

THE
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(FOR INTERNAL AND PRIVATE CIRCULATION ONLY.)

“To Thine Own Self Be True”



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The Wrestler's Physical Qualities

How they should be Cultivated

BY R. THIRUNAVUKKARASU,
Matric B.

A champion wrestler must possess skill, strength, stamina and quickness; and, unless he possesses all these qualities in a very high degree, he can never hope to take up a position in the front rank.

Skill and quickness must, to a certain extent, be innate. That is to say, a man should be born with a certain natural predilection for wrestling, just as he must be born a natural cricketer, boxer, or footballer if he is to become a champion at any of these great sports.

But then, equally of course, every man, who takes up wrestling seriously, will only do so because he is fond of it, because he prefers wrestling to most, if not all, other sports and pastimes. Every wrestler who ever treads the mat is a potential champion. He may not have been endowed with the wrestling *instinct* but he will be able to cultivate a high degree of wrestling science, even quickness, if not absolute lightning rapidity of movement; which, if combined with the necessary strength and stamina, may enable

him to compete with all but the greatest champions on equal terms.

Skill, that is to say the science of wrestling, can only be cultivated by practice, and the man who takes up wrestling seriously must get as much practice as he can with the most skilful wrestlers. The better his opponents are, the faster will be his progress in knowledge of the art as also in the power of its application. He can learn a good deal also by watching serious bouts between skilled wrestlers and by carefully practising such moves as attract his notice.

The Importance of Strength

A wrestler has to rely to a large extent on strength, one of the most valuable qualities a wrestler can possess.

Wrestlers need a particular kind of strength. They require all-round development, such as is sadly neglected in many departments, the neck, for instance, which requires special exercises. They must pay special attention to those exercises which will strengthen up the parts of their frame in which they find themselves to be lacking in muscular power.

The chief aim of a wrestler should be to cultivate all-round increase of strength, and staying power. He should become strong all over—the stronger the better—for he will often find that he can defeat even cleverer wrestlers than himself by means of the sheer strength which he is able to exert.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.**Why a Ban on Indian Books?**

The Editor,
"The Young Hindu."

Sir,—Your Correspondent Master V. E. Shanmugam, in your last issue, urged a ban on Indian Books. He wrote that when the repatriation scheme is worked out and a ban on non-Ceylonese teachers is being effected, a ban on Indian books should also be effected.

First of all, in this repatriation scheme justifiable? We may say it is justifiable to a certain extent. But is it justifiable to place a ban on non-Ceylonese teachers? Why all this tom-foolery with education? It is with the will of Ceylonese that non-Ceylonese were put into services, and if this should happen in the future too, it should be with the same will. Why is it that you put into service non-Ceylonese all this time? Is it that you were very generous up to this time and that you cannot afford to be so just now? When you select a teacher you select the best person possible. He may happen to be a Ceylonese or a non-Ceylonese. But you want the best person. Sir, I am at a loss to understand why, and regret that, even you should support a ban on non-Ceylonese teachers.

Now, coming to the ban on Indian books, you repeat the same blunder, and I must repeat the same argument. You select a good book even as you select a good teacher. Let it be compiled by anyone. But it should be a good book, such as would serve your purpose. You may practise foolery with anything but to do it with education is terrible.

Your correspondent tries to be too economic and is only jealous of his bro-

thers. It is doubtful whether he does not offer any science subjects. How much money does he send to foreign countries? Would he urge a ban on English books? Would he encourage local educated men to write science books and local industrialists to produce science apparatus? If so, I would be most pleased.

Your correspondent minds not the sovereign that goes to England but the cent that goes to India.

I am, Sir,
Yours etc.,
N. SIVAGNAM,
Matric B.

Why Indian 'Drummers'?

The Editor,
"The Young Hindu."

Sir,—In connection with the repatriation problem, I should like to remind the Jaffna population of the vast sums of money that are being sent to India in monthly instalments, by way of engaging expert, yet Indian, drummers. So it is high time that those keenly interested in the well-being of Ceylon recruited fresh drummers (Ceylonese understood) and bade adieu to the Indians.

Perhaps some may say that it wouldn't matter much as they supply us with adequate entertainment well worth the money. I rather say it matters very much. See our mentality! We don't want to pay a few hundreds of rupees to poor Indian labourers after sucking their vitality by overworking them, but we are prepared to pay thousands of rupees to the drummers for merely some hours' exertion. If my suggestion is given effect

to, I think it will cure the unemployment disease to a certain extent. Let the money be given to Ceylonese—the sons of the soil.

Pshaw! you must see “our drummers” during the lunch interval in their best form with the poor school des’ts. Why not give them also a fair chance? This is a matter well worth our consideration. This is my humble opinion on the subject of repatriation; I do not know if this is a wise step.

“Fate, show they force:
Ourselves we do not owe;
What is decreed must be,—
And be this so.”

I am, Sir,
Yours etc.,
T. SOMASEKARAM,
Matric A.

Tennis

The Editor,
“The Young Hindu.”

Sir,—Since Tennis is supposed to be one of the most popular games in the world of Sports, I deem it necessary that a leading College like our own should have a Tennis court of its own. I understand that the introduction of this game will be quite welcomed by some of the Staff and Students who are anxious to play the game. A reasonable subscription, I feel, can be collected if the authorities so desire. I hope the authorities will be kind enough to consider this and introduce it as early as possible.

I am, Sir,
Yours etc.,
“INTERESTED,”
Inter-Science.

Smile Awhile

BY A. PARAMESWARAN,
J. S. C., A.

Traveller: How much will you charge to drive me to the Railway Station?

Taxi driver: A rupee, Sir.

Traveller: And how much for my bag?

Taxi driver: Oh! nothing for the bag.

Traveller: Then take my bag and I will walk.

* * *

Doctor: You seem to cough more easily now.

Patient: Yes, doctor, I was practising all night.

* * *

Tourist: Look here you wrote and told me that mosquitoes were nowhere in the neighbourhood; at night they are buzzing round me like aeroplanes!

Farmer: Sorry! but it's your mistake. I wrote mosquitoes are now here in the neighbourhood.

* * *

First boy: My father is a fine artist, with one stroke, he can turn a laughing face into a crying one.

Second boy: So can mine, but he uses a cane.

* * *

Master: There are five pots. Each pot has a hole at the bottom. If all the pots are placed one over another, and water is poured in the first pot, where will the water be?

Student: In the last pot, Sir.

Examinations are not true tests of intelligence

BY R. KANAGARATNAM,
Matric C.

At present the examinations are conducted by Universities miles and miles away from the home of the students. If the sole object of examinations is to test the intelligence of the pupils, they should satisfy some essential conditions. An examiner must be a teacher. A teacher is expected to be in "individual touch" with the students. He must have a good insight into the homelife of the students, understand their difficulties and, by his sympathy, seek to ameliorate these troubles. If the examiner is a teacher does he do all these things? Does he at least know the names of the students? No, he does not know and he does not care.

What he is concerned with is the framing of question papers and later on correcting the answers to these questions. He seldom makes allowance for the fact that all students are not of the same standard and that their prescribed books may be different, or that their home conditions are not alike. What is the result? The examiner has before him a model answer and all answers similar to that pass with credit, while those students whose answers show a different point of view fail badly.

It is not to be inferred from these that the examiners are generally a ruthless crowd, who desire to "plough" the students by setting stiff papers. It is the present system of examinations that is responsible for all these shortcomings. An examiner in the London University sets a paper in History, and students from almost all

quarters of the globe sit for this paper. Is it possible for the examiner to be in "individual touch" with all the cosmopolitan candidates?

A year or two's study, sometimes the study of a whole life, is to be tested by fifteen or twenty questions and answered in three hours. How absurd and ridiculous! A candidate offering Botany has to study the chapters on roots, stems, leaves, internal structure, flowers, fruits, germination and natural orders. From this vast portion he has got to answer about seven questions. If he does not know how to answer these, it does not imply that he is quite ignorant of the subject. Perhaps he may be able to answer another set of questions. It very often happens that teachers and students make guesses as to the probable questions and pay special attention to these questions, and fortunately or unfortunately, should their guesses be wrong, they are done for. It is not because they are lacking in intelligence that students make guesses, but it is because they are after the royal road to success at examinations.

The false value set on examinations has made them no true tests. A paroxysm of fear shoots through the spine of a candidate, who sits for an examination, and makes his blood creep when he thinks of his chance of success. As a result of this "examination atmosphere", candidates become nervous and confused. Examinations are no true tests of intelligence but at times they have disastrous effects both on mind and body. The strain, the suspense and the tense anxiety caused by examinations have made wrecks of happy youths. Again we hear of intelligent students failing in the examinations. How do we account for this calamity? Examinations, then, are no true tests of intelligence. They are nothing but the stakes, wagered by the students, who are the players, on the roulette wheels of examination, and the examiners, the croupiers.

என் உள்வங்க கவர்ந்த
நண்பன்.

S. VELAUTHAPILLY,
Matric B.

யான் உண்மையில் ஓர் செல்வன் தான். என்னை? என்னைப்போன்ற பல மாணவர் செல்வமுடையவர்களாகவிரும்புகின்றனர். ஆயின், யானனுபவித்தளவு செல்வம், அவர்களிடம் இல்லை. அவர்கள் அனுபவித்தார்களோ அல்லவோ யானறியேன்.

‘அச் செல்வமென்னை? அதன் பெயரைக்கூற மாட்டாயா? அஃதென்ன குபேரன் செல்வமா? அன்றிக் காமதேனுவா? அல்லது கற்பகதாருவா? அஃது மன்றிக்குயிலின் பாங்கிலுள்ள பொற்கிழியா?’ என்று விடுத்து விடுத்துக் கேட்டீர்கள். இக்கேள்விகளை நினைக்கச் சிரிப்பு ஆதிகரிக்கின்றது. ஏன்? பெருஞ் செல்வமென்றவுடன் நீங்கள் எதைச்சிந்திக்கின்றீர்கள் குபேரன் செல்வமென்கின்றீர்கள் அவனென்ன இரத்தினமனுஷனா? அவனுமொரு தேவஅரசனானே பிறகு காமதேனு என்கின்றீர்கள். அஃதென்ன அடுத்த வளவில் கட்டிநிற்கும் பசுப்போன்ற ஓர்மிருகந்தானே அவைகளை விடுத்துக் குயிலின் பாங்கிலுள்ள பணமுடிச்சென்றீர்கள். அது பெரும் பணமா? உலகத்தமக்களின் பணந்தானே! அதனையும் விடுத்துக் கற்பகதாருவா என்கின்றீர்கள் அஃதென்ன ஓர் மரந்தானே! உங்களுக்கு வியப்பாயிருக்கின்றதே! யான் செய்வதென்ன? ஆயினுஞ் சிறிது என் செல்வத்தைப்பற்றிக் கூறுகின்றேன்.

என் செல்வமென்னவெனின் அஃது என் நண்பனே. அவன் என் உள்ளத்தைக்கவர்த்து அதைத் தனக்கிருப்பிடமாக்கிக் கொண்டான். எப்படி? என் உள்ளமோ ஓர் கருங்கற்பாறை. அதையவன் கவர்ந்துவிட்டானென்கிறேன். அப்பொழுது என் நண்பன் கல்லைக்கவர்த்தான் என்பீர்கள். இல்லை அவன் வீடு கல்வீடு, கண்ணாடிச் சாளரங்களும், தூண்டாமணி விளக்குகளும், பல்லாயிரம் நாழிகை தூரத்திற்கப்பால், பாடும் பாட்டுக்களையெல்லாம், ஒரு விநாடியுத்தவறாத கேட்கவைக்கு மின்னரிசைக்கருவியிருக்கும்சிறப்புக்களுள்ளது அவன் வீடு. ஆண்மையின் அவனுக்குக் கல் தேவையில்லை. அவன் கல்லைக்கவரவில்லை. அவன் பொன்னையே சுவர்த்தான். என்னை? கருங்கல்லெல்லாம் பொன்னா? அவன் கருங்கல்லையும் தன் சேர்க்கையால் பொண்ணாக்குவான். யான் கேட்ட கேள்விகளுக்கெல்லாம் தகுந்த விடையளிப்பான், யான் விரும்பிய காட்சிகளை

யெல்லாம், என் முன் கொடிப்பொழுதியில், காண்பிப்பான். எண்ணூயிரம்மைல்களுக்கப்பாலுள்ள பட்டினங்களையும், பட்டணங்களையும், ஆங்கு வசிக்கஞ் சனங்களையும், அவர்களின் நாகரீகத்தைடும், என் கண்முன்வைத்தவிடுகிறான். வாழ்க்கையில் கவனிக்கவேண்டியது எத்தனையோ அரிய விடயங்களையெல்லாம், எனக்குட்போதிப்பான் யான் அவனைவிட்டுப்பிரிந்தாலும் அவன் என்னை விட்டுப் பிரியமாட்டான். உலகத்திலுள்ள மக்களின் குணங்களையெல்லாம், ஒவ்வொன்றாக எனக்கெடுத்துக்காட்டுவான். எனக்கொரு காலமுந் தவறுதல் செய்யமாட்டான் சிலருடைய நண்பர்கள், பயன்கருதிடப்புக்கொள்ளுவார்கள். ஆயின் இவன் அப்படியல்ல. சிலருடைய நண்பர்கள் இனிமையாகச் சல்லாபஞ் செய்வார்கள், ஆயின் சல்லாபம் முடிந்ததும், தம் நண்பருக்குத் தீங்கு நினைப்பர். ஆயின் என் நண்பன் ஒருக்காலாதல் என்னுடன் பேசியது கிடையாது. என்னை உலாத்துக்குவாவென்றழைத்தது கிடையாது. எனக்கு இனிப்பு வாங்கித்தந்ததுகிடையாது. ஆயின் எனக்குத் தேவையானயாவையந் தருவான். என் உள்ளத்தை இளிய கீதங்களால், மகிழ்விப்பான். அக்கீழ்க்கைக் கேட்டவுடன் என் உள்ளம் உருகும். அக்கீதங்கள் என் மனத்தின் கண் உள்ள அழக்கை மாற்றித் தாய்மையாக்கும், என்னைக் கூடாத வழிகளிற செல்லலிடா. வழித்தனைக்குச் சேனைகன்போன்றன். நோய்தீர்க்கஞ் சாகாமருந்து, அவனுடைய வசனங்கள் பியலில்லாத சிறுவசனங்கள். தடிந்த அச்செழுத்துக்களாலாக்கப்பட்டன. சிறுவசனங்களில் மூலேபோன்ற கருத்துக்களைக் காட்டிவிடுவான். சிலசொற்களால் பெரும் ஓவியங்கள் இயற்றுவான். ஆராயின் ஓவியங்கள் தான். பார்த்தால் வெறும் அச்செழுத்துக்கள்.

கருங்கல்லைக் காடுகள், கல்விச் சீர்திருத்தமென்றது ஆங்கு முயற்கொம்பு. அப்படியான காடுகளையெல்லாம் ஒருமணி நேரத்தில் அணிபெற்ற ஓவியச்சாலைகள் ஆக்குவான். அவ்வோவியச்சாலைகளில் அழகான படங்கள், அரிய வசனங்களின் தொகுதிகள். வாழ்க்கைக்குவேண்டிய தேவைகள் யாவும், ஒரு பாங்கர் காணப்படுகின்றன.

என் நண்பன் இவ்விதமான ஓவியச்சாலைகளை தான் நட்புக்கொண்டஒவ்வொருவருக்கும், அவர்களின் மனமாகிய கருங்கற் காடுகளைத்திருதியங்கு நியற்றிவைக்கின்றான். ஆயின் எனக்கு அவன் செய்த நன்மைகளோ பல. ஒருமுறையிவனுடைய வசனங்கள் சிலவற்றை நெட்டுருப்பண்ணி ஓர் பேச்சுப்போட்டிக்குச் சென்றேன். என்னை ஆங்கு பங்குபற்றிய ஒருவரும் வெல்லமுடியவில்

லை. ஈற்றில் திருவாளர் கௌரவ வை. துரை சுவாமியவர்கள் முதலாம் பரிசில் உணக்கே என்று சிறு புன்னகையுடன் கூறி விட்டு ஓர் வெள்ளிக் கிண்ணத்தை எடுத்துத்தந்தார். அதை யென் நண்பனிடம் கொடுக்கலாமென்றுகொணர்ந்தேன் தோல்வி! அவன் பேசினாற்றோ யவனுக்குக் கொடுப்பது. அவன் என் பேசா நண்பன்.

இன்னொருமுறை ஓர் பண்டிதர் ஓர்சொற்பொழிவிற்சுசிலஇனிமை பயக்குக்கீதங்கள் சொல்லித் தாவப்பா. நீ ஓர் கண்டறியாத நண்பனை வைத்திருக்கிறாயாம், அவனுக்குக் கீதங்கள் பல தெரியுமாம், அவைகளைப்படித்தால் அமுதபின்பையும் "கொல்" என்று கிரிக்குமாம் என்று என்னிடம் வந்தார்.

இதைக்கேட்ட யான் என்னப்பா கண்டறியாத நண்பன் என்று என் நண்பனை வசகிரும், நீ பண்டிதரென்றும் உணக்கு ஏன் இவ்வளவு பொருமை என்று அடிப்பவன்போல் எழுத்து கூறினேன். பண்டிதர் ஒரு கிமிடம் ஏற விறங்கப்பார்த்துவிட்டு 'யான் அப்படியன்னுடைய பொருளிலே பொருமைகொள்ளவில்லை. ஆனால் நீ இன்னும்,' கண்டறியாத என்ற சொல்லின் கருத்தையறியவில்லையென்று துக்கப்படுகிறேன் என்று சொல்லிவிட்டுக் கண்டு + அறியாத—வேறொருவருக்கண்டு அதனைப்பற்றியறியாத என்று அச்சொல்லின் பொருளை எனக்கு விளங்கப்படுத்தினார். பண்டிதர் எவ்வளவு இலக்கணமுறைப்படி விளங்கப்படுத்தியும், யான் அவரை நம்பவில்லை. செல்லுஞ் செல்லாததிற்குச் செட்டியார் இருக்கின்றாரல்லவா? உடனேபண்டிதருக்கு ஒரு சிறுகாரியம் இருந்தகொள்ளும்வருகிறேன் என்று சொல்லிவிட்டு என் நண்பனிடம் ஓடிச் சென்று என் ஐயத்தை ஆராய்ந்தேன். "கண்டேன் கண்டேன் அவர் திருப்பாதங்கண்டறியாதன கண்டேன் என்று அவனுடைய கீதமொன்றிலிருக்கக்கண்டுமகிழ்ந்து பண்டிதரிடஞ்சென்றேன். பண்டிதர் என்னைப்பாட்டுகிறார் இரக்கத்தொடங்கிவிட்டார். பாவம்! அவர் முகத்தைப் பார்க்கப் பரிதாபமாயிருந்தது. "பண்டிதரே! நீர் என் நண்பனை யடையவேண்டுமென்றால் முதல் யாழ்ப்பாணம் இந்துக்கல்லூரியில் ஓர் மாணவனாகக் கல்வி கற்றல் வேண்டும், இந்துக்கல்லூரித் தமிழ்தூல் நிலையமே என் நண்பனின் கல்விடும். மாணவனுய்ச் சேர்ந்ததும், அக் கல்லூரித் தமிழ்தூல் நிலையத் தலைவர் சீறீமாள் தியாகராசாவீடம் சென்று உம்முடைய குறை

களைச் சொல்லும். அத்தமிழ்ப்பெரியார் உடனே பளிங்குக் கண்ணாடி பதித்த தலசில் T. II என்ற இலக்க விட்டில் இருக்கும் என் செல்வ நண்பனைத் தூக்கி யும்மிடத் தருவார். அவனுடைய 57-ம் பக்கத்தில் இப்பாட்டுக்களைக் காண்பீர்" என்று சொல்லிப் பின் வரும் பாட்டுக்களை அவருக்குச் சொன்னேன்.

கண்ணன்—தீராத விளையாட்டுப்பிள்ளை—கண்ணன் தெருவிலே பெண்களுக்கோயாத தோல்வி தின்னப் பழங்கொண்டு தருவான்—பாதி தின்னின்ற போழ்திலே தட்டிப் பறிப்பான்.

பின் பண்டிதர் இந்துக்கல்லூரிக்குச் சென்றாரோ இல்லையோ யா.ஈறியேன். ஆயின் இரண்டு வாரம் கழிந்ததும், இந்துக் கல்லூரித் தமிழ்தூல் நிலையத்திற்குச் சென்றேன். சென்றதும் முதல்முதல் என் நண்பனையே பார்த்தேன். அந்தே! கிழக்குத் திசையிலிருக்குங் கண்ணாடிச் செந்தமிழ்க் கருவூலத்துள்ளிருந்த T. II. என்ற இலக்கத்தச் சுப்பிரமணிய பாரதியாரைக் காணேன். அப்பண்டிதர்தான் அதனை எடுத்திருக்க வேண்டுமென்று நினைக்கின்றேன். அவரை இன்றுவரையும் யான் சந்தித்ததேயில்லை. என் நண்பனை யான் தீழ்த்தபோதிலும், யான் அவனுடன் அளவளாவுஞ் சந்தோஷத்தைப் பெற்றவனாகின்றேன். ஏன்? அவன் என் உள்ளத்திருக்கின்றான். தான் இயற்றிய ஒவியச் சாலைகள் பலவற்றுள்ளும் உலாவுகின்றான். அவைகளின் அழகைப் பார்த்து மகிழ்கின்றான். சில வேளைகளில் உள்ளே இருந்து சிறந்த தேசியக் கீதங்களை யெனக்குக் காட்டுகிறான். அவைகளைப்படிக்கப் படிக்க இனிமையும் தாய்மொழிப் பற்றும், தேசாபிமானமும் அருவ்போல் உள்ளத்தில் ஊற்றெடுக்கின்றது. அவைகளில் ஒரு பாட்டை உங்களுக்குச் சொல்லுகிறேன்.

செந்தமிழ் நாடெனும் போழ்தினிலே—இன்பத்தேன் வந்து பாயுது காதினிலே—நந்தந்தையர் நாடென்ற பேச்சினிலே—ஒரு சக்தி பிறக்குது மூச்சினிலே

இதைவிட இனிய கீதமொன்றை யான் என் சீவிய காலத்தில் கேட்டிலேன். ஆனால் இவனைப்போல் ஓர் உயிர் நண்பனை யான் இன்னுங்கண்டிலேன். அவனென்னுள்ளம் யானவனின் கருத்து. பாருங்கள் என் புதுநண்பனின் புதுமையை! புதுமையென்றால் இதுதான் புதுமை!

இதழாசிரியன்.

“பெற்றோரின்” மடமைத்தனமா?

அல்லது

சேயின் சாமர்த்தியமா?

BY வீமானக்குருவி.

Inter - Arts.

இந்தியச் சமுத்திரத்தின்கண் எழிலுடன் இன்புற்று விளங்கும் இலங்கைக்குத் திலகம்போன்றது யாழ்ப்பகையாகும். சம்பு சாஸ்திரிகள் இங்கே பிரபல வக்கீல், அவருக்கு மனைவியாகும் பாக்கியஞ்செய்த வனிதையின் பெயரோ மீனாட்சி அம்மாள். அவர்களது அருந்தவப் புதல்வனின் நாமம் செல்வராஜன். அவனது தாய் தந்தையரைப்போல் அவன் கர்நாடகப்பேரவழியல்ல. அவன் இப்போது மற்றிக் வகுப்பிற்குப் படித்துவருகிறான். ஆனால் இனிமேல் அவன் சித்தியடைவது துர்லபம். தற்போது அவன் காலையிற் காப்பிக்கிளப்பையும் பகல் பள்ளிக்கூடத்தையும் பின்னோரத்தில் “பீச்” சையும், இரவில் ‘இம்ப்ரியல்’ படமாளிகையையும் சந்திரமாகக்கொண்டுள்ளான். இப்பொழுது இருபத்தோராவது பிராயம் அவனிடம் வீடையுற்றுவிட்டது.

ஓர் காட்சாயங்காலம் சம்புசாஸ்திரிகள், ஏதோ விசனமுகத்துடன் கோபாலங்கிர்தராய் வீட்டிற்கு பிரசன்னமாறார். ராஜன் ஓர் சாய்வு நாற்காலியில் ‘லற்றின்’ புத்தகம் மாறிப்பிந்திர்த்தி வாடோ, வாடா, வாடா... என மனமும் பண்ணுவதைப்போல் அபிநயித்தான். மீனாட்சியம்மானோ சமயலறையில் காப்பிபோட்டுக்கொண்டிருந்தான். சாஸ்திரிகள் உள்நுழைந்ததும் ‘ஏண்டி மீனா’ என்று சொல்லுமுன்னமே அறையிலிருந்து டீ இல்லை (ஏண்டி = ஏன் Tea) காப்பிதான் போடுகிறேன் சற்றுப் பொருங்கள் என்ற சத்தம் வெளிவந்தது. உடனே அவர்முகமலர்ந்து மனைவியின் பேச்சுச்சாதுரியத்தைமெச்சிக்கொண்டுஅருகிருந்த நாற்காலி ஒன்றில் அமர்ந்தார். அமர்ந்தவர் ராஜனை நோக்கி ‘நெடுகப் புத்தகத்தைப் படித்தால்மாதிரும் போதாது. ஒவ்வொரு நாளும் உன் வகுப்புப் பழைய கேள்விக் கடதாகிவிடுவானாங்கி, அவற்றிற்கு விடையெழுதவேண்டுமென்பதாக உனது ஆசிரியர் என்னிடம் கூறினார். ஆனதால் இனி அப்படிச்செய்யக்கடவாய்’ என உத்தரவு பிறப்பித்தார். இதற்கிடையில் காப்பியும் வந்துவிட்டது. பின் சில வினாடிகளில் தந்தையும்—‘தந்தை யெவ்வழி மைந்தனுமவழி’ என்றதற்கிணங்க—மைந்தனும் வெறும் பாத்திரங்களை உறுட்டிவிட்டனர். பின் நாட்கள் மறைந்து கிழமைகளாயின.

ஓர் நாளிரவு சுமார் பத்துமணியிருக்கும், செல்வராஜன் ‘சேவாசதனம்’ பார்க்கச்சென்றவன் இன்னும் வீடு திரும்பவில்லை. சாஸ்திரிகள் தன்கட்சிக்காரரை அனுப்பிவிட்டு ராஜன் மேசையண்டை சென்றார். அப்பொழுது ஓர் புத்தகத்திலிருந்த ஓர் விசிதம் அவர் கண்களை ஈர்த்தது. உடனே அதையெடுத்து வாசித்தார். முதல் வரி வாசிக்கவே அவரது கைகள் பதறின, கண்கள் சிவந்தன. அதைக்கொண்டு சென்றார் தன் சூல்லிடம் ‘எ மீனாட்சி பார்த்தாயா உன் உலுத்தப் பையனின் செய்கையை’ நான் தான் எப்போது ஓர் பதவியிற்றன்றளிவிடலாமென்று, சொன்னேன் அதற்கெல்லாம், ‘என் செல்வப்பிள்ளையா? கொடிக்குச் சரைக்காய்க்கைக்குதோ என்று இந்தக் கழுதைக்காக விழுந்து விழுந்தழுதையே, சே! இனியாவது உன் வரைய மூடு, என்று அக்கடதாசியை அவனிடம் எறிந்துவிட்டு, சகுந்தலா—ச...கு...ந...த...லா என முணு முணுத்துக் கொண்டு போய்விட்டார். பிரமை பிடித்தவன்போல் நின்ற மீனாட்சியோ துணுக்குற்று அதை எடுத்து வரசித்தான். அதில்.

“எனதன்பிற்குரிய ஆருயிரே! அன்று நீர் எவ்வித சத்தியங்களைச் செய்தீரென்றும், எப்படியான் எனது தந்தையாரும் மதியாது எப்படியும் தாங்கள் ஓர் ராஜன் (செல்வராஜன்), சத்தியத்தைக் காப்பாற்றுவீரென நினைந்து தங்களுடைய சதமென நம்பினேனென்றும், அப்போதுதாங்கள் உங்கள் மனைக்குச்சென்று சிறிது நாட்களிற்குமும்பிவந்து என்னைத் தங்கள் வாழ்க்கைத்துணைவியாக்குகிறேன் என்ற சத்தியவாக்கு முதலிய யாவற்றையும் மறந்தீரே. ஒருவேளை எனது உறவுதும் பெற்றோர்க்கும் பிரியமில்லாதிருப்பினும் என்னை அழைத்துச்சென்றால், உமது பணிப்பெண்ணைகவாவது யான் அமர்ந்திருப்பேனே, ஆகவே யான் இன்னும் இவ்வுலகிற்குறித்திருக்கவேண்டாமாயின், சீக்கிரம் வந்து என்னை ஆட்கொள்ளும், அன்றே பெல்ண்பழி உம்மைச்சாரமென்பதில் ஐயமில்லை. இங்ஙனம்—தங்கள் வரவை எதிர்பார்க்கும் சகுந்தலா, என வரையப் பட்டிருந்தது. தாயாரின் நெஞ்சம் துணுக்குற்றது. என்ன செய்வதெனத்தெரியாது திகைத்தான் கண்ணீர் உசுந்தான். சேயின் வருகையை எதிர்பார்த்தான்.

இரவு சுமார் 12 மணியிருக்கும், செல்வராஜன் ‘சேவாசதனம்’ பார்த்துவிட்டு வீடு திரும்பினான். அவனது மனை அன்று ஓர்வித சந்தோஷகரத்தோடும் விளங்கவில்லை. ஏது காரியமோ எனச் சிந்தித்தபடி உள்ளே சென்றான். உடனே அன்னையார் ‘எண்டா! உன்னைப் பத்துமாதமும்

சுமந்து பெற்றதின் பயன் இதுதானே! இப்படி எங்கள் முகத்திற் கரிபூசுவாய் என யாங்கள் எதிர்பார்க்கவில்லை.—எக்குடியானோ, எப்பிறப்பானோ—எனத் துவங்கினான். ராஜன் திகைத்து நின்றான். அவனது பசியாக்கினிகூட நீங்கி விட்டது. என்னசெய்வதெனத் தோன்றாது நின்றான். அதற்கிடையில் வக்கீலார் 'பழக்கமே பெரிது' என்பதற்கிணங்க 'எண்டா! இத்துண்டு எங்கிருந்து, யாரிடமிருந்து, எப்பொழுது வந்த தெனக்குறுக்குவிசாரணைசெய்யத் தொடங்கினார். இப்பொழுது ராஜன் ஏதோ ஓர் வீடைகண்டு பிடித்தாற்போலும். புன்முறுவல் செய்து, மனதைத் திடப்படுத்திக்கொண்டு, அவர்களைநோக்கி, "ஆம்மா! ஏன் இவ்வளவு கலவரப்படுகிறீர்கள். அப்பா சொன்னபடியே, மூன்று வருடத்திற்கு முந்திய தமிழ்பாடத்துக்கு ஆங்கிலத்தில் மொழி பெயர்க்கும்படி கொடுத்த கேள்விக்கொதாசியல்லவா? இது. நான் அதை மொழிபெயர்க்கவல்லவோ கொண்டுவந்தேன். ஏன் அப்பா! உங்களுக்குக் கூட இவ்வசனங்கள் யாவும் எக்கதையிலிருந்து எடுபட்டிருக்குதென்பது தெரியவில்லையா? இது சகுந்தலா துவியந்த ராஜனுக்கு எழுதிய லிகிதங்களில் ஒன்றல்லவா? எனவே தங்கள் சொற்படி நடக்க யான் முன்வந்ததற்காகவா அம்மாவும் நீங்களும் இவ்வளவு மங்கலவாழ்த்துகளும், வாழ்த்துப்பாக்களும் பாடினீர்கள். என ஒரு போடுபோட்டான். பெற்றோர் இருவரும் தங்கள் மடமைத்தனத்தை நினைந்து தலைகுனிந்து கொண்டனர்.

இது 'பெற்றோரின் மடமைத்தனமா அல்லது சேயின் சாமர்த்தியமா?

Our Pepys' Diary

21—6—39

Our Point Pedro friend goes to town to buy a bar of "Metropolitan" soap and an ounce of "Castine" powder, being advised by his compatriot to purchase them at the Crown Saloon. Poor friend, he gets into the "V. S. S. K." mistaking it to be "The Crown Saloon" and gets chased out. Some how or other he buys a "Two deer soap" for seventy-five cents.

22—6—39

Master X, the hosteller, goes a shopping and reads all the wall-notices and

placards on his way and recites what he has carefully read on his return journey to his friend Master Y. A wonderful memory!

23—6—39

Mr. H. Chinnapodium visits our College with Dr. K. Kanagaratnam. The former rejoices over the idea that he can "hook the worm" of at least 600 students of our College, but alas! only about a hundred are "hook-wormed."

24—6—39

Masters A. and B. slip into the well in the play-ground and have a happy bath. Thank God, they like to be thus "slipped" in future too. Anyhow they are pleased to have made a fine discovery in their shorts' pockets—a big frog!

25—6—39

Master C, the hosteller, performs a sort of "toe-dance," moving blithely on the toes, and kisses Mother Earth three times, before he bleeds from the nose profusely—Result of eating "Payasam and Vadai" too much.

26—6—39

The sky is filled with clouds in the evening. One of the prefects threatens a small hosteller saying that they are war-clouds. Poor hosteller, he runs to the bomb-proof shelter close by (Saviry's bungalow) and does not like to get out of it until day-break!

27—6—39

Little Master D. sees a teacher coming along the sheds-verandah. So he hides behind a class almyrah. The teacher hears some noise from behind the almyrah. Thinking that there must be some rats in the Almyrah, he knocks at it. Poor Master D. cries out in terror, "Sir, don't mistake me for a rat. I am....." In spite of his horror, he received a kind pat on his shoulders from the teacher.

EDITOR:

P. KATHIRAVELUE,
MATRIC C.

THE YOUNG HINDU

Wednesday, July 5, 1939.

EDITORIAL NOTES

THE J. S. C. examination is over. Many of our friends who sat for this examination may now heave a sigh of relief—perhaps, until, they make themselves sure of a pass or a failure. Those who think of the former may make their appearance felt in the Prep. Matric classes and those who meditate upon the latter will, of course, curse their Fate and stay back in the J. S. C. classes. Anyhow we confidently hope that a good many of them will come out with flying colours. Our best wishes to them!

We have to mention here that in the forthcoming Inter-Collegiate Athletic Meet, our athletes should show their prowess as they did last year and should occupy a prominent position in the field of sports. To this end, we hope all our "sports-minded" teachers will offer their whole-hearted support to our Sports-Master so as to bring to reality our sports-ambitions.

The All-Ceylon Mango Show is to take place on the 14th and 15th of this month in our College premises. We hear this is the first time that the Directors of the Agricultural Department and the local experts in the art of mango-growing have launched out such a profitable undertaking, with a view to encourage our people in the best and easiest ways of producing luscious mangoes, by resorting to the different ways of propagation—Bud-grafting, saddle-grafting, goote-layering etc. The producers of the best exhibits

will be recognised and rewarded accordingly. This endeavour, besides raising a spirit of emulation among our mango-growers, helps to spread this much productive industry.

Here and There

Education for Prisoners

It is highly refreshing to note that the Punjab Government, in pursuance of a policy for promoting adult education, have decided to educate the illiterate prisoners in their jails by the appointment of educated prisoners. This policy, besides enabling the poor un-educated prisoners to receive liberal education, facilitates the convict-teachers to get special remission of their sentences.

Why not this excellent policy be pursued in Ceylon, where ninety per cent of the prisoners are almost uneducated. It is the illiterate people who are often seen fearlessly to commit crimes, and therefore, if they are provided with facilities for receiving education in the prisons, they may be made to realise the importance of adhering to virtuous ways of life. Thus crime can be easily quelled.

* * *

Sinhalese under Fascist Rule

Thirty to Forty Sinhalese are said to live in Las Palmas in the Canary Islands under the Fascist rule. These are traders who have been reduced to undergo untold hardships under the strict laws of Fascist Government. Their plight, we understand, is only a little better than that of the persecuted Jews. Currency restrictions, ban on the importation of merchandise from abroad, laws which prevent any of their earnings to be sent to their families in Ceylon, and the denial of important trading facilities are a stumbling block that stand in the way of their progress. It is indeed heart rending news to learn that, under the existing laws, they cannot quit the country "with

anything that remains of their trading goods or with a penny in their pockets." Why not the Ceylon Government take immediate steps to redress their grievances and to provide enough facilities for their future welfare in Las Palmas.

* * *

The Northern Ports

As a result of the strong protests lodged against the proposed closing up of the Northern ports for the importing of paddy to Northern Province, the Minister of Health has decided not to close them, and he has caused arrangements to be made immediately for the fumigation of goods that reach our ports. To this end, a fumatoria may possibly be erected in the very near future. We thought a few days back, when the Sinhalese raised a boycott on the Jaffna cigars as a result of the alleged irresponsible outpourings of a young Jaffna politician, that, along with the inevitable loss out of the closing of our ports, we, Jaffnese, were the hardest hit with regard to our economic and financial position. Anyhow we are now a little relieved by the above refreshing news.

A Municipality for Jaffna?

BY R. ARASARATNAM,
Post-Matric B.

Does Jaffna need a Municipality? Well, if the popular opinion is to be given any credit, Jaffna does not want a Municipality. The Hindus, the Catholics and the Muslims, in various meetings assembled, have expressed their views against the establishment of a Municipality. Then

would it be just on the part of the Government to thrust one on the people? The popular will seems to be firmly set against it and hence it is hoped that the Minister of Local Administration would not do anything in utter disregard of the people's opinion, and thus violate the rudiments of democracy and justice.

It is true that Jaffna is urgently in need of proper sanitation, water supply and a drainage system. Jaffna, as the second largest town in the island and having a U. D. C., which has given a good account of itself since its inception in 1922, surely deserves to have something which would make her beautiful and great. A Municipality will certainly be a glory and ornament of beauty to Jaffna. But where could there be greatness with the pet creation of a Municipal Commissioner and a puppet Mayor under him? It would be an expensive luxury. It is said that at least one lakh of rupees would be required to work this administrative machinery, whereas the Jaffna U. D. C. is now spending only Rs. 25000—one-twelfth of its total annual revenue. There would have to be additional taxations levied on all imaginable things. To the man of money it may be nothing. But what of the poor man? Won't he be made poorer still? It is he who is always exploited and hard-hit. He would be completely hedged in by bye-laws, rules and regulations.

Then the few advocates of the Municipality would say that the U. D. C., as it is, has not the required efficiency and time to do the work which it proposes to do. Well, it would be better if the U. D. C. is left intact to carry on its progressive work little by little with perfect ease and freedom and thus respond to the needs of the town than become a Municipality and be enslaved, impoverished and imprecated.

The Study of Poetry

By K. PERIATHAMBY,
J. S. C., B.

No scheme of School work is ever considered complete unless some definite time is allotted to the study of poetry. Whatever else may or may not be on the timetable poetry in some form is sure to find a place. Hence we may conclude that, in the opinion of those competent to judge, the study of poetry has some definite educational value.

A variety of reasons can be found for considering this a sound opinion. It is impossible to learn poetry intelligently without some understanding of what is learnt, and the effort to understand a really great poem trains the mind in habits of sustained and accurate thought, while the endeavour to explain the meanings in words is a valuable aid to clearness and conciseness of expression. Thus it is by studying the poetry of a nation that we best learn to understand the capabilities of its language.

Not only do we learn language by studying poetry but we learn at the same time national history. Any period of great achievement, rapid intellectual development, or momentous discovery, is almost invariably also a period during which poetry flourishes. The forces at work in the nation are inevitably expressed in its poetry. To realise the Elizabethan age fully we must know the works of its poets. To grasp all the changes which were passing over England early in the nineteenth century we must read Wordsworth, Byron, Shelley and the early writings of Tennyson. Moreover since the earliest literary records of most nations take the form of poetry, it is obvious that it is to these early poems that we must look for a clue to the habits and instincts of the primitive people; and a knowledge of these will contribute greatly towards a correct understanding

of the lives along which that nation has developed socially and politically.

But the most valuable result of the systematic study of poetry is its moral and aesthetic effect. The greatest poetry rouses the imagination and stirs the emotions as nothing else can. The mere music of the rhythm or the return of the rhyme gives a pleasure unlike that derived from any other source. We do not read Hamlet's Soliloquy or the Ode on the Death of the Duke of Wellington only for the profound insight which the one gives into the working of the human mind or the call to duty which rings through the other. We read them also for the delight afforded by the exquisite choice of words, the adaptation of sound to sense, and the concentration of thought imposed by the restraint of metre.

News of Old Boys

Mr. R. Kanagasundaram has obtained a pass in the Pre-Medical Examination held recently. He is placed second in Order-of-Merit in the Second Division Pass.

Mr. K. Chuppiramaniam, who left us last year, has joined the Excise Station, Ipoh.

Our hearty congratulations to the above.

Congratulations

To Mr. K. V. Mylvaganam on winning the Officials' and Visitors' Race at the Central College Athletic Meet last Saturday.

To Mr. P. Thambu on the birth of a son,

Pretty Old Bicycles

BY V. E. SHANMUGAM,
Matric D.

Bicycles of different denominations are found everywhere. There is a bicycle near the Physics laboratory. Its name is as difficult to pronounce as some of the Chinese names that we come across in these days of the Sino-Japanese war. It has a sort of a cushion on the seat, which is as smooth as a newly-dug-out stone from a quarry. There are layers of rust on the handle with its painting gone, an old Lucas bell which has no signs of life in it with all its interior parts perfectly out of order, and a small blinking, rusty lamp which is seldom lighted. This bicycle has had more than fifteen years of experience at Hindu College. The owner attaches no importance to possessing a good bicycle even as he has the same idea about his pretty old fountain pen. Yet my view is it is high time he sold it to somebody and got a new one instead. The same applies to the fountain pen.

Another interesting bicycle is found in the Hostel. The exact name of the machine is shrouded in doubt. Any name may be quite appropriate as far as anybody is concerned. In this connection I would say that the owner is quite justified in saying that he prefers this cycle to the best saloon-bodied Austin Car! This old vehicle does not see any difference between children or old men, cooks or teachers, the meanest-clad or the richly-dressed. That is where its virtue lies. Suntharam is seen to ride it in the morning at 7 a. m.; at 8-30 a. m. the owner himself rides; while at 9-30 a. m. a teacher may use it; Peter or Perera may enjoy a ride on it at

10-30 a. m. In such a succession the bicycle may be engaged till mid-night. However, it can be confidently said that this bicycle is the best of its kind as far as its merits are concerned. In appearance it may be repulsive, but, then, it doesn't matter.

A third bicycle which comes to mind is one that used to spend the afternoons in the Playground. It was a ramshackle bicycle, which, I think, must have been sent to the museum, to occupy the most pre-eminent place among the exhibits there. Thank God, a new "Popular" machine has taken its place. Now the owner is very proud of his new vehicle, which, he says, is better than all the cycles owned by the teachers. No doubt "handsome is that handsome has".

The Hostel Dhoby possesses a "Special Raleigh" which he brings to the Hostel at least twice a week. His pretty old Raleigh has carried more than fifteen members of his own profession, injured perhaps the noses of at least five of them as they (bicycles) tumbled down with their owners on them, being unable to bear the burden of the weighty clothes placed on their pillions. In fact, our Dhoby's Raleigh has no brake, no bell, no infalator and no "everything" that is quite necessary. Any how it runs well!

Readers, don't be disappointed when I say that all the above-mentioned bicycles, if put up for auction sale, will fetch not more than fifty rupees! They are pretty old!

Contributors!

We have had to reject several articles this time, which contained severe personal criticism. Let our contributors, therefore, bear in mind that personal criticism will not, under any circumstances, find a place in "The Young Hindu."

Some Superstitions of Uncle Murugar

V. SAMBASIVAM
Matric D.

The definition of superstition, according to the dictionary, is an irrational belief in supernatural agencies. In other words, it is a belief in superhuman power. In every part of the world there exists superstitious practices.

The lizard occupies the position of the supreme dictator in the house of my orthodox uncle. My uncle being a product of the old school, has in him old-fashioned deas. Uncle Murugar is always up with the sun. He usually goes out in the mornings puffing with all his might at an old day-pipe which perhaps belonged to the days of George I of England. He charges his pipe and is about to smoke—a lizard chirps—and down it falls with a clutter—and off he goes to reconcile himself with his fate. While the lizard plays the role of the boss, man is the performer of all its commands.

The oilmonger is a terrible creature in the eyes of our old men, and Uncle Murugar is indeed no exception. When he meets the above-said person while starting for some place, he is definitely sure of a failure in his undertakings and turns back with a course. Suppose he meets a snake while venturing on any task, he measures back his steps. A cat and an widow are in the same class—both terrible.

If, on the other hand, my old uncle meets a dhoby carrying dirty clothes, he is exceedingly happy. He is sure of success and off he goes with untold joy. A cow also has an auspicious meaning, but

if he meets a Brahmin, woe be unto the latter!

Now about the beard—the beard is an object of great pity. My uncle does not use the razor during certain months; but when the moment arrives he calls for a tonsorial artist and has a clean shave. This is followed by a ceremonial washing and a liberal dip in the gingelly oil—all these to wash off the contamination of the untouchable.

An eclipse provides an excellent opportunity for my uncle's stately ideals. The snake which devours the sun or the moon may poison his food and he removes any such chance by abstaining from food until the planet is released. Eclipse over, old Murugar feasts after a fast.

He has a natural aptitude for fish. He is a pastmaster in cooking a dish of finny creatures. Sometimes he sends a part of his fish meal to his best friend in the neighbourhood with many pieces of charcoal in the dish, for fear the devil will be tempted to taste of his dish. Poor soul, he is unaware of the scientific reason for such an appliance.

My uncle's fancies are always tinged with peculiarities. His old-world ideas have always amused me. The old order must change, but if my uncle lives till then, he is sure to raise Himalayan obstacles.

King Honours after his American Tour

The King has been showering honours on some of our College-mates after his

impressive tour to the new continent. He was the first British Monarch to step into the new continent which has three-fourths of the world's gold stocks and which possesses the world's richest coal and copper mines. Apart from that, that is the only country which has threatened the Dictators, and the Democracies look up to it and for protection and guidance.

The King in excess of joy after his happy return has conferred these titles on some of us.

Our King, being one of the Royal family, considers that "Royal game," Cricket, to be the first thing honoured and honours our captain with the title of K. C. which means "King of Cricketers."

"Charlie" was considered to be the veteran of the Hostel and he was being honoured, with the title of G. O. H., which readers should not take for Grand Oriental Hotel but it means "Grand Old Hosteller."

Our prodigious Editor was being honoured, because in spite of all his other engagements, he manages to write in odd moments and sees that the paper is published with clock-like regularity. He was not only given the title of P. K. S., which means "Powerful Knight and Saint" but also he was given a lump sum of money to be spent on "Thiyagapoomi."

Our witty Doctor was of immense use to the zoo, and the authorities realised a good income after his presence there. He was very much praised by people concerned and was awarded the title of F. Z. S. which we understand means "Fellow of the Zoological Society."

The "very nice gentleman" among the undergraduates was honoured with the

title of Kt., and this "very nice gentleman" might have met Signor Dauphin before the French Revolution.

Readers should not misunderstand that the recipient of the title C. P. has joined the Cadet Batallion. But he is the "Commander of Baths" and was given a hearty reception at Delbos on account of his being honoured. He will be "At-Home" to all his friends and relatives on 15th July 1939.

Our Singhalese friend was presented to the King with his multicoloured "Chinthamani" Shirt and Sarong, and was awarded the title of A. R. C., which means "Associate of the Royal Society of Colours."

The last in this honours list, yet not conferred the least honour, is the recipient of the title of M. C. He is one among the undergraduates, and his title we understand is "Master of Ceremonies."

Some Wonders of Modern Science

BY M. MAHADEVAN,
Matric D.

Science has heaped and is heaping innumerable blessings on mankind, thanks to the pioneers who discovered the possibilities of wonderful science! In fairy stories we have read about the magic horse which could fly through the air. But the magic horse was only a fiction. Now, we have in our midst a machine which flies through infinite space as easily as a white-winged angel of ancient days. Is not the aeroplane, then, one of the

monuments of modern scientific inventions? The answer is quite obvious. Man with the help of this wonderful mechanism, has at last fulfilled one of his long-cherished ambitions—the conquest of the air. The aeroplane has annihilated time and distance. The peoples of the world have come closer and closer to one another by the invention of this wonderful contrivance. Inventions are heaped on us so profusely that we are lost in wonder amongst them. Almost every day brings forth wonderful inventions. Scientists have recently invented a little magic box and by merely pressing a button, sweet songs of the master musicians, concerts in London or Paris or Calcutta, speeches by distinguished personages and a host of other entertainments give a grand diversion to us. This is the radio which has proved to be an immense blessing. We could converse with persons thousands of miles away by means of the telephone. News is flashed through the air in an incredibly short time. How many thousands, nay, millions, of lives are saved all over the world by the scientific inventions? But these wonders of science can be a blessing as well as a curse to mankind. But it is a duty of men who invented them to use them for the advancement of humanity—not to destroy it. What a wonderful instrument is the telescope which unravels the marvels of the distant orbs and planets! Surely, man thou art great, and highly commendable is thy genius which travels into the intricacies of human life! God bless him indeed! Praises pour on him who discovered the wonderful possibilities of electricity! A sedate electrician somewhere in a back office touches a spring—behold a wonder happens, from one end to another of the city, from east to west

north to south, there is light! "Fiat lux!" utters the electrician. "Lux est!" What happy associations are linked with the magic word "Cinema"! A wealth of knowledge and beauty awaits us on the screen of the theatre. Beautiful landscapes, the sky scrapers of New York, the smiling corn-fields of Australia, the golden pagodas of Burma, the tapering towers of mother Ind's ancient temples and a host of other diversions are no mean feast to our eyes. It would be tedious to give you a long catalogue of all the wonders of science and, for want of space, my pen stops here.

Let us all join in a chorus and sing to the of God Almighty for having given man such a wonderful brain!

OBITUARY.

The death occurred on Friday, the 23rd of June, of Mas. V. Sivagnanam of our Lower School. He was a jolly little hosteller and a clever student.

We offer our heart-felt condolence to his grieved parents and relatives.

Notice

Some new books have been recently added to our Library. A full list of them will appear in the next issue of "The Young Hindu."

All contributions to 'The Young Hindu' should reach the Editor at least one week before the date of publication, i. e., before noon on the Wednesday of the week previous to the Wednesday of publication.

The Editor reserves the right to accept, modify or reject any article submitted for publication.

Colombo—Fifty Years Hence

“BALAN,” *Pre-Matric.*

“For I dipped into the future, far as
 human eye could see
 Saw the vision of the world and all the
 wonder that would be,
 Saw the heavens filled with commerce,
 argosies of magic sails,
 Pilots of the purple twilight, dropping
 down with costly bales
 Saw the heavens filled with shouting
 and there rained a ghastly dew
 From the nations’ airy navies grappling
 in the central blue.”

—*Alfred Lord Tennyson.*

Most probably, the condition of Colombo will be such, fifty years hence. But now in this twentieth century world, when wars and rumours of wars are the headlines of newspapers, who can think of Utopia?

Twenty-five years later, strange though it may seem, Ratmalana will turn out to be the Croydon of Eastern aeronautics. The “airy navies” as they grapple “in the central blue” and the “ghastly dew” which the poet saw in visions shall be witnessed by us with our naked eyes.

Now we shall imagine a Colombo home fifty years hence. There is a man seated but he seems to be an extra-ordinary creature with a head bigger than the normal head of to-day, his body is not proportionate to his hands and legs. Click, click, runs the round of a switch and soon this man-monster is being washed and shaved by a basin-like structure which appears through the wall. This man performs his ablutions of the morning with a cake of imperceptible

soap and invisible water. Click, he is washed, shaved toiletted and dressed electrically. Click, Click—another structure appears. “My morning tea, Tommy” goes on the voice of the man-monster “and the Morning News.” This robot, no sooner than he heard this, disappeared “swifter than the arrow from the Tartar’s bow.” A golden dish and a few pills—breakfast. Click, now the robot is busy with the television apparatus. This man-monster looks at a dial-like thing which is on the table. He hears, smells and feels the speaker—though “seas between the broad do roar.” Yet fifty years hence will be days of not only Talkies and Televisions but also of the “smellies” and “feelies.” The man-monster is an Inspector, but he never visits the various Schools and Colleges, but sits at a table in his own home and inspects the Colleges from there itself—the wonders of Television. The clock strikes twelve and everyone retires for lunch through doors which open of their own accord. The lunch interval being over, each and everyone resumes work—of course from his home—put under a superior officer who appears before his assistants and clerks as if they are working in the very same department. Such would be the state of a Colombo home fifty years hence.

These breath-taking wonders would continue for ever. Yet, there are wonders to you and me, but not to the being of that day.

Even at 8 a. m. when sunlight is hidden, the lands appear as they were at mid-day. The theatres at night or rather at day, defy description and a night in Colombo fifty years hence is nothing short of a miracle—not the least important is the hatching of babies in incubators.

But, gentle reader, happily to say, you and I will be gathered to our fore-fathers before these miracles appear in practice.

SAIVA PRAKASA PRESS, JAFFNA.

