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The Dream Palace

By "K".

"**H**AVE you been to England?"

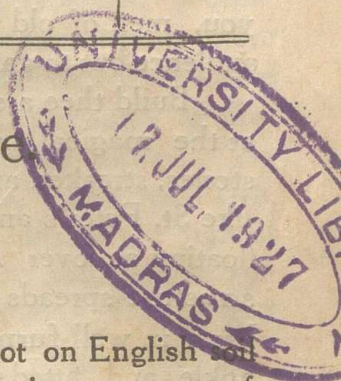
"Yes and no; no, for I haven't set foot on English soil yet; yes — for I have never in the best and happiest moments of my life, been out of it. To walk through old Wessex country with Thomas Hardy—wander over Egdon Heath with Eustacia Vye, be at the sheep-shearing at Bathsheba's farm, and follow the tragic Mayor through Casterbridge—is it not being in England? To be with George Eliot in Warwickshire, or Emily and Charlotte Bronte' in Yorkshire and with Dickens and Thackeray and Charles Lamb in London, this is to know better not worse, more rather than less intimately "Know'st thou the way to Dover? "Both stile and gate, horseway and footpath". As for the squalor and filth and dirt; poverty disease and immorality; all the seamy unsavoury side of any place, the less we see of it the better.

Ruskin's springs of Wandel, Kentish country in Jane Austen, the Lake District in Wordsworth, these are enough.

"This is queer travelling".

"Yes, by the arm-chair-route! and I have fine dreams too of places where I shall live and of the people I shall meet!"

Not far from Madura on the hither side away from Pasumalai, is a huge rock with a tiger-like aspect and broad



brown stripes on the sides marking the draining off of the storm water from its top. If you thought of walking round it, it will be a pretty three mile walk ; if you thought of shouting from one end to the other, you wouldn't be heard at all. If you thought it fit lodgment for dacoits and desperadoes, you have the right type of mind for writing short stories ; but if you dream of putting up a Vatican or an Alhambra, furnishing it with all the libraries of the world, you would, like a very sensible person, see all the great men of the world march past before you, men of old time and of all time, waiting, 'not to give audience but to gain it'.

Build thee a stately mansion, oh my soul ! Lo and behold at the magical call of poetry, gleaming with many-coloured stones, streaked and veined marble and porphyry, with domes like St. Peter's and colonnades like the Parthenon, with pennon floating as over Adrian's Mole, St. Angelus, Rome, the stately structure spreads and through its casements gleam the candelabras in well-furnished halls, carpeted to make you sink to your ankle and fitted with conveniences that make you fall in love with life and luxury.

The hanging gardens of Babylon, the labrynthine mazes of Crete, the winter gardens of Moscow, are here at our command, as we majestically move through them hand in hand. Aquatic birds in artificial ponds splash the water as they wash and dry their wings, while the rich plumaged birds of the tropics strut and sing on branches of trees. The gold-fish in the globe and the parrots on boughs, roll and gleam and glitter for your delectation. The ripples on the long lake glide softly under sun, moon and stars, glide on and on and gently lap and lave the shore. The rising spray is praise of thee my beloved, and each glistening diamond drop of it, a poem in tribute to beauty.

At early dawn the flowers drop one by one like rain drops and bedeck and bejewel the grassy lawn with gemmed and star-like grandeur. Lilies and lotuses bloom and the bees that gather honey keep up a monotone of music ; luscious fruits hang within easy reach and crush themselves in the mouth. Swings and hammocks and garden chairs, settees and sofas in

velvet plush ! What must the contended soul of man turn to, but to things of the mind ! to those greater feasts of the mind, transcending the senses.

For we have perpetual feasting here, the feast of reason and the flow of soul ! Shakespeare and Webster, Beaumont and Fletcher, Ben Jonson and Dekker and Marlowe, Greene and Wycherley keep ready their galaxy of noble plays and you have only to walk on from one booth to the next, close one book and open another. Shelly and Swinburne and Rossetti, Wordsworth and Tennyson and Browning, you cannot be in more inspiring, more soul-entrancing company. Ruskin and Carlyle and Meredith and John Donne and Jeremy Taylor and Walter Pater, they will discourse to you of high and noble things. So forth into Greek times—Aeschylus, Euripides, Sophocles, Plato, Aristotle, Aesop, Pindar and Pericles are names of the highest import to the civilization of mankind. Cicero and Horace and Catullus add refinement to life. Goethe and Heine, Racine and Moliere, are names to conjure with.

In our land, Kalidasa and Kamban, Valmiki and Valluvar, speak the eternal truths in imperishable language. I shan't weary you with any more names. Let us just walk into this radiant realm of gold, where the sunrise gilds with its wonderful alchemy the common trees and flowers of the earth. It has arbours and grottos, peaks and seabeach the variety of life itself, and the wonder of sky and sea.

The forest of Arden, Macbeth's castle in Inverness where "the air nimbly and sweetly recommends itself unto our gentle senses," Belarius' mountain cave in Wales with the hill ascent from which one sees people like a crow, the precipice near Dover where it is dizzy to cast one's eyes so low !, where crows and choughs winging the midway air seem as beetles and a man gathering samphire—dreadful trade—seems no bigger than his head ;—the lonely platform at Elsinore where at night the air bites shrewdly, a nipping and an eager air; the populous lawn, where Perdita presided over the sheep-shearing feast—no shepherdess but Flora peering in April's front—the fairy-haunted forest glade, where the mutations of the fancy filled a whole night's adventure and lastly the storm-tossed island, with its cave

line-grove fended, where Ferdinand bore the logs and sat at Chess with Miranda, the isle full of sounds and sweet airs that give delight and hurt not—these we hold in fee, as our sovran domain, in this great palace of the mind!

Shall we not receive company here! The children first: here is sweet Mamillius, who shall tell us his tale of sprites and goblins and of the man who dwelt by a Churchyard. The tale told softly that “yond crickets shall not hear it” has been heard in a whisper by all the world these hundreds of years! Young Arthur pleading with Hubert for his eyes; Macduff’s little boy brutally done to death and Fair Fidele whom we shall meet again later, now seen in her boy’s garb “Behold divinity no elder than a boy!” It is bed-time for children. See them safely tucked in bed.

Let us now receive the ladies. Tamora, Adriana, Queen Margaret and Constance we are not at home to. They are such shrill and shrewish company. We direct them to the doors of our enemies. We shall receive the intellectual women first, Portia, Rosalind, and Beatrice. But what solemn and stately figures are these that walk the glade in queenly dignity with tragic sublimity writ broad upon their foreheads? Desdemona, Imogen, Queen Katherine, Hermione and that culmination of perfect womanhood, Shakespeare’s highest tribute to the sex, Cordelia!

Flitting behind these, bringing a wider wonder to the world, and more of magic to the spring, come Perdita with wave-like motion, Marina, and Miranda the miracle of women.

We rub our eyes at the pompous pageant that fills and empties the stage, until we come upon these whose youth is a part of their definition and in whom love and loveliness are one!

But one more, the mightiest and the most majestic, that unparalleled lass, proud Cleopatra’s self! We stand in awe and gaze with wonder at the figure that holds realms and principalities cheap and strides over the pity of paltry Caesar with lordly and supercilious contempt! The wonderful woman in her infinite variety is the unique embodiment, at their highest and best, of all the charms that individually adorn other women.

“Would I had never seen her” “O Sir, you had then left unseen a wonderful piece of work which not to have been blessed withal would have discredited your travel !”

And think of her not as sleeping after the long day's task, as “she would catch another Antony in her strong toils of grace, but standing up peerless with Antony, with the proud declaration—

“Let Rome in Tiber melt and the wide arch
Of the rang'd empire fall! Here is my space!
Kingdoms are clay! The nobleness of life
Is to do thus!”

LET YOUNG GRADUATES NOTE.

“Two men I honour, and no third. First, the toilworn Craftsman that with earth-made Implement laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's. Venerable to me is the hard hand; crooked, coarse; wherein notwithstanding lies a cunning virtue, indefeasibly royal, as of the Scepter of this Planet. Venerable too is the rugged face, all weather-tanned, besoiled, with its rude intelligence; for it is the face of a Man living manlike. O, but the more venerable for thy rudness, and even because we must pity as well as love thee! Hardly-entreated Brother! For us was thy back so bent, for us were thy straight limbs and fingers so deformed: thou wert our conscript, on whom the lot fell, and fighting our battles wert so marred.....

“A second man I honour, and still more highly: Him who is seen toiling for the spiritually indispensable; not daily bread, but the bread of life. Is not he too in his duty; endeavouring towards inward Harmony; revealing this, by act or by word, through all his outward endeavours, be they high or low? Highest of all, when his outward and his inward endeavour are one; when we can name him Artist; not earthly Craftsman only, but inspired Thinker, who with heaven-made Implement conquers Heaven for us! If the poor and humble toil that we have Food, must not the high and glorious toil for him in return, that we have light, have Guidance, Freedom, Immortality?—These two, in all their degrees, I honour: all else is chaff and dust, which let the wind blow whither it listeth”.

SARTOR RESARTUS.

Keats and Shelley— A Comparative Study.

[By Mr. P. RAMANATHAN, M. A.]

NO two poets of the nineteenth century were so expressive of the multifarious tendencies of the period in which they lived as Keats and Shelley. Yet there is almost a tenderness and pathos which is associated with their names for both of them died while comparatively young— Keats when he was of the age of twenty-six, and Shelley when he was thirty. Both were saturated with the rich and glorious traditions of English, Italian and Greek poetry, and the community of kinship to which they belong is indicated by their death and burial in Italy. Both of them breathed the warm, luscious, bracing Italian air : and they are marked by such exquisite sensibility of temper that they became the singers of pure passion in lyric measures—almost of the first order.

Yet there are differences in their outlook on life and poetry—such differences as are inevitable to those who live in altering circumstances as they did. Keats spent all his life in London or in its neighbourhood ; his poetry in consequence breathes of the meadows, the woods, the rivers, and the fields of English rural parts. He was bound down by them—although he frequently attempted to dwell purely in the fancies of his imagination. Shelley, on the other hand, went as it were into voluntary exile into Italy. "In Italy", as Rev. S. A. Brooke remarks, "in the warm and living air both of nature and man, impulses come in a flashing light and glow, and while they last they pulsate like the colour-changing skies of Italian nights". Shelley, therefore, became a poet of pure impulse, being swept in the rush and impetuosity of its career, rarely touching the ground.

These different surroundings left their permanent influence both on their outlook on life, and in their poetry. Shelley and Keats were first and foremost poets who went in quest of Ideal Beauty. To Shelley as to Keats the world was a "dim vast vale of tears," a world of "weariness, fever, and fret,"

"where men sit and hear each other groan." Here "Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes." Therefore they sought after the more enduring, the more permanent, and the more perfect type of Beauty — Ideal Beauty, in short. "I have not the slightest *feel* of humility towards the public," wrote Keats to Reynolds, replying to his criticism of *Endymion*, "or to anything in existence but the Eternal Being, the Principle of Beauty, and the Memory of Great Men." And Shelley gives similar expression, though in poetry —

"I vowed that I would dedicate my powers
To thee (Spirit of Beauty) and thine——"

But there was a difference in their ideas of this Beauty and in the means they adopted to realise it. To Keats it was a *principle* discoverable everywhere *on earth*— in the cast of a countenance, in the scent of a stubble field, or in the vocal chords of a nightingale: and it has to be sought after and realised on earth. Such a type of Beauty because it is a principle, is everlasting, is truth in itself. The voice he hears of the nightingale "this passing night"

"was heard

In ancient days by emperor and clown",

Therefore,

"Beauty is truth, truth beauty, — that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know."

To Shelley, on the other hand, Ideal Beauty is not to be found on earth. It is primarily not a principle, but an unembodied Spirit, which has its existence perhaps in the intellect of man or anywhere; but which is seen operating from within this world of arts occasionally, but which is elusive and fleeting in its character. That we may seize occasional glimpses of its power Shelley gives us to understand in his Lines written upon Euganean Hills, To Jane—The Recollection, etc. The glorious vision he sees at noon-day from the tops of the Euganean Hills, when all aspects of nature "Interpenetrated lie by the glory of the sky", is the handiwork of the Spirit. Similarly the Spirit's power is evident in the pine forest of the Cascine near Pisa,

when the absolute calmness of the surrounding scenery suggests to him that

"A Spirit interfused around,
A thrilling silent life,—
To *momentary peace* it bound
Our mortal nature's strife".

The Spirit of Beauty, then to Shelley, is that unseen Power which visits and illuminates this "vale of tears" with inconstant glorious flashes, and which works from within the world, striving to transform creation in accordance with its own radiant perfection. What precisely this Spirit of Beauty is, Shelley does not let us know. He is himself not sure about it. In the Hymn to Intellectual Beauty it is hailed as "Awful Loveliness"; in *Prometheus Unbound* it is the Spirit of Love which "interpenetrates" Earth's "granite mass"; in *Adonais* it is the One contrasted with the Many; and in *Alastor* it is the vision which haunts Alastor — the perfect Being whom he seeks unceasingly through the universe, and whose elusive nature finally breaks his heart.' Thus, there is this essential difference between the two poets, that while Keats tried to realise the ideal in the real (the facts of existence), and found it, the other, ignoring the reality of existence, sought to find the ideal *here*, and had only fleeting visions of it. Therefore, he longed and aspired to realise it *elsewhere* — in another realm, the intellectual or the imaginative.

The same difference between the poets is noticeable also in their attitude to love. At the outset it is remarkable that while Shelley has left behind him quite a number of love lyrics, songs of pure personal passion, Keats rarely deals with it solely, but as incidental to a story in hand. This is perhaps because of the circumstances of their life. Shelley could not love the women he married, and Keats could not marry the woman he loved. Shelley could not love them because they were not capable of such infinite, soul-engrossing, self-annihilating passion as he represented love to be. Yet it was not lust, nor any of the amours of worldly life. 'The personal protestation at the close of each verse of *Love's Philosophy* expresses Shelley's attitude to love far less than the other lines which see love everywhere,

in the fountains wedded to the river, and the mountains kissing heaven. He makes a simple and true statement of facts elsewhere when he admits : "I can give not what men call love". But the thirst for the passion he has is expressed in the words of St. Augustine : "*amare amabam, quaerebam quid amarem, amans amare*" (I was yearning to love, seeking what to love, being eager to love), — a motto which he prefixed to his own *Alastor*. In other words Shelley was in love with love, not the mortal passion, which is inconstant, and which fades with the flower, but that deep, everlasting passion, the ideal one which is omnipresent and omnipotent — the 'desire of the moth for the star' as he himself says. Thus, like his Spirit of Beauty, his Love too is of the Ideal type — belonging to the mind, and evoked more by it, than by the senses or by the heart. Shelley gives expression to this Ideal in his poem beginning, 'One word is too often profaned'. He defines it there as "The devotion to something afar from the sphere of our sorrow ;" while in the lines : 'When the Lamp is shattered', he speaks of the inconsistency and the very fleeting nature of mortal love thus—

"When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot."

Love, therefore, is an Ideal passion with Shelley. But with Keats it is purely earthly. The passion was evoked in his case by his attraction to Fanny Brawne ; and his secretive, sensuous nature made him dwell morbidly over this. Now and then, as in his last sonnet, he expresses his personal enthusiasm, but it is such as would be evoked in the heart of any ardent lover, who broods over his passion fondly, and who knows it is hopeless ; Keat's then was an earthly passion, and sensuous, — love that is unrealized, and that therefore lands him in morbidity and despair ; while Shelley's was an ethereal passion, and intellectual,—love, that is only realised for the moment, so far as it concerns the earth, and then is lost irretrievably.

When hearts have once mingled
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed."

But it does not land him in despair : it fills him with infinite regret, and the hope that it may later still be realised.

"I love Love — though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee —
Thou art love and life ! Oh, come,
Make once more my heart thy home".

Finally, there is the poet's attitude to Nature, which points to this same difference. Shelley deals with the unusual, gigantic, and mysterious aspects of nature, vast, indefinite, or changeful in character, — huge cliffs, vast mountains, dark woods and caves ; or the scenery of the sky, of storm and cloud, of sunset and sunrise, or of wide landscapes like that "which the poet in *Alastor* looks upon from the edge of a mountain precipice." There is always something nebulous, unearthly in his descriptions. "The clouds which roll over the plains of his poetry dip to no horizon : his mountains are seen, like fairy-castles, in mid-air ; his skylark never comes to earth.' Venice seen at dawn becomes a living mass of fire, its tall columns, towers and spires pointing like so many tongues of flame 'From the altar of dark ocean To the sapphire-tinted skies.' Yet, Shelley of all poets, has the capacity to give a measure of substance to airy nothings. 'The West Wind which surges superbly through its stanzas assumes something of the concrete majesty of an invincible army ; the cloud that brings showers for the thirsting flowers is as personal as Florence Nightingale ; Winter arrives in *The Sensitive Plant* like some monstrous pagan god—

"Winter came : the wind was his whip :
One choppy finger was on his lip :
He had torn the cataracts from the hills
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles."

Keats, on the other hand, was content to be the poet of the fields and meadows—of all such homely sights and scenes which everyone knows. Now and then he was away into the rich opulence of romantic scenery (cp. st. IV and V of the *Ode to a Nightingale*), but it is all purely imaginative, pressed into service not so much from actual observation as from a study of the old masters. His actual descriptions of Nature smack of English rural scenery, and there is a directness and plainness in describing them as is characteristic of Greek art. 'The homely stubble-fields of the *Autumn* ode, the common gourd, the cider-press, the

granary floor—with such Keats loads his lines until they bend like his cottage trees weighted with autumnal fruits.’

Nothing can show the difference between the two poets as Keat’s little poem on *Fancy*. ‘The argument of *Fancy* is that as pleasure is never at home *Fancy* must be sent journeying to bring pleasure from afar. Had *Fancy* been despatched by Shelley, it would have leapt into space, explored the stars, jumped over the moon, adventured anywhere so long as it was removed as far as possible from this “sphere of our sorrow.” Keats’s *Fancy* is sent no further than is necessary to hear harvest carols and the rustle of reaped corn, or to see acorns pattering, freckled nest-eggs, and the field-mouse that peeps.

There is a fine poetic passage in Francis Thompson’s excellent monograph on Shelley, in which he tries to define the boyish, almost the ‘impish’ gusto which Shelley took in nature. He says “The Universe is his box of toys. He dabbles his fingers in the day-fall. He is gold-dusty with tumbling amidst the stars. He makes bright mischief with the moon. The meteors muzzle their noses in his hand. He teases into growling the kennelled thunder, and laughs at the shaking of its fiery chain. He dances in and out the gates of heaven; its floor is littered with his broken fancies. He runs wild over the fields of ether. He chases the rolling world. He gets between the feet of the horses of the sun. He stands in the lap of patient Nature, and twines her loosened tresses after a hundred wilful fashions, to see how she will look nicest in his song.” ‘And all the while John Keats is at home, feasting his eyes upon the sparrow as it pecks about on the gravel before his window, or thrilling to the song of the cricket or the whirr of the grasshopper.’

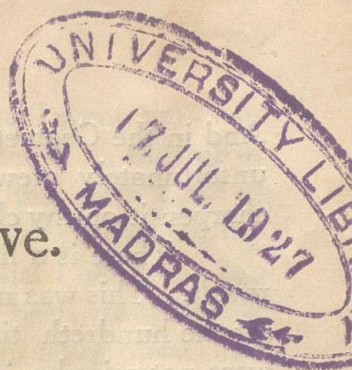
Shelley, then, was the poet of Ideals, and the singer of hope in the future, while Keats was the poet of the Reality of Existence, of the Past and the Present, and the singer of resignation for the future. Shelley sought beauty and love and perfection in another world—the world of the intellect,—he was first and foremost a seeker, an aspirer. Keats sought beauty and love and perfection in a homely way on the earth, and he either realised them, or not realising gave himself up to despair and resignation. He was eminently a poet of this sorrowful world of ours, finding rest and

peace in the things of beauty of the earth, and inasmuch as he did this he is supremely sensuous.

Such differences as these will become quite evident when we compare the two poems, *Ode to a Nightingale* and *To the Skylark*. Keats's nightingale is a bird, and therefore mortal: its voice alone is immortal, because it was the self-same voice that soothed the sad heart of Ruth. Shelley's skylark is no bird. "Bird, thou never wert," he says. Keats is too happy in the happiness of his nightingale, and it is not envy of its happy lot that makes him rejoice with it. But Shelley is definitely moved by envy. The poem is full of the strain of mournful envy in the bird's art and its joy. 'Shadow of annoyance Never came near thee,' he says. "Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety." And the song itself in the case of Keats's bird is reminiscent of sweet romance, while Shelley's lark sings of 'Things more true and deep Than we mortals dream.' The nightingale all through the poem is on the branch of the tree beneath which Keats is seated, while the lark of Shelley, like an 'unbodied joy,' soars aloft, and soaring ever sings—symbolical, it is surely, of the high aspirations of the poet. And finally, Keats concludes his poem with the bird having taken its flight—and with its flight 'fled is that music too.' 'That very word rings me back to my former self,' says Keats; while Shelley's lark remains singing at the end of the poem, perhaps reminding us how Hope is ever before us like a beacon. Here the skylark is emblematic of an Ideal; it is pursued because of its perfection; and it is ever present before the mind of a man as the torch of hope. The nightingale, on the other hand, is only suggestive of the Principle of Beauty by its song, which so long as it is present in the memory of the poet, places him in an ecstatic state, but no sooner the Principle is lost sight of than the poet is plunged in the weariness, the fret, and the fever of the world.' Thus Keats enables us to take a keen zest in the instant only, while Shelley points the road to eternal happiness, by making us long for, and aspire after, eternally, for such a goal. Both the poets are essential to mankind. In moments when we lose the relish for living let us turn to Keats; and in moments when the miseries of life oppress us and we grow cynical, let us turn to Shelley.

My Maiden Shave.

(M. G. N.)



"Methinks, I must go to the barber's"

—A Midsummer Nights Dream.

ONE likes to be the hero of one's own tale but as Cowley observes, 'it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him'. Well, then, I will break the ice for once and tell you plainly that I am an out and out domestic economist. Ask my mother and she will tell you that I go to bed at six o'clock to spare the mid-night oil and I get up only at nine to save the morning's coffee. But with all this, as the goodnatured vicar observes, we never grew rich, for there at the bottom of my purse was a large hole through which the annas slipped away—I mean the barber's bill. Chinnan, the barber was a scoundrel of the first water, and, at every alternate morning, was at my window bellowing 'Sawmi, Sawmi, your face please'. As though my face was something to be thrown out to him like a coin at his request! Nevertheless, I had entertained the greatest fear for him for he could put four inches of cold steel into your throat and plead accident! And if barbers were to strike—Good Heavens! What a picture!—We would be strolling through the streets like shaggy bears.

None dared to call me a beardless boy for hair on my face I had enough and to spare. So much so, it often reminded one of the proverbial beards of old men in which birds of the air used to build their nests; and even Dobbin, old Gobbo's fill-horse was no match to me. 'Feel your chin, man' one of my lecturers had said to me when he was not in the best of tempers. But if he were to try that experiment himself, he would have found to his cost that it was no easy Joke after all—feeling my chin. 'Stop, Sawmi' the attender of the laboratory in which I work, had once accosted me, 'Why carry all those iron filings around your chin'.

And in the Geometry class, when one of my friend's pencil point unfortunately grew blunt, the fellow had the impudence to sharpen it on my chin with impunity!

There is a limit beyond which even the most passive may revolt. This was my case, when one morning Chinnan told me for the hundreth time, that he would 'strike work' if his wages were not raised. 'Aye, strike work indeed' I protested in anger. 'Not a pie more. And if the worst come to the worst, it is only going to College with an inch of a beard'. But the fellow knew human nature 'by heart' as it were, and was anything but willing to relinquish a field where he knew himself to be the victor. "Aye, go to College with an inch of a beard, indeed" he retorted, "Jus' think o'er it, Sawmi, and all the Misses a-gaping and a-staring at you, and laughing in their sleeves, as they say, and murmuring 'mong themselves—'Well here's a bear as has jus' 'scaped from the Zoo'. And all by not paying some six pies more per shave to your poor Chinnan". The rascal had touched the right 'chord' in me by his allusion to 'the Misses' at College, for my vanity would indeed never allow me to appear among the fair sex, as a scape-goat, although it would drain my purse to keep it up. And so, I had to give up the game.

I was a voracious reader of newspapers—advertisement sheets preferred—and not an advertisement appeared concerning hair destroying soaps or powders but that I got down the materials and tried their effect on my face; the net result of which was that I had on my face a round scald into the bargain.

And so, what with Chinnan's exorbitant wages and the abnormal growth of this 'valour's excrement,' I hit upon the right thing I could have done: I meant to play the barber myself. There is nothing demeaning in that, I thought to myself, and many do it. As to the rest, there was father's 'crown and sword'—as good and sharp as any that came out of the Kropp factory, and if the worst came to the worst, as I was fond of repeating to myself, it was only a stone's-throw to Chinnan's 'saloon'.

Father was out and mother in the kitchen. Little Rajoo, an 'appendix' to our family and quite a 'pocket edition' of humanity was fast asleep. The coast was thus perfectly clear and so in another minute, I had closed the door of my room and arranged

the set on the table. 'Click—clack, click—clack' went the razor across the strop and I surveyed myself complacently in the mirror before me. Soap was next applied and I fixed the razor close to my left ear. But—Good Heavens!—I found myself shaving my *right* side in the mirror. I now remembered what I had long ago forgotten and what my Physics lecturer had been dinning into my ears a thousand times—that 'when reflection takes place in a plane mirror, there is a lateral inversion of the object'. But, who the deuce, would have thought that reflection takes place even when one is sitting down for a shave—and that outside the laboratory!

I was making good progress and, for a beginner, was doing pretty well. The hollow sound of the gleaming blade scouring over my face was indeed refreshing, as the neighing noise of a 'Waterman's' dashing over reams of foolscap. All the left side of the face had been shaved, and I was just transferring the razor to the right, when there was a slight creaking noise at the door. Thinking, as if by instinct, that father had returned earlier, I turned round in my chair with the razor still on my face, but, a sudden shriek escaped my lips, and a big blot of warm blood on my shirt-frill told its own tale! *I had cut my left cheek!* And at my knee, stood little Rajoo, the cause of all this trouble, still rubbing his drowsy eyelids.

The wound was deep and the blood was still flowing. But, pressing my kerchief fast to my cheek, I ran out. Not to the barber's gentle reader, as you may imagine—but to the *doctor's*.

'Served you right! you wanted to cheat me of my just due' was all that Chinnan said when I told him of 'My Maiden Shave' the next morning.



The Theory of Punishment.

[By J. P.]

THIS essay attempts to prove, against Green and partly against Bosanquet, that Punishment is *primarily* and *in its proper nature* retributive.

Citizenship in a State is based on the capacity of the members for contributing freely to a common good. This common good is maintained by a net-work of rights by which free action is assured to the citizens. Without such a common recognition of rights there can be no State properly so called, and for that matter no society of any description. Now the right to free life on the part of the citizens implies a corresponding right in the State to prevent all interference with it, in other words to prevent crime and violation of public peace. Hence every theory of rights must have a corresponding theory of Punishment.

That the State has the power to punish recalcitrant citizens is universally admitted. Some political theorists, such as Beccaria and even Voltaire, dispute the right of the State to inflict capital punishment, except perhaps in abnormal periods of revolt and anarchy. There is also discrepancy of views regarding the general rules of distributing punishment and the relation of punishment to the individual punished ; in other words, as to whether punishment should be retributive, preventive, or reformatory. In the following pages we shall confine ourselves to examining the *rationale* of Punishment and how it is to be theoretically justified.

That punishment should be *retributive* is no doubt the most distinct idea of it as handed down to us from the remotest antiquity. It seems almost inherent in human nature to think and feel that crime committed returns, or should return, upon the criminal. "Tooth for tooth," "blood for blood" are ideas common to all ancient criminal codes, written and unwritten, and these are only an emphatic expression of the retributive quality of punishment. The *prima facie* explanation would be that punishment was originally conceived as the right of the injured person to take private vengeance. When, afterwards, individuals

formed themselves into a society this vindictive right of the individuals was devolved on the society or the State, and the society now retaliates in a vicarious manner. This is more or less the view of those political thinkers who base the formation of society on consent and contract. There are two fatal objections to such a theory. First, private vengeance, pure and simple has hardly ever existed. It has always in some measure been controlled and sanctioned by the authority of the *paterfamilias* or the head of the tribe or clan. In this connexion it is significant to note that if the injured person was prevented from taking vengeance his close kinsmen felt it their duty to do so. This shows how what appears to be private vengeance in primitive societies had behind it a social support and approval. *Secondly*, to say that an individual has a *right* to take *private* vengeance involves a contradiction. Right implies a social recognition of capacities and functions and so, apart from and independently of society and social sanction, no *right* can exist or be exercised in isolation.

Another reason why we are apt to look upon punishment as vindictive is that a crime generally excites sympathy for the injured person in his fellow-citizens and this sympathy may sometimes be so violent that the people may take the law into their own hands and punish the criminal then and there. Such actions are not quite so uncommon even in civilised countries; in America they have recently received the name of 'lynching'. This phenomenon is only the exaggeration of a healthy social sense that crime should be duly dealt with. In so far as it is an exaggeration and an abuse it is a recrudescence of the anti-social desire for private vengeance and as such is itself punishable, and is actually punished.

In the second place, punishment is not retributive in the sense that there should be a *complete equality* as between the pain inflicted on the criminal and the pain himself has inflicted on his victim. Obviously the amount or degree of pain suffered depends on the temperament and other moral conditions of the 'patient,' and the State has no means of *measuring* the different qualities of pain. Nobody, I believe maintains that there should be a mathematical *equivalence* between the two pains. But, as

we shall see further on, there is a real sense in which a certain equality between crime and its punishment should be maintained it is rather an equation or proportion than *equivalence*.

If, then, both private vengeance and equivalence of pains; be ruled out as alien to the idea of punishment, what remains yet of its retributive character? Green identifies it with the idea of 'just'—implying on the part of the criminal the consciousness of having violated a true right and on the part of the State authority that the punitive act is necessary for the maintenance of rights. He goes on to say "when (these) conditions of just punishment are fulfilled the person punished himself *recognises* it as his due or desert;—that the punishment is his own act returning on himself, in the sense that it is the necessary outcome of his act in a society governed by the conception of rights" P. 186. Let us examine this statement. First, it seems to me, the recognition by the criminal does not enter into the idea of 'just' as applied to punishment. First the punishment is just and his due, and *then* the criminal sees and recognises it as such, if at all he does; in other words the criminals' recognition follows the justice of punishment and is its consequence. Hence the consciousness on the part of society that punishment is necessary for the maintenance of rights should, in Green's view, constitute the justice or the retributive character of punishment. Yet it remains to be determined how punishment is *necessary* for maintaining rights. Green when thus pressed is forced to fall back on the notion of 'prevention.' "It is clear," he confesses, "that this requirement that the punishment of crime should be just (i. e. retributive) may be covered by the statement that *in its proper nature* it is preventive, if the nature of that which is prevented by it is sufficiently defined" P. 188. It is interesting to watch how Green labours to set aside the natural idea of punishment. He says "we are apt to think that the justice of punishment depends on *some sort* of equality between its magnitude and that of the crime punished." P. 190. He dismisses it with the observation that the idea of equality is due to a confusion between punishment and compensation. He then goes on to insist that "the primary reference in punishment is not to the effect of the punishment on the person punished—but to its effects on others; it is prospective rather than retros, pective." P. 192. Moreover, according to him, not only is any

equality between crime and punishment impossible to be determined, but even if determinable the infliction of pain on the individual could serve no purpose apart from 'prevention.' The system of rights has already been violated and nothing can repair the wrong done. What is feasible and necessary for public good is that the bad example should not be allowed to infect *others*. If this motive be set aside, then, says Green, punishment is nothing less than inflicting pain for its own sake, which is cruel and meaningless. Nothing could be clearer and more positive. The idea of retribution i. e. that the punishment is the criminal's due or desert has well-nigh vanished.

Yet Green cannot altogether get rid of the relation of punishment to the crime. He avows that if punishment be considered as *merely* preventive it is likely to be made a cover for all kinds of enormities and that for this reason punishment should also be just in the sense that it should be according to the "importance of the right violated." Is it not evident that here Green is re-introducing the idea of 'some sort of equality' which he previously expelled and condemned as impossible? If the preventive quality of punishment has to be supplemented by the further limitation of 'being just', there is in punishment something which is not exhausted by its being described as preventive. And this something is left unexplained, or if explained will at once bring in the idea of desert and retribution.

Moreover 'prevention' of others from imitating the criminal is something extrinsic to him and his action, and logically and in its proper nature leads to his being exploited for the practical needs of the public. And that would be treating the criminal as an instrument and means. If further we examine actual practice we seldom see the motive of prevention very prominent, except in cases of emergency when public safety is in great peril. Ordinarily the public scarcely becomes aware that such a crime has been committed or such a punishment has been inflicted. And finally it is certain that in many cases where there is nothing or nobody to be prevented the penalty is none the less imposed on the sole ground of the crime having been committed.

Hence we should look elsewhere for a more consistent theory of punishment which will place it in direct and intrinsic relation to the criminal and the crime punished. (to be continued.)

My Library Hours.

(E. K. W.)

I MUST confess at the very outset that what with class work, what with occasional exams., what with games and what with a thousand and one other little things to mind, my library hours—the hours I devote to reading matter other than class lessons,—are comparatively few and far between. But the rarity of these intervals in the dry daily routine does not in any way decrease their pleasantness. When I am free—perfectly free—to read whatever I please, I feel as if I were let loose from a long-standing leash.

Even before the distant prospects of leisure hours are visible in fairly clear outline, I dream of doing ever so many things. I would read all Shakespeare, all Tennyson, all Scott, all Hardy, all Wordsworth, all Byron, Shelley, Keats—all all. I dream of myself—as quoting from the most celebrated writers and poets in English Literature *at random*; due to such thorough acquaintance. And then with innumerable other like resolutions I usually enter my study for an hour or two of extra reading.

I usually take Shakespeare, Tennyson, Scott, and all the other complete works of the great authors in the Globe Edition series, and pile them up on the table in front of myself. I look up and down to see none has been left by mistake *on* the shelf; and, having satisfied myself on this score, I settle down again on my chair. But, then, overwhelmed with the bewildering array of past geniuses facing me, I am perplexed which one to take up first.

Shakespeare there is—but he sometimes puts so much wisdom or so much tenderness into his words that I can neither understand the former nor appreciate the latter—so, there he goes to the other side of the table (but not *on to the shelf!*) Then there is Tennyson, unequalled for beauty and music—extremely pleasant to read aloud—“but then,” a voice asks me, “would I not be offending the haunting enchantment of the lines of Gray; or the vivid beauty of the works of Coleridge”? — —

"The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free—
We were the first that ever burst
Into the silent sea! ———"

No—I would take up Coleridge! But then I remember. "Of Man's first Disobedience to God," and the awe-ing majesty of the lines that follow in Milton and I am once more bewildered—lost in the labyrinth of literature—hesitating *not* between the Devil and the Deep Sea, not between Scylla and Charybdis, — but bewildered and lost amid the never-fading flowers of literature—which overwhelmed me with their height and beauty on all sides—and made me lose my way!

But then my eyes stray to the majestic heights of Scott's Scottish Scenery, and I determine to take *him* up, to avoid choosing one at the expense of the others from among the former set. But the genial Pickwick, with a few other gentlemen of his immortal Club, smiling at me from the gold-embroidered cover of the Pickwick papers, tempt me with worldly cordiality. And as a result—I withdraw from the former. But, from among the *untouched* books on the shelf there looks at me with angry eyes the printed cover of "Lodge in the Wilderness". My attention is attracted—but in a most unpleasant way. I remember the eerie sort of work connected with Sir Oliver Lodge and I shudder—I strive to take my mind off it, but I cannot. Already I see before me a ghost, Memories of long reports of seances, of red lights, of materialisations, of ghostly voices, and what not, fill my mind. I hastily get out of the room, to prevent self-impelled suffocation.

But—then; tut, listen! What is that, ?—the bell striking the hour! So! I have wasted one half of my precious library time! No, that won't do! I should do something. So I pick up courage and go into the room again, and shut the door behind me, swearing to forget all the former unpleasant experiences.

I try auto-suggestion. I repeat twenty times, "I am forgetting, I am forgetting, I am forgetting". And at last, determining that I *have* forgotten, I open my eyes again, but, the sight of an old Xmas mask hanging from a nail on the wall gives me the frights once more. I feel I can not go on with it.

must do something, something! I want relief, relief! What am I to do? I am frantic with exasperation.

And then — and then the great thing happens! — — the—the Saviour *does* come!

I do turn from the labyrinth of literature to something relieving. I do find out a light in the darkness. But—shall I tell you? Will you speak it out? Promise me you will not! You will not? Sure? Certain? All-right, I'll tell you—well, it is an old dog-eared booklet, with a picture, on its cover, of an old tailor sewing together the four quarters of a human body—Yes, an illustrated edition of *Ali Baba and the Forty Robbers*! !

“ * * * * *

Oh! the Tragedy of it!! ”

I can not bear to think on it!!

|||||

The wife of a man who had enlisted in the navy handed the pastor of a church the following note :—

“Peter Bowers, having gone to the sea, his wife desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety”.

The minister glanced over it hurriedly and announced ;—

“Peter Bowers, having gone to see his wife, desires the prayers of the congregation for his safety”.

* * * * *

A woman, going from home for the day, looked every thing up, and for the grocer's benefit wrote on a card :—

“All out. Don't leave anything”.

This she stuck under the knocker on the front door.

On her return, she found the house ransacked and all her choicest possessions gone. To the card on the door was added :—

“Thanks. We have't left much”.

* * * * *

'The Story of a Broken Heart'

(P. G. N.)



The cold wind was howling during the awful hours of the wintry night with the mournful cadences of a longdrawn sigh. The barking of a tireless dog, partly interrupted by the powerful blasts of the wind, kept tune to the rumbling storm ; and a pensive gloom, boding like an ill-omen, spread its spell over the dark landscape.

I was lying on my restless bed courting for a while the favour of sleep. I was lodged at that time in a small house facing the mansion of the eminent astrologer in Egmore. The ceiling was already worn out and in two or three places ruin had fixed its hold ; and I was gazing up with a fearful mind. Now and then I could hear drops of rain pattering to the ground. I began to weave a web of reveries with the facility of an inspired bard, and resolved to quit the house by the end of the month and move close to the grand seat of wisdom of which I was then a known inmate. The flutter of wind and the rustle of leaves, the roar of waves in the sea at hand and the frequent sounds of a passing vehicle,—all these joined in a chorus to lull me to sleep.

I had closed my eyes in earnest of coming drowsiness and was on the verge of the dreamland. Suddenly the door fell ajar with a powerful gust of wind. Lazily enough I arose from bed to close the door and walked towards it with faltering feet, when to my horror there stood before me, with its long hair flowing in the air, with its weazen face as placid as a summer sky, with its bony hands nervously quivering on its breast, the form of

‘A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death.’

In the excitement of the moment I took it for the ghost of a spectre which was then wildly believed to leave, at the dead of night, its gloomy grave and haunt the abodes of men. But.....
.....I recovered at last from my sudden surprise and asked the

man (for such it seemed to me) the purport of his midnight visit.

"Don't you know me, Saar ?" he began, his piping voice well according with the general dolefulness of the scene. "My Gopi—" Here he broke off and glanced wildly around, as if struck with sudden panic, his mind being evidently tossed about in a sea of sighs. I lighted my lamp and recognised in my queer visitor the old Brahman gentleman who had tasted my bounty only a few days before.

Surya Das and myself were brought together by mere chance. His son was ailing for a long time and he came to consult Mr. Naidu. The astrologer predicted a speedy recovery for his sickly son and an immediate job for himself. Neither his son got better, nor he an appointment. Gopi's illness became worse. One evening the frantic father came to me ; and I went with him to his humble house. Never shall I forget that sick chamber. A dim light was slowly expiring in it. A woman was sitting near the outstretched body. As we entered, the boy's eyes instinctively turned on us ; and a moment later his soul passed away. The generous flies sang the funeral dirge and the ravaging gale prevailed in all its rigour. The sorrowing father went on dripping drops of medicine into the parted lips of the dead. I was stunned to dumbness at the tragic sight and remained there pinned to the ground. At last the truth flashed into the mind of the old man, and then.....The rest may better be imagined than described.

* * * *

"Saar, " he said in a voice tremulous with agitation, "I am come to you for the last time, to take farewell of you."

I stared at him in wild surprise.

"I leave Madras by this night and go on a pilgrimage to the shrines of the North. Heaven reward you."

"Surya Das, if it is poverty that drives you to it, you need no go. I have a friend here who can procure a job for you. At this age you ought not to go."

"Saar, I have known *better* days. Now I suffer from reverses. I was.....," he proceeded, sitting on a stool.

"My grandfather was the Acharya of the late king of Mysore, and my father....." Here was a pause in his narration and his sunken eyes began to roll fiercely. I was afraid of his wizen gaze, but concealing my real feelings, enquired,

"Your father?"

"Alas! saar, he was the bane of our family. He led a career of vicious luxury. The wealth my grandsire had hoarded he lavished on wine and women. What splendid equipage! what garish retinue! what costly trumpery! My mother, delicate to a fault in her sense of duty, never betrayed by word or deed her annoyance at his prodigality, and passed away of a broken heart. He ceased to come to us daily, and whenever he came he took off whatever he could lay hands on. We were awed and cowed into silence. The king was no more, and we could seek no more succour from that quarter."

He fanned himself for a few seconds with the end of his *dhoti* and asked me for a glass of water. Again he pursued the thread of his story.

"I was then eighteen years old, and none would give his daughter to the son of a ruined drunkard. I use virulent language, but forgive me. Will you not use it if you are similarly placed? Those golden days still linger in my mind like the visions in a dream. I left off the ruined house and came here. It was some forty years ago and luckily I got a job in a European Company; the owner Mr. Watson was kind and obliging."

"What was your stipend?" I enquired, evidently interested in his story.

"Oh, considering the times, it was a fortune, fifty rupees; and within two years I scraped some money, purchased a small house in Egmore and married."

"From a decent family—I hope."

"Of course, from the late Gopi Nath Rao's of Tanjore. He was well employed and handsomely paid. By the by, my father sank deeper and deeper into licentious life and became entangled in debts.... He came here and died a wretched death, howling day and night of a stomach-ache the fatal outcome of his own voluptuous indulgence." I spent some five hundred rupees on his obsequies."

"Why such a big sum?"

"Alas! Saar, the customs of our caste are rigid and we suffer most from them. Well, my wife bore me my only son."

The hot breath from his burning heart touched my temples.

"She too fell ill. The household duties told heavily on her frail body and consumption soon reduced her to a skeleton. How many sad nights had I spent alone near her stricken bed in the zeal of sleepless vigils! She too left me about ten years ago."

I noticed two streaks of tears streaming down his withered cheeks.

"All my savings were spent and father-in-law couldn't help me."

"You could have married again."

"Well I too thought of it. But I made a pious resolve not to embitter the younger days of my only son. A step-mother won't love another's child. To add to my misery, the firm of Mr. Watson became bankrupt and I had to retire from service. For these eight years I have been literally groping my way. And there was my Gopi."

"Was there no proposal to him for marriage?"

"That brings in another sad tale. You know Appaji Rao, my rich neighbour. He offered his daughter to Gopi. He would meet my son's expenses up to the B. A. and Gopi was to live not with me but in his house. Alas! I really sold him into slavery. As fate would have it, Gopi married Padma; she was as lovely as a vernal *jasmine*, but within six months of her wedlock she faded away, leaving us behind to lament her loss. I could never seek admission into the house of my *relative*, for poverty demeaned myself in his eyes. How often had I to return without even seeing my son or my daughter-in-law. And after her death, the moneyed miser broke off his promise, sent my son back to me, and cut off all help to him. A shade fell over the heart of my boy. He began to pine away. I strove in vain to wean him from his grief. And....."

The rest of the story was a long-heaved sigh.

"Saar," he continued, "I won't detain you longer. Please accept this modest token, this sacred bead, and whenever

anguish torments you, take this in your hands and recite the holy names. It may remind you of a wandering 'recluse.'

The story had excited so much sympathy in my mind that I sat on my bed in painful abstraction; and when I regained my normal state, I found myself alone in that unpretentious room with the oil-worn lamp emitting an uncertain glow all around. I felt inclined, with a proud smile, to attribute everything to the florid exuberance of my fancy. But lo—there it was—the parting gift of the Brahmin, the holy *rudraksha* bead.....And whenever I look upon it, I see a poor and forlorn soul, wandering in the wilds of the North, struggling against the odds of the world and trying to realise himself before his journey's end.



A member of Parliament called another an ass in the sacred precincts of the House. The offender was called upon to apologize and withdraw his statement. He didn't like doing it.

"I withdraw" he said, stiffly, "but I maintain that the hon. member is out of order."

"How am I out of order?" asked the other man, heatedly.

"Probably" a Veterinary surgeon could tell you!" Was the reply.

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Professor: "To a geologist a thousand years are but a day".

Binks: "Good Heavens! Yesterday I lent a geologist twenty pounds until tomorrow".

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Barrister (to a hostile witness): "What did he do?"

Witness: "He said—"

Barrister (interrupting): "You must not tell me what he said. It is not evidence. What did he do?"

Witness: "He moved his lips like this, and if you were deaf and knew lip-reading you would understand what it meant".

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Notes and Comments.

Just a word of apology for our belated appearance this time. If our readers are inclined to be severely just, 'better late than never' is the only cover under which we can take shelter. If we plead the Examinations you might as well retort that they were not an unforeseen emergency. Yet to tell you the truth, this time they did come so suddenly upon us that we were obliged to forget our editorial responsibilities for a while, and to concentrate ourselves on preparing our young hopefuls for the dreaded University Ordeals. Our readers, both students and guardians, therefore, will, we hope, look upon our delay with indulgent eyes.

* * * * *

High Class Unemployment !

Speaking of Examinations, we are once again reminded of the problem of unemployment among the educated classes. The Universities and Colleges, especially of recent origin like our's, have come in for a good deal of scathing criticism, as if they are the cause of this grave problem, which by the way, is growing every day in extent and intensity. True there is something to be said for this attitude on the part of the critics. Yet it may be pleaded on behalf of the Colleges that there is more of depth and complexity in this vexatious problem than could be fathomed by a casual dive. It is true that unemployment among the educated is growing. But the cause is to be found not in the increase of educational facilities, but in the unwillingness of our educated young men to enter into industrial and commercial avocations, and the solution of the problem, I am afraid, will not be found in the closing down of the Colleges as some critics are pleased to urge. It may be argued that the problem would be solved if the Universities would suppress the literary and scientific courses, replacing them by Industrial and Commercial ones. Here again is there a germ of truth, but not much; and the Universities do change and modify the courses. But unfortunately there is a limit beyond which they cannot go, and that limit is set by the

public demand for technical and commercial courses. The Universities cannot go very much ahead of this public demand ; or else their finances will be wrecked. Now, this demand again will depend on the prospects of profitable employment that can be held out to the students who take to these new courses. And these prospects in their turn are bound up with the volume of industries and commerce in the country. Thus it is evident that while we urge for an increase in the supply of industrial and commercial education we should also bestir ourselves to increase the demand for the same. The two processes must proceed hand in hand. All available capital must be harnessed, old industries revived, new industries started ; above all agriculture must be improved and the productivity of the soil increased. That there is great scope along this line is clear from the statistics given by Hon'ble Mr. V. Ramdas Pantulu in his speech in the Council of State on the Resolution urging the establishment of Land Mortgage Banks in India. These figures show the great contrast between the unit of produce obtained from land in India and the unit of produce obtained from an equal area of land in other countries. In the case of wheat the unit is 23·8 in the United Kingdom, 16·5 in France, 17·1 in Egypt, but only 6·5 in India. For rice again the figure for the United States of America is 19·6, and for Egypt 27·2 while for India it is only 15·7. Clearly there is much room for improvement in this direction.

But all these can be intelligently and efficiently conducted only if our educated young men, our new graduates, would purge themselves of their prepossession for the liberal professions and condescend to work in the fields and the factories, in the workshops and ware-houses. But will they take our advice and do this of their own sweet free will? Evidently not. Only sheer necessity could dispel their illusions, wean them of their prejudices and convert them from the Arts to the Crafts. Such necessity would come home to them when, after knocking at the doors of all the liberal professions, they return home disappointed, to brood over a Barmecide dinner. Then at last they would gird up their loins and seek out the Crafts ; and then at last their problem of unemployment would be solved.

The multiplication of Colleges and the consequent increase

in the annual output of graduates is calculated to force the pace of this process of solution. For the time being it may aggravate the problem, but soon enough the very extremity of the evil will prove its own remedy. It is but one more instance of Nature curing itself, or one more illustration of the principle of *similia similibus curantur*. It may be likened to the abnormal flood of 1924 which rose and rose until at last it broke the bunds and rushed into the sea!! So too will the graduates, when too many break the bunds of prejudice and rush into the ocean of Industry and commerce!!

* * * *

Other places and other views. Of late we have been hearing so much of complaints about the Indian educational systems, that it is perhaps some consolation to be told that out there in England too there is not much of satisfaction with the existing system of education. A certain Mr. Richmond, addressing the New Ideals Conference (educational, of course), held at Stratford-on-Avon (the birth-place, by the way, of the immortal Shakespeare), said that education was extremely unpopular. But the most interesting thing about it is that the reason for this unpopularity he found to be at bottom jealousy, 'which exists in all minds, the result of our unregenerate human nature'. 'Parents were afraid that the next generation would be put into a better position than they themselves were'. Selfish parents, indeed! And what a piece of good luck to have such a learned psychologist to diagnose the disease in good time! Clever Mr. Richmond! Hope he is not himself a parent. Fortunately for us, parents in India seem to be of a different species. Or it may be we have among us no such psychology expert as Mr. Richmond to probe into the extreme depths of our inner souls. Shall we invite him to India?

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The National Association of School-masters, England, is an august body; and as such their opinion has a certain weight or momentum behind it. Quite recently they have made the great pronouncement 'that no reorganization of schools was sound unless it was based upon the principle that *our* boys should be educated by men-teachers'. Explaining themselves they added that

'all the reasons which could be advanced to support the view that girls should have women-teachers could also be held to support the contention that boys must be taught by men. Since education was essentially concerned with the business of preparing children to live, to function in the community, the boys as men, the girls as women, the teacher whose personal influence upon the scholar cannot be over-estimated, must have appreciated and must possess those qualities which it was hoped to develop in the child. One of these essential qualities in the adult male was "manliness," and in the adult woman "womanliness". No woman could train a boy in habits of manliness'.—What a loss of manliness to the English people these many years when their young boys of the Primary Classes have been taught by women-teachers! It is a wonder that they still retain enough manliness to get on in this world. One thing is sure. 'Woman to the fore' seems to be the watchword all over the "civilised" world; and it speaks highly of the courage of the National Association of School masters to have pointed out at least one place wherein woman is out of place. It looks like the thin end of the wedge, the beginning of a reaction! If so, we think we should welcome it. In any case our men-teachers who are a legion and who find themselves systematically elbowed out of all girls' schools, will heartily support the National Association of School Masters in their effort to recover the ground encroached upon by the women-teachers.

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On the Right Road. Mr. C. J. Varkey M. A., K. S. G., deserves to be congratulated on his motion at the last meeting of the Senate, urging "the institution of a Department of Journalism through which the University will impart instruction leading up to a Diploma in Journalism similar to the existing Diploma in Economics". Rao Bahadur K. V. Rangaswami Ayyangar seconding the motion said that the possibility of the development of Journalism must be explored. The matter has been referred to the Academic Council for consideration and report. We hope the Council will approve of the proposal, and thus provide for the infusion of a trained and healthy element into the world of Journalism.

Another motion of Mr. Varkey, which, too, was successfully piloted through the Senate, concerned the institution of a Department of Publication under the University. When we consider how many ill-equipped and irresponsible publishers are flooding society with their foolish, flimsy, and often times dangerous productions, we shall find reason to appreciate the wisdom of the University organising a Department of Publication. The University is the Citadel of Wisdom, its great object is the dissemination of knowledge. And in these days of press propaganda on every imaginable subject, it will not be wise on the part of the University to neglect this valuable means of educating the people. In this connection, we would also applaud the decision of the Syndicate, on the motion of Mr. Varkey again, to publish a University Magazine. We wish our metropolitan contemporary all success, and hope it will maintain a high degree of literary, and scientific, and also of *moral*, excellence, in keeping with its status and dignity as the accredited mouthpiece of an ancient University.

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The subjects proposed for discussion at the next Imperial Education Conference, which meets in London in next June, fall into five groups. The first 'deals with education in relation to the pupils after career, with special reference to problems of post-primary and vocational education. The second group deals with questions peculiar to tropical or sub-tropical countries, where the population is of more than one race; the third with rural education; the fourth with new ideas and developments; and the fifth with broad problems of administration. Among the new problems which will be discussed are the use of broadcasting and the cinema in schools. Other subjects in the same section are those of intelligence tests, sub-normal children, and school architecture"—a comprehensive and an almost ideal programme indeed. But the fruits of the discussion,—that is what we are not so sure of. 'The mountain was in labour, and out came a rat.'—this, we are sorry to observe, is very often the result of many of these modern conferences. The materialistic bias of the promoters and their neglect of the religious back-ground of all true education are some of the fundamental causes of this failure.

New Ground. We are glad to note that our students have broken new ground this year in the sphere of their extra-class-room activities. Against page 165 will be found a group of our young actors who did honour to the College Day Celebrations by a brilliant display of their histrionic talents. But the unique event of the year was the Grand Social, held on the occasion of the Union Anniversary. We are proud to announce that our students have demonstrated to a wondering world, not by words but by deeds, that they could, when the occasion demanded, rise above caste and communal prejudices. Indeed, the Social Gathering was an unqualified success. And we are sure that if our students carry with them the same spirit into the outer world they could easily solve many vexatious problems of social life and political administration which have baffled their elders.

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Beware! Speaking of the modern cinema and other influences working on the minds of our students and of our young men in general, Mr. St. John Ervine (London) says—"At present there is a conspiracy of forces to give children and young people a sensational education, to give them cinema sentiment and erotic literature, neurosis for romance, foolish and violent conduct for adventure; and the standard of life is lowered to the level of the least educated and least civilised. It is, therefore, the duty of all to offer a stout resistance to the efforts being made by some politicians and proprietors of newspapers to arrest the development of education for the mass of the people, and teachers should redouble their efforts to bring the children into living touch with great writers and great plays".

This salutary warning applies to us in India as well. Here too the influence of the cinema and of the newspaper is increasing every day; and also these agents of popular education and recreation are showing signs of steady deterioration. They have begun more and more to disseminate sensation and to cater to the lowest instincts of the masses. Not a newspaper but is particularly solicitous to report all the murders, adulteries and other crimes that took place far and near or are *rumoured* to have taken place. Not a cinema show but has its obscene pictures and offending comics; a crowded house and large collections—these

are the watchwords, and every other consideration is thrown to the winds. The effect on society is most appalling. All the noble feelings and virtuous sentiments of our young folks become blunted, their character brutalised, and before long they lose all horror for sin and crime and bloodshed, and come to look upon these things as the ordinary occurrences of a normal work-a-day world. Indeed there is no better way of breeding up a generation of moral wrecks!! Is it not time that we did something to arrest this thoughtless folly, this fearful drift into the abyss of of national perdition?

Draft Regulation :

For the benefit of our student-readers we give below the Draft Regulations *re.* Intermediate Examination, which have been adopted by the Academic Council, at its recent meeting, as chapter XXVIII of the University Regulations.

INTERMEDIATE EXAMINATION IN ARTS & SCIENCE.

Courses of Study. Matriculates prior to proceeding to the Intermediate Examination shall be required to undergo a course of study in a Constituent or an Affiliated College for a period extending over two years, each of which shall consist of three terms. The Intermediate course shall consist of three Parts.

English. Part I.—English.

For this course books in English Prose and Poetry shall be prescribed.

In prescribing these books, two objects shall be kept in view—

(a) The improvement of the students' knowledge of the English Language and of its Literature ; (b) the developement of their ability to extend the range of their knowledge by training them to read with ease and discrimination,

The course of study shall consist of—

- (1) The detailed study of certain set books,
- (2) The perusal, as distinct from a detailed study, of the other set books.

Certain of the set books which are to be studied in detail may be retained from year to year. The books which are not

to be studied in detail shall be prescribed every year. The books prescribed in any year shall not for (a) detailed study be more than one play of Shakespeare, about 600 lines of additional verse, and two prose books and for (b) perusal be more than three books. The books prescribed shall be of the same average length and difficulty from year to year.

(3) Such instruction and exercises in rhetoric and composition as may be expected to develop the students' powers of understanding English and writing it clearly, concisely, and correctly. This instruction should include the following topics:—

The paragraph as the unit of prose composition. The sentence as a constituent portion of the paragraph. The period and the loose sentence. Unity, balance and emphasis in relation to paragraph and sentence, Logical sequence of sentences and paragraphs and explicit references to preceding paragraphs, as securing coherence in any essay.

2. Part II. A second language. The course will comprise text-books, grammar, translation, and in the case of vernaculars original composition, (the scope being indicated for the present by an allotment of four hours of instruction a week).

The main object of the study of the Indian vernacular languages is to train the student to use the language as a vehicle of current thought.

One of the following languages at the option of the candidate:—

(a) Classical	Sanskrit	Arabic
	Greek	Persian
	Latin	Hebrew
(b) Modern European	French	German
(c) Indian	Tamil	Marathi
	Telugu	Oriya
	Kanarese	Burmese
	Malayalam	Sinhalese
	Urdu	Hindi

3. Part III. Three subjects to be selected out of the following Groups, A, B and C at the option of the candidate:—

Optional Subjects.	Group A.	Group B.	Group C.
	Mathematics	Logic	Commercial Geography
	Physics	Indian History	Banking & Accountancy
	Chemistry	Ancient History	Agriculture
	Natural Science	Modern History	Applied Chemistry
	Geography	A third Language	Electrical Engineering
			Mechanical Engineering
			Surveying
			Drawing
			Music
			Other Fine Arts
			(Subjects to be prescribed.)

Subjects for Examination.

4. A candidate shall be examined in—
Part I. English.

There shall be three papers in English Language and Literature. The first paper shall be on the books of poetry set for detailed study. The second paper shall be on the books of prose set for detailed study. The third paper shall be on composition and shall contain exercises designed to test the candidates' power to apply the principles studied in the course; in particular it shall contain (a) exercises in epitomising and paraphrasing passages of prose and poetry which shall not be taken from any of the books prescribed for detailed study or for perusal and (b) subjects for two short essays drawn from the subject-matter of the set books—not more than three—prescribed for perusal as distinct from detailed study and from topics of general interest. The papers in the examination shall be so set that candidates shall be able to get full marks in the examination without answering questions on matters relating to purely literary criticism or scholarship.

Part II. A second language. Any one of the classical, modern European or Indian languages mentioned in Regulation 2 of this chapter according to a prescribed syllabus.

In each of the languages mentioned above, there shall be two papers one of three hours' duration and the other of two

hours' duration. One of the two papers (of two hours' duration for Indian languages but of three hours' for other Languages except Greek, Latin, French, etc.) shall contain questions on the prescribed text-books, translation from prescribed text-books, prose, poetry, grammar and idiom, and the other shall contain those on original composition and translation as laid down in a syllabus prescribed in respect of each subject.

Part III. Three subjects to be selected out of the three Groups A, B, and C mentioned in Regulation 3 of this chapter at the option of the candidate subject to the proviso contained in Regulation 5 hereunder. Two papers shall be set for each subject of two hours' duration, except in the case of Languages in which there shall be two papers one of two hours' and the other of three hours' duration. The syllabus for each subject under this Group shall be prescribed from time to time on the recommendation of the Boards of Studies concerned.

5. A candidate who has passed Parts I and II and in three of the subjects in Part III, as prescribed, shall be declared to have passed the Intermediate Examination.

A candidate who wishes to proceed to a degree in Arts or Science shall be required to choose *two at least* of his optional subjects from either Group A or Group B.

6. A candidate shall be declared to have passed the examination if he obtains (1) not less than 35 per cent of the marks in English under Part I, (2) 35 per cent of the marks in the second language under Part II, and (3) 35 per cent in each of the three subjects selected under Part III.

Marks qualifying for a pass.

All other candidates shall be declared to have failed in the examination.

7. Candidates who pass in all the Parts at the same examination, and who obtain not less than 50 per cent of the total number of marks shall be placed in the first class. All other successful candidates shall be placed in the second class.

Classification of successful candidates.

Candidates who pass in all the Parts at the same examination, and obtain not less than 60 per cent of the marks in any

subject shall be declared to have gained distinction in that subject.

Candidates who obtain the prescribed minimum number of marks in each Part in separate examinations and are declared to have passed the examination under Regulation 9 of this chapter shall be placed in a separate list in the second class.

8. A candidate applying for the examination on the first occasion shall appear for all the three Parts of the examination and thereafter may appear for any Part or Parts of the examination.

9. A candidate shall be declared to have passed the examination on his obtaining in each Part of the examination not less than the minimum number of marks prescribed for that Part as laid down in Regulation 6 of this chapter, provided that he obtained such marks on the last occasion on which he presented himself for examination in such Part.

The College Day Celebrations.

The year 1926 will remain ever memorable in the annals of the College. This year witnessed the development of the College into a full-fledged first-grade institution. It brought for the College one of the most brilliant of University results ever recorded to the credit of any College in the Presidency—a tribute at once to the intelligence of the students, and the capacity of the teaching staff. It saw the formation of “The Old Boys’ Association”—an organisation, still in its infancy, no doubt, but fraught with vast possibilities of development. To crown all, the institution whose varied activities were thus represented, celebrated, ere the year came to a close, its first “College Day”—not a meaningless pageant, not an empty ceremonial, but the outward expression of an indisputable fact—the College having come of age.

On the first day, 21st of December, a detailed programme of sports,—Volley-ball, Badminton, Tennis and numerous other

interesting items,—was gone through under the able management of our energetic Games Superintendent, Mr. S. F. Nunez M. A. We shall not describe these items individually. Suffice it to say, that our College which, since its foundation, has always been noted for its athletic activities, and for its bringing forth a decent crop of champions, year by year, fulfilled the utmost expectations of an enthusiastic public. There were competitors from the High School as well as from the College. A special feature of the sports was the items which included the Old Boys also. The response from that quarter was both lusty and enthusiastic. A number of the Ex-Champions of the College, who had gone home 'to brood over their scars', and sing of "old unhappy far-off things, and battles long ago", once more revisited the well-remembered sports-field, and as the ensuing list shall show, illustrated that the old fire had not died within them. Of special interest were the performances of the champion-medalist, T. A. Dharmarajan, who figured in almost all the items, and the pole-vault of T. G. Joshua, a "Madras Champion" whose feats were lustily cheered. In regard to the other items also, keen interest was evinced both by the competitors and the multitude of spectators who thronged St. Mary's Thope, that day. Altogether the function was a grand success.

The next evening, there was a well-attended meeting of the Old Boys, and a special gathering organised by the Staff and the students of the College, in honour of the Old Boys. After tea and refreshments had been served, Professor Pettah M. A. (himself an Old Boy) in a neat little speech represented the desirability of having such an Association of Old Boys, and the necessity of forming a link between the past and the present. His sentiments were enthusiastically echoed by other speakers among the assembly. It was then decided that all Old Boys who subscribed to the College Magazine should, by virtue of that, be members of 'The Old Boys' Association'. Secretaries were then appointed and entrusted with the duty of holding a meeting every year, on the College Day. The gathering then adjourned to the College quadrangle, where the public meeting was to be held.

Active hands had, in the meanwhile, tastefully decorated the College Quadrangle, with flags, festoons and ever-greens. A

picturesque stage, erected in front of the College Tower, served first as a platform for the President and the Speakers, and subsequently for the drama. M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur P. V. Seshu Iyer, Avl., a veteran member of the Indian Education Service, presided. There was a fairly representative gathering of the *élite* of the town.

After *Mangala slokas*, the Principal of the College welcomed the guests in a few choice words, and proceeded to read the Report of the College. He traced the history of the College since its foundation by the late Dr. Menacherry, Bishop of Trichur, and of the changes and developments that had taken place in the institution during the course of years, and he referred with pardonable pride to the brilliant results obtained by the College at the last Intermediate Examination. Besides securing about 57 % of full passes, there were 20 first classes and 53 distinctions in the several subjects. The first, second and the fourth in the Presidency were from this College, as well as the first in English (and the only distinction in the Presidency) and second in English. The report of the High School was also read by Rev. Fr. Pullokaren, the Head Master, who referred in fitting terms to the achievements of the High School boys in the sports field as well as in the School Final Examinations.

Several toasts were then proposed and responded to. Father Proserpio, S. J., M. A, of the St. Aloysius' College, Managalore, in proposing the toast of the College, delivered an interesting and instructive address. He represented the object of education as the building up of character and said that he would prefer a first class character and second class intellect, to a first-rate intellect and second-rate character. He referred to the medieval ideals of education and culture and said that if students had the proper attitude towards learning unemployment would not be a problem. Professor Pettah M. A. in responding to the toast, thanked the worthy lecturer for his learned address, and emphasised upon what he had said, describing how high ideals alone could in these days keep up the hearts of the true adherents of learning.

The toast of the Patron was then proposed by Mr. T. S. Balarama Iyyer, B. A., B. L. who paid a glowing tribute to the



"The Proscribed Heir"

[Staged on the First College Day, 22nd Dec. 1926]

munificent patronage which this institution is enjoying at the hands of His Lordship, the Rt. Rev. Dr. Francis Vazhapilly, Bishop of Trichur, and of His Lordship's unremitting labours in the cause of higher education. The toast was briefly but gracefully responded to by His Lordship.

The toast of the Old Boys was proposed by Mr. V. K. Harihara Ayyer of the Senior B. A. class. Mr. Harihara Ayyer dwelt upon the brilliant record of the College, its numerous and illustrious Old Boys, the good work that the institution was still doing in widely extending fields, and finally referred to the ties existing between the present students and the Old Boys. This toast was suitably responded by Mr. P. V. Lonappan, B. A., B. L., an Old Boy of the College and now a practising lawyer in Coimbatore. In an eloquent and humorous speech he referred to the history of the College, its early days of struggle and hardships, and how it has successfully combated the distrust of the public, and the step-motherly attitude of the authorities time and again, till it now stood forth as one of the premier institutions of the State. He advised the students not to indulge too much in politics, but to look steadily at the work they had on hand, so that they might qualify themselves to be cultured and law-abiding citizens of the State.

The President next distributed the prizes and medals.

I. MEDALS.

1. Founder's Medal, instituted by the Rev. J. Palocaren in memory of the late Bishop Menacherry,—awarded to R. Kothandaraman, first in the Presidency & the State, Intermediate Examination, 1926.
2. Gold Medal, contributed by M. R. Ry., Rao Sahib T. V. Kasthuri Ranga Ayyer — awarded to T. S. Parasuraman, second in the Presidency and first in English, Intermediate Examination, 1926.
3. Gold Medal, contributed by Justice Thaliath—awarded to P. S. Venkateswaran, fourth in the Presidency and second in English (bracketed).
4. Gold Medal in memory of the late Bishop Medlycott—contributed by Mr. A. D. Lazar,—awarded to the best student of the IV University Class—P. Rama Menon.

5. Gold Medal, contributed by Mr. C. P. Lonappan, M. L. C. (Cochin)—awarded to the best student of the III University Class—T. R. Subbaraman.
6. Gold Medal, contributed by Mr. K. A. Davies, B. A., B. L.—awarded to the best student of the II University Class—C. R. Hariharan.
7. Gold Medal, contributed by Mr. Chalissery Mani—awarded to the best student of the I University Class—T. V. Balasubramanian.
8. Gold Medal in memory of late Mr. Nadakavukaren Ittiachen Ouseph, contributed by Mr. N. O. Inasu—awarded to “the student in the College Department who deserves a prize for good conduct”—awarded to A. M. Peter, IV University Classes.
9. Gold Medal, contributed by Mr. Thattil Kochuvareed, awarded to “the student from the College High School who gets the highest number of marks”—awarded to T. A. Joseph, I University Class.
10. Gold Medal, contributed by M. R. Ry., Rao Bahadur T. S. Narayana Ayyer, Dewan of Cochin, for the Winner in Tennis Tournament, awarded to C. T. Cheru of the II University Class.
11. Gold Medal, contributed by C. Mathai Esq., Director of Public Instruction, Cochin, for the Champion in Sports—awarded to T. A. Dharmarajan of the II University Class.
12. Gold Medal, contributed by M. R. Ry. C. R. Iyyunni, M. A., B. L., Municipal Chairman, Trichur, for the second in Tennis Tournament—awarded to Harris A Quadir, Old Boy.

II. THE FOLLOWING IS THE LIST OF WINNERS AT THE COLLEGE DAY SPORTS.

HURDLES.

1. T. A. Gabriel (O. B.)
2. T. A. Dharmarajan (C.)

440 YARDS RACE.

1. C. A. Michel (O. B.)
2. T. C. Kunhipaloo (H. S.)

WHEEL-BARROW RACE.

1. C. J. Paul & (H. S.)
E. V. Kumaran (H. S.)
2. P. A. Joseph & (H. S.)
K. T. Antony (H. S.)
3. M. P. Lonappan & (H. S.)
C. O. Vareed (H. S.)

LONG JUMP.

1. K. K. Krishnan (C.)
2. C. P. Cheru (C.)

HIGH JUMP.

1. C. M. George (O. B.)
2. S. Ramanathan (O. B.)

220 YARDS RACE.

1. T. A. Dharmarajan (C.)
2. C. A. Michel (O. B.)

POLE JUMP.

1. T. G. Joshua (C.)

100 YARDS RACE.

1. T. A. Dharmarajan (C.)
2. C. A. Michel (O. B.)

SLOW CYCLE RACE.

1. Harris A Quadir (O. B.)
2. T. G. Joshua (C.)

SODA & BUN RACE.

1. Verges E. J. (H. S.)
2. K. C. Antony (C.)

EGG & SPOON RACE.

1. V. M. Vareed (H. S.)
2. T. K. Francis (H. S.)

FANCY DRESS.

1. C. J. Francis (H. S.)
2. Harris A Quadir (O. B.)
3. P. Narayana Menon (C.)

MUSICAL CHAIR.

1. T. A. Gabriel (C.) Senior
2. T. R. Anthappan (H. S.) Jun.

TENNIS.

1. C. T. Cheru (C.)
2. Harris A Quadir (O. B.)

FOOT-BALL WINNERS.

Present Students.

BADMINTON WINNERS.

(Fives) C. J. Sebastian and Friends (C.)

TUG-OF WAR WINNERS.

Old Boys.

Volley-Ball (Old Boys & Present Students) *Drawn.*

CHAMPION: T. A. Dharmarajan (C)

N. B. C: College; O. B.: Old Boys; H. S.: High School Dept.

The President, in his concluding speech, referred to the elements of degeneration and disintegration, proceeding out of a false imitation of Western civilisation and fashion, and pleaded for a return to the simple and the natural, in life. He also echoed the sentiments of the worthy lecturer, Rev. Fr. Proserpio, regarding the higher ideals of education.

Mr. S. F. Nunez, M. A. in a humorous speech thanked the guests of the day. The President was garlanded amid vociferous applause. The students then staged a French farce "The Proscribed Heir". The farce itself was full of fun and humour, abounding in lively scenes and comic passages; the actors acquitted themselves most handsomely, very much to their own credit, and that of the histrionic tastes and the coaching capacity of the Organiser, Mr. Joseph Pettah.

The function came to a close about 8 p. m.

The College Union Anniversary.

THE Eighth Anniversary of the College Literary and Debating Societies came off in the third week of February. It was a two day's function. The Public Meeting in connection with the celebrations was held on the 19th under the presidency of Justice Mr. P. Narayana Menon of the Chief Court of Cochin. The *elite* of the town mustered strong, and were welcomed by the Rev. Fr. Principal, the ex-officio President of the Union.

After the Secretary had read the Annual Report, the President of the day rose amidst acclamation and addressed the gathering in his lucid and felicitous style on various important aspects of modern education and Collegiate life. Mr. J. A. Saldhana B. A., B. L., M. L. C., followed with a very learned lecture on "Neglected Fields—Post-graduate study and research". He pointed out several useful lines of research work, historical and scientific, wherein the talents of our young graduates could be very profitably employed. Rao Sahib O. M. Cherian Avl. Chief Inspector of Schools, Travancore, then addressed the audience on "Success in Life". His thundering eloquence, reverberating through the stillness of the evening air, powerfully brought home to many a vexed and dejected mind the wholesome conviction that the really efficient man, the man of character and pluck, need not have any misgivings as to success in life.

Prizes were then distributed to the winners in the various literary competitions held under the auspices of the Union, after which the President made his concluding remarks.

The second day of the celebrations witnessed a great event. More than 400 students with their Lecturers assembled in the College Quadrangle to exchange hearty good wishes over a cup of tea. His Lordship the Bishop of Trichur, the Patron of the College, also graced the occasion. After tea, speeches were made by quite a large number of students, some in English

others in Malayalam, but all overflowing with sentiments of affection and loyalty towards the College. Many of the speakers made use of the occasion to bid farewell and wish all success to the outgoing Seniors of the Second and Fourth Classes. His Lordship the Bishop in a few graceful sentences, congratulated the staff and students on the happy idea of organising a common social towards the end of the academic year, which, he added would be a powerful help towards binding them in common citizenship in later life. Rev. Fr. Principal spoke more at length, replying, on behalf of the authorities, to the professions of loyalty and gratitude made by the students, and also wishing them not only a brilliant pass in the approaching University Examinations, but *real* success in the battle of life, which they would soon be called upon to wage on the broader stage of the world. The catering and all other arrangements were all that could be desired, thanks to the Social Committee appointed for the purpose, with Mr. S. F. Nunez as convener.



The time had come to dole out the day's rations, and in an Irish regiment the quarter-master and his assistant had been portioning them out in preparation for distribution.

The assistant turned to the quarter-master and, with a twinkle in his eye, said: "Ay-ye plaze sorr, there's a loaf short. Who'll I give it to?"

"Keep it yourself, Mike" replied the quarter-master.

THE Annual Report of the College Union.

1926—'27.

WE the Secretaries of the College Union, beg leave to place before you on this most auspicious occasion of the 8th Annual Celebration of our Literary and Debating Society, the following report of the work of the current academic year. The year under review has been yet another successful stage in the onward progress of the College Union.

The Union now counts 420 members on its rolls and it is the highest number that we have ever had in its annals. The Union now works in two sections, the Senior and the Junior, the former consisting of the B. A., and the latter of the Intermediate Classes. The advantages of such a division are patent from the fact that it affords more facilities for the developement of the literary and debating talents of the members. In fact the Union can be proud of having produced a larger number of budding orators, who in future may be expected to devote themselves for the betterment of the society and the mother-country.

During the year under Report 21 meetings have been held in all, the first of which was the business meeting to elect the office bearers for the year; then followed the inaugural Session. We are glad to be able to say that all the meetings were largely attended and the various speeches delivered and the debates held have been generally appreciated. A greater enthusiasm has generally prevailed among the members and a larger number of them used to take part in the debates and the discussions that usually followed the reading of the essays.

The subjects dealt with in our meetings—both in English

and Malayalam—were of varied interest and importance, among which special mention may be made of the following :—“The Present Economic Outlook of India ;” “Literature and Science ;” “Industry and Commerce with special reference to India ;” “The Malayalam Literature and Kumaranasan ;” “Education ;” “Liberty ;” “Nature and her Influence on men”.

The Union has also shown great interest in some of the pressing problems of the day, such as “Whether early marriage is detrimental to the progress of Society ;” “Whether Higher education should be imparted to women ;” and so on. We hope you will not put us down as hopeless conservatives if we tell you that our Union, being solicitous for the maintenance of social integrity and family unity, and taking a common-sense view of the various aspects of the question, and taking stock of the various occurrences in the East and the West, has by an overwhelming majority voted against the imparting to women of higher education of the present disintegrating type. We take this opportunity to express our sincere thanks to those learned Gentlemen who readily responded to our request to preside over our meetings—the names of Rev. Fr. Principal ; Vidwan A. V. Sebastian ; Messrs. C. A. Ouseph B. A., & B. L., M. L. C., S. F. Nunez M. A. M. L. C., P. Ghandrasakhara Menon B. A. & B. L., M. Krishna Menon B. A. & B. L., Pandit K. K. Rajah and K. Kochukrishna Menon B. A., deserve special mention.

It is a matter of legitimate pride and pleasure that our special meetings were presided over by such distinguished persons like The Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P. C., Sir, C. V. Kumara Swami Sastri, M. A., & B. L., Acting Chief Justice, High Court, Madras ; Rev. Fr. D. Honore S. J., Professor of Physics, St. Joseph's College, Trichy ; The Most Rev. Angel Mary, D. D., Archbishop of Verapoly ; and the Rt. Rev. Dr. Paul Perini, Bishop of Calicut. We have also had a couple of special lectures, one on “Time and Tide”—an exhortation to the members by Professor Pettah, the enthusiastic President of the Union, and the other on “The Importance of Physical Culture” by Dr. V. N. Krishna Iyer. Our respectful thanks to all the eminent lecturers who so kindly obliged us.

The activities of the "St. Thomas' College Parliament" are, we hope, already known to you through the press. We held the first session of the Parliament on 10th December 1926, when a resolution was moved on the fitness of India for 'Immediate Swaraj'. The question was discussed with great zest and liveliness and the members showed themselves well informed and appreciative of the various aspects of the problem. And we are sure that, patriots as you are, you will be interested to hear that the St. Thomas' College Parliament has almost unanimously decided to grant Immediate Swaraj to India.

As usual, the Union has conducted literary competitions during the year in essay writing, and extempore speaking—both in English and in Malayalam. We take this opportunity to congratulate the successful competitors. The following are the names of the prize-winners:

EXTEMPORE:—

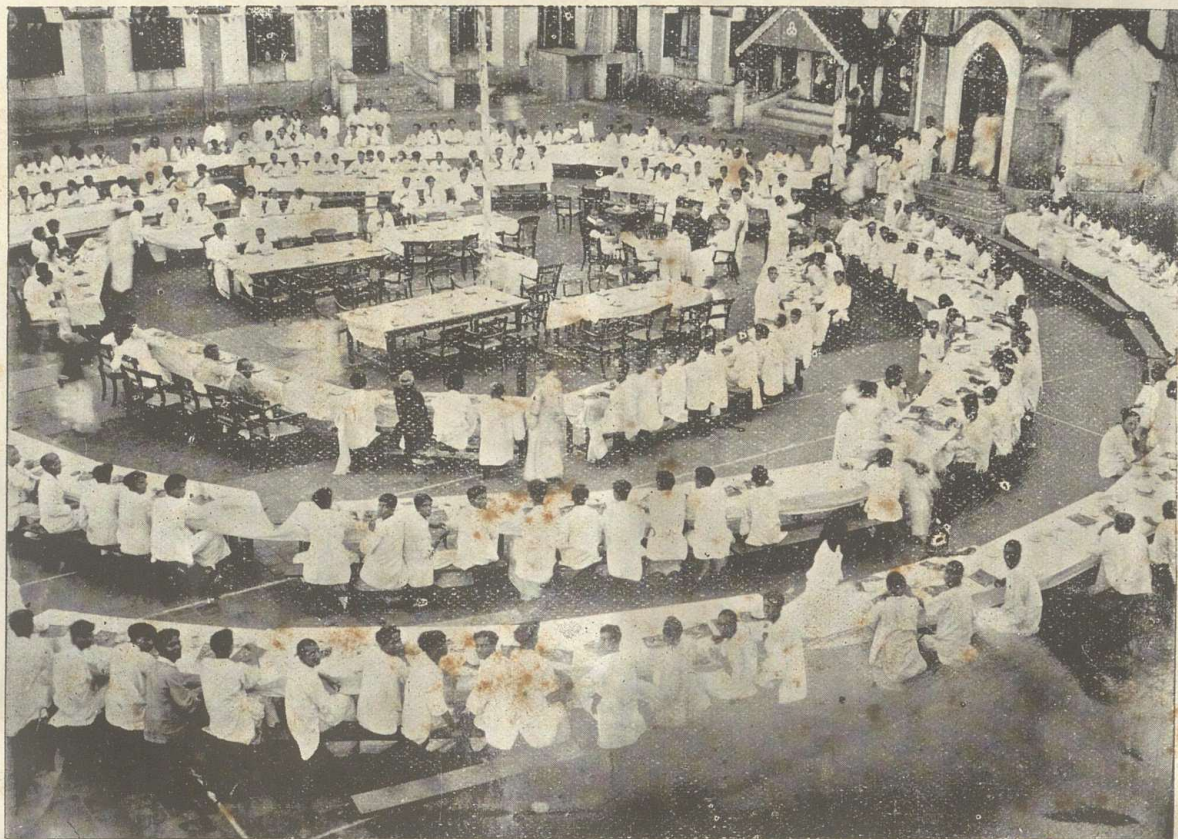
<i>English</i> :—	1st Prize	V. K. Harihara Iyer,	IV. U. C.
"	2nd "	P. P. Devassy,	I. U. C.
<i>Malayalam</i> :—	1st Prize	V. M. Kuttikrishna Menon,	I. U. C.
"	2nd "	E. Krishna Warriar,	I. U. C.

ESSAY WRITING:—

	1st Prize	M. G. Neelakandan,	II. U. C.
	2nd "	P. G. Nanoo,	III. U. C.

Nor have our Union activities been confined merely to the meetings. On one occasion we invited Prof. Khiva to act the part of certain characters from Shakespeare and other English dramatists; on another occasion we had a music entertainment in the College Hall; and on a third occasion we had a magic performance conducted under the auspices of the Union.

The unique event, however, of the year under report is the "social gathering" we are having to-morrow as part of this year's Anniversary Celebrations. The College has witnessed within its halls and premises socials of various kinds, but this is the first time in its annals that we are having a general social gathering for all the students and staff. And we hope that such functions as this



“The Grand Social”

[Held in connection with the Literary Union Anniversary, 12th Feb. 1927]

will serve to develop among us feelings of brotherhood and cordiality, which we are sure will stand us in good stead when the time comes for us to work hand in hand as citizens for the betterment and regeneration of society and motherland.

The total income for the year is Rs 261-8-0 and the expenses amounted to Rs. 249-7-0 thus leaving a balance of Rs. 12-1-0.

The secretaries will be failing in their duty if they do not express their extreme indebtedness to their presidents and vice-presidents for their encouragement and support.

Conclusion We beg leave also to place on record our deepest gratitude to the Rev. Fr. Principal, our Ex-officio President, for all his kind sympathy and the readiness with which he has been rendering all possible help in the management of the Union.

We are not unconscious of the fact that in spite of all the humble achievements detailed above, we are far from having realised our aims completely. Much remains yet to be done and we hope that the future will unfold new and more useful aspects of its work.

St. Thomas' College, }
TRICHUR, 19th FEB. '27. }

K. T. KURIAKOSE, III. U. C.
V. K. RAMA MENON, II. U. C.

(Secretaries).



College Chronicle.

21-12-26. College Day Sports in the St. Mary's Thope.

22-12-26. Tennis Finals; Old Boys' Association Meeting; and Public Meeting in connexion with the College Day Celebrations.

23-12-26. Christmas Holidays Commence.

26-12-26. The Chief Justice of Puducotta, accompanied by the Principal of the Puducotta College and the Secretary to the Diwan of Puducotta visited the College.

11-1-27. The College re-opened after Christmas Holidays.

19-2-27. Anniversary Meeting of the College Union, Justice P. Narayana Menon presiding.

20-2-27. Social Gathering of the staff and students under the auspices of the Union.

11-3-27. Annual Examination commences.

18-3-27. College closes for the Summer vacation.

22-3-27. University Examinations commence. The College presents the first batch of students for the B. A. Examination.



The College Boarding House Notes.

17th May, 1926. The Boarding House reopened after the long Midsummer Holidays. Boarders, old and new, flocked to the House from all parts, and Rev. Fr. Joseph Chirayath, the popular Rector, gave them all a cordial welcome.

29th June. In a business meeting of the sodality of the B. V. M., the officers for the year were elected :—Mr. C. C. John, as prefect ; Mr. P. M. Joseph, as Secretary ; Messrs. V. J. John. K. Stephen, P. Joseph Panamkulam, and B. Antony Malatt as Councillors.

3rd July. St. Thomas' Day—celebrated as the "National Day" of Christian Malabar. There was a meeting presided over by Rt. Rev. Mgr. Mathew Edacolathoor, the Manager of the College, when Rev. Fr. Thachuparambil delivered a stirring and highly instructive address on 'St. Thomas the Apostle of India'.

6th July. The Anniversary of H. L. the Bishop. As usual the Boarders approached His Lordship to convey to him their felicitations.

1st August. At a business meeting of the Boarding House Branch of the Malabar Catholic Students' League Mr. P. C. Rockey was elected as Secretary of the Branch.

15th August. The Inaugural Meeting of the 'M. C. S. L.' with Rev. Fr. Joseph Chirayath in the Chair. Mr. B. Xavier Malatt gave an elucidative speech on "what the M. C. S. L. is". The Secretary of the League deserves to be thanked for his earnest efforts towards materialising the high ideals of the League.

17th to 21st September. The Spiritual Retreat was preached by Rev. Fr. Camillus O. C. D.

10th October. His Excellency Most Rev. Mgr. Edward Mooney D. D. the Delegate Apostolic, visited the Boarding House. The Boarders welcomed him in a short speech to which His Excellency made a suitable reply.

13th October. The Boarders attended the special Mass offered by His Excellency in the Bishop's chapel, for the benefit of the Catholic Students of the College ; and listened with rapt attention to his highly instructive and impressive sermon on the importance of the spiritual aspect in the education of the young.

19th October. The Rev. Father Rector took the Boarders on a holiday excursion to Paverty and to Pazhayoor to visit the famous churches there. It was a pleasant trip by 'bus,' the first of its kind in the history of the Boarding House.

3rd December. The Bishop's Day. The Boarders paid as usual, their filial respects to His Lordship the Bishop, and thanked him especially for the new extensions to the Boarding House and the great improvements effected in the gardens.

8th December. New Members were admitted to the Sodality of the B. V. M. Their number showed the zealous devotion of the Boarders to the Blessed Virgin.

23rd January. The Rector's day—one of the happiest days in the year for the Boarders. They conveyed their hearty good wishes to Rev. Fr. Joseph Chirayath, who is deeply loved and highly esteemed for his suavity of manners coupled with stern adherence to principle; and presented him with a small token of their filial appreciation of his self-less labours for them. Badminton matches and entertainments of various kinds were also held in his honour and the winners were given suitable prizes.

2nd February. The Sodality Anniversary—the greatest of the religious celebrations of the Boarding House. The usual procession to the grotto of 'Our Lady of Lourdes' in the premises of the Boarding House was conducted with great pomp. The Public Meeting in connection with the occasion was presided over by the Principal, Rev. Fr. Palocaran. Mr Pallan Devassy B. A., in an eloquent speech on "What a Sodality can do," referred to the various kinds of activities open to the Sodalists, among which 'Voluntary Catechising' was specially stressed. Rev. Fr. George Akkara addressed the gathering on "Science & Religion", showing with great force and clearness how "*Science was getting more religious and religion more scientific*". The President in his usual felicitous style spoke of the importance of traditions in the history of Institutions. The special devotion to the Blessed Virgin he pointed out as a characteristic of Catholic Malabar,—a characteristic that obtained for Malabar the Syrian Hierarchy.

Much of the success of the celebration was no doubt due to the diligent labours of the energetic Secretary of the Sodality.

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