His Highness Sir Sri Rama Varma, G. C. I. E.,
Maharaja of Cochin.

I

GREETINGS

MOST LOYAL AND HUMBLE

TO

OUR GRACIOUS PATRON

His Highness
Sir Sri Rama Varma, G. C. I. E.,
The Maharaja of Cochin

On the happy and auspicious occasion of His Highness' Seventieth Birthday.

"O ! Thou Great Power, who reign'st above!
I know Thou wilt me hear ;
When for this scene of peace and love
I make my prayer sincere.

The Revered Sire—the mortal stroke,
Long, long, be pleased to spare !
To bless his little filial flock,
And show what good men are ! "

THE

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Facts and Fancies.

By Dr. A. R. PODUVAL.

Several times before this, have I taken paper and pen to write for the sake of my readers something interesting about Central Europe at the present time and as often have I given up the attempt for scarcity of material. Eight years ago, England and parts of the continent appeared to me very different: and this difference is due mainly to a personal factor, and is not the result of visible radical changes in the west. Of course, the war, or the aftermath of war, has considerably altered the outlook of the European nations in general. But beyond what we hear and read, in the papers, about the 'Commonwealth of Nations' and proposals for 'Universal peace', there is nothing to suggest radical or even noteworthy changes, either in the places I have visited or in the life and habits of the people I have come across. At least my eyes can hardly detect anything. But I believe that the cause of this is to be searched for in my own personal outlook on men and things. I do not know if I have grown wiser; but surely I have ceased to wonder; and modern Europe hardly displays to my vision anything which I am not more or less familiar with.

A decade ago, I would have with delight described almost everything that I saw here as wonderful. Ten years' growth of beard has surely worked a change. I hardly perceive the gross paraphernalia of modern civilisation. I have in my own room, right on the table near my bed, a receiver through which I can hear a piece of music or a lecture broadcasted from New York. Once I put it to my ear, and it has since been lying there idle. I seem to take hardly any interest in the make-up of the stage; it is the drama of life that is to be enacted on it that appeals to me now.

This aspect of my tastes may not be quite agreeable to my readers, for I have been observing for a long time that most people at home work themselves

into a hectic flush for the material things that they might be able to procure for themselves on a process of refined barter. They live rich or poor or mediocre; die in any of these phases of competence or lack of it; and nobody is any the wiser. The great problem to me has been, where this modern whirligig is tending, what is going to happen to it, how it is going to end. Europe cannot give an answer yet to this question, although some of her best heads are applying themselves to this problem. Our people cannot think of it at all, it is with them a constitutional deficiency.

Before I left home for Europe, a certain well-known gentleman told me on the foreshore that it was absolute foolishness to go to Europe now, considering that I was drawing quite a competence in the form of material gain for my material wants. He spoke according to his own lights which might have just the luminosity of an ordinary single candle, or might mean a more searching brilliance of widespread effulgence. But it appeared to me that he made one grand mistake. How does he know that man is always satisfied with material things? A thousand pounds in the bank might mean to him an enviable exaltation. To me it might mean altogether but a means to an end. It is here that people make serious blunders. If there is anything that still makes me wonder at creation, it is the fact of the diversity of the human mind. Food, sex, and protective instincts are inherent qualities of all organised living things—plants and animals. If man is anything different he must possess some attributes extra.

The big masses of people in Europe are not very different from my very solicitous friend in the matter of ideas and ideals. The estimate of competence and real wealth might differ. But the purpose of life's struggle is just about the same. If you ask a man why he wants 10,000 marks to-day he will promptly answer you "to make it twenty-thousand." And the curious thing is that, having accumulated the pile, and perhaps more than can be reasonably spent, he gets into the winter of his years. And having in the meantime learned no cultural habits with which to happily spend the last few years of physical weakness and cellular degeneration, he becomes in his dotage a mere void—intellectually insolvent and physically impotent. I shall not, however, spend the few minutes that I can spare, in disquisitions on the philosophy of life. It is a pity that I do not at present possess the romanticism of youth to write about the magnificence of Europe. To me, modern civilisation as I see it, stands on a knife-edge oscillating with the least gust of wind, and its best symbol is chemical balance. I believe, a readjustment will have to be made if man is to endure on this planet as the supreme ideal of Evolution, in the course of a century at the most. Otherwise civilisation, with its own weight, will flounder in the sea of speculative chance.

Perhaps, the one thing that still satisfies me in Germany is its devotion to science—both in the abstract, and in the practical application of it. The satisfaction that we derive from science is based upon two things: (1) It is

the only sphere of human activity which has done palpable good. (2) It has a great future before it, and will probably give a solution of the mysterious problems of life which so much vex the world at the present day. The 'Deutsch Museum' in Munchen (Munich) is the best of its kind that I have yet seen, including the British Museum. And for one thing, it is not like many other Museums, "a place to keep stuffed birds in to amuse our children". It is purely a practical demonstration, all arranged, in an extensive and artistic building, showing every sphere of human activity, and every department of Science in Chronological order from the first conception of it to the latest development along the line. And the beauty of it is, that by various electrical contrivances, switches, buttons and so forth, the visitor is enabled to demonstrate for himself any particular mechanism, or phenomenon, at any particular stage of its development or manifestation. There are hundreds of huge coloured original pictures, designs, charts, etc. to illustrate any gaps between; and life like models in coloured plaster or wax in various natural positions, and in surroundings natural to the incident in question, amply testify to the trouble and scientific precision spent on each individual subject. It was only after seeing this marvellous place that I awoke to the idea that a Museum is a place for education and not for entertainment. Even with our limited scopes I believe much can be done to make every Museum a nucleus for educative purposes, if people had ideas, and knew how to put these ideas in the best shape. Our average intellect is disastrously inartistic and unoriginal, and so it is no use talking about it.

I will just take an example to illustrate what has been done here. We will start with coal. In a large room, they have in this Museum a big artificially constructed section of the earth's strata, which shows the particular layer in which coal is abundant. Now coal is almost entirely from plants of a by-gone geological Epoch, and the adjoining wall illustrates in colours a scene of that Epoch, depicting the plant-life of that period, in a natural setting. Dozens of sections of coal are placed close by, under the microscope; and Micro-photographs on the walls still further illustrate to the lay-visitor what he observes under the microscope. Then, we have here, a series of natural settings, to demonstrate coal mining. It would seem that a huge chit from an actual coal mine had been cut out and exhibited here. The human models in various working positions look so natural that you imagine practically that you are on the brink of a coal mine and not in a Museum. The various purposes for which coal is put are illustrated by another series of models and pictures. These are too numerous to mention here. Finally, we have in a room a bas-relief representative of an enormous "Coke-tree" to illustrate the manufacture of the many hundreds of things made out of an ordinary piece of burnt-wax. A piece of coke represents the root of this tree; it has a short trunk which immediately branches out into lesser trunks and those again into branches and twigs and

leaves and so forth; and then you find hanging on them all over, 'Coke-fruits'—all different of course—which are medium sized glass vials, containing the manufactured product in question, with a label on each of them. Of such fruits I counted nearly 800, but I do not think I have counted more than a half of them: Synthetic Salicylates, perfumed soaps, perfumes, dozens of different kinds of drugs, aniline dyes, Sacharine, etc., etc., too numerous to mention. The reader can see for himself now, that there is a method in this arrangement whose purpose is to elucidate clearly and easily even to the casual visitor, facts which he will ordinarily take no pains to understand. These intellectual foods are served out to him with a G. S. of a spice, and he cannot but taste them, take them in, digest them and assimilate them.

I need not go through the trouble of classifying these various objects of interest thus exhibited in this Museum; the keepers in charge of any particular section are perfectly well informed in all that concerns their own department and are only too ready to demonstrate to the visitor all the details of the subjects in question, *free of charge*. I have seen hundreds of students coming to the Museum with their teachers and professors, and getting first-hand practical instruction in the diverse phases of human activity.

Of art, it is neither necessary nor advisable for me to say anything here except this: that art is a much more serious thing than many people at home imagine. Most of my countrymen in Malabar do not have the slightest conception of it. They have been habituated to see abominable photographs and ludicrous enlargements of themselves or their friends and relations, or to pay for six-penny pictures in X-mas numbers; or to study art on calendars, and even to hang up the most atrociously tawdry-looking 'Trade Marks' and advertisements as representative art. I have seen many 'Educated' ladies and gentlemen looking at a landscape the wrong side up. To such people, it is useless to describe the feelings one has, when one looks at the huge magnificent canvases, in the "Staatsgalerie" at Munchen, the Louvre in Paris, the "Uffizzi" in Florence or even the National Gallery in London. It takes some time and some culture to understand what art is; at any rate it cannot be so easily taken in as book-keeping.

Or, we may take another example of the application of science to life, as exemplified by the world-famous Tiergarten—Animal Park—of Carl Hagenbeck, just a few miles from Hamburg proper. I really do not know whether the obvious kindness to these animals, both in the matter of rearing and feeding has been dictated by the instinct of Mercy or the instinct of Commerce. If animals can be easily caught and transported, and easily replaced when they die, it is hard to guess whether modern civilisation which aims at subjugating, controlling or killing everything for man's use, would have cared to keep wild animals right royally in the best conditions possible. But at the same time, it cannot be denied that many poor people in the big cities are fed and reared more poorly than animals in a Zoo. In

the 'Animal Park' these wild beasts from various parts of the world are kept in their natural surroundings. Carl Hagenbeck at any rate has set the example to practically all the better chaps of " Menageries" in the world, how to keep animals in captivity, without shutting them up in cages like prisoners in a penitentiary. Probably at some time I may be able to show some of my readers a series of lantern slides illustrating the famous "Tiergarten." These animals whether from the steppes of Africa, or the rocks of India or from the subterranean caves of Brazil, have a slice of their own native land transported into the garden along with themselves. And although these works are all artificial, they strike the visitor as absolutely realistic. The animals seem perfectly at home; they have plenty of space to move about, and no railing offends the eye of the spectator or gives a notion of captivity to the animals themselves so far as we can judge from their movements and behaviour. Thus we find groups of lions and tigers sunning themselves on the rocks, or going into their dens, or coming out of them. Numbers of mountain goats spring from point to point of a huge precipitous boulder, about 130 feet in height. The water birds and animals swim or wallow about in large sheets of their native element. The Polar bear is seen among his ice of the arctic or antarctic seas. Even the huge 'Tarantulas'—the bird catching spiders—of South America are here—dozens of them crawling out of their holes, in the earth, or on the trunks of trees. Groups of monkeys and birds may also be seen disporting themselves in ample space, in their own natural surroundings. But what impressed me most was the "Nursery" where all measures are taken for race-preservation. I find even tolerably 'grown-up' specimens of the lion, tiger, sheep, dog, hyaena, wolf, etc., tribes living together in the same enclosure, as if they for one thing had no quarrel on earth among themselves. And it struck me that if mankind—the different nations of the Earth—the white, the brown, the yellow and the black—would arrange their modes of life in such a peaceful fashion, it is very well worth considering whether man is after all a superior animal.

Hagenbeck's is purely a private concern, and works much better than many Government and Municipal concerns. The proprietors must have lost much money and plenty of valuable animals before they learnt that animals in close captivity died very soon, as we learn from the reports of the Zoological gardens, Regent's Park, London. The question of cold and heat affects them very little. So long as they are freely supplied with direct sunlight and plenty of free open air, I have seen the tiger in the London Zoo taking a real constitutional walk in his open cage, while the snow was lying thick on the ground. There is hardly a Zoological garden in the world that has not lost dozens of rare and costly animals on account of tuberculosis or rickets or some other disease due to the deprival of fresh open air and sunlight. People in our country have hardly begun to realise that these things are essential for man's growth and health. It is therefore not surprising that they have no better conceptions of rearing animals than of rearing themselves.

There is a good deal of talk in India to-day, mostly based upon the recollection of the conditions of the country during the ancient Indo-Aryan civilisation, about the fitness of my countrymen to take an equal place among the nations of the world. I believe myself, that even this new awakening to the reality of ancient Hindu culture, its glory and its fitness is confined to a very small minority of people. Even the so-called 'educated' in our country (which spells nothing more than a special profession or calling), are not yet informed. except perhaps vaguely, about Indo-Aryan culture. But perhaps, in the course of a few years, we may, through the vigorous activity, patient research and extensive broadcasting of the politico-social conditions of ancient Indian India, succeed in imparting some substantial conception of the life and manners and mode of government of their ancestors into the mind even of the common school-boy. That would merely mean a prompting, the creation of an aspiration to evolve out something better. The West, however, is already soaked with the national idea ; and it is working to stabilise its achievements, always allowing for further progress. This national idea is something more than the languid, self-centred, narrow-minded, care-bound outlook of the East. Europe is physically strong, constitutionally fit, mentally free, both man and woman. Its morals are not circumscribed within the limits of old fossilised superstitions ; they can change according to the new revelations of scientific investigations, and adopt an attitude that would best tend to preserve the health and vigour of its people. In this respect, India is still far behind the average. The newer education has first made people uneasy and unsettled. It lies on them like a heavy overcoat, which just protects them against the exigencies of life, without adding anything substantial to them. We shall have to get over our physical weakness, our mental torpor, our extreme individualism which confines all our thoughts to ourselves, and spends very little on the race; our soft conceptions of antiquated ethics ; our superstitions which consecrate whatever is old, on account of their mere age ; and adopt newer methods that would form a substantial ground-work on which our destiny may be raised. At present we contrive to live and earn and die ; or live and starve and die; and nobody is any the wiser. Nor do I think that the present generation can make much headway on the path of real progress. An educational propaganda, having for its object the dissemination of knowledge on a basis of general culture, comprising history past and present, art and science with the general drift of contemporaneous thoughts and ideals, carried from town to town and village to village, and undertaken by well-educated and competent men, and freely administered, might do more good in this direction than all the schools and colleges put together. That seems to me to be the only way of showing our countrymen, what proportion we may at present assume in the great scheme of the world.

Personally, I have no hopes of the present generation being able to accomplish anything in this line. We must first free the women, and tell

them, that though the propagation of the species is the primary object of the differentiation of sex, a woman is not expected to spend the whole period of her healthy life manufacturing children, and suddenly become old and jaded, waiting for the next tide to wash her out of existence altogether. There is no room in the world at present for a geometric progression in propagation. You have to draw the line, and the sooner it is done, the better. It is easier to tackle a few children than dozens ; you can feed them better ; educate them more satisfactorily and better provide for them. And the woman has plenty of time to work ; for herself, for the society and for the country. I do not think that any soft old motives of religion and punishment need ever enter into the minds of people in the matter of birth-control. It has become a necessity ; personally, I am of opinion that it is a better moral principle to beget few and look after them better than to produce a litter and rear them like puppies. And unless a woman is entirely extricated from the troubles of repeated child-birth, it is impossible to get her out of her homes, and show her the extent of the world we inhabit.

Women, I think, are the backbone of the nation. I do not mean to say that the apparent freedom of the women of the West has solved any fundamental problem of humanity. But Europe can solve many problems which we at present cannot. I mean, a new adjustment of life for the betterment of humanity is not an impossible attainment for Europe, for a large proportion of her women are capable of subscribing to the general scheme. That is more than we can say for ourselves. On the other hand, women persistently conservative in nature, and holding a secret subtle influence to powerfully influence man actively and passively, can be a serious obstacle in the path of social progress unless her outlook has been expanded by a larger amount of freedom. She at home must know, more than any body else, how the world is moving so that she may rear her children in a fashion that would make them fit individuals to take their place in the arena of the world.

By freedom, I do not mean that frivolous license in sexual relationships which allows a woman to flit about like a butterfly, with patched-up cheeks, powdered face, and painted lips—elbowing man and getting elbowed by him in public thoroughfares—as if the sexes were aggressively trying to get enough room for themselves to keep their bodies straight. It may be all right in Europe, where there is a certain amount of indefiniteness about freedom and fashion. We certainly do not like our "Savitris appearing in a divorce court, and our Sita suing her cobbler for damages in a libel suit" What we require for our women is liberty for self-expression, freedom for the complete unfolding of their mental capacities, and scope for a liberal expanding of those intellectual qualities that would enable them to rear a better race of citizens for our country. Women in this respect are the worst enemies of their own sex. I have at home many times tried to draw out the

young generation of our women from their holes, and have as often been thwarted in the attempt by the half-petulant, half-mocking snob who thought she could put a spoke in the wheel of progress, if she could not advance it any further. These types have to become extinct before any freedom can be thought of for our women.

It is rather curious that we come to Europe to study what India is. At home, we get merged in the languid and steamy atmosphere of our land, and our mind refuses to think or move. In Europe we see contrasts, and our every day experience only brings more and more strongly to our minds the great difference between the East and the West.

I am afraid, this has been rather an erratic sort of critical miscellany; but I have all along in mind the fundamental points with which I started—namely civilisation on a scientific basis—which I believe is the only method of solving the modern riddle. We may very well dispense with the forms of it: the parasitical plants with all their gaudy flowers, on this tree of progress, and the thousand and one adventitious sorts that grow out from it. If nature appears to produce her types with unmitigated luxuriance, that same nature has given us the power to extract out of her ample bounty those contrivances that inhibit redundance, and exercise selection. There is enough of material in the world at present—we have been lucky enough so far in being mere spectators of the products of civilisation, and we are therefore now in a position to select from the list what appeals to our best sense as best for ourselves.

Imaginative Identification.

By C. NARAYANA MENON, M. A. (*Old Boy*).

Some enthusiastic readers have taken me to task for being obscure in my previous essay. I have been asked to illustrate the following sentences at least :—" The tragic artist has a hard task .....the audience must be made to identify themselves with the sufferer and look out through his dim eyes. "

Let us take an example from Macbeth, one of our text-books. Imagine that Act II, scene ii is being presented on the stage. The scene is admitted to be one of the best Shakespeare ever wrote. Yet, what does the onlooker see? Lady Macbeth appears and talks to herself, after which Macbeth joins her and makes a poor attempt to narrate how he had done ' the deed'. Then Macbeth is left alone and there is knocking behind the scenes. What a wonderful stretch of sympathetic imagination it needs to realise the preternatural horrors experienced by the murderer while simply following the business on the bare stage! If the murder could be presented on the screen, something of the strain on our imagination might be removed : but then, the dramatic effects of Macbeth's report would be lost. For instance, the single answer of

Lady Macbeth, " Donalbain ", plunges Macbeth into profound thought. " Why did the son dream and start out of his sleep when the father was murdered? If there are such unseen bonds, what chance is there for murder to remain hid ? How can blood, the filthy witness, be washed away?" Thus Macbeth's thoughts wander and he looks at his hand. Secondly, Macbeth during this scene is living over again in imagination through the murder and its sequel. His recollections have become more complicated and more lurid on account of his regrets and reflections. Thirdly, what device on the screen can present the feeling of darkness outside, of heaven's candles being put out by the dunnest smoke of hell, of wicked thoughts let loose to abuse the curtained sleep, of evil powers weltering through space ready to tend on mortal thoughts, and of the preternatural horrors that have begun to appear on account of this breach of nature's bond?

To understand a tragedy, then, the spectator must have poetic imagination. Nay more. Ethical or rational standards should not obtrude and disturb sympathy. We must experience what the hero experiences, and this is impossible if we set ourselves up as judges. We must act his part ourselves. Time was when I believed with critics that Macbeth is troubled by conscience, but now I feel assured that it is not conscience but excited imagination—an imagination powerful enough to make his hair rouse and stir at a dismal treatise. His superstition fears that certain unseen agencies will reveal the murder and deprive him of felicity. This colours all. Images are jumbled together as in a delirium. The thought of the dagger he was to use takes shape and hangs before him in the air. It leads him along the steps from the courtyard and through the lobby opening on the guest chambers. His excited mind thinks of the deed to be done and gouts of blood appear on the dagger. When returning, the shriek of the ominous owl quivers through him, and so he fails to recognise the second shriek as the owl's. Seized by a sudden panic he cries out, " Who's there—what ho ! ". Again, the knocking makes him shake with terror that some forces are working against him, and he does not comprehend either the direction of the sound or its nature. The images of quickened imagination mingle with external reality, the past, present and future become confused, and all sense of place and direction is lost. The best example is the voice in his ears.

Sometimes when we are reading at night, we are overpowered by weakness and our eyes automatically close; but we yet see the page before our closed eyes. The same line appears to vary again and again as we mechanically read it over and over. And then we hear a clear voice in our ear repeating the line with variations and mingled comments. Students who read till mental break-down must have experienced this. Similar is Macbeth's. He has meditated a thousand times in previous life on the murder, and naturally the sudden chance causes terrible excitement. By superhuman endeavour he checks his excitement, but the moment the blow is struck he is a spent force. The suspense is intolerable and he prepares to steal out quietly hold-

ing his breath. By a strange coincidence, the ominous silence of darkness is broken by a still more ominous sleepy laugh from the next chamber and a nightmare cry of " Murder !". The blood in Macbeth's heart congeals with sudden horror and his mental break-down is complete. He forgets the daggers and stands shaking and listening. His mind wanders again, " Are they laughing in derision ? Have they found me out? Who are they and how did they get scent? Suppose they come with a light to this room! Why did I do this? Am I to suffer torments like this for ever in my life?" He half wishes the deed had been undone. He is reassured to hear the rustle of their sheets and then their prayer, but his regret remains. His throat is parched and cannot respond. This omen seems a confirmation of his fear that he should have no peace. And then the voice in his ear begins to repeat with endless variations, " sleep no more ". Various comments mingle with the voice of fancy and become one with it. To him all life seems a confused blending.

Thus do we experience when we see the scene acted, provided that we can identify ourselves with this man of hypersensitive imagination who does not see life as it is but as clouded by his emotions.

Mr. Dinker goes a-wooing.

By VEETEE.

"You see that young woman, over there ?"

" That, you mean, the one walking beside that Blackie Sahib ?"

" Yes."

" What about her ? " enquired my friend.

" Oh, it is a long story. Would you believe that by a mere accident I should have been by her side now instead of that fellow ?"

" You, Dinker ! Don't be joking. You, to have married that girl ? "

" I can't believe it. How did it happen ?"

We two, Hari and myself, were strolling along the road one evening and the Blackie Sahib with his wife were about fifty yards in front of us.

" Right-about-turn, then," I said, and we began to move away from the couple.

It was like this, I began. You remember the year in which I took my degree, about, say, six years back? Right. You remember also that my father was then the Private Secretary to the Zemindar of Kutukutuppandy. Good. As soon as my examination was over, I went to my father's place and expected to have a jolly good time of it. He lived within the Zemindar's Palace grounds because, as Private Secretary, he was al ways expected to be near his master. I hadn't any idea at all what the place was like ; but as soon as I reached home, I found that it was practi cally impossible to be there for long. There was scarcely any one to talk to ; and you

know, old man, you can't talk to your father and mother, brothers and sisters and all that sort, as you would to your friends. Besides, the Zemindar himself was there, and therefore everybody had to keep absolutely mum.

About a week passed away like that, and during the whole of it, I did not practically do anything else than eating and sleeping. And at the end of it I asked my father whether there was any objection to my strolling about in the Palace grounds in the evenings. Just fancy, Hari, a young man like myself who had been playing all sorts of games in the College to be suddenly locked up in a room for all the twenty-four hours of the day. You know, you can't stand that sort of thing for long. "Oh, yes" my father said, but I should take particular care not to go very near the Palace buildings, that was all. I said to myself I didn't myself care very much to do that.

I felt better afterwards. I used to walk for about a couple of hours in the evenings; and, say, at the rate of three miles per hour, it was about six miles. After six miles of walking a day, you know, you ought to feel that you are at least alive. The thing continued like that for about ten days.

"You hadn't any girls there anywhere?" Hari enquired suddenly. " Don't be silly, old bloke. I was with my father inside the Palace grounds, you remember, and therefore, even if there were any, I don't think I would have cared much to fool about. You forget I had a reputation to keep ?"

" But were there any, that is what I want to know " my friend persisted.

" Wait on, my dear fellow, no hurrying, please."

Yes, what was I saying ?—Oh! yes—about ten days passed away like that. And one day, accidentally—You remember that point, *accidentally*—I found myself near the Palace tank. I had absolutely no intention—believe me, old man, to go near the place. But I think, considering about it now, I must have been absent-minded, or something like that. And even then, I was a full hundred yards away. As soon as I knew that I had gone farther than was proper for me to do, I stopped short. But I may tell you there was something else too which acted as a sort of four-wheeled brake upon me. It was beautiful, my friend, beautiful ! you ought to have seen the sight for yourself, then alone you—

"Slowly please, slowly, slowly; What is beautiful ? You didn't tell me that. "

"Eh ? what is it that you want ? Can't you hear me out without interrupting at the end of every blessed sentence ?" I cried in disgust.

" My dear fellow, you didn't tell me what *was* beautiful. How am I to know then ? And shall I tell you—don't be cross, please—how you looked when you said it was beautiful ? You looked simply funny. "

"Don't be silly, Hari. I don't think you ought to joke about a thing of which I feel so much. Of course, if you don't want me to go on, you may say so. I am in no mood to joke, I am sure."

" Go slow, old bean. I didn't mean it. Please go on, but do tell me what was beautiful, first. "

I began again, although not quite pleased with Hari's jokes. I tell you I saw there a vision of perfect loveliness. Two beautiful girls—I knew them afterwards to be the Zemindar's daughter and her maid—walking along the well-kept path to the tank near by. One of them—that must have been the big man's daughter, I am sure—was simply stunning Hari, you wouldn't find another so beautiful. But I was far away, you know, and therefore couldn't make out their features clearly. Anyhow, there they were, quite unconcerned about everything—including poor me—around them. Hari, I am serious, shall I ask you a question ? Do you honestly believe in love at first sight ? Even if you don't, I tell you it is one of the most natural things that can happen to any healthy human being. Well, you know what I mean. I felt that without her—the Zemindar's daughter—I couldn't live another day. I was even ready to become her slave if only I were allowed to be near her always. I felt all this, and more, but you wouldn't understand, I am afraid.

They passed away out of sight, and I returned home and swore to myself that if ever I married, it was to be that girl, and that alone. But I knew there was a serious difficulty. She was—what do you call her ?—any special name, something like the " princess " for a Raja's daughter or anything like that ? No? Well, you understand, anyhow she was such a big lady, mind you, only comparatively, and I, her father's Private Secretary's son—a poor graduate with very little chance of even getting a job anywhere. The odds were against me, I felt. Yet I wanted to try; if only I managed to make her love me in return then everything else was easy. You know, Hari, there is one thing with these girls; if they love anyone then they don't stop anywhere. They go to any lengths, I have known cases like that. I know you wouldn't quite like to believe me in all this; you might think that it was not love for the girl that made me want to marry her, but her money, eh? Quite natural, and I don't blame you for that. But, take my word, her money was nothing to me. You remember somewhere in "Omar Khayam" the man telling the girl that he would consider it to be paradise itself if she were always by his side—"And thou beside me," that is the line—or something like that ? Well, it was exactly like that with me also. Funny, eh ? No, old man, wait your turn and then you will know. Love is like measles, and you have to go through it once in your life; and therefore the earlier you do it, the better for you.

From that day, I began to haunt the place where I had my first vision of my "well-beloved." It was like this: you know I wanted to make her love me. There was only one way of doing it, and that was to go to her straight, if she happened to be alone at any time, and confess my fatal love to her. Even though she may not feel inclined to regard me with anything like love at first, she might at least feel some sympathy for me, and you know Hari, from sympathy to love it is only a few steps.

"H'm" cried Hari as if not quite sure about the result of the sympathy—love combination. But I didn't mind, I went on.

Chance favoured me one day. It was just getting dark; I had been waiting at the usual place for about an hour and was about to return in despair. At that moment.—Oh, good luck—I saw the familiar figure stepping out of the Royal palace. Oh, my life-chance, she was alone ! I was hiding behind a hedge of ever-greens quite near the tank. My heart began to thump against my ribs, and my limbs began to shake in a very uncomfortable way. She came along, in her stately manner; and when she was just opposite me, I jumped out of my hiding place, *prostrated myself* before her and begged for mercy. Of course, I don't quite remember what exactly I said to her. But I am sure I told her how much I loved her, how I couldn't live without her and all that—you know the sort of stuff generally found in your modern novels ? And when I just lifted my head to see how she looked, what I saw was only her retreating figure ! She was running like a frightened stag—isn't that the simile those writer-chaps use in such cases ? I got up, looked about to see if there were any one in sight, and, assured to the contrary, beat a hasty retreat.

These girls must be certainly very queer, I thought, as I stepped into my room again. What is the fun of the girl running away like that without giving me a chance even ? I tell you what, Hari, you can't know what any girl will do under a given set of circumstances. You expect them to behave in such and such a manner, but what they really do is just the reverse of what you expect them to do. Don't you think so ? "Quite" assented my friend.

But in the present case there was a more serious difficulty. Supposing the silly girl informed her father—the old bounder—of all that had happened. My word ! then everything was lost. The whole pack of us—father, mother, boys, girls, &c.—will be packed off bag and baggage the next moment. I felt a bit uneasy on that point. Quite natural, isn't it ? Well, two days passed and nothing further was heard about the incident; I began to feel myself safe. The third morning, as I was reading a silly novel in my room, there was a rap-tap-tap at the door. I got up and opened it.

"Father in?" enquired the chief cook of the Zemindar.

"Yes, want to see him?" I asked?

"If he wouldn't mind." He replied.

"I am sorry to disturb you at this early hour" began the chief cook as my father and myself came out. "But, as the matter was serious, I thought I would come and see you at the earliest opportunity of course. We never expected this honour and we are really grateful to you and your son for what you have done for my daughter and myself".

"What is all this ? My son—your daughter—great honour. What is all this ? I don't follow," put in my father surprised.

"Oh, I am sorry. I thought you must have known all about it. Didn't your son—" began again the cook.

"Out with it, my dear man, you are wasting time!"

"Yes, Sir. Excuse me, Sir. My daughter told me that about three days back, your son asked her to marry him. It was the greatest honour that he could do to my poor daughter who, as you know, Sir, is only a maid at the Palace. I sincerely thank you and him for that, Sir."

I couldn't believe my ears. I thought the man must be either joking or mad. I never proposed to his daughter. Fancy the fellow's cheek !

"Is it true?" My father turned towards me.

"No" that was all I could say.

"No!" the chief cook exclaimed. "Didn't you, Sir, propose to my daughter while she was going to the Palace tank?"

I saw light. My God! What a huge blunder; but how to explain it? I couldn't say that I wanted to make love to the rich beggar's daughter, but, by mistake, had to do it to the chief cook's one. What a shame!

"I am sorry" I slowly began; didn't, in fact, know what more to say.

"Yes" my father assented. I had to go on.

"But that was a mistake" I added after some time.

"What is a mistake, Sir ? You mean you didn't want to marry my daughter, but—? Is that it, Sir?"

There was no escape. I had to confess.

"No. I—I—mistook your daughter for—somebody else," I slowly admitted. My head began to feel very warm.

"Shame!" my father groaned out.

"It was a mistake, father. I thought it—must have—been—the—."

I hadn't the nerve to go on. Beads of perspiration stood on my forehead.

"What!" thundered out my father.

Again I began: "I thought it must—have—been—the Zemindar's—daughter!"

"Good God! My boy, are you mad?" My father screamed.

"Oh, I am really sorry then, Sir. If it is like that, I really beg your pardon. I have nothing more to say. I release your son from his promise," said the chief cook as he slowly left our presence. My promise, eh ? The old beggar!

I felt a bit relieved. The crisis was over. My father, poor man, got up and went inside. Didn't perhaps want to know anything more about it. And I, Hari, old fellow, I hadn't any of my wits about me till I left the place two months later. I never even stirred out of my room once during the whole time. Lucky that the dammed thing didn't go further, eh? Otherwise, you know, as I told you, I should have been by the side of that woman instead of that blackie.

"Oh, that is the girl you made love to, then ?" asked Hari as if he didn't understand.

I simply nodded.

" Buck up, old horse! Better luck next time!"

And we parted.

Woman in 1950.

By TITUS RODRIGUES, B. A. (*Old Boy*).

I am no 'conservative', but a man of the world, a Liberal of the New Era, and I am liberal with the liberality that mankind claims for itself. The world has progressed, and everything in the world progresses. This is the general trend of the world. I do admit that there are exceptions—every rule has an exception. And if Man alone retrogresses, it is because he is in his dotage, and Evolution must have its course after all.

Man's nearest neighbour, not the ape as Darwin says, but the woman has begun to take vast strides towards 'General Progress' and her small steps ring with clattering footfalls on the pavement of Time. Where or how these reverberations will end, I am not in a position to say. This is no surprise however, for was not the Earth once 'flat', before it was proved to be 'round'! Woman refuses to be 'flat', but would be round and 'rolling' as the mighty (globe world) in which she moves. She emulates the great, big world and nothing less.

I have a tinge of the 'cynic' in me. But my friend Mr. Tom Cooker here, desires to be an 'Optimist' and looks upon this novel phenomenon with a 'glad eye'. He has often remarked that nature must have her way, and that if woman is 'destined' to progress, it is but to afford relief to the 'ever-toiling man'—to man who has toiled full twenty hundred centuries, unassisted by his wife, and would now fain court rest. A little speculation carries me on further to reflect upon the social sphere a decade or two hence. I am rather in the dark about 'tenses', but though I speak in the 'present', I really mean the 'future'. The idea gives me a little 'nervous anxiety', but I shall review it for humouring my friend here.

Well then, my dear Cooker, the latest development in 'women-circles', is the 'man-element'. She would be a 'Man-Woman', and science does advocate her cause, admirably well. Her angularities are steadily diminishing, not by contact with men however, but by living apart, and educating herself, apart. "Man! Why, he is such a bore"—. Her hair to begin with, which Milton would call 'auburn tresses', or 'tresses like the morn', is unhappily, shorn rather close. She means to use them for 'cresses', or 'presses',—'pads' or 'wigs'. This last object—wig—is not infrequently used by man—Tory if you like—in his attempt to personate a woman on the stage, when "Jonson's learned socks are on". Perhaps, this is the first step, before man actually enters on the stage of life, as a real 'Woman-man'.

I am afraid, Cooker, that Eve has been rather unkind, in transmitting all her charms to her sex. Modern women find their agility greatly impeded—but her physique is dwindling day by day, through strenous exercise—talking—and I feel that her muscles will some day assume a hardness, quite consistent with her 'manliness', not her 'effiminacy'. This latter trait, it is

consoling to note, has been shifted on to men. It is but the usual order of things; I dare say that the man of 1950, will be 'a snug little hussy wife, fat and plumpy'. "The old order changeth yielding place to new". I cannot grumble, Cooker, can I?

To develop a 'beard', which alone woman realises to be the characteristic trait of man—but which man sedulously attempts to keep apart from his chin—would not be really hard to a woman. Beneath the epidermis of feminine chins, I am told, are intrenched roots of feminine hair, and that it merely requires an application of some potent hair lotion, or hair tonic,* to spring a thick crop of bristling beard. I remember that one woman at least of Shakespeare's 'Many Women', in 'The Merry Wives of Windsor', had a fairly "long peard under her chin". This woman is perhaps the legal ancestor of all women. But unfortunately it turns out that 'she' was only burly Falstaff disguised as 'the fat woman of Brentford.' My dear Cooker, would you not like to see your wife in 1950, with a pretty 'long peard under her chin'? Do say that you like it, Cooker, if only to oblige an old friend.

Feminine heads—Wake up Cooker! You appear drowsy already!—So now,— feminine heads, my dear Cooker, are busy with a variety of most vital questions. One singularity, or rather pecularity in her taste, is the scarcity of fine-spun silk—transparent if you like—in her very tight 'silk jackets'. True enough, women have begun to realise, that clothes are a commodity better 'off' than 'on'. Economy I think, Cooker, Economy! I trust the woman of 1950 will realise to the full this principle of sound economy.

My friend Mr. Cooker is rather displeased, but he views it with a smile and is pleased to inform me—with some fear—that in course of time women will assume the role of men, and be leaders of Fashion, of Morals and of Religion. I would like to disagree with him in this last particular, for I remember a pessimist once remarked that where a woman's religion was concerned, he knew of instances when a woman's kitchen was her God, and Cookery her Creed. I cannot answer for this fact, though what the woman will be in later years, I cannot possibly affirm now. However, the latest developments in current electricity afford conveniences for 'cooking' and 'booking' together. This of course will be man's part in 1950, eh Cooker?

As for being leaders of Fashion, I should not be surprised if the 'Woman-man' of 1950, is found more often beneath the sea than on land, looking out for pearl-necklaces, gold bracelets and large round pink corals—"No man forgets his original trade": so Dr. Johnson once remarked—but he belongs to the 18th century and we are in the 20th—I think—. Why Cooker, you look perturbed! I hope the narrative is not displeasing to you! Now, for 'Woman-man-Heads-of-the-Executive', it would not be a shock if we should find a 'Woman-man'-Constable at a corner of every street. She might hail to a fast-running cab, to—'Stop you there'! and threaten to

*Latest discovery—advertised in the 'Hindu'—for growing hair on 'bald heads'.

acquaint her baton with the Chauffeur's head. The Chauffeur however turns out to be a Woman-man—'just taking my hubby out for a spin, Mr. Constable please'—Confusion was never worse confounded. As for 'Women Leaders-of-the- Bar'—I have heard of but one bar, 'the Parallel'—and as for 'Magistrates' why surely my education is at fault, if I fail to recollect any other than the 'Straits' of Gibraltar.

Speaking about 'Women-soldiers', you have just remarked, my dear Cooker,—but you look rather pale—Yes!—You've just remarked, that women offer a better target on the field! I beg to differ from you in this respect. Mr. Wells has positively affirmed that we are not going to have any more wars in future. Granting that we had, why then a woman would surely take care to close her 'parasol' before she enters such a field. Ha! ha! haah! Cooker, Women Divers! Women Constables! Women Soldiers! Ha ha hah! Woman's everything!—Whoop!—why man! you tug at my coat! Speak louder please—is your bride-elect anywhere near by?

Mr. Cooker is nervous,—rather. Well Cooker, the 'Man-woman' would be so cosy at home that perhaps a naughty boy—as many naughty boys are—would just run up a whole street, and shout at the pitch of his voice—

Cock-a-doodle,-Doo !
Daddy has nothing to do !
Cock-a-doodle-Doo !
Mammy's at the Zoo !

I cannot offer any solution, Cooker if such a calamity does happen. All that I know of 'solutions' is the 'rubber-solution,' which cyclists use for punctured cycle tubes. I might possibly succeed in fusing his punctured head for the boy, but I really don't see how I can fuse his punctured wit—eh Cooker?

Well, Cooker, Women are so 'inconveniently' light—I mean 'light bodied', and 'light brained'—that aeroplanes can 'conveniently' float them about in the air, until realising the need for 'wings', women will indeed develop them. Darwin says that fishes 'once' had fins, and that these 'fins' account for the presence of 'wings' in modern birds. Short sleeves, they say, are preferable for women's frocks, since they do not impede the growth of 'real short wings'—As for cabinet-meetings, parties, and socials, Cooker, nothing can be more enjoyable than a social 'in the air'.

The Woman with wings, in the usual course of evolution—and women are the strongest adherents of this theory since this alone ensured them an equal footing with men—well women with wings will be a pretty sight to see, when she flits about the air, lithe as the little fairies of folk-lore! She will of course descend from the air at least once a fortnight to take in 'fuel', and just have a look at her 'hubby' and see that Baby has been well-fed on Ovaltine. I sincerely hope that her visit will not impose on her the very painful necessity of waking the

'seven-sleepers' with her shrieks—Ordinarily of course her discourse will be via Telepathy; Telepathy saves so much time! But excitement really does make one forget one's usual code you know, especially when one is in a passion—No fault of hers surely!

Well then, Cooker, woman will do the 'outing' and man, the 'inning'—not the term used by cricketers please—.However if time permits, he will be paraded in a cosy taxy, or a really safe airtight Railway compartment, " RESERVED FOR MEN "—" SMOKING STRICTLY PROHIBITED " —Ladies of course, will be found only in the " SMOKING SALOON ". How fine you'd look Cooker, perched like a fine fat 'Booby' there,—with your wife smiling across at you, with an electric cigar too ! and the Whiskey and the Soda, all to Herself !! Ah-ah-aah ! Women will have no further need for " Smelling Salts " ! ah-ah-aah ! retribution with a vengeance Cooker, Retribution ! "Gladys dear, O! you naughty girl, don't scandalise him please—Gladys I say, he is so nice, and pretty and delicate, and Oh so innocent ! Nicotine really does harm him"—"you know, Gladys, we are their guardians and we are the trustees of men's morals and—what else dear? I really forget it, I was just thinking of the 'ball' next winter'—" How fine it will all be Cooker ! Ball in winter too ! Marvellous ! Women really have brains !! Weather proof too. Why, man, you really change colour,—headache? Shall I apply the 'smelling salts to you ' Do try it Cooker—You will feel so much better—ah ah-aaah !!!

My dear Cooker, I hope my narrative has not upset you very seriously—though you look rather 'raw' about the cheek and lip—fatigued ?—'Salts' ? ; I shall finish up, Cooker, with a picture of 'Home in 1950'—eh Cooker ? Just to oblige you, Cooker, just to oblige you—It would be such a novel idea too ! Cooker, I say, Father will dangle baby on his 'knee' or what I should think is easier, hang the little fellow up to a tree and sing—

"Hush-a-bye-Baby, on the tree-top,*
When the wind blows the cradle will rock ;
When the wind ceases, the cradle will fall,
Down comes Baby, cradle and all ! "

The tension was rather too much for poor Cooker ! he literally burst out, " Ooh ! Down comes Baby, cradle and all ! Wife ! wife ! O-ooh-!ooh !"—Perhaps my friend will on some future occasion, confidently assert to me, that he was at the moment picturing 'an anticipated peril' of his own dear boy ! He is but human after all—Poor Soul !

Yes, these are my fears Cooker, you seemed to enjoy it. Why, dear Cooker, would'nt you do the cooking well in 1950 ? and the nursing ? You always said that 'cooking and nursing' were about the easiest things in the world—Just a change, you know Cooker, and nothing more—Just a change as Doctors say, for the 'better'—. But you look pale Cooker, rather too pale !

* The passage is from English Primer—Upper Infants—I guess.

Frightened with the 'Woman in 1950'?—Retribution, you know Cooker, RETRIBUTION !—Nature would not see any one of her creation despised !— .

I see, I have somewhat unhinged your "Easy-chair-optimism"—why man, you shake as fast as an aspen leaf ! As for me, cynic tho' you take me, I'd rather see women appropriate to herself more rights than man, as indeed she ought to, rather than that man should continue to trample down this 'fair vessel of grace—Woman in all her loveliness meekness, and chastity—Cooker, you look a changed man--I am glad you now realise the need for " Co-operation with women "—; I shall disillusion you. The picture is but a feigned one; rest assured that the woman of 1950, will be no more 'horrible' than what she is in 1928, if you will but continue to aid her cause, and help her on in life.

* * * * *

Years passed by—and I once chanced to meet Mr. Cooker after this occurrence; he refuses to be an 'Optimist'; he has dropped his 'optimism', and with it his name ; "Timothy Workard Esq., M. P., eh " ? and he shook hands !

Studies in Cochin History.

I. LITERARY PATRONAGE UNDER SOME KINGS OF COCHIN. *

By A. GOVINDA WARIAR, B. A., B. L.

The enlightened Rajas of the Perumpatappu Swarupam have been in the first rank of Kerala monarchs in the matter of extending liberal patronage to the literature of arts and sciences. It is most regrettable that the traditions doing duty for history and faithfully recording the anecdotes connected with these princes and their court-poets have mostly become extinct, many almost beyond hope of recovery. But what little of tradition still survives is ample enough to prove that the Mata Maharajas have been deservedly eulogised for furthering the cause of indigenous culture—religious and secular.

It has been the particular good fortune of this ancient family of hoary traditions that it had to witness none of the strange vicissitudes of fortune that affected the courts of other princes, whose literary prosperity waxed and waned with every capricious rise of its coteries to meteoric splendour. The bountiful patronage of science and art by the Cochin Rajas steadily flowed in constant channels of love and usefulness. In almost every epoch of the history of this family, it could boast of having attracted to itself at least a few scholars and poets of worth and renown who could easily hold their own, not merely with the sons of the rest of Kerala, but even with the literary suns of all-India reputation.

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*This is a page from a forthcoming volume on Kerala Cultural Antiquities.

A cursory study of the history of pre Protuguese Cochin, so far as it is known, would reveal the names of nearly a dozen illustrious kings, about whose efforts for the advancement of the noble cause of literature and learning we have more or less authentic records. Limitations of space, however, preclude anything but a rapid survey of literary patronage under a few of the more distinguished of the later sovereigns. And even here we have to leave aside for the present any consideration of their charitable endowments for the maintenance and progress of centres of culture—centres exclusively devoted to the cultivation and dissemination of arts and sciences, indigenous and foreign, theoretical and practical.

One of the multifarious methods by which the early sovereigns of Cochin strove to better the condition of learning is the institution of prizes for mastery in intellectual contests held under their auspices, chiefly at their courts. For the attainment of this end, they, like the Zamorins, utilised the Bhatta Thanams given on the occasions of the Sraddhas of their ancestors. This was the award of a hundred and eight purses for distinction in debates conducted in the presence of a Pandita Sabha. Gradually, the basis of this institution was broadened, so as to admit of the display of intellectual feats by persons of all castes, special literary conferences being convened for the purpose.

The Rajas of Cochin welcomed with open arms scholars of every caste and country, as will be seen from their treatment of Thunchath Ramanujan Ezhuttachan and Vedanta Desikacharya. A native of British Malabar, Ezhuttachan belonged to the Chakkala caste, the lowest sub-caste of the Nayar society, whose traditional occupation of oil extraction was despised by the more fortunate high castes. He was one of the greatest votaries of the Muse of Learning, and annually resorted to the court of the Rajas of Cochin towards the end of the 16th century A. D. He used to score off the first prize for proficiency in Sanskrit. It was one of the vassals of these Rajas—who even assumed royal honours—that befriended the poet throughout the formative period of his literary career. It was with the assistance of this Chief, the Raja of the Manakkote Swarupam—an offshoot of the Paliyath family and the lord of Mullurkkara in the Talappalli Taluk—that Ezhuttachan undertook a tour in the Tamil districts to acquaint himself with the Tamil lore. He has, in the *Siva Purana*, acknowledged his gratitude to Balaraman Achan, the younger brother of Manakkrodanathan, the lord of Manakkote.

Raja Vira Ravi Varman (1565—1601)well-known to Cochin epigraphists as the pious king who renewed the pavement of the Srimulasthanom or the platform in the frontage of the Vatakkumnathan Temple, Trichur, in 1598—1599 A. D., is known in Cochin history mainly as the protagonist of th Hindu opposition to the proselytisation of Christianity under the famous veteran propagandist Alexis De Menezes. But he was also an enlightened scholar, an accomplished musician, an intelligent and exacting but none the

less impartial critic and a very liberal patron of those who had real merit. Many are the literary traditions that have clustered around his name as well as of those poets and pandits who graced his court at Mattancheri. Tradition represents him as having been well-served by a pick of devoted courtiers whose intellectual feats are a marvel to the present generation. It was impossible for any but the most brilliant and original of poets and scholars to come out victorious in the tests to which this sovereign subjected them. Thus one of his courtiers could repeat any verse which he had heard once, another could recite it after he had heard it twice, a third could give out the same on hearing it thrice, and the king was able to recite it then. Even extemporized slokas thus stood the chance of being pronounced to be old ones known to such a select coterie of intellectual jugglers. This king's hospitality and beneficence knew no bounds as regards those who could cut the Gordion knot and make a name for themselves.

It was at the court of this Ravi Varman and in praise of him that Vedanta Desikacharya of Kanchipuram, a Telugu poet, wrote an excellent commentary on the *Kavyaprakasa*, named variously as the *Ravi Raja Yaso Bhushanam*, the *Sarvathika Vibhanjini* and the *Prakasothejini*, portions of which alone are now available. The Trippunittura Grandha Library is in possession of the commentary on the first four and last Ullasas, while the Madras Oriental Manuscripts Library, has got the commentary on the tenth Ullasa. From the facts which may be gleaned from these, we understand that the author was the son of Srinivasa Dhwarin, the chief of Gurusara Grama, near Gopapura, which contained a shrine of Hamsagamanambika. He was the younger brother of Sarvajna Nrisimha Desika, and had mastered the Nyaya, Mimamsa, Vyakarana and Alankara Sastras. He was a gifted poet, a linguist conversant with six languages, and an itinerary preacher who had come to Kerala to propagate the canons of the Visishtadvaita faith he had espoused.

It was while he was on a pilgrimage to Irinjalakkuda to worship God Mukunda (not Bharata as is now supposed) enshrined there, that the Yuvaraja, Prince Vira Kerala Varma, popularly known as Asi Mallan on account of his military exploits, happened to meet him and requested him to write the commentary. It was intended by the prince to elucidate some of the most crucial points and to explain some of the difficult stanzas in the original which had been rendered almost incomprehensible to the ordinary reader by the introduction of confusing references to the Troutayika, Naiyayika and other systems of thought. It would appear from this that Vira Kerala Varma's favourite field of study was Alankara. This fact is also referred to elsewhere in one of the panegyrics, which shows that he was also well versed in the arts of music and painting. The opening stanzas of the *Ravi Raja Yaso Bhushanam* show also that the prince was accompanied by a distinguished Mantrika scholar named Vamana.

Vira Ravi Varman is also referred to in another work of the period *Tenkailasanathodayam* by name. It treats of the celebration of a Sivarathri

festival at the Trichur Vatakkumnathan Temple, which is said to have been repaired by him. This work is believed to have been completed in the year 773 M. E. (about 1598 A. D.)as denoted by the Kali chronogram '*Paprathe-thal-prithivyam*'.

Vira Kerala Varma is extolled in three panegyrics, the first two of which are popularly known as the *Matamahisa Prasasthi*, published at the request of the Cochin Government by the late lamented Kerala Varma Valia Koil Thampuran, C. I. E. These two *Khanda Kavyas* appear by their style to have come from the same pen. They have been attributed to Meppathur Narayana Bhattathiri, the great Vyakarana poet of Malabar. The first of these is a poem running into twenty verses which appears to have been presented to the hero as an address glorifying his military achievements on his triumphant return after a series of expeditions. From the epithets 'Balakshithisvara' and 'Yuvaraja, applied to him by the unknown poet, it may be taken to have been composed before Vira Kerala had ascended the throne. The second and third works in prose seem to have been produced after his accession in 1601 A. D. According to the *State Grandhavari*, this monarch is said to have reigned till 1615 A. D. His reign, as well as that of Ravi Varman, forms an unenlightened period which is quite a blank in the authoritative history of Cochin, but which historical research with the help of literary sources will lighten up and prove to be one of the most brilliant periods of Kerala history.[1]

One of Vira Kerala's successors, Raja Rama Varma who lived about the middle of the 17th century, presided over an enlightened group of pandits and poets among whom Rama Panivada (Nambiyar), Balakavi (a pseudonym), Mazhamangalam and the Chelapparambu Nambuthiries were the most prominent.

Of these, Rama Panivada, probably a native of Vellangallur, is not to be identified with Kalakkath Kunjan Nambiyar who had the same name but who lived more than a century after him. The former is the author of two Kavyas, *Raghaviyam* and *Uthara Raghaviyam*. The first is a poem in twenty Sargas based on the *Ramayana*, with a commentary attached to it. One of the best poets of Malabar in Prakrit and Sanskrit, he is to be credited with the composition of two good Prakrit poems *Ushaniruddha* and *Kamsavadha* and a gloss on the Prakrit grammar of Vararuchi. *Mukunda Sathakam* is a work written by him while at the court of Rama Varma. It shows also the influence of a chief of Mukundapuram, who may be identified with the Vellangallur Raja of the Ayirur Swarupam, a collateral branch of the Cranganur royal family.

Balakavi was a youthful poet whose real name cannot be ascertained from his available work, the *Ratna Kethudayam*, a drama which panegyrises his master and which was staged at Trichur during the celebration of a Pooram festival.

[Note 1. For the materials for the notice of the commentary on the *Kavya-prakasa* and of the *Matamahisa Prasasthi*, the writer is indebted to Mr. K. R. Pisharoti, M. A., Trippunittura.]

Mazhamangalam Nambuthiri, a native of Perumanam gramom and a courtier of the third Sakthan Thampuran of Calicut, was also a court-poet of this Rama Varma whom he is said to have immortalised in the *Rajaratnavaliyam*, discovered and published a few years ago from among the manuscripts in the Trippunittura Grandha Library and attributed to him. He was a prolific writer of Champus and poems which maintain a high standard of excellence.

Chelapparambu Nambuthiri, that Sringarakavi gifted with marvellous powers of *ex tempore* versification, also graced this Raja's court with his presence. He was amply recompensed for the superb poetic merit of his spontaneous productions.

One of the poets at this Raja's court has written, under royal orders, a Stotra work on the God Siva of the Vaikkam Temple. This work, which does not mention the name of its author, is named *Vyaghralayesa Sathakam*, so called because the diety at Vaikkam is supposed to have been installed by Vyaghrapadacharyar.

The rulers of mediaeval Cochin have also uniformally evinced an abiding interest in the encouragement of indigenous dramaturgy. And, indeed, the lineal descendants of a Kulasekhara Varma could not but have been interested in the theatre of their days. Witness, for instance, the interesting incident of the staging of the *Nagananda* on the Kerala stage. The story is told that even the fourth act of this drama was realistically represented in the antiquated and orthodox fashion peculiar to Kerala, the actor impersonating Garuda actually flying down through the air. When last this piece was acted in the beginning of the 18th century, in the presence and under the patronage of the Raja of Cochin at Kurikkad near Trippunittura, the then head-quarters of the prince, the attempt ended in grievous failure. Due to the negligence of the actor who manipulated the stage devices usual to the occasion, the actor-Chakyar had a lamentable fall, which has since discouraged any repetition of the flight. The incident, untoward and unfortunate as it is, clearly testifies to the keen interest which the royal house of Cochin has ever taken in the successful conduct of such performances.

Rama Varma Maharaja, the successor of the Sakthan Thampuran of Cochin, who ascended the throne in 1805, and died at Vellarappilli in 1808, during the days of the revolt of Paliyath Komi Achan, combined unique proficiency in philosophy with poetic genius. Of Madhvaite proclivities, his philosophy ran counter to the accepted notions, traditions and usages of the Swarupam, so that his Madhvaite tutor, a Swamiyar of the Sodaya Mutt at Udipi, had been expelled from the State under the order of his imperious predecessor of iron will. On his accession, however, he invited the *sanyasin* to his court and openly espoused the tenets of Madvaism which was also acceptable to his brother, and they gained many adherents to this faith. King Rama Varma was of a kindly and charitable disposition. A vernacular poet, he was

the author of a *Pana* on the *Ramayanam*, in which work he was able to get through only the *Sundarakhandam*. He is also the author of a Sanskrit Stotra named *Purnathrayisa Sathakam* in praise of the God enshrined in the ancient family temple of Trippunittura. A shy and retiring prince absorbed n his studies, this royal recluse kept himself outside the whirlpool of politics.

His successor and brother, Vira Kerala, was like him a profound Sanskrit scholar who has been credited with the composition of some poems and the lavish expenditure of State money on Sanskritic and philosophical studies. According to the author of the *State Manual*, he was also a dramatist who wrote two dramas. This sovereign was keenly interested in the *Katha Kali*. He witnessed innumerable *Attakkathas* played in his presence. Under his orders Kallekkulangara Raghava Pisharoti is stated to have put into verse the first two parts of *Nalacharitam*. The Pisharoti poet, it is said, was daily asked to compose an *Attakkatha* on a subject chosen by the king after his morning meal. He was to have it recited to him at tiffin time, and to see it performed in the night, the whole being rehearsed within an incredibly short period by the able and resourceful actors and learned by the songster. Produced under such circumstances and in such haste, the compositions might have been poor in quality, but the mere fact that such a marvellous achievement was possible at such a late period of our literature is indeed a matter for pride and elation, and redounds much to the credit of the Cochin royal house. Need we say that it provides an incontestable evidence of its absorbing interest in the cultivation of one of our fastly decaying fine arts.

The Pisharoti poet of Kallekkulangara is also the author of a *Sethu Mahatmyam* (*Kilippattu*) and a *Ravanotsavam* (*Katha Kalippattu*) written probably in the courts of the Palghat and Cochin Rajas respectively, as will be seen from the different poetical leanings of his royal patrons. He was also a courtier of Sakthan Thampuran as well as of his successor.

Vira Kerala Varma's nephew, Rama Varma, was also a good patron who esteemed learning highly. He was himself a poet, and, while Yuvaraja, had composed two Champus called *Srikrishna Charitham* and *Rama Charitham*. With him we come to quite recent times.

From the foregoing account, sketchy as it is, it will be sufficiently clear that scholars and pandits well versed in the Sastras as well as notable poets of repute thronged to the brilliant court of the Cochin Rajas for recognition and reward. Among these, the sovereigns of the day could count some of the greatest stars in the literary firmament, poets like Ezhuthachan, Vedanta Desikacharya, Rama Panivada and Raghava Pisharoti. The extant records and traditions support the view that one and all of these monarchs extended to these scholars and men of letters a right royal patronage, so that, in the result, we find that the torch of learning kept alight by the kings of Cochin has, in fact, shone with continuous and unruffled brilliance.

II. COCHIN HISTORY FROM 1565—1615 A. D.—A Brief Note.

By K. R. PISHAROTI, M. A. (Hons.).

The closing decades of the 16th Century constitute one of the least known chapters in the history of Cochin and no information is so far available either in the Cochin State Manual or in the History of Cochin by Mr. K. P. P. Menon. There seems to exist a paucity of records pertaining to this period. The History of the period as presented here is reconstructed from literary sources.

The source books are four in number being Ravi-Varma-Yaso-Bhusanam, a commentary on Kavya-Prakasa written about 1600 A. D. by Vedantadesikacarya at the request of Prince Virakerala Varma of Cochin : and Matamahisa-Prasasti being three panegyrics on the same Prince Virakerala Varma, two of which are attributed to the well-known Meppattur Narayana Bhattatiri who flourished in the latter half of the 16th Century and the opening decades of the 17th century. These four works give us a glimpse into the history of Cochin from 1565—1615 A. D.

This appears to have been a period of stress and strain for the Kingdom, for the descriptions of King Ravi Varma and his successor Vira Kerala Varma give greater prominence to their military exploits. The feudal vassals and chiefs appear to have been up in arms against their sovereign overlord, the *King of Cochin*, and they had the active sympathy and full support of the Zamorins of Calicut who were the traditional enemies of Cochin. Thanks to the success that uniformly attended the arms of the great warrior King Ravi Varma and his no less brilliant nephew Vira Kerala Varma, peace and order were restored, and the refractory chiefs, the enemies of the Kingdom, were all suppressed and forced to acknowledge the supremacy of Cochin : King Vira Kerala is represented as having twelve feudatory chiefs under him. Consequently trade and commerce flourished as never before and the city of Cochin rose to the zenith of her splendour and prosperity.

King Ravi Varma (1565—1601 A. D.) is described as being possessed of a dignified and striking personality and endowed with sound common sense and sparkling intelligence. He was the greatest soldier of his day and many were the successful campaigns he conducted. In spite of the warrior life he was forced to lead, he was never wantonly cruel but always tempered mercy with justice, intensively cultivated the humane virtues of benevolence and charity, and indulged in the fine arts of peace, music and painting, poetry and drama. A humane man, a brave warrior, a successful general, a wise statesman, a great scholar and a munificent patron of letters was King Ravi Varma, one of the most illustrious sovereigns who ever graced the Cochin throne.

His nephew and successor, King Vira Kerala Varma (1601—1615) was no less brilliant as a warrior and statesman. He was the right hand of his uncle and, thanks to their labours, the paramount supremacy of Cochin was once

more established. He was the first to organise a standing army and navy, and he placed on an efficient basis a system of secret service of spies. He was also the first to throw off the shackles of caste in Government affairs. Real merit and not caste superiority counted in the eyes of this King and he threw open the ranks of service to all those who were intrinsically fit for it—a noteworthy change in a progressive direction which adds lustre in no small measure to this King. He was also a great scholar well-versed in traditional methods of learning and ever extended a very liberal patronage to all alike and his court became the rendezvous of scholars and poets and artists. Honour and virtue he counted amongst the greatest and the most valuable of his treasures and the stable foundations of his Government were based upon *Palana*, Posana and Lalana of the subjects committed to his care. Such was the great King Vira Kerala Varma and it may be no empty panegyric when the poet hails him 'Kerala Sarvabhauma'.

If great were the Kings, far greater was the city of Cochin. Naturally well protected by the expanse of waters on either side, the city was made almost impregnable by a strongly built fort filled with every weapon of offence and defence and manned by a host of valiant soldiers. Besides the majestic fort there were in the city many splendid structures—stately Palaces, tall mansions and well laid-out bazars besides numerous parks and gardens and recreation grounds which served as bungs. It was the hey-day of her commercial prosperity and she was the greatest emporium of trade in the whole east. Ships came here from different countries laden with different cargoes such as gold and silver, pearl and precious stones, silk and cotton goods. The margin of her waters was filled with small craft loading and unloading cargoes and carrying business men to and fro.

A Peep at Mars—The Romance of Another World than our own.

By C. R LAZAR—Class IV-

The latter half of the 19th Century stands pre-eminent in the discoveries of various celestial bodies. Astronomers, armed with the most powerful telescopes, were able to scan the present conditions and peculiarities of the known planets ; and to-day when we hear about wireless messages and rockets being sent to Mars, it would indeed be a pity to be ignorant about the existence of such a planet, and the various proofs on which are based the assumption that the planet Mars is populated by as intelligent a race as that of the earth.

Astronomers trace the origin of our present solar system to a great catastrophe when two suns met. After the encounter its matter lay massed for the most part in a single centre. Thus what had been a sun was left alone with its wreckage strewn about it. The out-lying fragments of small and large masses were scattered through space in its vicinity. The tiniest of its constituents are what are called meteorites which are known to fall on

earth from time unreckoned, and curiously enough were considered by the primitive men as something holy and divine and consequently worshipped.

Strewn thus about this scene of the encounter, the pieces of the disrupted sun would begin to gravitate together, generating heat, the amount of heat produced depending upon the number of particles concerned i. e. the mass of the body. Six stages may conveniently be distinguished in the progress of a planet from sun to cinder, all of which are traversed by big bodies, but none by small ones which remain meteoric from first to last. The six periods are,—Sun Stage,—Molten Stage,—Solidifying Stage,—Terraqueous Stage,—Terrestrial Stage,—Dead stage.

Though we cannot in our ephemeral life watch any planet pass through these several phases of its career, it is found by observing their present condition, that the planets Neptune, Uranus, Saturn and Jupiter are in stage ii at the present moment ; the earth in Stage iv ; Mars in Stage v; and in Stage vi are found the Moon and the larger satellites of the other planets.

Up to stage iii, planets are chaotic masses as unstable and shifting as clouds in the sky. At this stage, the body first acquires a physiognomy of its own, for with the advent of the surface solidification, its features take on a fundamental form which they keep ever afterwards. During the cooling of the mass, some of them expand, but most of them contract and in consequence of this, the crust finds itself too large for what it encloses, and to fit the shrunken kernel, it crumples into folds. These folds are what we know as mountain ranges. Such crinkling of its cuticle is most pronounced in bigger bodies where the heat to be got rid of is greater and the surface to radiate it is relatively smaller. Hence the larger the planet the more mountainous its surface when it reaches the crumpling stage of its career. The mass of the Earth is 9 times that of Mars, and 81 times that of the Moon, which fact accounts for the vast ranges of mountains and volcanoes on the surface of the earth. Mars however, on close scrutiny, is found by Astronomers to be singularly devoid of irregularities ; whereas the Moon is found to contain mountains whose heights have been calculated with the help of Trigonometry to within a hundred feet.

The nearest to the Earth of the outer planets is Mars, which has been known from remote antiquity. Its mean distance from the Sun is 141·5 million miles, being 48·5 millions of miles from the Earth; when it is farthest from the earth in its orbit round the Sun, it is as bright as the pole Star, and when nearest, it is 23 times as bright. It rotates from West to East, as it rolls along its orbit about the Sun; and it has been calculated and found that the duration of day in Mars is 40 minutes longer than our own. The inclination of the planet's Equator to its orbital plane is 24° as against 23½° for the Earth. Thus the Martian tilt and the Martian time of rotation, turns out to be singularly like our own, as a result of which the Martian seasons counterpartours. The year of Mars is twice ours in length which gives it diversifiedly long seasons.

It is further said that there are no clouds round the region of Mars, which goes to prove the thinness of the planet's air, its surface density being 64 m.m. of pressure as against 760 m. m. of the Earth's atmosphere. As a result of this, there should be less of twilight, for the refractive medium of air which on Earth calls the Sun earlier in the morning and keeps him up later at night than would otherwise be the case, is not so potent on Mars. Day time there should enter with greater abruptness and lapse into more sudden dusk, and at night the Stars come forth with an insistency unknown on Earth.

It was noticed by the early observers Huyghens, Cassini and later on by many others, that around each pole of Mars was to been at certain times a white cap which recalls to our minds our own first lessons in Geography about the two regions of ice and snow at the two poles of the Earth. Their position, together with their seasonal wax and wane, shows them to be polar snows gathering during the Martian winter and melting with the Martian spring.

The temperature of the surface air of Mars is not very different from that of the Earth which makes the mean climatic warmth of the two planets not very unlike and far within the possibilities of life for both. Now in Summer time, instead of a temperature lift of 30° as with us on the Earth, on Mars it is about 50° in spite of the thinner air which makes Martian life more favourable. Gravity on the surface is only 38 per cent. of that at the surface of the Earth, as a result of which water would boil on Mars at 111°F or 44°C. Both by its temperature and appearance, water vapour proves a constituent of the Martian atmosphere.

Besides the polar caps, the most noticeable features on Mars are patches of a bluish-grey or greenish shade which cover about 3/8ths of the planet's surface and are found mainly in the southern Hemisphere near its equator; there are also extensive regions of brownish or orange shades which occur mainly in the Northern Hemisphere. The Italian observer Schiaparelli considered these blue-green areas as consisting of Oceans and Seas and the brownish shades as indicative of the shallow nature of the water. Lowell was of opinion that it was nothing but vegetation which flourished in mid-summer and faded in winter. The orange shade, according to him, was due to the change of the leaf to the scar and yellow stage.

Mars apparently had seas in the past, though it possesses none to-day. There are two ways in which a planet may be robbed of its water-supply, from without and from within. It may lose its oceans by absorption into interior and by a slow depletion into space. Evaporation is perpetually taking place from any liquid surface and ordinarily these particles fall again in the shape of rain, but not those which by collision with other molecules, gain sufficient speed to fly into inter-planetary space. The smaller the body the sooner must it lose its seas. This inevitable parting with its hydrosphere is exemplified by the Earth, Mars and the Moon to-day. On

the Earth there are still seas, but they are slowly disappearing when compared to the extent of the oceans in palezoic times. On Mars, they only nourish vegetation, on the Moon they contain nothing at all. The present blue-green areas on Mars were seas at some former epoch. Pitiless indeed, yet to this condition the earth itself must come, if it lasts so long.

Deserts are the first steps in the long retreat of the water and these already exist on the earth and are growing. On Mars we find that 5/Sths of it all is now arid waste. Earth is still in its infancy in its progress towards the ultimate end. Before this final stage, there will come a time when the water having left the surface still lingers for a little while. Mars is now in this condition. Its remaining water supply is confined to the poles in the shape of ice and snow and particularly nowhere else.

Later on in 1877, Schiaparelli discovered numerous, long narrow markings which have since become famous as the canals of Mars. He detected 113 such canals. The figure has now been increased to 437 by various other observers. Many years after the detection of the canals, scrutiny revealed the presence of small round dark spots at the meeting places of the canals. These were known as the Oases and we now hnow 186 of them. Later on they observed that as the polar caps melted, the canals darkened.

All natural explanations for the presence of these canals prove futile. We have probably to attribute it to the workings of an intelligence akin to ours—the artificial product of a mind directing it to a purposed and definite end.

With the advent of summer, snow and ice in the polar caps melt and the canals darken. Across what once were seas, but are seas no more, the darkening of the lines advances. Now on the surface every particle of a liquid would remain in equilibrium on account of the gravity. But it is seen that the water leaves the neighbourhood of the pole where it was gravitationally at home and wanders to the equator. The deduction is inevitable : it must have been artificially conducted over the surface of the planet.

The motives for this are easily explained. As a planet ages, its surface water grows more and more scarce, until ultimately before the final stage, it is seen to linger in the two polar caps as in the case of Mars in the shape of snow and ice. Now in the struggle for existence, water must be got and in the growing scarcity of water, will arise the premonitions of the inhabitants' doom and to secure what may yet be got will thus become the fore-front of his endeavour. With an intelligent population this inevitable end would be long foreseen and preparations would have been made to meet it. Probably the beginnings were small and inconspicuous as the water at first locally gave out. From this it was a step to greater distances, until necessity lured them to the poles—which establishes more conclusively the artificial origin of the canals. The oases themselves serve as important centres of the canal system.

These lead us to the inevitable conclusion that Mars at this moment is inhabited and perhaps more advanced in civilisation than the Earth. A sadder interest attaches to their existence considering the fact that it is to pass away soon. The process that brought it to its present pass must go on to the bitter end until the last spark of Martian life goes out. The drying up of the planet is certain to proceed, until its surface can support no life at all. Slowly but surely time will snuff it out—when the last ember is thus extinguished, the planet will roll as a dead world through space, its evolu tionary career for ever ended.*

The Problem of Indian Agriculture.

By K. M. IBRAHIM, B. A. (Alig).

India is pre-eminently an agricultural country. Agriculture is the root from which she has sprung and the main fruit she yields, and hence the importance attached to the subject on hand. Poverty is knocking at the doors of India and it is to be answered not in the emporiums of our trade, but in our rural farms. For a long time to come, India is destined to be an agricultural country and as such her future is to be fought out in her rural lands. The Indian intelligentia would do well to pause amid their intellectual pastimes and think over this problem which affects the vital interests of their mother-land. When one remembers what an enormous fund of human energy has been wasted in the India of our own day—with what fantastic children's toys some of our intellectual giants have been playing, what heaps of worthless trash some of our free-thinkers have inflicted upon us after laborious attempts to find out which came first, the owl or the egg, while all along such vital problems as our agriculture and its improvement were allowed to remain behind the scene unattended, one is apt to become something of a cynic, and to lose one's sensitiveness to the gloss and glitter of our educated aristocracy.

We cannot conceive of a prosperous India without the prosperous farmer in it, forming the vanguard in her progress to civilisation. Three out of four of our countrymen have to depend upon agriculture for their livelihood: it is derogatory to the dignity of Indian manhood to leave such a vast population lagging behind. The world's progress has affected agriculture as much as other occupations and unless vigorous steps are taken to better the conditions of our farmers, it is difficult to see how they will support in future their share of the economic burden from which no nation on the road to self-government can escape. To crown all, agriculture being the source of raw-materials, is the basis of our manufactural advancement too and if there are people who indulge in too much of optimism and hasten to industrialise India to-morrow without remembering that 'Rome was not built in a day', they need not at least defeat their own ends by overlooking the significance of this aspect of agriculture.

* A recent newspaper report says that Sir Oliver Lodge, the eminent scientist, predicts the destruction of Mars by the crashing-in of its moon (the size of the Isle of Wight),—a stupendous spectacle for the inhabitants of the Earth but the annihilation of the Martians. Sir Oliver is reported to have added that our Moon also might similarly return to Earth, perhaps in a million years !—*Editor*.

To increase agricultural production and the productive capacity of all the available natural factors of agriculture, to secure for the cultivator an increased income from the produce so as to enable him to live a happier life is the crying need of the Indian farmer. Increased production is of little avail by itself unless it is followed by a corresponding change in the economic organisation of the agricultural industry, calculated to make the producer a better farmer, a better businessman and a better citizen. To achieve this object both the Government and the public of India should embark on a comprehensive policy of rural reconstruction based on the economic organisation of the agriculturist. Broadly, we can say, the promotion of scientific research and the introduction of its results among the agriculturists, supplemented by effective co-operation will go a long way in the amelioration of the Indian farmer.

Co-operation is a very important factor, in as much as technical knowledge offered by the State and social enterprise of the individual country-dweller would not be of much avail in the absence of active co-operation. An ample testimony is given to this statement by the fact that in India, though the results of agricultural research have been before the public for the last 25 years and a staff of earnest officers has been entrusted with the work of imparting to the agricultural population the results of their labours, these officers would be the first to admit that the influence of their propaganda on the daily life of the average agriculturists is but negligible. The co-operative organisation of rural Bengal is a good demonstration of the possibilities in this direction.

The problem of Indian Agriculture would pretty nigh be solved if the agriculturist is provided with the resources which will enable him to avail himself of the improved methods. Secondly he is to be freed from the thraldom of the Sawkar-cum-trader. Not less important is the need to revise, if necessary, the land-revenue policy, the system of land tenures and the administration of the Irrigation Department, according to their influence on the life of the agriculturist. Above all a policy of rural education is to be adopted, formulated in the light of regional needs and the requirements of the industry and the conditions of life which act upon the welfare of the bulk of the country's population.

Having noted the foregoing general factors that make for the progress of Indian agriculture, we are in a better position to examine the importance of the part played by cattle-breeding and dairying in the agriculture of the country.

Bullock is still the chief motive power in the field as well as upon the roads and hence an improvement in the cattle population of India is essential if she is to proceed on the lines of agriculture.

The Indian practice of inheritance is such as would disintegrate large properties of land into a net work of small holdings and the small farmer would often find himself at his wit's end as to how to keep his body and soul together. Intensive cultivation and recourse to subsidiary farm

industries such as dairying and poultry will alone save the situation. Intensive cultivation brings in the demand for more labour which as circumstances stand at present—attempts to substitute the bullock by motor tractors and machinery being unaccompanied by any considerable success—can be met only by an increase in the quality and quantity of our cattle, while successful dairying depends chiefly on the breeding of good milch species. The evolution of a cross breed which would serve the dual purpose of giving the maximum yield in the form of milk and manure as well as the maximum field labour and draught would be a land-mark in the annals of the Indian farmer. The indigenous cattle are still turning out more labour in the field than the cross breed, though the latter yields more of milk and hence scientific researches can be made to the advantage of the Indian farmer to evolve a breed that would serve the dual purpose. Increased activities of cattle bureaus to control pedigree records and encourage the formation of pedigree herds, the location of more stud bulls at Government farms and Gosalas, the creation of reserves of fodder and similar constructive measures will greatly improve the breed of our cattle.

Exportation of cattle to foreign countries on the one hand (which serves the two-fold purpose of bringing in the commercial gain to the farmer and saving the good breed of the country, by the elimination of unfit animals) and the importation of good cattle from outside, on the other would enhance both the quality and quantity of our cattle. Capital for a large scale importation can be met by co-operation and Government investments.

So far as the agricultural capital of India is concerned, it is obvious from Census quotations that her livestock is not exceptionally bad ; nor will they fail to contribute much, under proper management, towards the amelioration of the Indian farmer ; but thousands of cattle die in times of famine and in some parts of the country, the population being too thick, many of the pastural lands have been appropriated for food crops. Thus a half starved breed is procreating a too degenerated livestock.

Again a very considerable number of the cattle are maintained at an actual loss, for they are useless both for draught and dairying purposes. Unfortunately in India, unlike in Europe, the question is not one of pure economics, as the cow commands universal veneration among the Hindu masses. The Hindu opposition to the elimination of the unfit and wasteful beasts acts unfavourably on the breed of the cattle and the profits of cattle-keeping. Some are averse to castrating bulls, others object to selling cows and no Hindu will use a cow for draught purposes or countenance cattle slaughter. This obviously minimises the advantage of cattle-keeping.

This half starved stock numbers many, nearly 29 per cent of the whole. They are incidental and uneconomic and should be slaughtered. At least half of them should be sold to the butcher, especially at this time when the price of meat all over the world has risen to double of what it was a few years ago. In countries where cattle are regularly slaughtered the products

of slaughter consists of meat, hide, horns, hooves, bones, sinews and blood. In India only the hide and a limited quantity of bones bring in some profit. The other products are mainly wasted. Our loss, resulting from the neglect to utilise these products amounts to crores of rupees annually. It is finally, on analysis, the loss of the farmer who could have very well added a few jingling rupees to his scarce capital, had he taken the best advantage of these products and prevented this waste—this sheer economic suicide. Further this tattered breed consumes the fodder required for the support of the useful animals. Besides, it is only by slaughter of unfit animals that selection of the best animals can be satisfactorily made for breeding and improving the race and such slaughter is no more destruction than the chistler's work is stone-breaking. Similarly the numerous temple cows and bulls of India may be utilised for some useful purposes, instead of their being allowed to wander idly hither and thither to the great annoyance of all those who have the misfortune to come across them.

Though the demand for meat in India is very limited, our demand for milk and milk products is intense. In striking contrast to the people of China and Japan, we in India like other civilized nations regard milk as a valuable food, as indeed it is. Hence arises the necessity of improving our milk supply, but undoubtedly the supply is very deficient here owing to some of the causes already noted. In some of our rural regions milk is cheap and plenty, but in towns it is scarce and dear, dirty and adulterated. Consequently nearly 60 per cent of our town population gets no milk at all except the little they purchase for their children, while the milk the casual purchaser buys, is very bad indeed.

Compared with the dairy farmer in Europe, the Indian dairy farmer is at a disadvantage, in as much as our cows and buffaloes yield far less milk than any cow whose existence would be tolerated in Europe. Another difficulty is the absence of any succulent fodder during the dry season except where there are irrigation facilities. The introduction of the use of ensilage and the breeding of pedigree cattle, carefully selected for milk production are some of the obvious remedies for the improvement of our dairying. These measures have revolutionised the dairy industry of other countries and we too have got much scope for progress in this respect. The fact that in Bangalore cows have been evolved that can give 16 seers of milk per day affirms our hopes in this direction. As for consumption here, milk is the chief article demanded, while there is a considerable demand for cheese and butter among our well to-do classes. Under conditions of large scale production we can even export these milk produces outside. Condensed milk,

powder milk, casine, cream, curd are all good sources of income to our poor farmer.

The town milk-man's defects, however, cannot be over-looked. By keeping a large number of animals in a densely populated area, his operations are in some cases inimical to sanitary requirements of the locality and conduce to the contamination of the milk by pathogenic bacteria. Secondly, since he is a dairyman, pure and simple, and not a farmer, he has to purchase all the fodder for his cattle at the enormous town prices, free grazing being denied to him. This adds to his cost of production which means a rise in the price of his milk. Shortage of fodder sometimes drives him to feed his cattle on foul house litter and naturally the quality of milk would suffer. Again his cattle are kept in unnatural conditions with insufficient and inferior accommodation, as compared to that of rural parts. This is apt to injure the health of the animals, to prevent regularity in breeding and make it not worth while to rear the calves, born in such conditions. Further much of the manure, yielded by the city herds, fails to find its way back to the fields where it is needed.

The alternative system is to produce milk in rural parts and transport it to the cities where there is demand for it. Along many of our railway lines milk is produced on a large scale and separators are to be found in many villages. The trade is well organised with in certain limits and there is a large export of cream to the town for butter-making. The present arrangements are, however, insufficient, since milk would command a much higher price in towns than its cream equivalent; but in a hot country like ours, milk cannot be transported for long distances without proper handling. It must be pasteurised and kept cold and clean. Up-to-date sterilizing plants should be set up in our important dairying centres. Such enterprises involve the use of capital and the exercise of efficient superintendence. More companies formed with this object should start work.

The difficulties of this business are many, but they will have to be surmounted, if the milk supply of our large towns is to be provided for. A good deal has been done in Gujerat by agencies which would collect milk in small lots, pasteurise it and transport it to Bombay in bulk. This kind of transportation of milk from rural area, where it is relatively cheap, to urban centres where it is dear can be practised in the case of all our big towns, Calcutta, Madras, Delhi and the rest ; but a dairy company which depends entirely on others for the purchase of its milk and produces none itself, is liable to find the quantity of milk available much less than what was anticipated, and the seasonal fluctuations very difficult to deal with; while in an year of scarcity the supply may almost reach the vanishing point. To meet this difficulty large dairy farms should be

established in greater numbers. If adequate capital and the requisite skill are forthcoming there is no reason why such schemes will fail to pay, at anything like present prices.

To secure a suitable site for such a dairy farm, some measures of compulsory acquisition would probably become necessary and it is in this direction that the Government can help the solution of our dairying problem most effectively. Compulsory acquisition of land has been always unpopular, but if it is proved to be the only way to remedy the existing defects of the milk supply of our large towns, there is no reason why our country-men should clamour against it.

We, who are interested in the agriculture of India, may take hints for our own sake from the examples of the agricultural progress achieved in other countries, the most outstanding being Germany, where sustained efforts were taken with conspicuous success ; England in the eighteenth century, where economic measures in connection with the land alone led to increased production ; the United States of America where merely scientific propaganda produces enormous results ; the tropical countries of Hawai, Formosa and Java where agricultural production has been greatly increased ; and above all Denmark that presents a rich source of inspiration to our own progress.

Rural Denmark has been rescued during the past half century from a condition of acute depression, poverty and backwardness and placed in a high position of wealth and prosperity. If a small country like Denmark can do this, why can't we ? It is a pity that such a big country as India with such inexhaustible natural resources does not march to the front in this respect. A vista of great possibilities for the improvement of our cattle-breeding and dairy-farming is opened before us and it is left to our Government and ourselves to appreciate their importance in agriculture and to "Act, act in the living present" so that we may, in the near future rise to a high level of prosperity among the nations of the world.

That Bald Patch on My Head.

By TICIUS.

Some days back I did something very awkward. I generally have a knack for doing awkward things, but what I did that day was something very awkward, and very ungenerous too. I caught a friend of mine at his toilet. You might all say that there is nothing very awkward or ungenerous about

catching an individual at toilet; perhaps not, ordinarily; but my friend's case was extraordinary. There was a desolate spot on his head. I do not mean to say that he was crazy, but there was a bald patch on his caput and he was frightfully ticklish about it. He felt that that baldness constituted a weak point in him and every morning he spent long laborious hours disguising that patch.

His toilet was an event of the day. It was quite an elaborate process requiring considerable foresight and a delicate suppleness of the wrists and fingers. Every time his hair was cut the barber was warned that the hair must be kept long enough to cover the patch. He had his own fixing lotion of lard, Stephen's gum, and Kaminia oil. When I caught him that morning he was patting his hair with meticulous care into position over the bald spot and training the ends of the strands into a most "murderous" wave which he was immensely proud of. As I stepped into his room all on a sudden he realised that it was too late to pretend that he was not doing what he was really doing and hesitated half-way in his attempts to cover the naked baldness on his head which showed with tragic intensity in the midst of the surrounding growth of bushy black hair. By the way he glared at me I realised that if I did not say something immediately there would be a durbar between his hair brush and my nose. I would certainly have not relished that, so I hiccoughed once or twice and put my foot right into it. I said, "Do you know, old bean, that I just love that barren area on your head ?" He scowled and I knew that if I did not follow up my observation with an explanation I would be clean bowled out of the room in a moment. So I continued, "but for that imperfection you would have been divine, so different from all of us, so incomprehensible to all of us. That baldness is the only defect which makes you human and gives you to us. That is why I have such a regard for it!" I thus showed that I was genuinely sympathetic, and that I appreciated his great qualities ("of head and heart," etc., etc.—refer to any address). My friend beamed all over with a smile "the like of which was never on land or sea," and confided to me " That Bald Patch on My Head,—it has an exciting history."

This was the history.

The incident occurred during one of those days when he had just learned cycling and had begun to feel such an expert at it that, so to say, he felt that he could cycle even without a cycle ! One fine morning he just wanted to let himself go off on his bicycle. So he tumbled out of bed, gave himself a good shake, satisfied himself that his head and arms and legs were all in their places and quite fit, and then sauntered off to the cycle-shed. There, he tried the tyres, rang the bells once or twice, thumped the saddle to see that everything was O.K., and then leading the machine out swung into the seat with as much grace as he could command, and with an air of careless ease

so absolute that it invited Nemesis. And it seemed as if that goddess accepted the invitation. For, the cycle, as if possessed with a life of its own, refused to be steered by him, travelled towards a pea-bed and dumped him deliciously right in the middle of it. My friend had forgotten about the steering-lock on the cycle ! Fortunately, not much harm was done, and nobody saw this illustration of Newton's theory of gravitation. My friend assembled all his pieces together except a square inch of skin from his hand which the pea-bed claimed as payment for the reception and hospitality.

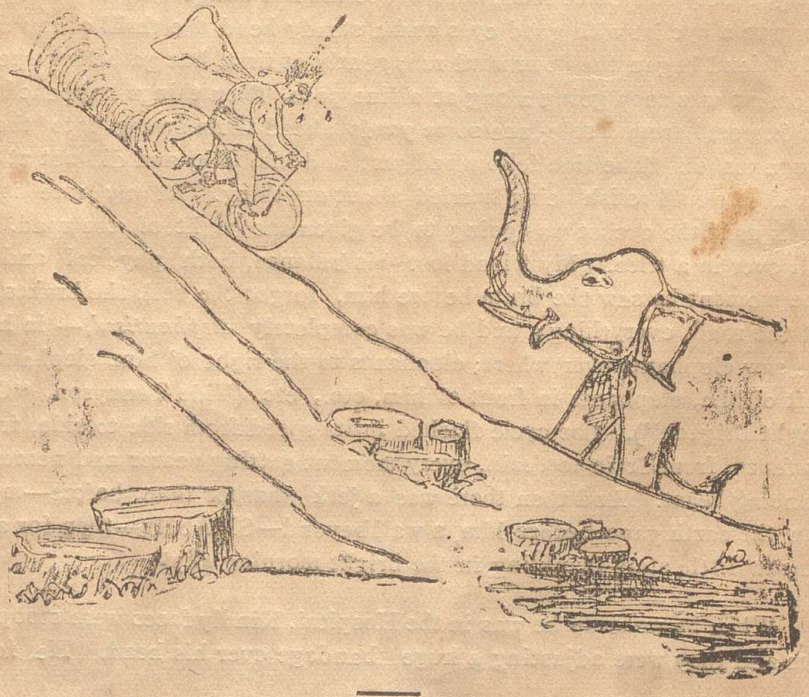
Smarting with pain and under a feeling of discomfiture he once again darted off on his machine at a great speed with the look of a bravado, as if he wanted to convince any one who might have seen his fall and guessed that he was only a raw 'un at cycling,' that he was not hurt at all, that he was still master of his machine, and that the fall was, so to say, a deliberate "test-case". As he spun out into the lonely county roads he gained in confidence, gradually began to feel intoxicated with a great joy. He began trying the various cycle tricks,—the stock-in-trade of the beginner who wants to pass off as an expert,—riding with one hand off the handle-bar, then both hands off, feet off the pedals, feet on the handle-bar, riding with a wild zig-zagging movement along the road, free-wheeling down descents at break-neck speed,—all the items were gone through, and then came the star performance of the day. There was another fall, and it was acclaimed by the public at large as the fall of the season. Having pedalled up an ascent he saw before him a long, lonely stretch of road, with a decline not dangerous, but steep enough to give a cyclist with good eyes and a steady head the thrill of rapid motion. My friend began the downward run; gently at first, but gathering speed every moment was soon going along at a fine pace. Then things happened. Horror of horrors! from a side-lane some yards ahead there swung into the road a huge tusker! The fine fellow had just had his bath, and did not at all look as if he would relish being hurried about anything. At any rate it did not look as if the cyclist was going to be given the right of the road. It was all over in a trice. My friend lost his balance, both physical and mental, the moment he saw the brute before him, forgot the bell, the brakes, the rule of the road, everything; and he was completely *elephantised*,— in his frenzy he saw elephants everywhere; elephants to the right o' him, elephants to the left o' him, elephants in front o' him, etc., etc. (Vide Tennyson, "Charge of Light Brigade"). The cycle flashed in its speed from side to side, from fence to fence, from drain to drain, every moment getting nearer and nearer the advancing beast. And then there was a jerk sharper than before—my friend saw the earth gape before him, a wall beyond—SMASH !—then for a moment he saw little stars twinkling in the bright morning sky!

When he woke up he was in the Hospital. Kindly faces were stooping over him and they were adjusting a huge bandage over his head. He felt as if

his head had been cut up for a jig-saw puzzle, and the doctors and nurses were trying to put the pieces together. He did not enjoy the game at all. To make a long story short, after they had plastered and painted his head, and made it look as presentable as possible, they discharged him from the Hospital. Days passed, and he was told that he could remove the bandage. He removed it and the first thing he did was to rush to the mirror to see if his cranium had undergone substantial transformations. Then he made the tragic discovery that in putting his head together they had not fitted in one particular piece of scalp. Might be that that piece lay rotting in the drain by the road to ————; or it might be that they overlooked that bit at the hospital. Anyway it was not where it should have been and the result was that 1/2,000,000 th of an acre on his head lay fallow. It took a good part of six months before the patch healed up and became wonderfully smooth and shiny.

Thereafter he took half an hour more over his toilet. The baldness had to be covered up neatly and carefully. It will not do for a man of his position and ambition to show that he was growing bald so early in life.

So that's how he was bald
That's why he uses lard
Oh! it's damn hard
That he should be bald.



Reviews.

The Madras States Directory, 1928:

Published by the Pearl Press, Cochin, Price Rs. 2.

This Directory is a compendium of much interesting and valuable information. The portion dealing with Cochin is exhaustive, and there is no lack of useful facts and notes about the other States also. The "Who's who" section for the Cochin State contains about two hundred biographical sketches of the leaders of the State in various departments of life. As a publication of great 'topical' value, this Directory deserves the patronage and encouragement of all. It is handsomely got up and provided with copious illustrations.

Report on the Administration of the Village Panchayats and the Department of Agriculture in the Cochin State—1928.

We have received a copy of "The Report on the Administration of the Village Panchayats and Department of Agriculture" in the Cochin State for 1102. The report gives in interesting detail the nature of the work carried on at the Central Farm at Trichur, the work done by circuiting officers of the Department in different scattered areas of the State, and the achievements of the various Panchayat bodies. The long list of names of persons who have had dealings with the Farm is doubly useful. It proves that the Department is really serving a useful purpose. The list also gives a series of references regarding the quality of the goods purchased from the Farm. We feel that the Farm section may serve a still more useful purpose if it extends the cultivation of such articles as pine-apples and pappayas for which there is a steadily growing demand. We would also like to watch the fortunes of a branch dairy at Ernakulam. Of late a good deal of adverse criticism has been directed against the working of the Farm. The critics looked very often only at the "books" of the Farm. They forgot, most of them, the name of the Farm. It is an *Experimental* Farm, and as such to judge whether it is functioning properly by looking merely at its profit and loss account would be unjustifiable. Experimental work is always speculative and the average cost of production in a purely experimental institution must be high. As well can some of the critics condemn the Education Department because it is not so profitable as the Excise Department. And after all the accounts of the Farm, which show a growing income, are not at all disheartening. A perusal of this exhaustive report will serve to disillusion adverse critics who did not know much about the nature and amount of work carried on at this experimental institution.

T. C. S.

Hindi Books

Published by the Sastha-Sahitya Mandal, Ajmere (U. P.)

(1) Mahatmaji's Atma-Katha (Autobiography) — 8 annas.
(2) Do. Dakshin Africa ka. Satyagraha(Story of the South African struggle) Vols.I and II—8 annas and 10 annas.
(3) Tamil-Ved (Tirukkural in Hindi) — 8 annas.
(4) Shriram-charitra—By C. V. Vaidya (Prose translation of the Ramayan of Valmiki) — 10 annas.
(5) Yurop ka itihas (a synoptic account of European History) in three Parts — 1/8.
(6) Jivan-Sahitya by Kaka Kalelkar (Series of essays on literature, society and education)—Parts I and II—1/4.

As the enthusiasm for Hindi waxes stronger day by day in this part of the Presidency, the need for suitable reading matter in Hindi is also being felt more and more keenly. First-class classical works of the type of Tulsidas Ramayan or the modern stories of Premchand could be tackled only by those who have acquired mastery over the language. Works like these should serve in our opinion, only as the "coping-stone" to Hindi studies. Nor would the usual run of school text books with their truncated passages and mutilated (sometimes bowdlerised) extracts sufficiently awaken the interest of South Indian students. What our young students here require at this stage of their progress is a set of books which, without either deadening their enthusiasm by offering washy inanities or puzzling them with showy pedantry, would furnish them with popular and instructive reading matter catering at once to their sense of the artistic and their sense of the useful.

The publications of the Sasta-Sahitya Mandal of Ajmere satisfy these conditions excellently well. This firm, organised and owned by some of the foremost public men of India, deliberately eschews money-making as its object and aims *exclusively* at the propagation of the Hindi language and literature. The marvellously cheap prices at which books are made available to the public are, so far as we know, with the exception of the Sabarmati Publishing House, unique in the book-publishing world either in India or in the West. The terms of permanent yearly subscription, offered by the Mandal (Re. 1 as admission fee and Rs. 7 as yearly subscription) in return for fifteen or sixteen neatly edited, elegantly printed and handsomely got up books dealing with subjects of permanent and topical significance, are phenomenally cheap and should attract every South Indian student of Hindi to enrol himself as a subscriber straightway. The spirit of national and social service underlying this unique publishing venture deserves widespread support and encouragement.

The record of out-turn shown by the Mandal in the last two years bears splendid testimony to its praiseworthy aims. There are novels, essays and plays amongst the books so far published. The ground covered is also extensive. National and social regeneration, spiritual culture, educational

reorganisation, village reconstruction, literary appreciation and historical research figure prominently amongst the fields covered.

Mahatmaji's world-famous books—his autobiography and his account of the South African campaign—are here offered in their Hindi garb at surprisingly cheap rates. Mahatmaji's works need no introduction. The Hindi translations are authorised versions from the *original Gujerati*, and they admirably convey the spiritual charm of the original. The English volumes are costly. Here are Hindi versions priced so cheap as to be within the reach of all. Our students should lose no time in possessing these books and studying them not merely for progress in Hindi but for the far nobler object of spiritual advancement.

The Hindi translation of the celebrated Tamil work of the Pariah saint, Tiruvalluvar, is a notable addition to Hindi literature. Some of us here in the South are apt to think, very uncharitably indeed, that the Northerners are trying, through their Hindi propaganda, to dominate our cultures and languages. Here is a book which gives such suspicions the quietus. The North Indians are second to none in recognising that, just as the Hindu religion itself is a composite product to which Arayan and Dravidian have equally contributed, the India-to-be would be built up only through the mutual co-operation and exchange of cultural values of Aryan India and Dravidian India. The publication of the Tirukkural is the outcome of such a recognition. Tiruvalluvar's famous work is a sealed treasury to the large majority of Malayalis. The late Mr. G. U. Pope's translation is out of print and Mr. Ayyar's English version is costly. For a pittance of six annas, the wonderful storehouse is now thrown open to Hindi-knowing men. Let our young enthusiasts who cultivate Hindi, avail themselves of this long-neglected wealth for their cultural enrichment.

Mr. C. V. Vaidya's prose translation of the Valmiki-Ramayan provides fine reading matter on a familiar topic for our Hindi students. Can there be anything more harmonious than the synthesis of the beautiful and the useful, of *Satyam, Shivam and Sundaram*, typified by the life of Shriramachandra? And Mr. Vaidya's translation successfully preserves the charm and the religious naivete of the original.

The History of Europe written by Mr. Sharma is not a dry catalogue of names and incidents but a panoramic survey of all the forces that have operated in moulding the history of the foremost European nations. No attempt is made at exhaustiveness, intended as the book is for the lay-reader. As a good reading book in Hindi and as a historical treatise providing not "shallow village tales" but an impressive conception "of the mighty confluence of forces working on from age to age" in Europe, this publication supplies a long-felt want.

The essays of Mr. Kalelkar or Kakaji as he is familiarly known, appear ere in their Hindi garb. As the right-hand man of Mahatmaji in all his

educational activities, Kalelikarji has earned renown and respect ; Gujerat showed its appreciation of his greatness recently by electing him to the Principalship of the Vidyapith. He is one of those few followers of the Sabarmati Sage, who have realised that religion, aestheticism, morality and practical life are, at their highest, essentially one. It is this realisation that he never wearies of explaining and illustrating in his literary contributions. The two volumes published by the Sasta Mandal contain a choice selection of his essays. Through discussions of many current topics, Kalelkarji suggests practical ways and means of harmonising the needs of practical life with the eternal verities. The work forms a cultural *vade mecum* for young India. Our advanced students of Hindi should begin tackling it without any delay.

The Sasta-Sahitya-Mandal is, by publishing works like these, doing incalculable service to the cause of Hindi Prachar. Let South Indian students gratefully respond by enrolling themselves as annual subscribers in as large numbers as possible.

L. V. Ramaswami.

Fun and Frolic.

Magistrate (to woman charged with arson): "Why did you burn your employer's house down?"

Prisoner: "I wanted to see my sweet-heart in a hurry, and he being a fireman——"

* * * * *

Master: "I think your young man is waiting for you outside, Annie."

Maid ; "How do you know he is my young man ?"

Master . "Because he is smoking one of my cigars."

* * * *

Deaf man . "Are you going for a walk ?"

Friend (equally deaf). "No, I am going for a walk"

"Oh, I thought that you were going for a walk!"

* * * * *

"If I were to give you a hundred pounds, what would you do with it ?

"Count it,"

* * * * *

"My father and I know everything in the world, "said a small boy to his companion.

"All right," said the latter, " Where's Asia ? "

It was a stiff question, but the little fellow answered coolly.

"That is one of the things my father knows."

* * * * *

"You tell me," said the Magistrate, "that this is the man who knocked you down with his Motor Car. Can you swear to him ?"

"I did," returned the complainant, eagerly, "but he only swore back at me and drove on."

* * * * * *

"Old Popham is a modest fellow, isn't he?"

"Yes, so he's just been telling me."

* * * *

"I never have admired Shakespeare," said the old lady, "he was such a plagiarist."

"A plagiarist? Why—!"

"Indeed he was! His plays are simply filled with quotations."

* * * * * *

"What rent do you pay?"

"I don't pay it."

"What would it be if you did pay it?"

"A miracle."

* * * *

The Inspector was paying a hurried visit to a slightly over-crowded school.

"Any abnormal children in your class?" He inquired of one harassed-looking teacher.

"Yes," she replied, with knitted brow; "two of them have good manners."

* * * * * *

In a recent examination in connection with an Agricultural College, the following question was asked: "What are rabies, and what would you do for them?" And this was the unexpected reply on one paper: "Rabies are Jewish priests, and I would not do a darn thing for them."

* * * * *

Boy to his mother after his return from School: "Is it true that I am descended from the ape?" Mother: "Really, dear, I could not tell you. I did not know your father's people very well."

* * * *

A short sighted old lady had gone to the play, but had omitted to take her spectacles with her. Consequently she missed a good deal of what was happening. She confided her plight, in a garrulous manner to the courteous young man who sat nearer to her. "Have a glass, madam," he said, passing his opera glasses. The offer was accepted with alacrity, but a moment later the owner of the glasses received a violent dig in the ribs, "You cruel man" came the indignant whisper, "there is not a drop in either of them."

* * * * *

Before marriage a man yearns for a woman, Afterwards he just earns for her.

* * * * *

Patient: "Doctor, I cannot tell how I feel I am, anyhow it took me suddenly. I don't know how I am not very well, I can't tell you why."

Doctor: "Take this prescription for I don't know what, to the Chemist, take it I don't know how many times a day, and you will be cured—I don't know when,"

* * * * *

Voice (on Telephone): "Well you tell the Doctor to come at once? My little girl has swallowed a needle."

Maid : "The Doctor is busy, do you need the needle at once ?"

* * * * *

"I have no more confidence in women."

"Why not ?"

"I put a matrimonial advertisement in the paper and one of the replies was from my fiancee."

* * * * * *

Father (reading report) : "Aren't you ashamed to be at the bottom in a class of twenty-eight boys ?"

Willy . "It might be worse."

Father . "How could it be ?

Willy. "Suppose there were forty boys in the class."

* * * * *

"What could be more sad, "said a school mistress, "than a man without a country ?"

"A country without a man " answered a pretty school-girl.

* * * *

"We are selling these cars by the dozen !"

"Well, how much are they a dozen ?"

* * * *

Father, to aspirant for his daughter's hand. "Young man, I understand you have made advances to my daughter ?"

Young Man. "Yes, I wasn't going to say anything about it, but since you have mentioned it, I wish you could get her to pay me back."

* * * *

Child. "Papa, what is a king ?"

Papa. "A king, my child, is a person whose word is law, and whom everybody must obey."

Child. "Papa, is mamma a king ?"

* * * *

Father (proudly). "Yes, my daughter is now getting a man's wages."

Visitor. "Oh, when did she marry ?"

* * * *

Howlers.

Ethel Newcome was a beautiful girl with an anonymous nose and a very broad mouth.

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Ethel Newcome resolved to free the Marquis of Farentosh from his engagement.

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The diminutive formed from bull is "bull-dog".

* * * *

The poll tax was to be paid by everyone who had a head.

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The fire of London, although looked on at first as a calamity, really did a great deal of good. It purified the city from the dregs of the plague and burnt down 89 churches.

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Henry VIII, was a very good king. He liked plenty of money. He had plenty of wives, and died of ulcers in the leg.

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Edward III would have been the king of France if his mother had been a man.

* * * *

The sun never sets on English possessions, because the sun sets in the west, and our colonies are in the north, south and east.

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The compass needle is used to show which way the wind blows.

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Two straight lines cannot enclose a space unless they are crooked.

* * * * *

The zebra is like the horse, only striped, and is chiefly used to illustrate the letter Z.

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A fishing net is a lot of little holes joined together with a bit of string.

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The marriage customs of the Ancient Greeks were that a man married only one wife, and this was called monotony.

———

A Distinguished Old Boy honoured.

Under the august presidency of His Highness Sri Rama Varma, the Elaya Raja of Cochin, the Staff, and students—past and present—of the Maharaja's College presented an address to Mr. Ramunni Menon, one of the most distinguished Old Boys of the College, on 20th September 1928.

The function was attended by the *elite* of the town and also by the Members of the University Commission. His Highness the President opened the proceedings with an appreciative reference to the brilliant career of Mr. Ramunni Menon in various capacities and hoped that "by the valuable services of such distinguished countrymen of ours" the "happy dream of an All-Kerala University uniting the whole of Kerala with a common academic tie and uplifting and upholding its highest traditions and culture could be realised in the near future". The address which was read by Srimathi P. K. Radha, a student of the College, referred in feeling terms to the distinguished career of Mr. Ramunni Menon as a student, as a teacher and as an educationist, and pointed out that Mr. Ramunni Menon by winning eminent distinctions had shed lustre upon his native province and his *Alma Mater*.

Mr. Ramunni Menon made a fitting reply and announced his intention of endowing a prize in the College for the development of artistic talent, for which he donated a sum of Rs. 1,000.

This was followed by another pleasant function. M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur K. V. Rangaswami Ayyangar Avl., Director of Public Instruction, Travancore State, unveiled a portrait of Mr. Ramunni Menon, presented to the College by the Old Boys' Association. In doing so, Mr. Ayyangar made a happy speech in which he described Mr. Ramunni Menon's career in all its aspects. Mr. Ayyangar paid glowing tributes to Mr. Ramunni Menon's

brilliant scholarship, organising capacity and cultured gentlemanliness. His Highness Kerala Varma, 13th Prince of Cochin and President of the Old Boys' Association, wound up the proceedings by thanking His Highness the Elaya Raja, Mr. Ramunni Menon and Mr. K. V. Rangaswami Ayyangar for their kindness in taking part in the function.

It was 7·30 p. m. in the evening before the large gathering assembled in the hall dispersed.

On the evening of the 21st September, the Ramunni Menon Reception Committee was "at home" to Mr. Ramunni Menon in the College Jubilee Square. It was an occasion for many of Mr. Ramunni Menon's old friends to meet together and they had a very enjoyable evening.

College Notes.

The sad demise of Sri Narayana Guru Swami of the Siva Giri Matt, Varkala, has cast a gloom over Kerala. It is superfluous for us to elaborate upon the profound spirituality and the wide catholicity which characterised the teachings of this sage. All communities and castes alike deplore the death of this great soul. May He rest in peace !

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Mr. K. R. Subrahmanya Sastri, the Sanskrit Pandit of the College, retired from service on the 1st of Chingam after a very long and useful career. Mr. Sastri enjoyed immense popularity amongst teachers and students. The Members of the Staff were "At Home" to him on the eve of his retirement. The students also testified their regard for him by presenting him an address. We wish Mr. Sastri health and long life in his period of retirement.

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In the place of Mr. Sastri, Mr. P. S. Ananthanarayana Sastri, who was the Sanskrit Pandit of the Sirkar High School, Trichur, has been appointed. Mr. Ananthanarayana Sastri is well-known as a keen scholar of Sanskrit. He enjoys the reputation of being one of those few men in South India, whose Sanskrit Scholarship is profound enough for them to deliver extempore addresses in the language. We have great pleasure in welcoming him to the College.

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Dr. Kallukaran, Assistant Professor of Economics, has been promoted as Professor of Economics and Mr. T. C. Sankara Menon, who also was working as an Assistant Professor in the History and Economics Department, has been transferred on promotion to the English Department as one of the Professors. Our hearty congratulations to both ! The change has necessitated

the appointment of a fresh Tutor in the History Department and Mr. W. Krishnankutti Menon, M. A. (Hons.)—an Old Boy of the College—who was working in the local High School has been selected for this place. Mr. N. G. Srinivasa Ayyar who was acting as a Tutor in the English Department, reverted to his permanent place in the High School, Nemmara, in consequence of Mr. T. C. Sankara Menon's transfer to the English Department. Mr. M. Krishna Menon, the new Demonstrator, belongs to the first batch of graduates turned out by our College. He passed the B. A. degree Examination as First in the Presidency in Part II. We wish him a bright career in the College.

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With the expiry of the tenure of Mr. P. P. Narayana Ayyar, Temporary Physics Demonstrator, Mr. A. Gopala Menon, one of our last year's graduates has been appointed to the place.

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The Members of the University Inspection Commission arrived at Ernakulam on Tuesday, 18th September and stayed here for four days as State guests. On the 19th September, they inspected our College. Arriving at the College precisely at 10, they went round the classes and inspected the buildings, after which departmental inspections and a general conference with the Director of Public Instruction (Cochin State) and the Principal, were conducted.

On the 20th they inspected the local Convent College for Women, and on the next day the Union Christian College, of Alwaye. During the period of their stay here, they were entertained at two 'socials', one organised by the College Council and the other by the Members of the staff. Some of the members of the Commission availed themselves of the occasion of their presence at Ernakulam, to pay visits to Cochin and the Harbour Works and to the local Government High Schools.

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We invite the attention of our students to the announcement (made elsewhere) that the Magazine Committee have resolved to institute prizes for the best cover designs for the Magazine and also for interesting cartoons and picture stories, suitable for publication in the Magazine.

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The following subjects have been given for the Birthday Competition Essays this year :—

English.—Essay on the "Ideal Education for an Indian Prince" about 1,000 words.

Malayalam.—Essay on any one of the following.— (about 1,000 words).

1. നവീന ഭരണ പദ്ധതികൾ.
2. ഇന്ത്യയിലെ സമുദായ പരിവർത്തനം.
3. എനിക്ക് ഏറ്റവും അഭിമതനായ കവി.

We hope that a large number of students will take part in the competition. The prize essays will be duly published in our next issue.

The Hindu Hostel Notes.

By C. P. K. THARAGAN—(*Secretary*).

The thought of the achievements of the worthy past are still green in our youthful memory and is a source of perennial inspiration to our gallant toil. The 'rich benedictions' they have breathed over us we feel; the 'fresh garlands' which they have wreathed for us we receive.

Examination results.—The results of our previous year's examinations have been more than usually brilliant. Our friend Mr. Krishna Ayyar has topped the list in English by scoring a second class, and we are proud that he is the only second class in this subject from our College. Besides one first class in Mathematics Intermediate and two second classes in Physics, we had also three first classes, one among them taking a high rank. We hope to emulate their glory.

Our present strength.—The rush for admission was indeed very heavy. Since no further facilities for accommodation have been provided, we are keenly feeling the want of sufficient moving space. Our total strength at present is 109.

Literary Union.—In the course of these few months we were able to conduct only three meetings.

7th July 1928—Inaugural address by Mr. C. Raman Menon, B. A., on "The Need for Physical Training."

24th July 1928—Special lecture by Mr. P. Krishnan Nambiathiri, M. A. (Hons.) on "The Necessity of Religion" (Malayalam).

12th August 1928—Ordinary meeting, with Mr. K. R. Rama Ayyar, M. A. (Hons.) in the chair, when Mr. L. K. Narayanan spoke "On the Role of Indian youth in the making of India."

All the meetings were well attended and the interest evinced by the members was keen and lively.

Reading room.—Our reading room has been enlarged and we are getting down many papers and periodicals.

Games.—Great enthusiasm prevails in our sports grounds as in other fields of activity. Besides two badminton courts, we have a volley ball court and a Ping-pong table. We might also say that we had the early privilege of having physical training classes under our energetic Physical Director.

Games Notes.

As usual early in July the election of the office-bearers of the Games Club was held with M. R. Ry. T. K. Sankara Menon, M. A., Avl., in the Chair, when the following members were elected.

Messrs. S. K. Subrahmanya Ayyar, M. A., L. T.—President. (Ex-officio).
T. C. Sankara Menon, M. A. (Cantab.).
C. Rama Menon, B. A.—Secretary.
K. J. Mathew—General Captain.
E. Parameswara Menon—Foot-ball Captain.
V. R. Ramachandran—Badminton Captain.
C. Raman Pillai—Volley-ball Captain.
P. P. Narasimha Ayyar—Tennis Captain.
P. R. Mahadeva Ayyar—Basket-Ball Captain.
Gopalakrishna Ayyar—Junior Foot-ball Captain.

(*Class representatives.*)

M. Achyuta Panikkar	Class IV.
P. Sankara Menon	do III.
A. G. Chakko	do II.
P. Bhaskara Menon	do I.

Our games department is divided into various clubs and every student has to become a member of either one or the other of these clubs, where they have to take part in its activities at least three days in a week, while for the remaining four days they are free to play in the other clubs. Gossips and book-worms shall no longer exist. With the appointment of the Physical Director and the insistence by the authorities on compulsory attendance in the games fields a new spirit is being born. Already much headway has been made and I am proud to observe that no student of our College idles away his time in the evenings. In every club could always be seen groups of anxious students eagerly watching the progress of the game and looking out for early opportunities to take part in the games.

However, a doleful note has also to be struck. We feel very badly the want of proper grounds and accommodation. One of our best Tennis Courts which we were using till last year had to be given over to the Comptroller's Office; we have at present no court for Badminton. The opening of one more court for Volley-ball has become a necessity. The Junior Foot-ball club has no grounds at present; and they have, like nomads, to shift for themselves as best they could. Sometimes they are to be seen playing on the Hockey grounds and at other times they spend their time in vain migratory search for grounds throughout the foreshore. We are trying our utmost to make provision for them as early as possible. Hockey is prospering indeed. The Physical Director himself has assumed the responsibility of training up the Hockey club. We have ordered two new boats to start a Boating club also. Owing to foul weather, our various clubs were able to begin their activities in right earnest only recently.

With an appeal to the members of the various clubs to keep up this spirit throughout the year, and with the earnest hope of being able to speak much more of our activities in the next issue, I sound the call : *En avani*, Comrades!

K. J. MATHEW,
Class III.

COLLEGE DAY CELEBRATIONS—1927.

Balance Sheet.

	Rs.	As.	Ps.
Opening balance.	25	3	6
Receipts:—			
Arrears of subscriptions.	40	8	0
Subscription from the Public.	258	7	0
do. from the students of the College.	265	6	0
Donations from the Princes.	48	0	0
do. from the College staff.	52	6	0
do. from the Old Boys' Association.	27	10	0
do. from the Literary Union Fund.	75	0	0
do. from the Davies Memorial Fund.	13	1	6
Miscellaneous contributions.	25	0	0
Ticket collections.	191	12	0
Entrance fees for sports.	65	6	0
Expenditure:—			
Stage Equipment.	187	13	9
Tamil Entertainment.	59	10	9
Malayalam Entertainment.	31	15	3
English Entertainment.	27	0	6
Social gathering.	275	12	6
Sports.	283	9	6
Photo charges.	25	0	0
Postage, printing charges, etc.	37	12	8
Public meeting and decorations.	48	8	0
Establishment charges.	24	8	0
Expenses for the volunteers and remuneration to peons and servants.	64	2	0
Miscellaneous charges.	6	10	6
Closing balance.	15	4	7
Rs.	**1,087**	**12**	**0.** **1,087** **12** **0**

P. KALLUKKARAN,
Secretary.

G. F. PAPALI,
Auditor.

Scout Bulletin.

H. H. Kerala Varma, B. A. & B. L., tendered his resignation of his office of the State Commissionership of the Scout movement. This I state with regret ; for as long as he remained at his post of duty, he did very useful work indeed. His Highness never for once spared himself. Thus while the Council feels sorry for his severance, it shall ever be grateful to His Highness for the splendid service he rendered to the cause of scouting in the State. His Highness the Maharaja, the Chief Scout, has been graciously pleased to appoint M. R. Ry. C. Matthai Avl., B. A., L. T., Director of Public Instruction as the State Commissioner. He has been from the beginning a staunch supporter and warm advocate of the movement. Even with the starting of it here he has had a good deal to do. He will be visiting every scout centre in his official capacity, so that he will get every opportunity to see the work of the several troops throughout the State. It is hoped that during his regime the movement would be developed in all directions.

Here is the report submitted by Mr. C. P. Karunakara Menon, Scout Organising Officer of the Attachamayam Rally held at Trippunittura Sirkar High School on the 3rd and 4th of Chingam 1104 :—

" On the evening of the 3rd of Chingam, Scouts and Scouters from 19 centres assembled at Trippi High School. By 6 p. m., all had assembled. The troops were shown their rooms and when everything seemed settled down they were given light refreshments. After that, at about 7-30 p. m., there was a Scouters' Conference. There were 32 Scouters for the Conference. The Honorary Secretary of the Head-quarters Council, Mr. T. K. Krishna Menon, was also present. The Scout Organising Officer proposed Mr. S. A. Ramakrishna Ayyar to the Chair. It was duly seconded and carried.

The Conference opened with a short speech by the Scout Organising Officer. He welcomed the Scouters and gave a short review of the work done. In conclusion he made an appeal to the Scouters for their active support and co-operation. Almost all the Scouters took an active part in the discussion of the various resolutions passed by the Conference. The Chairman was authorised to send the resolutions to the Honorary Secretary of the Head-quarters Council to be placed before the Executive Committee. The Conference created some interest and it is hoped that Scouters when they return home, would remember the spirit and put it into action.

In all there were 371 units, including Scouts and Scouters. After meals we went through a very lively item—the Camp-Fire. Mr. Thomas Manjuran, the late Honorary Secretary of the Association, had come as usual for the Camp-Fire. The Camp-Fire lasted for an hour and a half. Almost all the troops took part in it. The St. Sebastian Band Troop made itself conspi-

cuous by its sweet music. Mr. S. Narayana Rao, who was elected Camp-chief for the night, made a short speech fitting to the occasion towards the close and then called upon Mr. T. K. Krishna Menon, the Honorary Secretary, to award the "Thanks Badge" to Mr. Thomas Manjuran. The Badge was to be given by the State Commissioner, M. R. Ry. Rao Sahib C. Matthai Avl., but in his unavoidable absence Mr. T. K. Krishna Menon was kind enough to perform the pleasant function. Mr. Krishna Menon spoke of the great services rendered by Mr. Thomas Manjuran to the Movement and also touched upon the many qualities of his head and heart, and amidst cheers and yells the Badge was awarded. Mr. Thomas Manjuran, while thanking the Association for the very kind appreciation of his work, remarked that, but for the deep sympathy and support of His Highness the Maharaja and the then Diwan M. R. Ry. Rao Bahadur P. Narayana Menon Avl., he would not have been able to do anything to make it what it is to-day. He thanked all and made an earnest appeal to the Scouts and Scouters to take to Scouting with greater spirit so that the Government may be pleased to extend better support and greater privileges. As usual the Camp-Fire closed with cheers to the Chief Scout of the World Sir Robert Baden Powell and the Chief Scout of the State His Highness the Maharaja.

Lights were out by 11 o'clock. Early in the morning, at about 5 a. m. the Bugle call awoke every one and soon preparations were made for the Rally at 7 a. m.

At 6 a. m., all were given substantial breakfast and by 7-30 all were ready on the Parade ground with their Troop flags. Soon all marched in order through the crowded streets to the Hill Palace.

The Attachamayam Procession began at about 9 a. m. After the procession, His Highness was gracious enough to call the Scouts and hear the National Anthem sung. His Highness was also gracious enough to hear the Scout Band play for 5 minutes. After that, a sum of Rs. 200 was given by His Highness as present to the Scouts and Scouters, who took part in the ceremony.

All the Scouts returned to the High School, and after meals the camp was dispersed with the singing of the National Anthem and cheers to the Head-quarters. The Rally, though it lasted only for a day, still from the interest and spirit it evoked in the minds of all campers, was priceless. If rallies of longer duration is conducted, one could be sure that the true spirit of scouting would be kindled in every mind and the right road to success will be opened".

The following report of the Scouters' Conference, held on the 3rd of Chingam 1104 at the High School, Trippunittura, is sent to me by its Chairman :—

"Mr. S. A. Ramakrisha Ayyar was voted to the Chair.

The following Scouters took part in the proceedings :

Messrs.	P. Narayana Menon	Messrs.	A. Varadaraja Ayyar
	P. Kuttikrishna Menon		S. Narayana Rao
	A. Kannan Menon		A. R. Narayana Pai
	K. D. Mathai		A. P. Narayana Menon
	P. V. Paul		S. A. Ramakrishna Ayyar
	L. Subrahmanya Embran		P. V. Viswanatha Ayyar
	Sridharan Elayadom		C. A. Vaidyanatha Ayyar
	K. P. Antho		C. R. Krishna Sastri
	K. J. Ippu		N. P. Venkitakrishna Ayyar
	M. V. Cherian		V. Ramanatha Ayyar
	K. Krishnan		V. Subrahmanya Ayyar
	V. J. John		T. R. Gopala Ayyar
	K. V. Cheeku		K. P. Joseph
	L. V. Subrahmanya Ayyar		V. T. Perumal Pillai
	T. G. Sitarama Ayyar		C. P. Karunakara Menon
	V. O. Paul	and	T. V. Venkitasubrahmanya Ayyar

Mr. T. K. Krishna Menon, B. A., the Honorary Secretary of the Head-quarters Council, was also present throughout.

The Scout Organising Officer opened the discussion with a review of the work done by him and closed his remarks with an earnest appeal to the Scouters for active co-operation.

Suggestions for the better organisation of the movement in the State were solicited from the audience by the Chair and the following resolutions were then unanimously passed by the Conference.

Resolved:

1. That the Head-quarters be requested to publish an annual report on the working and progress of the Scout Movement in the State.

2. That an annual Conference of Scouters and a rally of representative Scouts in the State be held along with the Attachamayam celebrations.

3. That the Head quarters be requested to address the Athletic Association, Trichur, to introduce certain Scout competitions, such as signalling, first-aid, etc., in the programme of the Inter-School Sports.

4. That the Head-quarters be requested to move the Director of Public Instruction to set apart one period a week in all the secondary classes—sixth form excepted—for instruction in Scouting in all its aspects.

5. That the Head-quarters be requested to make arrangements for a Refreshers' Course in a suitable centre during the Christmas and Summer recess.

6. That a Committee be constituted consisting of the following gentlemen, with the Scout Organising Officer as Convener to suggest such alterations in the general scheme of scouting as are suitable to local conditions:—

Messrs,

1. A. Varadaraja Ayyar, teacher, High School, Mulanturutti.
2. A. R. Narayana Pai, teacher, T. D. H. S., Cochin.

3. V. Ramanatha Ayyar, Tutor, Maharaja's College, Ernakulam.
4. S. Narayana Rao, teacher, High School, Cherai.
5. V. O. Paul, teacher, High School, Chalakkudi.
6. S. A. Ramakrishna Ayyar, teacher, H. S., Nemmara.

7. That a Jamboree of the Boy Scouts in the State be arranged to take place in a suitable centre in 1929 and the Government be requested to contribute towards the expenses of the same.

8. That the Government be requested to select Scouters also for industrial training and such technical courses.

9. That the Chairman be authorised to communicate the resolutions to the Headquarters and to the Press".

Vote of thanks to the Chair.

The Executive Committee of the Head-quarters Council have accepted resolutions one to five and eight. Of course, the Secretary will take the necessary action on these at once.

The Scoutmaster, Maruthi Troop, Trippunittura, writes thus :—

" The Scouts of the Trippi Maruthi Troop started for a Hyke on last Friday, 19th instant at 6-30 a. m. First we visited, with the kind leave of the Overseer in charge of it, the Guest House, newly built to the South-east of the Hill Palace. We then went to the Chottanikkara Hills where at 9 a. m., we met our Scout Organising Officer. He helped us with light refreshments for which we thanked him. After going about here and there for two hours, botanising and enjoying the natural beauty of the locality we went to Kanayannur, and put up our camp in that primary school. Reaching there, we first prepared our dinner and after having it we went for a circuit all over there. During this time we saw a man sitting in a field severely hurt by a thorn. We helped him. We saw many deep wells on those hills, though none of them contained even a drop of water.

Towards evening we prepared tea and took it. We took our photo. Then all of us returned to our respective houses."

Mr. A. R. Narayana Pai, the Managing Editor of the Gosri Scout, is to be congratulated on the contents of the July—September number of that Magazine. It contains a lot of interesting matter. It is neatly illustrated too. Mr. Narayana Pai has ever been an enthusiast of Scouting and one who has done real good work for the propagation of the movement in this country. I wish him every success in all his efforts to popularise Scouting.

Mr. C. Subba Rao, M. A., the Organising Commissioner of the Scout Movement in Mysore, will shortly publish a work to be called "The Boy Scouts Year Book". It promises to be a very useful and informing publication. Mr. Subba Rao is tireless in his activities to further the cause of Scouting in the Mysore State. I trust that every troop will go in for a copy of the book, and help the editor in improving each successive issue of the work.

Brother Scouts! Please hear what Sir Baden Powell has to tell you:—"Those of you who are scouts and guides, know what your motto is—but whether you are scouts or not you have all to be preparing yourself for your future responsibilities as citizens of the country and Empire. Don't be content with just thinking of what you will do later on, but start right away now, and do something worth while, not for yourself alone, but for your country and your fellowmen."

With acknowledgment I take this from the Bombay Scout Gazette:—"As we have so often emphasised, scouting touches training for national efficiency at so many points that one wonders why more of our leaders have not taken to the movement. The Provincial Commissioner of Madras, speaking on the subject the other day, stated:—

"The two things which are necessary specially in this country, are to educate the boys to do things for themselves and to do things in conjunction with others as partners of a harmonious whole..... The system of Education has to do much with the undoing of India, as has come to be felt here as so thoroughly divorced from actual life, from things you see around you with the result that School and College courses are pursued for their own sake and the young man of 25 is absolutely hopeless. He cannot do anything for himself but relies on somebody else to do it for him and he relies on Government to give him a job.....We are so sheltered and guarded in rooms and there are so many limitations that the average Indian youth is rather helpless and sometimes a hopeless pessimistic man. There is no joy to live in him. The Scout Movement is just the thing designed to eradicate that.....".

Let me extract here for the benefit of my readers a few sentences from the speech which H. H. the Maharaja of Travancore recently delivered at the Scout Rally at Cape Comorin:—"When Sir Robert Bader Powell started the scout movement in England, some twenty years ago, it was regarded as something of a childish game and was generally, if somewhat kindly, laughed at. To-day this movement is a world movement. In every country of the Empire and many others, Boy-scouting is a live force....unless it had been a noble and inspiring cause, it could never have reached its wonderful position to-day. And this prompts me to urge you all to keep the scout promise you have made with all your might. Each one of you can then be proud of being a Boy Scout whether he has the talent or the opportunity to acquire badges or promotions. Please remember that a scout who keeps his promise with all his might is a good Scout".

There should be a Scout Troop in every village. A Scout will be more useful in a village than in a town. There one will get many opportunities for good turns in various ways, and the poor, illiterate people will gratefully appreciate his work better than the townsfolk.

Mr. V. R. Venkateswara Ayyar
Memorial Fund.

The Secretary acknowledges with thanks, receipt of the following subscriptions to the above fund.

		Rs.	As.	Ps.
From the students of the College	...	90	9	0
From Mr. C. Matthai	...	20	0	0
From the public	...	117	12	0
Total collected	...	228	5	0
Expenses incurred in connection with the bromide enlargement and the farewell and unveiling functions	..	115	14	8
Balance to the credit of the Memorial Fund	...	112	6	4
Total amount in hand (including interest so far accrued) about	...	120	0	0

Note.—It has been decided by the Committee that for this, or a larger amount that might be rendered available, a prize should be endowed in the College in the name of Mr. V. R. Venkateswara Ayyar and that it is to be awarded annually, in the form of books to the student of the Senior B. A. Class who stands first in English among the successful candidates in the University Examination. The Government has been pleased to accept the endowment.

T. C. SANKARA MENON,
Secretary, Venkateswara Ayyar
Memorial Fund.

BUSINESS NOTES.

THE MAHARAJA'S COLLEGE MAGAZINE PERMANENT FUND.

(Terms of Life-membership)

1. A sympathiser or an old student of the College will be eligible to become a Life-member.

2. Each Life-member will pay a subscription of Rs. 25 only in advance or in instalments within a year.

3. Each member will receive the issue of the Magazine free of cost and postage.

4. Each member will be given a Life-membership Certificate on payment of the full subscription of Rs. 25.

5. In the event of the discontinuance of the Magazine, the amount available will be devoted to such College purposes as will be decided upon at a meeting of the Life-members and the College Magazine Committee.