

The PRESIDENCY COLLEGE

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Presidency College Magazine



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

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





The Proud Mother

T. K. LAKSHMANAN



Vol. XIII

DECEMBER 1937

No. 2

European Oil Paintings in the College

(THE MEDICI PRINTS)

"Dost thou love pictures? we will fetch thee straight."

SHAKESPEARE : *Taming of the Shrew.*

IT was rightly said by Macaulay that "everybody who has the least sensibility or imagination derives a certain pleasure from pictures." Pictures are the mirror of life. We must take pride in having in our College such beautiful Medici Prints of the originals. There is as great a pleasure in the possession of a Medici Print as in the original itself, so faithfully are the colours and textures reproduced. We must be thankful to Principal Fyson for the purchase of these reproductions of "Old Masters" from the Medici Society of London in 1928. The Administration Report for the year 1928-29 states that the purchase was made "not to beautify the College but to give students an introduction to a side of cultured life which ordinary College instruction does not touch."

Keats was not insane when he gave utterance to the sentiment "A thing of beauty is a joy forever." Works of art are objects of æsthetic enjoyment. Art is joy, and gives

joy to others. Life without the enjoyment of art is barren. I will not say that he who does not have an eye for works of art is "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils" as did Shakespeare in the case of music. That's too sweeping!

The history of modern art begins with St. Francis of Assisi, the forerunner of the Renaissance, whose teaching was based on love for all the created things of the world—in a word, love for Nature. Thus religion was reconciled to Nature and with Nature piously occupying the minds of men, art could progress. These ideas affected the art of painting too, for the old Byzantine conventions of painting the saints and the Madonnas with a severe expression were given up, and there was a mild and benevolent aspect in their faces. The first great master to break away from the old Byzantine art was the Florentine painter Cimabue, teacher of an equally great pupil, Giotto de Bondone.

Let us begin with Giotto (1276-1336) of the Florentine school whose fresco painting 'St. Francis and the Birds' we have. He was not only a great painter but was also an architect and sculptor. He was a friend of Dante and Petrarch. Giotto gave a more careful imitation of Nature than existed in the work of his predecessors. He made men and women look life-like and introduced trees in his background as can be seen in his painting. His chief work was done in the walls of the Upper and Lower Church at Assisi and in the Arena Chapel at Padua. Here are his series of the 'Life of Christ' and the 'Allegories of St. Francis.' So much for the man who gave the first impulse towards naturalism.

Now we come to another Florentine, Sandro Botticelli, (1446-1510), who was the disciple of Savonarola, the democrat, who was burnt at the stake. His beautiful "Primavera Spring," now in the Academy at Florence,

adorns the wall. This is a painting in which Botticelli is at his best and in which he gives perfect expression to Humanism. His last works were marred by the introduction of the tragic element owing to his meditation on the gloomy preaching of Savonarola. No more beautiful allegory of the coming of Spring has been painted than this picture. In the centre of the painting, Venus, the Goddess of Love, awaits Spring's coming, with Cupid hovering over her. On her right are the Three Graces, with Mercury, the messenger of the Gods; on her left, gaily-decked Spring advances, gently pushed forward by Flora, the goddess of flowers, and by Zephyr, who personifies the wild west wind. Wherever she treads, the flowers spring to life. Beautiful as an interpretation of the old Greek legends, which make a human story out of all the phenomena of Nature, this picture is also an expression of the revived Pagan delight in physical form which was typical of fifteenth-century Florence. His painting of roses is unsurpassed!

Filipino Lippi (1460-1505) is another painter of the same school. Like his father, Fra Lippo Lippi, Filippino had an original genius for painting. He displayed more richness of variety and lively pictorial combinations. His "An Angel Adoring," though looking dull, still conveys a spiritual expression. He was the greatest colourist of his time and he approaches religious art from its human side.

Leonardo da Vinci (1452-1519) was one of the greatest all-round geniuses the world has known. He was a painter, sculptor, musician and writer of fables. He is famous for his paintings "The Last Supper" and "Mona Lisa," (the pride of the Louvre, Paris) the third wife of Francisco del Giocondo, a Florentine official. This portrait has for centuries been considered the supreme embodiment of the eternal enigma of womanhood. It has been called "the most haunting of female types." It is said that Leonardo worked at it for four years and that in order to

preserve the intent expression of her face he hired musicians to sing and play while he painted her. Her mysterious smile is as famous and baffling as the Sphinx, and her right hand is supposed to be the most perfect hand ever painted. According to the shocking habit and taste of the day, the eyebrows have been plucked out which is extremely prejudicial to the expression. No work by Leonardo gives us such a complete idea of his capability.

We now come to the last of the Italians in our gallery. Raphael Sanzio (1483—1520) was the contemporary of Michael Angelo and Titian: great names in the history of painting. "The Sistine Madonna" of the Dresden Gallery is justly the most famous and most favoured of all Raphael's Madonnas; for, though others may rival it in formal beauty, in no other does he reach the same height of spiritual expression. There is the Christ-child, solemnly yet naturally gazing at the infinite and the slender, majestic, yet entirely human mother, with St. Barbara and Pope Sixtus II on either side. The idea of a mystical alliance between art and religion is mainly due to "the divine Raphael."

There is a solitary painting "Fruitfulness" by Sir Peter Paul Rubens (1577—1640), Flemish painter, courtier, scholar and diplomat. This "Bull of Art" and "The Pride of Flanders," as he has been called, was a man of unparalleled fecundity; his works reckoned up a total of 2235 paintings. Perhaps his Spanish contemporary poet, novelist and dramatist, Lope de Vega, rivals him in the field of literature for his prolific career. As can be seen from Rubens's picture he is a consummate colourist and his children are life-like. His handling of the details in the picture is excellent. Ruskin who thought that Rubens was a man without soul acknowledges an exception when he paints his children. He was sent to England as an ambassador where he was knighted by Charles I for his numerous portraits painted during his stay there. With all his many-

sidedness Rubens remains from beginning to end a painter of religious subjects and so his supreme masterpiece is "The Descent from the Cross." After Rubens one thinks of his best pupil, Sir Anthony Vandyke (1599—1641). His "Prince of Orange" has the dignified air and the courtly elegance so very characteristic of Vandyke. He was invited, knighted and made the court painter by Charles I. Like master, like pupil; Vandyke painted nearly 1500 pictures, the majority of them portraits.

Franz Hals (1584—1666) is the greatest portrait painter of Holland after Rembrandt. Reinach calls him "the laureate of laughter" for an audacious vivacity is the characteristic of Hals. He expressed the gallantry of Holland. The portrait of "Willem Van Heythysen" of the Licchtenstein Collection at Vienna, belongs to the later period of his life when he had a greater command of effect.

Charles Laughton, the character actor of the screen, has immortalised Rembrandt Van Rijn (1606—1669), the greatest painter of the Dutch school and an etcher of mark. He was a most industrious worker—600 of his pictures and 300 engravings are extant—and to industry he added versatility. Recently one more painting of his has been discovered. The original of our copy of "Hendrickje Stoffels" is in the Kaiser Friedrich Museum, Berlin. The subject of this painting was first his maidservant and then his second wife. She was a loyal helpmate to Rembrandt and supported him during his great financial crisis. Cinema fans can recollect Edsa Lanchester's able role. Rembrandt's Chiaroscuro is tremendous and entirely effective to his purpose. In this picture ample light and shade are employed. This effective employment of light and shade influenced Pieter de Hooch (1629—1677), Rembrandt's countryman. Look at his "A Dutch Interior" in which the artist's joy in painting sunlight is expressed in his brilliantly lit interior. The figure standing before the fireplace is an after-thought added to improve the design of

the grouping after the picture had been finished, and that is why the black and white tiling of the floor can be seen through the woman's skirt. Nothing could be more brilliant or more faithful to Nature than the bright sunlight which streams down on the group. De Hooch's handling of the pigment approached perfection. This painting is in the National Gallery, London.

Sidney Colvin wrote about Albrecht Durer (1471—1528): "In the history of art Albrecht Dürer has a name equal to that of the greatest Italians. North of the Alps, his only peer was Holbein. Durer's most beautiful picture is in the possession of the Uffizi Gallery, Florence, and it is "The Adoration of the Magi," a vigorous, profoundly thoughtful work, thoroughly German in its contempt for elegance. Look at the figures, the ruined building and the horsemen in the distance. Durer was a friend of Luther and Erasmus and his work is impregnated with a "feeling of mysterious awe." Two more German paintings are represented here in Hans Holbein the Younger's "Henry VIII" and "George Gisze." Hans Holbein (1497—1543) was the son of a poor religious painter of the same name. His title to glory is his series of portraits and engravings. Look at his picture of the Dutch Merchant of the London Steelyard, George Gisze, what a wealth of colour is there! Critics are of opinion that as a rule there is less pleasure to be found in his faces than in his painting of beautiful clothes. Holbein was the court painter of Henry VIII and his drawings are to be seen in the Royal Library of Windsor. "Henry VIII" and "George Gisze" are true to life and look like real photographs. There is no more popular element in any picture than the minute rendering of details which betokens a painter's industry and capacity. This handsome and exceedingly ornate picture of a young merchant in his counting-house is seen in the act of opening a letter. Holbein's art has modelled the head in soft, flat colours, which alternate as the full or half-light falls

on them. But how real seem the red silk sleeves of the under-dress, the carnations in the Venetian glass, the writing apparatus on the Persian table cloth and all the rest of the business properties and the finely written addresses on the letters against the green wall panelling! Each is in itself a small work of art, and yet nothing is out of place either for the pictorial or the realistic effect of the whole. This portrait is unsurpassed in conception and colouring by any other painting of the artist. The importance of Hans Holbein's work cannot be over-estimated; before his time portrait painting was scarcely known, and it was he who first raised this branch of painting to perfection in England.

The most outstanding artist of Spain is Diego de Silva of Velasquez (1599—1660). His portraits are quiet and so also is this "Infanta Margarita Teresa" (now in Vienna). Velasquez was the favourite court painter of Philip IV of Spain. His portraits of Philip are a legion. After the death of his first wife, Philip married Mariana of Austria and during this period Velasquez was appointed the Major Domo of the king's household and the works of this period are among the highest examples of his style. Infanta Margarita is the eldest daughter of the new queen and her portrait has the mastery of design and expression. With Velasquez mention must be made of Goya, for he is as great as Velasquez, though different in temperament. Here, take a look at the serene and austere face of "The Duke of Wellington" by that great Spanish portrait painter, lithographer and bull-fighter, Francisco Jose de Goya of Lucientes (1746—1828) better known as Goya. The characterization is strong and forceful and commanding as became the general. Goya was a cynic from his youth and he satirized the life around him. He daubed nearly 200 portraits but they were good only when the subject amused him as in the case of "La Maja Nude." Goya's interpretation was life-like, brilliant and strong. After 1795 he painted two portraits of the Duke of

Wellington, one in the possession of the present Duke, the other in the Havermevèr Collection at New York. The British Museum has a sketch of the Duke in red.

Jean Baptiste Camille Corot (1796—1875), French landscape painter, and after Millet the most popular member of the Barbizon school, was the earliest of the French artists to paint nature as she is and not as the pedantic "classics" thought she ought to be. He put his whole soul into nature; nature as Corot paints her has both poetry and reality. Theodore Rousseau, a contemporary in the same line, and Corot regarded light as the essence of landscape art. Rousseau tried to express the moods of nature, Corot employed nature to express his own—the pearly haze of morning air to the strength of the noon-day sun, and perfect harmony of tone to strength or brightness of colour. He translated nature into a dream world of his own: a grey world of pale skies, (see his painting of "A Fisherman's Hut") and misty foliage, full of grace, tenderness, fine taste and style. For Corot objects did not arrest his attention for themselves, but for the ever-changing hues of light and shadow playing upon them. He has been called "the incomparable limner of the freshness of morning and the silvery mists of evening." His pictures are imaginative visions of "the light that never was on sea or land." The Louvre is rich in his works as he was a very prolific artist.

Madame Elisabeth Louise Vigée-LeBrun (1755—1842) is the most attractive of the portrait-painters of the French Revolutionary period. She painted the court beauties of Louis XVI with a certain emotional grace. She was a favourite of that unfortunate queen, Marie Antoinette, of whom and her children she painted several portraits. Of Marie Antoinette alone she painted thirty portraits. Vigée-LeBrun was one of the first women painters to reach distinction. She was a cosmopolitan artist whose art belonged

to no particular country. She had simply a great gift for filling the canvas gaily, for making the best of frocks and furbelows, as well as of faces. Her "Marie Antoinette" in our college is a charming piece of work, as charming as the artist herself was.

Then we come to "King Richard II" by Andre Beauneveu, the French sculptor. Of this monarch two interesting and very beautiful pictures are preserved, one the seated kingly figure which now hangs in the presbytery Westminster Abbey, the other forming part of a diptych or folding picture of two panels. It is uncertain whether these are the only chance survivors of a series of fine works of the same type, or really represent a meteoric blaze in the court of Richard. It is also a matter of dispute whether the artist belonged to the French school or to the band of Bohemian followers who accompanied the queen from the court of Prague.

With Thomas Gainsborough (1727—1788), begins eighteenth century British portraiture. Gainsborough was a landscape and portrait painter whose portraits are remarkable for their grace and refinement. Gainsborough was the greatest rival of Sir Joshua Reynolds; in freshness of colour and in gracefulness without affectation his portraits more than rival those of Reynolds. "William Pitt" is a noble portrait. The suggestion of melancholy, the deep reverie, the noble aristocratic haughtiness—Gainsborough was the first to discover that, and give it its full expression.

A successful English portrait painter, George Romney (1734—1802), holds the mean course between the refined classic art of Sir Joshua and the imaginative poetic art of Gainsborough. Less personal and less profound in characterization, he was on the other hand the most dexterous painter of drapery in his age. Witness his "Serena Reading." In the art of Romney there is a peculiar feminine quality which gives an extraordinary winsomeness, almost a pathos, to his paintings of frail women. But his colour

ing is deemed monotonous. His portraits became popular and he became a professional rival of Reynolds. His famous sister was Emma Hart (Lady Hamilton, Nelson's mistress) of whom he painted many likenesses. Probably 'Serena' is Emma?

Now we come to the end of our modest gallery.

Unquestionably the two greatest English painters of natural landscapes, and probably the two greatest painters of any kind, were Turner and John Constable (1776—1837). Charles Robert Leslie in his *Life of Constable* says that he was "the most genuine painter of English cultivated scenery." He was a home-lover; he did not travel for fresh fields and pastures new. In the English country side he found all he needed, so essentially English is he, so robust, unemotional and straightforward. His "Cornfield" (in the National Gallery, London) painted in 1826 is Suffolk Scenery, his home. It was one of the first pictures to make Constable talked about in London. All England seems to lie there in her most typical aspect, a sort of richness and peace, full of an old established civilization and undisturbed days. The church in the distance is Stratford St. Mary, Suffolk.

When all is said and done, lovers of art are few and far between. Even when good paintings are brought to their door, people care two buttons about them. You often see them blankly staring at them in the upper corridor. Physically they are there but mentally they are thinking of some "Mona Lisa" inside the last two rooms, or a "Serena" reading.

I remember a friend of mine asking me what I was looking at in Vigee-LeBrun's Marie Antoinette. Before I could reply he said, "Oh, you are appreciating it!" and then away he went surprised that there were people who waste their time in gazing at useless things.

MD. MUTHAHER,
Class III (History)

In Love

A STRONG wind from the beach blew into the English Honours room, rattling its half-open doors, and threw a few sand particles into the eyes of a student, lazily looking at the sea, instead of listening to the lecture from the dais.

The student who was called Suri, and who was by no means pleased with this attention of the wind, muttered a curse half to himself and half to his neighbours and fell to rubbing his eyes with his handkerchief. The feeling of pleasantry and cosiness caused by the warm folds in cajoling contact with his troubled and watering eyes was irresistible, and it reminded him of a number of pleasant things, especially of a particular scene in a 'picture,' where the eyes of the hero, just in the same condition as his own, had been lovingly nursed by the heroine.

"How I wish—" he began.

But the wish did not express itself because, as in a pageant, old memories came to his mind.

It was ten years ago. He was a small boy; yet not too small to appreciate love and its mysteries—and the picture, one of those early ill-produced Hindi talkies came to his village-town for the first time. It was the first time he had been to a talkie, and it was a great surprise to him how pictures of men and women not only moved and gesticulated, but talked, laughed and cursed, just as if they were live and real. He was deeply impressed with the hero's adventures and the heroine's anxieties; but he could not understand why they underwent so many difficulties, just to kiss each other in the end: and he asked his father about it.

"They are in love," came the explanation.

"In love? What is it?" he asked, puzzled.

"Don't worry. Children should not know it."

"Why?" he would have questioned, but he remembered the first time he asked his father for a cigarette, wanting to know why he should not smoke, and got a cruel cuff instead—

"He is so very unreasonable and selfish," he said to himself and kept quiet: but until he went to sleep he thought deeply about what it was to be in love. He considered all the precedents and subsequents of being in love—how there should be a woman to it,—a beautiful woman who could weep and laugh well, as the heroine in the 'picture' did, and how a garden was the right place to be in love. He dreamt that night of lovely ladies, green gardens, fierce fights, and thrilling adventures. Next morning he woke up with a brilliant idea.

"Why not *I* be in love?" he asked himself. It came in a flash, and he could not resist it. He could then have all the adventures of the hero, and also learn everything about love. He would climb trees, jump from roofs, clear walls, fisticuff fellows, and do so many other things that he was not allowed to do, and all the time none would be able even to touch him, because he would be in love.

He would have gone into the game alone, but consideration for friendship made him call on his playmate, Rahim.

"Rahim," he told him with chuckles of knowledge, "I have a lark ready. We shall be in love and we can do so many great things. We can clear walls, climb trees, jump from roofs, fight with swords, knock down fellows. We can do everything then."

The awed Rahim stared at him. "How can we do so many things? Only last week I tried to jump down from

the top of the school compound wall, and I sprained my ankle in the falling."

"You don't understand," Suri rebuked kindly. "We will be in love and do all these."

"But what is it?" asked the sceptic Rahim. "What have we to do to be in love?"

That was a tough question for Suri. "You see. I am not quite sure about it," he had to confess, and he narrated how exactly the idea of being in love came to him.

Rahim was impressed. "It is a lark," he admitted, "but we must get at all the essentials of the game."

They put their heads together and considered all the necessities of love. "There must be always a woman in it," Suri laid down with the wisdom of contemplation. "She must be 'good'—very 'good'—and she must laugh and weep easily." Rahim accepted his views, when he explained the joy and sorrow of the beautiful heroine at union and separation from the hero in the 'picture.' "Alright," he remarked: "You say there must be a woman. But where can we get a woman? Will not a girl do as well? We are small boys, you know," and he tried to look small, and Suri caught the infection. But as one who claimed to know the rules of the game, he could not permit any camouflage. "There must be a woman, or there is no game," he asserted, and both fell aquarrelling, Rahim pleading for a girl, Suri remaining adamant.

At last, tired with empty talk, Rahim suggested going to a third person for a settlement.

"Let us ask your brother, Moorty, about it. He is bigger than you or I, and he ought to know."

"Moorty? Pooh!" Suri said in contempt. "He cannot shoot a marble straight. Much good you'll get asking him!"

"But he is thirteen, and he has seen so many cinemas and he reads in a high school," Rahim protested.

"I tell you he is no good."

But Rahim was unwilling to give up what he thought was his idea, and Suri once again made a sacrifice for friendship. "Alright," he gave his consent reluctantly, "Let us go, though I know he is useless."

They met the oracle, busily patching the punctures of an old 2nd number football bladder.

"Moorty, we want you to tell us about love," Rahim went into the question plump. "Were you ever in love yourself?"

"Lots of times," the great man replied without looking up.

The two 'seekers-after-truth' stared at him in awe, and Suri found his brother rising in his esteem. He became humble, and asked meekly, "Are you now?"

"Of course."

"Can you tell us what it is exactly?"

"Well," the great man looked up, and both were all attention, as he explained. "It is a pain—a kind of pain very much similar to an ache—here somewhere below, in your stomach. You see a beautiful girl in a garden, and the pain begins at once."

"So it is a girl after all," Rahim exulted.

"What is it!" the great man asked. They explained their controversy, and to Suri's chagrin, he asserted with vehemence, "It is a girl, or there is no love. No woman can be in love."

Rahim, with his point proved, was too elated to waste time in any more doubts about the game. "Let us begin it at once," he said to Suri, "and as the first step we have to choose the girl. Who is it to be?" Once again they put their heads together, and deliberated in the shade of

the school compound wall. All their girl classmates came into the discussion, but not one of them had all the merits required. Only two, Meher and Laxmi, seemed of any use at all, and each of the boys favoured one.

"I vote for Laxmi," said Suri. "She is meek and mild, and never 'reports' anything."

"I am for Meher. She is beautiful, and she can be made to weep and laugh easily," said Rahim, quoting the rules of Suri.

"I won't have Meher. She is a vixen. Only yesterday she reported to the teacher that I broke her slate."

"But Laxmi is no good. She cannot weep. One day I pinched her for full half an hour, until my nails met, but she wouldn't cry. She is a brazen hussy."

"Alright, let us toss," Suri suggested, and he took out a 'quarter' from the depths of his knickers pocket, and flung it into the air, saying "Heads, Laxmi." But the gods were against him, and it was tails. So Meher, in right good respect of the toss, was elected to the throne of love.

But Suri was not so easily to be overcome. "Look here Rahim," he flashed out a new idea. "You have got to go out of the game. In the 'picture' only one man loved the woman, and only I can be in love with Meher, as having 'found' the idea."

"But I have followed you the whole day," Rahim protested. "Besides you do not yourself know all the rules."

Suri was piqued at this insinuation at his ignorance. "You can go and ask Moorty if you want," he said loftily and again they went to the information-bureau.

"Can two people be in love at the same time?" Suri began the catechism,

"Yes, of course" was the reply.

"Can two people be in love with the same girl at the same time?" Suri continued the catechism.

The man-who-knew considered the problem. He was puzzled deeply. But his learning came to his rescue. "Two lovers can never agree," he quoted solemnly from a novel he had read, "Two can love the same girl at the same time, but they must fight with each other, and one of them must kill the other, and marry the girl." He spoke with decision, and Suri found the whip going out of his hand once again.

"Alright," he said resignedly to the gladdened Rahim. "Now you too can be in love. Come on."

They both hurried in search of Meher. They spotted her munching some peas near the school-gate.

"Now I have a plan," Suri whispered to Rahim. To be in love you must have stomach-ache, is it not? Each of us can make her give some of those peas to us, and if we eat them, we get stomach-ache."

Rahim's confidence in Suri which was shaken by the recent fallibility of his ideas, was restored. "It is a splendid idea" he said, and both of them forthwith fell to cajoling Meher to enter the game.

"It is such an interesting play, Meher," they told her. "You have just to sit, and we will manage all the rest. Only you have to give us some of your peas."

Meher did not like the last proposition. "I won't," she said emphatically. "I won't give even one; you want to cheat me."

But manly persuasion at last overcame womanly selfishness, and each obtained the means to the end.

After eating, they looked at each other and asked "Have you got the stomach-ache?" and each had to confess "No". "I know why," Suri said. "The peas are not enough."

But Meher was determined not to be generous any more and they had to think of another way to get the stomach-ache.

"I told you she is a vixen," said Suri. "But never mind, you can get stomach-ache without her help. You punch me in my stomach and I punch you in yours."

The idea was not difficult of execution, and they put it into practice at once—groaning in pain.

"Now Meher," they told the pitiless girl. "We are both in love with you. You have to come with us and sit between us, cheek to cheek."

They led her to a rock bench in the school garden and seating her on it between them, religiously applied their cheeks to hers. "Meher, say you love us," they begged her, and she did.

"Now you must laugh," they gave the next injunction. "But I don't get laughter," she replied.

"Alright, we will make you"; and they tickled her, one on each side, in the small of her sides, until she laughed herself breathless.

"Now you must weep," they gave the next instruction.

"I won't," she replied with decision.

They looked at each other like men who knew what they were about, and with one accord began to pinch her (with vengeance for all her unsympathetic attitude). She squeaked, cried and roared, writhing, wriggling and kicking like a cat forcibly bathed; but they held her firmly between them, and solemnly went on with the pinching until both felt satisfied that she had wept enough.

But once let off, she seemed a greater danger than they had taken her for. Her loud cries and louder curses brought a number of inquisitive school-boys to the spot; and not satisfied with that, she ran away to report everything to the teacher, to get them flayed alive.

The two lovers looked at each other with worry and fear in their eyes. But willy-nilly, the game had to be played. They had loved and the girl had laughed and wept. "Now we must fight with swords until one of us dies," said Suri.

"But we have no swords," protested Rahim.

"Catapults will do," replied Suri as he drew out his own, much with the determined jaw of a man who knew that love expected its adherents to do their duty.

Inspired by this example, Rahim also pulled out his own catapult, and both collected stones for the momentous fight.

"Rahim, one of us will be killed; let us bid goodbye," said Suri sentimentally; and they underwent the heart-breaking farewell with set faces.

They then stood about a score of yards from each other, each with a little heap of stones beside him, and took up their catapults. "Now ready," they warned each other, and each took up a stone and took good aim, pulling the rubber strap deftly to his ear.

"One, two, three," they said—the last simultaneously and forth the stones flew.

But it was not given them to bring their love to an idealistic conclusion. The stones, instead of hitting them as designed, struck two boys who with undue curiosity, pressed into the space between them to know what it was all about. There was a hue and cry, the boys who were hurt bleeding profusely and crying very volubly, and all the youngsters screaming and scampering away.

But the devotees of love, determined as ever that one of them should die, fought on, and stones flew—until the teacher came,—and then it was too late to run away. "Put away those catapults and follow me to my room,"

he ordered ominously and led the way. They meekly did his bidding, and when they entered the room they found the dreaded cane awaiting them. "Hold up your hands," came the expected order, and when they did, the execution began.

"You—cruel—callous—savages," he muttered between smacking strokes, "You—blood—thirsty—hounds. Heartless—Huns. I will—teach you—to pinch girls and—break heads"—and he taught them more than they could bear, until in sheer pain, they howled aloud, forgetting the shame of crying.

They returned from the room much mutilated, to be made further sport of by a crowd of mockers and jeerers. Rahim was much vexed about it. "Suri, it was a rotten idea of yours," he rebuked his leader. "We are now in disgrace. To be in love! Pooh! You can if you want. But I will have none of it."

"Nor I," replied Suri with conviction and decision—half-seized with a doubt however that the other might secretly be in love, he added, "let us swear it by Saraswathi."

Then that terrible oath, so sacred to Indian boyhood, was taken, each placing his books on his head in the accepted fashion, and solemnly repeating thrice, "I shall never be in love."

A slow smile passed across the student's face, as to the accompaniment of the hour-end bell he softly murmured, "I shall never be in love."

K. VENKATA RAMA SARMA,
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The University Training Corps

ONE of the important Acts, which the reformed Legislative Assembly passed in 1920, was the inauguration of an Indian Army for the defence of India, especially when attacked by a foreign foe. This army was named the "Indian Territorial Army." The Territorial Army was divided into two sections, the "Provincial Battalions" and the "University Training Corps Battalions." The Provincial Battalions consist of Indian Officers and men who volunteer to spend one month a year for five or six years in camp under military discipline, learning the rudiments of Drill, Tactics, Modern Warfare and other complicated exercises of an arduous character, in order that in case of mobilization they could take the place of the regular Indian Army Battalions on garrison duty, and while performing that duty could fit themselves to follow their brethren on active service. It is a recognised fact that the Standing Army of no nation is by itself capable of defending the country from violent external attacks unless assistance is sought by raising an additional force. This fact was at no time so well realised as during the last War, when Britain had to raise a Territorial Army which played a brilliant part in the defence of the country.

The second division of the Territorial Army, with which we are concerned, is the University Training Corps, which consists of students attending the University who wish to fit themselves during the years of their study for positions of a commissioned nature in the Territorial Force either immediately or at a later date. Their enrolment is for the period of their college studies, and after that, they cease to exist as members of the Corps. Every member who is declared fit to join the Corps is requested to promise in writing that he would serve in the Indian



A Member of the U. T. C.



In the Zoo

M. V. NATARAJAN

Territorial Force of His Majesty the King Emperor, at home and abroad, whenever he is called upon to do so. Notwithstanding this solemn promise, the provisions stipulated in the Standing Orders purport to say that, beyond the obligations of training, members of the Corps are not liable for any form of service whatever.

The Fifth Battalion, *i. e.*, the Madras University Training Corps is divided into four companies. The recruitment to the first three companies is from the colleges of Madras, including the Medical and Engineering Colleges, while the fourth is the Trichinopoly Detachment. After recruitment, the regular course of exercises begins. Though we are expected to attend only three parades (each of one hour's duration) per week, it often happens that there are more parades than three and that each parade lasts for two or three hours at a stretch. Soon after recruitment, we are given the necessary uniforms, the cost of which would be above Rs. 70 per head. Till the commencement of the Michaelmas Holidays, the recruits are taught the rudimentary exercises of the Army beginning from the position of "Attention" and extending towards complicated courses in musketry, bayonet exercises and squad and arms drill.

The Annual Camp which is the most interesting event of the year in a soldier's career is held during the Christmas Holidays in places like Madras, Bangalore and Ooty. It is always with extreme pleasure that we look forward to the commencement of our Military Camp, and when at last it terminates after a strenuous and highly useful fortnight, we greatly regret that such a pleasant and active period of life should have passed away so rapidly.

In the event of the Camp being held at Madras, the Trichinopoly Detachment alone would have to undertake a journey from Trichy to Madras, for which purpose there would be a number of saloons reserved for the soldiers.

During the journey, every soldier is expected to look after his rifle, bayonet, haversack, water-bottle, equipment, cartridges and his own kit containing the military uniforms along with other necessities. Almost the very day we reach the Camp we have to begin the regular exercises. Early in the morning, at the sound of the bugle, we get up from bed and having finished our morning ablutions in the shortest time possible, fall in for the Chota. The next item is the Physical Training class (P.T.) which lasts for half an hour. Immediately after that, the respective platoons march towards the armoury to draw their rifles and bayonets. Till 10 o'clock, the different bayonet exercises, squad drills, company drills, etc., are carried out. At 10-30 the soldiers help themselves to a hearty meal. After a short rest begin the afternoon exercises, such as long range shooting, practical devices to be resorted to in times of actual fighting, etc. After 1 o'clock we deposit our cleaned rifles and bayonets in the armoury, and are then free to move about the city and suburbs with our respective passes.

In addition to the ordinary routine of work, there are other rotational and ceremonial duties in the nature of "Guard Mounting," "Police Duty," "Sentry Duty," etc., all of which are very interesting and responsible functions. There is also plenty of scope for good sportsmen to distinguish themselves. Several Cups, Medals and Shields are awarded to the winners in the various items of sports. By way of recreation, night concerts are held where commissioned officers, laying aside their austerity of manner in parade times, gladly take an important part and exhibit their poor capacity as musicians and actors. Sometimes the Staff Sergeant Instructors also join in these amusements.

One feature, that strikes any casual observer of these activities in the Camp, is the sense of discipline that is maintained by the members of the Corps. Everyone tries

to keep up the *esprit de corps*, and is fully aware that he is being trained to become a member of a living Military Body where rules are violated under pain of very severe punishment. Nevertheless, it sometimes occurs that a juvenile delinquent is being marched bare-headed and under escort to the Office of the Company Commander where he receives his due punishment in the nature of extra parades, confinement to the barracks or fatigue duty. In certain cases, the Company Commander would order "Remanded for the Commandant," and would write this at the bottom of the crime report. Thereafter the accused would be marched by the Orderly Sergeant to the Battalion Orderly Room, where the criminal would receive his due from the hands of the supreme authority—the Commandant.

At the termination of the Camp, each member would be given a free soldier's Individual Warrant ticket of the Railway to any destination in India. Even after the Camp, the weekly parades would be held with strict discipline and enthusiasm. But it is always the period prior to the Camp that receives more attention, so as to enable the members to compete with other Companies in the various activities of camp-life.

The Territorial Force is still a young institution which requires time and finance to mature it. Officers are often required in the Provincial Battalions; more will be required as new Battalions are formed; and there can be no doubt that those responsible for the raising and training of all Provincial Battalions, both now and in the years to come, will always infinitely prefer to take on as Officers those who have gained in the corps at the very least a knowledge of military discipline and training.

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The Population Problem of India

INTRODUCTION

[T is eminently fitting that all discussions of the population question should start with the classical principle of Malthus ; for he was the first of the Cambridge economists who startled the world at the end of the eighteenth century with his theory of population which has been the subject of keen controversy ever since.

Malthus wrote in reply to the equalitarian dreams of writers like Godwin who pictured a society of men governed by reason, living in plenty, inspired by a spirit of benevolence and dividing the produce of their labour, amongst themselves according to their wants. Malthus was struck by the tendency amongst the plants and animals to increase beyond the means of nourishment provided by nature ! He pointed out that even if such an ideal condition of social life as Godwin dreamt of was secured, it would not last long ; for whereas to secure its continuance, increase of food must in reality precede the increase of population, as a matter of fact population invariably increases beyond the means of subsistence. While population increases in a geometrical ratio, food can only increase under progressive conditions in an arithmetical ratio. This tendency to increase can be prevented by such checks as increase in the death rate, wars, overcrowding, vice and misery ; or by such preventive checks as late marriages, moral restraints and prudential considerations which can be made more and more operative with the spread of education among the masses. Thus Malthus contended that the pressure of population on subsistence would essentially preclude the realisation of all equalitarian schemes of social regeneration. He believed that the ultimate check on the growth of



population is want of food and he traced the distress of the lower classes to their tendency to increase.

Malthus had a great idea—just one. He saw large numbers of poverty-stricken and unhappy people herded in slums round the newly built factories. He hated misery and vice, and of course vice inevitably went with poverty. Contemplating the dreary scene, he was moved to effect a remedy. He said: "Less people would mean less misery and less vice!" This idea had the vast simplicity of all the great ideas in history like the lever, the steam engine, and the law of gravity!

NATIONAL IMPORTANCE OF THE PROBLEM

The great importance of the problem is brought home to us when we see unemployment, starvation and wastage of life throughout this land. It affects every department of government and every citizen. Ever since 1931 it is becoming obvious that the population is reaching a saturation point. It is assuming alarming proportions.

In 1872 our total population was 206 millions; in 1932 352 millions and to-day it must be about 370 millions. By 1941 when the next census will be due, it would probably be 390 millions, whereas the food supply has not kept pace with such an increase in numbers.

IS INDIA OVER-POPULATED?

As regards the question whether India is over-populated, there seem to be three schools of thought. Those who say that India is not over-populated talk of the empty spaces and the vast economic resources lying undeveloped and point to the fact that in the last thirty years, statistics of industrial and agricultural production show a greater percentage of increase than in the numbers of the population. And such poverty as is to be found is due largely to the economic and political system and not to the pressure of population on the means of subsistence.

Secondly there are those who say that there is not enough material to form a correct opinion either way. They think that statistics of production are not only incomplete but highly misleading. To them nothing lies like figures. Lastly there are those who assert that India is over-populated—as may be seen from the poverty of the masses, the high birth-rate and the very rapid increase in our numbers.

PRESSURE OF POPULATION ON THE SOIL.

India has no outlets worth speaking for its surplus population and even those that exist, namely, Burma and Ceylon, may soon be closed. The policy of 'White Australia' and the exclusion of Asiatics from all important privileges in South Africa are well-known. India has therefore to look to her own resources. Of these agriculture is by far the most important as it is the occupation of two-thirds of the people. This is important in another sense since India does not import her food stuffs from abroad. So whatever be the occupation of the people, the entire population is dependent on the food crops of the country.

The total land in British India is 667 million acres. Of this, only 232 millions are at present cultivated. Of the total cultivated land, 206½ million acres are under food crops. The estimated population of British India in 1933 is 273 millions. This gives 72 acre per head of the population. In Western countries 2 to 2½ acres of land under cultivation are required to produce food per head of the population. In India, low as is our standard of living, ¾ of an acre cannot produce sufficient food for each head.

But what about the future? There are about 153 million acres of cultivable wastes still uncultivated. All this land must necessarily be of comparatively inferior quality to the land cultivated already. Already with the heavy fall in prices and the uneconomic character of the

holdings, agriculture is ceasing to be a paying proposition in some provinces, and our main products, rice and wheat, stand in need of protection from foreign competition. The progressive deterioration of the soil in India because of centuries of civilised occupation of the land and cultivation, the fragmentation and sub-division of holdings, the colossal indebtedness of the rural population—estimated by the Central Banking Enquiry Committee at about 900 crores of rupees—the displacement of food crops by commercial crops and the serious threat to indigenous cultivation by the import of Java sugar and Siamese broken rice—all these have produced a diseased agrarian society which cannot be expected to extend cultivation. Hence optimistic calculations about the potential possibilities of our agriculture seem to be rather out of place.

INDUSTRIALISATION.

Sir M. Visweswarayya in his well-known works, 'Reconstituting India' and 'Planned Economy for India' and in all his utterances advocates industrialisation as a panacea for all the economic ills in India.

Apart from the obstacles to rapid industrialisation that have emerged prominently in the recent discussions, it is open to question whether industrialisation is such an all-sovereign remedy as it is purported to be. In 1921 the number of men employed in plantations, mines and industry was 24 millions. In 1931 the corresponding figure was just 26 millions. Such a growth reveals something wrong somewhere especially when we remember that the population in the same period has increased by about 34 millions. It is of course easy to advance equally convincing arguments on the other side. It may be said that industrialisation has not been given a fair trial; and that the fillip to trade given by discriminating protection in 1924 was really taken away by the devaluation in 1927—that the several cases in which the Tariff Board recommended protection have been turned

down by the government, and others. The world economic depression must have appreciably affected the figures of 1931. The uniform findings of the Industrial Commission in 1918, the Fiscal Commission in 1924 and the Agricultural Commission in 1928 have been that industrialisation is urgently needed in this country and will be useful in solving population and unemployment problems. This conclusion is based on an exhaustive survey of the potentialities of industrial development.

But the total proportion of workers to the non-working dependents in the entire population has been steadily diminishing from census to census. It was 47: 53 in 1911; 46: 54 in 1921 and fell further to 44: 56 in 1931. The trend of these figures is unmistakable and they do suggest that population is increasing at such a rate that the burden of the earners is becoming more and more heavy throughout the country.

Prof. Radhakamal Mukerjee estimates that India's present food shortage is 48·4 billion calories and the present number of average men estimated without food in India, assuming that others obtained their normal daily rations, was 6·6 millions. India has 162 million acres of waste lands which might grow food under an unremitting population pressure but this could not increase the country's population capacity beyond 441 millions.

Reviewing the growth of population in the country during the last 64 years, Professor Mukerjee states that from 1871 to 1935 it increased from 206 millions to nearly 370 millions and threatens to number 390 millions by the next census. By 1931 India's present population capacity was overstepped and before the end of another quarter of a century, assuming that the present real increase continues, India would overstep 441 millions—the ultimate population capacity—under the existing farming and living standards of the people.

The total population supported by Industries at the censuses of 1901, 1911, 1921 and 1931 is given below:

Year	Population supported by industry	Percentage to total
1901	45,719,922	15·5
1911	35,012,558	11·1
1921	33,167,018	10·3
1931	34,200,000	9·7

It will be seen that Industries to-day support a much smaller number than in 1901. Not only this, but the percentage to the total population supported by Industries is steadily decreasing from census to census. The main reason for this is to be found in the displacement of man by the machine as Industries develop on modern lines. Further, many of these are engaged in unorganised industries. Organised industries do not employ more than five million persons or 1·5 per cent. of the total population. In 1921 such industries supplied occupation to only one per cent. of the people. The daily average number of hands employed by establishments in British India to which the Factories Act applies was 1,266,395 in 1921 and 1,553,169 in 1931. To-day it will be, if anything, less, not greater, owing to depression in practically every large industry.

THE HIGH DEATH RATE IN INDIA.

The main point in this problem is that we are producing a large number of human beings of whom few survive to maturity and fewer still live to a ripe old age.

Out of every 100 persons born, 45 die before reaching the age of five. In the countries of Western Europe this figure is about 14 or 15. Our birth rate is high but our death rate is also high and therefore the net increase is not so great. For the growth of population is not due to an increase in birth rate but due to an increase in the survival rate. India affords a good illustration of the Malthusian law that a high birth rate leads to a high death rate.

So, one chief argument in favour of birth-control—paradoxical as it may seem—is that it aims not so much at the reduction of births as at the reduction of deaths. An ideal birth rate and death rate would be 20 and 16 per 1000 respectively. That will leave us a normal increase of 4 per 1000. This will be ample.

INFANT AND MATERNAL MORTALITY.

The high birth rate leads us to the question of terrible infant mortality that takes place. The general causes of this state of affairs are well-known. The generality of early marriages, the system of *dai* as the midwife, the absence of well equipped medical aid in the villages which form the backbone of our country, lack of sanitation and above all, wide illiteracy and ignorance are some of the potential causes for the involuntary slaughter of our innocents. While it can be conceded that some portion of infant mortality is unavoidable, the present rate is appalling. Usually infant mortality is higher than the general death rate. But our present rate of 171 per 1000 is really a pretty bad state of affairs, when compared to 64 in England and 118 in Japan.

Maternal mortality is equally serious. It is estimated that about 200,000 mothers die during their labour every year in this country. Sir John Megaw estimated maternal mortality as 24.05 per 1000 births. The corresponding figure for England is as low as 4.5 and even this they consider as a serious blemish on the public health administration in that country. In the name of humanity, where are we?

SHORT EXPECTATION OF LIFE.

The question of short expectation of life is one that has been made familiar to us through many sources. How many septuagenarians or octogenarians in healthy condition can our country boast of? An indication of the

material and educational condition of the people of a country is afforded by their 'expectations of life' at birth in years. The following table of such expectation in different countries is reproduced below from the census of India, 1931, Vol. I, Part 1.

Country	Males	Females
Australia	55.2	58.84
Denmark	54.9	57.9
England	48.53	52.38
France	45.74	49.13
Holland	44.82	48.33
India	22.59	23.31
Japan	43.97	44.85
Italy	44.24	44.83
Norway	54.84	55.72
Sweden	54.53	55.98
Switzerland	49.25	52.15
U. S. A.	49.32	52.54

While the above figures yield an interesting inference that women in all countries have longer 'expectation' than men, it is regrettable to note that India has the melancholy satisfaction of being the last in the list.

And according to the figures of the actuarial reports, taking our country and England, we find that the English figures are more than double the Indian figures, which of course means that Englishmen on an average live twice as long as Indians. This point is clearly brought home to us when we know the premiums charged for Indians and Englishmen by the Insurance companies for the same amount. An Indian has to pay a greater premium than an Englishman to insure his life because his expectation of life is shorter.

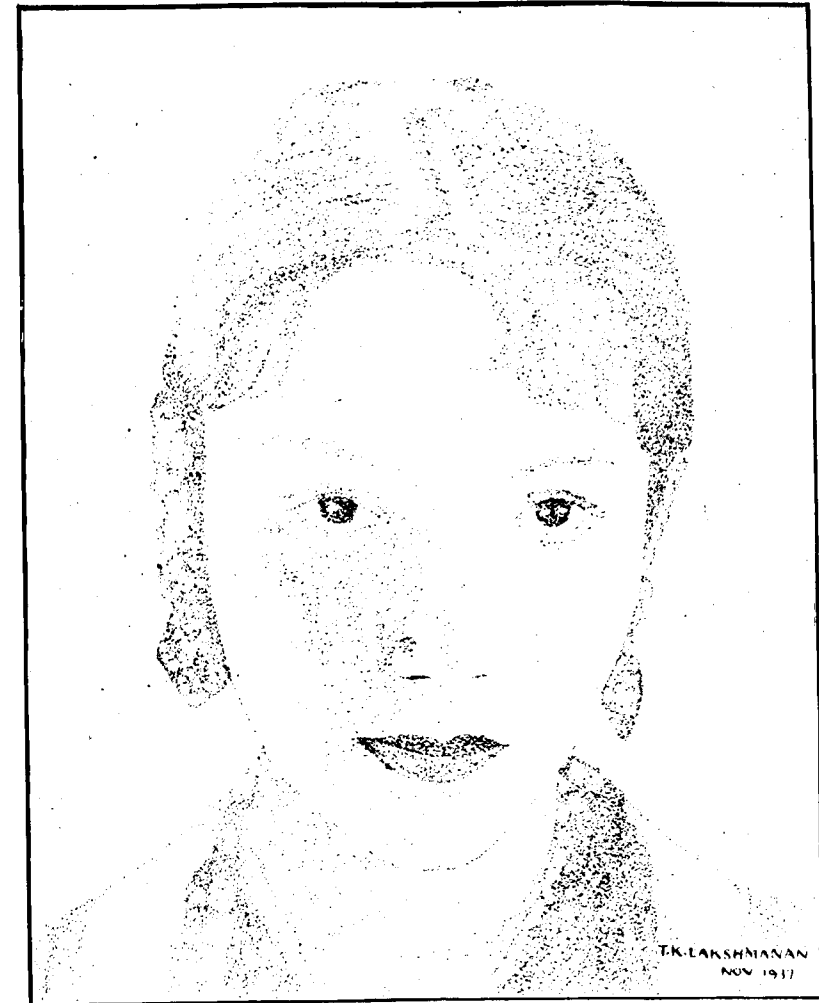
The expectation of life in European countries has been showing a decided improvement owing to better conditions of life and greater control over the preventable causes of

death; whereas in India, economically speaking, the country has been practically at a standstill. The result is that men who have gathered experience and wisdom are snatched away when their power to be of service to the community is at its height.

MALNUTRITION.

Another disturbing aspect of the population problem is that of malnutrition. Of course when malnutrition is touched upon, it is not forgotten that a significant segment of our population has no nutrition worth the name at all. But barring such extremes, the majority of the people are brought upon a very unbalanced diet. Malnutrition affects the lower income sections of the people and it usually goes along with ignorance and poverty. In India the proportion that is brought upon malnutrition is not only greater but also extends to the middle class and even to the well-to-do classes. This problem concerns mainly our women, the custodians of our diet. Sir John Megaw's enquiry in 1933 resulted in an analysis which showed that 39 per cent. is well nourished, 41 per cent. poorly nourished, whereas in England only 10 per cent. of the population suffers from malnutrition.

When Sir Robert McCarrison was in charge of the Coonoor Nutrition Research Institute, he made some investigations in diet in common use in various parts of India. He considers that the Sikhs of the Punjab possess the best physique in the world owing to their highly nutritive diet. His remarks regarding the diets in use in other parts in India, particularly Bengal and Southern India, are not very complimentary. Nutrition specialists agree that our Madras diet is considerably deficient in proteins. Madras like China cannot dispense with rice. Gandhiji has brought home to us that even in the little nutritive rice, we take almost nothing by using polished and pan boiled rice. Hence there is no use disputing the fact that malnutrition



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does exist on a large scale. The problem before us is what we can do to improve the position and how it can be done.

The appointment of a Nutrition Advisory Council made recently by the Government of India is to be welcomed on this account.

Reform of diet is not easy and has to face many obstacles on the way. The preclusion of certain dishes is on religious grounds. First of all our women have to be enlightened since it is they that dominate and dictate our diet. Perhaps the more important obstacle to the adoption of a nutritive diet by all is that India is a poor country. The vast majority cannot afford to consume what are called the protective foods like milk, ghee, fresh fruits, etc. These are costly foods. The reform is possible only among the sections of the people who are living rather comfortably above the subsistence level.

But Mahatma Gandhi lived at Wardha on a food containing all the necessary constituents required for a balanced nutrition and it cost him only 3 annas a day. A rupee a day for a family of five should not be considered too high. Dr. Aykroyd of the Coonoor Institute has worked out a well balanced diet costing between Rs. 5 and Rs. 7 a month per head. This should be quite as satisfactory as Gandhiji's experiment though Dr. Aykroyd's sum may be considered too high for the lower rungs of the population. But so far as the middle and upper classes are concerned, it is easy to have a balanced diet without making it costly. Therefore a balanced diet need not necessarily be an expensive affair. Hence there does exist a possibility for a change in our nutrition.

How are we going to effect such a change? Dietary prejudices die hard. Our difficulty is all the greater since our mothers, wives and sisters who largely look to the preparation of our food are conservative and opposed to all change. But the difficulty can be solved with the aid of persistent propaganda. Twenty years ago the people in England did

not take milk and fruit in the required measure. But to-day they eat more fruit and drink more milk owing to the advertising slogans like 'Eat more fruit' and 'Drink more milk.' This is work for our enlightened popular propagandists who should take it upon themselves to guide the unenlightened masses.

MARRIAGE REFORM AND EUGENICS.

The peculiar feature of India in this connection is the universal prevalence of the married state. "Every Hindu must marry and beget children—sons if you please—to perform his funeral rites lest his spirit should wander uneasily in Hell." In order to avoid social obloquy all girls must be married before puberty. Amongst the Muslims and the Animists, though religious obligation is wanting, early marriage is equally common. The institution of joint family further encourages it. The family resources being available for the support of the newly wedded couple for an indefinite length of time, prudential considerations such as those which often compel postponement of marriage in Europe have hardly any influence in India. On the contrary, economic considerations promote matrimony among the masses instead of retarding it because the wife is necessary as a household drudge and often helps the husband even in out-door work. The children are also put to work of some kind at the earliest practicable age and begin to pay their way as soon as possible.

What we want to-day is young men and young women who will marry only when they are economically independent and physically well-set.

BIRTH CONTROL.

This leads us to the vexed question of birth control. There has been a great deal of controversy whether India should adopt scientific birth control or not. The Catholics

are opposed to it and since their objection is on ethical grounds, it need not detain us here. Mahatma Gandhi is for birth control through moral restraint but not through contraceptives. Mrs. Margaret Sanger advocates proper spacing of children and prevention of conception for mothers ill-equipped to bear them. She says that in many a home the tragedy of unwanted children being born is an everyday experience of our nurses—unwanted because the family is too poor to provide for another mouth. True, every mouth brings with it a pair of hands. But while it takes at least a decade or even more for the useful function of the pair of hands, the mouth at once begins to function.

The doctors are sharply divided on this point. In 1926 Sir James Marchant published a book entitled 'Medical Views on Birth Control' in which there were contributions from nine eminent medical authorities,—all of whom condemned birth control. Soon after, Dr. Norman Hare brought out a book 'Some More Medical Opinions on Birth Control,' representing the more modern view on birth control, all the contributors being young in age. A few general conclusions, however, stand out prominently : (1) Most medical men are of opinion that birth control is not a positive solution to the population problem. (2) Birth control measures may be prescribed by medical men as a form of treatment if they feel that pregnancy will be injurious to the health of the mother. (3) The present methods of birth control advertised with impunity in the popular press are some of them injurious to the health of the users and most of them not absolutely 'fool proof.'

Experience has shown us that birth control is easily resorted to by the well-to-do and educated classes who can comfortably bring up a decent-sized family and not the masses who are poor, ignorant and weak. So, Dr. Cottell recently suggested that birth control should be prohibited to the intelligent classes and Prof. Bartlett

blamed them for not doing their duty in the breeding of the race. Mr. Ranadive writing on birth control says that in the case of India it would work wonders. It will lessen infant mortality and put a stop to the tragedy found in many households where girl-mothers of tender ages are driven to premature graves dug for them by cruel social customs, ignorant parents and imprudent husbands. Is it not more moral to prevent the birth of children and enable young wives to live long, usefully and happily, than allow them to die by thousands in the process of giving birth to or rearing too many children, most of whom do not survive for a single year?

MIGRATION.

One of the factors affecting the growth of population is migration. Some say that even if there is overpopulation, the problem can be mitigated by a part of the population in a congested area moving freely to another and adjacent area or even emigrate to other countries and make a decent living. Dr. Johnson, sipping his seventh cup of tea, once expressed amazement that anybody should voluntarily go roaming in far off lands when it was so much easier to sit comfortably at home. Our people as a rule agree with Dr. Johnson, for the roving strain is absent in our blood and it is no wonder if the stay-at-homeness of our people forms the theme of every census report. Economic and social causes account to a large extent for the general immobility of the Indian population.

It is difficult to break the ties of domestic attachment, race, religion, and language. Besides, even if the Indian wants to emigrate, he is sure to be an unwelcome intruder in other countries. The white races have not lost their colour prejudice and the plight of the South African Indian is an eloquent testimony to this colour bar. In places like Ceylon and Malaya where his cheap labour is needed, he cannot easily emigrate, for the restrictions under which he

is forced to live are so humiliating. Ceylon usually affords an outlet for the surplus population of South India but even in Ceylon conditions have changed. One of the resolutions that the All-Ceylon Youth Conference passed in 1933 was "that the continued presence of a large foreign immigrant population was detrimental to the economic and political welfare of Ceylon." Dr. Hutton says that the absorption of Indian labour has nearly reached the saturation point in Ceylon. That is where our emigration to Ceylon stands.

Regarding the emigration to Malaya, it need only be said that conditions are not pleasant, as the Sastri Report has acquainted us with the situation there. The other British dominions are all practically closed to us. Even if emigration were possible, our population emigrates only as labourers. It looks as though one of the commodities we specialise in and export is 'Coolies.' This is a sad reflection on the economic and political status of our country.

But what about internal migration? Whether India is really overpopulated or not and whether it could or could not be solved by internal migration was the subject of a controversy in the *Times* (London) some time back. Lord Oliver set the ball rolling by a letter in which he affirmed that India was 'admittedly overpopulated' and 'that our Indian fellow subjects' had a better claim for consideration in any scheme to provide room for expansion for congested nations in Africa than Germans, Poles or Italians. Professor L. W. Lyde challenged Lord Oliver's assertion about India being overpopulated and argued that what India needed was a better distribution of her population within her own borders. The problem to him was internal and not international. Besides suggesting distribution of 'any surplus from the more dense and less healthy areasto the less dense and more healthy areas,' he pro-

posed a more economic utilisation of India's water resources and manure. 'There is,' he said, 'far more water still running to waste in India than is needed to make habitable all but the very driest regions and to supply abundance of 'power' for cooking, ventilating, sanitary and even agricultural work. The saving of manure now used for fuel, would double the harvest in many places.' Thereupon Sir Edward Gait wrote to the *Times*, questioning whether internal migration of the kind suggested by Prof. Lyde was at all feasible. 'Apart from the unfounded assumption that the salubrity of a tract varies inversely with its density, it is absurd to suggest that the surplus population of (say) Muzaffarpur, in North Bihar, with a density verging on 1000 to the sq. mile, would be in any way better off (say) in Ranchi, in Chota Nagpur, which has less than a quarter of that density.' Professor Lyde, of course, denied that he ever suggested anything so absurd as that and *admitted that transfer of population was not an easy process anywhere*. His proposal for a more economic utilisation of water and manure was also criticised on the ground that the rate at which India's population was expanding necessitated a doubling of the total food supply every thirty-five years and that consequently the belief that 'the pressure of population on the means of subsistence would disappear if there were no water running to waste and if no manure were used for fuel,' was ill founded.

Commenting on this, the *Hindu* said: "It is difficult to believe that out of her present and potential resources India cannot secure adequate food for her population.....Many countries to-day support a much denser population than India's with resources not vaster bulk for bulk than ours. This is not to say that emigration—to which problem Lord Oliver directed his attention in his letter—is not desirable or necessary. Apart from the necessity for emigration, the mere fact that there is poverty and that the population

is under-nourished has been sufficient to convince some people that India is over-populated. On that basis there is no country in the world—not even Australia excepted—which is not 'over-populated.' To talk of over-population on account of this is as absurd as to talk of 'over-production' simply because owing to mal-distribution of purchasing power and an inadequate system of exchanges, things produced remain unsold. In population problems as in regard to other vital questions there is need for a radical change in our methods of enquiry and approach. We need an economics of abundance and not an economics of artificial scarcity."

EDUCATION.

Some believe that the whole problem can be solved by education. A system of universal and compulsory education will certainly be an essential preliminary. When the population ceases to be illiterate, they may realise the pitiable position they occupy in society and what is more search for a palliative. The J. P. C. report published in 1934 says: 'In India the average standard of living is low and can scarcely be compared even with that of the more backward countries of Europe. Literacy is rare outside the urban areas and even in these the number of literates bears but a small proportion to the total population.' Ninety per cent. of the population of India are illiterate. Education can be expected to deliver a frontal attack on the problem by increasing the means of subsistence in spite of the unemployment problem, and reducing the high birth rate. The habitual acceptance of untrue notions is one of the chief causes of present poverty and education is an effective remedy in this respect.

As regards birth rate all available evidence goes to support this conclusion, namely, the higher the social status, the lower the fertility. The fact is, when education is prolonged, marriage is postponed. Compulsory education will emancipate women and put an end to child labour which

among the poorer classes is the chief incentive to early marriage. It is said that high fertility is associated with inability to find employment and consequent mental stagnation. Intellectual activity acts as a check upon fertility.

Thus a rational and wide-spread education will lead the people from darkness to light, and the enlightened will certainly reveal a greater sense of their responsibility and duty both as members of the family and the State. To-day the people seem to be after only two things—to get and to beget. And unfortunately in India they seem to fail in the former and succeed very well in the latter.

CONCLUSION.

In conclusion, it is obvious that we are having too high a birth-rate. Mill said that babies rush out at the slightest suggestion of food, but to-day even in the face of starvation we are having too many babies. None need complain that we are too many if our physical condition were not so bad. We must plan our lives and the lives of those that we intend inviting into this troublesome world on rational and realistic lines. Our problem to-day is as much economic and biological as political. Like the millionaire in the proverb who could not enjoy his riches because of ill health, let us remember that a C. nation may get Swaraj but cannot enjoy it!

Mr. George Joseph recently objected to prohibition on the ground that the men-in-the-street should have the *right* to drink. Similarly, some one may object to what I have said on the ground that everyone should at least have the *right* to propagate! He may further say that the present economic order ought to go and give place to a more rational order where a greater approach to economic equality will be made. Certainly when there is economic equality there will be no population problem. But even the most optimistic of our prophets are not rash enough to say that a Socialist era will soon dawn upon this country. Till then, at any rate, I believe my conclusions will hold good.

S. CHANDRASEKHAR,
V. B. A. Hons. (Econ.)

The Picture I Love

I have gold, but what can I buy?
I have a voice, but what shall I sing?
I have tears, but why should I weep?
I have joy, but why should I laugh?
In silent admiration, let me, with folded hands, prostrate before thee.
Thy world is magnificent, but these eyes see only a vain glimmer.
The song of the bird, the laughter of the sea, the peal of thunder—all merge in Thy music-silence.

And so my feelings are silent, my voice is silence, my tears are unshed, my lips smile not.
There are moments when I weep in silent grief.
There are moments when I laugh in smiling silence.
Thy world is full of wonders—magnificent show, sweet songs—
The sunset clouds, the moon-lit waters, the star-lit Heavens.
But I love a picture far different—
The picture of a devotee, singing devotional songs, fading in Thy music-silence.

P. SANKARA MURTHY,
III (Hons.) Zoology.

Only a Number

A FEW years ago, I was obliged or, to be more accurate, favoured by circumstances, to board and lodge in a hotel. One day, being in a hurry to start for a meeting, I ordered a cup of coffee to be brought to my room, but in order to avoid delay, went to the dining hall myself to have my drink direct from the kitchen. While approaching the latter, I overheard my ward-boy shouting to the cook, "Number eleven wants one coffee." I was a little taken aback at having been reduced to a mere number, a mere mouth to be fed without the accompaniments of name and personality that constituted my 'self.' The name that was given to me, years ago, by my parents after so much earnest and loving consultation was nothing to this world of the hotel. Like the policeman or the common soldier in the army or, worse still, the convict in the gaol, I was only a number and nothing more. It reminded me of the inhabitants of Aldous Huxley's "Brave New World" who had no names, but had numbers, similar to those of the books in the Madras University Library.

But, on second thoughts, I said to myself, "That is just as it should be." The hotel is not like the home, which is segregated, narrow and exclusive. It is a world in miniature and has all sorts and conditions of men and women within its inclusive premises and the individual that goes to make this world is of no greater significance than a solitary cell within the human body. Artists of wide repute, quacks who have made a fortune by the sale of nostrums to a public eager to be hoodwinked, stars of the stage and the screen, grave judges on their way to their places of transfer, romantic pleasure-seekers, legislators and book-makers of the turf abide their hour or two and go their way leaving the hotel still full of life. In this busy, varied, and

multifarious assembly of birds of passage, what man is worthy enough in himself to be considered as being more than a mere number?

A little reflection will show that nothing flatters and feeds man's innate vanity and egotism so much as the home. The tender solicitude of the mother or the wife asking oftentimes, "What shall we have for tiffin, dear, *idli* or *jilabee*?" "Would you like chutney or curry this evening, darling?" cannot be all for his good. It is the surest way to the ruin of his soul. Unconsciously he comes to feel that the world and everybody in it exist for the satisfaction of his own tastes and needs. It makes him almost assume the god. There cannot be a more efficacious corrective for this pampered self-complacency of the home-bred softy than a few months' life in the bracing atmosphere of a hotel. There he will soon learn to subject his likes and dislikes to the almost impersonal *menu* ordained for the day by the ruling Providence which thinks only in terms of the mass and not of any individual composing it. Like Nature herself, the hotel thinks only of the type and is careless of the single life. Great as he may be in his own esteem, the man that boards in the hotel must choose from what is provided for all or go without anything. The silly belief in a special Providence that watches beneficently over the welfare of the egotist has never at any time been entertained by those who have been fortunate enough to be within the portals of a big hotel for a considerable length of time.

This egotism of the home-bred man is the result of a subtle, sub-conscious feeling that his presence in the house is indispensable for the comfort and well-being of others, mother, wife, or children, especially if he happens to be the bread-winner. Let him be forced by a benignant destiny to live for some months in a hotel. He will then realise that even the world of his home which, he thought, depended upon him for its very existence, contrives somehow to get

on without him with a fair measure of success. He will thus be taught the wholesome lesson that no man's services are indispensable either in the home, the institution, or the world. France has gone on cheerfully enough even after the fall of Napoleon and what are we, when compared with that mighty and many-sided genius? Further at home, the man worries himself constantly with the petty difficulties of life. The minor ailments of wife or child that do not deserve a moment's serious thought strike at the buoyancy of his spirits and leave him little of the mental energy and the heart's equanimity that are essential to all unselfish and efficient work. In the interests of his own physical and mental sanity, the best tonic that can be prescribed is the care-free life of the hotel.

I imagine the reader saying, "It is all very well to extol the hotel so long as you are well and keep fit; but what if you fall ill? Wouldn't you then long for the gentle and soft touch of beloved hands?" The question has been partly answered already. The boarder in the hotel is not likely to fall ill so often as the man in the home, as he is less subject to the wear and tear of the heart and the brain caused by the cares of a family. Even granting that once in a way he does fall ill, his recovery would be quicker in the hotel where he is left to fight his illness alone and unhampered by well-meaning but clumsy efforts at coddling. The moans and groans of a sick man surrounded by sympathetic friends and relatives are louder and longer than those of one suffering from the same illness in his solitary bed in the hotel. The tender importunities that would thrust nourishment into a digestive system that requires perfect rest often prolong the illness of the home-bred man. Even if the illness is of a dangerous character involving loss of consciousness, the proper place would be the hospital or the nursing establishment and not the home.

Were I a Hitler or a Mussolini and not the reader's humble servant who cannot say bo to a goose, I would en-

force a compulsory abode in a hotel for every one in the country, man or woman, for a period of not less than one year. It would be the best discipline for the self-centred, self-seeking, individualistic mind and temper that prevail so largely among men. It would be a half-way house for the inevitable journey of modern nations towards the totalitarian state of the future, fascist or communistic. The dreams of Plato, More, Lenin and other wise minds would become accomplished facts the sooner for such an enforcement as I have indicated.

M. R. RAJAGOPALAN.

My Camphor Light

My camphor light shall burn at Thy altar,
Till I behold Thy bright resplendent Light,
Brighter than the brilliance of the star
That shining searches for Thy glorious sight.

A. RAMANANDA RAO,
IV (Hons.) Chemistry.

Ignorance is Bliss

"What ails you, child? What makes you sad?"

Asked gently Mary Ann,

"If it's in me to make you glad,
I will do all I can!"

To which replied her servant maid,
An artless Hindu girl—

"No one likes me, I am afraid,
No, nor gent, man, nor churl.

"To-day I've seen girls freely kiss'd,
By men unknown and known—
But to me, no, not one was pleased
To let a kiss be blown!"

Smiled Mary Ann: "O foolish wench,
Think you it is your face?"

I bet, if you sit on this bench,
For a kiss they will race!"

The village girl's deep wonder grew
For no sooner she sat
But youths that came in drew
Near her and kiss'd her pat.

One country-born and country-bred,
The poor girl did not know
That, on the bench she was seated
Beneath the *mistletoe*!

K. R. SESHADRI,
II University Class.

Tagore's Criticism of Sakuntala

TO THE EDITOR, PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE,
MADRAS

SIR,

I SEE that in the September issue of this magazine my friend Mr. M. R. Rajagopala Aiyangar, while reviewing Binyon's translation of *Sakuntala*, takes exception to Dr. Tagore's criticism of the character of the hero and the heroine in the drama. I admit that Dr. Tagore (or probably his translator) has used some unfortunate expressions with reference to Dushyanta and Sakuntala which are rather indefensible. To speak of Dushyanta as having a sinner's heart or, worse still, as one who was made to renounce the rôle of rake, and of Sakuntala of the earlier Acts as being mud-stained, and of their first union at the end of the third Act as an evil is mere misuse of language. But these lapses should not blind us to the essentially correct opinions of Dr. Tagore on the situation and the chief characters in the drama.

The question here is not whether the Gandharva form of marriage is not lawful among Kshatriyas or whether the sage Kanva does not approve of the union or whether Dushyanta is not an honourable king. For we may concede at once that throughout the play Dushyanta is called a Rajarishi, that he is represented as a worthy and heroic king, loved and honoured by all including the sage Kanva and that he regarded the Gandharva marriage as a sacred and inviolable bond. We may go even a step further and say that, though he had been married more than once he probably went through the experience of falling in love for the first time in his life only when he met Sakuntala. But the question we have to ask ourselves is whether there is not a subtle moral judgment in the play on the rather hasty

and self-willed marriage of Sakuntala brought up in a hermitage among ascetics away from the world with a king who, for all his righteousness and some self-righteousness, has already two wives and a harem. The sage Kanva, no doubt, approves of the union when once it has taken place during his absence, and especially, when he was assured by a Voice in the Chamber of Holy Fires that a great emperor was going to be born as a result of that union. But we must not forget the fact that till he returned from his journey and blessed the union, there was great anxiety in the hearts of Sakuntala and her companions as to who should tell him of what had happened and as to what he would say when he was told that during his absence his daughter had not only fallen in love and married but was also actually *āpanna sattva*. And according to the original story in the *Mahabharata* the king also had a similar anxiety when he returned to his capital. Why all this anxiety, if what Sakuntala did was entirely blameless? Here was a girl brought up tenderly by a great Rishi in his hermitage amidst people whose most dearly cherished possessions were self-control and renunciation. That she should fall in love at first sight when the king comes to the forest a-hunting is, of course, natural and in the approved style of Romance. But what is not expected of one of her up-bringing is her yielding to the king so readily and marrying him at once without her father's permission, while he was away on a long journey undertaken for her own benefit. At this time apparently she had no thought for anybody except herself. That her father afterwards approved of what she had done is no excuse for her Gandharva marriage, which is only a legalisation of that tumultuous desire for union which cannot brook any delay. As Dr. Tagore observes, her Gandharva marriage had the wildness of nature joined to the social tie of wedlock. He says, "Her heart was bare of armour and she could not distrust either the sentiment of love or the character of the

lover. The daughter of the hermitage was off her guard, just as the deer there knew not fear."

Romantic love has its dangers as well as its glories. It has its reckonings to make with the heaven above and the earth below. One of the aims of this drama seems to be to demonstrate this truth. The very essence of romance is contrast—contrast between the humdrum world of moral and other conventions and a blissful Paradise where love is its own law. That is why in all great romances and romantic tragedies and even ballads we have a normal world of reference as well as an ideal world, so that the extent of the departure from everyday life implied in the incidents and characters of romance may be measured and understood. The principle is the same as that of providing the bass note in a musical concert. Without its moorings in common sense, our romance would become only a fairy tale or a day-dream. Kent in *King Lear*, Banquo in *Macbeth*, Horatio in *Hamlet* and Enobarbus in *Antony and Cleopatra* serve to keep the romance within the hailing distance of the world of every day. The Vidhushaka in Sanskrit dramas, like the Fool in Shakespeare's plays, serves to bring the romantic hero now and then to the mother earth.

But in this drama we have besides the Vidhushaka the inmates of the Asram acting as foils to Sakuntala's romance, though her own companions, Priyamvada and Anasuya, are at first partly caught up in the romance and lifted off their feet. It is instructive, therefore, to know what the other inmates of the Asram think of the union of Sakuntala and Dushyanta. What does the old lady Gautami think of it? And what does Sarngarava, who according to Dushyanta is next only to Kanva in the hermitage, think of it? They are fairly representative of the Asram opinion.

In the fifth Act even before the repudiation Gautami says frankly to Dushyanta :—

"Sir, I should like to say something now. But there seems to be no need for any words of mine. For she never consulted her elders, nor did you ask them. What, then, can I say to either of you with regard to what you have done by your own mutual consent?"

The commentator, while explaining this verse, says that it shows that both Dushyanta and Sakuntala were at fault.

Sarngarava is, of course, more plain-spoken than Gautami. After the repudiation he says in bitter irony to the king:—

"Don't accept her, sir. Indeed the sage deserves to be insulted by you, for he has approved of the conduct of his daughter who was seduced by you, and judging you worthy of the gift he has asked you to accept her. It is like offering a thief the property he has stolen."

And later he says to Sakuntala, while she is weeping for her fate:—

"Thus does a rash and wilful deed recoil. Therefore it is only after a careful examination that an alliance should be made, especially, an alliance made in private. Love in hearts not well acquainted with each other turns to hate as now."

The curse of Durvasa both in the form that it took and the occasion that gave rise to it is a part of this common-sense world that acts as a foil to Sakuntala's romance. We should remember that this incident is entirely Kalidasa's own invention. In the original story as given in the *Mahabharata*, Dushyanta repudiates Sakuntala fully knowing her to be his wife, because he feared the world might suspect her purity. Kalidasa saves his hero from this ignoble situation by inventing the curse of Durvasa and thus freeing him from the moral responsibility for the repudiation. But as Dr. Tagore with great critical insight

points out, the curse is not as arbitrary an incident as it appears to be. For what it brings about has its seeds in Dushyanta's royal nature—and we may say incidentally in the nature of all Hindu kings and Rajahs, both in fiction and fact, with one glorious exception, the hero of the *Ramayana*. To love and marry a woman, call her a queen, add her to the harem and forget all about her and be ready to fall in love with the next pretty woman they come across—is one of the prerogatives of our kings. At any rate, that was apparently what Kalidasa saw in his day all around him. Accordingly he represents all the heroes in his dramas as married persons making love. In this drama especially there is no need at all to weaken the romantic effect by providing Dushyanta with two wives, firstly because there is nothing in the original story to show that the Rajarishi was a married man, and secondly because the two wives in the drama do not appear on the stage at all. Vasumati is about to come on the stage in the sixth Act, but is prevented, and we only hear Hamsapadika's plaintive song behind the scenes at the beginning of the fifth Act. Indeed the wives of Dushyanta are only ghosts in the background. Their purpose seems to be to haunt the minds of the simple Asram folk and lend colour to the repudiation of Sakuntala. It is interesting to see with what skill Kalidasa makes reference to them here and there and thus prepares the way for Durvasa's curse and the consequent dramatic crisis of the fifth Act. The first reference is when at the end of the second Act the king sends away his Vidhushaka to the capital so that he may not spy on him at the hermitage and inform the ladies of the harem. Then in the next Act in the middle of the love scene Sakuntala herself says to Priyamvada not to trouble the king with her love as he might be longing to go back to his harem. And afterwards Anasuya pleads to Dushyanta that, though kings may have their harems, her friend should be treated properly. Even after the king promises

to set Sakuntala above all his other queens, her fears are not allayed. For on the very day on which Dushyanta leaves the hermitage promising to send his men in a few days to escort his wife to the capital, she says to Priyamvada that she still fears that when once the king goes back to his harem he may forget Sakuntala and all his promises. Then comes the curse of Durvasa. And subsequently Kanva, who knows nothing about it, pleads in his message to the king that equal status should be given to his daughter with that of his other wives, and in his advice to Sakuntala he asks her to be friendly with all the ladies of the harem. And finally, as if to confirm these vague fears of the Asram people that the king's heart towards Sakuntala might change, the dramatist introduces the song of Hamsapadika. The song gives us a foretaste of what is going to happen when Sakuntala comes to the king's palace. It shows us that the curse of Durvasa is not entirely unrelated to the past history, if not the character, of the king.

"Oh honey-bee," so goes the queen's song, "thou dost ever long for fresh honey. How dost thou forget the mango blossom thou hast so passionately kissed and take pleasure in going down into the lotus?"

The king accepts the rebuke. For he preferred Vasumati to Hamsapadika, but the poor queen does not know and the king has forgotten that he had preferred Sakuntala to both. The poet here gives us a hint not only of the fate that is going to overtake Sakuntala in a few minutes, but also of the more cruel fate that would have overtaken her, if she had been recognised and accepted as soon as she made her appearance in Dushyanta's palace. But for Durvasa's curse, Kanva's daughter would perhaps have been only one of the honoured and neglected wives of the Rajarishi.

The curse was therefore really a blessing in disguise. It made the love of Dushyanta and Sakuntala go through

the fire of suffering and emerge pure and victorious. There is no doubt that Dushyanta's character is greatly strengthened and purified by the long agony of remorse described in the sixth Act. It is indeed a sight for the gods when the rather self-righteous king of the earlier Acts comes down after his victories in heaven and the honours showered on him by Indra to prostrate himself in penitence on earth at the feet of his wife whom he had wronged so cruelly, though unconsciously. The extent of this self-abasement can be fully understood only by those who have an intimate knowledge of Hindu customs and manners. The situation is indeed one of the master-strokes of Kalidasa's art in the play. It is more pathetic than the trance into which Dushyanta falls in the anguish of his remorse in the sixth Act.

But nothing can equal in artistic beauty the silent dignity of Sakuntala in the last Act. It is extraordinary how with the fewest possible words Kalidasa shows the change that has come over Sakuntala as a result of her suffering. When she comes again on the stage after all that has happened since the repudiation, we hold our breath and see that grave and dignified figure clad in dusky garments with her hair tied up in a single knot moving silently towards her child of whom she had entertained such high hopes when her father blessed her marriage, but whose birth was in shame and sorrow. Even after she recognises the stranger holding her child's hand to be her husband and he falls at her feet and begs her forgiveness there is not a single word of self-gratulation nor of recrimination nor any outburst of feeling. Like a true Hindu woman she blames her own past Karma, weeps silently a little, allows her husband to wipe her tears and goes off with him bearing her child in her arms to receive the blessing of the divine Maricha. What a contrast to the Sakuntala of the first Act whose voice we first hear, when in the freedom and carelessness of her youth she comes watering the plants of the

hermitage she loved so well and shouting to her friends, "This way! This way!" And yet it is all a natural development, as Dr. Tagore says, "of a flower into fruit, of earth into heaven, of matter into spirit."

We have already seen how the form of Durvasa's curse, which is only an externalization of the vague fears of the inmates of the Asram, brings us back to the realities of the every-day world. The occasion that gave rise to it serves the same purpose. On the day on which Dushyanta departed from the hermitage, Sakuntala, who had been asked by her father to receive the guests during his absence, stood in self-absorption, like a painted picture as Priyamvada says, and paid no heed to the cries of a distinguished guest, who thereupon left the place with a curse. A hermitage which abounds, according to the Vidhushaka, with bearded ascetics is the last place for a love romance. The spirit of the penance-grove cannot tolerate that delicious fever of love which makes the lovers fancy that the sun and the stars have stopped in their courses, while they are contemplating each other's perfections.

Sakuntala is, no doubt, the darling of the hermitage. And when she leaves it for her husband's home, not only her father and friends, but also the animals and trees of the penance-grove weep in their places—and we weep with them even after the lapse of so many centuries, for it is impossible, especially for a Hindu, to read that immortal fourth Act without tears,—so little have our customs and manners connected with the sending of our daughters to their husbands' homes changed since Kalidasa wrote. But all the same one feels that the spirit of the hermitage expressed itself as unmistakably in Durvasa's rebuke of Sakuntala's self-absorption as in the pathetic farewell gestures of the deer, the birds and the flowers that loved Sakuntala. It is not a cheap morality vitiating art that we have here, but a hint of the fundamental values of life which no great art

can ever forget. Dr. Tagore is, therefore, quite right when he says :—

"This ancient poet of India refuses to recognise Love as its own highest glory ; he proclaims that Goodness is the final goal of Love. He teaches us that the Love of man and woman is not beautiful, not lasting, not fruitful so long as it is self-centred, so long as it does not beget Goodness, so long as it does not diffuse itself into Society over son and daughter, guests and neighbours."

And, in spite of a few unfortunate expressions he has used, the critic shows great insight when he says that "the *motif* of the play is the progress from the earlier union of the first Act with its earthly, unstable beauty and romance to the higher union in the heavenly hermitage of eternal bliss described in the last Act." The aim of the dramatist has been "to elevate love from the sphere of physical beauty to the eternal heaven of moral beauty." Accordingly the following well-known words of Goethe about this drama are not "the exaggeration of rapture, but the deliberate judgment of a true critic" :—

"Woulds't thou the Earth and Heaven itself
in one sole name combine?
I name thee, O Sakuntala, and all
at once is said."

Yours truly,
D. S. SARMA.

Our Reviewer's Reply

TO THE EDITOR, PRESIDENCY COLLEGE MAGAZINE
MADRAS.

SIR,

I THANK you very much for your courtesy in showing me Rao Sahib D. S. Sarma's reply to my review of Dr. Tagore's criticism of *Sakuntala* and in giving me an opportunity to state my position again.

I am glad to find that Mr. Sarma agrees with me in protesting against Dr. Tagore's references to Dushyanta as a sinner and a rake and to Sakuntala as mud-stained. Mr. Sarma thinks, however, that, in spite of these 'lapses,' Dr. Tagore's opinions on the situation and the chief characters in the drama are essentially correct. In support of this contention, Mr. Sarma remarks that there is a 'subtle moral judgment in the play on the rather hasty and self-willed marriage of Sakuntala.' If by moral judgment is meant the moral judgment of the play-wright, I am afraid I have to differ with Mr. Sarma. So far as I can see, Kalidasa does not consider the union of Dushyanta and Sakuntala in the Third Act as in any way sinful or unworthy. Among the Shakespearian analogies cited by Mr. Sarma, I will, in the interests of brevity, take one. The comments of Enobarbus on Antony and on Cleopatra might be taken as those of the dramatist himself, because Enobarbus has been in intimate touch with both the hero and the heroine and has had a close knowledge of all the circumstances. The comments of Gautami and Sarngarava on Dushyanta are not based on such an intimate understanding. They are unaware of the effect of Durvasa's curse operating on the memory of Dushyanta and are naturally full of reproaches against what they look upon as a betrayal. Mr. Sarma's rendering of Gautami's speech before the

repudiation implying a veiled reproach is evidently on the lines of one of the commentators; but there is no reason why his interpretation of the stanza should be taken as correct. It is said by Gautami *before* the king's rejection and has been translated thus :—

"Noble Sir, I wish to say something. There is however, no scope for my remarks. For,

By her the elders were not referred to, nor by you were her relatives consulted. When the affair has been transacted solely by mutual (consent), what need I say to each one of you?"

She wants to beg the king to be constant in his love to Sakuntala, but there is no need for her request since their love is mutual and has not resulted from the counsels of others.

It is true that *after* the king's repudiation, both Gautami and Sarngarava, who loses his temper owing to his ignorance of the working of the curse, consider the king as vile. But their words on an occasion of such tragic painfulness should not be taken as the judgment of the dramatist himself on the king. As I said in my review in the September number of this magazine, Maricha who knows all the facts and who has no reason to be prejudiced in favour of the hero is a more impartial judge and his judgment of the king might certainly be taken as Kalidasa's.

As to Dushyanta's having a harem, on which Mr. Sarma dwells at some length, I still think that Kalidasa did not look upon it as in any way detracting from the moral greatness of the hero, as the ethical code of his day permitted the institution to monarchs. Even the sage Kanva does not seem to find anything objectionable in it, judging by the advice he gives to Sakuntala about her behaviour in the palace. I would once again caution the reader of the play against the importation of modern notions into old world romance.

Mr. Sarma has indicated the 'source' of the play as the episode narrated in the *Mahabharata*. A comparison of the story in the Purana with that in the play is, to me, conclusive evidence that Kalidasa's object was *not* to indicate any moral obtuseness in Dushyanta or Sakuntala. If there had been any such aim, he would have retained the version of the Purana intact. In the *Mahabharata* Dushyanta does not suffer from any lapse of memory. There is absolutely no mention there of Durvasa's curse and of the later discovery of the ring in the hands of the fisherman or of the outburst of Dushyanta's sorrow at the sight of the ring. The invention of the curse by the dramatist makes it clear that his aim throughout was to absolve the hero from a possible charge of moral delinquency.

I must say that I was surprised at Mr. Sarma's reference to Sakuntala's neglect of her duties to the guest that had arrived at her hermitage. Durvasa, who is notorious in our Puranas for his conceit and violent temper, calls it, of course, disregard, but was it conscious and deliberate neglect?

If, by the phrase 'subtle moral judgment,' Mr. Sarma means not the judgment of the dramatist, but that of critics and commentators, I cannot disprove his statement. There have been critics who have condemned Desdemona's marriage with Othello and Juliet's love for Romeo, though I cannot help thinking that Shakespeare himself had nothing but sympathetic approval in either case.

Yours truly,
M. R. RAJAGOPALAN.

With the Martians

THAT night I found it extremely difficult to sleep. The pain in my leg had not abated to the least extent. I lay awake, my eyes wide open, my thoughts wandering uncontrollably over the unfortunate happenings of the day. They ran to Mr. Starter who might in all probability be then in his bed, with perspiration streaming down his forehead, cursing me, cursing Ramachar and my friends, cursing the day on which he was born, cursing himself too—nay, cursing everything on the face of the universe, including the Creator. I pitied him. After all, the fault was not his.....It was sheer chance that his shot wounded me when I was about to start for the race! My thoughts ran to Ramachar, but for whose timely assistance I should have been dead long ago; to Pichu who might have been (for aught I knew) giving varied versions of the incident to his customers; to Subbu, and then to the quarter-mile race, to Mr. Starter again and at last to the bullet..... And I heaved a sigh.

For about an hour I lay thus peering into the darkness until gradually my thoughts began to separate themselves from me and my eyes closed. And then I dreamt a wonderful dream.

I thought I was on Mars. There was a chill wind blowing from behind, when I began working my way across a marshy swamp. I guessed it must be very early morning. Slight unseen movements all round me, more sensed than heard, set my nerves on edge. Now and again a dog howled in the distance and another echoed it. From far behind me was coming a shrill hoot and my blood stopped. It came nearer and still nearer. In a minute a huge omnibus slowed down near me and instinctively I jumped in.

Before I could guess where I was, the vehicle had come to a stop and I alighted. The next moment I saw it speeding down the road and soon going out of my sight, leaving me alone on a stone pavement. I felt a shiver of apprehension pass through me. Raising my eyes a little I saw huge skyscrapers staring at me. And now the sun was rising in the east, flooding their tops in a beautiful golden light. To my right the road was visible for about half a mile. Nothing human moved in it. Dolefully I turned to my left, and lo, at a distance I saw a figure—evidently a human being—crossing the road. I tried to shout, but I lacked breath and my call sounded feeble in my own ears. The figure disappeared on the other side of the road and everything was still as before.

I might have stood there for a pretty long time, wondering at this silent spectacle, when suddenly I heard heavy footsteps approaching from one end of the road. I swung round and saw at a distance a group of men coming towards me dancing. Something in me made me guess—wrongly, however—that they were probably under the influence of drink. Afterwards during my sojourn with them I came to know quite to my surprise that the Martians could not walk but danced all the way from one place to another.

There were about fifteen in the group—all of them corpulent. And when they came near me, their dancing ceased and they stood quite close to me. Hopelessly I looked up. They were staring at me in silence; and I began to stare at them apprehending some imminent danger to my life. The situation must certainly have seemed odd enough.

Suddenly there emerged from the group a short but thickset man and danced towards me. The ground beneath seemed to quake under his heavy weight and I quaked along with it. He was bare-headed and his face was handsome.

"Who are you? What do you want?" he bellowed in a gruff voice when he was sufficiently near me. Being thus asked, I gave him a modest account of myself and of the place I came from. He listened to me wondering; and when I had finished my account, he shook hands with me and pressed his right cheek against my left. That was how the Martians greeted one another. My new acquaintance then introduced me to his companions. I shook hands with them all.

Then we jogged on to Hotel de Mars, all dancing except myself. Situated on a high and healthy eminence, the hotel overlooked a vast sheet of water which glistened in the midday sun. The Martians told me that it was the grandest hotel in the whole of their country. As a matter of fact none seemed to know when it was built. There was a magnificent Eden attached to it, where I saw thousands of flowers just blossomed. I saw our roses too; there were the asparagus, and the jasmine also. But there was one flower which attracted me most by its peculiar shape. It was about the size of a small pumpkin, all hollow inside and with a broad opening at one end out of which drooped small tubes of various colours.

I had a cup of hot coffee at the Hotel de Mars. I soon got over my first sense of strangeness, and began to feel quite at home with the Martians.

The first thing that I was greatly surprised to hear about the Martians was that their day began from noon and ended at midnight. During the first half of the day, the Martians minded their work and when night fell they assembled together and entertained themselves with games. Then they retired to sleep to wake up only late next day.

We left the Hotel de Mars and made our way towards a spacious building situated in the midst of a clump of trees, where—the Martians told me—their dictator lived. He received me warmly and at my request showed me round

the house. He introduced me to his wife—a slender woman, taller than the dictator himself, and very handsome to look at. I was told that women in Mars were generally taller than men.

I took tea with the dictator and his wife. He told me that he was then working out a hundred-year plan in which he soon hoped to succeed. He had a very high opinion of Hitler and Mussolini. For Stalin, however, he had very little respect.

The next gentleman I had the honour to meet was a scientist. When I called on him he was going through Sir Arthur Eddington's "Nature of the Physical World." I wondered how it could have got there; and was immensely surprised to learn that Eddington himself had sent it to him with his "best compliments." The Martian told me that he had gone through half the book and had found it good. He said that he had been lately investigating Einstein's Theory of Relativity and hoped to come to some definite conclusion sooner or later.

I left him and repaired to the local college where the Principal received me and took me round the institution. We went down a number of passages until we reached a big arena. We crossed it and approached a row of rooms in each of which a class was going on. Entering one of these I found a Professor teaching Geography to a batch of inattentive students. One of them was peacefully snoring in a back-bench. The rest were lazily lounging and talking; but the poor master went on, lecturing volubly on the natural regions of Mars.

We then retraced our path and reached the Principal's room. It was not very big; nor was it very small. Two gowns hung on a hook behind the door. There was a "Super-Remington Type-writer" on the Principal's table. By its side lay a copy of the *Mars Herald*. In a book-case

were a number of text-books, some old, others new, and some new exercise-books.

From a conversation with the Principal I learnt that attendance regulations were absent in Mars Colleges. Students might attend classes or not as they liked. There were no examinations at all; and yet the students were promoted annually to the higher classes!!

Presently a bell rang, and there was a terrific noise of whistling and scampering.

* * * * *

The noise woke me up from my slumber.

I opened my eyes and found that it was broad daylight and that the clock on the wall had just struck eight!

V. VAIDYANATHAN,
IV Hons. (Math.)

He. Will you sail with me on the sea of matrimony?

She. Yes, after you have made a raft of money.

* * * * *

A certain man asked a Hollywood actress if she thought 13 an unlucky number. She exclaimed: "Most emphatically no; my present husband is the nicest I ever had."

* * * * *

Doctor's wife. What worries you so much?

Doctor. Just imagine, dear! By mistake I signed my name in the column 'Cause of Death,' in a death-certificate.

Makers of Modern India

WE are living in an era of progress. There is a cultural revival in our country. In Politics, in Literature, in Philosophy and in Science we are advancing along new lines of action and thought. This Renaissance is chiefly due to the work of a few great and gifted men who are the pride of the land.

It is difficult to define greatness; but it is much more easy to describe it and appreciate it, when present in an extraordinary degree. At present in India, there are a few who have won world-wide reputation. The first among these is Mahatma Gandhi. He is the man whose soul has spread its light all over the world. His frail frame lodges one of the greatest of intellects. The kindly smile that dances on his lips and the sweet message of love that he radiates everywhere endear him to all men and women. The torch of Truth he bears dispels all the gloom in his path. The divine influence of his words binds millions as by a spell. His undaunted courage and pertinacity have won for him universal applause. He is the brightest star in the firmament of Indian Politics,—the grandest figure in the pages of Indian History—the mightiest ship on the Ocean of Indian culture—a ship, laden with peace and sailing to the shores of harmony and bliss. A marvellous will-power, an extreme simplicity and a spotless character have made him the greatest of us. “When nationalist and imperialist rivalries march whole nations at the quick-step of social collapse,” are we not proud of our national hero who preaches non-violence and declares his faith in Peace? In a day of war and turmoil, hatred and misunderstanding, coercion and violence, he stands out as our apostle of non-violence as a way of life.” “This gentle little man, with his message of

love, shall march triumphant down the ages because he has sounded the keynote of an era to come.” Carlyle said, “Shakespeare is the grandest thing we have done.” He was such an ardent hero-worshipper that he went on to say, “I should like to have been Shakespeare’s shoe-black, just to have worshipped him, to have run on his errands, and seen that sweet serene face.” If a poet like Shakespeare captured his heart by the enchantment of his poetry, it is no exaggeration to say that the power of this great Apostle of Peace is surely ‘divine.’ India is proud of this noble son, the greatest repository of her culture, the perfect embodiment of her ideals and the mighty champion of her freedom. To many he may appear an idealist. To me he is a realist. If he has not yet succeeded in his mission, I am sure, he will succeed when the time is ripe. The eternal laws of Truth and Peace shall prevail. Right shall win over might. Gandhiji stands apart—in a world of his own without rival or peer—*hors concours*.

The next name is that of Rabindranath Tagore, the bard of Shantiniketan, the ‘Poet-Laureate of Asia’. His flowing robes, his silvery locks, his old beard and his beaming face—all remind us of an ancient Maharshi. He is the ‘living symbol of Indian Culture’ and the eloquent interpreter of her soul to the rest of the world—her philosophy, art and ethics. He is a many-sided genius. It is no wonder that poetry flows from his pen in a beauty-spot like Shantiniketan where Nature is his playmate. Dowered with a keen eye and a thinking mind he has developed and strengthened his gifts by a profound knowledge of Sanskrit, (wherein lie the treasures of our poetry) obtained not through the beaten paths of academic routine but, as he says, “through the path of freedom.” His eloquence is admirable. “In most of the great cities of both hemispheres surging

crowds have been held spell-bound by the melody of his voice, even when they did not understand the language of his addresses or recitations." The thought is philosophical; the delivery is poetic; and the effect is magical. The award of the Nobel Prize is a noble tribute to the poet. Honour and respect go to him from all quarters. May he live long to enrich our culture!

If Gandhiji is a political philosopher and Dr. Tagore a poet-philosopher, Dr. Radhakrishnan is an absolute philosopher. He is the best exponent of the Hindu Religion. When he speaks of "Hinduism" he means the quintessence of it neglecting the grosser elements of superstition and formality. He is an excellent writer and a brilliant orator. Torrents of words flow down from his mouth, exquisitely constructed. Ever and anon a singular touch of humour lends colour and flavour to his speeches. Asceticism is the twin-sister of Philosophy usually. But Radhakrishnan is no ascetic. He does not throw Science overboard. He says that Science and Philosophy should go hand in hand and that not only intellectual but also spiritual development is necessary for human progress. He richly deserves the unique honour of being the first Indian Professor in the University of Oxford. His learning is as deep as it is wide. His speech is as analytical as it is terse. He has the kindest heart behind his serious looks.

If the first three are philosophers of one kind or another, the fourth is a great scientist, Sir C. V. Raman. He is the man who has shown to the world that India is not lagging behind in the march of Science. His great contribution to modern science has won for him the Nobel Prize in Physics. He is the first Indian scientist to receive the prize and we are proud to own him as an old student of our college. Let us earnestly hope that he will enrich

Physics with the discovery of more scientific results. He will have thereby made India equal to any other country in scientific discoveries and the promotion of human happiness.

These are some of the great sons whom India has given birth to. These are the heroes whose fame will never fade. To recount the names of these worthies, to derive knowledge and inspiration from their speeches and writings, to admire and worship them for what they are, and to be humble and honest for what we are,—'is not this to know both wisdom and virtue, and to dwell with happiness'?

K. CHANDRASEKHARAN,
III B. A. (Hon.) Math.

An Alliterative Article

ALFANZO, the aviator, accelerated around Africa in August 1936—afterwards across the Atlantic, then amidst the atheists of America, above the Andes, and thence to Archangel. About April 1937, 'Alfy' arrived at the Aleutian islands; soon after, amidst the applauses of the Aleutian public he came to Asia. Flying above Afghanistan, Arabia and Abyssinia, he arrived at Alexandria in August 1937.

GEORGE GNANADIKKAM,
I Class, Gr. iii.

The Macrocosm and the Microcosm

THE stars we see are not mere spots of lustre painted on the blue canvas of the sky. The unfathomed space around us, lit up as they are by these innumerable stars, are really filled with worlds bigger than ours. The scheme of the Universe begins with a chaos of material particles which soon collect into mighty globes of fire called the suns. Each sun is therefore a huge ball of burning solids and vapours radiating heat and light. Owing to cataclysmic changes, masses of material get detached from the sun, become cooled, and form what are called planets. Slowly, favourable conditions start the evolution of life in the planet. Our earth is a planet formed in this way, *two thousand million years ago*. Again, certain physical forces bring about further detachment from the planets and these separated masses form what are called satellites or moons.

Thus the Universe consists of countless suns, each surrounded by several planets revolving round them; and the planets in their turn have moons going round them. Of such Universes, Science tells us, there are many. And every day there are hundreds of universes which are formed and hundreds which get disrupted. Side by side with Creation there is Annihilation, with Life pulsating in between. The distances that separate one sun from another, one universe from another, are of a giddy magnitude. For example, the nearest star which we can see is at a distance of about four light years. (The velocity of light being a hundred and eighty six thousand miles per second, one light year is the distance travelled by light in one year). The distance between one universe and its neighbour is about two million light years. Therefore some of the stars we see may not now be existing at all because though the stars

might have become extinct, the light which started from them might still be seen by us, because the journey takes such a long time.

Leaving the macrocosm, let us now turn to the microcosm and see what the basic structure of all substance is. Take for example a stone. Break it. You get powder; powder it still further. You get the almost invisible dust. Divide each dust particle still further. Finally you come across what are called molecules, each molecule being an aggregate of atoms. Break the molecule; you get the atom. Examine the atom. You see a central nucleus consisting of protons surrounded by electrons which revolve round the nucleus, just like the planets which move round the sun. Atoms may be different, those of carbon or gold, but all are made up of the same protons and electrons though their numbers vary in every kind of atom. We, thus, see that the fundamental units of which the material Universe is built are electrons and protons. Therefore you and I, the paper we write on, and the ink with which this article is printed—in fact all the things that we see around us finally reduce themselves to electrons and protons. The seeming difference and the assumed variety are meaningless, because each and everything is formed out of the same two primordial units.

This knowledge has a great deal to teach us. First, as explained above, there is no difference between one thing and another, as all are compounded of the same electrons and protons. Somehow, matter has, by some curious combination, manifested itself in the form of a man or a dog, a worm or a plant or a stone. And in man and the so-called living things, consciousness, instinct, memory, thought are some of the indefinable passing phases which give life and form to the variegated combination of the material particles comprising what we call the body. As such, death has no meaning. None need be afraid of death.

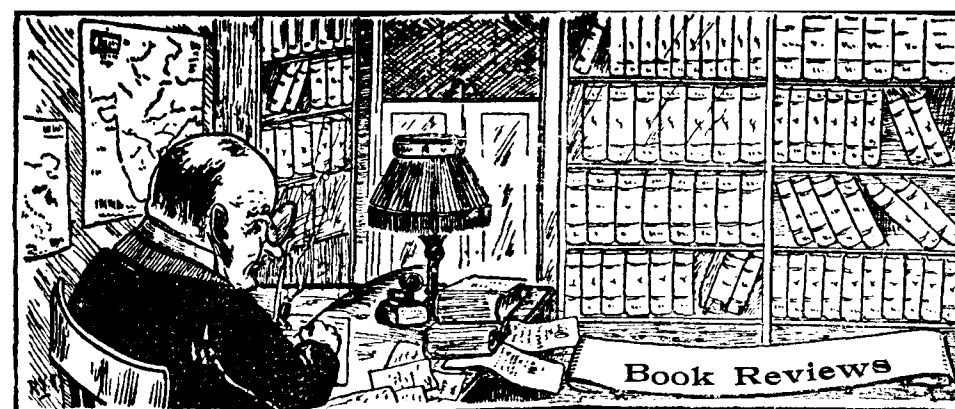
As Marcus Aurelius puts it, we must have the equanimity to regard death as nothing else than a resolution of the elements of which every being is compounded. And, if, in their successive interchanges there is no harm, 'why should one suspect any in the changes and dissolution of the whole? It is natural.'

The same Roman philosopher gives out a great truth when he says, "Contemplate the courses of the stars as one should do that which revolves along with them. Consider also without ceasing, the changes of the elements, one into another. Speculations upon such things cleanse away the filths of this earthly life."

For after all what is life in the light of some of the modern scientific revelations? It is something mysterious still; but one thing is certain. Our world is only a speck in the ocean of space and our life is just a fleeting moment. Somehow by some strange accident, we have met for a short while in this wonderful world; and during the moment of our stay we must try to do our best and see that we leave the world in a better condition than we found it.

If only every individual realises the basic truth of our existence, our sojourn in this world will be intensely happy. We will no longer be quarrelling with one another, because fight is not in the nature of things. Life will be smooth and pleasant. Each one will contribute to the welfare of the other. Joy and sorrow will be shared by all. Human suffering will be relieved by the further progress of science. Man and woman will be equal partners in the great scheme of the universe, each complementing the other. There will be freedom, prosperity and joy. Indeed life will no longer be a drudgery, but a blissful bliss.

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



RICHARD CARVEL: By Winston Churchill. Abridged for Schools—Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

"RICHARD CARVEL" is a historical novel by Mr. Winston Churchill, an American novelist of repute. The author first made his name with "The Celebrity" and "Richard Carvel" (first published in 1899) made him still more popular. The book now appears in an abridged form.

Mr. Churchill has chosen American and English life in the latter part of the 18th century (the years before the Declaration of American Independence to be more precise) as the social back-ground of his novel. The main theme is the love story of Richard Carvel and Miss Dorothy Manners built into an adventurous setting. The old days of buccaneering had not yet passed, for we see pirate ships flying the black flag on the open seas. People are kidnapped and carried off by main force and sold in the slave markets (slavery had not yet been abolished of course). Drunken brawls and duels, street fighting and other ugly scenes seem to be the order of the day. Mr. Churchill gives us a fine, true picture of the London society of the 18th century. The coffee house of course takes an important part in the Bohemian life of the times. Gambling, duelling and wit combats all have their due share in the author's treatment. Such big celebrities as Horace Walpole and

Charles James Fox and a host of other members of the aristocracy are introduced to us and Richard Carvel for a time moves quite at home in this society. In the narrow streets of London (what is sometimes called the under world of the city) life is always in danger and our hero once narrowly escapes murder, though he loses a costly watch. We also see the less pleasant side of life in the debtors' prison where Richard Carvel has to spend a few weeks, when he is rescued by friends.

The story is narrated by Richard Carvel himself and throughout the first person singular is used. Richard's father dies when he is still young and he is brought up by his grand-father, a wealthy land-owner of Maryland, America. The Carvels are well known in Maryland and Richard's grand-father is a highly respected citizen in the colony. From his childhood onwards Dorothy Manners, the daughter of a neighbour, becomes Richard's playmate and friend and this friendship develops later on into a deep love for each other. During his school-days, Richard shows himself to be a bit of a hot blood but he is at the same time bold, courteous and ready to admit a mistake, if he has made one. Richard gradually identifies himself with the party opposed to the English domination in America. Mr. Swain, a local Barrister, was responsible for this trend in Richard's opinions. Mr. Swain's daughter, Patty, brings a melancholy note into the story on account of her unrequited love for Richard Carvel. Richard's uncle Grafton, his life-long enemy, is the villain of the story and it is he who plots against his life and causes him to be kidnapped.

Meanwhile Miss Manners is taken over to England by her father. He wants her to marry from the aristocracy, which he hopes will be possible on account of her charm and beauty. In London she becomes famous for her beauty and vivacity and all the wits of the town run after

her in admiration. Lord Comyn, one of the admirers of Dorothy, happens to visit Maryland and becomes the devoted friend of Richard Carvel.

About this time Richard is kidnapped and taken to a ship. His uncle Grafton plotted for this as he wanted to succeed to the property of Richard's grand-father. From the ship Richard is rescued by Captain James Paul, the master of a trading ship. Richard lands in Scotland and there Captain Paul, who is unjustly dismissed from service, accompanies Richard to London. Richard tries to get an advance from his grand-father's agent in London but since this agent did not know him he asks for identification. Richard tries to get himself identified by Mr. Manners but is treated most ignominiously. (This was unknown to Miss Manners). Richard and his friend go to the prison and after a few weeks are rescued by Miss Manners and Lord Comyn. Richard now becomes a man-about-town, moves in high society, and is much lionised. He comes into opposition with the Duke of Chartersea, an old debauched nobleman, who was planning to marry Miss Manners. The Duke had the support of Mr. Manners but Miss Manners hated the idea. "She would rather have married the burly Dr. Johnson." Chartersea goes even to the extent of hiring assassins to murder Richard.

In the meantime Richard receives news that his grand-father was dead and that Grafton was in possession of the property. Immediately he goes back to Maryland and accepts the post of estate manager to Mr. Swain. Patty Swain, who always loved Richard, welcomes him warmly. Richard does his work very creditably till Mr. Swain falls sick and dies. Troubles were fermenting in the estates at this time; and the American War of Independence had already started. Richard joins the navy, under the management of his old friend, Captain Paul. In the campaign Richard is seriously wounded and remains for

some time in Holland. Miss Manners comes to hear of his plight from Captain Paul and sends Lord Comyn to bring him over to England. Richard is nursed back to health by the loving and selfless Dorothy. The Manners are now in indigent circumstances and in danger of being imprisoned. Richard's uncle Grafton is now in England (America had now become too hot for him in every way, for he was against the national party) and threatens to betray Manners and Richard to the Government, but with the help of loyal friends the party escapes and sails to America. Richard comes to his ancestral home and Dorothy becomes the lady of Carvel Hall.

Richard Carvel is an ideal hero, something of the traditional Tom Jones type, except that his morals are not in any way reprehensible. Richard is brave, courteous and chivalrous. He had a way of making good friends and his friends were always loyal to him. Miss Manners is a much more lively character. She is brimming with the joy of life and is of the essence of sprightliness and vivacity. When the Manners suddenly go down in fortune, on account of the war, she it is who rises equal to the situation and manages to run the household till they finally embark for America. Mr. Marmaduke Manners is the meanest character in the novel, but he is also most true to life. He actually tries to sell his daughter to the old Duke of Chartersea and lies to his wife and daughter by saying that he is in the Duke's power and only Dorothy's marriage can save him. We have fine sketches of Charles James Fox and Horace Walpole to the credit of the author's power of characterisation. In addition there is the funny and at the same time terribly efficient man Captain James Paul and a host of other minor characters who add to the richness and excellence of the book. In fact "Richard Carvel" is a thrilling and stirring tale of adventure and love in which we meet with a whole world of characters including many who have earned a lasting name in history. The historical

portion is not given any undue prominence and the fusion of fact and fiction is faultless.

In conclusion it may be mentioned that the book is provided with useful notes and questions which are sure to make reading easier for the layman and the student.

V. P. D.

THE ANDAMAN ISLANDS : By F. A. M. Dass, B.A.
Good Shepherd Convent Press, Bangalore.

The Andamans have come into great prominence in recent times on account of the political prisoners and their hunger strike. The problem of repatriation is still being tackled by the Government of Bengal as well as the Central Government. In these circumstances and in any case on account of their peculiar nature, the Andamans are bound to attract attention ; and facts and figures about the penal colony will be of help to anybody interested in the place. The book under review serves this purpose to a certain extent. In fact it is crammed with facts and details and with suggestions for the improvement of the original inhabitants, the convicts as well as the local-borns. Several vital problems connected with the islands and its inhabitants are most ably set forth and discussed. One of the most important of the author's suggestions is the suitability of the place as a colony for free people, where the surplus population of India can be accommodated. The only drawback, according to the author, is the lack of quick, regular and proper transport facilities to the mainland. The suggestion may be taken for what it is worth, but it is probably worth considering by the well-wishers of India.

A glance at the table of contents will show how the author has attempted a thorough and exhaustive treatment of his subject. Every possible aspect which may be interesting to the reader, from the tourist's to the administrator's point of view is dealt with. In fact the

book may be described as a tourist's guide plus an administrator's report, and as such certain chapters are nothing but a series of uninteresting details put together. By a little more care the author could have avoided the innumerable repetitions which are found in the book.

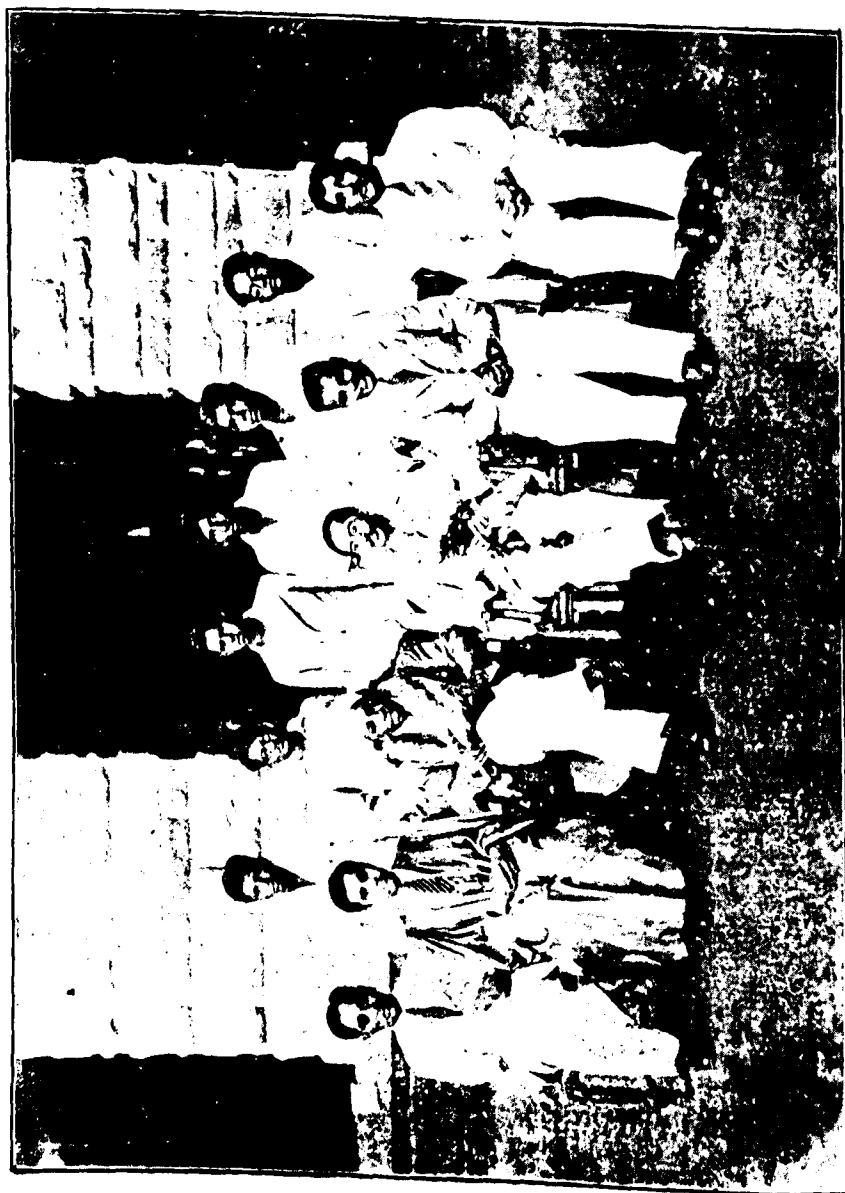
The book is illustrated with numerous plates including some pictures of the original Andamanese. Mr. C. J. Varkey who has written a very appreciative introduction to the book characterises it as "a charming book attractively written and beautifully illustrated." The book concludes with an account of the tragic circumstances in which Lord Mayo, a former Governor-General of India, who did so much towards the betterment of the convicts, met with his death at the hands of a fanatic convict on the island. The author has very properly dedicated the book to the memory of this noble soul who sacrificed his life for a worthy cause.

V. P. D.

KATTAI-VANDI—A Comic Opera in Tamil, adapted by Mr. K. Swaminathan from "The Gondoliers" (Rochouse & Sons. Price As. 8).

To members of this College the play needs no introduction. It will be read and enjoyed by all those who have witnessed our performances of it.

V. V.



The Committee of the Union Society, with the Hon'ble Dr. T. S. S. KAVAN and the Principal in the centre.



COLLEGE NOTES

Changes in the Staff :—

Mr. H. C. Papworth returned from England on 16-11-37 and rejoined his post as Principal and Professor of English.

Rao Bahadur K. Ananda Rao, reverted as Professor of Pure Mathematics, and Mr. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai, as Additional Professor of English.

Mr. C. N. Ganapathi Ayyar, Acting Additional Professor to assist the Principal, was transferred to the College of Engineering, Guindy, and his place has been taken by Mr. K. Swaminathan.

Mr. N. Ramani, Assistant Professor of English, was appointed on 20-10-37 to officiate as Lecturer in English, Government College, Kumbakonam, and he has been succeeded by Mr. C. R. Venkatachalam.

Mr. G. Narayanaswami Ayyar who was appointed temporary Asst. Professor was relieved on 1-12-37, the date on which Mr. J. Franco reverted to his permanent appointment as Professor of History.

Mr. K. Raghavan has been appointed as Acting Assistant Professor of Sanskrit in the place of Mr. S. R. Doraiswami Sastri. We now understand that Mr. Sastri has been posted to the Kumbakonam College.

Dr. H. Parameswaran, Professor of Physics, has been appointed as Director of Technology in the newly started Travancore University. In his place Mr. P. S. Subrahmanya Ayyar, Acting Additional Professor of English, has been appointed.

Mr. G. P. Krishnamurthi, Assistant Professor of Physics, has been promoted to the M. E. S. as Acting Additional Professor of Physics.

Mr. L. R. Ramachandra Ayyar, permanent Assistant Professor of Sanskrit and Acting Superintendent of Sanskrit Schools, died on 22-11-37. The College was closed in his memory for half a day.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

The following are the office-bearers for the year 1937-38 :—

President : Prof. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai, M.A. (Oxon.)

Vice-President : Miss Shanmugasundaram.

Secretary & Treasurer : G. Ramanathan.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered on the 28th July by Rev. F. Murphy, S.J., of the Loyola College on "Our Debt to Greece" with Mr. V. K. Ayyappan Pillai in the chair.

The Association was 'At Home' to the new graduates of the year on the 2nd August.

On the 25th August, Mr. Bhaskara Menon read a paper on 'Parody in Literature.'

On the 20th October, Mr. A. V. Subba Rao read a paper on 'A New Trend in Literary Criticism.'

On the 27th October, Mr. Balasubramanyan read a paper on 'Jane Austen.'

On the 29th October, Prof. P. Sankaran Nambiar of the Maharajah's College, Ernakulam, delivered an interesting address on 'Poetry and its counterpart in Life.'

On the 4th November, Dr. C. Narayana Menon, M.A., Ph.D., of the Benares Hindu University, spoke on 'Modern Scholarship and the Love of Literature.'

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

Mr. V. Narayana Iyer, M.A., B.L., Asst. Editor, Tamil Lexicon, delivered an interesting lecture on 'The Sanskrit Drama' on the 10th November at the Sanskrit Lecture Hall. Mr. O. P. Rangaswamy Iyengar, M.A., L.T., presided on the occasion.

On Wednesday, the 24th November, Mr. S. Satyamurti, M.L.A. (Central), addressed the members on 'The Place of Sanskrit in Modern Indian Education' in the Big English Lecture Hall. Prof. P. P. S. Sastri occupied the chair. The lecturer said that in any educational reconstruction that was attempted Sanskrit should occupy a high place.

S. Subrahmanyam, V Honours, read a paper on 'Bharatphari,' M. M. Gurnathan, III Honours, a paper on 'Bāṇa' and Miss K. R. Padma Bai, IV Honours, a paper on 'Alamkāra Śāstra as I understand it' during the course of the term. All the papers were of a high standard.

On Monday, the 22nd November, a gloom was cast over the College in general and the department in particular when it was known that Mr. L. R. Ramachandra Iyer, M.A., L.T., Superintendent of Sanskrit Schools, who was for many years an Asst. Professor of Sanskrit in the College, died after a brief period of illness. The next day, the Association held a special meeting to record its deep sense of sorrow at his untimely demise. His death leaves a very wide gap which it will be difficult to fill. May his soul rest in peace!

THE ANDHRA ASSOCIATION

A meeting of the above association was held in the Telugu Lecture Room on the 20th October when Pandit Vidwan Sahitya Siromani K. Venkatacharlu was in the chair. Mr. M. Ramachandra Reddy spoke on "Language in Relation to Politics." Messrs. P. Subbaramayya, N. Rami Reddy, Raja Rao, M. V. Ramanujam and K. Chandrasekharam took part in the discussion as to the rival claims of Hindi and Sanskrit to become the common language of the land.

The next meeting was held on the 12th November when Mr. A. Kaleswara Rao, the Chief Parliamentary Secretary to the Government of Madras, addressed the members on 'The Present Political Situation.' Mr. M. Bapineedu, M. Sc., (California), Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Public Information, was in the chair.

There was another meeting on the 17th November when Dr. B. Pattabhisitaramayya, President of the Andhra Provincial Congress Committee, delivered a lecture on the 'The Growth of the National Movement in India.' Mr. T. V. Narasinga Rao, M.A., L.T., the Vice-President of the Association, presided.

THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Association were continued with the same zeal and ardour as in the first term.

Dr. H. Parameswaran delivered a lecture on Wednesday, the 9th September, on "Applications of X-Rays"; and Dr. S. Kalyanaraman gave a series of two lectures on "Television."

The members of the Association visited the Aerodrome at Meenambakkam and the Carriage and Locomotive Workshops, Perambur, during this term.

The Exhibition conducted by the Association was opened by the Hon. Mr. C. Rajagopalachariar, Premier of Madras, on Friday, November 5th. Welcoming the Premier, Dr. Parameswaran said that it would be a great encouragement to the students if the Chief Minister evinced sympathy in their

activities to apply the knowledge acquired in the laboratories to practical fields for the industrialization of the country.

The Premier congratulated the Association on the enthusiasm, interest, and diligence evinced in running such an exhibition. He said he did not think the public should be trained to take interest only in shopkeepers' exhibitions, like the All-India Swadeshi Exhibition. His regret was that they were merely shopkeepers' fairs and nothing more.

Continuing, the Premier said that the principal necessity for scientific research was imagination and attachment to truth. Imagination must be the motive power and truth a check; and there was training to produce results.

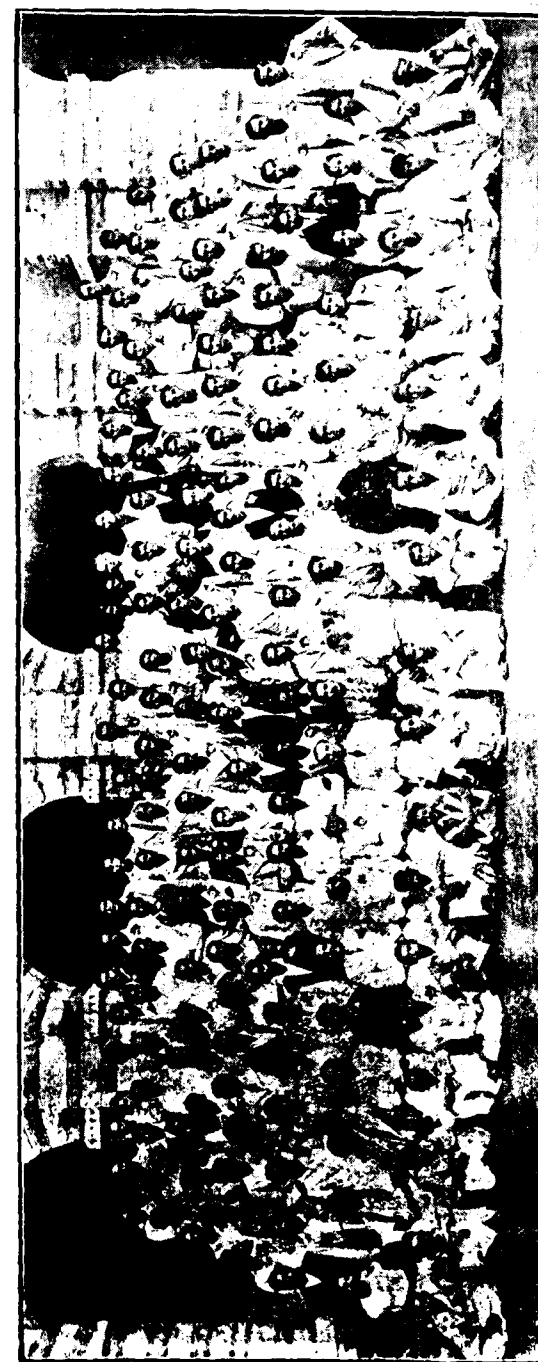
The Premier then went round the laboratories and took a great deal of interest in the various exhibits, in particular the 24" Reflector manufactured in the College.

The Exhibition was a great success as was proved by the large number of visitors it attracted.

The Association had to face a heavy loss in the departure of its President, Dr. Parameswaran, to Travancore as the Director of Technology in the newly started University there. As the Principal remarked, it was impudent on the part of the Travancore Government to steal Dr. Parameswaran away.

A farewell meeting was arranged by the Association on Wednesday, the 1st December, to wish him every success and happiness in his new field of work. Mrs. Papworth, the Principal and the members of the staff were present at the function. The farewell address was read by the Secretary, who said that the Association was started thirteen years ago under the able presidency and guidance of Dr. Parameswaran, and that if it is what it is to-day, it was entirely because of his selfless service. He said that the Physics Department of this College was distinguished from that of other colleges by the fact that the Professor had given a technical bias to the study of physics, and developed and equipped a workshop and with it worked, as it were, miracles.

The Principal then spoke a few words, expressing his regret that Dr. Parameswaran was going away. Dr. Kalyanaraman and Mr. Ramaniab spoke on behalf of the staff and students. With the reply of Dr. Parameswaran and a vote of thanks proposed by the Secretary, the meeting came to a close.



Farewell to DR. H. PARAMESWARAN, on the eve of his departure to Travancore

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

At a business meeting held on the 17th July with Dr. B. B. Dey in the chair, the following were elected office-bearers for the year 1937-38 :—

President: Dr. B. B. Dey, M. Sc., F.I.C.

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

Mr. M. Lakshmanan, M. Sc.

Secretaries: Mr. P. Kannan Nambiar, IV (Hons.)

Mr. G. Gopalakrishnan, IV B. Sc.

Treasurer: Mr. K. S. Ganapati, IV (Hons.)

The inaugural address of the Society was delivered on the 29th July by Lt.-Col. H. E. Shortt, I.M.S., Director, King Institute, Guindy, when Dr. Dey presided. The subject of the address was "Chemistry as a Career in India."

The members of the Society were "At Home" to the new graduates of the year on the 9th August. There was a record gathering of members and the function was a perfect success. Mr. P. Kannan Nambiar proposed the toast on behalf of the Society and Messrs. P. S. Nataraja Sarma, B. Sc. (Hons.), and P. S. Chakravarthi, B. Sc., responded. With the President's concluding remarks, the function terminated.

On the 26th August, Mr. G. S. Srinivasan, B. Sc., read a very interesting paper on "Rubber" dealing with the different aspects of the rubber industry. Dr. B. B. Dey was in the chair.

On the 6th September, Mr. A. V. Mathew read a paper on "Co-ordination Compounds," when Prof. G. Sambamurthy presided.

On the 7th October, Dr. Nil Ratan Dhar, D. Sc., F.I.C., Professor of Chemistry, Allahabad University, addressed the Society on "Modern Methods of the Addition of Nitrogen to the Soil." The lecturer showed that molasses, the by-product of the sugar industry, could be used for improving the soil and reclaiming waste lands in India. Dr. B. B. Dey who presided endorsed the views of the lecturer whole-heartedly.

After a lapse of three years the Chemistry Exhibition was held this year on the 15th and 16th of October. The Hon. Mr. V. V. Giri, Minister for Labour and Industries, while opening the Exhibition, laid stress on the development of Indian industries. The exhibits were got up by the students and were highly appreciated by the large crowd which it attracted this year, almost a record for the Chemistry Exhibitions so far held. The Hon.

Mr. S. Ramanathan, Minister for Public Information, who went about the Exhibition in great detail, spoke in high terms of our exhibits. Experiments at low temperatures, (with liquid air, and solid carbon dioxide) and in Bio-Chemistry (Vitamins and Enzymes in plant and animal life, their extraction, purification and concentration) were some of the special features of this year's Exhibition. The success of the Exhibition was largely due to the work of the students who took a very active part as exhibitors and volunteers. We thank the members of the Staff who helped us in getting ready these exhibits. Lastly we thank one and all who contributed in one way or other for the success of the Exhibition.

On the 10th November, Mr. M. Sundar Raj read an interesting paper on "Some Recent Advances in Stereo-Chemistry" when Dr. B. B. Dey presided.

BOTANY ASSOCIATION.

At a meeting of the Association held on Tuesday, the 13th July, with Mr. T. V. Narasinga Rao, M.A.; L.T., in the chair, the following were elected office-bearers for the year 1937-38 :—

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

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

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

Secretaries: Miss Rohini Sujier

Mr. A. R. Mohajir

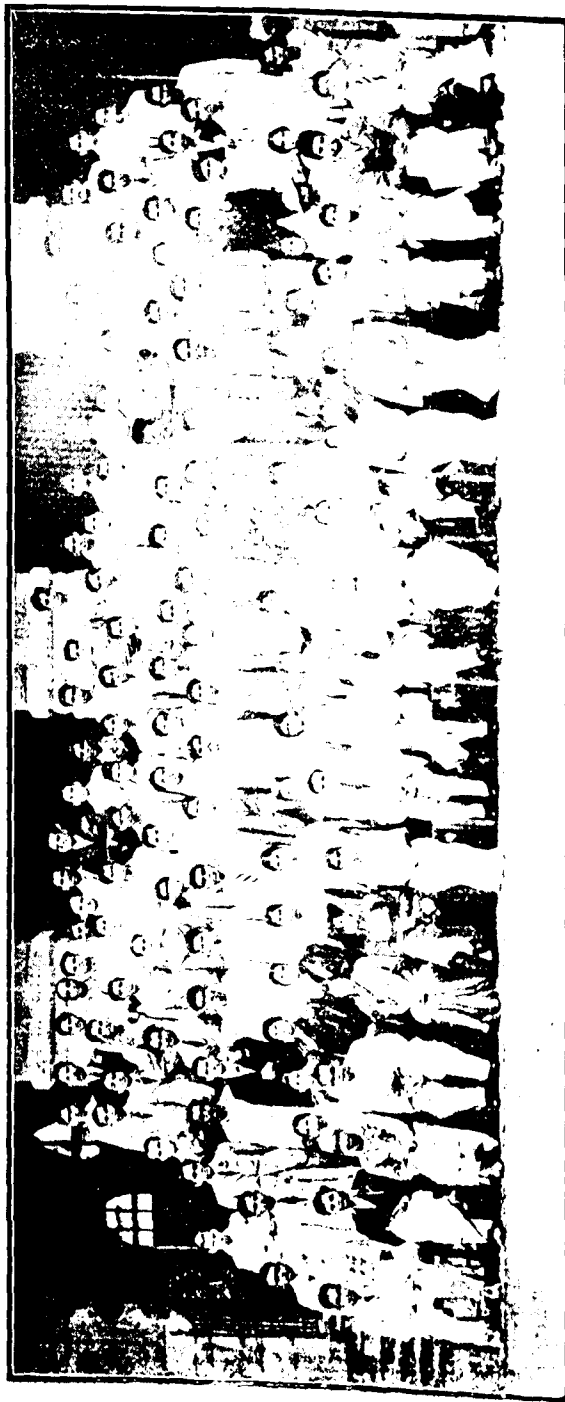
Union Society Representative: Mr. V. Narasimha Rao

Editor: Mr. P. Venkateswarulu

The Association commenced its work on Tuesday, the 3rd August, when the members were "At Home" to the new graduates of the year. Dr. T. Ekambaram presided. Toasts were proposed to the new graduates by Mr. T. V. Subramaniam and Miss E. Gordon and were ably responded to by Mr. S. V. Ramani, B.Sc. (Hons.), and Mr. Y. Romesh Rao, B.Sc. (Hons.)

Dr. M. O. Parthasarathy Iyengar presented a fine microscope to Mr. Uthama Rao, B.Sc., for the best collection of plants and another prize for the best article in the Botany Magazine to Mr. D. B. Krishna Rao, B.Sc. (Hons.)

The inaugural meeting of the Association was held on Thursday, the 5th August, when Dr. U. Damodaram, Professor of Bio-Chemistry in the Madras University, delivered a lecture on "Enzymes." The lecture was very interesting and instructive. The lecturer dwelt upon the usefulness of



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the various Enzymes found in the plant kingdom, inasmuch as they produce certain sugars and compounds that are useful to human life. Dr. Damodaram also showed a few interesting experiments along with his lecture. Mr. T. V. Narasinga Rao, M.A., L.T., presided.

On Thursday, the 2nd September, Rao Bahadur D. Ananda Rao, Director of Agriculture, engaged the members in an interesting talk on "The Role of Botany in Agriculture." Dr. T. Ekambaram, M.A., Ph.D., F.L.S., presided. There was a large gathering present. The Director explained how the members as Botanists could enable the Indian agriculturist to produce at least a 10% increase in his annual yield. They could serve the country in that way.

On Thursday, the 11th November, Mr. M. S. Balakrishnan of V (Hons.) read an interesting paper on "Chromosomes and Sex." Miss V. K. Kamalam presided.

THE HISTORY AND ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

OFFICE-BEARERS

President : Dr. P. P. Kallukaran, B.A., B.Sc., Ph.D.

Vice-President : Mr. J. Franco, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries : Ahmed Raza and
V. M. Madhavan Nair

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by the Hon. Mr. S. Ramanathan, Minister for Public Information, on August 11.

A Parliamentary Debate was held on August 24, in which the Professors of our department also took part. There was a student-President.

At the next meeting, Dr. Lokanathan, Reader in Economics, spoke on "Some Monetary Puzzles."

A second Parliamentary Debate was held on September 9, on the question, "Has Democracy failed?" Again a student presided.

On October 22, Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer spoke on "The Economic Future of India." Dr. Kallukaran presided on the occasion.

On October 27, Mr. C. J. Varkey, Parliamentary Secretary to the Minister for Education, spoke on 'The Soul of History.'

An Inter-collegiate Debate was held on November 4, when there was a very lively discussion on the Moratorium Bill. Representatives of Loyola, Pachaiyappa's, Christian and Queen Mary's Colleges took part.

On November 25, a meeting was held when the Hon. Mr. V. V. Giri, Minister for Labour and Industries, lectured on 'Trade Disputes,' with Dr. Kallukaran in the chair.

THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE DRAMATIC CLUB

The Big English Lecture Hall was full to overcrowding when the Dramatic Society staged *Kattai Vandi* on the afternoon of 16th December. It is an adaptation in Tamil of Sir William Gilbert's opera, the *Gondoliers*, so as to suit the conditions of the South Indian Stage.

There is not much of story interest in it; the whole point is that the prevalent stage conventions were good humouredly laughed at. For example, the introduction of too many songs, the over-acting of the characters, the stiff stage dialogue and the usual method of announcing the arrival of any important personage—all these were carried to such absurd lengths that nobody in the audience could miss the author's point of view. And we must say that Mr. Venkatarama Iyer, the hero, entering as he did thoroughly into the spirit of the farce, played his part to perfection.

The comic opera gives the author an opportunity to laugh also at some of the prevalent follies of fashionable society. This was dexterously made use of, and there was not a department of Indian life which did not come in for its own share of criticism.

The standard of acting reached was very high. The full cast is as follows:—

Kuppi : C. M. Ramakrishnan, B. Sc.

Suppi : K. Sundararajan.

Karuppi : M. N. Balasubrahmanyam.

Kuppan : P. S. Shanmugasundaram.

Suppan : N. S. Raghavachari.

Karuppan : M. Meyappan.

King : V. Venkatarama Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Queen : R. V. Narayanaswami Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Princess

Kamala : P. A. Krishnamurti, B.A.

Ratnam : R. Rajaraman.

Swami : V. Krishnamurti.

As many people had to be turned out for want of accommodation in the Hall, the performance is to be repeated on Sunday, the 2nd January.



Cricket

The Inter-Collegiate League matches have been finished and we have won the Championship once again. We won against all the colleges, thus maintaining an unbeaten record, repeating our performance of last year. Being the league champions of the year, we are left with the task of representing the colleges in the city in the inter-divisional tournament conducted by the Madras University, which we had the honour of winning last year.

It has been heartening to find that our Cricket XI, though seriously handicapped by the absence of Thyagarajan who has been compelled to suspend his Cricket activities owing to a fracture on the right hand which he sustained while playing against the S.I.A.A., has performed with such credit. That we have been able to do so well, though we are not possessed of a very strong side, is indicative of the spirit with which we have pulled together. Jayaraman captained the College side in all the Inter-Collegiate fixtures, in the absence of Thyagarajan.

Varadan has been our mainstay in batting and bowling. Another player who has made his mark in bowling this year is R. Srinivasan. He has bowled well in all the College matches. He has secured 20 wickets at an average of 6.3 in four Inter-Collegiate matches, which is really a fine performance.

Three players, Jayaraman, R. M. Mahadevan and P. V. Varadan were selected to represent the Madras University in the fixture against the Aligarh University. All of them performed creditably in that match.

During the Michaelmas holidays the Cricket and the Hockey Elevens toured Ceylon. Though our stay in Colombo was spoiled by rain, we were able to play three cricket matches. The first, against the Zahira College, we won. The second, one against the St. Joseph's College, was drawn, while we lost the last match against the Ananda College. On our way back, we played the Rajah's Cricket Club at Sivaganga and the Trichinopoly United

Cricket Club at Trichy. Both these matches were left unfinished. Varadan was our outstanding player in the tour. He performed consistently with both bat and ball in every match and was a tower of strength to our side. In addition, he had to lead the side in the absence of both Thyagarajan and Jayaraman. He acquitted himself creditably in this new role also. His 9 for 21 against the Ananda College was a brilliant performance.

It has been decided to revive the custom of awarding cups to members of the Eleven who do well for the college consistently. It is hoped that it will provide encouragement for those who have been awarded and spur the others to greater efforts. So far, Jayaraman, R. M. Mahadevan and Varadan have been awarded cups.

We are competing in the College Cricket Tournament for the Duncan Cup and the tournament conducted by the Annamalai University for the Chettinad Cup. We have reached the final stages of both the tournaments.

We have to conclude with a note of regret that it has not been possible for Thyagu to participate in our Cricket matches. His absence from the team has been keenly felt. It has been our feeling all along that the gap in the team occasioned by his absence has never been quite adequately filled. It is earnestly hoped that he will get all right soon and be able to resume his cricket activities at an early date.

A list of notable performances by our players is given below :—

Inter-Collegiate Fixtures :—

Won against the Loyola College, on the old Engineering College grounds by one wicket and 38 runs.

The Loyola College all out 110 (Thyagarajan 4 for 18, Venkatesan 3 for 19); The Presidency College 148 (Narayanaswamy 48, M. Swaminathan 24).

Won against the Teachers' College by five wickets.

Teachers 43 (D. Mahadevan 3 for 22, Varadan 5 for 4); Presidency 53 for 5.

Won against the Y. M. C. A. College by 24 runs.

Y.M.C.A. 87 (R. Srinivasan 5 for 13, P. S. Narayanaswami 3 for 12); Presidency 111 (P. V. Varadan 37, Swaminathan 35).

Won against the Engineering College by 15 runs.

Engineering 64 (R. Srinivasan 4 for 24, M. Swaminathan 3 for 4); Presidency 79.

Won against the Law College by 71 runs.

Presidency 181 for 7 and declared (C. C. Ganapathy 51); Law 110 (P. V. Varadan 7 for 41, Swaminathan 2 for 5).

Won against the Christian College by 23 runs.

Presidency 125 (Varadan 51, Jayaraman 20); Christian 102 (Varadan 4 for 41, R. Srinivasan 3 for 15).

Won against the Pachaiyappa's College by three wickets.

Pachaiyappa's 72 (R. Srinivasan 3 for 22); Presidency 81 for 7 (Jayaraman 25, Varadan 29).

Ceylon Tour.

Won against the Zahira College on the first innings.

Presidency 90 (Ram Mohan 24) and 120 for 9 and declared (Venkatesan 34 not out); Zahira 70 (D. Mahadevan 3 for 14) and 45 for no loss.

Drew with St. Joseph's College, Colombo.

St. Joseph's 182 (Varadan 4 for 53); Presidency 85 for 4.

Lost to Ananda College by one wicket.

Presidency 53; Ananda 58 for 9 (Varadan 9 for 21).

Drew with the Raja's Cricket Club at Sivaganga.

Presidency 124 (M. Swaminathan 24); Raja's Cricket Club 78 for 8 (R. Srinivasan 3 for 12).

Drew with Trichinopoly United Cricket Club.

Trichinopoly United Cricket Club 133; Presidency 113 for 7 (Varadan 51).

Hockey.

We have been distinctly fortunate in Hockey this year. With a team that is not strong on paper we have secured the second place in the Inter-Collegiate League. The success can be attributed only to the splendid team work displayed by our boys and to the combined will to do well in every match.

In the Inter-Collegiate league we lost only two matches and drew twice. Except two matches against 'Christians' and 'Law,' all other matches were played on our home grounds. The following are the results :—

(1) *vs. Engineering College.* We won by one goal to nil. The goal was scored by Seetharaman off a pass from Narayanaswamy, in the last minute. It was a fine and encouraging victory for us.

(2) *vs. Christian College.* We won comfortably by four goals to two. Shortly after the start they opened the scoring, but almost immediately Mohajir equalised with a nice backhand shot. They went ahead again but Seetharaman with a brilliant solo effort equalised. Soon after, two quick goals by Jayaraman and Shujat Ali gave us a fine victory.

(3) *vs. Stanley Medical.* Very bad umpiring caused us to draw this easy match. They scored first but Mohajir equalised. We scored again but it was somehow disallowed and the match was drawn.

(4) *vs. Loyola.* Our boys had just returned from Ceylon and they had to play the match on the evening of the day of return. We scored two quick goals in the first ten minutes through Narayanaswamy and Khan. In the second half our boys were very tired; Loyola managed to equalise and draw the match.

(5) *vs. School of Technology.* A slight error on the part of our goal-keeper cost us this important match. They scored a lucky goal, but luck somehow evaded us that day. Though we were pressing hard, we were not lucky enough to score.

(6) *vs. Law College.* We won this very comfortably by five goals to nil. Seetharaman scored three goals and Jayaraman and Krishnamachari scored one each.

(7) *vs. Medical College.* We were matched against a very much superior and experienced team. We lost by seven to one.

(8) *vs. Pachaiyappa's College.* This was our last Inter-Collegiate fixture, which we won comfortably by four goals to nil. By winning this match we got the second place in the League. C. G. Seriah played a good game scoring two goals.

It will be seen from the above results that we have really been doing well in Hockey this year and it is creditable of us to have secured the second place. The main work in the forward line has been done by C. K. Seetharaman and A. R. Mohajir, while P. S. Narayanaswamy at right extreme rendered immense help. P. V. Varadan at pivot and R. K. Jayaraman at back have been the mainstay of our defence. Time and again they saved us from critical moments, and they have been consistently doing good. Varadan was ably supported by Ismail and Mushy who were always hardworking. On occasions when Ismail had to play forward, Swaminathan filled his position ably. Manickam rendered very useful assistance to Jayaraman at back. Ganapathy at goal was good but had mostly little work to do.

Ceylon Tour.

During Michaelmas, the Hockey team went on tour to Ceylon, and it maintained an unbeaten record.

(1) *vs. Tamil Union.* It had rained hard and the match was possible only when it stopped raining, at 3 o'clock. The ground was in a very good condition but very heavy and slow. The Tamil Union are the best side on the Island. We were distinctly unlucky to draw with them. The wet condition of the ground made it almost impossible to exhibit our real game. We drew the match one goal all.



Our Cricket, Hockey and Tennis Teams, 1937-38

(2) *vs. Zahira College.* We made short work of them winning by five to nil ; Mohajir playing a good game, scored four goals, Ismail one.

(3) *vs. St. Joseph's College.* We won the match by three goals to one. We had to play this match in the morning. As it had rained the previous night, the ground was hopelessly wet. Still we managed to beat them by three goals to one. Ismail scored two fine goals for us and Mohajir added the third.

(4) *vs. St. Michael's Club.* This was the most interesting match of the tour. The ground was in a good condition and the play was fast and exciting. There was a good gathering present. St. Michael's played a good game, but Mohajir, displaying excellent form, scored all the four goals for our side. We won the match by four goals to two. The Ceylon papers were full of praise for Mohajir and our team, on that day's exhibition.

Our thanks are due to Messrs. M. S. Balasundaram and R. Dorairaj who accompanied the team to Ceylon. Their presence in the team was a great encouragement to our boys, and they rendered yeoman service to the team.

The Panagal Cup Tournament is going strong and we have fair chances of winning the Cup. We have already played one match beating the Govt. Mahomedan College by two goals to one. Now we have entered the semi-finals and it remains to be seen how far luck will favour us in this tournament. Whatever the result, we will always have the satisfaction of having played the game in a true sportsmanlike spirit.

Tennis.

The College Tennis Club has been very busy throughout, as after the reopening of the College the students played their challenge matches. After settling down, some prominent Tennis players were invited to play. Justice K. P. Lakshman Rao, Balagopal and Prof. C. K. K. Pillai were some of the honoured guests. Y. R. Savur has also been invited and it is hoped he would be able to visit our court soon. The college competed in the Annamalai University Tennis Tournament and the following students were sent to represent the College—V. Narasimha Rao (Capt.) and G. Sethuraman.

The College lost the Doubles Cup but will retain the Singles Cup, as the final match is to be played between Narasimha Rao and Sethuraman.

The College competed in the College Open tournaments in Singles and Doubles as already stated. Narasimha Rao was the runner-up in the Singles.

Football

THE CHIDAMBARAM TOUR

After a lapse of three years it was decided to tour Chidambaram. With great difficulty we secured players to form our exact XI, for four of the regulars were unable to accompany us. We thank Raza, Nataraja and Arunachalam for kindly making up the team at very short notice.

Three fixtures were given to us, one with the Annamalai University XI, another with the Town High School, Chidambaram, and the third with a Cuddalore XI.

We all met at Egmore Station at 8-30 P.M. O the joy of it! Everybody was full of spirits and we all regarded one another as members of the same family, members of that great institution—the Presidency College, facing the vast ocean, smelling the fragrance of the flowers near the Marina and bathing itself in the gentle breeze that comes from the sea.

Slowly the train steamed in the platform and we all got in, occupying one compartment. The train started and three lusty cheers were given to the team.

Do you think we slept? No: most of us played cards. Some were engaged in gossip.

Early at about 7 o'clock we reached Chidambaram. We were received by the members of the Annamalai University XI.

'How many of you have come?'—was the question put to us by them.

'Only eleven' was the prompt reply of our Director. They were surprised and blinked—What? A team consisting of only eleven players and undertaking 'a tour'—most wonderful!

We were escorted to the guest-house by them. We walked the whole distance through paths on either side of which there were palm trees. They fanned us with their gentle breeze and roused us from our drowsiness. Some of their members asked us about our team. 'Who is your best forward? Your best scorer?' etc. We were perplexed and did not know what to do. Were we to reveal the true strength of our team?—no, certainly not. So our eyes fell on Raza who was walking ahead of us—a stout bulky boy who looked like a champion player in his shoes and stockings. We pointed him to those members and said, 'He is our best forward and the only player who can play with his shoes on.' Slowly one by one left us and surrounded Raza and began to enquire about him. Poor fellow! he was perplexed and we all pitied him.

Our play commenced at 4 o'clock on that day with a match against the Town High School, Chidambaram. By engaging two bullock carts, we covered the distance and reached the school.

On arrival we were received by the staff of the school. School boys gathered there to witness us in action and the match was like a festival to them. They all began to laugh at Nanjappa, the tallest member of our team, when his head just seemed to touch the cross-bar of the goal, and when without any movement on his part he gathered the ball with his long and outstretched arms.

We won the match with a comfortable margin of three goals to nil. The school boys played well and their defence was particularly strong. A foul-kick was awarded to us which was converted and Raza followed it with two more goals. One he scored without his own knowledge when he just touched the ball with his toe which slowly went into the goal when there was a scramble in front of the opposite goal. The other he did score (so he said us) with a tricky pass.

Next day, after tea, we entered the field to play against the University XI, our important fixture. The University XI was a stronger one when compared to us. There was a vast gathering, including the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, the Vice-Chancellor of the University, who greeted us with his presence.

The first fifteen minutes of the play proved barren. Krishna Rao was the dangerous player on that side. He troubled us very much with his tricky movements and passes. Ayaroo broke the ice for them and two more were added by Krishna Rao. One was from a penalty and the other with a nicely timed long range shot which beat Nanjappa.

But all of us were determined not to give way to them in the second half. So each one of us stuck to his position and to Jaffer (our centre half) goes the credit of having kept Krishna Rao at bay and to D. Lakshmanan, the 'baby of the Team,' for holding down Ayaroo. They tried hard to score but our defence proved too good this time and the 'Varsity had to be content with their first half score of 3-love.

The next day we were in Cuddalore. On our arrival we were received by the police officers of that place. Providence by chance sent us Dr. Vaidyanathan, an old student of our College. He entertained us and made his house our own. The hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Vaidyanathan will long be remembered by every one of us.

Exactly at 5 we took the field. Every one of us was tired and was bruised with injuries. Again there was a vast gathering and Mr. Subbaroyan, the D. S. P. (who was also an old student of our College), was a distinguished spectator. The local team was picked from the best talent available at Cuddalore and materially a strong side.

The whistle went off. The ball took its flight in the air and came down on the ground. Often it used to go up and often it came down, till it went inside our net (1-0). A penalty was given in our favour, which Doss scored in his second attempt. Thank God! he never disappointed us. We were looking at him breathlessly with our mouths open when he took the kick. With 5 minutes to go for the full time, they scored another goal. Special mention must be made of Natarajan who played beyond our expectations.

At 7 we took our meals, packed our paraphernalia and started off to Madras. Dr. and Mrs. Vaidyanathan bade us farewell at the Railway Station; and we reached Egmore at 5 A.M. on Monday.

Thanks are due to all the members for their co-operation.

Thus ended our tour. Though we lost two of the three matches, our motto has always been:—

'To play the game is the thing:
No matter whether we lose or win.'

SHUJAT ALI
III Class.

Boxing.

The members of the team have been vigorously training for the annual meet against the Engineering College which is to come off on the 8th of December.

The following students are well on their way to earn a place in the College Boxing team:—

D. Dey, James Gandhi, S. E. Manickam and Sethu.

The following are the old Blues in the College:—R. M. Mahadevan, M. N. Jayaram, and George Verghese.

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