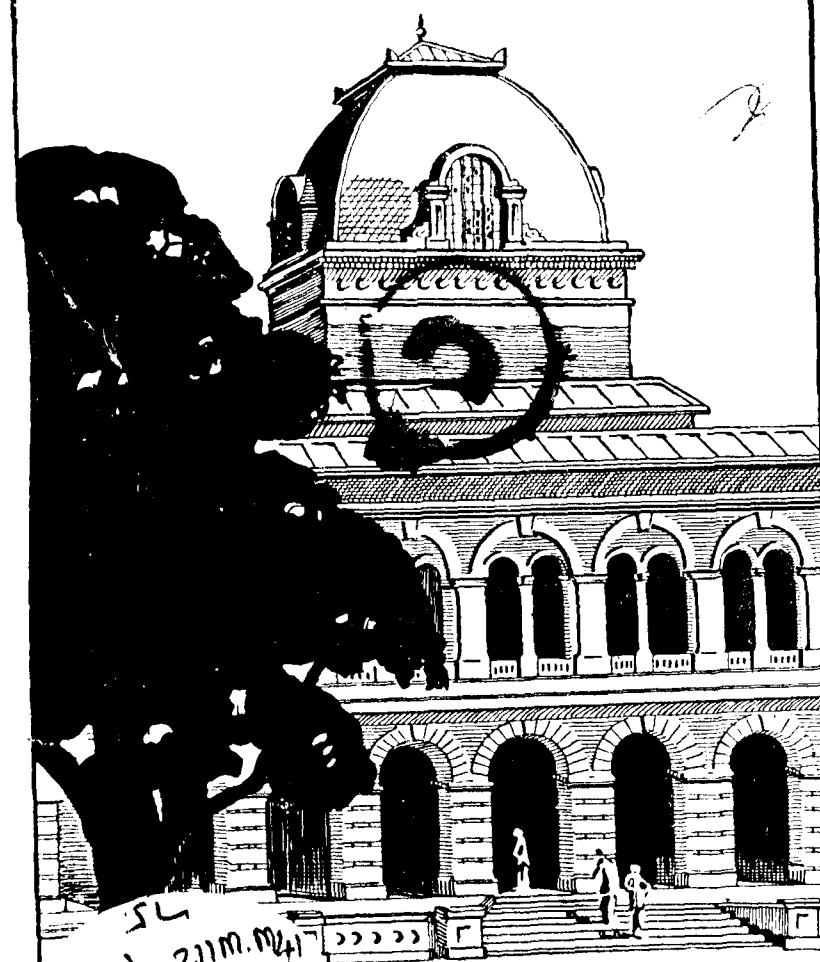


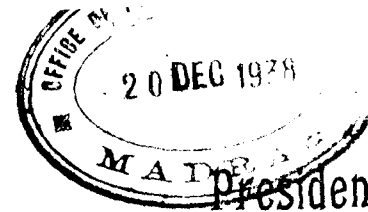
1806

The PRESIDENCY COLLEGE



MAGAZINE

SL
T45, t, 211m. m41
N38.14.2
74423



Presidency College Magazine

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

Associate Editor :—N. R. KEDARI RAO, M.A.

Student Editors :— { MD. MUTHAHAR
R. NARAYANAN

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

VOL. XIV	DECEMBER, 1938	No. 2
----------	----------------	-------

CONTENTS	PAGE
JOHN GALSWORTHY—By N. R. Kedari Rao, M.A.	99
THE SECRET OF THE RADIO—By D. Padmanabhan, B. Sc.	110
SCIENCE AND SPIRITUAL LIFE—By P. Nagaraja Rao, M.A., (Old Boy)	115
THE FRAGRANCE OF KUSUM—By K. Srinivasan, III (Hons.) Econ.	121
DO YOU WISH TO BE HAPPY?—By R. Srinivasan, III (Hons.) History	124
THE PARADISE OF THE EAST	129
SOMEBODY—By S. V. S.	133
GREAT THOUGHTS—By R. Chandrasekhara Rao, Class II	134
KEEP CALM—By Bernard Scott, Class I	135
AN HISTORICAL TEAM	136
BEGINNING WELL—By E. R. Desikan, Class I	136
MY DIARY FOR THE WEEK—By N. S. Jagannathan, Class I	137
DEMOCRACY AND DICTATORSHIP—By S. J. Shah, Class III	142
DIANA—A SHORT STORY—By A. Y. Shaukat, IV B.Sc. (Bot.)	146
INDIANS AND SCIENCE—By A. Narayanaswami, III B.Sc. (Chem)	150
G. W. M. REYNOLDS—By Md. Muthahar, Class IV	155
THE CONFESSION—A SHORT STORY—By P. Seshadri, Class I.	163
BOOK REVIEWS	166
COLLEGE NOTES	172
SPORTS NOTES	182

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"



A BRAVE INDIAN WARRIOR, WITH HIS FOLLOWERS



Vol. XIV

DECEMBER 1938

No. 2.

John Galsworthy

THE personality of John Galsworthy was so rich and many-sided that it would be difficult to do justice to it in the course of a brief article like this. Further, we are so near him in point of time—he died just five years ago—that it is not possible to arrive at anything like an impartial estimate of his contribution to English life and literature. On one point, however, there can be no difference of opinion. He had at least one of the attributes of greatness—*i. e.*, abundance. He gave one the sense of inexhaustible fertility and invention, and a versatility that could adapt itself to any demands. He wrote many plays, a number of novels, several essays and short stories, a few poems, and composed an endless number of Appeals and Addresses. From 1898 onwards, almost to the very end of his life, *i. e.*, for nearly thirty-five years continuously, he gave out his thoughts in an unceasing stream of readable books. It is not easy therefore to estimate his value so soon. Description of his work, rather than evaluation, is the aim of this article.

Galsworthy the man is at least as important as Galsworthy the writer. He was in no sense of the term a

recluse. He had a high and noble conception of the part which writers have to play in the modern world. He never wanted that they should hide their light under a bushel. On the other hand, holding the view that the pen is at least as mighty as, if not mightier than, the sword, he called upon all the authors of the world to meet together annually in an atmosphere of friendliness and cordiality, and thus supply the elements of sweetness and light to a world which is hastening to ruin for lack of these qualities.

Let us then briefly glance at his life before proceeding to describe his work. Born at Coombe in Surrey on the 14th August 1867, he was educated first at Harrow and then in New College, Oxford. His early life was passed in the heyday of the Victorian era, and it is no wonder therefore that he has given us portraits of upper class life at that time in his novels. But he lived on in the Edwardian and Georgian eras and his later work shows that his intellect continued to grow with the growth of years, and that he was intensely responsive to the diverse stimuli of the modern world. He had definite likes and dislikes, and it is interesting for us to study how he responded to the quick-flowing vortex of modern life.

In his twenty-third year he was called to the bar, and though neither a great nor a successful lawyer, his experiences in this line are vividly described in some of his plays, notably in *Justice*, where the weak but chivalrous Falder is sentenced to three years' hard labour for having changed the amount of a cheque from £9 to £90, with the idea of providing the wherewithal to take an unhappily married woman to South America. The sentence passed strikes us as unduly severe: but Galsworthy's point is that this method of handling a weakling who is driven by necessity to offend against the Laws of Property is as unjust as it is stupid. The scene where Falder is shown serving his sentence of solitary confinement brought out the enormities of prison-life; and is said to have led to certain reforms in

prison-regulations, though much yet remains to be done in this respect. We all know that legal justice is not moral justice. Galsworthy used to exclaim, 'Between justice and what was just, what an inexorable incompatibility!'

Jocelyn was his first novel; it appeared in 1898; but he attracted wide attention only in 1904, when he published *The Island Pharisees*. *The Man of Property*, the first of the series, known as the *Forsyte Saga* appeared in 1906; the others being the *Indian Summer of a Forsyte* (1918); *In Chancery* (1920); *Awakening* (1920); and *To Let* (1921). As a detailed picture of upper middle-class society during the later Victorian and Edwardian eras, the sequence is a remarkable achievement. Among his other novels, mention may be made of *The Country House* (1907), describing the English Landed Gentry; *Fraternity* (1909), dealing with Intellectuals; and the *Patrician* which is an account of the Governing Aristocracy.

Alongside of his novels, his dramas were also regularly making their appearance. Starting with the *Silver Box* in 1906, he wrote *Strife* (1909), *Justice* (1910), *The Skin Game* (1920) which is probably the best of all, the *Forest* (1924), the *Silver Spoon* (1926) and *Swan Song* (1928).

His stories, which were written off and on, were collected together and published under the heading *Caravan* in 1925.

In 1921, when the International Association of Poets, Editors and Novelists known as P. E. N. was started, he was elected its first President and he continued in that office till his death.

When the University of Oxford requested him to deliver the Romanes Lecture, he chose for his theme *Character in Literature*. The Government honoured him by conferring on him the Order of Merit in June 1929; some three years later, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for Literature. A few months afterwards, in January 1933, he died.

During the last fifteen or sixteen years of his life he was acknowledged as one of the greatest creative forces in English Literature; and in spite of critics like D. H. Lawrence (who ran him down with unnecessary vehemence) he was regarded as a great novelist and dramatist.

What are the chief characteristics of his literary work? There is a certain amount of quiet irony lurking in all his studies of English Society. The noblemen, politicians, priests, merchants and statesmen all have their little conventions and their insular prejudices, which are exposed to our great delight. He has got a remarkable depth of vision, which diving beneath all appearances reveals the soul of things. Reading his novels through, one is struck with the large number of accurate, concrete details he supplies—say in a tea-party or a conversation that takes place between two people. The description of old Jolyon may serve as an example:—

He is the eldest of the family, over eighty, superbly hale and hearty. With his dome-like forehead, his shrewd steady eyes, his immense white moustache drooping below his strong jaw, he seems, in spite of hollow cheeks and temples, the master of perennial youth—a youth not uncommon among the old men of the strong English upper middle class. Jolyon is the finest of the Forsytes, the only one with something large and generous in his nature, but capable of tenderness and disinterested vision, though the tradition of his caste compels him to conceal his sensibilities. Feeling very lonely he paid a visit to his son, young Jolyon, who had married a poor woman on account of the love he bore her; in this respect he had to go against the wishes of the father. So, for fifteen years, the father refused to talk with the son. For, to this old Englishman everything marked with the stamp of poverty spelt shame. Not only was young Jolyon poor, but he had proudly refused monetary help from the father who had disowned him.

The interview in the little garden was embarrassing. The woman, silent and agitated, looked at him with fear and resentment. Then, sobbing she went inside, followed by her husband. When old Jolyon was left alone with the children whom he had never seen before, they climbed on his knees, and attracted by their innocent grace, he had to relent. The stubborn old man had always had a tenderness for little children. For the first time he thinks gently of them and a suspicion arises whether after all his condemnation of the son's action was wholly justified.

Next to Galsworthy's love of details, we may mention his deep insight into human nature. When an individual is in love with another man's wife, how does the affair start and how does it progress?—this is the problem that is studied in the course of a dinner party where Bosinney and his wife June and the charming Irene are present.

Bosinney ventured: It's the first spring day.

Irene echoed softly: Yes—the first spring day.

'Spring!' said June, 'there isn't a breath of air.'

Three little sentences that cause the husband no uneasiness; but the reader feels instinctively that they give us the key to their souls. Irene echoes the young man's words, because she is passive, magnetised by him. It is the first day of their love, but suddenly June cuts through the current established between them by her abrupt remark, "Spring! there isn't a breath of fresh air."

The same thing is evident in another bit of their conversation a little later. This time it is Irene that starts. 'The Azaleas are so wonderful this year' said she smilingly.

To this Bosinney murmured, 'Wonderful! The scent's extraordinary!'

And again June breaks in with her abrupt remark, 'How *can* you like the scent?'

In these and other apparently trivial ways, we learn how the minds of the lovers are slowly attuned!

It is often said that Galsworthy was a typical Englishman. No doubt he had certain mental and emotional characteristics which stamped him as English, but his personality in the wider sense was no more English than Goethe's was German. It was *sui generis* (unique).

But why was Galsworthy regarded as the typical Englishman? Because in his novels he has described at large the chief traits of an Englishman—such as his distrust of emotion, his intellectual and moral self-complacency, above all his desire to have things both ways, which looks like hypocrisy, but is not exactly that.

"It's airing them that kills feelings"—this is the typical English attitude, brought out in *Holly*. As regards intellectual and moral self-complacency, Horace Pendyce is its personification. His belief may thus be put in words:—

I believe in my father, and his father, and his father's father, the makers and keepers of my estate, and I believe in myself and my son and my son's son. And I believe that we have made the country and shall keep the country what it is. And I believe in the Public Schools, and especially in the Public School that I was at. And I believe in my social equals and the country house, and in things as they are for ever and ever. Amen!

In the face of truth and honour the Englishman wants to have it both ways. The European countries do not know till the last moment what the attitude of England would be at any crisis. So, they gather the impression that the Englishman is a time-server. Or take the question of the colonies and dependencies of Great Britain. The Englishman proclaims from the house-tops that his is a civilising mission and therefore he is forced to carry the White man's burden, though with the greatest reluctance. This bubble is pricked in the *Island Pharisees* where Shelton says:—

"We take peoples entirely different from our own, and stop their natural development by substituting a civilisation grown for our own use. Should we go on administering India, if it were a dead loss? No. Well, to talk about administering a country for the purpose of pocketing money is cynical, and there is generally some truth in cynicism: but to talk about the administration of a country by which we profit, as if it were a great and good thing is cant. . . . We always think our standards best for the whole world. It is a capital belief for us."

In spite of the fact that he makes us laugh at these little foibles of the English character, he has, on the whole, treated it justly and wisely. He seems to say, 'Bravery, enterprise, enthusiasm, energy and other admirable qualities are found in these English adventurers; it is a pity that hypocrisy also should be found among them.'

Turning to his work as a playwright, we find that there is hardly a drama which does not convey its *message*—its lesson, if you will. 'All are equal in the eye of the Law.' This is the theory, but in practice we know that it is not so. This theme is worked out in several of his plays. Look at the *Silver Box* for instance, where he interweaves the fortunes of two families—the middle class Barthwicks and the lower class Joneses. Mrs. Jones is char-woman to Mrs. Barthwick. The son of Mrs. Barthwick, being drunk, takes the reticule (or netted bag) of a street-girl—for fun, to score off her. The husband of Mrs. Jones, being drunk, takes a silver cigarette box from the sitting room of the Barthwicks, out of spite. The situation is similar in both the cases, for both the parties are guilty of nothing but a technical offence. But with the help of clever lawyers, the rich man manages to escape whereas the poor one is punished.

The construction of the play is remarkable. The two purloinings are placed side by side, and the two sets of characters are interwoven in order that the structure may

be more compact and the moral more poignant. To have linked these episodes and to have exploited these coincidences, and yet to have made the play realistic is a triumph indeed!

Similarly, it is an abstract idea that dominates the play *Loyalties*—loyalty to class, to club, to friends, to employers, to wife, to husband, to one's profession, to the traditions of the army. Galsworthy is very clever in inventing situations which rub in his moral. And it is only when the play is over that the true theme—loyalty, or rather the inadequacy of loyalty—is made clear. But even if no moral had been implied in it, it would have made its appeal as a "slice of life."

In the same way, the object of *Strife* is to demonstrate the futility of industrial strife, and it was particularly designed to the needs of a country which is frequently plunged in industrial unrest. Its social virtues are so great that the B. B. C. authorities successfully broadcasted the whole play. Encouraged by this, they next approached Galsworthy with the request that he should write a play especially for broadcasting, but he refused to do so.

And this leads us to speak of his attitude to modern developments in life and literature. He could never reconcile himself to such a frank discussion of the Problems of Sex as is found for instance in James Joyce's *Ulysses* or D. H. Lawrence. On the other hand he is content to throw a halo of romance over the blossoming of love and joy. When two lovers meet, this is the conversation that takes place :—

- 'I feel like a hill with the sun on it.'
- 'I feel like that yellow cloud with the wind on it.'
- 'I feel like an apple tree coming into blossom.'
- 'I feel like a giant.'
- 'I feel like a song.'
- 'I feel I could sing you'

'A wide one with great plains on each side and beasts coming down to drink and either the sun or a yellow moon shining, and some one singing far off.'

We feel that Love is etherealised and spiritualised, lifted on to ecstatic heights.

Galsworthy, however, knows that there are other types of love, which are neither so holy nor so pure; and of them he treats in the *Dark Flower*, i. e., the Dark Flower of forbidden passion which claims many a victim on account of its irresistible attraction. As he elsewhere says, no marriage can ever be regarded as successful or happy where there is no sex-attraction; but on the whole he does not descend to the types of photographic realism which are the fashion among present-day authors. For, here again he shows himself a typical Englishman who is usually secretive in matters of sex.

His descriptions of Nature are always delightful because he regarded Nature as a storehouse of beauty. The following is but a sample of hundreds of passages scattered in his books :—

"On the spur of the Sussex Downs, inland from Nettlefold, stands a beech-grove. The traveller who enters it out of the heat and brightness, takes off the shoes of his spirit before its sanctity: and reaching the centre, across the clean beech-mat, he sits refreshing his brow with air and silence. For, the flowers of sunlight on the ground under those branches are pale and rare, no insects hum, the birds are almost mute. And close to the border-trees are the quiet, milk-white sheep, in congregation, escaping from the noon-heat. Here above the fields and dwellings, above the ceaseless network of men's doings, and the vapour of their talk, the traveller feels solemnity. All seems conveying dignity—the great white clouds moving their wings above him, the faint longing murmur of the boughs, and in far

distance the sea. And for a space his restlessness and fear know the peace of God." (The Patrician.)

Galsworthy was a great traveller; he delighted in contact with foreign places; but it was the beauty of England and particularly of Sussex and Devon that aroused his deepest devotion.

He is in love not only with English scenery, but with the birds and beasts of England. Horses and dogs, cats and cows—he loves to describe—in the paddock, and on the race-course; in the hunting field and at home. The hum of bees is never absent from any of his works. But as regards captive birds, tethered animals and caged things of all kinds, he had an unending compassion—something of that pity which is abundant in all his plays and novels.

No account of Galsworthy can be complete without a reference to the part he played in the International P.E.N. As mentioned already, it is an Association of Poets, Essayists and Novelists started in 1921, with the avowed object of working for universal peace and good-will. In his essay on 'International Thought,' he made it perfectly clear that the exchange of international good-will is the only way in which modern civilisation could be saved.

'The pen with the little p is mighty' says he; 'the feelings of pen men and women are pervasive; what we feel to-day the world will feel tomorrow. It is therefore up to us to make a better world of it. We are the voices. Our club exists to convert the wilderness.'

Elsewhere he emphasises the same idea by saying:—Mankind will go back to the darkest barbarism without international reconciliation.

He is at pains to make it clear that he is not against nationalism. 'Nationalism and internationalism are not rivals: they are really complementary, the one to the other. Those who wish prosperity to their own countries will be well advised to consider how in this twentieth century their countries can possibly gain or keep prosperity without the

existence of international good-will. Every one wishes the best for his own country; but we must see clearly that the best for our country will come only in a world which forswears malice and hatred.'

As a rule the P. E. N. eschews politics. It is concerned only with the promotion of good-will between one country and another, by the study of great books and by the creation of a friendly atmosphere among all the writers of the world. It may be interesting for us to note that it has branches in over 35 countries, including India; and that its membership is over five thousands now. In one of its annual conferences, Galsworthy gave expression to its ideal in the following felicitous way:—

We are bound on a long quest for a jewel that has been stolen from the world, the jewel of friendliness. We pass our days looking for it, desirous to make it once more a fixed star above a happier world. Now and again we come to an oasis where it shines on us as it used to shine everywhere. But as a general thing, the heavenly jewel is thoroughly concealed. And envy, hatred and uncharitableness are more conspicuous.

His Presidentship of the P. E. N. meant hard work; but he was an enthusiast in this direction, and the large influence which it wields at present is in no small measure due to his genial personality.

In conclusion, I like to think of Galsworthy as a restless seeker after Beauty—Beauty in the world of Nature, as well as Human life: in bird and beast: in tree, plant and flower: in the shifting and changing shapes of clouds and shadows, as they are affected by the breeze of Heaven: above all Beauty in Human conduct, the conduct not only of individuals towards one another, but in the mass as nations. In the formation of the P. E. N. he took the first step towards the realisation of an earlier poet's dream of the Parliament of Man, the Federation of Mankind.

N. R. KEDARI RAO.

The Secret of the Radio

MARVELLOUS is the achievement of Science. Somebody sings at Egmore. You listen and enjoy it lounging leisurely in your easy chair. The Premier speaks from London. The whole world is able to hear it. At Puri the car festival is celebrated with great splendour. At home, you and your people enjoy the description of the grand procession that is going on round the city, when the commentator takes you, as it were, and shows you the great festivity and jubilation there. A lullaby is sung at Calcutta. A child at Madura is put to bed to the strains of the lullaby played on the air, more than a thousand miles away.

All these miracles are worked by the scientific invention called the Radio. Ever since the Madras centre of the All India Radio was opened, the interest of the South Indian public in radio has been accelerated and there is a general desire expressed by the lay public to know how the radio works and how the transmission without wire is possible. The aim of this article is to give a non-technical but at the same time an accurate description of the basic principles of wireless. In fact the secret of the radio is really simple. But in those days when the radio had its birth, the scientists suffered a great many hardships. They worked hard, day and night, for a very long time before they could succeed in their endeavours.

Now let us see how, when somebody speaks at Egmore, we are able to hear the same at our home. To understand this, we must get at a few fundamental scientific truths. One is about the structure of matter. All matter can be divided into a number of elements. These elements are composed of atoms. And these atoms are made up of what are called electrons and protons. Thus, all that is material in this world, you and I, the paper I write on, and the pen with which I write are all made up of electrons and protons. The electric current is nothing but a running

stream of electrons. For example, when a current is flowing in a wire, we refer only to the flow of electrons in the wire.

Another scientific concept we must be familiar with is the ether. Ether is that all-pervading medium which fills all space and penetrates all matter. It is like God. It is in the stone. It is in the tree. It is in you. It is in me. It is everywhere.

Next let us consider a few observed facts. We have noticed water waves on the surface of water in tanks and lakes. If we take a stick, dip it in water, and move it up and down, we find that water waves are produced which travel outwards in all directions. If we move the stick quickly, smaller waves are produced. If we move it slowly, bigger waves are produced. Wave-length is the distance between a depression and its consecutive depression produced by the waves on the surface of water.

Just as water waves are produced when a stick is moved to and fro in water, waves are produced in ether when electrons are moved to and fro. These waves are called ether waves. These waves spread all round from the source. Since ether exists everywhere, the ether waves spread everywhere.

This phenomenon is the basis of wireless transmission. It furnishes us with a powerful tool. That is, if we make the electrons vibrate here, they produce ether waves. These waves spread all round the world. If we can somehow manage to tie up our news with these waves, the news will travel all round the world with the waves.

This, in fact, is what every transmitting station does. Outside every transmitting station, there are two tall posts with a long wire stretched across their tops. This is called the aerial. Since it is used for transmission of wireless, it is known as transmitting aerial. It is in this aerial that electrons are made to oscillate with the help of some complicated mechanism which is inside the transmitting station.

For example, the electrons in the aerial of our short wave transmitter at Guindy, are made to oscillate at the rate of four million nine hundred and fifty thousand times per second. This results in the production of ether waves, having a wave length of 60.6 metres. In the medium wave transmitting station which is situated at Egmore, the electrons are made to oscillate at a frequency of one million four hundred and twenty thousand times per second resulting in the generation of waves, of wave-length 211 metres.

These ether waves are called carrier waves, because it is these waves which carry speech and music to distant places. Now let us see how the actual transmission of speech and music by the carrier waves is carried out.

In a broadcasting station, the room in which the artiste sings is called the studio. In the studio an electrical device called the microphone or as it is simply called the mike, is kept in front of the speaker or singer. Let us suppose that somebody is singing before the mike in the studio. When he sings, the air around him vibrates. These vibrations strike the disc of the microphone. The vibrations of the disc of the microphone produce fluctuations in the current in the microphone. And these fluctuations are handed over to the carrier waves, which as their name indicates, carry them round the world. This may be made clear by an analogy.

Let us compare the carrier wave to a flying horse and the speech and music to a beautiful princess. From every transmitting station, this magic horse carries the beautiful princess of speech and music and goes round the world at lightning speed—*i.e.*, a hundred and eighty-six thousand miles per second. And whosoever has a licensed receiving station has the power to lead this flying horse down his aerial into his room and ask the princess to speak and sing.

How is this actually done? Suppose we wish to listen to the pleasing Hindustani music which is broadcast

from Delhi. First we have to go to a Post Office and get a receiving licence. Then we erect two posts on the top of our house and tie up the aerial. After this, we take the aerial lead into the room and connect it to the radio receiver which we have purchased from a reliable maker. Let us now examine our receiving set and see what it is made up of. If we remove the back cover, we notice that there are a number of lamps glowing with a dim light, resembling our electric lamps. These are called the valves. They form the brain of the wireless set. We find also a few coils of wire mounted on a vertical cylinder and a set of aluminium plates which are kept side by side parallel to one another. These two items, *i.e.*, the coil and the plates together act as the heart of the radio receiver. If we turn the central knob in front of the set, we find the aluminium plates moving. When we look underneath the base of the set, we notice numerous little odd things connected by a net work of wires which form the nervous system of our receiving set. Joined to the set by a pair of wires is the device called the speaker which is fixed to the front panel of the set. Let us see what happens when we switch on the radio receiver.

The ether waves which are produced by the Delhi transmitting station are spreading all round in space. They come near our home also. Just as in a lake a floating piece of wood is moved up and down by water waves passing by it, the electrons in our aerial begin to move to and fro when ether waves strike our aerial. I will put the same thing the other way about. When a water wave is spreading all round and it passes by a floating piece of wood on the surface of water, the wood is tossed up and down. Similarly when ether waves strike our aerial the electrons in the aerial begin to oscillate. Since the aerial is connected to the set, the electrons in a certain portion of the set also begin to oscillate. Our aerial is not attacked by ether waves from Delhi alone. The numerous ether waves of different wave-lengths originating from the

various transmitting stations of the world also come and exert their influence on the electrons in our aerial. The result is that the electrons in the aerial oscillate at all varieties of frequencies. But, what we want is the music from Delhi. That is, we want the ether wave coming from Delhi only and the oscillations of electrons set up by them in our aerial.

The process by which we make the set and the aerial respond to the waves from Delhi only or as a matter of fact to waves of any desired wave-length is called tuning. This tuning is done by turning the central knob which is in front of the set. It is so arranged previously in the design of the set that at every position of the tuning knob, the set is made most sensitive and responds to a particular wave whose wave-length is given by the reading of the pointer in the dial.

Now when we tune our set to Delhi, this is what happens. The waves from Delhi alone succeed in making the electrons in the aerial oscillate. Those oscillations are communicated to the first portion of the set. Then the valves separate the speech and music from the carrier wave and send them to the speaker in the form of fluctuating electric currents. These fluctuating electric currents make the paper cone of the speaker move to and fro. The vibrations of the cone of the speaker resemble exactly the vibrations of the disc of the microphone produced by somebody speaking or singing before it. The result is what is spoken or sung there is reproduced here.

This, in simple language, is the secret of the Radio.

It is one of the greatest wonders of the modern world. It has conquered space and has linked up the different parts of the world within a narrow compass. It disseminates news and knowledge throughout the world. It has become a necessary item of entertainment. It has immense commercial and educational possibilities before it.

But a still greater wonder of the modern age is what is called television. With the help of this we can, not only hear what is spoken at the studio but we can actually see the person speaking before us!

D. PADMANABHAN, B. Sc.



S. C. BOSE

T. Pellam, Class II.

Science and Spiritual Life

DURING the last fifty years we have seen revolutionary changes taking place in the fields of science, religion, and other branches of learning. Our age is pre-eminently an age of science. The West till very recently identified and equated all knowledge with science. It was declared that what science could not discover or teach, mankind could not learn. The out-and-out rationalists of the West have held that knowledge derived through other sources than science is just nonsense. Hence the urge of the great prophets of science to create the scientific outlook in the minds of men. The contribution of science is twofold:— (1) the creation and construction of a scientific society which makes use of scientific technique and helps to do away with physical labour and (2) the creation of the scientific temper of mind.

Let us distinguish these two contributions of science. Scientific technique is comparatively a recent factor in our civilization. But the scientific temper is as old as the Greeks. The ancient Greeks were in intense love with Nature and the world around it. They perceived the beauty of the stars and seas, of the mountains and the winds. Further, they yearned for a more intimate understanding of the phenomena of Nature than what a mere outward contemplation would yield. It is this urge which gave the first impulse to scientific knowledge. Thales, Anaxogoras, Heraclitus, and a host of Greek thinkers laid the foundation of modern Physics. The first impulse to science is born out of the love of knowledge and not the need for manipulation. Knowledge is sought throughout the history of civilization with two divergent aims. We may seek to know a thing because we love to contemplate it, or to manipulate and have power over it. The former aim leads to the

contemplative type of knowledge, such as poetry and philosophy. The latter aim helps us to manipulate Nature's forces with the help of science and its technique.

The development of science has successfully managed to suppress the mystery element in Nature, whose contemplation gave rise to the very foundation of science. Power-impulse has attained its zenith in the industrialism of the nineteenth century. It has perfected governmental technique for the dictators of modern Europe. It has created a philosophy of its own. The Pragmatism of James and the Instrumentalism of Dewey are the results of this power-impulse. Truth is defined as that which is useful. Science offers astonishingly powerful tools for men to produce intended changes in the environment. Scientific technique has abundantly changed the face of our very life. Man has learned to fly in the air and move under the waters, and ether is at his command. Drudgery is reduced to a minimum; leisure is being made possible for all.

These advantages of science are the direct result of this power-impulse. But the spirit in which the changes have been effected has nothing in common with the genuine scientific temper. The practical mechanics are full of a sense of limitless power, of arrogant certainty. They further want to manipulate the minds of men by the application of certain laws of Dietetics and Bio-Chemistry, and thus help the modern dictators in creating the totalitarian states. But this power-impulse (*i.e.*, manipulating skill) was in the early stages a mere camp follower in the army of knowledge. It has now suddenly usurped command by virtue of its unforeseen success. Governed by utility, it has become a tyrant of Nature.

But scientific technique is not without its defects. There is an unavoidable tragedy in the working of power. Absolute power is bound to be badly used. There is an inevitable psychology about the way power-impulse works itself out.

The holders of power generally take power itself to be the greatest end.

But power in itself is not an evil to be avoided. Power and knowledge are in themselves neutral. "Knowledge is good, ignorance is evil, power is neutral." To these general principles no sane man will admit exceptions. It is by the use to which power is put that we judge it. Power should subserve noble ends and not erect itself as an end. Moreover there is something inevitable and dynamic in the use of power. The holders of power cannot rest content; rest is not for them. They will be perpetually engaged in some fresh manipulation. Hence the necessity to check the uses of power. Science has delivered us from the bondage of Nature, and we must take care not to become its slaves in turn.

The second contribution of science is the creation of the *scientific temper of mind*. The scientist begins with the study of empirical facts, and makes significant observations. From the data supplied by observation he draws sufficiently probable generalizations through the application of the principle of induction. Then he postulates a few hypotheses and verifies them. The scientist sets at naught authority and tradition, and believes only what evidence indicates. He does not take to the study of fact with any preconceived theory of Reality in mind. He just studies the facts of Nature with the hope that it would be possible for him to predict possible future occurrences. The scientific temper of mind is cautious, tentative, broad and piecemeal. It aims at the understanding of nature and not the establishment of this or that theory. It is an invaluable corrective to the defects of ordinary knowledge, *viz.*, vagueness, cock-sureness, and self-contradictoriness. The scientist strives after precision, and minimises the possibilities of error, though he cannot totally abolish it. Where evidence is lacking, he suspends his judgment, and does not recklessly repudiate. He believes that science at best can yield only

sufficiently probable results and not absolutely certain truths. Probability is the central dogma of science to-day. Science engenders the rationalistic attitude in the minds of men—the refusal to believe conventions and institutions merely because we find them in the field. It is the critical and enquiring spirit of man. Besides these direct advantages of science, the scientific temper of mind produces certain salutary effects on the minds of men. Sanity and a stoical attitude are characteristic features of the scientific mind. Science emancipates us from the struggles of daily life; it engenders a clean and lofty detachment from the world. There is a sense in which the scientific temper may be said to approach the religious attitude. It is a bold attitude to life. Its dangers are not the dangers of death, but the dangers of life.

II

But the scientific temper of mind does not “deliver the goods.” It fails to discover the whole truth; and the picture of the world it gives us is a dry statement of formulas and equations. The ruthless analysis of the scientist has reduced Nature, the bridge of the bards, into a skeleton of rattling bones, cold and dreadful. There are certain aspects of life that do not come under the purview of science. Truth, Beauty, Goodness and Happiness are fundamental feelings and cannot be studied with the help of scientific formulæ. Moreover the scientist has a tendency to mistake the real for the rational. Absorbed in the investigation of natural phenomena which can be counted, measured and experimented upon, he ignores the deeper elements in human life which are mathematically indeterminable. The scientific pattern is incomplete and it follows from this that the complexities of life cannot be solved by simple remedies. In human life, there is a certain residue of irrationality and waywardness which must be allowed for. The ills of our world cannot be banished by the adoption of any single set

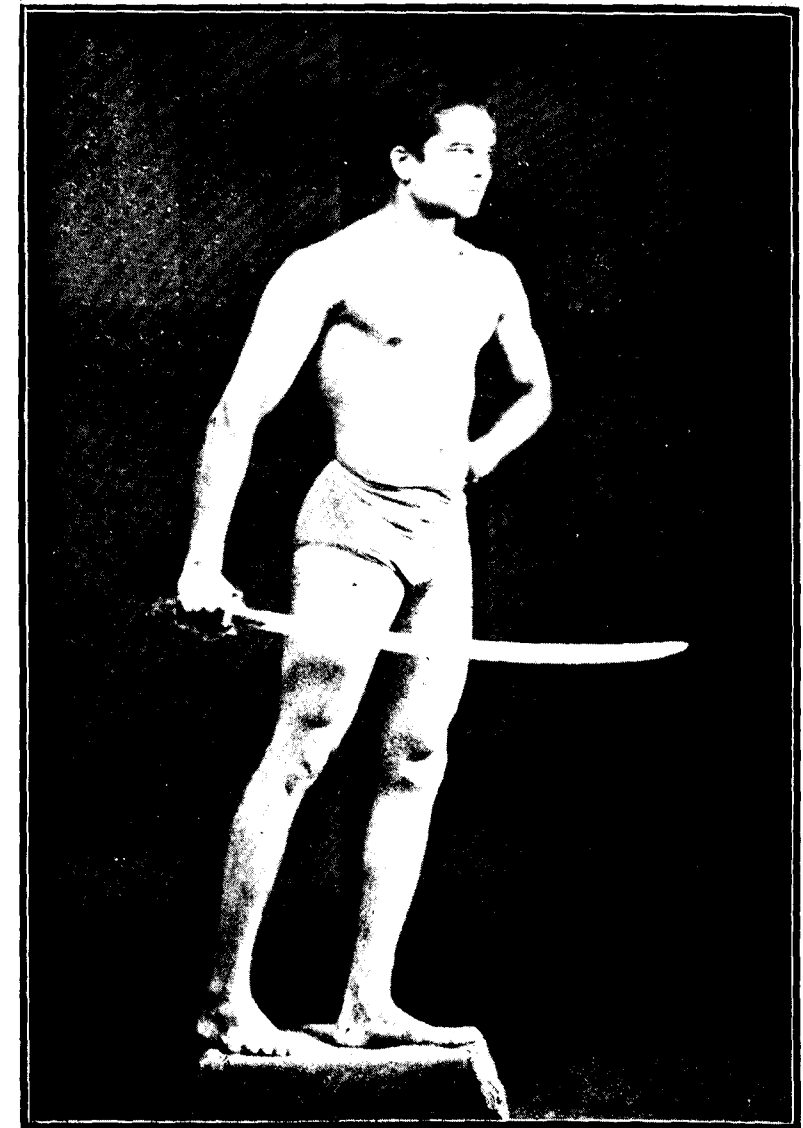
of reforms—socialism or pacificism, fascism or Sanatana Dharma. Finally the scientific temper and philosophy, if carried to their logical limit, would lead us to the conviction that life is purposeless, and the universe a cruel, practical joke. And this attitude, therefore, if applied to practical life, would result in moral chaos.

The great change that is to be effected in the use of power cannot be carried out by mechanical means, or political adjustments. It has to be effected by a *spiritual education*, which fills life with a purpose and helps men to realise the fundamental unity of things. It is only in spiritual realization that the intellect can be guided in the proper path. Without the certainty and the emotional awareness of the fundamental unity of things, the need for the practice of ethical virtues cannot be perceived. Religion is that kind of education, by which human beings can train themselves to become better and improve their relations with one another. Non-violence, charity and other virtues are the practical consequence of such an act of faith and realization. Great economic and political reforms must thus be carried out in the proper psychological and spiritual context. Real reform must suppress the evil at the very source and origin, *i. e.*, the individual. What we need to-day is *individual remaking* and not spurious society reforming.

Human nature can be changed and the behaviour patterns which men have built around them can be remade only if the proper spiritual means are adopted. It is the neglect of these means that has made 20th century political thinking incredibly primitive; the nation is personified as a living being with passions and desires, superhuman in size, but subhuman in morality. It is the blindness to such methods that has made scientific technique the most dangerous menace to our lives. We live in an atmosphere of militant nationalism and air-bombing. “We are

taught to fly in the air like birds and to swim in the water like fishes, but how to live on earth, we do not know." And this atmosphere can be cleared only by the cultivation of virtues and the spiritual realization of the unity of life and the value of the individual. The Katha Upanishad says: 'There is nothing higher than Purusha (individual) in the scheme of life. Beyond the person there is nothing, this is the final and the supreme goal.' (Chap. I, 3, 11.) The realization of this truth spurs us on to the right activity. Without such a realization scientific knowledge and scientific temper are of no use.

P. NAGARAJA RAO



K. VENKATESAN, Class IV, (with a Sword in hand),

The Fragrance of Kusum

(THE PRAISE OF LOVE)

LOVE is one of the most powerful factors of life. It is a great immensity, an unfathomable mystery ; it is the sacred current of life, the vibrant and resplendent flame that burns eternally. It consumes all our imperfections and bestows eternal peace on our turbulent hearts. When our thoughts are purified by Love, our offerings are accepted by God. The heart of a man with a material outlook is a barren desert lacking in grace and life ; and it is only the stream of Love that can make it fertile, and transform the waste into a fragrant garden of beautiful flowers. The forces of Love purge a man of all pride and vanity. To realize the bliss of Love, one has to subdue the ego as far as possible.

Love is divine. It ennobles and refines a man's character. Love is unselfish, pure, forgiving, charitable, merciful, courageous, self-sacrificing, and serene. It is a flood : but unlike other floods it makes no devastation. Its vehemence comes upon us when we are lying still. When its full tide carries us to the middle stream, we lie content, drifting far far away from all that was once near.

Neither time nor the consciousness of self exists in pure love. Love can melt time when the anguish of the heart ceases in contemplation and the first demand of Love is renunciation in every form. When we limit ourselves to selfish vision, everything becomes distorted, and our balance is destroyed. We must give our whole life if we would have true, undistracted Love. When Love ennobles a man, he becomes unselfish enough to know his duty to serve God and His children with true devotion. But Love demands of him great sacrifices. His work and worship

become acceptable to God when the "empirical self" loses itself in the All. It is necessary for him to open the deeper side of his nature by patient humility and obedience. Thus the man becomes holy ; and holiness is but universal Love.

We look at a beautiful scene in Nature and love it. But we ask nothing in return. The joy of Love is complete in itself and we want nothing more. In the enjoyment of true Love where renunciation is very often stressed, we forget ourselves ; we are renewed and refreshed.

The stream of Love always purifies the vision and we see everything clearly. When truly consecrated souls come together, they perform miracles. The voice of Love has the power to melt Life into a sweet and eternal harmony. Its holy compassion fills the heart with an endless song, and the soul breathes eternal peace and music.

Love is an effulgent spark, and the soul delights greatly in its presence. The moment we attune our minds to the great force of Love, we lose all sense of separation and limitation. Love is a forgetful bliss : a wonder of wonders. It is the divine essence ; and its very breath is Life. What is opposed to Love is inimical to Life itself. Those who love truly, live really.

Love acts as a lubricant to the machine of Life. Life needs frequent oiling and Love does it. Hatred is conquered by Love, and harshness by gentleness.

But what is it we love ? It is Beauty. The beauty of the rose draws out our heart ; the beauty of the lovely dawn exalts our soul ; the stillness of night fills us with wonder ; and the beauty of the human face and soul awakens in us Love. And this Love of the Beautiful gives us light, faith and hope, leads us in the right path and shields us from all temptation. Such Love is the mother of joy and peace. From that heart where Love always lives peace and joy will never depart. The beautiful objects of Love

bind us with such subtle bonds that we bless these fetters that bind us ! We seek not freedom ; for we gladly surrender ourselves to the all powerful force of Love. All that we long for is to get the power to love whole-heartedly and to express that Love in all that we feel and do.

Love of God is Religion ; and he is the true worshipper who bends his knees to the Almighty out of pure Love and sincere devotion. Love cannot be a compulsion of religion or any other force. We love, because we have made ourselves channels through which Love flows.

We might say that in Love and with Love we seek the Maker of the Beautiful. Love conquers all our ills ; heals all our wounds ; cleanses all our stains ; and brings us peace. It breaks down all barriers making every one feel gentle and tender. It is the abiding power in our hearts. The fragrance of Kusum can work miracles if only we have the feeling of the Brotherhood of Man.

K. SRINIVASAN,

III (Hons.) Econ.

Do you wish to be Happy?

WHEREVER we go, we find that fear and pain are predominant in human society. Underneath the surface of glitter and gaiety people are shadowed by worry and anxiety. How is this to be avoided?

"Nervousness is a sign of nervelessness and indicates a mental disorder rather than a physical derangement," says Mr. Gordon. The problem is more psychological than physical. The man who worries or fears has lost all control of the forces of life and instead of *his* ruling them, *they* rule him. This fear, in course of time, demoralizes his character and destroys his ambition. His buoyancy flees before the terrible eyes of fear; and cheerfulness follows suit.

Fear works havoc on the human system. It paralyses the very centres of life and poisons every tissue of the human body.

And yet a child from his birth lives in the presence of and under the rule of Fear. The little angel is made human by being warned a thousand times to look out for Mr. Fear, as it were. So he grows in an atmosphere of fear-transmitters; no wonder then that as he grows up he thinks that he must be on the look-out for fear. The most cruel thing we can imagine is to impress on the plastic mind of a child the terrible image of fear which grows deeper and wider with its growth.

What a waste of energy is involved in this pernicious process of anticipating evil! Think of the amount of work you could have accomplished by the mental and physical energy you have expended on fearing what might happen to you, but which might not take place if only you could leave off anticipating it.

None can lead a natural, healthy, or harmonious life in an environment of fear. None is happy or completely successful while at the same time leading a life of fear. To be happy is to destroy even the first symptoms of this worst form of moral and mental disease. It is the duty of every person to vanquish this enemy for the good of his or her own self and for the betterment of our brethren, in general.

Before setting about the way in which we may kill this dreadful disease of the mind, we must know what it is that we fear. Suppose a man suffers from a painful ailment like yellow-fever, and consequently he is in a state of terror, always thinking about the pain and suffering the fever might cause, and its fatal nature. This state of fear aggravates the pain and makes the fatal result almost certain. And psycho-therapy tells us that it is because this disease is so feared that it is so often fatal and even its contagion seems to be caused very largely by the fear people have of it.

The fear of disease is the chronic fear of those who have little else to worry about. Thus runs the old proverb: "The plague killed five thousands; and the fear of plague ten thousands." He who fears a disease and dies of that disease which he fears, dies twice.

We have heard much about bacteriology and bacteriologists. But the whole science of bacteriology may be put in a few words. "First, when our vitality is high, we live on germs and microbes; and second when our vitality is low, the germs and microbes live on us." The doctors agree that the secret of health is vitality and psychologists say that the secret of vitality is joy; and as one writer, a famous psychiatrist points out, one of our best physicians should be Dr. Merryman. Other things being equal, vitality comes from joy and joy from vitality.

Fear of want is another kind of the same disease. The poor man has so much of poverty that he has learnt, con-

sciously or unconsciously, not to dread it. But the rich man fears that the River of Gold might one day run dry. The first man is happy and the second is not. Money seldom can buy *real* happiness.

Then there is the fear of "Old Age" among many of us, because we are to some extent philosophers and know that beauty and youth are evanescent. But a true philosopher never worries about them because he knows that they are mere shadows in life, and not the *real* thing which he aspires to realize. "So long as the conscious spirit does not realize its nature and identifies itself with its body or its mind, it is not free. So long as the man's life is but the life of the material body and the material mind, acting according to fixed laws, all life is bondage." Fear of old age, says Mr. Gordon, strikes us about forty and we begin to study the mirror for signs of approaching decrepitude. As O. W. Holmes said humorously, "Old age comes and offers us a cane, a pair of eye glasses, a comforter or an extra coat, a pair of shoes and an easy chair."

A famous French scientist who classified all human fevers added finally, "fever of fear." Who will deliver us from this chronic fear? We worry about our worries, and if everything turns out alright, we worry because we have nothing to worry about.

Fear is an imaginary something in our minds and not a reality. To illustrate this, let us take the example of a man who is asked to walk on a narrow wooden board high above the ground. We see that he is afraid of walking at that height. But if the same plank of wood were to be on the ground the same man would walk on it unruffled. The only danger is his fear of falling down. Thus fear acts the part of the Devil in our lives, sleepless during the night, and ever and always "at it" in the execution of some evil to us. But the Devil occupies only a small room in the great Universe of God and Hell is but a corner in God's creation!

"But what is the remedy for the deep-rooted feeling of fear?" one may ask. The answer is, "Control your thoughts." The greatest scientist may not be able to control the "shifting clouds of the sky" but any ordinary man can control the weather in his mind.

We build our future thought by thought,
Or good or bad and know it not—
Yet so the Universe is wrought,
Thought is another name for Fate,
Choose then thy destiny and wait.

—E. Wilcox.

"Some men have the power of desiring a thing, craving it, wishing it, and willing it, so persistently and so inexorably that it has to happen." This writer said "Some men"; but I say *all* men have the power. A victory on the inside is worth a thousand outside. Control your thought and you are the conquerer of yourself. Say with Napoleon, "I can place a thought in one of the pigeon-holes of my mind and leave it there."

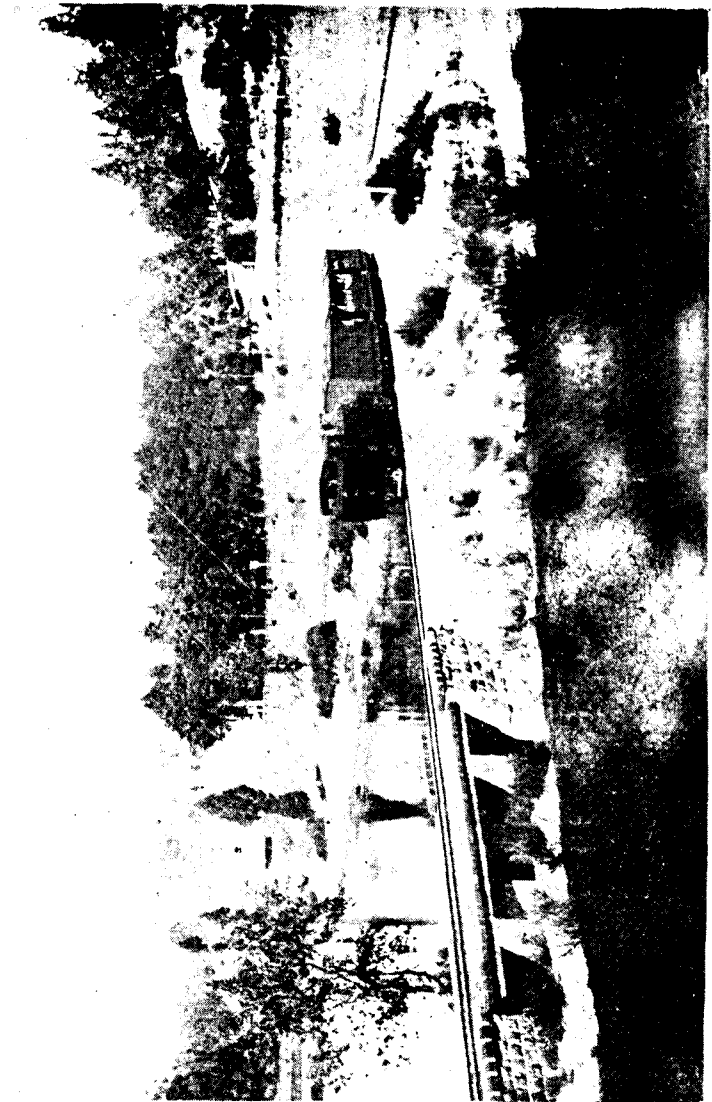
In overcoming our fears we should follow each one to its logical conclusion and get convinced, as we certainly have to, that the various things we fear do not really exist except in our minds. "Quit worrying just as you would quit eating or drinking something you felt sure had caused you pain in the past." But, if you want to worry, then worry about the disastrous effects of worry, which process may help you.

A mere conviction that fear is only an imaginary quantity is not sufficient to conquer these "fevers of the mind." We must always be on the alert to avoid all suggestions of fear. When the thought strikes us, we should not only avoid indulging in it, but must turn our minds to the better and happier side of things.

An aid in the process is advisable. A sudden change of work to something requiring our whole mental energy and concentration will often act as a help. We may recall something very interesting and this will often "drive dull care away."

But whatever the means, the task of conquering fear is the most important in character-building and so in the building of our own destinies. Not until this is done, efficiently, effectively and completely, can the human soul take its proper place, rise to its God-given dominion, and progress to higher and yet higher planes of Power.

R. SRINIVASAN,
III (Hons.) History.



THE NILGIRIS MOUNTAIN RAILWAY.

The Paradise of the East

I HAD invited a friend of mine to Ootacamund the last summer vacation. We took the Blue Mountain Express and reached Mettupalaiyam at the foot of the Nilgiris (the Blue Mountains) the next morning. Here, we changed to the squat train with a restless, powerful engine steaming in impatience, ready to take us to Ooty through a sweep of superb scenery and over a track which ranks as a fine engineering achievement. During the journey a picturesque panorama of hills and dales, waterfalls and mountain gorges, cavernous valleys, tea and coffee estates and the winding toothed railways with numerous tunnels and zig-zag motor roads flew past in sweet confusion. We saw far below the sweltering plains receding behind us. On reaching Ooty at twelve noon, we motored home.

The Nilgiri has an area of 957 square miles, its highest elevation being 8750 feet above the sea level. The highest peak is Dodabetta. The Nilgiri contains the Hill Stations of Ootacamund, Coonoor, Wellington and Kotagiri. The largest town is Ootacamund at a mean elevation of 7250 feet. Many call Ooty "The Queen of Hill Stations," "The Paradise of the East," or "The Sportsman's Paradise." It was founded by John Sullivan, M. C. S., an Englishman who settled and christened it Ootacamund. Formerly Ooty was occupied by the aborigines, the Todas. Their living place was called 'Mandu,' and before every Mandu there was one stone. When Sullivan asked the Todas the name of the place, they said 'Otakalmandu.' But Sullivan called it Ootacamund. From the stone (Kal) and the place 'Mandu,' it derived the name "Otakalmandu." The other hill tribes are the Kotas, the Badagas, the Irulars and the Kurumbas. Of these the Badagas are very civilized.

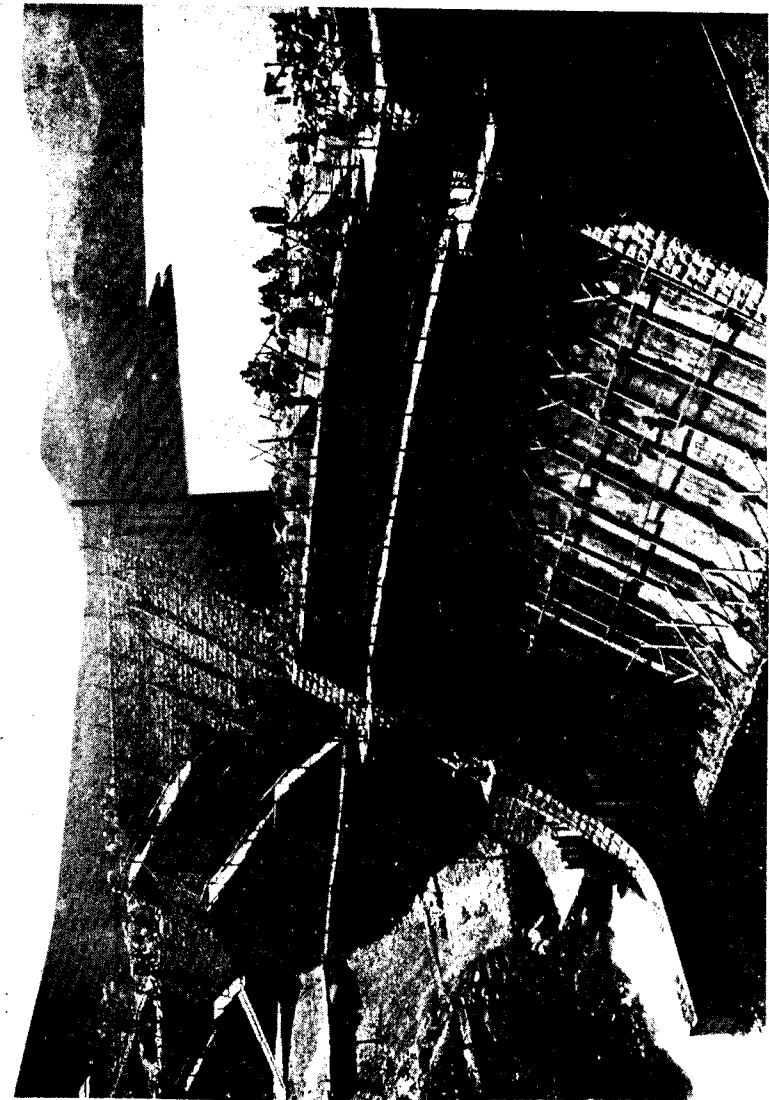
Ooty has now become one of the few stations which are the summer resorts of Provincial Governors and Indian Princes. Naturally people of high status and affluence in Madras, including the Governor and his retinue, resort habitually in the summer to Ooty. Since people come to Ooty for relaxation, they engage themselves in sight-seeing, hunting, fishing, golf, polo, tennis, shikar and social activities. There a number of princes have summer palaces, and the nobility, their mansions with the most modern equipment. They give lavish entertainments. Some of the more fortunate gentry also own villas there.

The greatest attraction in Ootacamund during the season is the five days' racing, which is held in a beautiful race-course hemmed in by small cliffs. From these, thousands of people look down at the events clearly. Every year a variety of tournaments, horse shows, flower shows, dog and poultry shows are held. Every Tuesday is a fair day, when English and Indian vegetables can be bought. It is mostly from Ooty that English vegetables of different kinds are sent to various parts of South India.

Now to our visits. Dodabetta or Star House is the highest peak in the Blue Mountains. Formerly the chief Observatory for India was located here. The climb to this peak is gradual. From here with the help of a telescope, the distant parts of the shelving mountains and a gorgeous, panoramic view of practically all the Nilgiris can be seen.

Wood House was built on a hill with wood during the Governorship of Lord Willingdon. On the slope of this hill the Government House is situated on a beautiful site. The structure is worth seeing. Below this are the Government Botanical Gardens, with fine flowers of various colours and rare plants brought from different parts of the world.

A little above the gardens are some peculiar huts of the Todas. The Todas are very strong and robust. Their language is Greek to us. They sing queer songs in their



THE MUKERTI DAM.

own mother-tongue. Their antic dance is very interesting to see. They worship images which are made of gold and offer buffaloes as a sacrifice to God, but they are vegetarians. Stone House Hill is the seat of the Madras Government during the summer. Near it is a house which was built of stones by the founder, John Sullivan, and his tomb can be seen close by.

In the Nilgiris there are waterfalls like Kateri Waterfalls, Kalhutti Waterfalls and Pykara Waterfalls. The last is the most important. Pykara is fifteen miles from Ooty. One of the features worth seeing is the river Pykara which contains many stones in its bed drilled with holes. These stones are often filled with water and there is the curious sight of small wells of stone in the middle of the river. Above the falls two dams, one big and the other small, are constructed across the river by the Hydro-electric department. From the big dam water is taken through two pipes (a third pipe is now under construction) to the depth of more than a thousand feet, to a place called Singara, at a distance of about three miles and a half. There is a big power-station from which the current is supplied to various parts. From the dam to the power-house, a trolley goes daily, driven by electric power. The tract of the trolley is steep and makes us giddy when we look down. From here we can see the boundaries of Mysore. To maintain the storage of water, the Pykara hydro-electric authorities have constructed a dam near the well known Mukerti Peak at a cost of sixteen lakhs of rupees.

One day we went and camped in our estate. There I explained to my friend how the coffee plants are planted, how we should take care of the plants, how the coffee fruits get ripened and are gathered and cleaned by the machines later. During our stay, our shikari shot a panther and two jungle-sheep.

In the mornings we used to walk briskly long distances, because it was bracing and exhilarating, giving a welcome warmth from the biting cold. The picturesque and the melodious music of the care-free birds feasted our eyes and ears and raised our spirits not a little. The climate of Ooty is such that one is compelled to be near a fire place, especially in the winter season. Even the houses of the middle-classes are provided with cosy hearths to warm the rooms and to drive the chill away. The cypress and the eucalyptus trees adorn the Nilgiris all over.

Since the early years of the nineteenth century when the Blue Mountains first became known to the British in India, these lovely hills have been noted for the variety of sport they afford to the shikari. The game birds are Woodcock, Junglefowl, Nilgiri Wood-pigeon, Part-ridge and several others. The wild animals that haunt the forests are elephants, tigers, panthers, bears, bison, wild dogs and pigs. The herbivorous animals are Sambhur, Ibex, Jungle-sheep, Spotted deer, and four-horned Antelope.

We paid a flying visit to Coonoor, Wellington and Kotagiri. Coonoor is a beautiful little town situated twelve miles from Ooty. There are a number of beauty spots attracting picnic parties, such as Lamb's Rock that overlooks the plains for miles, Lady Canning's Seat, the best view-point on the Nilgiris, and the Droog from which many English prisoners in Tippu Sultan's days are said to have been thrown down into the ravines below. Coonoor like Ooty can boast of its attractive public gardens, especially Sim's Park, which is centrally situated quite close to the Pasteur Institute.

It is not therefore very much of an exaggeration to say that the Nilgiri is the Paradise of the East.

Somebody

I walk up and down the blank busy street,
And sigh to see old strangers smile and meet
And pass by quietly ;
They know not my 'self' that's to me so dear—
For, when I start to speak, they seem to hear
Echoes of somebody.

I watched all sorts of strange machinery
In the hot smelling smoky factory
Of a crowded city—
Homeward I fled full of dutiful wrath
But saw too late, I have weaved my own cloth
On the loom of somebody.

I read poems of pathos and piety,
And Dramas and mad tales of misery
With an impassioned glee ;
At last I've tried to avoid all that's stale,
But found that I have writ the hungry tale
Of the ghost of somebody.

With envious content I watch the king's crown
And the maiden's beloved angry frown
Of young virginity :
But purer loves, I never can hope to seek
Since I've pressed my dreaming lips on the cheek
Of the love of somebody.

When this beauty buried quest thou hast known
And the fragrant sorrows of flowers fresh blown
Sensed by everybody—
O God ! Canst thou not leave me all alone
So that, I can happily die and own
The dear death of somebody ?

S. V. S.

Great Thoughts

ALL things are possible to him who believes, they are
less difficult to him who hopes; they are easy to him
who loves; and simple to any who do all three.'

* * * *

'The greatest pleasure is to do a good action by
calth and to have it found by accident.'

* * * *

'There is a precious instruction to be got by finding we
re wrong. Let a man try faithfully, manfully to be right,
e will grow daily more and more right.'

* * * *

'It is a good and safe rule to sojourn in every place as
you meant to spend your life there, never omitting an
portunity of doing kindness, or speaking a true word or
aking a friend.'

R. CHANDRASEKAHRA RAO,
II Class, Group I.

Keep Calm

When trouble threatens everywhere
And there is danger in the air
May be it is just a scare.....
Keep calm.

The man who panics is a fool
The wise are steady, quiet and cool,
Knowing the wisdom of the rule.....
Keep calm.

Take your line, and do not swerve
Left or right; control your nerve,
Keeping something in reserve.....
Be calm

Even when last hopes have fled
And the storm breaks o'er your head
You'll be strengthened; you'll be led.....
Keep calm.

BERNARD SCOTT,
Class I, Group II.

An Historical Team

THE following "team" would probably make the greatest in history :—

Goal-keeper

Oliver Cromwell—the great Protector.

Backs

Julius Cæsar—Right Back in history.

Henry VIII—a stout Defender.

Half-Backs

Hereward—always a wake.

Dick Turpin—good at holding up.

Nelson—eyes always on victory.

Forwards

John Bunyan—for making progress.

Robin Hood—a good shot.

Christopher Columbus—sailed straight for the goal.

William Tell—another crack shot ; and

George Stephenson—going like a Rocket.

* * * *

Beginning Well

"The bus was full, and it was raining hard when the conductor put his head inside and inquired : "Will any gentleman get outside to oblige a lady?"

"She can come inside and sit on my knee if she likes," said a passenger jocularly.

To his surprise a buxom woman squeezed her way in and accepted the offer. After a time, he got into conversation with his fair burden and asked where she was going.

On hearing her destination, he exclaimed : "Bless my soul, that is my house!"

"Yes," she said blushing, "I am the new cook!"

E. R. DESIKAN,

I Class.

My Diary for the Week

[*Myself* :—A timid, modest, retiring young woman of uncertain moods.

My Husband :—Very much "attached" to his mother : his particular weakness is occasional fits of over-powering affection for me.

My Mother-in-law :—The less said about her, the better. Everyone knows the species.

And last but not least *her Daughter* :—Without doubt one of God's creatures, but most probably created by Him when he was angry with the world. She is a 'poor' widow, her husband having been taken away by the same all wise and benign providence, in a mood and moment of repentance.]

The Beginning

It began thus. Of the various indignities that I had patiently submitted to, one was the censoring of my letters. A girl friend of mine had recently bought a new, lovely saree of dark green silk, with pink borders interwoven with gold. I longed to have such a saree for myself and wrote to my father asking him if he would buy me one. For obvious reasons, I did not submit the letter to the censors. The maid-servant in the house was induced, by my promising her one of my old petticoats, to convey the letter secretly to the post office and post it there. I do not know what inducement my mother-in-law offered to the maid-servant or how she wormed the secret out of her.

Sunday :—Events followed fast. My mother-in-law and her daughter were closeted together the whole of this afternoon. When they came out, at last it was evident that they had found me 'guilty.' It was nothing to me,

My husband returns from the office late in the evening. The 'affectionate' sister and doting mother meet him on the threshold and all of them talk at the same time in hoarse whispers. I attempt the gentle art of eavesdropping but am able to catch only stray words as 'Traitor,' 'Tell-tale', 'You must teach her a lesson,' 'You are weak,' etc. I slowly go upstairs to the bed-room and slip into the bed. Some time later he comes in. I expect either a sermon or a scene. No. He gets into the bed, turns his face towards the northern wall, pours out his heart into its eager listening ears, confesses to the wall, how he has been overworked in the office and is in no mood to brook any nonsense at home and presently snores! I try to sleep facing the south wall.

Monday :—Arraigned before my mother-in-law and her daughter, I am submitted to a searching cross-examination by my husband. The face of my mother-in-law has gained in length. My sister-in-law, on the other hand, sniggers. I remain silent, my eyes answering the volley of questions by shedding eloquent tears. "What is the use of questioning her, when she is determined not to tell us anything? She must have written something bad against somebody in the house and she is weeping, because she is caught," says my mother-in-law. In the end I am told that if I do not confess, something will happen! Something always happens.

Tuesday :—No one in the house talks to me. Am I dead by any chance even without my knowledge? They all seem to pity me. I wonder why! I must assert my rights to-day. I try to give a piece of my mind to my husband, but am not able to see him alone. At last I catch him in the backyard and begin a harangue which I had thought out and got by heart. In the midst of my speech he pushes me brusquely aside and goes into the house. Cheers and sounds of applause from the kitchen wherefrom my mother-in-law and her daughter were watching the scene under cover.

Wednesday :—To-day another girl friend of mine is to be married at Mylapore. I had, a fortnight back, with admirable forethought, obtained the permission of my mother-in-law and 'her son' to attend the marriage. 'Is that valid now?' I ask my sister-in-law. 'You certainly must attend the marriage,' says the 'amiable' lady. I guess why she is anxious. I like the term in-law. It makes me feel that they are not really mothers or sisters, but merely in the eyes of the law. No wonder then that they are as harsh and unrelenting as the law itself.

The punishment for not confessing seems to me to be queer. My husband rebukes me harshly for the coffee being bad in quality. I did not prepare the coffee; nor did I give it to him.

"Then," he thunders, "what are you here for?"

"Well, what for, indeed?"

My father sends the saree I asked for, through my uncle. I show it to my mother-in-law and her daughter. They examine it as if it is a dead dog and pass eloquent remarks by the raising of eyebrows and exchange of 'I-told-you-so' looks.

I ventured to attend the marriage nevertheless and returned home at about 8-30 in the night, escorted by my uncle. Meanwhile the three at home have sat in judgment over me, found me guilty of impudence, cheek, selfishness and a host of other crimes and condemned me. I slowly go to the bed-room upstairs, which is a habit with me when I get disgusted with the world. I feel very tired and disinclined to divest myself of the new saree and jewels I had specially put on; so, I sit down to rest. He comes in. His grave face, set lips and knit brows are so characteristic. He sits down, looks long at the carpetless floor, then at the ceiling and then at me. Why does he not pronounce the sentence? Why this pause? Has he forgotten 'lessons in managing a wife' given by his mother—oh! I see it now!

That fit of affection for me, which he gets off and on! He comes near me smiling! Gone are the grave face, the set lips, the knit brows and the mother's repeated lessons. "This saree and these jewels make you look lovely, Tara," remarks my lord.

"For this compliments much thanks" say I, getting out of the room. He follows. I attempt to run. He pursues. I dart down the stairs. He follows too; something trips up his heels, and he rolls over the thirty and odd steps to the landing below. My feeling may be better imagined than described. I tremble all over with fear.

Result:—A sensation in the household. An unanimous opinion that I am an inhuman wretch. Lest my charm should provoke any further attempt on his part to chase me, I am forbidden from going anywhere near twenty yards of him. I now sleep in the kitchen below and he in the room upstairs, facing, I should think, the northern wall.

Friday:—[Sukravara—Ideal day for maidens.] My sleep in the kitchen for the last two days has been disturbed by my husband's nocturnal visits there imploring me in a squeaky voice to be forgiven, to find a way out of the difficulty and restore harmony in the family life. I generally reply by expressing my avowed intention of waking up my mother-in-law, whereupon he beats a hasty retreat.

The End:—I hinted to-day to my mother-in-law the probability of burglars breaking into the house. In fact I assert that I heard foot-steps on the stairs at midnight. She has her own suspicions, says she, knowing what I am hinting at and promises to catch the thief and his accomplice.

Climax:—My mother-in-law is watching on the stairs. To-night promises to be lively. I retire to my bed in the kitchen. It is eleven o'clock. Is she still awake watching?

I hear the sound of foot-steps above. It is he; he is descending—has come down. My mother-in-law must have slept at her post. Ignoble mother of a— He has come in—is by my side.

"Are you awake, my little one? I tell you, I can't bear this. Why should anything come between us? Do you not know, that I love you—darling? Speak to me. Won't you? I tell you really, I hate my mother, my sister and everybody and everything that puts us apart."

"You hate me? do you? You hate your sister, do you? She is a darling, a little one—isn't she? Ah! you, sneak! you thief! you ungrateful wretch, you....." ad infinitum in the same strain.

It was pitch dark and my mother-in-law had followed him and overheard him.

"Damn this woman; she makes life wretched. Come to my arms, my little one."

I could not but.....

N. S. JAGANNATHAN,

I Class

Democracy and Dictatorship

DEMOCRACY is a growing aspiration to that ultimate goal of equality on the basis of the highest realization of the social good, which is the true conception of virtue. Though Carlyle condemns it and some modern authors like H. G. Wells and others follow suit, Democracy is really superior to all other types of government, inasmuch as popular election, popular control, and popular responsibility are more likely to ensure a greater degree of efficiency than any other system. "A perfect democracy," says Burke, "is also the most fearless."

Abraham Lincoln defines Democracy as "Government of the people, by the people, for the people." Lord Bryce regards it "as that form of government in which the ruling power of a state is largely vested in the members of the community." Generally it is a form of government in which the supreme power is vested in the people collectively and is administered by them or by officers appointed by them.

The merits of the system are many. It is the only form of government in which responsibility to the governed can be effectively enforced. It elevates the mass of the people, develops their faculties, stimulates interest among them in public affairs and strengthens their patriotism by allowing them a share in its administration. It strengthens the love of country, because every citizen feels the government to be his own. It is less prone to revolutionary disturbances than any other that we can think of. Above all, it forms an admirable training school for citizenship.

Yet Democracy is not without a few disadvantages. It emphasises quantity rather than quality, *i.e.*, it rests on the false principle that one man is as capable of governing as another. But, for good government such qualities as spe-

cialized knowledge, steady, restrained and calm exertion of the highest talents are required. It sometimes breeds overconfidence in those who participate in the government. It is unfavourable to the development of the higher form of intellectual life, such as literature, art and science. Sometimes at least, it does not ensure good government as it is a government by the poorest, the most ignorant and the most incapable who form the majority of the population. It is further alleged that in the democratic system there is a tendency of local interests to obscure and to defeat the interests of the state at large, reducing the popular house into a conference of local emissaries and ambassadors and obscuring its proper conception as the legislative organ of the whole of society.

On the other hand, a dictator is a person having absolute powers of government in a state; especially one who assumes or is appointed to absolute power provisionally in times of emergency. In ancient Rome, he was a chief magistrate with supreme authority appointed by the Senate for a term of about six months.

There is a general feeling that the failure of democracy had given birth to dictatorship. From the earliest ages when men formed themselves into some kind of society, there had been the resistance to the principle of dictatorship but all efforts to establish it have failed. There was dictatorship in Ancient Greece and Rome. Was not Julius Cæsar a law unto himself? Coming to recent times, we have witnessed in South America the struggle between democracy and dictatorship. Dictatorship was known there long before Signor Mussolini was born or Herr Hitler rose in Germany to dominate over that wonderful country.

No doubt there are certain advantages accruing from dictatorial rule. In certain countries beggars have been taken away from the streets, the streets have been well-paved and kept clean and trains have run to the scheduled

timings. All those advantages we can have in democratic countries also. It is said that there is a vast difference between the dictatorship prevailing in one country and that in another country. It seems to me dictatorship is dictatorship wherever it exists.

Let us next consider the merits of Bolshevism. Bolshevism is derived from "Bolshevika," which means the terroristic branch of the social democratic party that became dominant in Russia during the revolution of March 1917.

There is absolutely no difference between Bolshevism and Fascism. They are the same principles applied from opposite ends. Is it possible to stand up and declare in Russia that M. Stalin was probably wrong? There is no difference between conditions in Russia and conditions in Germany or Italy. Fascism was useful to Italy to the extent that it helped her to be free from internal difficulties. Outside Italy, Fascism signified nothing but imperialism.

Liberty truly means freedom to do what is socially right; and the conception of what is socially right is surely progressive. Is there any advantage in having roads cemented and freed from beggars or in having an army and a navy equal to those of any other country, if we lose that precious thing, the right to think and the right to speak according to our convictions? It has been said that Fascism is a crusade for defending the world against Bolshevism. If these dictatorships, whether Bolshevik or Fascist, were an outrage on the principle of liberty and freedom, why should we seek to be saved from Bolshevism by Fascism? I do not know whether Mazzini and Garibaldi, the heroic fighters for freedom in Italy, would be happy at the contemplation of affairs as they stand at present in their country. How far is the reality from their teachings and their faith in the brotherhood of man and their devotion to the shrine of liberty!

And what of India? If at some date, perhaps not far distant, when she has won her independence, she allows herself to be enslaved by some form of dictatorship, will she not prove false to the teachings of her ancient men of wisdom and the long line of great men who had sought to give her liberty and freedom? Will not the shades of her great sons like Dadhabai Naoroji, C. R. Das, Gokhale and Motilal Nehru (to mention only a few among the departed ones) turn in their graves and cry "What thing is this brought forth after all our labour and anguish? This is not liberty but the outrage of it!" Surely it could be said with the holy man of old, "What profiteth a nation if it wins its independence and loses its soul—the soul of real freedom?"

It may be that democracy, as it functions at present, is less efficient than dictatorship; but one cannot argue that rationalization is impossible under genuine democracy. Dictatorship contains seeds of decay, not of growth and is therefore not consistent with rationalised political order. So, let us guard ourselves zealously against the approach of dictatorship in any form. Let us cultivate the noble spirit of patriotism, honesty, truth and non-violence so as to nurture the ideal of true liberty and freedom.

S. J. SHAH,
III Class (Econ.)

Diana—A Short Story

DONALD RIDLEY was a noteworthy physician of Birmingham and a good friend of Reginald Culthorpe, the owner of many race-horses. They ate together, drank together and visited the theatre together. In brief, they were 'thick as thieves.'

But lately there was some misunderstanding between them and all their love turned to hatred. They became jealous of each other and in course of time became bitter foes.

Now Donald had a son, Charles by name, who just returned home after graduating in Law. Naturally the father began to form big plans for his future. But somehow Charles did not relish any of those ideas. On the other hand, the young man spent all his time in riding on horse-back. He thus became such an expert in the art that he took a delight in managing the most troublesome animal. He also began to dress fashionably, which was a new thing with him. The old man began to suspect his son's movements and wished to have a heart-to-heart talk with him.

'Charlie! where are you going?'

'Just out for a ride, father.'

'Where?'

'As far as Rockingham.'

'Why, you seem to have a peculiar attraction for that place now-a-days!'

'No, father, it is just nothing!'

'Alright. Come home soon.'

* * * *

Diana—A Short Story

147

But his suspicion was confirmed through the information conveyed to him by his Secretary, who laid bare everything that happened.

The irate father fretted and fumed. He exclaimed: 'What, my Charlie going there to meet Diana, the daughter of that rogue, my worst enemy! No, no, it cannot be.'

'But it is a fact,' reiterated the Secretary.

* * * *

Walls have ears. Somehow Charles came to know of what had transpired. But he did not mind it, as he was determined on getting Diana's hand in marriage.

To cure the young man of his obstinacy, Ridley went to Culthorpe's house and had an earnest discussion of the whole topic. It is not known what trend the discussion took, but the net result was that Ridley fancied himself insulted by Diana herself. So he returned home, gloomy and crest-fallen.

* * * *

The news came as a shock to Charles. He never thought that his Diana would behave so ridiculously.

'How dare she insult my father? I'll have to teach her a lesson!' These were the only words he could mutter to himself.

His Rockingham rides were all cancelled. But try what he could, he was not able to forget his Diana. Her image intoxicated him; and life seemed barren to him without her.

* * * *

April 24th promised to be a happy day for one and all. But Mr. Culthorpe had his own misgivings. For he had entered his horse 'Merciless' to run in the Sweepstakes, which was to take place the same day. He had backed

every penny which he had on it. His whole life depended on the chance of a win for his animal.

At 2 P.M. everybody assembled to witness the great race. Mr. Culthorpe, with his daughter, Diana, and John Lodge graced the race course with their presence.

Unfortunately when everything was ready for the big event, Mr. Culthorpe was informed that his jockey had suddenly taken ill and could not ride his horse. He was stunned. Mr. Blackstone and Mr. Johnson (the other horse-owners) were of course triumphant.

This news spread like wild fire and very soon it could not but reach the ears of Charles.

* * * *

'Sir! There is another jockey who is willing to ride 'Merciless' if you will give him permission,' said John Lodge.

"Give him permission! I will give anything he asks—Only my horse should win."

So the services of another jockey were requisitioned. The race started. Guinea Gold and Yeast took the lead with Cyclone and Merciless closely following. Guinea Gold maintained this vantage position for some time. Slowly Merciless and Cyclone took their place. Cyclone too faded from the picture and gave the lead to Merciless.

Merciless was steady in the race. When it came to the last hurdle, it took a high leap to clear it off. But while doing so, it gave a jerk, as a result of which the jockey was thrown down on the grounds. Seeing this, Cyclone which was behind was coming at a rapid pace. But Merciless, the sensible horse that it was, not minding even the jockey's fall rushed on to the winning post. Culthorpe heaved a sigh of relief at this.

The wounded jockey was taken to the nursing home in an unconscious state though he had sustained only minor injuries.

Diana and her father went there in the evening to see their unexpected benefactor. And lo! Diana beheld her Charles in a jockey's dress. It took some time for him to regain his senses. When he did so, he opened his eyes, only to see Diana sitting near his bed.

'Dian.'

'Charlie.'

* * * *

Mr. Culthorpe was an eye-witness to the scene. These words were uttered in such an exquisitely tender tone that Culthorpe was moved visibly. So he slowly traced his steps to Dr. Ridley's house, and tendered him an unqualified apology for the past conduct of himself and his daughter.

* * * *

Ridley could not but relent; and the next week saw the happy union of the young lovers.

True love triumphed indeed over all obstacles!

SHAUKAT, A. Y.

IV B. Sc. (Bot.)

Indians and Science

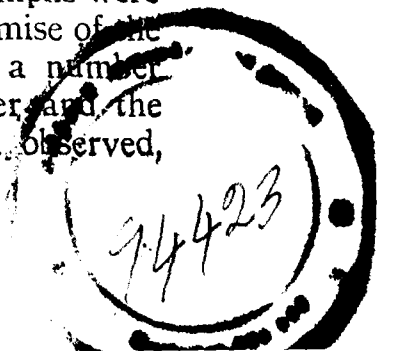
GENERALLY speaking, three stages are found in the development of every science. First comes the empirical; when facts are being observed, not systematically, but haphazardly and the foundation stone of the science is laid. These facts are next collected together and classified, when the science passes through the descriptive stage. And it is finally established as a science worthy of systematic study and philosophic enquiry when the facts that have been accumulated by previous observers are generalized and formulated as universal laws. The history of many sciences shows a different order in their evolution. But all these stages they have to pass through, before being recognized by the intellectual world as 'sciences'. Thus, though Greek and Hindu philosophers had formulated the atomic theory long before experiments proved the validity of most of their hypotheses, only such a proof established chemistry as a science.

In India, few sciences passed through all these stages. Mostly the theoretical stage came first or at least was simultaneous with the beginnings of the science. Thus it is that the scientific outlook was rare in the Indian mind. No science reached its full growth and highest dignity in India. The experimental stage was seldom completely passed, and so the theories were vague, and often contrary to such facts as had been observed. India was interested more in the philosophy of a science than its details. This explains why the greatest achievements of India were in the field of mathematics. The experimental sciences were not studied for their own sake, but as handmaids of metaphysics. And nobody thought of applying a general law to explain the phenomena of nature.

There are exceptions, as in the history of Indian botany. There, facts were accumulated, yet never classified. Many different plants were studied and their properties described, but the mass of botanical knowledge was not systematized. The explanation is that botany was not studied for its own sake, but as an aid in medicine. To the physician, the properties of individual herbs are more important than their classification into families. Indeed, but for its usefulness in medicine, botany would hardly have been studied at all. What we now call the 'natural sciences' were in a very primitive state of development in India. These do not lend themselves to philosophic speculation, until they have been experimentally studied with unflinching patience. And this was exactly what the Indian mind found it difficult to do.

The historical aspect of a subject has held forth little charm to the Indian philosopher. This is another reason why the fullest development of a science was impossible in India. It is said that the rapid advance that chemistry has made in the last fifty years is largely due to the attention that has been paid to the *history* of that subject. Without a thorough knowledge of the researches and difficulties of previous experimenters, experimental work is futile, even if possible. We can easily imagine the straits to which early experimenters must have been reduced in India by their almost complete ignorance of the history and methodology of the science which they proposed to investigate.

In spite of all these seemingly insurmountable difficulties, the penetrating logic of those early philosophers enabled them to make very shrewd guesses at the laws which govern the working of nature. Their triumphs were in all branches of science. But the glorious promise of the earlier days was never wholly fulfilled. When a number of generalizations had satisfied the philosopher, and the more obvious of natural phenomena had been observed,



there was nothing more to do. Experiments, devised for discovery, were not the order of the day. Thus theoretical knowledge had so advanced that heat and light were identified as different forms of energy. But there they stopped; they neither employed the law as an instrument for further discovery, nor verified it experimentally.

Sometimes, the track followed by the philosophers was not the one the experimenter followed. The philosophy of chemical science was very elaborately laid down; but only the ultimate composition of matter interested the philosophers. The empirical mass of experimental facts were never co-ordinated and explained on a general basis; and they had no bearing on the constitution of matter. Indeed, chemical science as practised by the experimenters was not identified with the abstract science the philosophers developed to explain the structure of the universe. The details of the science were of interest, as in the case of botany, only because they could be applied in medicine and, more rarely, in the industries. There is a very close similarity between Greece and India in this respect; for it is well known that the Greek philosophers delegated experimental work to slaves and artisans, deigning only to dabble in metaphysics.

It is interesting to note the origins of the various sciences in India; such a study is valuable as explaining the peculiar development of the sciences and also throws a flood of light on the attitude of the early Indians towards science. To take chemistry: almost everywhere else in the world it was first studied because of its importance in industry. The worker in metals, the dyer or the perfumer began its study; thus it was in Chaldea, Egypt and Greece. Later on, generally, the alchemist took it up, and the physician only last. But in India chemistry was first studied by her great workers on medicine. The alchemical period came far later and never indeed was very prominent in the growth of that science. And it might be safely said that the industrial side

of the subject was all but systematically neglected; and this is all the more striking when we remember that chemical knowledge was sufficiently advanced to enable the South Indians to prepare the mineral acids almost fifteen centuries ago. And all this knowledge was made use of only in metallurgy, which at least was a very flourishing trade in India of old.

If the study of chemistry had been begun on account of the exigencies of industry or the avarice for gold, we might have expected a different sort of development. The observed facts, it is likelier, would have been systematized. The 'economical' application of the observed facts would have necessitated more experimental study. And as the number of facts thus observed increased, some sort of connection between them would inevitably have been discovered. And the facts thus generalized would have led to the enunciation of the philosophy of chemistry, not by happy guesses, but by reasoning based on experiment. The same would have been the result arrived at by the persistent study of the subject from the point of view of alchemy. The Indian scientist did not recognize the value of experimental data in the study of a science; and this stunted the growth of the experimental sciences in India.

But greater progress was made in the sciences whose study was valued for their own sake. The science of language, for example, had a charm of its own for the early philosophers of India. Moreover facts could more easily be gathered than in the experimental sciences. As the number of facts observed was so large and the philosophy of such a science was particularly relished by the metaphysically minded workers in it, the rapid advance made in it came as a matter of course. No other language than Sanskrit can boast of having perfected a system of grammar founded on the philosophic study of it. Yet the applications of the science to the elucidation of historical problems did not occur to its Indian investigators, for the simple reason that

they did not care for history. Nor did they make the study of that science comparative. For the insular position of India gave them few opportunities of acquiring a sufficient knowledge of the other Aryan languages.

To-day, when every science is being studied experimentally, nothing is better suited to inculcate the scientific attitude of mind than a thorough study of the history of these subjects. We realize, as we go on, that this is the correct way of approaching a subject : not vague theorizing, but honest experiment and unprejudiced reasoning. The numerous pitfalls that earlier workers in the field met with were due to their lack of experimental knowledge. And in India especially, where we are apt to overlook the value of such knowledge and rest satisfied with speculation on it, a historical study of the sciences is indispensable.

A. NARAYANASWAMI,
III B. Sc. (Chem.)

G. W. M. Reynolds

REYNOLDS is a name which is on the lips of every student worth his salt. They go to him as they would go to a theatre. He caters to their tastes as did the Restoration type of theatre to the Cavaliers. He is a master purveyor of illegitimate pleasures. He quickens your blood and gives you the thrill of your life!

The meagre facts of his life are soon told.

George William MacArthur Reynolds, born 23rd July 1814, was the eldest son of George Reynolds, a post-captain in the navy. After attending a school at Ashford he entered the Royal Military College at Sandhurst in 1828 only to get out of it two years later: military training was not to his taste. To give polish to his little Latin and small Greek he travelled on the Continent and acquired a knowledge of continental, particularly French, life and literature, which afterwards had great influence upon him both as a politician and novelist.

By 1840 he began to dabble in politics and for some years had charge of the foreign intelligence department of the London "Dispatch". His work was one of the chief features of the paper because of his sympathy with the revolutionary movements on the Continent. His hatred of the royal families brought him in conflict with the proprietors, and so, he severed his connection in 1847. In March of the same year he made his first public appearance as a political leader in a meeting held at Trafalgar Square to demand the repeal of the income-tax. The Chartists who conducted the meeting decided to elicit from the gathering a vote in favour of the revolution in Paris. The Government declared the meeting illegal. Nevertheless the meeting was held and Reynolds was voted to the chair and after he

had spoken, the resolution was put and carried. Reynolds became the idol of the people; he was escorted down the Strand to his house from the balcony of which he addressed his supporters. He now definitely allied himself with the Chartists. Again in the next meeting he presided over he expressed his sympathy with the French revolutionists and in the National Convention of Chartists he represented Derby. He took an active part in the deliberations and made a violent speech against further delay in bringing the issues between the Government and the Chartists to a crisis. He opposed the presentation of a national memorial to Queen Victoria and moved that in the event of the rejection of the petition by Parliament the Convention as constitutional should declare its sittings permanent and decree the Charter to be the law of the land. During 1849-50 he addressed meetings all over England and thus was connected with the Chartist movement till 1856. His advice to his party men was always in favour of extreme measures. He was a republican out and out and championed the cause of the masses. His attention was divided between journalism and politics and he could not devote much time to the Chartists. His later years were almost devoted to his journalistic ventures and except through the columns of his paper he did not appear in public. He died in London on 17th June 1879.

Being a man of an independent nature and one who could rouse the people to anarchy at the expense of the crowned heads, he first burst forth in journalism in 1840, and about 1846 became the editor of the "London Journal". Not content with this he started a similar periodical, "Reynolds Miscellany" at the end of the same year. For twenty-three years he wrote a succession of tales for it and it was very popular with the proletariat who hung upon it. Owing to pressure of work Reynolds was compelled to cease its publication in 1869. From 1847 he issued a long succession of highly sensational

novels in illustrated weekly numbers which sold extensively. His *magnam opus* "Mysteries of the Court of London" appeared in weekly penny numbers in this paper. The old days of the "Pickwick Papers" were revived with a certain section of the people—the working class, whose entertainment, it seems, was Reynolds's object. Again, Reynolds's restless nature prompted him to start the "Reynolds Political Instructor," which according to Ramsay MacDonald, circulated thirty thousand a week during its short life. He brought this periodical to a close in 1850 and in the same year started the "Reynolds Weekly Newspaper" which became the mouthpiece of republican and advanced working class opinion, and is still active in the newspaper world as "Reynolds News" at 2d. and has as its slogan "Government of the People, by the People, for the People." The last years of Reynolds's life were devoted to the production of this paper.

As a novelist Reynolds's output is considerable. He wrote with a feverish heat as if the printers' devil were always near his elbow. In his anxiety to cater to the public taste he had no time to think twice. He holds the palm for being a Great Wrecker of Morals and Religion with a select few of his type. He lived up to the initials of his name—G. W. M. R. His natural bent was towards literature and his first novel "The Youthful Impostor" (afterwards republished as "The Parricide"), an effort in sensational fiction, was published in three volumes in 1835. He paid his respects to his French masters by translations from Victor Hugo's "Songs of Twilight" and "Last Days of a Condemned Man" and Paul de Kock's "Sister Anne." The latter was a writer who, like Reynolds, delighted in depicting the sordid and indecent life of Paris. Reynolds's knowledge of French contemporary life was wide and his criticism of living French writers in his "Modern Literature of France" (1839) is a discriminating study. Most of Reynolds's works appeared as serials and it was only later

on that some thirty-three were published as separate volumes particularly in the 6d. editions of John Dicks of London.

Reynolds's masterpiece is his "Mysteries of the Court of London," originally published (1850—56) in eight volumes but extended to seventeen volumes in the "pirated" editions. Here a large panorama is unfolded before our eyes of disgusting and gloomy detail. The pages smack of gall and vinegar. There is nothing that is left unsaid. One is reminded of M. G. Lewis's "The Monk," Reynolds's predecessor in this type of fiction. Everything sacred is attacked and a good deal of muck-raking is done. Reynolds derives sadistic pleasure from depicting the immoral life of the Regency Period—royalty on one side and a footman and a lady's maid on the other, are subjects of interesting portraiture along with a host of others through the keyhole of whose bed chambers he plays Peeping Tom.

How do you like these spicy chapter-headings—"The Bridal Chamber," "Boudoir of Love and Mystery," "Scene in a Dark Avenue," "The Princess and her Lover," etc.?

On the model of Eugene Sue's novel, "Mysteries of Paris" (1842-43) he wrote his "Days of Hogarth or Mysteries of Old London" (1846-55). It is practically a descriptive letterpress to the sordid and satirical paintings of the famous eighteenth century painter, Hogarth. Its main ideas seem to be derived from Hogarth's famous paintings, "The Rake's Progress" and "The Harlot's Progress." His narrative fits the plates or rather the plates fit his narrative. The whole is a nauseating tale of evil life couched in a graphic manner. It is a Dekker's Chronicle of London on a large scale with the intimate touches of Defoe's "Moll Flanders" and "Roxana."

Reynolds's illustrators, G. W. Standfast and Henry Anelay and G. Stiff, engraver, have, like Hablot Browne ("Phiz"), the famous illustrator of Dickens's "Pickwick Papers," caught and visualized the spirit of Reynolds's writings appropriately and the result is a wealth of sordid and disgusting detail for which there is no parallel in modern fiction with the exception of some mild and passable passages in Temple Thurston's "The Antagonists," Arnold Bennett's "The Pretty Lady" and "Lilian," T. F. Powys's "Mr. Weston's Good Wine" and Andrew Soutar's "Be Good Sweet Maid!", etc.

In his other novels Reynolds follows the same vehement procedure of profanation of institutions and individuals. Everything, except the working classes, comes in for sound cudgelling left and right. Being a socialist his sympathies are with the poor and his anathemas on the rich. His "Pope Joan or the Female Pontiff" is a satire on the church. He goes at the back of an Archbishop's mind and professes to divine his thoughts!

Reynolds always wishes the aristocracy good in his "death to the aristocracy—no throne, no coronet." He is full of glee on the fortunes of Kings: "O joy! I behold crowns falling—thrones crumbling—sceptres snapping in twain."

In the would-be conduct of an English soldier the whole army is brought to book:—

"An English officer would most probably have given his servant a kick, levelled imprecation against his eyes, and asked him what the devil he meant by such impudence [sleeping in his bed] as that."

Everything is blunt and frank with Reynolds's characters: "For two years past I have been your lover and you have been my mistress."

Of love in one place he sings :

“ Love is the soul of our existence—
The sun which gladdens our short day ;
Our mental pleasure and subsistence—
The spirit that survives our clay ! ”

And in another he asks : “ Is not love a religion ?—and does it not possess the sweetest consolations ? Has it neither revelations, nor laws, nor prophets ? Has it not progressed in the heart of men simultaneously with science and liberty ? ”

For him love is a faith, a religion, “ a creed as well as any other which emanated from the divinity ! ”

Reynolds was clever in hitting upon the titles of his novels. They are attractive and strike the fancy of readers and are an aspect of his popularity. Look at these short titles and their qualifying second titles : “ Agnes, or Beauty and Pleasure,” “ The Empress Eugenie’s Boudoir,” “ Ellen Percy, or The Memoirs of an Actress,” “ Grace Darling, or The Heroine of the Fern Island,” “ Rosa Lambert, or The Memoirs of a Clergyman’s Daughter,” etc.

Reynolds’s experiment in frenzied fiction beats Mrs. Radcliffe and her tribe hollow. “ The Bronze Statue ” is a tale of blood-curdling terror and the description of the Tribunal is horrid. “ The Castle of Otranto ” was not well equipped in its “ property,” as is the Altendorf Castle.

“ The Soldier’s Wife ” is an example of Reynolds’s tear-drawing tragedy full of pathetic scenes.

Sometimes his heroines are made to take revenge on their seducers. Like Tess, Reynolds’s Grace Darling takes revenge on her ravisher.

The secret of Reynolds’s popularity seems to be his plots and his rich flowery style of writing coupled with

a masterly and detailed description which visualizes the characters before one’s mind’s eye, especially the description of his heroines who are always models of perfect beauty and grace. Maria in “ Robert Macaire ” has “ the down of the peach, the tints of the rose and the white of the lily.” Joan is “ tall and admirably formed. Her vesture was so formed as to display her lithe and sylph-like figure—the well rounded limbs—with their sculptured perfection.” “ Her brows were nobly curvedher nose was perfectly straight and the ruby redness of the well cut lips set off the pearly teeth in brilliant contrast.” Verily the reader is in Paradise ! Thus the person of his heroine in every novel is dwelt upon with colourful detail and in places Reynolds goes into ecstasies : “ Oh ! what pen can do justice to an assemblage of charms so perfect and so rare ! ”

In Reynolds’s prose clouds do not disperse but they are “ dissipated ” and the sun is “ the orb of the day.” Blood does not get cold but it is the “ crimson current which stagnates ” and it is “ the vital current.” Never is a spade called a spade.

Reynolds’s versatility found vent not only in a monograph on Steam Engines, but also in short stories like *The Gypsy Love*, *The Mysterious Manuscript*, *The Odalisque*, *The Broken Statue*, etc.

With the exception of John Dicks (now defunct) and one other publisher, none brought out Reynolds’s works in England. It is only here that in the “ pirated ” editions of his works we see the bookstalls flooded. In England he does not find a place on decent bookshelves, except perhaps with the working classes of Lancashire and the like. In Preston, Lancashire, a firm of antiquarian booksellers (Halewood and Son) seem to specialize in the works of Reynolds.

Reynolds's novels, which are a sort of compound out of "Don Juan" with a slight dash of the "Droll Stories" and "Casanova," have immense fecundity and grandiose imagination. But he was a moral pervert with a morbid mind. He has founded no school and nothing has been said about him by his contemporary men of letters. He seems to have been systematically avoided; he was a literary leper among healthy Christians. With all these qualifications he seems to be a fit person to adorn Havelock Ellis's gallery of sadists and is a good subject for Freudian psychology.

Md. MUTHAHAR,
IV (Pass) History.

The Confession

MY sister had reached her buxom prime and it was time for her to get married. My mother being a widow, I had to make all the preparations. It was a difficult job, indeed, for a lad of eighteen. The bridegroom was a friend of mine, whose parents were of royal blood; for their ancestors had been in the service of the Nawab of Arcot. He was a graduate and a fair youth. He would visit my house often and on those occasions, it would give him great pleasure to hear my sister sing. In course of time, their friendship changed into love. Cupid began to work his wiles upon the lovers, and so the marriage was settled.

The function was to take place at Arkonam. I was busy at Madras buying provisions and inviting numerous friends and relatives to attend the marriage. Business over, I took the train to Arkonam. The train steamed off and I was dreaming of the future happiness of my sister. There was seated in front of me a grim old gentleman. His face showed that he was immersed in thought. He glanced at me now and then in a queer way and became absorbed in thought once again. When I looked at him, I perceived that his face resembled closely my father's. There was the same mole on the left cheek. I recollected my mother telling me the story of my long-lost uncle, the twin-brother of my father. Was the gentleman before me really my long-forgotten uncle?

"Babu, what's your name?" asked he, breaking the ice. I was startled to hear his voice; but I collected myself.

"My name is Ramu, sir," said I politely.

"Have you got your father?"

"No, sir. He is dead, and I am an orphan." As I said this, tears trickled down my cheeks. I was thinking of my sister. If father were living, the marriage would have been celebrated on a much grander scale.

"Excuse me, please. Am I impertinent if I ask you about your history?" said the gentleman. He was scratching his head. He was recollecting something.

I stifled my sobs and told him how my father, a famous lawyer, died of snake-bite and how, on his death-bed, he gave his twin-brother five thousand rupees, asking him to preserve it and hand over the money to his widow, to meet the expenses of his only daughter's marriage when the time came; how my uncle swindled us out of it all and ran away, nobody knew whither; and how after a deal of struggle I settled my sister's marriage.

I wiped my eyes and looked up. And what did I see? A stream of hot tears was rolling down his cheeks. What was the matter? I tried to console him. The train was nearing my destination. "Sir," I said, "have I offended you?" He stopped weeping and looked up. He was praying to God.

"I am the worst of sinners for whom there is no fitting punishment, even in hell. That's why I am travelling to an unknown destination. I am your *unfortunate* uncle. The Devil tempted me to rob you of your all. What's the use of repentance now? Ramu, take this bundle of currency notes—it will be some atonement for my misdeeds in the past. Farewell—this is probably the first and last time we meet!"

Stammering out these words, he began to weep again. Luckily there was no one besides ourselves in the compartment.

I got down and walked on, looking at him. My cheeks were flooded with tears. He was looking at me. His eyes

meant many a thing. God alone could have known what he was thinking of. I went home and he pursued his lonely way.

The marriage took place as usual. But no one except two souls, myself and my uncle, knew of the bundle of notes.

* * * *

A week later, when I was going through the *Hindu*, I found the head-lines:—

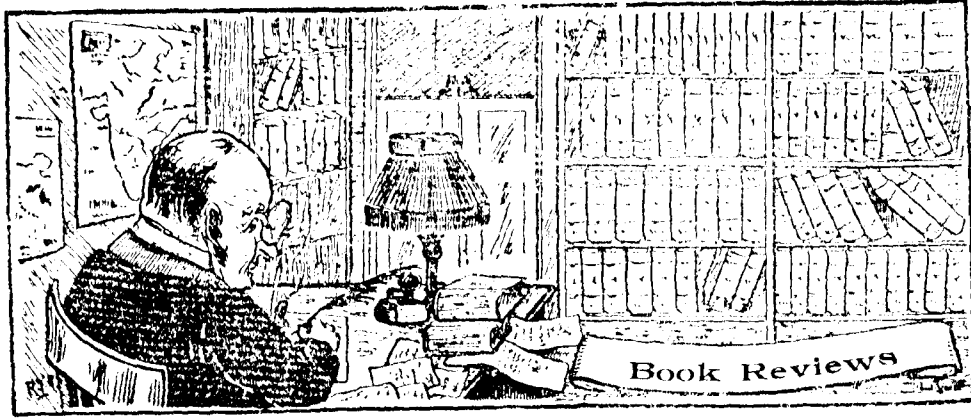
'Man commits suicide. No identity.'

There was the photograph of the man. And I alone knew him to be my uncle. He had jumped into a well. He had reached his unknown destination!

The confession had cleansed his soul!

Moved at heart, I spent all the money in building a rest-house for weary travellers.

P. SESHADRI,
Class I



THE GANDHI SUTRAS By D. S. Sarma, M.A. ; printed at the G. S. Press, Mount Road, Madras ; 1938 ; pp. 152 ; Price Re. 1-8-0 ; available of the printers and all leading booksellers ; profits go to the Harijan cause.

INDIA is the land of sūtra-lore. Aphorisation has extended to all branches of knowledge from erotics to epistemology. Originally practised for the sake of epitomising and conveniently remembering vast bodies of knowledge, there is reason to think that the art survived its utility and became in later stages an end in itself. One who compares the pithy and non-extensive *Sankhya-karikas* with the great bulk of the (probably much later) *Sankhya-sutras* can with difficulty sustain the view that these sutras were written for convenience of learning or remembering. A sutrakara in later days, we may safely assume, had ceased to be a utilitarian ; he had a nobler conception of his art (or is it a craft ?) ; if it did secondarily subserve some purpose, that utility was not unwelcome ; but it was neither the cause nor the justification for the exercise of his craftsmanship. And Principal Sarma is to be ranked among such craftsmen, despite the modest and misleading expression of his "hope that the sutras would prove a convenient form for those who like to view Mahatma Gandhi's philosophy as a whole or commit its general principles to memory." The last part of the hope is particularly illusory.

The souls of educationists today are too squeamish to allow of committing anything to memory ; as for the older type, they are as a rule too hide-bound or perverse to hear the Mahatma's call, to say nothing of committing his teaching to memory. When this much is said by way of disagreement, we must hasten to make it clear that these sutras are certainly valuable and serve a purpose. The generality even of those who are not apathetic to Mahatmaji, cannot command the energy or the leisure to familiarise themselves with the various aspects of his teaching. A brief exposition in the great man's own words is a work of value. An attempt to make that exposition stick in the reader's mind without merely passing through, as through a sieve (that is the fate of much high-brow teaching), this is even more worth while. So much for the utility of the book. But its special worth lies in that it is a capable and successful use of an indigenous literary form, a piece of art for art's sake, carried out by one who has studied our sutra-literature for years and tried his prentice-hand at the translation of at least one set of sutras.

The book contains a hundred and eight aphorisms divided into three chapters. "The first chapter gives the general principles, the second deals with satyagraha and the third with non-cooperation and civil disobedience." The division, necessarily, is not equal, the first chapter covering one-half of the book and the other two a fourth each. A notable (and here a necessary) departure from traditional procedure is this, that the commentary consists of the words of the thinker whose teaching is aphorised. It is as if the Upanishads figured as the commentary on the *Brahmasutras*. The procedure, however, is not as topsyturvy as it may appear ; for, not infrequently the commentary on a Vedantasutra may be nothing more than a brief reference to some Upanishadic text.

As a rule the Sutras are what they should be, brief and pithy. They are so neatly turned that they spur on the

reader to study the commentary. They have the authentic ring of ancient aphorisms; see 87 and 88, to take a couple at random. It is not impossible to detect minor deficiencies. Thus, an interrogation (as in 19) seems unnatural in a body of aphorisms. The word 'naimittika' (in 29) is not happily chosen as an equivalent of the merely expedient as contrasted with the eternally just; the cruelty that is expedient can hardly claim to be just, while the dharma which is naimittika fails not to be just but only to be eternally just. In more than one place (see 15, 39) the commentary seems clearly to go beyond the sutra; in sutra 15, we are told that the cow symbolises all animals; presumably all animals are to be protected, on the strength of sutras 14 and 15; yet Mahatmaji goes on to deprecate and condemn buffalo-breeding (p. 18); again in 39, we have a condemnation of the accumulation of wealth; but the commentary makes out that for such accumulation to be also an accumulation of sin "is by no means an inexorable law". These afford clear indications of the richness of the material overflowing the sutra-framework. It speaks volumes for the integrity of the aphorist that he has brought in these passages as well, instead of suppressing them, as he might well have been tempted to do. And in spite of the scarcely noticeable defects (which have been noted solely to ward off the suspicion of uncritical appreciation) this eminently worthy performance bears eloquent testimony to both the head and heart of the sutrakara. The production would not have been possible without long-continued and loving study; and the result is one at which both author and reader may feel justly gratified.

S. S. SURYANARAYANAN

LYTTON STRACHEY. (A Critical Study by K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar, M.A., Professor, Lingaraj College, Belgaum. Allied Publishers, Bombay. 1938.) 208 Pages. Price, Rs. 5.

From the year 1857, the date of the establishment of the Indian Universities at Madras, Bombay and Calcutta, hundreds of Indians have devoted their earnest attention to a study of English Literature; and several of them have employed the English language as the medium of their self-expression—as poets, essays, novelists and critics. The world is familiar with the writings of Tagore and Gandhi, of Sarojini Naidu and Toru Dutt; but there are several others, of more recent date, who have been trying to carve a name for themselves in the region of fiction and criticism.

Prof. V. K. Ayappan Pillai has given us an illuminating study of Shakespearean criticism; Dr. C. Narayana Menon has recently published a volume on Shakespeare; R. K. Narayan is a rising novelist; Prof. Amarnath Jha is doing creditable work in the U. P.; and to this band of Indian scholars of English Language and Literature belongs Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Iyengar who has here attempted a critical study of the works of Lytton Strachey—who is memorable for having revolutionised the art of biography in the modern world by his three volumes—Eminent Victorians, Queen Victoria and Elizabeth and Essex.

Lytton Strachey is eminent as a critic, as many of his statements in his *Books and Characters* rise to the level of creative criticism. But it is as an entertaining biographer that he will live for ever in the annals of English Literature. Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar truly says:—

"Reading these veracious and human accounts of eminent men and women, we experience emotions different from Longfellow's; we are no more overawed into submission and do not countenance slavish imitation; we

find no idol to worship, not yet a strong, all-heroic soul to adore. We find only human beings, who, however great in certain spheres, are kin to the whole world in all others; who are no rigid formulae or systems, but restless, complex organisms, compact of the multifoliate vagaries, virtues, even vices of humanity."

Naturally his work as a biographer invites comparison and contrast with that of Boswell and his followers; and this is worked out in detail and the conclusion is arrived at that Strachey's art is stereoscopic, Boswell's is cinematographic. It is difficult to analyse Strachey's charm but its chief components are a certain dramatic intensity, psychological accuracy and relevance and an irony that is as various as nature itself. The result of this peculiar combination with his inimitable gift of style is that every one of his biographies is a work of art, with a delicious aroma all its own.

But Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar is not a blind hero-worshipper. He understands the defects and dangers of the method adopted by Strachey and in the chapter, 'The Other Side of the Medal' has briefly referred to the pitfalls of the Strachevan method. In the hands of a less skilful artist, the system degenerates into one of irreverence and caricature of the great and good people of the world. Strachey himself is guilty of such lapses—as for instance, in his sketch of Cardinal Manning—but on account of his admirable sense of discipline and artistic restraint, such lapses are few and far between.

A helpful comparison is drawn between the art of Strachey and that of his compeers, Emile Ludwig and Andre Maurois on the Continent, and their respective spheres of excellence shown in the last chapter, 'Strachey and After.'

We are glad to note that Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar has given us in this volume a scholarly and just appreciation of the work of Lytton Strachey as a literary critic, as a biographer and as a stylist of the first rank.

N. R. K.

THE CHRONICLE OF THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY.

(Ed. P. A. Narayana Iyer) Vol. I, No. 1. Oct. 1938.

This is a type-script magazine of sixty pages published by the Presidency College Chemistry Association, under the able editorship of Prof. P. A. Narayana Iyer, with a Foreward by Dr. B. B. Dey.

'Knowledge is Power'—this forms the Motto of the Chronicle, whose main object is to give a brief account of the papers read, the popular lectures delivered and the researches conducted in the Chemistry Department of the College.

The present number contains many interesting articles, such as the Story of the Electron, Chemistry in the Service of Man, the Isotopes of Hydrogen, and Heavy Nitrogen. There is a short sketch of the life of Sir P. C. Ray, the great Indian chemist. There is also a very humorous article called the Mock Trial in the High Court of Judicature of the Presidency College, Madras—O. S. No. 1 of 1938—in which Civilisation accuses Chemical Science as being the cause of 'the present degenerate and demoralised state of mankind.' The Medical Practitioner, the Agriculturist and the Industrial Magnate figure as witnesses. After the statements of the complainant and the accused are taken down, and the deposition of the witnesses recorded, the Judge sums up the case to the Jury. The gentlemen of the jury return a verdict of 'not guilty' unanimously, and the Judge agreeing with the jury acquits the accused honourably.

It is, on the whole, a very commendable enterprise and we wish the venture all success.

N. R. K.



COLLEGE NOTES

Changes in the Staff:—

Mr. H. C. Papworth, who was acting as Director of Public Instruction, has come back to us as Principal and Professor of English, on the return of the permanent Director from leave.

Consequently, Dr. B. B. Dey, the acting Principal, became Professor of Chemistry; and Sri K. C. Viraraghava Iyer, acting Additional Professor to assist the Principal, has been transferred to the Teachers' College, Saidapet.

Sri V. K. Ayappan Pillai, Ag. Professor of English, has become Additional Professor of English; and Sri K. Swaminathan, Ag. Additional Professor of English, has taken the place of Additional Professor to assist the Principal.

Dr. A. Sankaran, Assistant Professor of Sanskrit, has been promoted to the M. E. S. as Officiating Superintendent of Sanskrit Schools, Madras. And in his place Sri A. A. Ramanathan has been appointed.

Sri R. Athinathan, Assistant Professor of Economics, has been transferred to the Government Muhammanadan College, Madras, and his place has been taken by Sri S. Velayutham.

* * * *

The Principal desires to record his appreciation of the action of P. B. Satagopan (III Hons. Chemistry), who resigned the Subrahmania Ayyar Scholarship and accepted a Government Scholarship of less value, in order that the former might be awarded to another student of the College.

THE UNION SOCIETY

At the beginning of the second term, Mr. N. Gopalakrishnan was elected Secretary and Mr. G. Vasanta Pai became President.

A debate was held on Friday, the 11th November, when Mr. C. G. Chandrasekharan, P. G. History, moved that "The dreamer is better than the realist and is more indispensable to the world." Mr. Gopalan, P. G. Litt., opposed the resolution, ably seconded by Mr. N. Panchanathan. The opposition failed to convince the House and the motion was carried.

On Wednesday, December 7th, Mrs. Mona Hensman gave a very interesting lecture on the "Responsibilities of the Youth in the West." In her lecture, she gave an account of her experiences during her recent American tour. The Lecturer expressed her regret that no lady member was present on the occasion even when one of their own sex addressed the gathering. We expect better co-operation from the lady students in future.

JUNIOR UNION SOCIETY

The Inaugural Address of the Junior Students' Association (of which we made mention in our last report) was delivered by Dr. B. B. Dey. He stressed the need for public speaking to have a successful career when a student enters the threshold of life.

A debate was conducted on Thursday, the 17th November 1938, the resolution being that "The Caste System should be abolished." Mr. Siva Rama Sastri moved the resolution and Mr. Shenoi opposed it.

THE ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

Early in the course of this term, Mr. Sankar Rao (IV Hons.) read a paper on "Historical Drama, Elizabethan and Modern." Mr. S. Narasimha Iyengar presided.

On the 4th of November, Miss K. Myers, M. A. (Oxon.), Principal of the Queen Mary's College, delivered an extremely interesting speech on "The Spirit of Literature." The President, Prof. K. Swaminathan, in his concluding remarks, observed how the speech offered us a new perspective of Literature. A special feature of this meeting was the presence of a large number of 'non-members.'

THE TAMIL MANAVAR SANGAM

Since the date of the last report, the Sangam met six times. The following subjects were dealt with.

On 31-8-38, Prof. M. S. Sabesan, M.A., of the Madras Christian College, delivered a lecture on 'Educational Reconstruction,' when Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswamy Sastrigal, Retired District and Sessions Judge, presided. Both the Lecturer and the President dwelt on the defects of the present day education and criticized the various proposals put forward by the Government and by the public. The Wardha Scheme was discussed at length and its details were explained. I. D. Murugiah, the Secretary, proposed a vote of thanks to the Lecturer and the President.

On 9-9-38, there was a debate as to whether Science or Literature is indispensable in the present day conditions of our land. Md. Ismail spoke for Science. Palaniappan opposed. As many as eight members took part in the debate and in the end the votes were equally divided.

On 16-9-38, Md. Gulam Mohideen delivered a lecture on the "Duties of Students." His speech was supplemented by three other members. Sri V. Venkatarama Iyer, M.A., L.T., presided.

On 18-10-38, Mr. K. M. Manickam spoke on 'Rural Uplift' under the presidency of Sri N. R. Kedari Rao, M.A., L.T. Three other members followed the Lecturer, with supplementary speeches.

On 25-10-38, Sri N. R. Kedari Rao, M.A., L.T., delivered a lecture on "Nala Venba." Vidwan R. Visvanatha Iyer, B.A., B.O.L., presided. The Lecturer quoted from the poem at length to show the various beauties contained in it, and also explained how Pugalendi was one of the greatest Tamil authors. The meeting terminated with a vote of thanks by I. D. Murugiah, the Secretary.

On 4-11-38, Sri T. K. Chidambaranatha Mudaliar, B.A., B.L., delivered a lecture on the 'Wealth of Tamil Nadu.' Sri O. P. Rangaswamy Ayyangar, M.A., L.T., presided. The Lecturer dwelt upon the innate qualities of the Tamilians and humorously described many of the Tamil customs. He gave a glowing picture of the music and dancing, the art and sculpture prevalent here to show the intrinsic value of Tamil culture and civilisation; and he requested the members to take an abiding interest in the subject.

On 18-10-38, a Committee was formed, consisting of Prof. P. P. S. Sastry, (President), Prof. K. Swaminathan, and Vidwan R. Visvanatha Iyer (Vice-Presidents) and Md. Ismail as Addl. Secretary to find means for the publication of a Tamil Journal under the auspices of the Association.

THE SANSKRIT ASSOCIATION

The Association commenced its activities for the second term with an interesting and instructive talk on 'Linguistics in General' given by Sri C. R. Sankaran, M.A. Sri K. Raghavan, B.A. (Hons.), occupied the chair on the occasion. Some critical remarks and suggestions were made by Sri O. P. Rangaswami Aiyangar, M.A., L.T. With the usual vote of thanks the meeting terminated.

In a General Body meeting held on the 4th of November, it was resolved to put on boards Sri Harsha's 'Ratnāvali' under the auspices of the Dramatic Club during the middle of January 1939.

An ordinary meeting was held on Friday, 4th November, when Miss K. R. Padma Bai, V (Hons.), read a paper on 'The Philosophy of Sanskrit Grammar.' Sri T. S. Balasubramania Aiyar, M.A., L.T., presided on the occasion. After an interesting supplementary speech and the President's concluding remarks the meeting came to a close.

On Friday, 11th November, a debate was conducted with Vyākaraṇa Śiromani Pandit Krishnamachariar Avl. in the chair. M. M. Gurunathan, IV (Hons.), read a paper in Sanskrit on the 'Saddarśana-tatvam.' An appreciation of the discourse in verse form by a student and the President's instructive speech were the chief features of the meeting.

At an ordinary meeting held on Friday, 18th November, with Sri T. S. Balasubramania Aiyar, M.A., L.T., in the chair, Miss V. Janaki Kovi-lamma read an interesting paper on 'The Pramānas.' A few doubts were raised by one of the supplementary speakers which were convincingly cleared by Pandit V. Krishnamachariar Avl.

On Friday, the 28th November, an ordinary meeting of the Association was held with Professor P. P. S. Sastry, B.A. (Oxon.), in the chair, when Sri P. Nagaraja Rao, M.A., gave an interesting exposition of the distinct tenets of Sankara's Philosophy. The spiritual value of Sankara's Advaita was brought out clearly. Some controversial points raised by Pandit V. Krishnamachariar regarding the Advaitic conception of Brahma Jñāna were discussed. After the President's concluding remarks the meeting terminated.

THE ANDHRA ASSOCIATION

The Inaugural Address was delivered by Sri K. Ramakrishnayya, with Vidwan K. Venkatacharyulu in the chair. The learned Lecturer dwelt on the origin and growth of Telugu Literature and concluded his speech by explaining the affinities present among the various South Indian languages.

The next meeting was addressed by Sri Lakshmiipathi Sastrulu, with Sri Tapi Dharma Rao as President. The Lecturer mentioned the eight systems of prayer and harmonised them into one.

For the third meeting, we invited Sri Kasibhatla Subbiah Sastrulu from Cocanada, and he was kind enough to speak to us on 'Kavita Vikasa Kramamu.' It was a very erudite discourse and we are very grateful to him for the trouble he took in coming here specially for this purpose.

Kavitilaka Srimati Kanchanapalli Kanakamba Garu of Queen Mary's College addressed the fourth meeting, with Kaviraja Damtu Subbavadhanulu Garu in the chair. The Lecturer wrote a few verses on 'Satbodha' and read them in the Hall. With a few remarks from the Chairman, the meeting terminated.

THE MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION

Mr. R. K. Rubgunday, M.A., spoke on 'Fourth Dimensional Geometry' on 7-9-1938. Prof. K. Ananda Rao presided. The lecture was of an advanced and instructive nature.

Miss S. Pankajam, M. Sc., spoke on 'Symbolic Logic' on 29-10-1938. Prof. Ananda Rao took the chair. She explained how logic plays an important part in the development of Mathematics and dealt with the fundamental concepts of Boolean Algebra.

D. Krishna Rao, V Hons., read a paper on 'Magic Squares' on Thursday, the 10th of Nov. 1938. He explained the method of constructing magic squares of an even number of columns and detailed the successive stages in the process of construction.

THE PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

The most important of our activities of the term was the celebration of the Annual Exhibition. The exhibition was opened on the 14th of October by Dr. K. C. Chacko, B.A., D.Sc., M. I. E., I. E. S., Principal, College of Engineering, Guindy; and it was open to the public for two days. Several interesting and instructive exhibits were on show and there were numerous demonstrations of educational value. The Exhibition was well attended.

On Wednesday, 26th October, an interesting debate was held, the topic for discussion being "Science tends to Atheism." About eight students took part in the debate and it was well attended.

On Friday, 4th Nov., Mr. T. R. Jayaraman gave an instructive lecture on "All about Artillery."



THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE PHYSICS EXHIBITION,—
OPENED BY DR. K. C. CHACKO,
Principal, Engineering College, Madras,

THE CHEMICAL SOCIETY

Our second term's activities began with our Secretary's giving a short account of our excursion to various industrial centres during the Michaelmas Holidays, the lecture being accompanied by an epidiascopic projection of the various photos taken during the tour. Mr. M. Lakshmanan, M. Sc., Asst. Professor, who accompanied us during the tour, presided. The Secretary expressed an ardent wish that such tours be made compulsory.

We are glad that we had a good number of lectures during this term, two of which belong to the category of popular lectures. The first was on 'Enzymes' delivered by our Asst. Professor, Mr. Sitaraman, with Dr. Dey in the chair. Several interesting experiments were shown on the occasion. The second was on "Solid Carbon Dioxide" by Mr. K. C. Viraraghava Iyer. In his own characteristic way, he made the lecture very entertaining. He was associated with our Society as one of the Vice-Presidents and as he left us owing to his transfer to the Teachers' College, we would like to express in this connection our heartfelt gratitude to him for the great interest he had taken in our Society and its working.

Three of our student members read papers before the Society. The first was on the "Industrial Utilisation of Molasses" by Jayaraman of IV Hons. The second, on "Hydrogen in Concentration" by G. Sundara Rajan of V Hons., was accompanied by a large number of experiments; while the third was on "Paste and Chemical Constitution" by Mr. K. K. Narayan of the final year Post-Graduate class.

The Report of our Society activities will be incomplete without mentioning our commemoration of the 40th anniversary of the Discovery of Radium by Madame Curie. We had the honour of being addressed by Dr. Santhana-krishna Pillay of the Barnard Institute of Radiology. Dr. Pillay spoke on "Radium and its Importance in Modern Therapy."

In conclusion we would like to express our heartfelt thanks to our Vice-President, Mr. P. A. Narayana Iyer, who has, as it were, created a new atmosphere in our Society.

THE BOTANY ASSOCIATION

The second term opened with a meeting on 'The Antherdial Dehiscence in *Poeypodauae*' (with slides) by Dr. Hartman of W. C. C. with Dr. T. Ekambaram, M.A., Ph. D., in the chair.

The subject was one on which Dr. Hartman had done some research work; and this added to our enthusiasm in listening to the lecture.

In the next meeting, Mr. Rajagopala Krishna Rao of V Hons. read a paper on the 'Origin and Evolution of Life.' Miss T. C. Vimala, B. Sc. Hons., was in the chair.

THE ZOOLOGY ASSOCIATION

A General Body Meeting of the Association was held on 26th July 1938, at 4-5 P.M., with Mr. M. Ekambaranatha Iyer, M.A., L.T., Assistant Professor of Zoology, in the chair. The following were elected office-bearers for the current academic year:—

President: Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam, M.A., Ph.D.,
D.I.C., F.Z.S., F.R.M.S.

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

Hon. Treasurer: Prof. M. Ekambaranatha Iyer, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries: Miss K. Sumitra (Post-Graduate).

Mr. P. B. Rajagopal, IV Hons.

Class Representatives:

Hons. Classes: C. S. Ananthakrishnan, V Hons.

IV B. Sc. Main: T. Padmanabhan.

III B. Sc. „ Hafeez.

III B. Sc. Subsidiary: R. Gajapathy.

Editor of the Magazine: Mr. N. V. Choodamani, V Hons.

Union Society Representative: Mr. P. Sankaramurthy, IV Hons.

The Association was 'At Home' to the new graduates of the year at 4-30 P.M., on 10th August 1938. Many of the old students of the department also responded to our invitation. Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam, the *ex-officio* President, presided over the occasion. The toast was proposed by Mr. P. Sankaramurthy, IV Hons. It was ably responded to by Messrs. Kannappan, Krishnaswami, and Chidambaram. A short speech was given by our Additional Professor, and the function came to a close after the vote of thanks.

In October 1938 the members of the Association went on instructional tours. The Honours students were accompanied by the Additional Professor, and the Pass students by the Assistant Professor. Both the parties had good collections and returned on 16th and 20th of October respectively.

Mr. Rajagopalan, M.A., I. C. S., delivered a lecture on 'The Concept of the Gene,' at 4-15 P.M., on 2nd November 1938. The President of the Association was in the chair. The Lecturer dealt with the bio-chemical aspect of the Gene and explained clearly the mutational changes brought about by the Gene. After the President's remarks, the meeting came to a close.

N. V. Choodamani, V Hons., read a paper on "The Glories of the Geolome" at 4-15 P.M. on 11th November 1938. Mr. C. S. Ananthakrishnan, V Hons., presided. The paper was interesting and the meeting came to a close after the usual vote of thanks.

Under the auspices of the Association, there was a lecture delivered by Dr. S. G. M. Ramanujam, M.A., Ph. D., on "Some Evolutionary Aspects in the Development of the Human Body" with the aid of lantern slides at 4-15 P.M. on 17th November 1938. The lecture was educative and beneficial. There was a large gathering present.

The term came to a close with a paper read by Mr. G. Ramachandran on 'Bird Migration' at 4-5 P.M. on 25th November 1938. Professor A. Ramanathan, M.A., L.T., presided. The meeting was well attended. N. V. Choodamani, V Hons., and R. S. Venkataraman, III B. Sc., made supplementary speeches. After the President's remarks, the meeting came to a close.

THE GEOLOGY ASSOCIATION.

At a General Body Meeting held on 19th July 1938, under the presidency of Prof. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai, M.A., M. Sc., D. I. C., the following office-bearers were elected for the current year:—

President: Prof. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai, M.A., M.Sc.,
D. I. C.

Vice-President: Mr. P. G. Dowie, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries: Mr. N. Gopalakrishnan.
Miss M. Hemalatha.

Honours Representative: Mr. A. V. Subba Rao.

Pass Representatives: Mr. K. S. R. S. Mani.
Mr. C. T. Masilamani.

Union Representative: Mr. D. Sreenivasa Rao.

Editor of the Magazine: Mr. S. Narayanaswamy, B. Sc.

The Inaugural Address of the Association was delivered on the 4th August 1938, by Sri T. N. Muthusamy Iyer of the Engineering College, Guindy, who spoke on "The Changeful Earth." Prof C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai presided.

The members of the Association were "At Home" to the old students and the new graduates of the year on Tuesday, August 9, at 4-15 P.M., when Prof. C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai presided.

Mr. N. Gopalakrishnan and Mr. R. Narayanan proposed the toast to the new graduates which was ably responded to by Mr. V. Krishnamoorthy, B. Sc. (Hons.), and by Mr. S. Krishnan, B.A., B. Sc.

The President in his concluding speech stressed the formation of good character as an aid to success. Mr. T. M. Doraiswamy and Mr. T. N. Muthuswamy Iyer, old students of the Department, spoke on the occasion. With a vote of thanks proposed by Miss Hemalatha, the function came to a close.

HISTORY AND ECONOMICS ASSOCIATION

The work of the Association for the second term began with a lecture on "Industrial Relations with special reference to the Madras Presidency" by Dr. P. P. Kallukaran. Mr. Altaf Ahmed, V Hons. (Economics) presided.

The next meeting of the Association took place on 21-10-38 when Chandrasekharan, V. Hons. (History) moved the resolution, "That in the opinion of the House 1s. 4d. is the natural ratio for the Rupee and therefore serves the best interests of the country." It was opposed by R. K. Prasad, V Hons. (Economics). Belleappa, V Hons., presided. After many had participated in the debate, the resolution was put to vote and carried by a large majority.

On 28-10-38 Dr. P. J. Thomas addressed the House on the "Standard of Living and the Computation of National Income". Dr. P. P. Kallukaran presided.

The second ordinary debate for the term was held on 3-11-38, when Krishnamurti, IV B, moved, "That in the opinion of the House, His Majesty's Government did the right thing in signing the Munich Pact." Gopalakrishnan, IV Class (History), opposed the resolution. Prof. V. Venkataraman presided. After an interesting debate in which only IV Year Pass students participated the resolution was put to vote and declared lost.

On 9-11-38 Sri Kamaladevi spoke on 'Socialism and Indian Politics' in the Big English lecture Hall. Dr. P. P. Kallukaran presided. There was a large attendance.

On 18-11-38 Rao Bahadur P. Marthandam Pillai, President of the Triplicane Urban Co-operative Society, addressed the Association on "Co-operation as a Remedy for India's Poverty." Prof. V. Narayanaswami presided.

There was a farewell function on 25-11-38 organised by the pass students in honour of Sri Athinathan who has been transferred to the Government Muhammadan College.

The IV (Pass) History students went on an excursion to Ginjee and the Seven Pagodas with Mr. Panicker, Assistant Professor of History, as their friend, philosopher and guide. They started on the 29th of October to Tindivanam and from there to Ginjee where they saw the hill forts of Rajagiri and Krishnagiri. Next they went *via* Tirukalikundram to Mahabalipuram and on their way back home dropped at Conjeeveram and saw the Varadarajaswamy Temple and Kamakshi Temple. After a very enjoyable tour of two packed days the party returned on the night of the 30th.

MALAYALEE ASSOCIATION

President: Mr. V. K. Ayappan Pillai, B.A. (Oxon.)

Secretaries: Miss I. Lakshmi

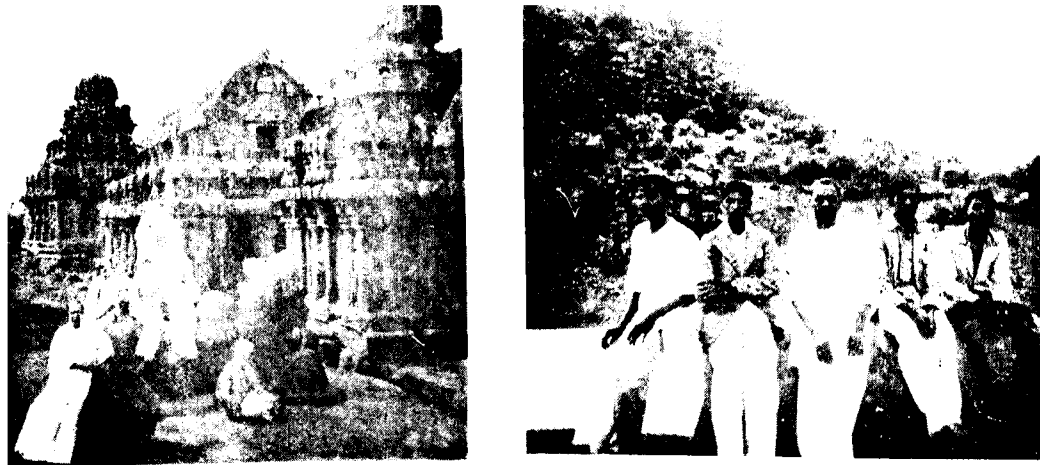
Mr. P. K. Nambiar

Treasurer: Mr. T. K. Lakshmanan

On September 2, the Association gave a reception to Dr. C. Achuta Menon, who had just then returned from England. He spoke to the members about his experiences in England and showed how England offered better facilities for research in Oriental languages than India.

"Onam" was celebrated on September 7, at 8-30 A.M. After a group photo, the members had refreshments. Miss Suseela, Miss Lakshmi, and Mr. Rangarajan entertained the members with music. Mrs. Ammu Swaminathan, who was the chief guest of the day, spoke a few words about the national festival of Kerala, "Onam."

The Association celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of Mahakavi Vallathol on the 11th November. Mr. K. Bhaskaran Nair, M.Sc., gave a brilliant and learned lecture on the poetic works of Vallathol. A congratulatory message was sent to the Mahakavi wishing him health and happiness.



EXCURSION TO GINGEE AND MAHABALIPURAM BY THE IV (PASS) HISTORY SECTION,
WITH MR. KOCHUNNI PANICKER.



Cricket

Our first fixture, in the second term, was against the Pachaiyappa's College. The match was exciting but we ultimately came out victors by a narrow margin of 6 runs. We had first knock and compiled 143 runs, Swaminathan being the top-scorer with 46 runs. The Pachiyappas lost their first two wickets early. But their skipper, P. V. Lakshmanan, played well for them and made 52. At one stage, they were 8 wickets down for 108, but the tail began to wag, and we had an anxious time before getting them all out for 137 runs. R. Srinivasan bowled well, capturing 6 wickets for 42 runs.

Our next match was against the Law College in the first round of the Annamalai University Tournament for the Chettinad Cup. The Law College had the first tenancy of the wicket and were all out for 98. We did not fare better and had made 96 for 8, with Bobji still playing. He was our only hope and he did not fail us. Venkatesan, going in last, gave him the much needed support, and the pair played bright cricket, hitting 153 runs for the last wicket, which is a record for the ground. Bobji was in his element and found the bowling very much to his liking. He scored all round the wicket and at the end remained unbeaten with 137 runs. His score included 15 boundaries. Venkatesan's 46 runs was priceless under the circumstances. We had compiled 274 runs at the end of our innings. The Law College were all out for 127 runs in their second innings. Varadan performed brilliantly with the ball, bagging 9 wickets for 44 runs.

Our next engagement was the Inter-Collegiate fixture against the Y.M.C.A. We were in a mess, even at the start, having lost four wickets for 16 runs. It has always been the case with our boys, for some one or other to step in, when the side is in none too happy a position, and help the side to reach a respectable total. On this occasion, Varadan and Ganapathy filled the roles admirably, and put on 89 runs for the fifth wicket, compiling 47 and 42 runs respectively. At the termination of our innings, we had made 147 runs. 88 runs were all that the Y.M.C.A. could score. R. Srinivasan was responsible for taking 6 wickets

at 5 runs apiece. Considering that the Y.M.C.A. held the Medical College, who are now the champions, to a draw, our victory is very creditable.

The Loyola College met us for the second time in the final of the Chettinad Cup tournament. We inflicted an innings defeat on them. Bobji again scored a century in this match, and was largely responsible for the huge total of 262 that we ran up. M. Swaminathan once again came into the picture with a neatly-compiled 45 runs. Haridas scored 31 runs. Bobji and Swaminathan were concerned in a century partnership scoring 129 runs for the fourth wicket. The Loyola College were all out for 97 and 101 runs in their first and second innings respectively. So, once again, the Chettinad Cup has come to us.

Duncan Tournament.

This year, there were five entries consisting of the Law College, Loyola College, Engineering College, and the first and second XI's of our College.

Our Second XI was pitched against the Law College in the first round and got beaten by 7 wickets. Our boys made 60 in the first innings, P. S. Mani being the top-scorer with 21. The Law College replied with 151 for 9 wickets, and declared their first innings closed. Our boys could not perform well enough in their second attempt, and were just able to avert an innings defeat by 11 runs. They scored 102. The Law went in and knocked up the required number of runs for the loss of 3 wickets. S. Krishna Rao contributed 31 runs in our second innings.

The Engineers met the Law College, in the second round. The first time they played, it rained heavily after the first day and further play was impossible. The match had to be replayed. In a tall-scoring match, the Engineers won by 7 wickets, and qualified for the finals. They will now have to meet the winners of the match between our First XI and the Loyola College.

Hockey.

It was a grand performance that we gave when we took the field against the Teachers in our first fixture of the second term. Soon after the bully off, the first goal was scored by Ismail. Srinivasan scored a hat-trick by netting the next three goals. The fifth and sixth goals were added by Ismail off fine passes by Seshagiri Rao. Our opponents were striving hard to reduce the margin, and missed many an easy chance owing to haste and misplaced shots. When late in the first half Swaminathan scored the seventh goal for us as a result of a fine solo run, Friskin of the opposite side reduced the margin by scoring a goal for his side. In the second half Scott came into prominence by scoring a hat trick, and this was followed by another by Srinivasan—thus completing the tally of thirteen goals. Midway in the second half, Husainy and Friskin reduced the margin by scoring two more goals.

Vs. Y. M. C. A.

Our next match was against the Y.M.C.A. which we played on our grounds. The visitors opened in great style, and their very first move ended in a neat goal for them. And we had a momentary dreadful feeling that these people—being professionally related to the Teachers in some measure—had come to avenge the crushing defeat which we had inflicted upon the Teachers. But soon Seshagiri proved that our fears were futile by scoring a brilliant goal. The ball was rolling idly towards the out line, when Seshagiri rushed in and stopping it hit the ball into the goal from a deep angle. In the second half they again led us by scoring a goal. But towards the end Scott gave us the equaliser amidst loud cheers. P.V. Varadan, at the pivot, Murthi and Manickam played very well, and Sathi as usual, brought off brilliant saves.

Vs. Law, 3—1 (won).

What the absence of Varadan meant to us was clearly proved in our match against the Lawyers. Our halves functioned very badly without him. They indulged in too much of dodging and passing among themselves. As a result, not only the forwards were not supplied properly but also they left too much of their work to be done by the backs. Srinivasan, Scott and Seshagiri Rao scored for us.

Vs. Pachaiyappas, 2—0 (won).

In the first half no side scored. Srinivasan scored the first goal early in the second half and towards the end Varadan scored the second goal with a nice shot from the top of the ring.

Our last match is yet to be played. Out of the ten matches which we have played, we have won five, lost three and drawn two. If we win our last fixture against Muhammadans, we hope to take the third or fourth place in the League table.

This term's last fixture was a practice match against the Madras Indians. Though they did not field their full team, yet they had a majority of their regular players. We had a very decent game. They played three short when we started and Scott scored a fine goal for us before others came in. The Indians equalised through Devanadan, who scored a goal with a fine rising shot which went home as Sathi ducked down to save his head. In the second half again, Scott scored for us with a brilliant shot from the top of the ring, thus giving us victory.

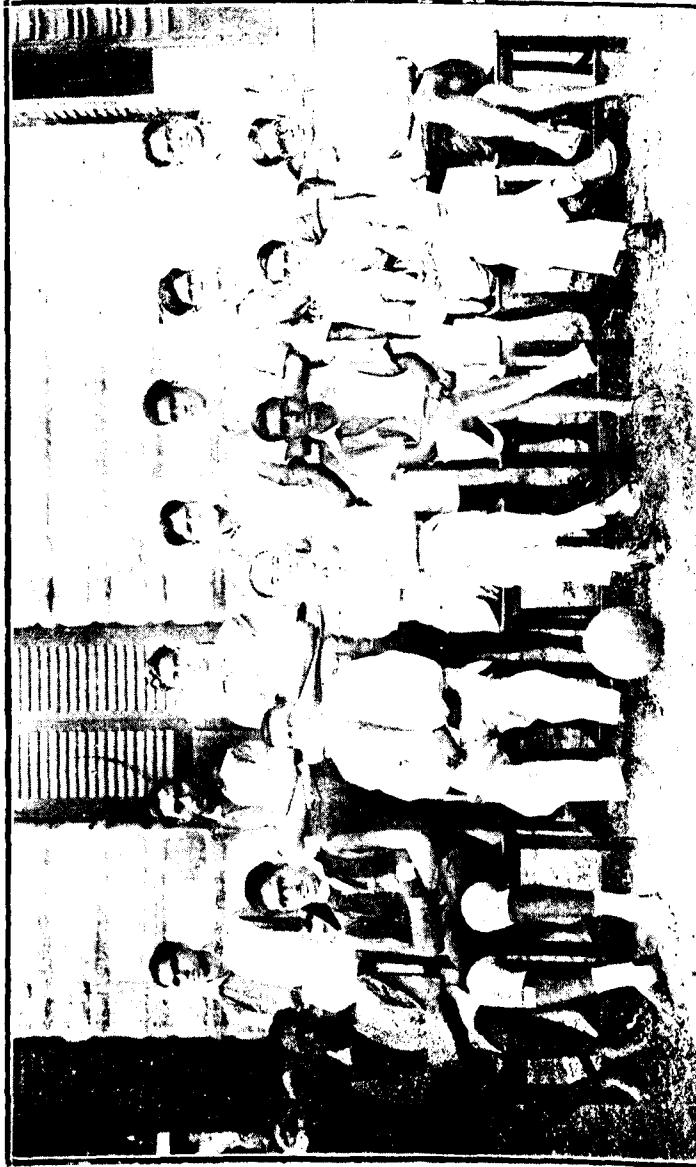
In the Panagal Cup tournament we were unlucky to be defeated by the Stanley Medicals. The Loyola beating the Medicoes came to the finals. And the Muhammadans defeating the Technology by an odd goal met the Loyola in the finals. The game was well contested and thrilling, and of a high order. The Loyola came out victorious, and thus retained the Cup again.

Football.

We won the match with the Teachers' College by 4 goals to nil. After even exchanges for about ten minutes, we asserted our superiority and Parthasarathy scored from a high left which deceived the goalie. In the second half we went one better adding three more goals through Mohanavelu, Balasundaram and S. Narayanan. The Teachers put up a bad show though there were some good movements from the forwards. Shaukat Ali deputised ably in the goal in the absence of Tahurulla. The defence played very well in which Nageswara Rao, V. K. Subramanian and D. Luxmanan were outstanding.

The next fixture in the Inter-Collegiate was against the Indian Medical School. Though Shaukat Ali was away and hence his valuable assistance in the backline was not to be ours, we came off creditably with a clear margin of two goals. Again Tahurulla, Nagesvaran, 'V. K.' and Luxmanan did very well in the defence. Mohanavelu was well marked in the first half but he made amends in the second half by successfully netting our second goal off a splendidly-taken flag kick which just curled into the far corner of the net. Tahurulla missed a penalty but Bhoopathy scored from the clearance—a good shot. The School made determined efforts to score but the Presidency defence was firm as a rock. The School goalie brought off marvellous saves from all angles. But for him we would have won by a greater margin.

Our encounter with the Law College, a very good team in the League having the services of many famous players of the City like Kalyana Rao, Hanumanta Rao and Kemparamiah, evinced keen interest. We eventually lost by two goals to one but not before they had had their most anxious moments. It was ill-luck that we were beaten so narrowly, for a draw would have been a correct index of the game. Right from the start both the teams attacked vigorously and the Presidency lost a good chance, Balasundaram delaying in the area. Even exchanges reigned for some time till Kemparamiah dribbling his way through a vigilant defence scored a good goal which Tahurulla might have cleared with some anticipation born out of desperation. In the second half the Presidency attacked feverishly and movement after movement petered out in the area. Parthasarathy missed a gilt-edged chance. Then Mohanavelu scored his usual goal from a good cross-shot from a pass in the right. Again Nagesvaran, Shaukat Ali and Tahurulla were outstanding in the defence. Shaukat specially worked like a Trojan breaking up many a promising move, though he is apt to get flurried at times. When a draw looked certain, Kemparamiah was in the picture with a goal scored from a palpably off-side position. That was all in the game, said our boys, and worked hard for the equaliser and the final whistle found the gallant Presidites still attacking. So we lost two valuable points. It would not have flattered us if we had shared the points.



THE PRESIDENCY COLLEGE FOOTBALL TEAM.

The Presidency made short work of the Pachaiyappas in the next fixture. We won by four to nil and many chances were missed. The visitors also attacked with vim but could not finish effectively. Parthasarathy did not play but Chandrasekharan who deputised played well and scored a good goal. Tahirulla scored from a penalty award and then Mohanavelu and S. Narayanan added one each. Shaukat Ali was again prominent in the defence with Nageswara Rao stemming attack after attack. The captain seemed to be improving with each game in all departments. However his display against the Lawyers was his crowning achievement on which he can look back with pride.

One more fixture remains in the Inter-Collegiate League, *viz.*, that with the Government Muhammadan College which in the ordinary course of events we must win with ease, for they are at the bottom of the League table.

Taking the League matches into consideration, the Presidency have a fine record having lost only 3 out of 11 matches, three more being drawn games. We lost to the School of Technology by one—nil, to the Medicals by 2-1 and the Law again by 2-1. It was by the fraction of an inch we lost these games. The drawn games were against the Christian College, once in the run for leadership, the Engineers, the ultimate champions and the Loyola, a good combination. The rest we have won outright. With the match to be played with the Muhammadans we conclude the League matches for the year, having lost only thrice to more experienced and weightier opponents. It is indeed gratifying to look back on this good record and strive to achieve more success in the future. Anyway the proverbial 'playing the game' will be our motto and to that ideal we would always cling.

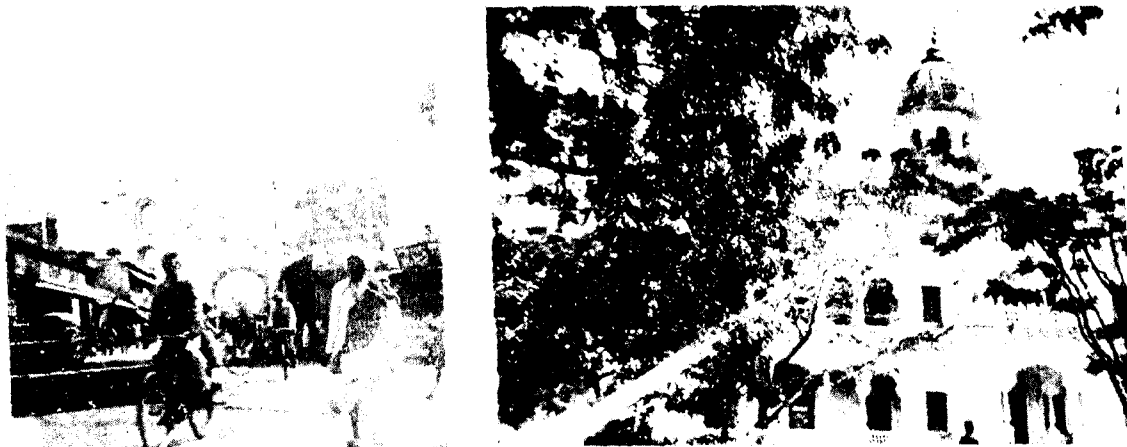
In the Professors' Cup we were rather unlucky to lose to the Loyola College by the narrow margin of 4-3. The Loyola forwards attacked strongly from the start and before the game was 15 minutes old, we were down by 4 goals. Tahirulla was late and before we could have his services we were down by 2 goals. Sundara Rao, the Loyola outside right, and the centre forward were very dangerous and supported by good defence they played well. But the Presidency soon regained the grip on the game and Mohanavelu scored with a fine cross drive. In the second half the proverbial second half revival of the home forwards told; Mohanavelu decreased the margin with a magnificent drop after Parthasarathy had scored an opportune point following a timely rush. It was rather bad luck that we were not able to score the equaliser as well. Shaukat's place kick was just saved by the goalie. Thus we made a graceful exit from the home tournament. We are glad we went down fighting to a man. The defence made a capital if belated display, especially in the second half, with Shaukat, Nageswaran and Tahirulla doing good work.

Our Football Team at Hyderabad.

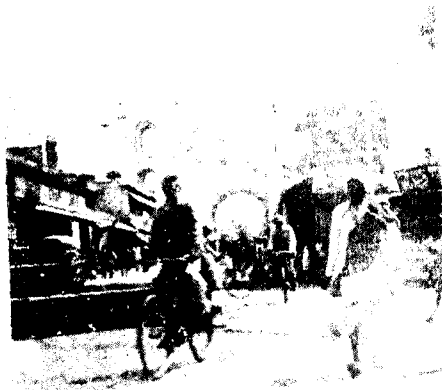
We visited Hyderabad during the Michaelmas Holidays. On the way we played a match in Nellore with a strong representative XI and lost by 3-2. Dame Luck frowned on us again and an open chance went abegging. A draw would have truly summed up the day's game. All our boys played well while Narayana Rao was prominent in the attack. We reached Hyderabad on Thursday, 22nd, at 1 P.M., and rested for the day. We were put up in the Nizam's College building overlooking the beautiful Fateh Maidan. On the 23rd we played the City College XI and got beaten by 5-nil. The ground was a gravel one covered all over with bits of stone and all their players were booted which added to our discomfiture. Our boys were taken unawares and we were at sixes and sevens both in attack and defence. It was a bad performance indeed, but the conditions were against us. We took defeat in the spirit in which we take a victory and were glad we played the game. Nageswara Rao and V. K. Subramanian worked willingly. Even then Luxmanan had three open chances but missed them in his anxiety and nervousness. Hard luck on the baby of the team!

On Saturday, 24th September, we motored to the Osmania 'Varsity and played a very strong XI which included some 'past' stars. We were sorry they were under the impression that ours was the University XI. We played a great game that day and must have drawn the game. They played the 'robust' type of football—many of them were booted—as a result, many of our boys received minor injuries. Though the Osmania attacked hotly, they could not score till the last ten minutes when a free kick was taken outside the area. We could have saved the point but a misunderstanding among the backs left the left-inner unmarked to score an easy goal. We attacked resolutely to get the equaliser and little Balasundaram did all but score. He wove rounds and rings round the Osmania defence but could not score. Once a bold rush in the area might have resulted in the equaliser but it was not to be. We went down by 1 goal to nil against a very strong XI—a representative University Team.

Perhaps we had reserved our best to give off in the last match with the Osmania Technical Institute. We played grand football and nearly won the match. This was the only match we played on grass grounds and this added to our confidence. The Institute scored easily but in the second half, Balasundaram gathering the ball in the opponents' half area, dribbled through a host of opponents and drawing out the backs banged in a magnificent shot, which left the tall custodian standing. It was a beauty and was greeted with thunderous applause by the crowd. It was a grand solo effort and incidentally saved the side. Both sides attacked thereafter but could not score. It was an exciting game and rightly ended in a draw. It might be added that the Institute beat the Andhra 'Varsity XI a couple of days later, which gives an idea of the display of the Presidites.



TOWN HALL, HYDERABAD



THE CHALMERS



We were glad that we were able to enjoy our stay in Hyderabad. We were received everywhere in the true Moghul way and shown wonderful hospitality. Mr. Qadir Hussain, the Principal of the Nizam's College, addressed us before our departure and said he hoped we would carry with us happy memories of Hyderabad and her citizens. We thanked Mr. Qadir Hussain and his nephew, Mr. Mahomed Pasha, who was always with us and saw to all our comforts. Mr. Pasha spared no efforts to make our stay comfortable and any amount of thanks would not be too great for his help. Our hearts were full and Pasha was much touched. We took the night train on Monday, the 26th, and after a day's halt in Bezwada, where Mr. Mahboob Ali Baig treated us to an enjoyable tea, reached Madras on the morning of Wednesday, 28th September.

An enjoyable and happy tour thus came to a close, though it was not so successful as one might have wished. Anyway victory and defeat are in the game just as sunshine and rain. One restrains the blinding pride of intoxicating success and the other cheers up drooping diffidence and timid pessimism. Both must exist side by side if we are really to enjoy the game. In this sense we took the Hyderabad tour which we all thoroughly enjoyed. And so Salam Alekum ! Hyderabad and your traditional Moghul Hospitality and courtesy !

Tennis.

The only conspicuous event in this section was the Open Inter-Collegiate Tournament conducted by the College. As usual the Tennis tournament proved to be very popular and there were 19 entries in Singles and 8 in the Doubles.

The matches in these Tournament this year were well contested and the tennis standard was really high. Mention should be made of the following matches :—

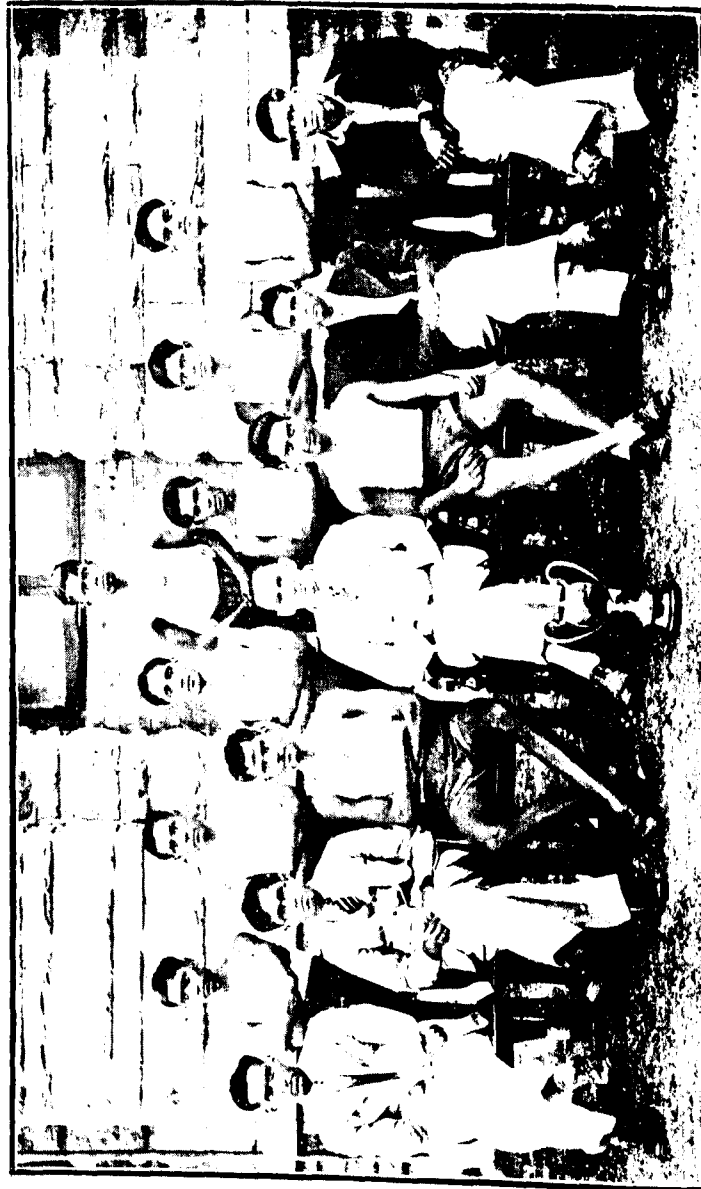
(1) Moses vs. Ramananda Rao, 2-6, 6-4, 6 0. Moses got a fright in this match and Ramananda Rao who extended him played sparkling tennis until the 'tournament fever' caught him in his last set.

(2) Narasimha Rao vs. Rami Reddi, 4-6, 6-2, 9-7. This was a long drawn match and Narasimha Rao seemed almost giving up the set. Rami Reddi played with caution and determination and long experience alone saved the winner.

(3) Ramachandra Reddi vs. Chalapathi Rao—Chalapathi with his services and drives pinned Ramachandra Reddi to a long duel which ended in a set all and five all when the light failed ; and on account of rain it was not possible to continue the match for three days. The match was thus replayed and Ramachandra Reddi won surprisingly easily with 6-0, 6-2.

Moses vs. Gajapathi, 6-4, 6-2.

Gajapathi played steadily though a losing game from the beginning.



THE MADRAS PRESIDENCY COLLEGE BOXING TEAM, WINNERS OF THE SASTRY CUP.

The semi-final matches were not as interesting as one would wish as Moses made short work of Narasimha Rao in two straight sets of 6-2, 6-2 and Bobji won over Ramachandra Reddi at 6-2, 7-5.

The final proved to be a very good fight. Bobji walked off with the first set 6-1 even before Moses could settle down. Moses took the next set at 6-4. The third set was the longest and Bobji frittered away the set on two occasions and left Moses to win at 10-8. In the final set Moses had some fight, though he won comfortably at 6-3.

Doubles.

Bobji and Gajapathi had an easy time till they came up to the final. They beat the Vets and in the semi-final they had their work cut out. Rami Reddi and Williams were in an inspired mood and were invincible. They moved in the court like one man and won the match at 8-6, 6-4.

The Law College pair were moving up from the bottom half. They beat another combination from the Presidency (Belliappa and Sethuraman) in their first round after a very good fight at 8-6, 7-5. They had yet another combination from us to beat in their semi-final. Chalapathi Rao and Venkatesan who accounted for Pulla Reddi and Thomas of the Stanley Medical College met Narasimha Rao and Pantulu in the semi-final and were beaten, the score being 6-1, 8-6.

In the final, the Law combination won the first two sets at 6-3 and 8-6; in the third set they slacked and had to give in at 4-6, but they made up in the fourth set to win at 6-3.

Boxing.

In the Boxing Match between the Presidency and Engineering Colleges held on 19-11-38, we were the victors by 6 fights to 3.

The following verses, by P. Sankaranarayanamurti, commemorate our victory:—

It was on the night of nineteenth November,
That we even sacrificed our cosy slumber,
To see the tournament of College boxing.
And the news of DEV's fight was so coaxing,
That really our own money we paid for the ticket.
Yes, we really paid each a four anna bit.
All of us in a Lorry were packed very soon,
Under the spell of a stroke of the Moon.
The groaning Lorry moved as we raised our voice—
A Lorry the 'certain envy' of all Rolls Royce—
With a load of noise amid violent shouts.

By the Q. M. C. the Lorry crawled on to the Bouts.
 And at last by a mere chance of Fate,
 We reached alive, not at all late.
 Now shall I describe the various fights,
 That gave us 'bone-thrilling' sights.
 First came 'all violent' Gandhi to fight,
 And soon was dealing punches left and right.
 Next was indeed a delightful show to see,
 Little SEETHU was all action and as expected we
 Punched out the cup, and came with a smile,
 With cheers roaring all the while.
 Nimble footed SCOTT with a tall, tall, chap came,
 But what is height alone in such a game?
 Right and left round about the boxing ring,
 Scott's opponent saw the constellations sing.
 And just as consolation for the Engineering,
 Arumugam lost amidst squeaks and jeering.
 DEY fought well but not for him the cup was destined,
 Never-mind, lad, fortune is not always very kind.
 Now comes the 'spectacular fight' of Capt. DEV.
 And all those who didn't see, let them Heaven save.
 With a smile he stepped into the lighted ring,
 And as the bell announced the signal 'ding,'
 Lo, his opponent is violently kissing the ground,
 And is seeing the moon and stars fly round and round.
 Next with a confident grin, Cherian strutted in,
 But all overconfidence flew off before Mohinuddin.
 The very next fight was a fighting embrace,
 A violent embrace to the blinking public gaze.
 Now with the Trophy we won by the Presidencyworth,
 Too eager to tell the victory to dear Papworth,
 Leaving for the Engineering, the medals aside,
 We rushed off to the midnight lorry ride,
 And again by some unknown chance of Fate,
 Came to our Hostel, in a jubilant state.
 So our hearty cheers for the Boxing Captain,
 May fortune always favour you in this game of SATAN!
 And cheers for the fighting Engineering friends,
 Another set of medals next time for you shall make amends!

In honour of this success, the College was given a half-holiday on the
 afternoon of the 21st November 1938.

PRINTED BY S. V. & CO., 190, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

