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The Presidential

Dec 1942 Vol II

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THE PRESIDENCIAN

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

VOL. II

DECEMBER 1942

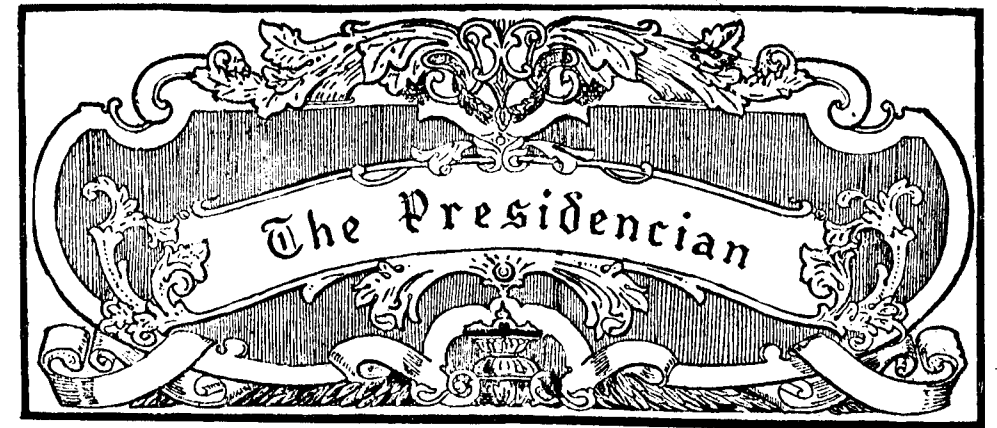
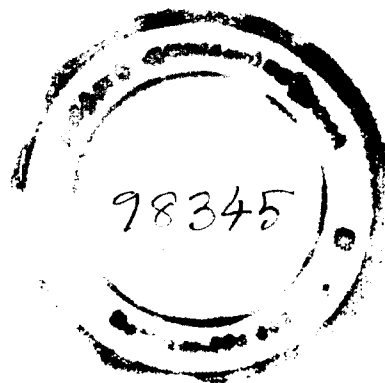
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No. 1

Modern Literary Criticism *

THE great English Literary Critic of the age of Queen Victoria, and one of the greatest critics of all time, was Matthew Arnold whose memorable preface to his 1853 poems and his volumes of *Essays in Criticism* produced in 1865, have had a tremendous influence on subsequent English Criticism. Poet, educationist, and above all critic of English society and literature, Arnold took himself very seriously and he was inclined to look upon the critic as no less than a saviour of society. Arnold thought that "more and more mankind will discover that we have to turn to poetry to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us".

Though much criticized as by Lytton Strachey in a singularly perfect essay on Pope which you would enjoy reading, there is such a large measure of truth in Arnold's point of view that none could lightly depart from it. Strachey says "Mr. Arnold was a poet, but his conception of poetry reminds us that he was also an inspector of schools. That the essence of poetry is 'high seriousness' is one of those noble platitudes which commend themselves immediately as both obvious and comfortable. But, in reality, obviousness and comfort have very little to do with poetry. It is not the nature of poetry to be what anyone expects; on the contrary, it is its nature to be

* A talk broad-cast from A. I. R. Madras.

surprising, to be disturbing, to be impossible. 'Poetry and high seriousness'! Of course to Dr. Arnold's son, they seemed to be inevitably linked together. If we look at the facts, where do we find poetry? In the wild fantasies of Aristophanes, in the sordid lusts of Baudelaire, in the gentle trivialities of a La Fontaine". There speaks an authentic modern voice and when we remember that Arnold denied "high seriousness" and therefore greatness to Chaucer, a poet whom modern criticism, both English and American, would justly rank very high, we realize that Strachey's protest is not entirely unjustified.

An enormous mass of literature of the critical kind has been produced in English in recent times, and in the limits of this brief talk it is only possible to refer to a few tendencies and point to a few outstanding names and some of their major works. The modern times are nothing if not critical and there is no department of life or literature which has escaped critical scrutiny, "the free play of the mind," to use Arnold's famous phrase defining criticism.

What is literary criticism and what does it seek to achieve? You will find there is no agreement among the savants on this crucial question. Middleton Murry, one of the outstanding names in modern criticism, whose collections of critical essays entitled *Discoveries* and *Countries of the Mind* are most stimulating and enjoyable reading, would subscribe whole-heartedly to the famous dictum of Anatole France, that criticism is the adventure of a man's soul among books. "More and more, criticism appears to me," says Murry, "to be an intensely personal affair. Every honest critic—and by an honest critic I mean a man who builds his schemes and classifications solely on the basis of his own reactions—makes a great cross-section of the universe of literature in accordance with his temperament. What he is and believes is more surely reflected in his criticism than in his direct professions of faith; the excitement of losing oneself in exploration, the elation of being possessed by the very process of discovery, is the most precious thing I have found in criticism". This is an admirable statement of Murry's own point

of view and of an aspect of romantic criticism. The objection to what is called this impressionist method, which undoubtedly has its indispensable place in the art, is expressed by Mr. T. S. Eliot when he writes "What is Coleridge's Hamlet; is it an honest inquiry as far as the data will permit, or is it an attempt to present Coleridge in an attractive costume?" Mr. Eliot, one of the two outstanding names in modern criticism I propose to commend to you, in his essay, "The function of criticism" joins issue with Middleton Murry. The critic to him "is concerned with the elucidation of works of art and the correction of taste". "He should endeavour to discipline his personal prejudices and cranks." The principle of classicism in literature to which Murry is opposed but which Mr. Eliot champions is, says Murry, "the same as that of Catholicism which stands for the principle of unquestioned spiritual authority outside the individual." Mr. Eliot's position, which is thoroughly intelligible, is that "men cannot get on without giving allegiance to something outside themselves". He would not trust or be carried away by "the inner voice". The romantic and the classic points of view which modern criticism has done much to clarify are expressed here trenchantly. Students of the subject should be familiar with the celebrated rules of criticism supposed to be derived from Aristotle, Longinus and Horace, and the appeal which Johnson, whose reputation has risen very high in the modern age, boldly made from them to nature in judging the works of Shakespeare. The nature of literary criticism and its limits have been considered recently by two eminent Professors and historians of English literature, Dr. Oliver Elton and Professor Ifor Evans. Defining the nature of literary criticism, Elton starts by saying what he thinks it is not. It is not the historical study of poetry and literature nor the body of scholarship devoted to it, although these are valuable and necessary; it is not that branch of Aesthetic called Poetic represented in the modern age above all, by the Italian philosopher Croce whose philosophy of Aesthetic has had a great influence in all modern criticism. It is neither a branch of psychology which in the hands of Dr. I. A. Richards of Cambridge University, the author of *Principles of Literary*

Criticism, Science and Poetry, Practical Criticism and other works, has sought "to sharpen our sense of the poet's process and of his meaning. Criticism is an art or craft like drawing; it is a product, like the poems, the *dichtung*, which are its subject matter, it may itself be a work of art, if the critic, as often, is himself a poet or has a poetic soul. Lamb's famous criticism on Websters's dirge;

*Call for the robin redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.*

'I never saw anything like this dirge except the ditty which reminds Ferdinand of his drowned father in the *Tempest*. As that is of the water, watery, so this of the earth, earthy. Both have that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates'.

In Elton's view this passage of Lamb contains all the essential elements of a work of criticism. It implies not merely appreciation but also a judgement of the poem's rank and worth. Professor Evans, too, in his lucid essay makes a much needed protest against the undue emphasis in this modern age of doctorate theses, on historical, scientific and sociological investigations of literature, when he says that "the final resulting act of criticism will be an act of imagination which, while it will be intimately associated with the creative work will have an existence of its own as a piece of experience." Professor L. Abercrombie, in his close-packed classic work which should be in the hands of every student, expresses the modern and romantic point of view, when quoting Manzoni's dictum that a great work of art "offers to any one who wishes to examine it the principles necessary to form a judgement of it", says that, "the great contribution of romanticism to the tradition of criticism lies in the liberty of interpretation which it claims". Professor Louis Cazamian in his *Criticism in the making* pleads for "a revived impressionism, saved from the chaos of mere personal judgements, stabilized by a

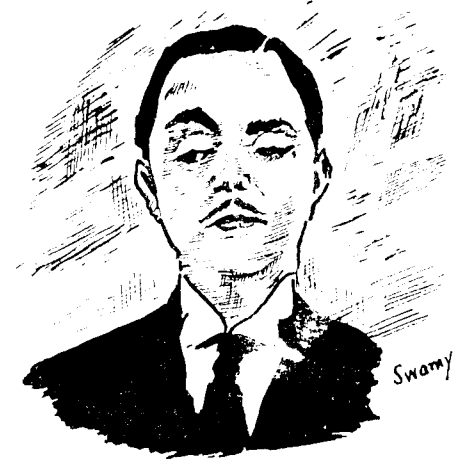
due sense of historical conditions and surroundings and deepened by a perception of the world within, that is disclosed by the new psychology" Criticism no longer dogmatic or merely historical, becomes a rich, positive activity, which through sympathy shares in the creative act of the artist".

The present century has produced some of the best criticisms ever written in English and the names of W. P. Ker and Walter Raleigh, both Professors in the early twenties at Oxford in my time, Dr. A. C. Bradley, Sir Edmund Chambers, T. S. Eliot, Virginia Woolf, Sir J. C. Grierson and Abercrombie are only a few of the writers who have achieved distinction in this field. It is true to say that "we have rarely had so many writers attempting and achieving the real work of criticism – the disinterested and imaginative interpretation of literature".

Of these I select only two for special mention – Prof. Lascelles Abercrombie and Mr. T. S. Eliot. Their work is of special interest for two reasons. They are both poets, imaginatively gifted and hence presumably capable of entering with the fullest sympathy into the processes of imagination. They are also learned and they bring to bear on their criticism an acquaintance, in Arnold's words, with the best that has been thought and said in the world. All modern critics, particularly Abercrombie and Eliot, may be said to have marked the force of Arnold's words in his "The Function of Criticism". "judging is often spoken of as the critic's one business, and so in some sense it is; but the judgment which almost insensibly forms itself in a fair and clear mind, along with fresh knowledge, is the valuable one; and thus knowledge and ever fresh knowledge, must be the critic's concern for himself". In the same essay Arnold spoke of Europe as being "for intellectual and spiritual purposes one great confederation, bound to a joint action and working to a common result whose members have for their proper outfit, a knowledge of Greek and Roman and Eastern antiquity". Abercrombie's works include a penetrating study of Hardy, books on *Theory of Poetry*, *Towards a Theory of Art* and *Principles of English Prosody*, and

above all the *Idea of Great Poetry*, one of the great works of criticism of the century, in which he seeks to inquire what are the qualities most noticeable in the poetry which has been recognized as great. "Concentration of a many-sided apprehension of life", in the words of Dr. Herford, "in a white heat of personality is, in brief, his notion of great poetry, and his book is a prolonged exposition, strewn with felicitous and often unusual examples of its implications".

Another stimulating modern critic is the poet still happily with us, T. S. Eliot. You may not be able to subscribe to all the large claims which his faithful band of admirers have made for Eliot's poetry and his criticism, but that in the latter field he is one of the most outstanding and vigorously stimulating writers admits of no doubt. Some of his essays in the *Sacred Wood* and most of them in his *Selected Essays* and his lectures, *The Use of Poetry and the Use of Criticism* have already established themselves as classics in their kind. Eliot's general point of view in his own words, is "classicist in Literature, royalist in politics and anglo-catholic in religion". He is particularly helpful and stimulating in his studies of Donne and Dryden, Dante to whom he is drawn more than to Shakespeare, Johnson and the Elizabethan dramatists. Eliot considers that order is vital to civilization and to religion as well as to literature and writes "If I ask myself why I prefer the poetry of Dante to that of Shakespeare, I should have to say, because it seems to me to illustrate a saner attitude towards the mystery of life".



William
Powell



Staying Power of Russia

FEW events in the history of this war have evoked more admiration and sympathy than the Russian defence of Stalingrad. For five weeks she has withstood, with no outside aid, the most efficient military machine of the modern world. In Central Europe, France and the Balkans, German armies have been brilliantly successful but in Russia they have met with their first setback. This stand of Russia is in striking contrast to the disorganisation that prevailed both in the army and among the people of Russia during the last war. In 1917 the Government collapsed before the strain of war and the army, according to Lenin, voted for peace "with its legs".

This change of spirit is to be traced to the rise of Communism and to the revolutionary changes introduced in the political, social, and economic life of the country. Before the Communist regime was established, Russia had for centuries been under a monarch that rivalled the far-famed despotisms of the East. Economically she was the most backward country in Europe. Serfdom continued to exist up to the late 19th century while the great mass of the people were illtreated and lived on the verge of starvation.

Communism has given the people "a faith to live by and a cause to die for". During the 25 years of Soviet rule, Russia has been transformed from an illiterate and backward nation to one of the most powerful countries in Europe. She has compressed into a decade processes which started in Great Britain at the beginning of the 19th century and have not yet reached the end of their development. She had to achieve this in the face of foreign opposition and organised internal resistance as well as the inertia of a vast, illiterate and capitalist-minded peasant population. In the course of the struggle, Communism had to give up or postpone some of its aims. It started as an aggressively propagandist faith but with the accession to power of Stalin, it was recognised it would be impossible to force Communism on other nations and that it would have to be confined within the

national boundaries of Russia. Though they were obliged to abandon their plans to reform the world, western capitalism was also obliged to abandon the plans to extirpate Bolshevism. Before Russia could completely establish the Communist ideal of "from each according to his ability and to each according to his needs", she had to allow limited rights of private property and private trade.

When the initial difficulties were over, she embarked upon a policy of mechanization of agriculture and development of industries. This policy involved great hardship to the government and to the people, but then, as during the present war, Russia showed a capacity for sacrifice that has astonished the world. She was attempting to bridge a gap that separated a medieval society, based on primitive methods of agriculture, from a socialised society based on industry. While industrial production in Britain, France and America during the last 25 years has increased by 50%, that of Russia has increased by 800%. There was a substantial increase in national income when national income in every capitalist country was falling.

Within the short time at its disposal Communism has done far more for the general welfare of the people than has been attempted in any other country. Every possible care and attention, both physical and mental, has been paid in Russia to the young generation. The bitterest enemies of the Communist regime have admitted that, as compared with the days of Tsarist Russia, the Bolsheviks have done great things for the children. Universal compulsory public education within the Communist framework was established and illiteracy has practically ceased to exist. Care has been taken to find out whether children have any special aptitude in order to train them along that line. Housing conditions have been improved and beggars have ceased to exist. Though the standard of life is lower than in other European countries, no Russian is denied the essential necessities of life. The position of women has been greatly improved; they have been given complete equality with men in all spheres of life and in the beginning there was considerable relaxation in the marriage and divorce laws. The Russian experiment, in this direction, has been severely criticised,

as leading to the breaking up of all home life. In recent times not only have these laws been modified, but sympathizers of Russia believe that home life in that country is as secure as, and in some respects better than, in Europe. Greater attention is paid to children than in those European countries where it is complained rich mothers leave their children entirely in the care of nurses paying them merely formal visits. The evil social consequences that follow from the economic subjection of women has almost disappeared. Unemployment, which has become one of the most serious problems of the present day, has ceased to exist. The Trade Unions to which every Russian belongs give all facilities for travel and for finding work congenial to each individual as well as free medical treatment when necessary.

In spite of its initial violence and frequent party purges it has remained a government for the people. The result of this is seen in the wonderful staying power of Russia in this war. Unlike France and even America there has been no sabotage or 5th column activities in Russia and she has been able to rely on the wholehearted loyalty of all her citizens. Communism has given her people an ideal to live and die for. Russia has even more to lose by a defeat in the war than other countries, she will lose all that for which she sacrificed so much in 1917, and achieved by 1941. The gulf that separates Communism from Fascism is far greater than that between Fascism and the most democratic Capitalist country. The Fascist idealization of the state, the insignificance of the individual except as part of a larger whole and a narrow nationalism or socialism are the antithesis of the Communist ideals.

The Russian resistance to Germany is in striking contrast to the sudden collapse of France, yet the French soldiers have been considered some of the finest fighters in the world and she is the traditional enemy of Germany. Even before the war broke out, it was realised that in any fresh war a struggle between these two countries would be inevitable, and a few years after the last war, France had been preparing to protect herself in the event of such a war. Not only are Frenchmen in responsible positions suspected of

sabotaging the war effort, but it was her unstable internal politics, the rapid changes in her ministries, that enabled Hitler to carry out several of his *coups* and consolidate his power.

The Great War of 1914 and the present war have shown that modern wars cannot be won without the people. The fall of Malaya, and of Burma are illustrations of the fact that an enemy by itself can never win a victory. Mr. Wendell Willkie has pointed out that without the people, the winning of the war is extremely difficult and winning of the peace impossible. The present stand of Russia could never have occurred but for the realisation by the people that it is a people's war. They have everything to lose and nothing to gain by refusing to cooperate with the army. Such a defence would have been inconceivable in 1914.

From the moment of the rise of Hitler, Ukraine has been directly menaced by Nazi plans of expansion to the East. In 1941 Germany attempted the invasion of Russia and but for the exceptional severity of the winter—the severest to occur in the last twelve years,—might have succeeded. The Russians, though forced to shift their capital, were able to ward off disaster. In 1942 Germany has renewed her attack with every determination to end the campaign. As Hitler told his country, Germany would never have to suffer as she suffered last winter and he has promised a victory, but the brilliant stand of Russia has passed all expectations. The Russian wheatlands in the Ukraine are already in German hands and they have continued their advance into the Caucasus mountains and to Stalingrad, the fall of which would push the Russians east of Volga and practically mean the collapse of Russia, yet the city has been held for two months and the situation changes from day to day.

There is no parallel in history to the Russian resistance. Germany and Russia are fighting from street to street, from house to house, and from room to room. Success and failure are judged not by the capture of cities but by the occupation and evacuation of a street or a house. Among the ruins of a city, which has almost been bombed

out of existence, the Russians have fought alone to defend her country and her new ideal of life.

However heroic the defence, it is doubtful whether Russia can win a final victory without further help. Germany has the initiative, Russia is still on the defence and all the destruction that inevitably follows in the wake of a war is committed on her soil, not on Germany's. At best, Russia can stem the tide of German advance and hold her at bay but that would only mean the continuation of the struggle on a more intensified scale when winter passes. The Russian winter is a great asset to her in this war, but while it hampers her enemies, the ice that is beginning to form in the Volga is also hampering the arrival of her reinforcements. In the Voronezh and Mozdak areas they have held the Germans, and Marshal Timoshenko has revealed himself as one of the greatest generals of his age, but the German army has already a foothold in Russia. During the course of his present visit, Mr. W. Willkie, while admiring the courage and determination of Russia, has warned the Allies that a second front is essential if Russia is to carry on and that it would be too optimistic to expect Russia to hold out indefinitely without any further help from the Allies than Lease-and-Lend Aid.

At Stalingrad is being fought the war not merely for Russia and Communism but to a great extent for the rest of Europe. With southern Russia in German hands Germany gets the wheatfields of Ukraine and the oil of the Caucasian regions. As far as raw materials are concerned, she will be in an unassailable position, with the resources of the whole of Europe, an achievement which the ablest generals of history from Caesar to Napoleon had not been able to accomplish. It would be impossible to blockade her into submission.

The fall of Russia would destroy one of the most remarkable experiments of the modern age—Communism. Whatever its defects, it is an alternative to Capitalism, it offers a new set of values, a different social and economic system. Though stigmatised as anti-religious, it has had a definite religious spirit behind it—the religion

of humanity and of human welfare. If, as is being increasingly argued, the world of the future belongs to common ownership and that only under common ownership can we abolish class distinction, unemployment, inequality and strife, Communism has taken the first step towards that goal. The day of isolated small countries has passed for ever. The tendency in modern politics is for large groupings of states. Even a genuine world federation, it is frequently asserted, is possible only on a socialist basis. Capitalism necessitates colonial expansion and wars. "Socialism and only Socialism will end war and ensure peace".

Communism is not opposed to an international order. Unlike Nazism, it is not based on obnoxious tenets, like the destruction of peace, glorification of war and the subjection of all nations not Nordic by race. The ultimate ideal of Communism is peace, but before it can ever reign in this world or a new world order be created, which will ensure peace, this war has to be won and imperialist ideas destroyed. Communism has given Russia a new faith and enabled her to fight for it battles which will be famous as Thermopylae and fateful as Panipat.

K. C.

Happiness At Last

The Persons Represented.

Natarajan, alias Nattu, a graduate.

Krishnaswami, alias Kittu, Nattu's friend—a graduate.

Kamala, Nattu's wife.

Nirmala, Kittu's wife.

Mrs. Bajji Bai, President of the Ladies' Club
and others.

[*Introduction* :—Here are our four chief characters, Natarajan, Krishnaswami, Kamala and Nirmala.

NATARAJAN, otherwise known as Nattu, is a young man with a large, intelligent face and his eyes gleam with the light of pure intelligence. He is wearing eye-glasses. His friend Kittu—handsome, tall, exemplary and prosperous—had walked for the four years of his collegiate life, circumspect and unscathed, amid the tender glances of a whole legion of fair damsels.

I am not a good hand at describing women. Yet I shall try to portray our heroines. Imagine a lady—pretty and with dark hair and a slim figure that was both straight and supple. That is Kamala. She is good to look at. Graceful her step with the spring of youth and perfect health, lithe and supple her slender form with her hair waving in clustering tiny curls. She is an "educated" woman and she is spectacled. But she is thrown into the shade by the beauty of Nirmala. The first thing that struck me when I last saw her was the purity of her complexion, and then, when I had sufficiently recovered from the spell into which her appearance cast me, the beautiful humanity of her eyes and her aquiline nose. A

loving kindness seemed to dwell in those large, dark eyes of hers. Her voice was girlish and musical. Her complexion was of an exquisite and delicate fairness that reminded me of the petal of a rose. Her sweet face was made sweeter by the long-lashed eyes so large and expressive and the swerving lips and rosy cheeks which needed no artificial aid to point their charm].

Act I.

A quiet corner in a park. Enter Nattu and Kittu.

Nattu:—Hullo, Kittu! see. Here in this paper is the photo of our friend Raghu who recently married one Miss Suguna. The bride is a graduate, do you know?

Kittu:—I don't care a hoot whether she is a graduate or not. To marry an educated woman! A veritable nuisance. What we earn will not suffice even for pin-money. She will be an *avatar* of modernism—

Nattu:—Nonsense!. By all means, you can marry a country brute. Later you will realise your folly in not marrying an educated girl. If you want to enjoy a happy married life, you must marry one who is educated.

Kittu:—Shut up. Go and marry, if you want, your *educated girl*. Nobody prevents you.

Nattu:—Nobody *can* prevent me. I will marry such a girl. This is as sure as that I am alive now. (Half whispering and half aloud) Ah! My Kamala.....what eyes you haveyou have the radiance of a real diamond among false stones.....To marry you is to reach very heaven. I will marry you or die.

Kittu (laughing):—What, my dear Nattu? Who is this blessed Kamala, man? Come, tell me. Am I not your dearest friend?

Nattu:—Forgive me, if I have not spoken of her before. This Kamala is my love. She is my all. I am becoming hourly more in love with her. I love her to distraction. How happy I shall be if only I marry her!

Kittu:—Don't worry. You will certainly marry her. We are one, though our views may differ. I am leaving for Bombay to-day and I don't know when I shall be back—perhaps a year or two. Adieu, for the present.

Nattu:—Adieu. I shall see you off at the station.

.....

[Two years have passed away. Nattu has married his Kamala. Kittu has married a woman of his taste—one who has not much of education but who is not illiterate. Kamala has studied up to B.A., but Nirmala only up to I Form. In spite of this difference between them, they have soon become intimate friends. This is perhaps due to the close friendship between their husbands].

Act II.

Kittu's house. Nirmala is stitching a cloth. Enter Kamala.

Nirmala:—Just now I thought of you. You have come. Live a hundred years!

Kamala:—Thanks very much. Will you comply with a request of mine—a small request.

Nirmala:—What's that?

Kamala:—First promise me that you will do what I ask. Or, I will tell you nothing.

Nirmala:—Why all this preamble and fuss? What is the matter. Tell me—yes, I will do what you tell me. What is the matter?

Kamala :—You know that I am the Secretary of the local Ladies' Club. I want you to become a member of the Club. I expect an "yes" from you and not a "No."

Nirmala :—No, no. Not me. Let us be loving and dutiful wives to our lords. Why should we go there and waste our time in idle talk?

Kamala :—You speak in a nice manner. We want such nice people to become members of our Club. You must now come with me. I am going there directly. This very day you must become a member. Come on, don't hesitate.

Nirmala :—No, Kamala, you must excuse me. I can't do this. What will my husband say if I do this without consulting him? I am very sorry I can't please you in this respect.

Kamala :—Are we the born slaves of men that we should do anything only after consulting them. Nonsense. We are not in any way inferior to them. In western countries women are serving in the army. There they enjoy equal rights with men. It is a shame to us that you, a woman, speak as if to degrade us. We are going to have a rehearsal of a play entitled "Comedy for Women" in our club, to-day. At least to witness it you must come. Start immediately. You should not refuse.

[Reluctantly Nirmala accompanies her friend to the Club]

Kamala :—Just see there. That middle-aged lady coming out from that hall is Mrs. Bajji Bai, the President of our Club. A kindhearted woman.

Nirmala (laughing) :—What a nose; How her name suits her!

Kamala (laughing) :—You are very witty. It is such people, again, that we want to be our members. Therefore you must become a member. You can't escape.....See! That lady

with a slightly yellowish face is Miss Tree. It is said that she has a tongue. She is lovable, but never has been loved.

Nirmala :—What a fine club! So many people, not wanted anywhere, of no use to anybody! (Shrugs her shoulders).

Kamala :—That is why we want 'useful' and energetic people like you. I shall now introduce you to our members. (After introducing her to the members) Shall we to-day have a rehearsal of our play? We shall enact only that scene in which the speech on men occurs.

All the members :—Yes, we shall have it.

[The President of the Club, Mrs. Bajji Bai, presides over the meeting. She fits into the presidential chair as if it had been built round her by some one. She has bright, bulging eyes and when she speaks, she shows her forty-seven front teeth. The speaker is Kamala].

Kamala posing :—"Men are all, in my opinion, fools. They think that they are superior to us, but if they want to win the affection and love of those whom they love, they are even prepared to go on their bended knees. One or two kisses from their mistresses—the men forget that there is a world, a war and in short they forget themselves. It is we, women and women alone that constitute the honour and happiness of human life. We are superior to men. If it is necessary, we shall fight for a separate '*stan*' for us—namely, Womenstan. Let us show to the world that we are no slaves of men." (Applause.)

Act III.

Scene i. Nattu's house. Nattu is going here and there impatiently.

Nattu :—Nuisance—regular nuisance, just as Kittu told me. I was a fool to have married her.....

[Enter Kittu]

Nattu :—Come on, Kittu, you were right in saying that there is no happiness in marrying an educated woman.

Kittu :—You were also right in saying that to marry one who is not educated is no happiness.

Nattu :—What do you mean? It is I that suffer and not you. I find no dram of happiness in my married life. She Kamala, I mean—does not even speak a loving word to me. When I come home I do not find her at all. I don't know what there is in the Ladies' Club more important than her home. That Ladies' Club is no more than a 'Chattering Nest.' The other day she was rehearsing a speech condemning men.

Kittu :—We two are sailing in the same boat. My wife it is true has not forgotten the loving ways of her early days. But though she goes to the Ladies' Club, she does not satisfy me. She does not want to read any magazine or book. Though she sings well at my asking her she stoutly refuses to come to a picture with me. So I too do not find any happiness worth the name. We have made ourselves fools by marrying them. The only course left to us is to quit our homes and become 'sanyasis? What do you say to that?

Nattu :—Yes, we will do it.

[Enter Kamala and Nirmala from within the house; they look a little upset].

Nattu :—Were you within the house all the time?

Kamala :—Yes, we were. We heard what you were speaking just now. You need not become 'sanyasis'. Please forgive us. [Each falls at her lord's feet].

[Exeunt all four, in pairs.]

Scene ii. A room. Enter Nattu and Kamala,

Nattu :—My love! Tell me that you will care more for *me* than for your famous "Talkative Society." Or, I will.....

Kamala :—Suppose I don't tell you. What will you do?

Nattu :—.....punish you under the *defence of love rules*.

[He draws her face closer to his and she yields. Then the punishment begins].

Another room. Enter Kittu and Nirmala.

Kittu :—Darling; Shall we go to a picture. Come to me.

[She comes flying towards him. His hands clasped in hers, they kiss.]

Act IV.

[The Cinema Theatre. Nattu, Kittu, Kamala and Nirmala watch the picture.]

Nattu and Kittu think that the other two are intent on the picture. They speak aside, in a low tone]

Nattu :—Kittu! Our trick has been certainly fruitful. It has wrought wonders. Did you see that they looked a little upset when they entered while we were speaking?

Kittu :—I noticed that. If we had not played that trick, we could not have made them obey us.

[At the same time the two women-speak in an under-tone] *Kamala* :—Nirmala! Our trick to test whether they love us truly has borne fruit. They think that they made us look upset. They don't know—poor men—that we merely pretended to have been upset.

Nirmala :—True. They will love us truly hereafter. They think that we have been subdued by them.

[The poor men did not know that what they spoke in an undertone was actually heard by the women. The women were not aware that their husbands had heard their under-tone speech. Now, who has deceived whom?]

Act V.

[After Two years]

Nattu's house. Nattu and Kamala fondling their baby-son. Enter Kittu and Nirmala.

Nattu :—Kittu! See your son-in-law, the pretty rogue who is waiting anxiously for his baby-wife.

Kittu :—Yes, your four-month-old daughter-in-law has come here to see her one-and-a-half-year-old husband.

[Thus both the couples find happiness—perfect happiness—at last].

K. V. PRANATHARTHIHARAN,
III Hons. Class.





For forms of government, let fools contest; Whate'er is best administered is best*

CARPING criticism is not perhaps the best mood in which to start writing a composition. But the first thing which strikes us, or me at any rate, in the above verse is its extraordinary vagueness. After a close study of it, however, we seem to see it in a clearer light. The phrase 'forms of government' need not perplex us. It evidently means those several ways in which mankind has, in the course of its long history, learnt to organize itself into separate political units. The first line of the couplet cries down as foolish all attempts to make for the predominance of any one of these several systems of government. And the second lays down the criterion of all good government; 'whate'er is best administered is best.' The standard herein set forth does not, at a first glance, seem to lead us anywhere. What exactly is good administration? Does it mean a strong and efficient administration? Or does it mean one which is bound to obey the will of the greater number, if not all, of the people whom it is supposed to minister to?

Let us start a line of discussion with the broad assumption that men are gregarious. This is universally accepted. It is drawn from the abundant evidence of History. Nowhere in the whole course of recorded History do we find any instance of individual men manifesting a tendency to live apart from their fellows on a large scale. But men have, from the dawn of civilization, tried to form themselves into societies and live a corporate as distinct from their individual lives. The History of man is itself little else but a record of these many attempts at corporate life and of the achievements of collective man as well as of the calamities which he brought upon himself because of his inexperience or ignorance. Civilization

itself has been made possible by this tendency to unity and its partial accomplishment.

Men have, in their attempts to live together, formed several corporate units of varying size. Each of these units has been called a state. Mankind is now divided into a number of nation-states. These states are the expression of the partial accomplishment of man's desire for collective life and, let us hope, the augury of an approaching completion of man's unity and the establishment of one state over all mankind.

Man has not only formed several independent corporate units. He has also evolved varied means of carrying on the day-to-day affairs of that corporate life, many methods of government. But these governments have not been stagnant. Human history has been and is one vast movement, a process of continuous change. The method of governing a people, which was first established has always been found unsuited to changed conditions and has had to be modified to meet the new requirements. Sometimes the existing method of government has become such an intolerable hindrance to the peaceful or regular continuance of the collective life of a people that it has had to be swept overboard and be replaced by a new system. It has also happened sometimes that certain cliques have got control of a particular government and have tried to run it in their own interests even at the expense of the well-being of the vast masses of the people under their charge. But such governments have seldom endured for any length of time. When the tyranny has become intolerable, the people have risen up against such governments with irresistible force, have overthrown them and have replaced them by a system more conducive to general welfare. It was by this slow and arduous method of trial and error that mankind was trying to evolve that system of government which would bring welfare to the greatest possible number of persons and run the corporate life of the people with the greatest efficiency. That

process still continues. We are still living under unsatisfactory forms of government and still trying to build up better forms.

Thus the nature of the form of government which obtains over a certain mass of people is of the greatest and most vital concern to all the people. It cannot be left to fools. The well-being of any mass of people is almost entirely dependent upon the form of government under which they live. The minds of the people, especially those of the more thoughtful and reflective members of society, have to be continually on the alert to notice any defect or short-coming in their government so that it may be promptly remedied.

In the light of these considerations, the first line of the couplet looks darkly reactionary. It seeks to draw men's attention away from the government under which they live. It speaks of leaving all thought about the nature of governments, on which, as was stated formerly, the welfare of nations depend, to fools.

The couplet presents us with a sort of contradiction. While the first line advises us to leave thoughts of government to fools, the second tells us what the best form of government should be. It is an attempt at setting up a standard according to which governments are to be judged. That government is best which is best administered. But 'best administered' may mean, as was suggested above, either 'firmly and efficiently administered' or administered in such a way as to conduce to the happiness of the greater part, if not all, of the people under the government's charge. The two interpretations may be different from each other, but they are not mutually exclusive.

Anyway, the definition of 'good government' given in the second line is far from clear. We have to arrive at an independent definition and use it to clarify that given in the verse. The ideally good government, the best that is humanly possible is one, I think we can surely assert with safety, which

brings about and maintains the untroubled happiness of all the people under its rule. But where this is not possible in the practical world, a good government should conduce to the well-being of at least the greater part of its people. It is better that a small number of people should be discontented and the great majority happy than that the little minority should be made happy at the expense of the happiness of the vast masses of the people.

Thus 'best administered' cannot mean a merely efficient government. For, the strong and efficient government of a little clique may cause the misery of large numbers of people. It is definitely established that a good government should cause the happiness of, at least, the bulk of its people. Such a government should, of course, also be, by its nature, efficient; for inefficiency in government may cause the misery of many people and the government can no longer claim to be 'good'.

But what should be the general nature of such a government? Can it be one composed of a minority, but still with an ardent and earnest desire to make for the happiness of the large mass of people, even at the sacrifice of its own happiness. I do not think such an idea is practicable. It may happen once in a blue moon that a minority is in charge of the government and yet works for the happiness of the majority. But saints are rare; we cannot expect successive bands of saints to be coming one after another and assuming charge of the government, only to discharge their functions in the interest of the majority of people. Self-interest will somehow creep in and degeneracy will set in bringing popular revolutions in its wake. Thus, that form of government which can most naturally discharge its duties in such a way as to secure the well-being of the majority of people should inevitably be one in which the majority of people have the controlling voice. The large masses of people can secure real and lasting happiness only when they establish a form of government every action of

which can be controlled, directly or indirectly, by themselves. This is the 'best form of government'.

We are here again up against a contradiction. The first line, as was pointed out, represents stark reaction. It wishes to put a veil before men's eyes and make for the continuance and maintenance of popular ignorance. But we have made the second line point its hand to progress. We have made 'best administered government' mean government which conduces to popular happiness, and have further established that this is practically impossible unless the government is in the hands of people who are entirely under the control of the popular will. And such a government cannot be a success unless the common people keep a continual vigilance over their government and thus be thinking more or less constantly about it. Thus our interpretation of the second line leads to a direct contradiction of the first. The contradiction seems impossible of resolution. (And I have no time!) We have anyway laid down the valuable proposition, that good government should make for the happiness of the greatest number, when the happiness of all the people cannot be secured. And also that such a government can endure only if it is to be controlled by that vast majority whose happiness it is to maintain and, if possible, increase. We have definitely rejected the intentions of the first line as dangerous and reactionary. Let us ignore the contradiction. It is the fault of the couplet, not ours.

Love

WEALTHY people passed him, shaking their heads and saying "He is insane"; but the poor, who knew him, lowered their heads and voices, when he was near, and whispered that he belonged to a better and prosperous world, for in his eyes they saw a strange light of eternal kindness.

He was nothing but a common man, who was clad in rugged clothing. He lived in the filthiest tenement house. He was unlettered, and seemed to know little of the ways of men. His hair was long. His eyes held the blue of infinite space.

"Why are you so good to me?" the poor one would ask, wondering over his tears of sympathy.

"Because I love you," he would reply, "and love is the mother of all that is good. If you will love men, your way of life will be strewn with roses from heaven. Exercise kindness, truthfulness and purity. How far that little candle throws his beams! So shines a good deed in this naughty world."

He had never been in a Gurukul nor heard one word in the scriptures, and yet, with a far-away light in his eyes, he used to talk of Sila and Samadhi. "Love is everlasting life," he would say, "love is eternal."

His poor old father did not understand why he should give himself up so entirely to others, and sometimes also he would remind him that Bikshus in the monastery did not sacrifice themselves so recklessly. He seemed unable to understand what Sangas were, and shook his head sorrowfully when his father tried to explain. "I cannot understand," said he, "people are everywhere dying in crime and pain and nobody flies to help them."

One day when he had been labouring for a week among the fever-stricken poor, he was taken ill, and his father thought

he was going to die. Being very poor, he could not even approach a doctor. At last a young theological student was obtained, who came to where the sick man lay upon his couch.

"What do you want," asked the visitor.

A look of hope came into the pallid features of the one addressed. He eagerly replied.

"A poor man downstairs has fallen and broken his leg. I fear he is without attention. I was trying to reach him when I fell ill. Perhaps you will go to see him; I need nothing."

"His mind is wandering," said the student turning to the father. "He could not comprehend anything I might read or say now. He needs medical treatment. You should apply to the public charities."

Then, on another day, his father began to read to him for the first time from a religious book. When he was reading of the life of Buddha, the sick man listened with a profound look of perplexity on his pale face. But when his father pronounced the words, "Love thy neighbour as thyself, be kind, oppress none. All love their lives," he uttered an exclamation of surprise, and sat up in his bed.

"I have spoken these words before!" he cried. "It was in another life which seems like a dream. I lived long, long ago in a different fashion. I had another father and mother. My previous names were Siddhartha, and then, Buddha. I tried to teach them to love one another—they could not understand. Later, many royal houses were converted to my religion."

Amazed at his radiant and transformed countenance, which held in it the light of eternity, his father fell down before him, crying. "My Lord! My Master!"

He lifted him up, his weakness gone.

"Rise," said he, calmly, "Call me not Master, for we are all one"

That very day he went about according to his humble wont among the poor and the miserable, spreading joy and comfort everywhere. Wan-faced men with death and hate in their eyes, despairing thieves, murderers and would-be suicides listened to his words of hope and began life anew. He went to the houses of the wealthy and pleaded in behalf of suffering humanity, misguided children, and mistreated animals, but was condemned and sent away.

Then one day his father took him to the monastery. He refused to don other clothes and hence the ushers, seeing his long hair and ragged attire, practically turned him out of the building. They went to another. Near the entrance was a figure of the Enlightened One on a lotus seat. He paused and looked at it for several minutes, murmuring; "Strange, strange." When they went further inside, he saw a stately procession of magnificently robed Bikshus sweeping along amid clouds of incense.

"Is it not beautiful?", asked the poor father of his son. But he did not hear him. His eyes blinded by tears of infinite sorrow, were resting on the white statue of the Buddha under a Bodhi tree.

His breast heaved; a sob escaped him and his head sank upon his breast.

"And they do this in the name of love," he said, as if in prayer. "They make an idol of my memory while my brothers and sisters are dying for the lack of love and kindness. They do all this to praise me whom they have so little understood. Mirth cannot move a soul in agony. Here, these monks are engaged in vain discussion over shadows. The devil can quote scripture for his purpose. Truth hath better deeds than words to grace it."

The poor father looked at his son, whose face was pale and set as with agony of death. "I must go," said he, "I must be with those that need me."

He never entered a monastery again. He continued his life as he began it, teaching human love and gentleness and the law of Piety.

Several months passed after his father's death. He could get no food to eat. One night, he rose and staggered out to search for food, suffering indescribable tortures. Along the street he tottered till he came to a brightly lighted building. He looked in at the door, and when he saw several people eating, his eyes gleamed with the desire of a famished animal. He staggered across the threshold, but was stopped by the door-keeper. "If money goes before, all ways do lie open. You have no money, move on!" The outcast did not understand. He could see nothing but the food within.

"He looks hungry, wait!" said a little boy, and he ran to the room and brought a fruit to the starving man. He hugged it in his arms, and went out into the night, chuckling to himself in joy. He came to a grove and sat down on the ground. Another man came and sat down beside him, eying the food covetously. The two looked into each other's eyes.

"I am starving," said the fruitless one, "I belong to a family descended from kings. I cannot beg. I thought you looked as if you did not want it. I am dying." The other remained silent for a moment. A look of ferocious desire wrung his face and he raised the fruit to his lips. Then a divine smile dawned in his eyes, and he preferred it to the other. The man took it eagerly, and slipped into the darkness. As he turned away, the head of the giver sank slowly to his breast. He fell stone-dead.

The bright lights of the houses shone on the cold dead form of one who understood naught but LOVE.

T. S. RAJAGOPALAN,
III Class (History)

Our Chemical Society

THE first of our Society is Mr. P. tall, slender and well-complexioned. Active by temperament, he is an ardent lover of games and sports. His is a name to conjure with in cricket and there is no match where he does not distinguish himself. He is ready at the nets precisely by 2 P. M. every day and practises sedulously till late in the evening. There is no night in the dining hall when Mr. P.'s excellence either in batting or fielding is not extolled. He has a throng of admirers around him wherever he goes. He is popular throughout the town as 'the cricketer'. And indeed such is his proficiency in cricket that he is able to turn a deaf ear to the warnings of his teachers. Paradoxical as it may appear, Mr. P. owes his selection to the University examinations more to his sports than to his studies. His achievements in cricket have indeed brought him into close touch with several responsible persons - both Indian and European and therein he has scored a point over all of us.

Devoting himself more to the physical side of his career, Mr. P. seldom finds time to touch his books. There is no day (except one or two during the university examinations week-end) when he wakes up before 8 A. M. (i. e., 9 A. M. Indian standard time). Directly he has his bed coffee, he pays a flying visit to all the rooms and then prepares himself for attending college. It is very rare by he takes his morning bath. He would directly be in the dining hall amusing all his friends with his witticisms and bringing liveliness into the lives of his fellow-beings. He attends college precisely by 10-30 but it is seldom that he sits through the forenoon. We have practical classes in the afternoon where attendance is optional and he is a constant absentee in these classes. Everybody knows where to find Mr. P. after 1 P. M. Yet it is indeed to his credit that by working hard just for a week, he has got through the examination.

Mr. P's cheer and activity manifest themselves in his leisure hours. We have our 'tete-a-tete' at such times. In conversation none pleases more than Mr. P. He is the "Will Honeycomb" of our Society. He is always ready with his descriptions of his encounters with such and such a lady, her dress and her gait. A constant complaint with him is the preference shown to girls or ladies in schools and colleges. Why should ladies be offered front seats in classes? Why do not the professors question the lady-students? Why should a lecturer who finds it hard to leave a boy unpunished for breach of discipline, allow his remonstrances to vanish into thin air at the smiling glance of a 'blonde' or a 'brunette'? These are some of his favourite questions. He describes what a poor figure he cut in his elementary school days when his village pedagogue caned him mercilessly and ordered him upon the bench especially before his little comrades of the other sex. We could understand him, for all of us without a single exception had looked upon our class-mates of the other sex with envious eyes for their coveted birth-right of being treated as exceptions to the general rule that "The reward of sin is punishment". How crushed and belittled we used to feel when a bright-eyed lady just darted her piteous glance coupled with a contemptuous smile at our poor lot! His remarks upon the fair sex are for the most part the results of wide experience. Unable to tolerate the tyranny of this feeble minority and lacking the audacity to bring this unfair treatment to the notice of the authorities, we could do nothing but broadcast our impotent rage to the world at large by attempting at a shrewd explanation of this partiality and especially by calling our lady class-mates by various synonyms. Mr. P is an expert in this art. "Road-roller, Blackie, Pilot, Mygoes, Venus" are typical examples. He explains this preferential treatment by the principle of Polarity in Magnetism. 'Unlike poles attract, like poles repel, the opposite polarity between the teacher and the taught accounts for this behaviour. The principle also explains the hard

treatment that girls receive in institutions meant solely for them—Convents and Women's Colleges. Our friend is well versed in Sanskrit and quotes innumerable passages from love-lorn heroes and heroines. He is a regular reader of the Radiant Health and the Caravan which admit into their literary columns matter dealing with ladies and love. He too had loved and lost and like Sir Roger de Coverly, had at some inspired moment thought fit to resign everything after being crossed in love—with not one but several girls—amounting in temperament at least to Sir Roger's famous 'perverse young widow'. He cared little for the whereabouts of his books, clothes and money and it was indeed a delightful scene to see his washerman looking for his soiled linen in the corners of all the rooms. On the whole, he is a very lovable companion—a true friend, remarkably frank, always smiling and happy.

Next in rank comes Mr. K. rather puny and short. A zealous patriot, he is always dressed in Khadi and preaches its creed to all his friends. An ardent social reformer, he takes delight in holding night schools for the illiterate and has actually enlightened the ignorant on various problems facing the country. "Work while you work and play while you play" is his motto. He rises up with the warbling of birds, takes good exercise and a refreshing cold water bath. In less than five minutes he is dressed and is ready for his routine quota of *iddlies* and *upmar*. He returns and begins an inspection of all his friends' rooms. Every one is anxious for his company and there are days when he is completely lost in conversation with his friends. He is so popular among his fellow students that even the most sober of the lot stops awhile just to exchange with him views on any topic that may be of interest to him. He has seen the seamy side of life rather too early in his career and so knows much of the world and its ways. That is the reason why his friends approach him reverentially for his views.

The reader would go wrong if he drew hasty conclusions about Mr. K.—from the foregoing account. An earnest painstaking student, he never misses a single class and is on many occasions, the only one plodding in the laboratory under electric lights. His early misfortunes have had their reactionary effect in making him independent, assertive and stoic. However he is essentially an optimist in outlook. He bears the most cruel blow with unfailing fortitude. Though conscious of his weaknesses, he never gives way to despair but works hard till the last patiently, with grim determination. "Try, try, try again" seems to be his motto. And like Wordsworth's happy warrior he "Looks forward persevering to the last,

From well to better daily self-surpass".

Like several students, he takes especial delight in mimicking our lecturers. His proficiency in this art is an acknowledged fact. None else can compare with him.

He is one of the galaxy of illustrious men whom we characterize as having a rough exterior and a soft interior. On more than one occasion he reminds you of Goldsmith's "Man in Black". Even when expatiating upon the knavery of the hostel peons, he finds it hard to restrain the fountain of his sympathy for their hard lot and never loses an opportunity of helping them. I do not exaggerate when I say that I have seen occasions when he borrowed from his friends to gratify the distressed and the forlorn. We too take liberty with his genial attitude and grab his fruits and other delicacies without leaving anything for him. On the whole he is one of those delightful companions—self-made, industrious, social and generous—whose company is desired by all.

Next to Mr. K. in our club room sits Mr. N.—well built, tall and graceful with a wide forehead, large eyes, bespectacled and curly hair. Born of a respectable Zamindari family, he is

rather sensitive and being the last child of his parents, is extravagant. The food supplied in our hostel could not, on even a single day, rise to his tastes. In the early days of our stay there, the poor gentleman was a victim of all kinds of diseases and had in one of those dejected moments, common with him, thought of discontinuing. He had many a rub with the warden of the hostel, his lecturers at the college and his comrades but he had the charming quality of patching up old quarrels at a surprisingly very short notice. In those early days of our stay he lost no opportunity of deriding the college and the hostel. And curiously enough in some of those dejected moments, we seriously thought of doing a little bit of 'social service' to our successors by posting ourselves at various railway stations and warning every candidate from joining that college and hostel. Byron says towards the close of his 'Prisoner of Chillon.'

"The heavy walls to me had grown
A hermitage"

.....
So much a long communion tends
To make us what we are"

He too reconciled himself to the conditions there in course of time.

Mr. N—was a man of indefatigable industry. A voracious reader, he was unrivalled in his capacity for sitting up with his book for 22 hours! He has exhausted within a short period of time almost all the representative works in chemistry.

Mr. N—like Mr. K—aims at imitating our lecturers. But to him, the lecturer is a hero. In passing, I may just remark that Mr. N—has received a Doctorate in Toadyism. He is well versed in that extremely delicate fine art and takes real pride when his friends address him as Dr. N. M. A. — D. T. M.

No other malady took hold of Mr. N—besides his homesickness. He was a married man and many were the songs he sang to his Laura full three hundred miles away.

Genial by temperament and broadminded in his outlook, Mr. N—helps all with remarkable zeal. He teaches and is ready to be taught. He is an occasional cinema-goer and discusses the relative merits of films admirably, spicing his remarks with numerous allusions. In short he is a delightful companion, a worthy friend.

The last of our society is one Mr. M.—a fine, well-built gentleman. He is a systematic reader, and has remarkable comprehension. He writes with the authority of a judge presenting arguments and conclusions in cut and dry fashion. He is a frequent cinema-goer and takes life easy. The lecturer himself has testified that he has not seen such a student for the last 25 years. He has already won many distinctions and is the finest product of our Society.

These are the prominent members of our Chemical Society.

"The Better Half"

THERE was a rap at the door. It was the postman bringing in a letter for Mr. F. James of St. John's Road, Bangalore.

There was something singular in this letter that made Mrs. Bertha James feel bad, sense something anxious in the air, at least as far as Mr. James could figure it out. Not that she knew its contents nor that he seemed to know it but all the same, she felt ill. James could see her agony writ large on the face. The address was in a feminine hand, flowing and aslant, such as it is impossible to imagine any man capable of writing. And it was particularly marked "local".

Bertha was never known to intrude into the correspondence of F. James Esq., the big business man of Bangalore; but now she did, and what was wonderful about it, out of what appeared to him an urge she could not suppress.

"Whom is it from, dearie?" She wanted to know.

"Well, er—I do—well, yes—I don't—"

"Don't what?" She seemed obstinate about pursuing the matter.

"Well I really don't know whom it is from, but I reckon it is from that ass, Jack. I dare say you know he writes a school-boy hand?"

"Oh, yes, I remember."

And then as he thrust the fateful letter into his drawer and took up the thread of their conversation which the postman's appearance had interrupted, she lost interest in what followed and soon found some excuse to steal away from his presence.

James felt the guilty conscience at work. He had tried hard to keep the matter from her but something now told him she knew it all full well. He had been arguing within himself that the matter was an inevitable outcome of the forces of nature and he had submitted to what Bernard Shaw so realistically calls the life-force of Nature. Surely he might have put up a case in his mood, he was not to blame if Catherine of opposite door was beautiful. Somehow circumstances continued to make him a creature of fate. There was surely something more than he could control if his office-room should look on to the window at which Kate did her toileting. And to do James justice, she was beautiful,—ravishing; and it needs no explanation from anyone that this was the same tempestuous and overriding force which made men burn "The topless towers of Ilium" or in more recent cases have caused fall of kingdoms and renouncing of empires.

That night, Mr. James hardly slept for a few minutes. The idea haunted him, the idea of his being caught redhanded almost in crime by his wife. He could conjure up before his mind her misery, now that she seemed to suspect his conjugal fidelity. With all her faults, Bertha was a good creature at heart and to do her any injury would break James's heart. He could not imagine how it could be known to her. Neither could he regard himself as criminal in this affair unless one were to be held responsible for the many wicked thoughts that one occasionally entertained.

And the contents of the letter! It made his blood creep that such boldness should ever be within a woman's reach. The idea was flattering indeed in a sense that *she* could have responded so readily and so favourably to just a passing thought (even though moralists might remind him that it occurred oftener than a mere thought ought to) of his; all the more since with the gift of her face, she might hold the whole world under her thumb. He was thinking in this strain when the contents of the letter

could hardly make sense to him. It was clear no doubt in language, signed by *her*, he knew, addressed to *him* and written in a remarkably good hand. Beauty was the life of her, he thought.

It took him longer than one might imagine to grasp what it imported. And yet all was clear. The address he read twice over to make sure it was for him. There are no doubt occasions in the life of man when he grows so stupid that the commonest things are no longer intelligible to him. Ask him his name, then, he might not know it! An overwhelming grip of terror generally achieves this but as experience shows, not necessarily; I dare say it forms a fit subject for psychologists to investigate.

The address, he assured himself, was correct.

"F. JAMES Esq.,
21, St. John's Road, Bangalore Cantt. (Local),"

Nor could one make any mistake about the body of the letter:

15th February 1912,
4, St. John's Road,
Bangalore Cantt.

Dear Mr. James,

I hope it suits you if I arrange a meeting between us at Cubbon park *after dusk* to morrow, where I should like to speak with you. It is *my* especial request that you would keep the appointment. In case it does not suit you, you may write to me. Silence I shall take as acceptance.

With loving regards from
Your Kate.

Silently he laid the letter aside. He could hardly believe what had happened. And then his wife? What was he to do in the circumstances?

He was undecided, tossed between two extreme feelings. He could not bring himself to write to her that he could not spare time for her. It would go against his grain to do that. And then, he was not sure of his position. When the matter was still in the regions of thought, she seemed to see through it. She appeared to manoeuvre much better than generals on the battlefield. To be frank about it all, James could see that he was literally *afraid* of his wife. It is a matter of solace no doubt to moralists that a high moral stand still continues to retain its capacity of injecting phobia in the minds of criminals. A criminal stands in the position of a nation which is defeated on its own grounds but yet thinks of leading offensives into the enemy territory.

* * * * *

He allowed himself to be busied over his official work. Just a distraction from the haunting theme. "Let things decide for themselves and I shall meekly submit to fate" he told himself.

He was at his morning paper on the 16th February sipping his coffee. Bertha came in, looking a good deal anxious.

She had just had a messenger that her sister living some miles from their residence was seriously ill. "Poor Rosie, dear," Bertha sobbed. "I am going there, right up" she said decisively, "and I may not return tonight. You need not sit up for me. I shall take the car and send it back" she added at the end.

"Oh yes, dear, and do not forget to convey by the chauffeur to me how your sister is."

"Surely" she closed up.

The gods seemed to favour him at last. Frederick James thanked in his heart Mrs. Rose Woodwater for *being*

ill at the right time and his wife for having an affection for her sister.

The fateful evening came on. The clock struck six, ringing in James's ears, the clarion call that summoned him to his engagement, curious though it was. James was half dozing, and, though he could tell you that he was not thinking of the momentous thing on hand, it was there occupying his mind, possibly not quite known to him.

He gave a start and sat up. Quick as lightning, he called his servant, donned his coat and in a few minutes was immaculately dressed. He went up to the door and even laid a hand on the knob, when he turned round and bounced off to the kitchen like one in a delirium.

"What is the matter, sir?" Queried the anxious cook who could see though not follow the workings of his troubled mind.

"Nothing particular" he told him and pretended to be very thirsty. As the cook was fetching water for him, he flared up.

"I say, when is your mistress coming back? I remember her having told me she would be back this evening. It is getting dusk and days are bad, you see—".

Any one could see that he was looking for reassurances on the point of his wife's returning the next day.

"Well, sir," the cook's answer was agreeable, "Well sir, Madam told me not to expect her this night. It appears she cannot possibly be back before tomorrow morning."

"Oh, I see!"

The big business man sauntered out cheerfully about his business.

In a few minutes he reached the appointed place. Dusk had already set in. He could hardly see a few feet before him. And he had not long to wait.

* * * * *

What looked to him a slender figure wrapped up rather thickishly was reclining on a seat in the meadow. She beckoned to him. He came up, meekly.

He could not see her face, much less make out her voice though it had a *familiar ring* about it. It was no doubt, he thought, a familiarity with the imagination which an excited mind can hardly distinguish from a physical familiarity. As she appeared to favour their talking in whispers, he drew near her. He could feel the warm breath of the soul that respected his passion, criminal though it was.

"Well, you got the letter, dearie?" she was the first to speak

"Yes, Oh, I never expected this regard from you!"

Silence. No word from either. It looked as though they exchanged words unspoken in terms of any human tongue, in the language of lovers—a curious set of creatures they must be not to be able to express themselves on the few rare occasions they can snatch of being within each other's arms! By all normal standards which man sets for himself, lovers do answer to their time-honoured description as no better than children.

She looked as though she meant business.

"You are married?" she queried.

He was silent and with a womanly instinct, she took it as affirmative in reply.

"Very long?"

"Not much—just two years". It was a case of reflexive behaviour on James's part. He knew not what he was saying.

"I suppose you understand me", he took courage to break out, "I could not help—could not *in fact* help....."

It would not serve the purpose of the story to describe in greater detail what happened afterwards and how they fared there—certainly not much to the expectations of either and decidedly not to that of the present ideas of facility of speech and cogent exposition prevailing in Interview Boards.

It somehow cleared up at the "talk" that she insisted on following him home that night, possibly after having elicited out of him the favourable circumstances of his wife's inevitable stay out of town. But it was clear that caught as he was in a position which could be made simply miserable by the sudden and miraculous appearance of Bertha sometime in the course of the night, he could not resist being led in the direction of 21, St. John's Street almost by the apron strings of a lady.

It was dark as usual and in his room where a shaded lamp would burn daily, it was pitch dark and as he softly stepped into the doorsteps in the darkness of the night (intensified by a vigorous scheme of complete black-out for some time in force in the city), he lost touch with his fair companion who, he took it, must be following him.

Suddenly he felt a jerk! the room got lit up and right in front of him stood the figure of Bertha.

* * * * *

"Oh, you have returned?" he asked foolishly looking about in fear lest his companion—in crime should loom up somewhere.

"Yes, and where have you been, so late in the night?" came the swift reply.

"Well, it was late at the club, you know,—and—I could not break away from the company of that eternal gossip, Williams—"

"Be that as it may" she cut him short, "I thought as you came in, I just saw with you some one who looked rather like a woman—probably you have got in your cousin or thing of the sort?" she almost sneered.

"Well, I don't know—I came—yes I did—all alone, Bertha. What—er how,—what do you mean?"

"What!" A monosyllable heralded the impending outburst of emotion on her part

She collapsed into the nearest armchair, and broke out in sobs.

"What!" she sobbed, "What! don't you feel thankful to me?"

"I saved you from damnation—You were ruining yourself and me, but *I have saved you!* Freddie dear, I have!"

"That means you—"

"Yes, that letter and meeting".

He could feel himself panting as hard as if he had run an unsuccessful ten mile race.

A good part of ten minutes went without a word from either.

"Yes," he stamped his foot, decision marking every word, "yes, *you* have saved me!"

They ended the scene at the dinner table.

"When I suspected, Freddie, that you were heading for a crash," she told him over the dinner table, "I thought I had better set you right in good time. I—. I wrote—I wrote that letter which caused you so much confusion".

She was forcing out every word deep from her throat and at this stage stopped for clearing it up.

"I met you at the park" she continued, "To keep you in perfect assurance about every thing, I executed a nice feint of a sick sister. Rosie is sound as a nut. And—",

"And, Bertha dear!" he said, with a voice rendered hoarse as much by remorse as by shame, "Bertha dear, you have truly saved me. *You have*",

And he kept on muttering it for the rest of the time at the table.

The next morning, much bustle was observed at No. 4, St. John's Street. The cook and the driver were found to gossip that Mr. Richmond and Mrs. Catherine Richmond were leaving Bangalore for good.

"All for the best", Frederick James muttered under his breath and added *perhaps*, "Bertha has done it!"

RAMACHANDRA NATARAJAN,
V Honis., (Physics)
Presidency College.

"The characters in this story are entirely imaginary and have no reference whatever to any person living or dead".

RAMACHANDRA NATARAJAN

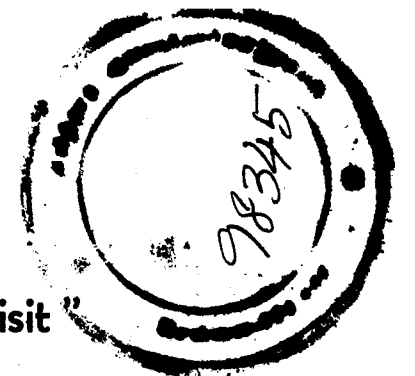
"Newton Pays a Visit"

(A Timely Fantasy)

ALONE in a well-furnished hall in that supernatural and beautiful mansion called Heaven, Isaac Newton is seated poring over a book with his head resting in his hands. Rows of book shelves are around, from which many have found their way to the writing-table, on which they are seen lying in a pile, among which treatises on Mathematical Analysis, Astronomy and Light are most conspicuous. He sits there quite insensible to his environment, and absorbed in reading a book, which on closer observation turns out to be Dr. Taylor's Vector and Tensor Analysis.

He closes the book with a laudatory smile and crowning the pyramid of books with it, he approaches the window, from where he gazes down at the planets underneath. He easily spots out the Earth and with equal ease discerns England, which in particular, receives his attention. His heavenly eyes behold Cambridge, and the thick clouds of smoke in which it is enwrapped; his ears catch the tumultuous murmur diverging forth from the city, together with less familiar (why! absolutely strange), sounds of an air raid, of which he has had no experience. Full of ardent and impatient desire to discover what the matter is with Dear Old Cambridge, he prepares himself for a descent to the earth.

With his eye on the University town directly below him, he drops like the much-heard of Nazi parachutist, down quietly from above. But, in the meanwhile, the earth has been completing its turn on its axis, (Eh! So celebrated an astronomer as Newton has forgotten the simple fact about the Earth's rotation about its own axis!), and so, it chances that he alights on a tennis-court of the Victoria Hostel instead of in Cambridge.



He is bewildered and extremely surprised when he finds himself alone at the dead of night standing on the levelled ground, from where he can but obscurely get a glimpse of the red buildings, completely dark within. Apparently, he is deceived by the black-out. But drawing nearer, he sees to his amazement, a dimly lit room, and looking around he sees a few more rooms with lights on. A furtive peep into the room at a bent head and an open book tells him that the person inside is a student, and the big structures ahead a hostel and a seat of learning, in the further back. As the darkness outside the window offers him a safe shelter, he advances towards the room; and as he does so, a flash comes into his eyes, and with a sprightly face, he recognizes the books lying open on the near by table as some concerning him. It is certainly gratifying to any man to see that his labours, literary or scientific, have not been in vain, that they are being widely studied and debated. No wonder the great scientist is pleased when he makes out the books to be "Newton's Mathematical Principles" edited by Cajori and Ramsay's "Theory of Newtonian Attractions".

A retrospective view of his past life on earth brings it into his mind that it was never his wish to bequeath his works to posterity. The gleam gradually wanes out of his eyes, as they gaze at the bent head from which two weary eyes are trying in vain to stick to the page and soon it dawns upon his mind that his discoveries are not studied for pleasure but out of a sense of duty and compulsion.

The anticipated exhibition of disgust from the bored student bursts out; raising his head, the student flings away the books, which, with a dart, find themselves in a waste paper basket. Newton, too warmly welcomes the action and says to himself that it was not an unsuitable place for more books. The confused and tired reader leans back in his chair, and loudly laments his lot, his patience being exhausted. His soliloquy, piercing the calmness of the room reaches Newton's ears with increased volume and

pitch, and strike a sympathetic chord in him. Glancing at the other dimly lit rooms, he perceives that the 'homo-sapiens' contents of those rooms too, are students of Mathematics and Natural Philosophy. After musing for a short while, Newton wings his flight back to his own happy abode, as it is daybreak.

I was conscious of a tapping at the door of my room, and as it became loud and continuous, I reluctantly got up from my bed. The Big Ben in the table showed half past eight! As I opened the door with the pitiable plight of the student and the sudden flight of Newton still before my mind, (for it took a long time to realize that this was a mere dream), I dimly saw some figures standing before me, which gradually shaped themselves into my friends, who, as usual, came to accompany me to the "Dining Section", as it was high time by then for breakfast according to the New Standard time.

(If I remember aright this occurred in the first week of September 1942).

T. K. SESHADRI,
III Hons. Mathematics

Socialism and National Socialism Compared

WHAT is National Socialism? It is neither national nor is it socialism. It does not advocate national self-sufficiency and the confining of national activity within the state. It stands for aggrandisement beyond the national boundary and wars with the neighbouring states. Therefore, to term this philosophy national is a misnomer. This doctrine is not for complete socialisation of all wealth. It allows private property to continue. It fosters and nurtures the capitalists. Its object is not to build a classless society. Therefore, it is anything but socialism.

Then what made the authors of National Socialism call it so? They thought that they could establish an order in which both the capitalist and the worker could be controlled by the state and thus force a truce between the two warring elements. They aimed at establishing a hotch-potch socialism within the national limits by pulling up the worker and pulling down the greedy capitalist. And lastly, they thought that they would be able to pay more to their workers and capitalists by exploiting other countries. This was the only way, they thought, for the glory and prosperity of the Father-land. It was in this sense that the authors of National Socialism called it so.

But how does this ghastly doctrine actually work when put into practice? It has denied the most fundamental rights of the workers to strike and to form associations. It fixes wages in an arbitrary manner, always against the interest of the worker. Unlike under Socialism, the worker never gets the entire value of production in one form or other, but he receives the whole production minus the lion's share of the capitalist. So the word socialism is a lure to deceive the workers. The order established by Mussolini and Hitler, the pseudo-socialists, can never be called socialism at all.

It believes that the Master-Nation must conquer the sub-human races and exploit them for its own benefit. It believes in the super-man and the flock-like submission of the entire world to that super-man. Again the theory of racial superiority is a remnant of old savages and is highly dangerous to the less powerful nations. Thus the very ideals of Fascism and National Socialism require wars and are exactly opposed to French ideals of 'Liberty, Equality and Fraternity.'

The philosophy of National Socialism is the philosophy of force, robbery, wars, destruction, social arrogance and reaction. It may mean more, is certainly not less. In short, it stands for the combination of Capitalism and Imperialism of the worst form.

On the other hand, Socialism stands for the complete socialization of all means of production and for almost equal distribution of the wealth produced by the common effort. It expects each individual to do his best and take as much as he needs. Socialism has no national bounds. It desires that the society as a whole should produce with maximum planning and maximum efficiency and that all the members of the society should enjoy the benefits of the labour of the entire society to the extent they need.

Socialism is against social distinctions and national arrogance. It makes no difference between the arrogant Hitler in the centre of Berlin and the poor harmless jungle-man living in some forest of Africa. It wants to build, not a society of parasites and gangsters, but a society of honest labouring humanity which will enjoy the benefits of its honest labours.

Socialism aims at the complete destruction of capitalism and bringing about a classless society where every member of the human race will be a labourer of one kind or other.

The Socialistic World-State will be an ideal state. No man will consider himself superior to another and every one

will have all that he requires. There will be competition and emulation in the service of humanity and jealousy and meanness will vanish from the surface of the earth. The human mind will be free from all anxieties for the future, for the society will take care of the needy. In this coming New Order which is no more a mere Utopian dream, the human spirit will rise to a level unknown and unimaginable at present.

M. A. MEHKARI,
Junior Intermediate.

Twice Paid for the Same Job

SUDAKHAR is too popular to need any introduction to Presidencians. He is a student of IV. B. Sc. He is secretary of the departmental associations and a member of the college cricket XI and so it is no wonder everybody knows him.

It was about 3.45 p. m. when Sudakhar, elegantly dressed in his new Paris-blue suit entered the Diamond Theatre, pushing his bicycle along with him. He went direct to the cycle-stand and going straight to the boy there gave him the bicycle and flung away a rupee coin at him. The boy said he had no change.

"Oh! Don't worry," Sudakhar replied, "you keep the change".

The boy gasped. "What Sir! Fifteen and a half annas. surely you are not joking?"

"Certainly not," Sudakhar answered, "But, in return I would like you to help me. Will you."

"Oh! Sure," The boy exclaimed.

"Listen" Sudakhar began "A girl comes here often on a new sun-beam bike with a dynamo lamp. She comes here regularly. Last week she was wearing a light blue saree."

"Now that you mention it," the boy interrupted, "I remember her."

"Come on. It is good. What I want you to do is this—when she comes here to-day you give her the number next to mine Mine is 23. Give her number 24. After she has gone, you put number 24 in mine and 23 in hers. I will see to the rest" "But," The boy began

"Oh! That's all right," Sudakhar cut him short "If you do that you receive a rupee more."

The boy smiled and agreed.

Miss Pramila was the new occupant of the Bungalow next to Sudakhar's. She was doing her Intermediate at Queen Mary's. Sudakhar had seen her some three months back and fallen for her. So, he was eagerly waiting for an opportunity to make her acquaintance. It so happened that both of them were regular visitors to the "Diamond" and both of them came by bike.

One day a fine idea struck him. That is—he would tip the boy and ask him to interchange the numbers. Immediately after the show when she asked for the bike she would get Sudakhar's. Understanding the mistake she would be arguing with the boy when Sudakhar would step in and play the hero—boxing the boy's ear for his carelessness—threatening to bring the matter to the notice of the manager, apologising for the mistake and crowning it all by offering to see her home.

But that was not what awaited him when he returned from the show. The girl was holding his cycle and was actually lighting the lamp. She had lit many matches without lighting the lamp.

"Shall I light that for you" Sudakhar began.

"Ah! no, thanks" replied the girl turning sharp to him.

"But shall I give you this match-box because I think by the way you light, you'll soon run short of matches."

"Please don't worry. I don't want anybody to enter into my affairs."

"But" Sudakhar replied "I am interested in yours, for I see in your hand, my bicycle."

She was surprised as she looked at the bike.

"Yes, I've a lady's bike at my number."

"Then it's the boy's mistake" she replied.

"Yes. I must teach him a lesson for his carelessness" and boxing the boy's willing ears to redness, Sudakhar continued "I must go and report it to the manager. This mustn't be let alone".

"Oh please don't do that" Pramila interrupted "Please excuse him as this is the first time. Poor fellow! It is after all a simple mistake. I would have found out the mistake as soon as I left. But I'm sorry I kept you waiting for a long time."

"On the contrary I was glad to see my bike in the hands of the most prettiest thing in the world." The girl blushed.

"It is getting late" Sudakhar began "I think, as we happen to be neighbours I can see you home," and they went together.

"What a nice thing" chuckled the boy holding two rupees in his hand. "That's exactly what she wanted me to do last week. But had I done it I wouldn't have got this rupee. Twice paid for the same job. I wish I had more couples like them" and went away to nurse his reddened ears.

K. K. SHANMUGA NATHAN,

II Class.

The Late Mr. R. S. Sheppard, B.A.*

Among the intellectual luminaries on the Anglo-Indian firmament, Robert Stuart Sheppard ranked high. He was a star of the first magnitude. Few others have done so much for the rising generations of students as he. He was a renowned scholar. He was brilliant as a student. English was his *forte*; and to make every student make English *his* forte through cut and dry methods was his self-imposed mission.

The present generation, removed so far in time and space from the subject of this sketch, may not know the "Who is Who?" of this great scholar. If he was great as a scholar, he was greater as an educationist. In the Presidency College Commemoration Volume has that great and astute scholar Sir C. P. Ramswami Aiyar estimated Mr. Sheppard's worth; and I, as an educationist, give below a nutshell biography of the latter, though it may seem belated or repeated.

Mr. Sheppard graduated from Madras Presidency College, standing first in English in the Presidency in the B. A. Degree Examination. In English he was a "*Kohinoor*" among his college mates. His insight into the language was remarkable. It could be described almost as an intuition. He taught the language through the medium of his "handbooks", of which there were many. "The good is oft interred with the bones; but let it *not* be so with *Sheppard*"—thus have I adapted Shakespeare's lines to suit the good done by Sheppard to the student population. Nor was the benefit of his writings confined to the boundaries of this Presidency. For students living in the seven Indian States near Madras, and those even in more distant places, stood to gain by the writings of this astute scholar. His "Manual of English", "F.A. and B.A. Lessons", etc., known as 'General English' in students' parlance, have been "grammatical Bibles", and they are standing monuments to his greatness as a grammarian and annotator.

It takes a scholar to appreciate another at his true worth. And no less a scholar than Dr. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, who like Sheppard, stood first in English in the Presidency, has done the "assaying". He has done it as a Prize Winner in Mathematics of the University. In his

* From "Anglo-Indian" for August 1942.

inimitable style, which may be called "C. P.'s Style", which is as distinctive as that of Addison's, Macaulay's, or Johnson's, and in his usual English as pure as that of Morley's, has he observed:

"There arose the phenomenon of Mr. R. S. Sheppard, whose name has now perhaps been forgotten, but whose compendia were the refuge and the bed-side companions of generations of Indian students. He was a versatile student of History and English Literature, but he devoted his great talents to the dubious task of writing examination guides, and short-cuts to study, which made a fine art of 'cramming' and which for about ten or fifteen years positively discouraged the study of original text-books. The student population *swore by* Mr. Sheppard, and the Examiners *swore at* Mr. Sheppard, but the Examiners succumbed." (The italics are mine.)

This compliment of our Sachivothama might look left-handed; but the fact remains that Sheppard was a man of great talents, and that he employed them for the benefit of the multitude.

Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar, Kt., K.C.I.E., has become knight twice, and "The Hon'ble" for the fifth time. He has been a lawyer (now an LL.D.), with "his quiddities, his quillies, his cases, his tenures." He is a statesman of no ordinary rank. If he is great as a statesman, he is greater far as scholar. The letters "Dr." prefixed to his name have never adorned one with greater profundity of learning or scholarship. Could it be that Dr. Sir C. P. himself might have had Sheppard as his "Bedside Companion?" For the subtlety with which he has differentiated between the two phrases, which I have given in italics *supra*, indicate an insight almost born out of Sheppardian contact! Anyway the phrase "swore at" will be found explained under 'Appropriate Prepositions' at page 373 of Sheppard's Manual.

One could state without fear of contradiction that Sheppard was a 'born' annotator. He had all the instincts of an annotator. One of his best annotations was the one for Tennyson's "In Memoriam", that long poem consisting of a hundred and thirty "short swallow-flights of song". In scanning a line in the poem, Sheppard's eagle eye detected a mistake—a mistake offending the rules of prosody. Following the suggestion of Professor Elliot (*vide* last para *infra*), Mr. Sheppard sent a giltbound copy of his annotations to the Poet, pointing out the mistake pointedly, as they were not afraid of bearding the lion in his own den. Tennyson, in his turn, wrote to the annotator a highly complimentary letter, referring to the mistake as one which must have played hide and seek for years, but was

brought to light by the watchful eyes of the hypercritical Mr. Sheppard, and acknowledged that the annotations brought to light "new beauties", which he as author had never dreamt of, and which were to be compared to pearls pressed out by expert hands from most prosaic oysters.

Mr. Sheppard showed the Poet's letter to the late Professor E. H. Elliot of the Presidency College—his contemporary, and himself an eminent English scholar and useful annotator, who wrote annotations for Chaucer. For Macmillan's English Classics Series, he and the late Mr. G. H. Stuart, M.A., Director of Public Instruction, were joint Editors for "The Lay of the Last Minstrel".

I had the rare privilege of feasting my eyes on the autograph letter of the Great Poet, through the courtesy of Mr. Elliot, to whom I was Head Clerk in his capacity as Secretary to the Commissioner for Government Examinations.

RAO BAHADUR R. KRISHNA RAO BHONSLE,

I.S.O.



COLLEGE NOTES

Changes in the Staff:—

Mr. H. C. Papworth, O.B.E., Permanent Principal, has gone on 5 months leave from 6—10—1942, and Dr. B. B. Dey acts for him.

Sri C. K. Krishnaswami Pillai, Professor of Geology, and Sri T. V. Narasinga Rao, Professor of Botany, retired from service, and their places have been taken by Messrs. T. N. Muthuswami and R. V. Narayanaswami respectively.

Messrs. G. Ramachandra Ayyar, Assistant Professor of Mathematics, T. S. Balasubramanyam, Assistant Professor of Sanskrit, S. Narasimha Ayyangar, Assistant Professor of English and P. Kochunni Panikkar, Assistant Professor of History, have been transferred on promotion to the Madras Educational Service, and their places have been taken respectively by Messrs. V. Gowrisankaran, A. A. Ramanathan, V. R. Varadarajan and D. Venkata Rao.

Sri A. Ramanatha Pillai, Additional Professor of Zoology, was transferred as Principal, Government College, Mangalore, and his place has been taken by Sri M. Ekambaranatha Ayyar.

Sri V. Krishnamachariar, Sanskrit Pandit, went on leave preparatory to retirement in October 1942.

SCIENCE SOCIETY

TERMINAL REPORT—JULY-DECEMBER 1942

*President:—*Mr. Ghouse, M. G.

*Secretary:—*Sri R. Natarajan.

College Notes

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Under the auspices of the Arts and Science Societies and with the support of the Athletic Association, a farewell party was given to Sri C. K. K. Pillai, M.A., L.T., M.Sc. (Lond.), D.I.C. (Lond.), Professor of Geology, Presidency College. Sri C. K. K. Pillai expressed his profound sense of thankfulness to the members of the staff and to his beloved students for the long and happy association he had with them. Mr. Papworth, the Principal, paid a glowing tribute to Sri C. K. K. Pillai for the great services he has rendered to the College and presented him with a nice, leather-bound, Centenary Commemoration Volume.

On Wednesday, 18th November 1942, the Science and Arts Societies presented a Variety Entertainment at the Museum Theatre, Egmore, in aid of the Common Room Radio Fund. The programme, among other things, included two classical Indian dances—the spring-dance by Miss. Basumathi and the Jyothi dance by Miss Leila Menon. Colour display and a darkened auditorium gave a picturesque effect to the dances which were superb in the portrayal of ideas. An English farce, Father and Son—headed by well-trained cast provided a good lot of fun by its balanced idiosyncrasies and lofty pretensions. A Tamil farce, Pasupathi, was also enacted. The College Orchestra provided pleasing music during intermissions. Another interesting side-light was Miss Balasaraswathi's song recitals.

The reception to the new Graduates of the year was held on Saturday, the 28th November 1942, at the Fyson Park, Presidency College, by the Arts and Science Societies. Among the distinguished guests of the evening were Mr. H. C. Papworth, Sri D. S. Sarma, Justice K. P. Lakshmana Rao, and Sri C. R. Pattabhiraman. After a delightful tea, the toasts of the Graduates were proposed and were suitably responded to; a Variety Entertainment followed. At the end of the Variety programme, Mr. H. C. Papworth addressed the audience at the unanimous request of the gathering. He suggested the building in the Marina grounds of a Stadium which can serve a variety of purposes including social gatherings etc. etc., and also the formation of an 'Old Students' Club, in the City.

R. NATARAJAN,
A. DORAIRAJ,
Secretaries.

THE MATHEMATICS ASSOCIATION

*President:—*Sri Rao Bahadur K. Annada Rao, M.A., (Cantab)
Professor of Pure Mathematics.

Vice-President:—Sri G. A. Srinivasan, M.A., L.T.,
Professor of Applied Mathematics.

Secretaries:—R. Natarajan,
A. Dorairaj.

On August 6th 1942, Sri K. Chandrasekharan, Research student, Madras University, delivered an address on 'Intrinsic Mathematics'. Sri K. Ananda Rao was the president.

Sri Sundarama Sastri, Lecturer in Statistics, Madras University delivered a lecture on "Mathematics and Social Sciences" on 23rd October 1942 with Sri G. Srinivasan in the chair. The lecturer treated at some length the close connection that exists between Mathematics and other social sciences like Statistics and Economics.

On 12th November 1942, Sri T. K. Seshadri, III Hons. Maths. read a paper on "Length, Breadth, Thickness and then What?" under the presidency of Sri K. Parthasarathy, student, V Hons. Maths. The speaker gave some interesting speculations about the fourth dimension, which cannot as yet be defined by any concrete term.

R. NATARAJAN
A. DORAIRAJ
Secretaries.

DRAMATIC CLUB REPORT

A business meeting of the Dramatic Club was held on 23rd July 1942 with Mr. J. Franco, M.A., L.T., in the chair. The following persons were elected as office-bearers for the year.

President:—Mr. J. Franco, M.A., L.T.

Vice-Presidents:—Mr. K. Swaminathan, B.A., (Oxon).
„ V. K. Ayappan Pillai, B.A., (Oxon).
Dr. P. P. Kallukaran, Ph.D., B.Sc. (Lond.)
Mr. R. V. Narayanaswami, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries:—Staff...: Mr. V. Narayanaswami, M.A., L.T.,
Student.: C. S. Sivaram.

Committee:—Mr. Mallinatha Menon, IV, B.A., (Pass).
Miss. Saraswathi Buch, IV, (Hons.), (His.)
Mr. Vasanthkumar Reddy, IV, B.A., (Pass).
„ Dastagir Sheriff, IV, (Hons.), (His.)

The main activity of the Club for the term was the getting up of the Variety Entertainment which was put on boards by the Arts and Science Associations of the College under the auspices of the College Dramatic Club, at the Museum Theatre on the 18th of November 1942. The proceeds went to the College Students' Common Room Radio Fund. There was a large gathering of students and distinguished people of the city. The two farces ("Pasupathi", a Tamil farce and "Father and Son", an English farce) were of a high order. The acting was exceedingly good. Our thanks are due to Mr. T. P. Kailasam author of "Pasupathi".

C. S. SIVARAM,
Secretary.

HINDUSTHANI ASSOCIATION

The Hindusthani Association is just two years old and has grown by leaps and bounds. The membership has been growing every year and this year it is more than 60. This is the only association that has got such a cosmopolitan membership, the only qualification being the knowledge of Hindusthani.

Last year the Association put on boards a Variety Entertainment in aid of the 'College Stadium Fund', and it was the only Association to have given about Rs. 400 for this fund. The function was a grand success, and the organisers, Messrs. Atta Hassan, Dasthagir Sheriff and Ghouse must be congratulated. Every member gave his or her hearty co-operation.

This year in the General Body Meeting, held under the presidency of Mr. V. Narayanaswami, M.A., L.T., the following office-bearers were elected.

President:—Professor J. Franco, M.A., L.T.

Vice-Presidents:—Mr. V. Narayanaswami Ayyar, M.A., L.T.
Moulvi Habeeb Khan Sahib, M.A.

Student Chairman:—Mr. Dastgir Sheriff.

Secretaries:—Mr. M. G. Ghouse.
„ Ibrahim Sait.

Treasurer:—Miss. Najma Banj.

Committee Members:—M. A. Mahkasi Esq.
C. S. Subramanyam Esq.
Tahir Sheriff Esq.
Miss. Saraswathi Buch.

This year the Secretaries have proposed to have a series of interesting lectures both edifying and interesting.

It is proposed to have another Variety Entertainment this year and with the co-operation of all the members we hope to do even better than before.

The inaugural address was delivered this year by Moulvi Habeeb Khan Sahib, M.A., with Dr. B. B. Dey in the chair. The address was on 'Native Colour in Hindusthani Poetry'. The meeting was a great success.

PHYSICS ASSOCIATION

The activities of the Association for this year commenced with the election of the office-bearers. At the General Body Meeting held on the 23rd July, with Professor G. P. Krishnamurthi in the chair, the following were elected office-bearers for the year 1941-'42.

President:—Professor G. P. Krishnamurthi, M.A., L.T.

Vice-Presidents:—Sri S. B. Bondade, B.A., LLB.,
B.Sc., Hons., (Lond.)

Dr. S. Kalyanaraman, M.A., L.T., D.Sc.

Editor of Magazine:—Sri T. N. Seshadri, M.A., L.T.

Secretaries:—G. Swaminathan,
S. Ganesan.

Treasurer:—I. V. Murali Krishna Rau.

The inaugural address of the Association was delivered by Professor Bhagavantham on Friday the 17th July. He gave a very interesting lecture on "Raman Effect" and "Isotopes". The lecture was aided with numerous slides. Professor G. P. Krishnamurthi Ayyar presided.

On Thursday the 23rd July A. Ramakrishnan of V Hons. read a very interesting paper on "Raman Effect and Infra-red". Dr. S. Kalyanaraman was in the chair.

G. Swaminathan of IV Hons. read a paper entitled "The Radio Valve Manufacture" on Thursday, the 30th July 1942. The lecture was instructive and was aided by lantern projections. Mr. T. N. Seshadri, M.A., L.T., presided.

"Physics of Movies" was the interesting topic on which Mr. D. Padmanabhan, B.Sc., delivered his lecture on Thursday the 7th August. The demonstrative experiments, the numerous slides and the cine film were very much appreciated. Professor G. P. Krishnamurthi was in the chair.

We had the good fortune to hear Sir C. V. Raman on Friday, the 28th August 1942. The subject of the lecture was "The Luminescence of Diamond". The Professor referred to the experiments on the scattering of light on diamonds done in his laboratory at the Indian Institute of Science and pointed out that the results obtained led one to reject the theories of Debye and Born in regard to the fundamental idea of the solid state. The lecture was illustrated with lantern slides.

Mr. M. S. Sivaramakrishnan, M.A., M.Sc., delivered a very interesting lecture on 'The Study of Metallic Films for Optical Work' on Friday, the 18th September. He gave out in a very lucid manner all the details necessary for the aluminisation of 'Mirrors'. Numerous diagrams and pictures followed his lecture.

'The geometry underlying the Physical Universe' was the subject of the lecture by Dr. S. Krishnan, F.R.S., on Thursday, the 8th October. In a remarkable way Professor Krishnan clearly showed to us that granting the rectilinear propagation of light, the Non-Euclidean Geometry leads to a curved universe. Professor G. P. Krishnamurthi was in the chair.

On Thursday, the 15th Mr. D. Padmanabhan, B.Sc., delivered a very lucid and popular lecture on "Sound Films". The lecturer made the subject quite interesting by his numerous slides, models, and demonstration experiments.

Mr. V. Narasimhan, B.Sc., (Hons.), gave a very nice talk on 'Faraday Effect' on Monday, the 28th instant. It was very instructive.

ENGLISH HONOURS ASSOCIATION

The inaugural address of the above Association was delivered by Rev. J. D'Souza, S. J., Principal, Loyola College on Wednesday, 27th July 1942. Professor V. K. Aiyappan Pillai presided. The lecturer spoke on

'Translations of Poetry' with particular reference to Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. Two meetings were held during the first term when interesting papers were read on the "Literature of the Future" and on the "Last Plays of Shakespeare."

B. S. KRISHNAMURTHI,
Secretary.

ARTS SOCIETY

The inaugural address of the above Society was delivered by Dr. Subbarayan on 21st October 1942. Professor K. Swaminathan presided. Speaking on 'the Turn of the Tide', the lecturer pointed out that the tide of war had turned in favour of the United Nations. He felt sorry that the English had blundered in their relations with India.

On 30th October there was a debate when Mr. Sankaran, (V Hons., Hist.) moved 'that in the opinion of the house unity is indispensable for the achievement of Indian independence'. Mr. Mallinath Menon, (IV Pass. Econs.) led the opposition. Mr. Venkata Rao, Assistant Professor of History, presided. The proposition was lost.

B. S. KRISHNAMURTHI,
Secretary.

TAMIL ASSOCIATION

On 17—9—42 an ordinary meeting of the association was held under the presidency of Vidwan R. Viswanatha Iyer M.A., B.O.L., and the following office-bearers were elected for the current year.

President: Professor S. G. Manayala
Ramanujam M.A., PHD (Lond); D. I. C.

Vice-President: Vidwan R. Viswanatha Iyer M.A., B.O.L.

Secretaries: Sri A. Alagappan III Pol. (Hon.)
Sri M. K. Murugesan IV class

The activities of the senior and junior branches of the Tamil Association for the new year were inaugurated by Vidwan K. V. Jaganathan on 28—7—42 when he spoke of the services of the late Mahamahopadyaya Dr. U. V. Swaminatha Iyer to Tamil literature. Vidwan T. P. Meenakshisundaram Pillai M.A., M.L., M.O.L., presided on this occasion. Sri

Jaganathan in the course of his speech eulogised the matchless services rendered by the late Dr. U. V. Swaminatha Iyer to the enrichment of Tamil literature for a period of nearly sixty years. He paid a glowing tribute to his sterling qualities and virtues as a man, as a scholar and as a teacher. The association paid its homage to the great departed soul by passing a resolution moved by Sri M. M. Ismail and seconded by Sri A. Alagappan. The president associated himself with the sentiments expressed by the previous speakers and extolled the services of the late pundit especially in the memorable edition of Sangam literature.

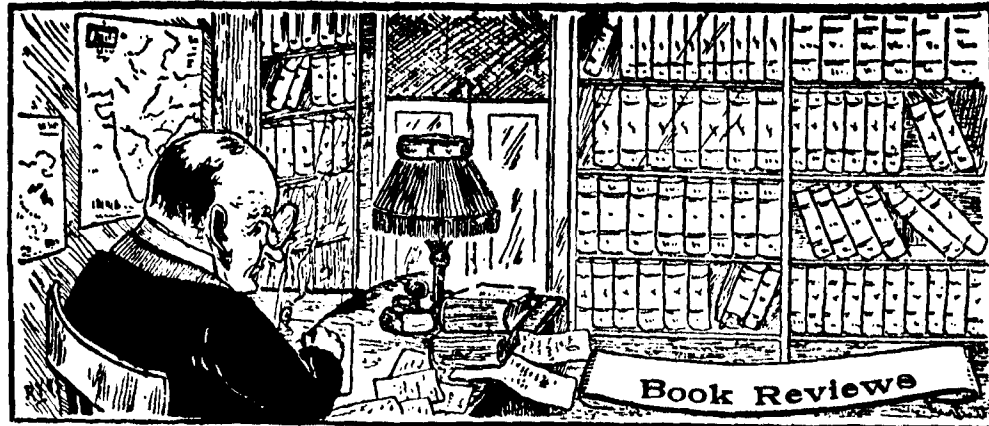
On 28—8—42 an interesting talk was given by Lady Raman on "Motherland and Tamil" when Srimathi Guhapriyai presided. In the course of her lecture Lady Raman referred to her experiences in the foreign countries where she felt ashamed to see Europeans as masters of Tamil language and literature. She gave some valuable advice to students and appealed to them to pay due attention to the development of their mother tongue. The president in her concluding remarks mentioned the services rendered by the late Subramania Bharathi to the development of modern Tamil literature and expressed her gratitude to Lady Raman for her interesting address.

Bharathi day was celebrated on 16—9—42 under the presidency of Prof. K. Nilakanta Sastri M.A., when Sri R. P. Sethu Pillai B.A., B.L., Senior Lecturer in Tamil, Madras University, delivered an impressive address on Bharathi's poetry and message. He cited instances from Bharathi's works to bring out his robust sense of patriotism and exemplary love of Tamil. The speech was vigorous, lively and instructive.

Select songs of Bharathi and a few articles on his greatness were printed in the form of a pamphlet and circulated. Srimathi T. S. Sarojini, T. S. Rajalakshmi and Vijayalakshmi entertained the audience by singing these songs. Bharathi's works were sold at specially reduced rates to the members of the College during the Bharathi week.

A. ALAGAPPAN
M. K. MURUGESAN
Secretaries.

14—10—42



Trollope—The Way We Live Now (World's Classics)

One continues to be pleasantly surprised at the neat compactness and beauty of each succeeding addition to the series of volumes in the World's Classics, which has now reached a total of 485 with the publication of Trollope's *The Way We Live Now*, in two handy volumes of a size so conveniently adapted for the pocket. Trollope seems to be much of a favourite with the editors who claim that more of his books are published in this series than in any other, and also that for some of them "this edition is the only alternative to the first". Certainly 29 separate works issued in 39 volumes (among the World's Classics!) must satisfy the greatest admirer of the author, seeing that his undoubtedly greater contemporaries Dickens and Thackeray are represented by the comparatively meagre 10 and 1 respectively.

"*The Way We Live Now*" is the last great work of Trollope, and one in which he breaks new ground. We are taken away from the rural England of pastors and squires and bishops to the heart of big busy London, the oyster which the financier-swindler has resolved to open, and are introduced to a various company of men and women who fall into the wide net spread by the great Melmotte. The love affair is the usual thing in Trollope—fatiguingly long-drawn with the chances evenly balanced till the last for and against the hero; and in this novel complicated by the appearance of an American woman on the scene—"the New Woman"—of whom it is obvious Trollope has not made up his mind what to think. The laboriously drawn, objectively presented Melmotte, in spite of the many eulogies bestowed on the character by the critics is not perfectly convincing; and the novel on the whole owes its success to the truth and insight combined with unsparing realism in the delineation of

its one great character Lady Carbury, the mother of the heroine. For the rest, we have here, besides, as in the rest of Trollope's novels, an acceptance of mid-victorian standards of morality and social life among the upper middle classes and the aristocracy, an attack on new and, in the author's point of view, deleterious influences.

C. R. V.

"*The British Empire and the War*". By C. M. MacInnes M.A., published by the Historical Association. Price 1sh. pp20.

The author of the pamphlet is the Reader in Imperial History, University of Bristol. The pamphlet under review is the reprint of a lecture delivered by him in 1940 under the auspices of the Historical Association, University College, Exeter.

The pamphlet explains the real meaning of British Imperialism. The author claims that the encouragement of the love of liberty and the application of the doctrine of trusteeship to the Government of the backward peoples are two of the many benefits which British Imperialism has conferred upon the world. In justification of these claims he offers general remarks on the evolution of Dominion Self-government, the progressive democratisation of the Government of India and the steps taken to promote the material and moral welfare of the backward peoples of the far-flung Empire. The reconciliation of a wide range of national and racial types in one great system is a noteworthy achievement of British Statesmanship. Honesty in dealings, individual and international liberty and infinite toleration are some of the ideals for which the Empire stands. The active and spontaneous assistance rendered by the Dominions, India and the Colonial Empire during the last war and the present, gives the lie direct to the accusations of exploitations, injustice and gross cruelty and to the alleged decadence of the British Empire made by Lord Haw-Haw and other experts in the art of falsification. The writer points out how even Eire's standing out of the conflict is a blessing in disguise, for had Mr. De Valera joined Britain, there might have been civil war in Southern Ireland and the prospect of importing foodstuffs from her, which are badly needed, would vanish. The present war has brought out the full significance of the Empire which is based on freedom and goodwill and in which gigantic efforts are made in every part for the defence of democracy.

J. FRANCO.

Akhand Hindustan :—K. M. Munshi — Printed and Published by P. Dinshaw at the New Book Company, Horneby Road, Bombay — Price Rs. 4/-

The book contains a number of articles written and speeches delivered, by the distinguished politician and Ex-Minister of the Bombay Government, Mr. Munshi. They cover a wide range of subjects but Mr. Munshi's primary object is to bring out the fundamental unity of Indian History and culture and their historic continuity. "Culture is hard to define," he says, "It is neither civilization nor knowledge; nor should it be confused with the social institutions which are only the dead material through which it works." It is the sum-total of certain values expressing themselves in diverse ways "through myths and rituals, through modes of life and canons of conduct, through theories and ideals of life, modes of expression in language and literature". It is a highly complex concept. Indian culture is, further, a synthesis of different cultures worked out into an organic unity through the historic past and because of that it has survived all onslaughts. It is still as vigorous and distinctive as it ever was. In this background, Mr. Munshi examines the case of Pakistan in as impartial a manner as possible and concludes that it strikes at the very roots of all India's history and culture, and cannot be accepted. His observations on the subject are instructive. He negatives completely the idea that the Muslims are a nation, judged by all the well-recognized tests of nationality, and regards them essentially as a political and religious minority entitled legitimately to the adequate safeguard of their rights. He concedes for the sake of argument that they may even be regarded as a national minority: the concept of a national minority was a post-war development, and meant "a minority in a new state created by the Treaty of Versailles and belonging to a race which enjoyed sovereign power in another state and the fundamental rights of which were guaranteed by the League of Nations." It is obvious that the Muslims cannot claim this status. Pakistan is not an attempt to get cultural protection or political safeguards, or even to obtain autonomy within the frame work of a single state. Its object is to break up the unity of the country in complete defiance of all India's history and culture. He is not, however, a die-hard for *Akhand Hindustan*. On Page 66 he observes "If the Muslims demanded a re-distribution of provinces in such manner as to give them provinces with a predominant Muslim population; if they asked for wider powers for such provinces with, say, option to federate later as to some of them, if they required safeguards against the centre rendering the powers nugatory, if they demanded fundamental rights of cultural and religious freedom for Muslims and Hindus in all provinces, one could not

ignore the justice of the claim". On the issue of Pakistan and on the subject of non-violence with which some of the later chapters of the book deal, there are bound to be considerable divergences of opinion. The question, however, has been discussed in the book under review with lucidity and clearness and, for the highly controversial character of the subject, also with candour and all possible impartiality. Pakistan has not certainly been vetoed by Mr. Munshi on sentimental and ideological grounds but on a detailed and critical examination of India's tradition and history. It is a scholarly treatment of a highly controversial subject and deserves to be studied closely by all interested in a genuine understanding of the issues involved in the most perplexing problem facing India at the present day.



This war seems to snatch away from the sports world the many facilities it enjoyed. The rifle is fast replacing the bat; the cannon is driving out the ball. In spite of this setback, however, we have been able to continue our sports activities. The M. C. A. A. Tournaments have concluded without a hitch. Our College has had its full share of games, thanks to the co-operation of the students, and the captains in particular. We conducted our annual open inter-collegiate tournaments in Cricket, Hockey, Football and Tennis with the same success as in previous years. The Medicals have won the hockey and football; the tennis doubles wait to be played in the next term. As in former years there has been greater enthusiasm for cricket and tennis than for the other games, though, at the same time it should be said that the hockey and the football teams have given a good account of themselves.

In Cricket our men have not had the success they might have desired or deserved. In the league matches with other colleges, one was a win against the Engineers, four were drawn and our one defeat was at the hands of Loyola.

In hockey we have won three, drawn three, and lost two. Our football seems to have suffered more with a record of three won, six lost and one drawn. Our Tennis fared better. Our Tennis pair, M. Swaminathan and M. S. Gajapathi were the runners up in both the M.C.A.A. and the Loyola College tournaments, and have come up to final of our home tournament as well and have to meet the Loyola pair in the final next term. In the meanwhile they have our best wishes.

Basket-ball and volley-ball are two new additions to the inter-collegiate tournaments and in these too we have done very well for a start. The Warden of the Victoria Students Hostel has very kindly allowed us the privilege of using the Hostel basket-ball court; he has also allotted a fine spot in the hostel compound to lay the college volley-ball court.

And here we are, now busy with the college Tennis and inter-group tournaments. War or no war the play's the thing!!

P. R. S.

JL

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