—The man who told you, that was a villain," retorted the man.

"The person who told so is Mrs. Topaz, the nurse of the Rajah," said the woman.

"She is an unscrupulous jade—she can tell all sorts of lies. You are not innocent. So you shall die," he threatened again.

"Hear me if you will. To prove my sincerity, I'm ready to marry you, now—especially since the Rajah is dead. I shall inherit all his jewels and his kingdom. Such

was his last will and testament, which he made at our wedding. Will that convince and satisfy you?"

"Oh no! What will the brownies think! They will say, I deliberately allowed you to marry him so that you may become rich and powerful and then murder him to rob him of his riches. No, that simply won't do!"

"Who asked you to get into such infernal rage and fit of jealousy to kill a man who had done no harm to you? I had every right to divorce you when I liked, hadn't I? And no sane man can dispute that."

"True, but there must be provocation, some definite cause for your desertion, no sane woman would deny that!"

Somehow they patched up matters for the present and she said she would prepare a night-cap for them. Each had resolved to poison the other.

She had got two glasses of coffee ready. In the meanwhile the man had put the sugar-vase at a distance behind her—When she went to fetch it, he dropped into her glass a pinch of some stuff he had taken out of a small box from his pocket, looking the very picture of innocence while doing it.

She likewise, without any suspicion of his plot, was seeking to poison his drink.

"Look, a sergeant's at the window. I am afraid he's come to fetch you." He duly looked up and was horrified to find Mr. Titbits in uniform peeping through the casement, which he had opened.

She had found the opportunity to put poison into his glass, which she had secured while searching for the sugar.

"Let us have our drink and then ring for the servants to take care of the stranger," she proposed. Then both

drank their fatal glasses and at once fell down dead on the floor.

Mr. Titbits called the servants and went to the spot and found them dead.

He found a diary in the pocket of Dr. Carlson, took it and read it. Strange revelations! Dr. Ibobson's real name was Carlson Grant. He was known in the East as Dr. Grant and not as Carlson. He had assumed the name of Carlson and impersonated him successfully.

From a newspaper sent to him by Mr. Johnson he also learned that the man, who had been posing as the Rajah, was also an impostor—He was the aide-de-camp of the Rajah known as John d'Bunca—Both Bunca and Grant had been members of a dramatic society of which the Rajah was the patron. The Rajah also used to take parts in it—Bunca and Grant were adepts in the art of make-up and had turned the gift in grim earnest to their nefarious ends.

Mr. Johnson arrived on the scene and both he and Mr. Titbits took an inventory of the Rani's possessions. On sending for a jeweller, they were surprised to learn that the brilliants worn by the Rani were sham jewellery—mere paste! So they got nothing for their pains. But they had solved the mystery of the Rajah's case and the search for truth they felt, was its own reward.

V. RAMA RAO,
I Class.

One Never Knows

NALINI sat in a patch of moonlight that came dancing through the prettily curtained casement windows of her father's palatial mansion. The evening had deepened into dusk and the moon with her pale brilliance had risen up.

With her neat, black curls and her limpid, luring eyes shaded by thick and jetty lashes, Nalini herself was like a ray of moonlight. Her complexion was healthy and clear, her nose exactly straight and her mouth small to a fault. Her vermilion lips parted whenever she smiled, disclosing a set of white teeth like a jasmine wreath. The slim, fair column of her throat disappeared beneath the low neckline of her modern blouse. Her waistline was slender and her hips completed the contour of her body with a pleasing symmetry.

Nalini looked at her mother who was seated opposite to her taking the frugal supper. The maid who was standing silently after spreading the supper was curtly dismissed by the mother. Nalini wondered at her mother's vexed frown and knitted brows and asked with a tremor in her voice: "What is it that worries your mind to night, mother?"

But to go back a little—Nalini and her mother had lost taste in life ever since the unexpected demise of Nalini's father, Ram Lochan Ray, about three years ago, when Nalini was a girl of seventeen. Mr. Ray was a leading lawyer at Allahabad in those days—renowned both for his fine character and his bright intellect. Mr. Ray had been living happily with his family, but passed away unexpectedly on just one of those days when he was thinking of his only daughter's wedding. Needless to say, his demise was a bitter and biting blow to the two members of the

bereaved family, since it removed not only a loving husband and an affectionate father, but also the earning hand. True, he left behind a substantial sum for his family to fall back upon; but it could not last for ever. There were no additions to it but only subtractions from it. This, the mother and daughter understood only too clearly and realised that ere long their economic position would become rather unstable.

But to return to the conversation.

"Nothing that is new, Nalini," said the mother after a short silence. "You know that for the past three years I am on the look out for a fitting man for you. And you know your late father's wish"—here a few tears rolled down her cheeks and she moaned in a low voice. "We have no male member in our house. Don't you think that our family will live long if you choose a partner? We three can live happily." She paused.

"Go on, mother," said Nalini and sat in mute silence, apparently moved by her mother's words.

"Well, there is the young Madan Mohan; he is home from his college—a brilliant graduate and a decent, cultured young man, the only son and heir to his rich father and his estate. Can't you see him? An alliance between you and him means much to you and me. I have also talked with his mother and she favours my proposal."

"Ah! I see," she burst out, "it is an outrage—mother—asking me to sell myself for our bread. I don't know him, and I hate him."

This laconic reply cut the mother to the quick. Heaving a heavy sigh, she sank into her chair. Nalini moved uncomfortably in her seat for a few moments, not knowing what to do. She rushed from the room and retired to bed sobbing. Her mind that night was "a prey to conflicting thought, agony and unhappiness. She had to consider on

the one hand her old mother's wish and proposal, their joint prosperity and, on the other hand, her own likes and dislikes, her own ambitions and aims. An hour later, the unhappy mother, after taking a look round the house, left some instructions with the servants and retired to bed.

The next morning Nalini packed her suit case and left for Akilpur just for a few days' change and to give time to her mother to think over. She left behind this information with the peon and departed that afternoon for Akilpur with her maid servant. The unhappy mother, when she came to know of the daughter's unexpected departure, felt at first miserable but after a thought consoled herself that Nalini would be comfortable in her cousin's house at Akilpur. But late that evening Nalini found herself comfortably lodged not in her cousin's house as her mother thought, but in a well-appointed room in the National Cafe at Akilpur.

The next evening she was at a loss to know how to spend her time. She was tired of reading and of thinking. So, she left the cafe for a stroll in the adjacent park. And there, after an aimless stroll, she reclined on a patch of green grass near a bower, lost in deep thought and sad reflection over the fate that had befallen her, her eyes set on a distant object and quite unaware of her surroundings.

When she was in this position, she awoke to her surroundings rather suddenly as she sensed a tall shadow falling on her. The park lights were lit. She sprang to her feet from her reclining posture and saw a fair, tall youth in a flannel suit folding a pocket camera. She suddenly realised that she had been posing for him unknowingly.

"Oh! Oh!" she cried jumping to her feet. "Sorry," the young man offered as he advanced a step or two nearer. "I happened to come upon you by accident. You made a

tempting picture and I couldn't help snapping you with my camera. I hope you won't mind."

"I think you might have taken my permission before taking such liberties. The people here don't seem to be courteous," she said.

"I do not belong to this place. I am only staying at the cafe here on a holiday."

"At the cafe! What a coincidence! I am staying at the same place," she replied.

"May I know your name?" he asked.

"Leela—and yours?" was her answer after a little hesitation.

"Sunder," he replied after a moment's thought. She looked about and said, "It is getting dark and I must go back." "May I walk back with you, Leela?" he asked. She was silent. They followed the shady path of the garden to the cafe. On the way they talked and laughed a great deal.

Dinner over, at the cafe, Leela and Sunder sat in her room and talked things over to the great delight of both. He told her how happy he felt in her presence, while Leela was simply nodding and smiling as if she appreciated his remarks very much. And at last he broke their commonplace conversation with the remark, "You are lovely, Leela, lovelier than anyone else that I have met."

She did not reply and pretended as though she evaded the question. But her eyes were starry as she gazed up into his face. Her dumb silence could tell more than her words could convey.

He made bold after a pause and said again, "I love you, Leela, don't you hear me?"

"But you have known me only for a short time," she broke her silence.

"That makes no difference. Should ever time be a measuring rod of love? And I'd like to know whether you care for me or not." She was won over completely. But she could not explain the surging emotions and the seething feelings that crowded into her heart, imploring her not to reject this young man and yet not to accept him readily. She wanted to throw herself into his arms and tell him how much she cared for him. But she could not easily overcome the thought of her aged mother. After a few moments of conflicting thoughts, she told him, "Of course, I think a lot of you."

He broke the ice. "Will you marry me?" he asked.

"Marry you!" she returned in surprise. When she became calm, she proceeded, "May be, but you must tell me your story." As she said this, she tried to be unconcerned; but her voice denied it.

"Since I am serious, I will tell you the truth. I belong to Allahabad. I ran away from home just yesterday. My mother insisted on my marrying some slip of a girl whom I have never seen or known—all for the simple reason that the girl's mother happens to be a close friend of my mother. I rebelled against her wish, packed up and arrived here just to forget this matrimonial worry. And then I met you, and got into another sort of worry again."

Nalini had a shrewd suspicion that she had heard of him before. He paused for a moment dramatically, and she heaved a heavy sigh.

"I cannot promise you much at present. My mother rules me, and she thinks much of that girl, Nalini. If I marry you, my parents may cut me off. I think I have a bright future nevertheless—Now will you have me?"

Nalini's wonder knew no bounds at this humorous and rather improbable story which exactly coincided with hers.

"Is your name by any chance Madan Mohan?" she asked and waited for a breathless moment for the answer.

In amazement he asked, "How did you know?" A feeling of unbounded gladness swept over her and a thrill of unexpected happiness passed through her frame. "I guessed," she replied—"for you must know that I am the unfortunate Nalini whom you just now spoke of. I am here for the same reason as you are. My mother wanted me to marry one Madan Mohan. I didn't like the idea and so I am here."

"Funny, it is the happiest thing that could happen," muttered Madan Mohan.

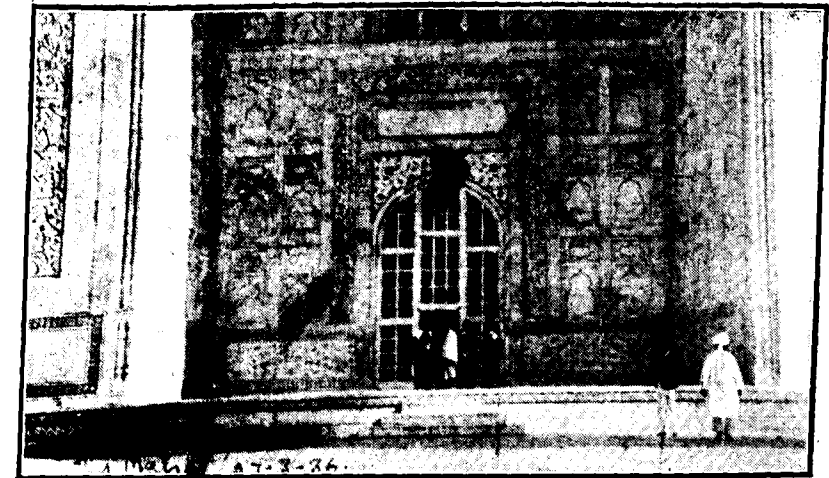
They became dutiful and obedient children to their parents—at last. Both rushed back to Allahabad and ere long were united in wedlock. An explicable something had intervened and settled the matter. Oh! one never knows what is going to happen.

S. CHANDRASEKHARAN,
IV Hons. (Econ.)

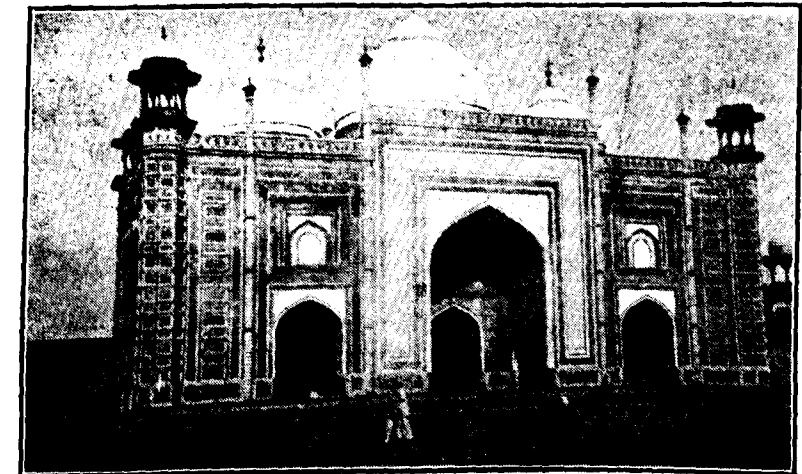
The Indian Cricketers' Tour in England

THE All-India cricketers' tour in England is fast drawing to its close. Only six more fixtures remain, at the time of writing, and the tourists have so far played twenty-five matches. Of these, the Indians have won only three, lost eleven, and drawn ten, while the fixture against the Army was abandoned on account of rain. Of the three Test matches, India lost the first Test at the Lord's and the third at the Oval, and managed to draw the second Test at Manchester by a great display of batting.

The team, on paper, looked quite formidable and perhaps even better than the All-India team which toured England in 1932. There were some inexplicable omissions like those of C. S. Nayudu and Naommal, but just before the first Test, at the urgent request of the Captain and the Manager, "C. S." was despatched by 'Air' to England by the Board of Control for Cricket in India. Further, the tourists had the services of Amar Singh whenever the Colne Club released him, and Jehangir Khan and Dilawar Hussain, who were both at Cambridge, readily assisted their country, whenever called upon to do so. But right from the beginning of the tour, bad weather and bad luck dogged the footsteps of the tourists. The present season in England has been one of the wettest on record, and the conditions were thoroughly unfamiliar to the Indians. Usually, a touring team settles down as a good combination as the tour progresses, but the Indians had constantly to alter the personnel of their teams because of injuries to many valuable members of the side. Merchant, Jai, Wazir Ali and Mahommed Hussain had each his share of mishap, while Major Nayudu was throughout the tour suffering from impaired eyesight consequent on dental trouble. This state



THE ARCHWAY OF THE TAJ.



THE GATEWAY TO THE TAJ.

of affairs is by no means conducive to good team-work. The last straw was the unfortunate "Amarnath Affair." When he was sent home 'as a disciplinary measure' on the eve of the first Test, Amarnath was at the head of both the batting and bowling averages. He had further achieved the very rare feat of scoring a separate century in each innings of a match—against Essex. The result was that India lost the services of her best all-rounder at a time when she needed him most. The echoes of the unhappy controversy have not yet died down.

The team lacked the supreme quality of consistency, though undoubtedly, it had an array of brilliant players. But leaving aside the results, they played the game in a most enjoyable spirit and gave untold pleasure to the crowds which flocked to see them, throughout the length and breadth of England. Almost every member of the team displayed a mastery of brilliant strokes, especially the square-cut, the loveliest of them all to watch. An eminent English critic wrote: "They made the crowds happy, gave them hours to remember—and they were always losing! There ought to be some other way of reckoning quality in this the best and loveliest of games; the score board is an ass."

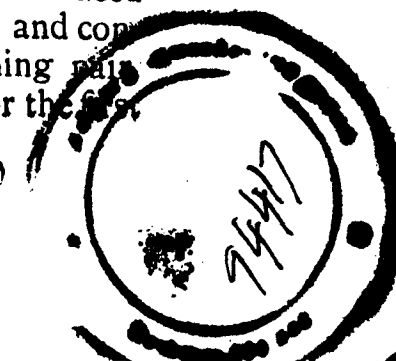
The bowlers, on the whole, failed to live up to their reputation with the possible exception of Amar Singh. Even he rarely showed the form which justifies his claim to be considered one of the best bowlers of the world. Nissar, too, was not as good as during the last tour, probably because he was not backed up by good support at the other end. Amir Elahi of whom much was expected on the English turf wickets, proved a thorough failure. Amarnath was the only spin-bowler who commanded consistent success. Baqa Jilani did not make any great impression, while Gopalan was not lucky enough to make full use of the few opportunities offered to him. The Bengal bowler, Bannerji, however, gradually built up a reputation during

this tour, with a series of consistent performances both as a bowler and as a batsman, and he was distinctly unlucky not to be selected to play in any of the Tests. Jehangir Khan received, without deserving it, that honour.

India's greatest batsman of the previous tour, Major Nayudu, has been having a very lean time with regard to his batting, though he started the tour with a series of good scores. But he came back to form in the second innings of the final Test, when he played brilliantly and aggressively to compile 81. However, his remarkable bowling performances against the Gentlemen of Ireland and Lancashire fully show that the value of such a great all-rounder and match-winner to any side cannot be over-estimated. His figures for the two matches, 7 wickets for 44 runs and 6 wickets for 46 runs respectively, enabled India to win both the matches handsomely. Vijay Merchant has been the outstanding success of the tour. He has been consistently great in his batting and he easily heads the Indian batting averages. India is lucky in possessing such a great 'Number One'. "He would be easily England's opening batsman. He is a thoroughly organized player; he thinks out his strokes, does not perform them by instinct", writes 'Cricketer' in the "*Manchester Guardian*". "He has brilliant thrusts all round the wicket, but he is master of them all, not slave to them, selecting quickly but wisely, never a creature of impulse!" Some of his feats this season are worth mentioning. He was the first Indian tourist to score a century and the first Indian to complete a thousand runs. He achieved the extremely rare feat of carrying his bat through in both the innings of a match—against Lancashire with scores of 135 and 77. He also had the further distinction of scoring a Test century and with Mushtaq Ali in compiling a partnership of 200 runs for the first wicket in a Test match in the Manchester Test. The other great batting success of the tour was Mushtaq Ali. Whenever he

really settled down, his batting was touched with the fire of genius, and he proceeded to knock the bowlers out of the ground, though he often also contrived to run himself out during the process on account of his impetuosity. His century in the Manchester Test and his 52 in the Oval Test were both memorable innings, delighting the heart of every spectator on the ground. Ramaswami was the only other batsman who never failed on the big occasion and his century against Lancashire and his four Test innings testify amply to his courage and genius. Amar Singh, too, by his hurricane hitting compiled some useful scores. Wazir Ali wholly failed to strike his true form and Jai who repeatedly showed promise in the latter half of the tour was inexplicably kept out of the Tests. The only department of the game in which the tourists maintained a consistently high level was wicket-keeping. All the three keepers, Hindlekar, Meherhomji and Dilawar Hussain, kept up Navle's tradition and further Hindlekar and Dilawar proved themselves very plucky and useful batsmen.

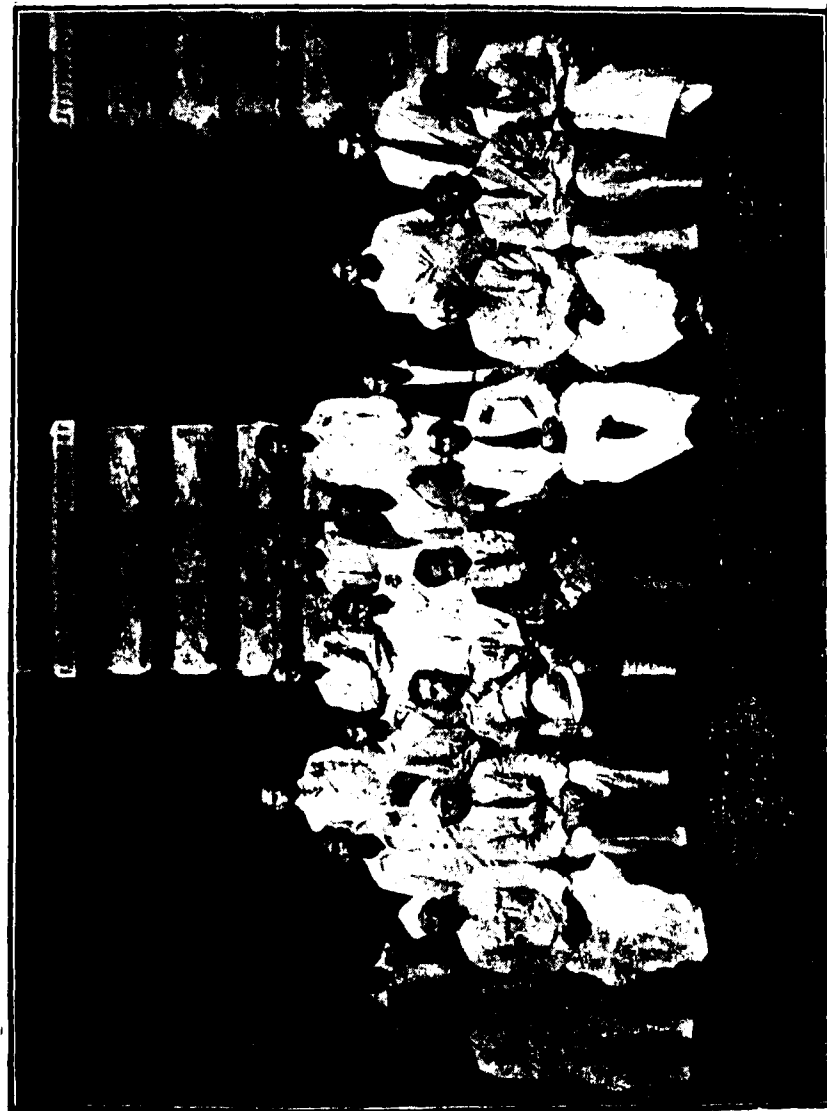
In the first Test Match at Lord's, thanks chiefly to the brilliant bowling of Amar Singh who took 6 wickets for 33 runs, India had the honour of leading England by 13 runs in the first innings; but the Indian batting collapsed miserably in both innings on a bad wicket against the bowling of Allen and Verity, for the scores of 147 and 93. Encouraged by this, Gimblett and Turnbull began to belabour the Indian bowling to such good purpose that they enabled England to win handsomely by nine wickets. In the second Test too at Manchester, the Indian batting failed in the first innings in spite of useful scores by Merchant, Wazir Ali and Ramaswami. The English batsmen in their turn, revelled on an easy-paced wicket and compiled the huge total of 571 runs before declaring. But the Indians faced their task in the second innings courageously and confidently and Merchant and Mushtaq Ali, the opening pair, succeeded in making a great stand of 203 runs for the first



wicket. Each had to his credit a brilliant century and thus they set up a new record by making the only first-wicket partnership of 200 in a Test Match against England played in that country. Ramaswami, Nayudu and Amar Singh followed with some good batting and enabled India not only to avoid an innings defeat but to draw the match when bad light prematurely ended the play before time on the last day. By this one glorious display the Indians atoned to some extent for their many failures and invested the final Test with some interest which it would otherwise have lacked. But the Indians flattered only to fail. Helped again by a lifeless wicket, England, thanks mainly to the brilliant batting of Hammond and Worthington, made 471 runs for 8 wickets before declaring. The Indians again failed, in spite of a very good start by Merchant and Mushtaq Ali who each made 52, and were all out for 222 runs. Only Dilawar and Ramaswami offered any resistance to Verity and Sims and India had to follow on. The tourists fared somewhat better this time and Merchant, Dilawar, Amar Singh and Nayudu, all batted well and India managed to compile 312 runs and thus avoided an innings defeat. England made the necessary 64 runs for a win for the loss of only one wicket and India once again lost by nine wickets. Though victory was always far away from their grasp, the Indians could console themselves with the feeling that they have always played the game. "The Indian Team suffered defeat after defeat, yet leaves the field with full honour due to a great-hearted side" wrote *The Times*. "They displayed a dogged, indomitable spirit. A warm sporting welcome for the next Indian challengers is assured;" and this is no more than their just due.

G. VENKATARAMAN,
V Hons. (English)





Dr. CHANDRASEKHARAN and Sir C. V. RAMAN are in the centre

Principles of the Study of Stellar Structure

THE following is an account of a lecture delivered under the auspices of the Physics Association on the 28th August by Dr. S. Chandrasekhar, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Research Associate, University of Chicago, and a distinguished old student of our college. Sir C. V. Raman presided on the occasion.

The President in his introductory remarks said that in America they use the expression 'gate-crasher' to mean one who goes to every function uninvited and who is invariably pushed out. He said he was reminded of that expression since he himself had come there uninvited; but fortunately he had been asked to preside over the occasion. He thanked the Association for having given him that privilege. As an old boy of the college, he recalled his connections with the Physics department. He paid a tribute to the fine work of Dr. S. Chandrasekhar at Cambridge, and then requested him to deliver the lecture.

Dr. S. Chandrasekhar began by thanking the Secretaries of the Association for the honour done to him in inviting him to address the Association. As a former Secretary of the Association, he said he was very much interested in the Association and was happy to see that the Association had grown tremendously since his days. In fact he could compare the growth of the Association to the spectacular growth of Physics during the last few years.

Coming to the subject proper, he said he would deal only with the principles of the study of stellar structure. Three parameters define a star. They are the mass M , the radius R , and the luminosity L , which is the amount of energy radiated by a star per second, measured in erg-

seconds. The object of the study of the subject is to establish relations between L , M , and R .

Let us consider the parameters one by one. Taking the mass first, we find that the general run of the masses of stars is within a very narrow range. All stars have masses of the same order as that of the sun. A range from one-fifth to ten times the mass of the sun would cover almost all the stars. Various explanations have been suggested for this fact. A formula involving the physical constants, h , c , G , and H (the Planck's constant, velocity of light, the constant of gravitation and the mass of a proton) has been suggested to give the approximate mass of the sun. Again, there is another explanation which states that if stars were formed by condensation from a supposed original nebula, by dynamical laws it follows that M should be of the same order. These are but explanations and there is no definite theory to account for the facts.

Considering the radius of the stars, again, we find that they are of about the same order as that of the sun. The third parameter, L , the luminosity is one which varies considerably from star to star. The value of L for the sun is 3.7×10^{33} ergs-second. The ratio of $\frac{L}{M}$ for sun is about two ergs-second-gram. $\frac{L}{M}$ specifies the stellar activity. There are stars with 100,000 times the luminosity of sun. It is also a fact of observation that the luminosity increases with increasing mass. A rather crude relation connecting L and M will be: L varies as M^3 .

It was discovered by Hertzsprung in 1917 that when the logarithm of L (actually 2.5 times the logarithm of L , called the bolometric magnitude is taken instead of logarithm of L) was plotted against the logarithm of M , the points on the graph were found to lie on a smooth curve. There were a few exceptions to the above

There is a certain type of stars, called the White Dwarfs (for example, the companions of Sirius) which are underluminous. The value of $\frac{L}{M}$ for White Dwarfs is about '007 ergs-second while that of the sun is two. These stars have a very much more spectacular characteristic. Their mean density is about a million times that of water. The magnitude of the density will be clearly seen, when it is stated that a man cannot lift a fraction of a cubic inch of that material.

We shall next consider some attempts to correlate the parameters, L , M , and R . The effective temperature (T_e) of a star is the temperature of the star, assuming it to be a perfectly black body or, in other words, a perfect radiator, calculated from measurement of energy radiated by it by applying Stefan's Law. It was discovered by Russell that when the bolometric magnitude and $4 \log T_e$ were plotted, the points lay on smooth curve. From the curve it was found that there are two stars with different values of L but same T_e . Various explanations have been offered, assuming the stars to be perfect gas spheres; but nothing has been satisfactory. Why is there a correlation between L , M , and R ?

Let us consider the more limited problem of stellar structure. When we observe a star, we find that it encloses a mass M , and that from this mass flows an amount of radiant energy L . There are various forces involved in considering the equilibrium of the body—the radiation pressure, the gas pressure and the gravitational pull. By bringing together the various physical laws which bear on the subject, and assuming the star to be a gaseous spherical mass maintaining its volume, a relation can be obtained between L , M , and R . The stars contain a vast quantity of radiant energy. Where this is stored up can be found out as follows. Suppose to cover 10% of the mass of a star, one

has to travel 90% of the radius. Then all energy must be concentrated at the centre and the matter must be condensed very much. For massive stars it is found that one has to travel the smallest percentage of R to cover a definite fraction of M . So, the massive stars are the most homogeneous.

Hydrogen has been found to be excessively abundant at the outside of a star according to spectroscopic observation. Now, the percentage of Hydrogen in a star can be calculated if we know its L and R . We find that there is only one way in which such a mass could give the observed value of L ; namely, it must consist of $X\%$ of Hydrogen the rest being non-hydrogen matter. This refers to the composition of the interior and it is remarkable that there should be a way of discovering facts about the constitution of such inaccessible matter.

It has been mentioned above that the White Dwarfs contain super-dense matter. To those, the above results do not apply. Boyle's Law does not hold good for such matter and by the application of the new statistical mechanics it has been possible to explain satisfactorily the nature of the White Dwarfs, as to why they are underluminous, etc.

Concluding, the Lecturer said that the above are but some of the facts. The study of stellar structure is not at all speculative as it is generally believed to be. It is just like the study of any other subject. The progress of nuclear physics in the last few years has helped the growth of the subject of Astrophysics, and the subject is one in which one can expect a very great advance in the near future.

The President in his concluding remarks said that when he asked Dr. Chandrasekhar as to what he was going to lecture upon, the latter replied that it was going to be a lecture for children. If it was really so, the children ought to be grown-up ones. He was not quite sure how

much of the lecture had been understood. But, anyway, the lecture was a very remarkable one. Sir Raman, continuing, admired Dr. Chandrasekhar's presentation of the subject and the natural sequence with which the theories were developed by him. Dwelling upon the importance of the study of Astro-physics in India, the President said that he felt glad that we are making now at least a beginning. For example, we in this laboratory are making a Telescope. If the Lecturer had not done anything else, he had at least taught them that Astro-physics was not a speculative subject; he had opened their eyes to the vast dimensions of stars and given them food for thought. And in this he has done a great service to the Association.

Dr. H. Parameswaran then made a short speech, in the course of which he gave an account of the brilliant academic career of Dr. Chandrasekhar, and paid a great tribute to the excellent work he had done at Cambridge. And finally he expressed the fond hope that some day Dr. Chandrasekhar's services might be available for our college. With a vote of thanks, the meeting came to a close.

T. V. BALASUBRAMANIAN,
B. Sc. Post-Graduate (Physics)

Warring Passions

DRAMATIS PERSONAE

Mr. Hamilton ... Mine Owner.	Cicely, Daughter of Mr. Thornton.
Mr. Thornton ... Overseer.	Mrs. White, Wife of White.
Mr. Thwaites ... Ground Engineer.	Betsy White, Her Daughter.
Higgins } Martin } White }	Nurse. A Doctor.

A number of miners and their wives and daughters and people officiating in a wedding procession in Scene III.

SCENE I

(A street where Higgins and Martin stand talking.)

Higgins. Hey Martin, where be thee going to?

Martin. Oi be off to the inn.

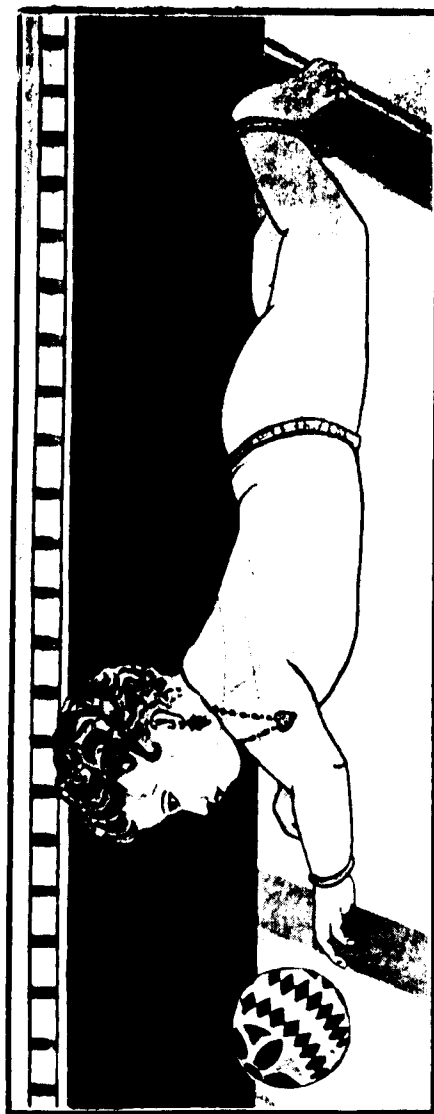
Higgins. Thee'll have a right foine time. Oi wish Oi cud be going wi thee, but the missus will have it that Oi be in and sober as a parson.

Martin. Oi be going to meet Master Thornton. He ha' bidden us meet for a foine bout o'drinking and meery making, and such like. He ha' been down often o'late and so ha' Master Thwaites.

Higgins. Ay, and Miss Cicely be not ower pleased neither. 'Tis said that they be plotting mischief agin the master and she be afeared.

Martin. She ha' no call to fear. The master, he be able to take care o' hisself and 'tis said he be moighty sweet on her.

Higgins. Well she's a good lass and a pretty one too. 'Twill not be a bad bargain Oi'm thinking, but Thornton be



SO NEAR AND YET SO FAR.

terrible put out, sin' last week, when the master scolded him for not minding his work right. Think you he'll agree?

Martin. That's atween them. Us has no call to meddle. Leave it to the women to puzzle ower the matter. Oi must be off to the inn. Come and have a drink along-o' me.

Higgins. Just one drink. Thanks mate. (*Exeunt*).

SCENE II

(*Mr. Thornton's house. He is seated near the hearth and Cicely is preparing the supper*).

Thornton. Now, girl, be quick with my supper. How slow you are! Hurry, I must be off to meet some friends at the inn.

Cicely. Dear father, be patient, and please don't go out to-night. You know Mr. Hamilton remarked on your frequent excesses. What shall we do if he ceases to employ you?

Thornton. Hamilton indeed! What has he to do with the way in which I spend my leisure hours? He lives a king's life, does no work and dares to attempt to curtail my pleasure. He will learn not to interfere when Thwaites and I get together.

Cicely. Father, beware, he is our best friend. Do not anger him, and whatever you do, don't try to hurt him.

Thornton. What an ardent champion! Foolish girl! He cares little for you. Your doll prettiness attracts but he is not seriously fond of you.

Cicely. Oh! father, how could he? Great, good Mr. Hamilton could not think of a poor, portionless, foolish girl like me.

Thornton. Then don't eat your heart out for him. Thwaites is more to my mind.

Cicely. He frightens me. He looks capable of anything.

Thornton. So he is. Even of killing Hamilton.

Cicely. Oh father, what are you saying?

Thornton. There, girl, get my supper, and don't mention this again, if you value happiness.

Cicely. But father, why do you talk so? Is there any fear of Mr. Thwaites hurting Mr. Hamilton?

Thornton. (Striking her) Keep quiet, will you? Don't you hear footsteps, you fool? Don't open your lips on this matter, or I'll murder you.

(The door opens and Hamilton enters the room.)

Hamilton. What means this, sir? Why does your daughter weep?

What caused this fearful weal on her fair cheek?
Why, Cicely, don't you answer when I speak?
Has he been striking you? the coward, bully,
sneak?

Thornton. This is my home, you're an intruder here.
That being the case, I've nought from you to fear.

She is my child and I've the right o'er her.
You'll rue it sore, if you dare to interfere.

Hamilton. Her father and protector you are by right,
And yet, you choose her spirit to affright,
And on her life to cast an early blight.
I'll win the right on her behalf to fight.
Hear me, fair maid, come, leave this house with me,

And your true husband I will surely be.
His black designs, can you not clearly see?
Come with me now and I will set you free.

Cicely. Dear Sir, you're good and really very kind,
Yet speak not hastily, in case you find

That when this hour you later call to mind
You'll rue it, and think with passion you were blind.

For what have I but my own self to give
To my poor husband with whom I go to live?
And who am I? So, Sir, my words forgive;
Make sure whether love or pity is your motive.

Hamilton. Nay, Cicely, where should I find a fairer maid
Than you in all this town? Be not afraid.
Your father has his trust foully betrayed.
Give me your hand and let your fears be stayed.
You're virtuous too, and as the lily pure.
This long while of your worth have I been sure.
What if by merest chance you were born poor?
I have of this world's goods sufficient store.

Thornton. What, will you wed my daughter honourably?
Then, sir, I beg your pardon down on bended knee.

I thought you trifling, judging hastily,
And governed by wrath, I acted foolishly.

Hamilton. 'Tis granted, sir, if I may Cicely wed,
Now not my enemy but father-in-law instead
You'll happy be, when Cicely I have led
As bride to church, as I've just clearly said

Cicely. My lord, I'll be a good and faithful wife,
And devote to you the remainder of my life.
Between us there will be no breath of strife,
Or bickerings among so many couples rife.

Thornton. Then let us go and arrange according to law
Those matters that must always come before
The wedding rites. Let's nail on the church-door
The banns. We have to do this work and more.

(Exeunt)

SCENE III

(The street outside the church where the miners and their wives and families stand expectantly on either side of the road dressed in their holiday clothes. One child carries a bunch of flowers. The last strains of the wedding march are being played.)

Higgins. They'll be out soon. Be those flowers ready, dame?

Mrs. White. Aye, indeed they be. Come here, Betsy. Show mother how thee be going to make thy curtsy. Now, say "For Mrs. Hamilton with our love and duty."

Betsy *(curtsying)*. "For Mrs. Hamilton, with our love and duty."

Mrs. White. Quite right. Now, mind thee, if thee do it right, thee'll have a box o'candy, but if thee do it wrong, mother'll whip thee.

Higgins. Here they be. Hush now. Off wi' your hats, mates. Now all together cheer! One, two, three. Hip, hip, Hurrah!

(The procession comes out and passes between the cheering crowds. Betsy moves up to the bride and with an awkward curtsy presents the flowers, nearly falling as she does so.)

Betsy. With our loves and dooty, for Mrs. Ham'lton.

Cicely *(bowing)*. Thank you, dear.

(The crowds cheer as the procession moves on and then straggle after. Only Thwaites is left.)

Thwaites. Oh, Cicely, if you knew what passionate love Burns in my heart for you, my tender dove! I strove to turn your father from this match. Your husband's love is not the meanest patch On mine for which sake I would gladly die, Commit a crime or tell a dreadful lie. He thinks he's doing so very much for you In wedding you, my love, and with that too

He bears you to his home to wait on him.
With sleepless troubled nights my eyes are dim;
I think of you, for whom I'd sell my soul;
Yet you are afraid of me and on the whole
Your fears are not quite groundless, for by
Heaven,

To win you, I'd not stop at murder even.
As for the wretch that's borne away the prize,
For which he cares not, right before my eyes,
I'll never rest till I've achieved his fall.
His happiness to me is bitterest gall.
Oh heaven, or hell, if heaven will not help me,
To me a vengeful powerful counsellor be.
How shall I wrest from him the one whose love
Is all I ask in earth or heaven above.
If he must die, then show to me the way,
The time, the season and the propitious day.
My plans will all be fiendishly complete;
His soul will be borne away to Satan's seat.
His bride, ah Cicely, then will be my own.
Ah dreadful thought! Will Cicely my hopes
drown

By loving him although he's cold in the grave
And dying of sorrow? Nay from this I'll save
My heart's sole queen, for she will love me then;
My love surpasses that of common men;
'Twill win and though she weep for him one hour
His love can never have eternal power
To bind her to his memory. 'Tis too slight
Yet in this thought I cannot take delight;
For, not his love for her, but hers for him
Will feel the strain and will his memory dim
In her sweet mind. She'll canonize him there
And soon forget his faults. The best of men
Will be in her sight. Then, what remains for
me!

His murderer in my form she'll ever see.
 What thoughts are these that do torment me
 now?
 What shall I do, kind heaven, to me show!
 But heaven is mute. The skies their mystery
 keep—
 Then help me spirits out of hell so deep!
 Shall I kill him and strive to win his wife,
 Or leave the two to enjoy their married life?
 If I could but know what would happier make
 The lovely maid, I'd do it for her sake;
 But this I cannot know and my desire
 Is to kill him by hunger, sword or fire.
 What shall I do? I'll take my way and leave
 The rest to fate which can the end perceive.
 Now, to devise some way that he may die
 And no suspicion on my name yet lie,
 I will retire and formulate my plans.
 Ye spirits! guide me to my finest chance!
 (Exeunt)

SCENE IV

(Thwaites is standing near a narrow pit in the yard which bears
 signs of decorations for a special day. He is alone.)

Thwaites. The train is laid and now the fire is lit,
 The powder's hidden safely in yon pit.
 The time for Hamilton's yearly visit now has
 come,
 Now too his tour of inspection has begun;
 In one hour he'll have reached the furthest vein
 Where ore is mined, and then with all his train
 He will return, his yearly visit o'er.
 And then my chance is ruined for ever more;
 But ere he comes, the powder will ignite
 And that whole dangerous mass be set alight—
 The explosion there will cause a mighty fall

And between him and the cage will be a great wall
 That they can't pierce in less than fourteen
 days.
 They'll starve by then. Yes this of all the ways
 Of taking my revenge is quite the best;
 Till it's complete I cannot take my rest;
 But here some miners come. They must not
 guess
 My deed, or it will cause them much distress.
 Ha, ha! the fools do love him very much.
 How is it that fervent love is inspired by such?

(Enter Higgins, Martin and White. Thwaites steps aside and is
 almost concealed by some lumber. He is not noticed by the
 three miners who are busy talking.)

Higgins. The master ha' gone down. He do be looking gay.

White. Ay and 'tis not to be wondered at wi' such a sweet
 maid at his side.

Martin. Did 'ee see her smile and how she looked at him?

White. Ay and did she no smile at us too, and hold out her
 little hand to us?

Higgins. She be a pretty lass and a brave one too. 'Tis the
 first that ha' gone down the mine, sin the fall now
 two years agone.

Thwaites. (Coming out hastily, catching Higgins by the arm and
 shaking him). What did you say? Has Cice, Mrs.
 Hamilton, gone down with her husband?

Higgins. Ay she be. The master, he told her she ha no call
 to go, but she be terrible set on going, and smiles up into
 his face, and him no having the heart to say her nay.

Thwaites. A knife! a knife! For God's sake, give me a
 knife.

White. (Slowly producing one and holding it cautiously as if
 undecided whether to give it to him or no.) What be ee
 wanting it for, master?

Thwaites. (*Snatching it from him*) Give it to me. Oh God, grant I am in time.

(*He leaps into the ditch and appears to be sawing furiously at something. The miners crowd curiously on the bank above.*)

Martin. What be ee cutting that cord for, master?

Higgins. See the fire come creeping along. Ye will be burnt soon, master.

White. 'Tis very close. Careful! master.

Higgins. It be burning him, yet he will no' stop; see his hands they be red and sore.

White. It ha' caught on his clothes! do have a care, master.

Martin. He be taking no heed, yet see, he has almost cut through the cord.

Higgins. His clothes be all ablaze; come away please, master

White. He be done! see the cord is cut, but he ha' fainted. Put out the fire, mates and bring him out, mates.

Higgins gets into the ditch and wraps his coat round the man, extinguishing the flames. Then he helps his comrades to carry him out (*for he lies in a faint on the edge of the ditch.*)

Higgins. He be terrible bad. Us must take him to hospital.

Martin. Come on then. Give us your sticks, Higgins and White, and your coats. So we must make a stretcher. (*Making one rapidly.*) Now lay him down (*They lift him on to it*) and now let us carry him away.

(*Exeunt with Thwaites on the stretcher.*)

SCENE V

(*The hospital. Thwaites lies unconscious in a bed. A doctor and a nurse are bending over him.*)

Doctor. He is sinking, I'm afraid. He is past all hope. Let's see, (*Puts his hand under the clothes over the patient's heart.*)

Yes, he cannot be saved now. He will die in an hour's time. Meanwhile he may recover consciousness; so, stay with him, nurse. (*Exit.*)

(*Thwaites groans and moves slightly. The nurse runs her fingers through his hair soothingly.*)

Thwaites. Cicely! Cicely! I did it for you.

Nurse. Do you want any one? Would you like me to bring her here?

Thwaites. Where am I? In hospital? What did you say, nurse? Call Cicely, Mrs. Hamilton, please, and ask her if she will see me before I die. Yes, I know I'm dying. I remember quite well what I did. Please ask her if she will come.

Nurse. Yes, of course, I will. (*goes to the door and seems to be talking with some one. Returns.*) She is downstairs and asking to see you. She will be here in a minute.

Thwaites. Thank you, Nurse.

(*Cicely enters, looks round for a minute, then goes straight up to the bed and takes his hand. The Nurse goes away.*)

Cicely. You sent for me and I am very glad.
We heard when at the top you had
Been badly burnt while trying to cut a cord;
We wondered why and sent with one accord
To find to what it led, and then we knew
From what you saved us and what you went
through.
I've come to thank you for this gallant deed:
You've helped us in this time of dreadful need.

Thwaites. No, Cicely, don't. You would not, if you knew
The villainy I planned, the dreadful wrong to
you.

I placed it there to kill your husband ; so,
 Don't thank me, but the reason let me show—
 I loved you dear and wanted you so sore —
 The more I thought, for you I longed still
 more.

He won, and hatred straightway filled my
 heart,

Till it contaminated every single part.

I laid the train, I lit the fire and I

Do suffer for it and will shortly die.

'Tis just that is so, and therefore, no complaint

Will pass my lips, e'en though from pain I faint ;

But, Oh, I've sinned and penalty I've paid.

Can you forgive me then, sweet little maid?

Cicely. I pity you and gladly will forgive.
 Cannot these doctors make you live?

Thwaites. No, Cicely, it is better that I die.
 I'm glad to go and that is not a lie ;
 To see you dear my rival's loving wife
 Will sad and dreadful make my wasted life.
 If you'll but kiss me just before the end,
 This soul to eternity you'll happy send.
 But tell me first. Your husband, does he love
 You as he ought, my tender little dove?

Cicely. He loves me well, far more than I deserve.

Thwaites. 'Tis good and that assurance best will serve—
 To know you happy is my great delight ;
 'Twill make my dying moments calm and
 bright.

But tell me, Cicely, are you happy though?

Cicely. I could not tell you ; nor could I to you show
 What bliss is mine now that I am a wife,
 My husband loves me better than his life ;
 All that I want he gladly gives to me

And when I doubt his heart, he lets me see
 He never hides from me a single thought.
 Thank God who to me such a husband brought.

Thwaites. Now can I very comfortably die.
 Good bye, my darling, once for all good bye !

*(Cicely bends and kisses him. He smiles at her, then his head falls
 back with a sigh and he is dead. Cicely crosses his hands on
 his chest ; looks silently at him and rises.)*

Cicely. He loved me well, e'en though a wicked man ;
 I pity him as only a woman can,
 Who is loved by one whose love she can't
 return.

Well, I must go. My husband waits to learn
 News of this man. I wonder what he'll say
 When he hears what's been told to me to-day.

(Exit.)

J. HOBDAV,
 III B.Sc.

Dr. W. H. Wilson

DOCTOR W. H. WILSON occupied the chair of Science and of Chemistry for a long period of over thirty years. He may be said to have begun the teaching of Science in the Presidency College. Much of the progress in building and equipment required for the teaching of General Science and of Chemistry, may be traced to his initiative and skill in designing. He worthily maintained his position among a group of Professors who were all noted for the dignity of their bearing and the marked ability they brought to bear in the instruction of the young men that sought admission into the Presidency College. Dr. Wilson was a distinguished exponent of Chemistry. The extent of his knowledge commanded respect. By the eloquence of his expositions he won the close attention of his hearers.

In the Council Room of the College there is a photograph of Dr. Wilson and his colleagues. An old student of the College related to me that Dr. Wilson, when he first appeared in the College, impressed him, by the freshness of his complexion, the vigour of his movement and expression and that his dignity of bearing was heightened by a venerable beard. When I was a student, Dr. Wilson did not wear a beard, but he had a flowing moustache, the ends of which he twisted diligently with his fingers. Though not as tall as some of his colleagues, his body was well proportioned. His forehead was broad, his eyes penetrating. His forceful looks and words kept students in awe of him. He seemed aloof and distant, but was found, from experience, to be both kind and considerate.

He was rarely seen without cigar or pipe in his mouth. In his private room, or in the lecture hall, working or speak-



W. H. WILSON
Professor of Chemistry
1899—1907.

ing, he smoked. Only when his attention was concentrated and when he grew emphatic and eloquent in expression, he laid the pipe or cigar aside; very soon after, one or the other was again in its usual place. We were struck by the methodical manner in which he arranged for his experiments. He took both time and trouble over them and much to his and our satisfaction, everything went on well. His deft fingers and alert ways set everything aright. He conducted those experiments without the help of other men's hands. He took pride in stating that in the delivery of his lectures, he followed the manner and method of Huxley. Dr. Wilson was fluent, precise and forceful in expressing himself.

His lectures were not confined only to facts of Chemistry. He touched on a variety of topics, instructive and interesting. He spoke about Joseph Chamberlain and the Boer War. The connection of one or the other with Chemistry may appear remote. Yet it was instructive to learn from Dr. Wilson that Joseph Chamberlain laid the foundation of his greatness as a statesman, by the mastery of the details of the administration of a City Corporation. "War," he declared, "is a frightful evil." "In war man stepped back into savagery and sin and gave expression to the worst side of his nature. Never could war be the way to peace. By war man destroyed in a day all that had taken him years to gather. War was the work of the Devil. Relentless hate made man kill and plunder and show other forms of frightfulness. War spread misery, no peace could be expected from or after war. War began and ended with carnage, plunder and death by violence." Strong words! but they truly describe the spirit of war.

He impressed on us the close relation that existed between science and progress. He was emphatic in his declaration that India would become prosperous only when scientific training was extensively given to its inhabitants

and facts of science were widely known to them. He was humorous and pungent when he stated that Indians wasted their time holding their breath and looking at the tips of their noses and did not do much with hand and eye. Chemistry, in his opinion, gave the most suitable training of the senses and cultivated the mind.

If any of his students showed intelligence and capacity, he took a liking for him, showed to him marked favour and even took pride in predicting for him future greatness. V. Pandurang Rau was one such, who easily found a high place in his teacher's estimation. Numberumal Chetti was spoken of as one, who built up a fortune and made a name for himself without having to join the service of Government. Yegnanarayana Aiyer became the Director of Agriculture in the State of Mysore. Padmanabhan rose to the position of a judge in Pudukotah. Thiruvengadathan figured as an industrialist. While a few, deservedly, got his favours, the rest were encouraged by him to do well. "Only some are born physically and mentally fit," he said. "But all can and should work to gain fitness." Dr. Wilson was dreaded by those who were lazy and slipshod in their work. He specially criticised those, that did their experiments carelessly and came to wrong conclusions through faulty observation. Reliance on oneself to see things carefully and observe closely was, in his opinion, the mark of the good thinker or craftsman. If the erring student worked diligently to improve himself, Dr. Wilson was found to be a generous critic and a friendly guide.

All that came into contact with Dr. Wilson were struck by the simplicity of his dress. He advised students not to be ostentatious in dress or bearing. In the class room, he would often point to the frayed ends of the cuffs of his coat and shirt and state that he was not rich enough to buy a new suit. He derided tailor-made men and disliked extravagance in clothes. But when occasion

required it, he wore good, even fashionable, dress. For instance, when Lord Curzon visited the College, he was dressed very properly and in style. Smiling, he was heard to remark, "Lord Curzon is only a person like me."

A man of active habits, he advised students to follow his example. He took a keen interest in College athletics. He was for many years the President of the College Football Association. A large number of students who did not study Chemistry, thus found opportunities to know him. A few of these gained his favour. He encouraged students to play a good game. He used to say that football was a manly game and desired that it should be more popular with students. (It would interest the readers to know that the game was played on the strip of land to the west of the College building, with the road and the canal by its side. The ball would get kicked towards and into the canal, and often had to be fished out of the ill-smelling water. The game was usually played with heartiness and zest). In the compound of his bungalow in San Thomé, Dr. Wilson was often seen giving personal attention to his garden. A push bike may sound an impossible vehicle for a Professor of the Presidency College, who had left the years of his youth, well behind him. Yet it was exhilarating to see Dr. Wilson use this vehicle, coming to and going from the College. His attachment to the vehicle was due as much to his dislike for ease as to his admiration of the ingenuity displayed in inventing this simple vehicle, which moved on two wheels, one behind the other. He created among students an enthusiasm for biking, went on long rides with them and kept count of the number of miles he did in a certain number of days with a zest which one displays now, perhaps, in counting the miles done in as many hours in a motor car. He took the case of the bicycle into the Law Courts of Madras and warmly pleaded for the removal of the tax on it. If he had won his point, thousands to-day would have had

sufficient reason to be grateful to him. He failed to convince the judges on the bench that the bike was not a wheeled vehicle.

Warm hearted and independent in judgment, Dr. Wilson was genuinely interested in improving the conditions about him. Within the limitations, that he found himself hedged in, he remodelled and reformed. He protested strongly against all forms of ugliness and waste. Conservation of matter and of force was, to him, a fact of deep significance. His practice conformed to his precept. Simple and thrifty, he was always in speech and action generous and expansive, he was imbued with a deep sense of reverence for things good and great. He often spoke the stirring words of the Bible. He was not always sunny in disposition and temperament. Oftentimes he looked moody and worried. Dr. Wilson should be remembered as a man of very generous impulses, who could and did wisely direct and ably guide young men in their efforts at self-improvement.



Sir C. P. RAMASWAMI IYER,
A Distinguished Old Boy of the College.
Now, Dewan of Travancore.



COLLEGE NOTES

The following changes in the College staff took place since March last :—

1. Mr. Lakshminarayana Ayyar, Assistant Professor of Chemistry, was transferred to the Government College, Kumbakonam, and Mr. S. Ramachandra Ayyer has succeeded him.

2. Mr. V. Rangacharya, Professor of Indian History, has been transferred to the Government Victoria College, Palghat, and Mr. S. V. Venkateswara Ayyar, Lecturer of the same College, has succeeded him.

3. Mr. P. R. Krishnaswami Ayyangar, Assistant Professor of English, has been transferred on promotion to the Madras Educational Service as Lecturer in the Ceded Districts College, Anantapur, and Mr. N. R. Kedari Rao has succeeded him.

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The following expression of thanks by Mr. C. R. Reddy, Vice-Chancellor of the Andhra University, to Dr. H. Parameswaran, Professor of Physics, for the Andhra University Clock which was built by him in the Physics Laboratory, will be read with interest :—

"Dr. H. Parameswaran has installed his great clock in the tower of the Jeypore Maharaja's Science College. It is the crown of the University buildings—a Swadeshi crown. On a rough estimate, the cost—these figures cannot be quite accurate at this stage—comes to about Rs. 6,000. Of this amount, the main portion—not less than Rs. 4,000—goes to benefit our own country in the shape of wages of labour, supervision, etc. I am told that an imported foreign clock of the same type costs Rs. 20,000. The University is indebted to Dr. Parameswaran for this benefaction, for benefaction it is to the tune of at least Rs. 10,000, and to the Government and the authorities of the Education Department and of Presidency College for giving him permission to undertake this manufacture in his laboratory."

THE LATE MR. E. H. ELLIOT

We regret to record the death of Mr. E. H. Elliot who was Junior Professor of English in the College from 1893 to 1904.

Born in 1849, he was educated in Presidency College, Madras, and took his B.A. Degree at the age of 19, standing first in English. He soon chose the career of an educationist where he laboured long and was throughout loved and respected by the many thousands of students that passed through his hands. He died full of years and honours in September 1936.

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Diwan Bahadur S. Kumaraswamy Reddiar, Vice-President, Old Students' Association, has been compelled, owing to ill-health to resign his post as Minister of Education to the Government of Madras, and Kumara Raja Mr. M. A. Muthia Chettiar, also an old student of the College, has been appointed to succeed him. The College offers its warm congratulations to the new Minister.

THE UNION SOCIETY

I TERM

The election of the Secretary of the Union Society for the first term was held on 10th July. Mr. Abdul Wahab, IV B.Sc. (Zoology), Mr. S. Chandra-sekharan, IV Hons. (Economics), and Mr. T. S. R. Narasinga Rao, V Year Post-Graduate (English), contested. Mr. Abdul Wahab was elected as Secretary. Mr. D. Venkata Rao became the President.

"Men of Letters in the Medical Profession" was the subject of an address delivered by Rao Bahadur Dr. A. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar, Acting Vice-Chancellor of the Madras University, when he inaugurated the work of the College Union Society for the year. Mr. D. Venkata Rao presided. The Principal was also present.

Dr. Lakshmanaswami Mudaliar gave an account of the lives of celebrated literary men in English who belonged to the medical profession.

Oliver Goldsmith, said Dr. Lakshmanaswami, was reputed to have been a medical man but there was no positive proof that he was even qualified by any University degree to practise medicine. There was a story that Goldsmith was offered a medical job on the Coromandel coast, probably in Madras, but it could not be said that Goldsmith was a Doctor in the correct sense.

George Crabbe, who was a medical man, was also a man of letters. When Crabbe was unknown and in poverty, Edmund Burke made him famous.

John Keats was also a medical man. It was said of Keats that in his anatomy note-book he wrote poetry.

THE UNION SOCIETY



Dr. A. LAKSHMANASWAMI MUDALIAR, who delivered the Inaugural Address, is in the centre



C. R. NAMASIVAYA MUDALIAR
Tamil Pandit
1927—1931.

Oliver Wendell Holmes was a medical man who took to literature.

The most famous of all medical men, who was equally famous in literature, was Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Dr. Lakshmanaswami referred to the literary works of Conan Doyle and especially to the popularity of Sherlock Holmes. Sherlock Holmes was so popular that a Sherlock Holmes day has been inaugurated.

Proceeding, Dr. Lashmanaswami suggested that in India also such days could be started and also societies to study the works of great literary personages such as Kalidas and Nannayabhatt.

Coming to recent years, said the speaker, Sir Ronald Ross, a famous physician, was a literary man of great merit. Robert Bridges, the late Poet Laureate, was also a medical man.

With a vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

"Is evolution or revolution the better way to social reform?" was the subject of an address delivered by Mrs. Hensman on 29th July. She spoke in her usual simple, graceful fashion and impressed the House that evolution is decidedly the better way to social reform.

There was a debate on 10th August when Miss Vilasini Devi Shenoi, B.A. (Hons.), (old student), moved that in the opinion of the House "Legislation on the lines of Dr. Deshmuk's Bill in the Assembly conferring greater property rights on Hindu women is desirable and practicable." Mr. C. K. Sitharaman, IV P.G. (History), led the opposition. Mr. S. Chandrasekaran, Mr. T. S. R. Narasinga Rao and Mr. K. P. Rangachari (Christian College) participated in the debate and made brilliant speeches. The motion being put to vote was lost. Mr. D. Venkata Rao was in the chair.

"Indian Universities and Educated Unemployment" was the subject of an address delivered by Mr. S. S. Rajagopalan, M.A., B.L., on 14th August. In the fiery speech he delivered, interesting suggestions were made for the improvement of our system of University education which were highly appreciated. Mr. D. Venkata Rao was in the chair.

A debate was held between the past and present students of the College on 19th August when Mr. B. K. Sarvothama Rao, M.A., moved that in the opinion of the House "The pursuit of knowledge is dangerous." Mr. S. Chandrasekaran, IV Hons. (Economics), led the opposition. Miss Vilasini Devi Shenoi, B.A. (Hons.), Mr. P. Nagaraja Rao, M.A., Miss Lobo, Miss Saraswathi, Miss Sushila, Mr. C. K. Sitharaman, Mr. T. S. R. Narasinga Rao and others participated in the debate. With the unique capacity for magnifying simple things in a wonderful way and more with his eloquence and humour, the mover carried the House. All the supplementary speakers made brilliant speeches. It was a

lively evening and there was a large gathering. Mr. S. Y. Padmanabhan, ex-President, was in the chair.

It is gratifying to note that there are many promising speakers in the College, especially among the ladies. We wish them all success.

We are delighted to find that old students of the College are still taking a keen interest in the activities of their old College Union and the Secretary wishes to take this opportunity to thank Miss Vilasini Devi Shenoi, Mr. Sarvothama Rao and Mr. Nagaraja Rao.

A meeting of the Managing Committee was held on 19th August to draw up a programme for the following weeks and for consideration of the Secretary's resolution to grant financial help to the Natural Science Associations for publication of their magazines.

The Secretary will hold some more meetings before the end of the term.

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

PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

The following have been elected as office-bearers for the current year (1936-1937);—

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

Secretaries : Mr. P. Samuel Doraisamy,
Mr. C. Sudhama Rao.

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

The Inaugural Address of the Physics Association was delivered on Monday, the 27th July 1936, at 4-30 P.M. by Prof. P. S. Subramania Iyer, M.A., L.T., with Dr. Parameswaran in the chair. The subject was "Broadcasting" and the lecture was well attended. The learned lecturer very ably dealt with the growth of Broadcasting both in the continent of Europe and in India. The lecturer expressed his optimistic view about the scope of broadcasting with special reference to India.

Concluding his speech, the lecturer said, "Broadcasting is not coming into conflict with the gramophone or theatre; but it gives a great fillip to the manufacturer, who has aided research. Broadcasting is therefore not only a power on the artistic, social and technical side, but it is one of the real guages of civilisation of a country in modern times."

During the course of the term, nine lectures were delivered under the auspices of the Association.



H. E. THE LORD ERSKINE at the Annual Sports, January 1936.

We take great pleasure in mentioning that all the lectures were well attended by our student members and outside members and it is our hope that we will have the same encouragement in the next term also.

A debate was held under the auspices of the Association when Mr. S. V. Ramaniah moved a proposition that "In the opinion of the House Science is dangerous to civilisation." The opposition was ably led by Mr. V. Gopalkrishna Kamath. Dr. S. Kalyanaraman, M.A., L.T., D.Sc., and Prof. S. Ganapathi Subramanian, M.A., L.T., also participated. The proposition was lost by an overwhelming majority.

On Friday, the 28th August 1936, at 5 P.M., the members of the Association had the unique opportunity of being addressed by one of the most distinguished old students of the department, Dr. S. Chandrasekar, Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge, and Research Associate of the University of Chicago. Sir C. V. Raman, another eminent old student, was in the Chair. The subject of the address was "The Principles of the Study of Stellar Structure," an account of which is given elsewhere in this issue. Dr. H. Parameswaram, in proposing the vote of thanks to the distinguished guests, paid a glowing tribute to the brilliant work of Dr. S. Chandrasekar, in the realm of Astro-Physics. In concluding, he said that India, and especially the Physics department of the College, ought to be proud of being associated with men like Dr. S. Chandrasekar and Sir C. V. Raman. The senior students and the staff of the Physics department were also 'At Home' to the distinguished guests on that day.

The Association was 'At Home' to the graduates of the year on Sunday, the 30th August, at 4 P.M. After tea, Mr. C. Sudhama Rao proposed the toast to the new graduates. The toast was ably responded to by Messrs. T. Arvamudham, B.Sc. (Hons.), Balakrishna Nayar, B.Sc., and T. V. Balasubramanian, B.Sc. The new graduates and the members of the Association were entertained with Music by Mr. K. Rajagopalan and Master G. Krishnan. The President, Dr. H. Parameswaran, and some of the members of the staff gave a few words of advice to the new graduates. With a vote of thanks proposed by Mr. P. Samuel Doraisamy, the meeting came to a close.

BOTANY ASSOCIATION

At a general body meeting of the Association held on the 14th of July 1936 the following office-bearers for the current year were elected:—

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

Secretaries: Miss. E. Kamalam Manuel.

Mr. S. M. S. Makki.

Editor: Mr. S. J. Padmanabhan.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered on Monday, the 27th July 1936, by Dr. B. B. Dey, M.Sc., D.Sc., F.I.C., Professor of Chemistry, Presidency College, on "The Chemistry of Plants." Dr. T. Ekambaram presided. The lecture was interesting and instructive.

The members of the Association were 'At Home' to the old students and new graduates of the year on Tuesday, the 1st September 1936, at 4-30 P.M., in the B.Sc. Laboratory when Dr. T. Ekambaram presided. Toasts were proposed to the new graduates and old students by Mr. P. N. Subramanian and Miss Sushila, and were ably responded to by Mr. S. V. Ramani, B.Sc. (Hons.), and Mr. T. R. Purushothaman, M.A. Dr. M. O. Parthasarathy Iyengar presented a lens to Mr. P. S. Rajagopala Naidu, B.Sc., for the best collection of plants.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

At a business meeting held under the presidency of M.R.Ry. O. P. Rangaswami Ayyangar Avl., the following were elected office-bearers for the year 1936-37:—

President : M.R.Ry. Vidyasagara Vidyavacaspati

Prof. P. P. S. Sastri Avl., M.A., B.A. (Oxon.)

Secretaries : S. Subrahmanyam (IV Hons.)

B. M. Parthasarathi (III Hons.)

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered on Thursday, the 6th August, by Prof. S. V. Venkateswara, M.A., on "The Tragic Sentiment in Sanskrit Literature." The lecturer discussed fully the tragic sentiment in Western as well as Eastern literature. Referring to Aristotle and Chambers, besides Indian authors on poetics and dramaturgy, the speaker dealt with the development of the tragic sentiment. The lecturer then gave a chronological survey of the principal Sanskrit dramas and poems, laying special stress on the tragic element. The lecture was well appreciated and attended by almost all the members of the staff. With a vote of thanks in Sanskrit by Mr. J. Vaikunta Bhatt, B.A., the meeting came to a close.

The second meeting of the Association was held on the 20th of August, when Mr. C. R. Sankaran, M.A., gave a lecture on "Some Aspects of Modern Linguistics." The lecture was an interesting one and based largely on modern linguistic research. With a vote of thanks by Mr. P. H. Ramachandran, the meeting terminated.



Photo shows the N. C. O.'s and Officers of our college contingent together with the Principal and Commandant.



Mr. H. C. PAPWORTH, our Principal, presenting the "Attendance Cup" to L/Cpl. CHAKRAVARTHY. Capt. C. B. PONNAPPA who was the Commandant of the U. T. C. last year is seen to the left of the Principal.

THE ANDHRA BHASHABHI VARDHANI SAMAJ

At the general meeting of the above Samaj held on 17th July 1936, the office-bearers for the current year were elected as follows : -

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

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

Secretaries : Mr. S. Venkatarama Chetty (III Class).

Mr. S. Venkatakrishna Prasad (II Class).

Rao Bahadur T. Bhagavantam Gupta Garu, B.A., B.L., delivered the Inaugural Address on 12th July, at 4 P.M., in the Telugu Lecture Hall, the subject being "Service to Mankind." M. R. Ry. A. Umakantam Pantulu Garu presided. The lecture was long and instructive. The lecturer said that change and growth were the natural law of organic life and that this law would apply to society as well. He pointed out that individual happiness could not be fully realised without the thoughts of universal happiness, and that every man could do some sort of social service, and that service of man was the service of God. He deplored the present status of women in society and also the communal differences and advocated careful remodeling. Mr. K. Chandrasekharan (II Class) spoke a few words about the Boy Scout Movement and its humanitarian aspect. The President, winding up the proceedings, thanked the lecturer for the useful advice given to the members of the Samaj. He said that as a sort of adjustment necessitated perhaps by political and other disturbances, social conditions had become rather rigid and stiff by the time of Nibandhana works like those of Hemadri, Kamalakara, etc., and that in the early period of our history social laws were more elastic and liberal. The words of Kalidas that anything is not good simply because it is old would amply show that thinkers in ancient India were not opposed to sane and necessary changes. He added that universal happiness was considered sacred in India from early times. The passages "Lokassamastasukhino bhavantu," etc., would sufficiently illustrate the fact. Among the Pancha Maha Yagnas (five great rites) enjoined as daily observances, the propitiation of men and other living beings also was included. The Vaishnavite principle that service to a devotee is better than service to God deserves our attention. He also observed that the women of Smriti times seemed to have been regarded with much respect and veneration, that according to Tantrics women had even the right of giving initiation to their sons, and that communal

system also was not so tight in those days as it is to-day. With a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary, Mr. S. Venkatarama Chetty, the meeting came to a close.

A meeting of the Samaj was held at 4.10 P.M. in the Telugu Lecture Hall on Friday, the 4th September. Professor G. Sambamurthi Garu presided. After prayer by Mr. Arjun Das, the Samaj passed a resolution expressing sorrow for the demise of M. R. Ry. V. Subba Rao Garu who was for a long time Telugu Pandit in this College. Then Mr. K. Chandrasekara Mantri read a paper on "Taste in Book Reading." He divided the books into different groups, as pleasure-giving, charming and instructive, undesirable, boring, and repelling, with overwhelming archaisms, in place and out of place. He also drew attention to the fact that even some of the present day books prescribed as Texts in Telugu came under several of the above headings besides the first two. Mr. S. Venkatarama Chetty also spoke on the subject with special reference to Ekaveera with an indecent picture on the cover and ugly details; etc., in the story. The Chairman complimented the lecturer and spoke a few words about the subject. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks by the Secretary.



THREAD AND NEEDLE RACE.
Waiting for the partners.



It is with very great pleasure that we are able to announce in this issue that our cherished desire to lay turf pitches for cricket has materialised this year. We may be proud of the fact that ours will be the first among the colleges in South India to have lawn pitches for playing cricket. We have also been able to provide the cricket field this year with pucca side screens. The only other improvement that will be required to the ground is a good permanent gallery for the convenience of the spectators. It is hoped that even this would become an accomplished fact in course of time.

Side by side with the improvements to the field it is very encouraging to note that the activities of the students in all the games have also improved. In spite of a few veterans leaving the college and thus leaving the teams poorer, we have been able to build up fairly good sides in all the games. Mark Ranganadham who was the cricket captain last year has been awarded the King Emperor's Gentleman Cadetship in the army. To him we send our best wishes. In his place P. V. Ramanathan has been appointed captain this year. Bhaskar Naidu, the hockey captain, and Gunabhushanam, the football captain, have also left the college and their places have been filled by C. K. Sitharaman and C. C. Kuriyan.

CRICKET

In cricket the college has so far played four matches; the first against the M. R. C. was drawn. The college batting first hit up a good total of 284 runs which included individual centuries for Thiagarajan and Balasundaram and the Mylapore Recreation Club replied with 44 for 4 when stumps were drawn.

The other three matches played were in the Inter-Collegiate tournaments and all these matches have been won by our college. Playing the Loyola College as the first fixture we accounted for them very easily. The visitors entering first gathered a total of 83 runs. Gabriel was the successful bowler and took five wickets for 18 runs. The college made the required runs for the loss of only two wickets and thus won the match.

The next was against the Medical College, the holders of the trophy. Winning the toss, we elected to bat and thanks to the efforts of Thiagarajan,

who opened the innings of the college, we were able to run to a total of 172 runs of which his share alone was a well-played 90. Later in the afternoon he proved to be the hero of the day by capturing six wickets for 51 runs. The Medical College opened their innings very vigorously and began to pile up runs. In attempting to force a win they lost all their wickets for 137 runs and left us winners by 35 runs.

The Christian College were the next to lose against us. The toss was won again by Ramanathan and he elected to bat. Playing on a drying wicket, the college men hit up a huge total of 258 for 4 and declared. Ramanathan top scored by hitting 63 while Swarna and Sambandam remained unbeaten with 47 and 38 runs to their credit. In their venture, the Christian College batsmen played a very bold innings and made 195 runs. It was only by about fifteen minutes to the closing of the match that we were able to dismiss their last man.

The college 2nd XI played three matches—they lost the first, drew the second and won the third.

HOCKEY

The hockey club has a very creditable record of having played ten matches till now. Of these three were in the Inter-Collegiate tournaments. The first of these was against the Medical College in which our men tasted a good trouncing. We were beaten by eight goals to one.

In the next match against the Teachers' College we turned the tables and came out winners by four goals to none. The third match against the Engineering College resulted in a draw of two goals all. The others were all practice matches and in them we won four, lost one and drew one and one was abandoned due to rain.

FOOTBALL

The football club is slowly building themselves up and have played so far five matches. Of these four were Inter-Collegiate. We lost to the Y. M. C. A. and the Medical College by 3-1 each time. We won against Teachers' College by five goals to four and drew with the Engineers with two goals all.

BOXING

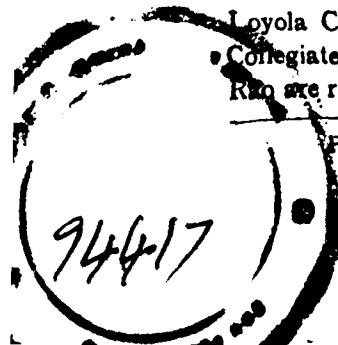
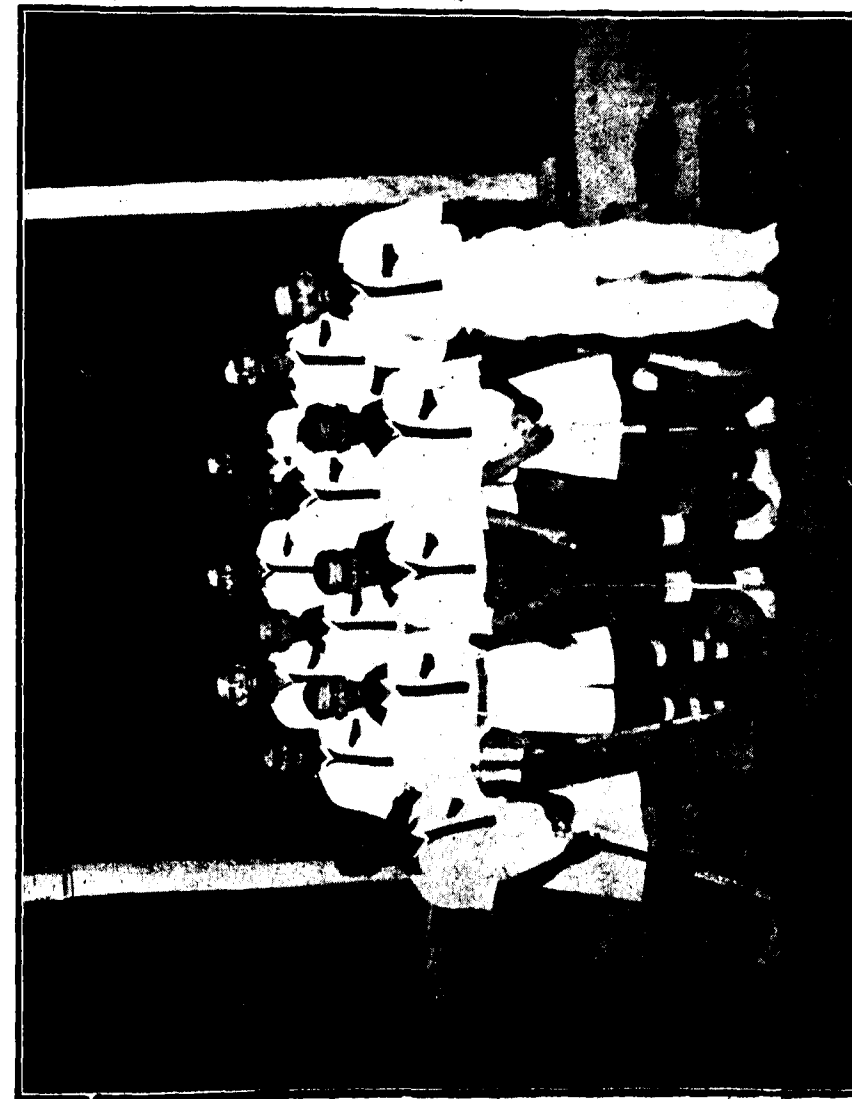
R. M. Mahadevan has been appointed captain. He is taking very keen interest in the training of the students. We hope to do well in the Inter-Collegiate tournaments.

TENNIS

C. Raghunatha Reddy is the captain for the year. The college entered the Loyola College Open Singles and Doubles tournaments as well as the Inter-Collegiate tournaments. C. Raghunatha Reddy, P. K. Jayaram and Narasimha Rao are representing our college in these tournaments.

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PRESIDENCY COLLEGE HOCKEY TEAM, 1936.



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