

THE SCHOLAR

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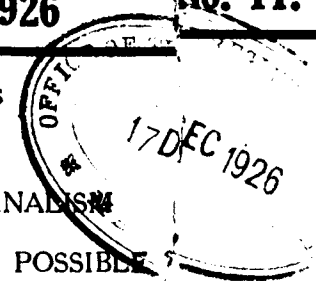
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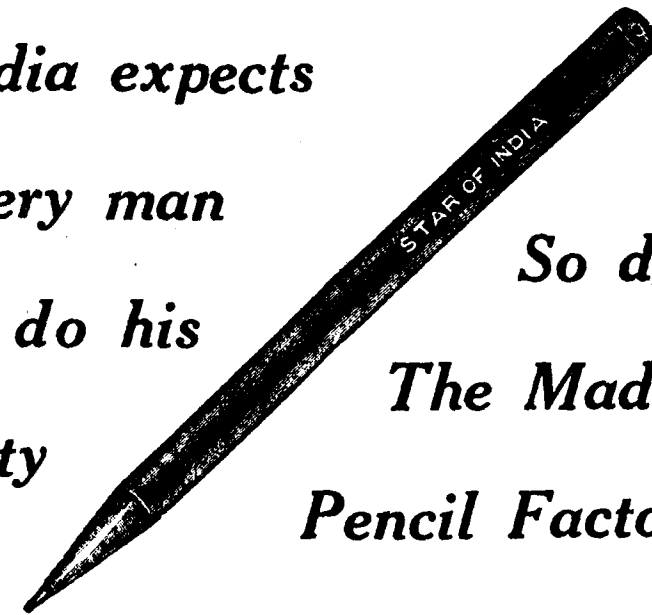
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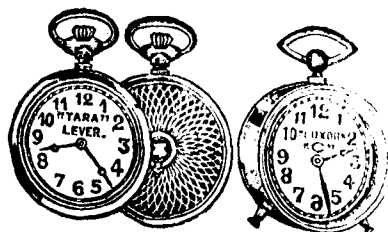
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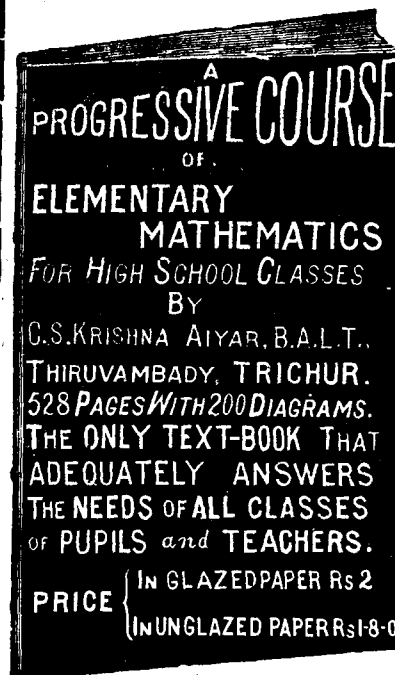
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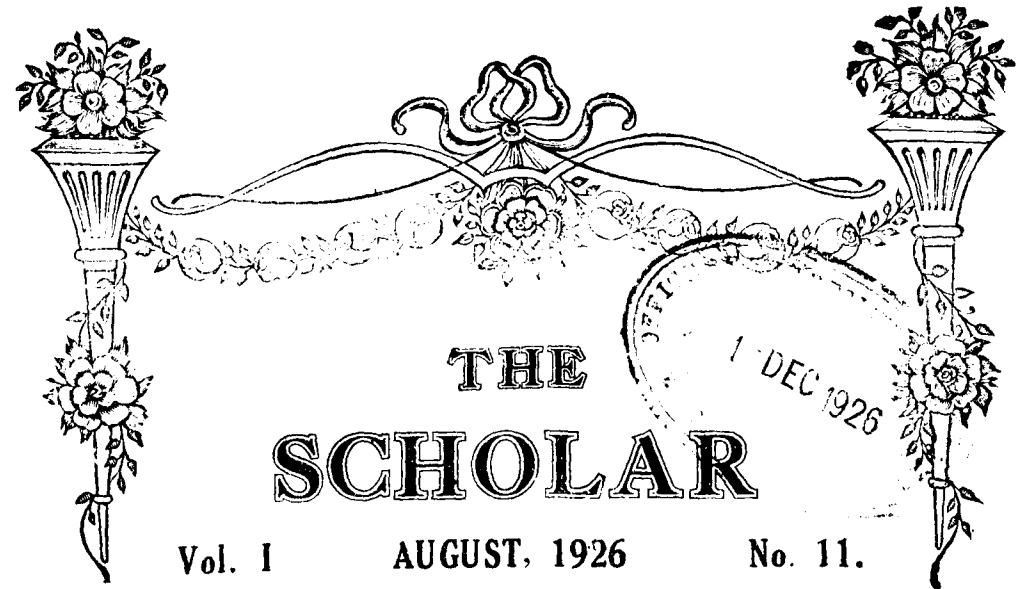
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Studies in Journalism

(By a Student of Journalism)

X. PRINTING.

IN the preceding articles we have dealt with two important branches of newspaper work, namely the editorial department and the business management section. But there is yet another aspect of newspaper production which is equally important, and that is connected with the technical processes of producing the paper—the printing side. It is impossible to exaggerate the contribution that the art of printing has made to the growth of civilisation and knowledge of the world. It is not our purpose here to evaluate its far-reaching influence, except in so far as it concerns the journalistic profession, and as far as that is concerned, it is safe to assert that but for this art, journalism would not be the force that it is today, and so also, but for its later developments, the phenomenal growth of newspaper production, which is such a remarkable feature now would never have been possible. But if the invention of printing has practically brought

into being the modern news paper as we know it today, the latter has in a way returned the obligation by exerting a very beneficial influence on printing itself in stimulating men's minds to perfect the art. Thus, thanks to this action and re-action, we have today both these institutions developed to the pitch of perfection, with all the ingenuity which science could invent, and day after day more and more improvements are being added on. The history of printing from the time Gutenberg of Germany published his first book from movable types in the middle of the fifteenth century right up to this year of grace 1926, is a romantic story of absorbing interest, the narration of which, however, has to be deferred to a more appropriate occasion. All that will be attempted here will merely be a reference to the big landmarks in the printing art, which is necessary for the elucidation of our topic.

The invention of the movable type was what led to newspaper publication. Its progress from wood-cut to metal and its subsequent improvements was what facilitated its expansion and development. There will be hardly any who is not acquainted with the ordinary process of composing and printing, but the demand for the large scale production of newspapers in the quickest possible time has so set the creative genius of thinking minds to work as to introduce innumerable labour-saving and mechanical devices. Of these, we can only refer here to a few which have a direct bearing on newspaper production. The mechanical composing of types, which has done away with the laborious work of a large body of type compositors, the development of the rotary printing press with its vastly increased speed and enormous output, the invention of stereotyping, which has made the use of the rotary press in newspaper production possible, and the process of photographic engraving, which has brought illustration within the reach of every newspaper, are what have made the modern triumphs of newspaper production possible. There are many papers in England which have circulations running into millions and which publish a number of editions, one almost for every hour. These inventions which have made this wonder possible do certainly deserve some passing notice.

Composing by hand is still continued in many of the papers in our country, but it is no longer done by any of the newspaper presses in the West. The machine most commonly in use there for this purpose is the Linotype; invented by a German Ottmar Mergenthaler, in the latter half of the 19th century, which solves the problem of casting, setting and 'justifying' types as also that of distributing them after use—all elaborate processes when the composing has to be done by hand involving a good deal of time. All these operations are done automatically by this machine. The lino-type operator (he does not call himself a compositor) has only to sit at the key-board of the machine (which looks just like the key-board of a typewriter) and go on typing words, and the words are duly formed, not in a series of separate pieces of type as in hand-composing, but in a single solid line of type, which is easier to handle and facilitates rapid newspaper make up. But it has this disadvantage, that corrections are more difficult to make, the addition of even a few letters involving the resetting and recasting of a number of lines or at times even a whole paragraph. But this is compensated for by the speed at which composing could be done (about 35 words per minute) and by the fact that once composed and used, the lines of type are sent to the melting-pot so that every time the paper is printed, the types are quite fresh and new. Besides the little army of compositors is also not needed, one operator or at the utmost two (to take turns) alone being needed for each machine. A newspaper of the size of the *London Times* will contain dozens of such machines, which involves a considerable outlay, each machine costing on an average from Rs. 20,000 to Rs. 40,000. This fact incidently explains why the use of these machines is not so universal in our newspapers as their advantages will lead us to suppose. It might also be pointed out here that the operators are specially trained men, more educated than the average compositor and getting decent salaries ranging from Rs. 60 to Rs. 200.

While the Linotype Machine represents the revolution in the art of composing, the rotary records a similar change in the realm of printing. The numerous editions in the course of the day and record circulations calculated in millions have been

made possible only through this wonderful invention. The modern newspaper office is no longer an obscure building with a few hard-worked journalists and a far larger number of sweating compositors and machine men. It looks for all the world like a mammoth factory with its lino-type machines, the rotary press, folding and stamping machines etc. It is a huge 'plant' requiring enormous capital and large accommodation. The paper used for printing is in rolls in the form of a web, which introduced at one end of the machine comes out in its finished form at the other end, duly cut and folded, and in some presses, duly addressed and stamped too. It is impossible to give the reader an idea of the machine without the aid of a diagram, but some glimpse of it can be visualised from the details we shall attempt here. In its simplest form, it consists of a roller with a number of stereotyped plates on its circumference (to contain the reading matter), a platen roller to press the paper against the printing plates, an ink roller revolving against the plates, and a continuous sheet of paper running in between. The capacity of the press can be increased as much as is required by the addition of more sets of printing rolls. The multiple rotaries (as the presses containing more than one printing set is called) are in various sizes and combinations to suit the needs of the paper and there are presses (the double sextuple with eight plate cylinders) which print in an hour as many as 96,000 twelve-page copies of newspapers. Needless to say, these newspaper plants are very costly, quite beyond the reach of the majority of our papers. But the bigger ones are more and more going in for them.

There is, however, yet another distinct process between composing by the lino-type and printing by the rotary. This is called Stereo-typing. The rotary, we have seen, is cylindrical in form; the matter to be printed cannot be laid flat on it as in the ordinary machines so largely in use in our country. Hence to suit the press in use, the composed matter has first to be made up in page 'forme' and locked, just as it is being done for the ordinary printing machines and then reproduced in semi-cylindrical metal plates which will fit the rollers of the process. We shall not pause here to go over the intricate details of this

intermediate process of taking stereotypes, such as taking impressions of the page 'forme' in some plastic material at first that can later be hardened and used as a mould for the reproduction of the composed types. We shall only remark here that there is one great advantage in this intricate process, in that it enables the printer to obtain as many replicas of each 'forme' as is desired and thus employ a number of machines simultaneously to print the same pages. The advantage of this will be adequately realised only when papers have to be printed not in thousands as are required in our country, but in millions as are being done in some big papers of the West.

Ere we close, we have to refer to one more innovation in the realm of printing which has influenced the newspaper world. In the early stage of newspapers, illustrations available for use were got only from wood-cuts, pictures laboriously carved by hand in wooden blocks—a process which involved a lot of energy, great skill and a good deal of time. The illustrations were consequently very rare in newspapers then, but the development of photographic engraving has completely revolutionised the situation, and today there is no newspaper which can hope to compete and survive if it has not this daily feature. Full page illustrations of functions which take place only a few hours before they appear in the papers, are a very common feature now-a-days. Line and half-tone engravings are the forms of illustration generally in use in newspapers. This need has led to the creation of an Art Department in big newspaper offices, which comprises a photographer and a number of artists and draughtsmen. Many papers make their own engraving. Some papers have attached to this department cartoonists and comic artists to provide the newspaper's pictorial humour. Though illustrations are coming into use in Indian papers very rapidly, they have not yet assumed the importance that it has in the West. Hence most of them do not maintain similar departments, but depend for their pictures on outside arrangements with recognised photo bureaux, of which even there are only a few so far in our country.

Is a World-State Possible?

By E. N. Subrahmanyam, M. A., B. L.

THE problem of a World-State has attracted the attention of most political thinkers and writers. There are some who believe that its organisation is but a question of time. Look for example the German writer Bluntschili declaring that the State will soon be humanity organised, for according to him, unconquerable time itself works on unceasingly bringing the nations nearer to one another and awakening the universal consciousness of the community of mankind as a natural preparation for a common organisation of the world. No doubt, there are evidences of increasing international relationship. Improved means of transportation and communication are hastening it on the economic side. Higher ideals of humanity promote it on the ethical and intellectual side. But I am afraid Bluntschili has drawn an extraordinarily rosy picture. The evidences available do not warrant such a rosy view of things.

There is another class of enthusiasts who want such a World-State to be created. I am concerned, in this article, only with this class of people. They argue as follows: Safety of the world through alliances entered into by the several nations is not only impossible but it is also highly objectionable. Such a plan of safety would be founded upon distrust and suspicion as long as it exists—if it exists at all—and it is likely that it may break down when it is needed most. The method of arbitration and conciliation to settle disputes between nations has been tried and found wanting. These men are of opinion therefore that world-peace could be secured only if we set about creating an authority including and standing above all existing states. Such an authority should do for *states*, they say, what the Executive, the Legislative and the Judiciary do for *individuals* in each civilised state. They point out further that just as Law and Order were by degrees established in each country by the will of the people and when so established, the courts and police were able to administer justice and suppress violence, so also, the same process

may be applied to states which are to be regarded as members composing a World-Commonwealth just as individual citizens are members of their particular states.

The United States of America, the advocates of this plan say, bear eloquent testimony to the fact that such a world-authority could be easily created. If about a century and half ago, thirteen independent commonwealths could find their way to give up a part of their sovereignty so that they may join together and establish a union which was to protect them from internal strife and external aggression, why should not it be possible for the independent states existing in a modern and more civilised world to seek in a similar union a remedy against the dangers which threaten the return of our so called enlightened modern world to the primitive days of barbarity and savagedom. Such in brief, is the argument of those who, as opposed to the optimists of Bluntschili's type, require that the World-State should be created.

This idea of a Super-State which would embrace the entire world, a Federation of the Peoples ruled by the Parliament of Man, the dream of Lord Tennyson and others, certainly appeals to one and all. It touches our imagination and even stirs our emotions. Its scale is immensely imposing. It seems to hold out a hope of incalculable blessings. But as Lord Bryce has remarked in one of his most illuminating chapters, in his book on *International Relations* this idea of a Super-State is a phrase and nothing but a phrase, a phrase which has no definite relation to anything on the actual world of our time. "No writer" says the illustrious Lord, "familiar with the initial working of governments has, so far as I know, presented it in a concrete form by showing through working out of details what the organisation and the Government of a World-Federation would be in practice." Schemes there have been, he adds, but they have been vague and viewy, or based merely on the suggestion that the Federal system of the U. S. A. might be imitated on a world-scale.

The question naturally arises whether it would be possible for us to work out on a world-scale the federal system obtaining in the U. S. A. Let us look at facts squarely in the face. Let us

take stock of the conditions prevailing in the thirteen colonies before they formed themselves into a union. They were no doubt independent of one another. But their citizens spoke the same language and possessed common social usages. They had similar historical traditions and lived under the same political institutions. They had no common Government. That alone was wanting. But surveying our planet as it is and taking stock of the conditions obtaining therein now and comparing them with those that obtained in the thirteen states before they became a Federation in 1790, we find ourselves face to face with obstacles which seem as unconquerable as Everest itself and which therefore make the creation of a World-State well-nigh impossible.

What are those obstacles which stand in the way of constructing a World-State on the American pattern? Lord Bryce has enumerated a great number of them. We shall consider below only a few such. To begin with, there are natural differences between the various branches of mankind. Differences in race which are expressed in physical and mental characteristics, differences in language, in habits of life due to climatic and other kinds of environment are so marked as to make it seem impossible that they should be able to understand one another sufficiently to work harmoniously with one another in the same political body by the same political methods. As long as there is this racial arrogance, the belief that one nation is superior to another, because it belongs to a particular race, this 'dangerous and mischievous nonsense' to use the words of Prof. Ramsay Muir, so long shall it be impossible to bring together the different nations of the world and create in them a spirit of mutual understanding and sympathy.

Again the historical past of these peoples has been so dissimilar that they add immensely to those differences that Mother Nature has so unkindly created. Only a few among the modern states have enjoyed freedom and self-government for some centuries or generations. Others there are which are not sovereign states but which are under the yoke of other sovereign states. There are others again which have begun the system of popular government quite recently. It must necessarily take some years before they can assimilate the traditions of free nations.

What place is to be assigned to such nations in the World-Federation?

The question of suffrage is another insuperable difficulty. Is it to be based upon population or extent of a country? What are the qualifications of voters to be? Should it be based on education or property? These and similar questions are sure to open up new objections every time, raise endless controversies and give rise to attempts once the Super-State is created to alter its basis.

Another great difficulty is with regard to the internal administration of each component state. Even in the nations that have the best political intelligence and have had the largest political experience, popular government has disclosed many defects and finds itself faced with innumerable difficulties. Democracy, in the words of the late Woodrow Wilson, is an institution of political noon-day and not the half-light of political dawn. Monarchies may be made but democracies grow. How difficult must it be then to create and work a vast democracy which must include within itself the untrained races? The parts of any structure must be made perfect before they can be welded together to make one sound whole. A World-State divided and rent asunder by a struggle of classes such as threatens to rend in twain not a few civilised nations might be more formidable than even the class-strife that we now perceive in those nations.

To conclude therefore in the words of the learned Lord, "The World-State which shone like a bright vision before the imagination of medieval thinkers and poets like Dante, had a basis which is now entirely wanting. The ties of faith and sentiment which bound the peoples together in the thirteenth century are wanting. The element of the World-State is too heterogeneous for a real unity. Institutions which would be fit for some of the members would be unfit for the rest. Any such scheme must assume a virtue, an intelligence, a civic spirit, a flexibility and adaptability and capacity for steady moral and intellectual progress of which few signs are discernible. The notion must therefore be regarded as a dazzling vision of the far off possible future rather than as a remedy for the present troubles of the world."

Pilgrims of Knowledge*

By T. L. Vaswani.

IT is said of a German professor that he always bowed to his pupils as he entered his class. In respect and love I bow to you. The nation's youth are the builders of to-morrow. And some of you to whom I am speaking to-day may be destined to become leaders and inspirers of not a few in the coming days.

HUMANISM IN EDUCATION

The founder of your College gave it a good name. He did well to name the College "National". Can it be a nursery of the true national spirit if you, the Hindu and Muslim students, quarrel one with the other in the names of creeds or communities? True nationalism is the very opposite of communalism or credalism. 15 to 25 are the most receptive years in life; they are the "educational" years; in this period let a great educational ideal grow in you,—the ideal that above all castes and creeds is the Spirit of Man.

Mathew Arnold said the prime direct aim of education was to enable a man to know himself and the world. I would modify a little and say that the aim of education is to enable a man to know himself as a member of Humanity. You belong to Humanity. You serve best your community, your society, your province, your nation when you serve in the sacred name of Humanity. In ancient India when the boy-brahmachari was accepted as an asram-student, the teacher said to him:—"To Heaven and Earth I commit thee. To all beings, I commit thee." "To all beings!" This Cosmism,—Humanism,—is the inspiring ideal of all true education.

HISTORY AS A SCRIPTURE

In a College curriculum of study, I would put emphasis on these three subjects,—Science, Psychology and History. Science,—because you may not know Humanity without some

* Notes of an address.

study of Nature. Psychology,—because it is the science of self. I use the word "Psychology" in an inclusive sense. I mean by it a study not merely of the "empirical" self, not merely of the "rational" self, but also, of that deeper self which may be called the Spiritual Self and which in the Hindu Books is named the Atman. History should be studied carefully, for it brings us in touch with the great Heroes of Humanity. To me, History is a "sastra," a sacred scripture. I ask you to study the history of India. I ask you, also, to study the history of European nations and America. I ask you to study the lives of the great heroes of history; in them you see focussed the forces of mighty movements; to study them is to understand how the nations have struggled for Liberty and how sacrifices have ennobled and enriched historic life. I bow in respect to heroes of all nations and races. Read the life of George Washington. How he surrendered himself and the gains of his large estate to the service of his nation when it went upon the War of Independence against England! Read the life of Lincoln,—another great hero of America. How resolutely he fought against a section of his own countrymen to set the Negro free! Such men are the monopoly of no one nation; they belong to all nations! the great heroes are the heroes of Humanity. I ask you to pay homage to them, no matter what their religion or race; Mohamed is yours, sons of the Hindu sages! And Krishna is yours, oh children of Islam!

THE PILGRIM-SPIRIT.

The true spirit of education is something better than to seek "jobs" or make money. I plead for the pilgrim-spirit in education. Your province, (Behar), was once a centre of great culture. Here you had the Nalanda University of international fame. Here came scholars from different parts. One of them was Hein-Tsang,—a Chinese scholar. And the revered Bengali Principal of Nalanda greeted Hein-Tsang with beautiful love in his heart. And when asked why he had come from far-off China, he said he had come as "a pilgrim of knowledge." The pilgrim, in ancient time, trod the dusty road, took pains, and went on his pilgrimage in a spirit of humility and reverence. A true student, I submit, must have these three characteristics of

the ancient pilgrim, "tapasya," humility and reverence for truth. A College is a Temple of Culture; and professors and students are fellow-pilgrims.

Modern India's danger is that cleverness is out-stripping spirituality. And the spiritual, as distinguished from the communal and the sectarian, is that which unifies and harmonises. Creeds separate and divide. The spirit unites and reconciles. Unity of nature is the supreme faith of modern science. Unity of humanity,—aye, the Unity of life,—is the supreme institution of religion. I plead for Humanism in education. Humanism was the spirit of ancient culture. It was the vision, too, of the two great kings of India, Asoka and Akbar. Asoka's empire is gone, but his Rocks and Pillars stand to proclaim the supreme faith of this Indian king,—one of the greatest figures in world-history,—“Everyone must behave gently towards all living creatures!” And did not Akbar, too, bear witness to this vision of the One God in all creatures, the One Faith in all religions, the One Spirit in all prophets?

I ask you who are Hindus and you who are Muslims to be true to the unifying spirit of Indian culture and shake hands of fraternal fellowship in the one service of India. Other nations are marching on, but modern India lags behind. It is for you who are young to build a Greater India. Such an India may not be built except on a basis of Unity and Fellowship. Look! the sun is up! Calling you to a new vision, to new adventures, to new victories of the Spirit,—calling you to a Destiny and Deed that would make India a nation of the free!

—~~~~~—

Life is the rose's hope while yet unblown;
The reading of an ever changing tale;
The light uplifting of a maiden's veil;
A laughing schoolboy, without grief or care,
Riding the springy branches of an elm.

Keats.

The First Queen's Dying Wish

(From the original Bengali of Tagore)

By L. V. Ramaswamy Aiyar, M. A., B. L.

THE first queen lay on her death-bed, gasping out her last breaths. The solicitous doctor mixed the medicine with honey and held it out to her counselling her to take it. She simply thrust it aside in disgust.

The news reached the king's ears. He left the assembly in haste and rushed into the first queen's chamber. Sitting by her side, he asked her, "What's the matter with you, dearest? What can I do for you?"

The first queen gruffly replied: "Depart! all of you! send me my hand-maid and leave me in peace!"

When the royal hand-maid came, the queen held her hands in her own and said, "Sit down, Kumari! I have a story to tell!"

The maid softly replied, "Tell it out, lady! I listen!"

The first queen began, "Alongside of my seven-storied palace stood the three-storied palace of the second queen's. After a time, she had to change to a two-storied one and then to a single-storied one, till at last she had to depart from the royal mansions for ever.

And then I thought no more of her,—the second queen.

Months hence, came the *Dolyatra* day. On an eagle-crested chariot, I was travelling to the temple. Heralds marched in front and soldiers behind. On my right were ringing the notes of the pipe and on my left resounded the *Mridanga*.

At this time, on one side of the road near the river bank, I noticed a tiny cottage in the shade of a *Champa* tree. All about the roof thereof the *Aparajita* flowers were in full bloom and the door-front was decorated with *Alponas*.

I asked my royal maid: "Whose cottage may that be?" She replied: "It's the second queen's, my lady!"

Returning home by dusk, I sat down in wistful reverie, I lit no lamp and spoke no word.

The king came and asked me: "What's the matter with you, dearest? What can I do for you?"

I replied, "My lord! no longer shall I remain in this place!"

The king thereupon said, "With ivory and gold I shall make for you a fitting abode. The floors thereof shall be made of iridescent marble clear and smooth as pure milk's foam, and pictures of lotus-garlands shall be framed thereon with precious gems, my dearest!"

I said, "I desire My lord but to have a tiny cottage in yonder garden by the river-side."

The king said, "It's easily arranged, my beloved!"

The tiny garden cottage soon arose and it looked like a delicate woodland flower fetched from afar. I went to reside in it, but alas! Kumari! happiness fell not to my lot,—a sense of shame, of overpowering shame alone was my portion!

Then on another day I went out for a bath in the river. Many a liveried servant accompanied me. The palanquin—bearers deposited me right by the river's brink, and amidst hand-maids and attendants I took my royal bath.

While I was on my way back to the palace, I chanced to peep through an opening in the palanquin-screen and lo! which maiden was she that passed before me like the flower on a *Nirmalya* garland? A white *Shankha* rested on her hands, a coloured *Sari* graced her body and on her hips was a pitcher full of sacred water from the river. The rays of the morning sun were dancing on her wet hair and water-pot.

I questioned my maid, "Who is this maiden, and in which favourite temple is she a devotee?"

The royal maid smiled and said, "Don't you know, my lady? It's the second queen"

Returning home, I sat alone and spoke no word.

The king came and asked me: "What's the matter with you, dearest? What can I do for you?"

I replied: "I desire, my lord, every morning to bathe in the river and walk back with filled pitcher along the road near the *Bokul* garden."

The king said, "It's easily arranged, my beloved!"

Next morning soldiers lined the streets and warded off passers-by, as I made my way back to the royal palace after bath, along the road by the garden-side. A white *Shankha* rested on my hands and coloured *Saris* too I wore.

Reaching home I felt as if I should break the pitcher to pieces! A sense of shame—of overpowering shame alone fell to my lot, Kumari!

Then another day came, the *Krishna-jayanthi* day.

In moon-lit night the camp had been pitched in the *Amlaki* grove. The silence of the night was filled with dances, songs and gay revelry.

The next morning I was returning to the palace on my royal howdah when I saw a young stripling of noble mien moving past me by the road. A garland of woodland flowers was wound round his tuft and in his hands was a plate with fragrant flowers, wild fruits and sacred incense.

I asked my maid, "Which happy mother's son is that?"

My maid replied, "Don't you know, lady? It's the second queen's son. He's taking fragrant flowers, wild fruits and sacred incense for his mother's use."

Returning home, I sat alone and spoke no word.

The king came and asked me: "What's the matter with you, dearest? What can I do for you, my beloved?"

I replied, "I wish my lord, that my son would every morning bring me for my use a plate full of fragrant flowers, wild fruits and sacred incense."

The king said, "It's easily arranged, my beloved!"

Next morning I remained seated on my golden throne, when my son brought me a plate full of fragrant flowers, wild fruits and sacred incense. Beads of perspiration trickled over his body and anger flamed forth from his countenance. I scarcely touched the plate, Kumari! shame, overpowering shame alone fell to my lot!

Ever since then, Kumari, I knew not what happened to me.

I remained alone with never a word on my lips. The king would come daily and ask me, "what ails you, dearest? What can I do for you, beloved?"

First queen though I was, I knew not how I could for shame express my heart's dearest wish!

And so I have summoned you to my side, my Kumari! Let me now whisper my heart's dearest desire to you: "Would that I only suffered the sorrow that has fallen to the second queen's lot"

The royal maid thrust her hands on her cheeks and exclaimed in wild surprise, "Goodness me! why desire you so, my lady?"

The first queen wearily bent back her head and said: "In that *bamboo reed of hers*, she—the second queen, could bring out notes sweeter far than any I have heard, but *my golden pipe* has been all along a dead weight to me, I merely carried it ever with me, but alas! not a single note did issue from it!"



Honesty must be based, as the sun is, in vacant heaven; poised as the lights in the firmament, which have rule over the day and over the night.

* * *

A strong and wise man has his strength given to him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them.

Ruskin

Absent-Mindedness

By R. B. Pt. Shiv Narain Shamim, Advocate.

ABSENT-mindedness is very general among the majority of Indians.

You tell a servant to put a thing in the right drawer of a table, be sure he will put it in the left. While your servant is cleaning your lamp or blacking your shoes, he will be wildly thinking of something else. You give some paper to your clerk to copy, you will find several words if not lines omitted from the copy. You tell your cook to cook somethings, he will omit some. You speak to a shop-keeper and you will find that while he is answering your queries he is thinking of something else and will only partially answer your questions. Your driver is absent-minded in driving a carriage or a motor car. Accidents are often due to their absent-mindedness. You write to a friend and mark your letter urgent, either he will put it away, being absorbed in something else; or when attending to it, he will write his letter in absent-mindedness and miss something or the other.

Indian Judges are often absent-minded when listening to the arguments of counsel, questions put by them to counsel after the arguments, betray their absent-mindedness. One side's counsel is at times absent-minded when the opposite counsel is arguing. This is betrayed in his reply. A doctor when listening to a patient's complaint does not follow him through, because he is at the time thinking of paying a visit somewhere else.

You send a verbal message to somebody through your servant, he will not hear you with any care in order to bear in mind the whole of the message. Because he is absent-minded, be sure he will convey only half the message to your friend.

You talk to an Indian Chief I can guarantee he would be mechanically hearing, for half of what you say would be lost on him. He is at the time really revolving in his head lots of things in rapid succession.

Students in class rooms are absent-minded at the time their teachers are delivering lectures. The notes of lectures taken in a state of absent-mindedness must be naturally defective.

A man is walking in a street and sounds of horns are not heard by him, he is therefore run over by cars whose drivers in turn are also equally absent-minded.

Indians are known to post letters without addresses or with wrong or defective addresses. Sometimes letters are exchanged and put in wrong envelopes.

Last month I had two personal experiences, one of a friend's absent-mindedness when he was penning a note, another of my bearer conveying half the message to a friend.

(1) My friend wrote:—

"Dear Pandit ji. My son and I will dine with you on Saturday the 16th." He was absent-minded at the time and forgot to note what time he was coming to me. Should I have breakfast or dinner ready for them? I had to order both as a precaution. He came at the dinner time, breakfast meal had to be given away to servants.

(2) A friend of mine wrote to me to tell so and so that he was coming to his place, will put up with him and take his dinner there. He wrote to me instead of directly writing to him, because he was not sure, whether the gentleman he wanted to put up with, had left the station or not. My servant in his state of absent-mindedness only conveyed half the message namely that so and so was expected to see him on such and such day. My friend drove down to that gentleman's residence, but found no food and no room for him. He swore at me till I explained to him that the fault lay with my bearer who was certainly absent-minded when receiving my instructions. He was satisfied with my explanation. Indeed he had similar experiences himself.

I have noticed considerable absent-mindedness in Senate Meetings. While a topic is under discussion, some senator,

after the House had expressed its opinion and is being noted by the Registrar, stands up "Sir I want to say something on the subject," the Vice-Chancellor intimates to him that it is too late. The absent-minded senator had been thinking of something else during the debate.

The only person whom I have not found to be absent-minded is my barber.

I cannot say how far the above is the experience of others, but friends to whom I have sometimes pointed out that 90 per cent of Indians are in my opinion absent-minded, have confirmed my opinion after their own close observation.

Will any psychologist take the trouble of ascertaining the cause of absent-mindedness from which Indians generally suffer. Is it worry or mental distraction which can account for lack of concentration of mind? Has climate of India anything to do with this matter? Is dyspepsia the cause of dull working of brain? Whatever the cause there is no doubt that it is certainly not due to a defect of memory because Indians possess good memory. What is it then due to has to be discovered.

(The D. A. V. College Union Magazine).

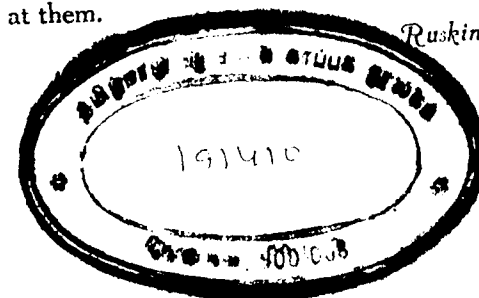
Pride is one of the seven deadly sins; but it cannot be the pride of a mother in her children, for that is a compound of two cardinal virtues—faith and hope.

Dickens.

In every person who comes near you, look for what is good and strong: honour that; rejoice in it, and as you can, try to imitate it.

To cultivate sympathy you must be among living creatures, and thinking about them; and to cultivate admiration you must be among beautiful things and looking at them.

Ruskin.



Miracle-mongering

By P. V. Aghoram Aiyar, B. A., B. L.

THE supernatural has been believed in by men in all ages and all countries. The progress of science and the advance of civilising influences do not seem to have much to do with arresting the spread of this belief among the masses everywhere. It is assumed that there is a power other than nature, which common convention has been pleased to call God. Most men who are asked to give proofs of the existence of God and of His power to shape human destiny generally refer to some miracle, which is said to have been performed by some one who claimed to be in touch with God and is recorded in some scripture. The doubters of God's existence are told that the miracle would not have happened if God had not intervened. It is one thing to question the authenticity of the record which mentions this kind of event; but it is quite another thing to say that even if the alleged event had happened, it does not prove that God exists. *It may mean that our present study of natural phenomena is defective and that we must search more deeply and find the explanation of the event.* It is no call to us to abdicate reason, and to sit mute with wonder, because something apparently out of the way is recorded as happening.

There is even a section of scientists who are engaged in the investigation of so-called occult phenomena. They may be called mental scientists or psychical researchers. There are smaller branches of mental science, like hypnotism, clairvoyance, telepathy etc., and christian science. Then there are the spiritists who investigate the spirit world and claim to bring messages from it. I should mention the names of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle and Sir Oliver Lodge among the spiritists. I should mention also the work of Sir Frederick Myers who has made a remarkable contribution to the knowledge of the 19th century by his "Survival of human personality". I have not made much study of either the theory or the practical side of these sciences. I have read enough to feel, that for one event which is recorded

as having happened, ten are palmed off on the reader, which are perhaps not true, but are recorded by the writer through defect of observation or judgment. Charlatanry and fraud are also liable to be practised here more than in other provinces of enquiry, because those who read of the happenings are not given the opportunity of verification. But it would not do to lightly dismiss from one's attention all psychic phenomena, as some crass materialists do. Hypnotic experiments are successfully made; mesmerists by their look control the will of their subjects and make them do their bidding. Hundreds who carry on *Yoga* discipline learn the art of reading other's thoughts, even when conceived in a language not known to them. They tell of things that happen at a great distance from themselves. They may not attribute this power to any agency outside themselves. No one has a right to say 'nay' when a great scientist like Sir Oliver Lodge records his meeting with his deceased son, in the spirit world, and the communication he had with him.

It is very easy to see that psychic research at some stage must turn into a movement of healing in society. I think that in that form, it has tried to hold the field in all ages and in all religions. If the claims made in that behalf were all true, it is of some utility to man. Almost always, the movement gets into the hands of men who are asked to do deeds of wonder. They are asked to give eyes to the blind and voice to the dumb. They are asked to bring back the dead to life. They are asked to pour plenty on the heads of the poor as if by magic. They are asked to prolong the age of human life to hundreds if not thousands of years. It will not be fair to say that the movement of healing has done no good. Like everything else, it has had a mixed effect in the world. For one true man who uses his healing power for good, there are probably hundreds who are frauds, and deceive themselves and the world. If people didn't want these men, they wouldn't be with us. Masses of men want to have miracles done, and there are clever and resourceful men who set to work on them. I have come across scores of them in my religion who pretend to possess strange healing powers, but who the moment you scrutinised them and exposed them, became ashamed of themselves and immediately left the

comfortable surroundings amidst which they had nestled. After all is said, a genuine faith healer or miracle worker has a better field for the treatment of mental diseases than organic ailments. It will be a mistake to think that these pursuits will lead to the age of druglessness in the world.

In India, the working of miracles has been reduced to a system and studied like a science. One branch of the science of *yoga* consists in the study of what are called *siddhis* or powers. These powers are classified under eight heads. If they can be attained by man, it means that he can defy all the laws of nature. If these powers truly exist a man may make himself smaller than an ant, and bigger than an elephant. He may make himself lighter than air and fly through it without wings or make himself heavier than a mountain and press the earth down. He may enter the dead body of another and revitalise it. All these powers are almost instinctively believed in by the Hindu Race as they believe in the soul or God. Time and again, the existence of these powers is not demonstrated to certainty in the Hindu world. All Hindu Religious literature, whatever the language in which it is written, is full of references to these powers, and in the same breath, gives the grave warning that the *yogi* must not make too much of them, and that if he did so, he should bring ruin on himself. I share the general scepticism of most modern reasoners about these powers, and must not be too willing to believe in them, as I fear that there are more pretensions than real claims made, and that they often lay traps for the soul. Where I have not seen the miracle happening, I shall go by the testimony of men who are disinterested and whose judgment is critical. *Ramakrishna* mentions the instance of a man whom he knew to possess the power of entering rooms unnoticed, and illuminating dark nights for miles around him with a strange light from underneath his armpit. Yet, this man was discovered to lead an impure life.

Although all religions have tried to increase the number of their adherents by doing deeds of wonder, the miracle element seems to dominate the christian faith more than any other. Christ himself appears to have carried on his mission among

men, not by pure ethical teaching alone. He taught very high ethics, true. But he suited his work to different ranks and conditions in life. So he performed miracles too, healing lepers, exorcising devils, feeding two thousand with five loaves and so on. Peter walks the waters. Christ the crucified rises up from the grave and ascends to Heaven. All this is the material round which christianity seeks to gather in increasing numbers adherents to the faith. When Mahomed, the prophet, appeared on the scene and claimed to be the 'comforter' Christ promised to send, men asked him to prove his claim by performing miracles. He was asked to bring the mountain to him. He broke the illusion by going to the mountain, saying that his doing it was quite as good as the other. Without a rational philosophy behind his work, he unconsciously checked the vulgar craving for wonders. In Buddha, the note of rationality is even more striking. A boy who belonged to the order and brought down a jewelled cup from on high by magic was instantly unfrocked by him with the remark that religion had nothing to do with miracle-mongering. An old lady who had lost an only son, the prop of her life, and had gone to Buddha as the wisest man of the age for an answer, was asked to go into the nearest town and get a handful of mustard seed from any who had not suffered a bereavement. As she went from door to door she heard a tale of woe unfolded by man after man, and woke up to see that her sorrow was not singular. (Buddha was much more than rational. He was loving and compassionate. His love went down to the creeping little things that have no voice to tell man of their suffering, when he kills them for his pleasure. Above all, he made no claim for himself.)

Popular Hinduism is full of stories recording miraculous happenings. Hinduism is the religion not of one incarnation, but of many. There is the popular belief in the ten incarnations of *Vishnu*. Around each incarnation have gathered many miracles. From the diving deep into the ocean with the *Vedas* in hand, which the 1st of the incarnations is said to have done, to the lifting on his hand of *Govardhana* hill and using it as an umbrella for the *Gopis* who were merrily sporting with him, which is one of the feats set down to the credit of Krishna,

the last of them, it is all a beautiful fairy tale, a sort of *Alice* in wonderland. The very definition of Incarnation in popular Hinduism is the doer of *Adbhutha Karma*—wonderful deeds. So, even the philosopher Arjuna believes Krishna to be an incarnation only when he sees his *Viswa-Rupa*. The flesh and blood reality of the thing was not what mattered to Arjuna. To his transformed vision, there was a luminous form that seemed to be as big as the Universe.

A sound philosophy makes little head-way among men in any age. Most men don't want to take things as they are, and go on from them to better positions by their work. They always expect the lucky accident to happen. Their nerves are quickened to hear stories of men who come by good things by a sort of 'open sesame' or like Sindbad, the sailor. They want to resist the workings of the law of causation and desire to come by a power, which helps them to avoid the suffering of pain as the result of wrong doing, and accomplish all their fancied desires, as though the solar system could be rolled in their hands like a cake. And because they are outlaws in their desire and outlook, they look for a power other than nature which is to set the hat of good fortune on their heads. The number of these men is very large in every age. They desire to crowd into the house of faith and choke out the thinking few. They swear at you, if politely tell them that you look for more rational proofs of the existence of God than miracles; and because they cannot give such proof, miracle-mongering lives on.

Cosmology

As implied in Nature-Cure

By K. L. Sarma, B. A., B. L.

NO Science, as a Science, can afford to start right off, without a foundation of truths, supplied by a wider and more inclusive science, of which it is a part or branch. Ultimately every science, especially those which have human life for their subject, will be found to be rooted in some truth of Religion or Metaphysics. In this sense we can say that there can be no irreligious science.

The reason of this is that Religion, rightly understood, is the *Science of All Things* and is thus the only complete Science, while other sciences are only limbs or organs of this one.

Western physiology is such a futility, notwithstanding its vast richness in detail, because of its materialistic outlook, because its professors have so far been systematically ignoring Religion. They have therefore got into the habit of locating the centre of interest in things visible, and treating the rest as results or effects.

Naturism has always refused to recognise the materialistic implications of Western Science. Every Naturist is necessarily a believer in the priority and supremacy of God, the Soul, and the world of the unseen.

A systematic study of the metaphysical basis of the Nature-Cure is therefore a necessity. In fact we have to *begin* with it. The following examples may be cited to prove that this need exists. We believe in the paramount position of the Inner Healer, whom we endow with many of the attributes of a divine person. When we come to study the science of "Facial Expression," we shall see that there is a resistance, from within, to the dumping of foreign matter, and to account for it we have to posit something, which is intelligent, purposeful and beneficent.

Modern philosophy is as yet unable to supply us this metaphysical basis, without which we cannot even take the first step in stating the theory of the Nature-Cure. But the ancient philosophy of the Hindus is rich in the materials necessary; and at least for the present we must be content with the light thrown on our path by the speculations embodied therein. These ancient philosophers have, in their speculations on the origin of things, shown a breadth of view and a depth of subtlety, which make their conclusions dovetail easily with all known truth. These conclusions are to be found chiefly in the Upanishads.

At first there was alone the *Atma*, God, the Soul of all. Out of him there came everything. He was the *material* cause of the Universe, as well as the *efficient* cause. I may explain here that a material cause is some raw material, out of which anything is made or fashioned, and an efficient cause is that which determines the form. Thus we speak of earth as being the material cause of a pot, and the potter as its efficient cause. The efficient cause is always an intelligent and purposeful being.

The material cause must be of the same nature as its effect, the thing made out of it. Thus a pot, being made from earth, is always earthen. We can never have a golden pot out of earth, or an earthen one out of gold.

So also we cannot have intelligence out of something which is not intelligence. Hence, when we seek for the raw material out of which this universe, comprising intelligent beings also, we must be prepared for a material cause of the same nature. Going to the origin of things, we cannot but posit God Himself as the material cause, because there is no intelligence—no *चिन्*—beside Him. He is conceived as the whole Intelligence.

I find myself here compelled to follow the interpretations of the *Advaita* school. But of course it is open to the reader to reject these, and if he does so he may take what follows subject to the necessary modifications.

With himself as material cause, God created all these worlds and the living beings inhabiting them, and Himself became the soul in each—*तत् सृष्ट्वा तदेवान् प्राविशत्*. We distinguish between the individual soul and the supreme soul, but the distinction is really necessitated only by the enveloping forms or bodies of the former. The ultimate reality behind every living being is God and no other. The Gita affirms it thus—*अविभक्तं च भूतेषु विभक्तमिव च स्थितम्* and *क्षेत्रज्ञं चापि मां विद्धि सर्वक्षेत्रेषु भारत*. Note also the verse —*अहं वैश्वानरो भूत्वा प्राणिनां देहमाश्रितः* etc.

Thus it follows that there is a divine backing for all life. All vital processes are sustained by His Divine Power. Naturists proceed a step further and maintain that all so-called disease-processes are also sustained by the same power, that the power which digests food is also the power which produces and cures disease. Hence it is that Nature-Healers insist upon the beneficence of disease, and the duty of letting it freely run its course and fulfil its purpose, without interference. Nature-cure is thus a strictly theistic system, while, in this sense at least, allopathic-systems are *atheistic*. I shall deal in greater detail with the soul in a separate contribution.

Then coming to the creation of the forms of life, the bodies of living beings, and the substance of the worlds they inhabit, we have first to distinguish between the invisible and the visible. The former is wholly ignored in the West, and attention is given only to the latter.

The *advaitist* philosophers distinguish between three grades of bodies, the *कारण* or *causal*, the *सूक्ष्म* or *subtle*, and the *स्थूल* or *gross*. We may treat the first two as one, for our purpose, as making up the subtle or invisible body of man, as distinct from the gross or visible body, with which physiology is mainly concerned. There is one important distinction between these. The subtle body, wherein life and mind are included, is in a sense immortal. It has a qualified immortality. It persists through innumerable earthly lives, is carried on from one life to another, with the accumulated results of experience and knowledge gained here. It precedes the birth of the earthly body,

and it survives its death. Only in the event of 'liberation,' मुक्ति. when the individual rises above the bondage of all desires of enjoyment, does this subtle body cease to be. What this *mukti* is, how it comes, and other matters will be briefly indicated on another occasion. I shall here only say that there are two apparently opposing tendencies working through the subtle body, one of which leads to further and deeper entanglement in the bondage of life, while the other leads to disentanglement, and towards *mukti*. The former is called *Pravritti*, (प्रवृत्ति), and the latter *Nivritti*, (निवृत्ति).

The subtle body, again, places the soul in relation with the things of invisible worlds, just as this earthly body relates us to the things of this world.

Now coming to the composition of these bodies, we have first to study the devolution of *Matter*. We must here take this word in a far more extended sense, than is usually attached to it in the West. Matter must be taken to include all things, except soul. Thus mind and life are both matter, being composed of matter. Whatever is subject to change, devolution or evolution, is matter.

From the supreme spirit there emanated, first of all, what is known as *Akasa*. This was the primal matter. We may translate it as Ether, though we cannot be quite sure that it is just the same as what Western scientists know as Ether. From this Ether came a grosser substance, called *Vayu*, which is not quite identical with Air, but is usually called by that name. From this Air came *Tejas* or *Agni*, which means both Light and Heat. From this last came *Ap*, translated as 'Water.' From this water came *Prithvi* or Earth. These are the five first-created elements. They are all invisible, but of different grades of subtlety.

These five primary elements became the raw materials for the subtle bodies and the worlds suitable for them. Hence their greater permanence. The five senses, hearing, touch, sight, taste and smell, are related, in order, to the five grades of matter.

(To be continued.)

Subhadra's Vow

By M. S. Devesa Iyer, B. A.

(Continued from November issue)

THE Mahabharata war was about to begin. Sri Krishna was the only ally of the Pandavas. At this crucial juncture Subhadra informed Bhima of her solemn vow. But Bhima who always possessed a clear conception of Dharma was not in the least affected by Subhadra's action. On the other hand he complimented her on her noble deed and told her that she had done her duty and had kept unsullied the traditional Dharmic ideal of the Pandavas.

But to Arjuna this resolve on the part of Subhadra gave a rude shock. He was greatly terrified and was in a miserable plight. But he was soon brought round by Bhima who exhorted him thus:—

"Dear Arjuna, you need not be anxious in the least. If Yudhistira the incarnation of Dharma does not act up to the Dharmic Ideals, who else will there be in this world to inculcate the sublime principles of Dharma; who else will show to the world that one has to sacrifice even life for the saving of the helpless?"

But again Arjuna was deeply grieved to find that Duryodhana would have an easy ride over the whole affair in as much as his best opponents would be destroyed while combating with Lord Krishna. Arjuna was so confused that he was incapacitated from having a clear conception of the great Dharmic ideal. But Bhima was on solid ground. He clearly knew what his duty was at that moment and was prepared to abide by it at any cost. And as for Arjuna's anxiety he said "Don't be under the impression that Duryodhana is safe and free from all troubles. In a war for the vindication of Dharma our success is assured. Lord Krishna is always the soul of Dharma. If only we are conscious of His greatness and pay our homage and respect to Him, we can even succeed against Him. Supposing we are routed, Duryodhana will not have peace of mind. For, he will fall a prey to envy."

How did the mother of the Pandavas receive this news? She was completely upset. Her anxiety was that they could ill-afford to lose the sympathy of Sri Krishna their only friend in all their troubles, when the mighty Duryodhana was making tremendous preparations for the war. And she fervently pleaded to leave the "worthless" Dandi to his own fate. But Bhima consoled her by saying that the Lord would only be glad of their firm resolve to help one who had sought their protection.

What was Yudhistira's position? How was he affected by Subhadra's action? He was also perturbed in mind. The ways of the Lord were all a mystery to him. He pondered over the matter and expressed that they could not expect any help from the Lord when He was once made their enemy. Now Bhima said, "Revered Brother, I have often heard you saying that the Lord is never the foe of any one. His friendship saves us from dangers and his enmity removes all pitfalls. Your sacred mission in life is to hold aloft the banner of Dharma even at the cost of your own life." Yet Yudhishtira remained vacillating. Suspicion still clouded his vision. The weakness of ordinary mortals reigned supreme in his mind. And he began to reason out and establish that Dharma and Sri Krishna were separate. "I know that the protection of the helpless is our duty. But to revere the Lord is a greater duty. Vibhishana deserting his brother joined hands with Sri Ram. Bharatha went in search of Sri Ram to the forest, turning a deaf ear to the wishes of his mother. Angada sought protection at the hands of his father's murderer." Such was the drift of Yudhishtira's argument.

But Bhima was not the sort of man to be dismayed by these words. He said "There is only one way to destroy this sort of illusion. You have often advised me that death by the discharge of one's own Dharma is very noble. To save the helpless is the duty of a King and a Kshatriya. He is always prepared to wage war on that score. It is only cowards who evade such wars. You are my elder brother and "Guru." But if you stand in my way of helping those who seek our protection, I am not prepared to obey you"

II

Matters reached a crisis. Bhima remained obdurate. Now Baladeva appeared on the scene. He tried his best to dissuade Subhadra from advocating Dandi's cause. When his gentle persuasions failed, he resorted to threats. He intimidated her with such calamities as widowhood, wretchedness, death of her son, and the complete destruction of her family. Yet Subhadra stoutly refused to budge an inch from the heroic stand which she had once taken and gave a spirited reply to Baladeva.

"A Kshatriya lady is never horrified at widowhood. She most willingly offers her son for battle. As long as breath remains in her, she spares no pains to make his career noble. I am ever prepared to enter the lists on horse-back, with my hairs cut to serve the purpose of bow strings. The one end and aim of your life in this world is the establishment of 'Dharma'. Why then, this debasing talk? Things mundane are ephemeral. Dharma is the only friend of man in this life. Let me strive to live up to that ideal at any cost." Baladeva was driven to a corner and quietly left the place.

In the meanwhile Duryodhana got scent of these developments. The fact, that Udhishtira had at last resolved to stand by Dandi, made him restless. He could not tolerate the idea of the Pandavas alone enjoying the honour of protecting the helpless and of winning eternal glory in the heroic struggle with Sri Krishna. So he joined the Pandavas in accordance with an invitation extended by Arjuna. The same desire for glory actuated many other Kshatriyas also.

But Bhima got disgusted with the turn of affairs. He knew fully well that the struggle would cause untold misery. The allies still doubted about the desirability of such an undertaking. The very idea of fighting along with 'Karna' and "Duryodhana" was very distressing to him. So he decided to engage himself in a duel with Sri Krishna, in order to avoid all these troubles, and approaching the Lord privately challenged him for a single combat.

Sri Krishna being moved by the lamentations of "Urvashi" resorted to a trick. He told Bhima "You are very strong.

There is none to rival you in muscular strength. That is why you have thrown this challenge. I fully perceive your stratagem. Equals must fight. There lies Kshatriya Dharma. I made my permanent stay at Dwaraka being afraid of "Jarasandha." And you have put that Jarasandha to death without any difficulty. I admit my inability to meet you in single combat. I have already promised to bring the man under my control. By means fair or foul, I will accomplish my object."

Bhima got much agitated at the Lord's words and made an emphatic protest. "Most cunning and crooked Krishna! You are devoid of all sense of shame. Neither honour nor dishonour affects you. You are terribly afraid of a defeat and hence this reluctance to fight. This does not befit a Kshatriya." With these words Bhima left Dwaraka.

The Kshatriyas elected Bhishma as their commander. Vidura was sent to Sri Krishna for settling the matter without fighting. In the meanwhile "Urvashi" informed Arjuna of her story. Arjuna took the mare from Dandi and entrusted her with Subhadra. But Dandi being unable to understand the significance of Arjuna's action, got enraged and wished to hand over the mare to the Lord. Bhishma also advised Subhadra and Bhima to entrust the helpless mare to Sri Krishna. Dandi had already sought the protection of Subhadra. Now "Urvashi" also was with her and in order to persuade the good old Bhishma to take up her cause, she used some harsh terms "I wonder why you advise me like this. Because of your interference I shall ask "Abhimanyu" to prepare my pyre. If your wish is that I should die, I am ready for it."

Then Subhadra praised Bhishma's prowess. Bhima said that the public will accuse Bhishma of sheer cowardice if the mare were to be surrendered to Sri Krishna without any attempt on their part to safeguard their pledged word. These words had the desired effect. Bhishma decided to fight out the battle and to hand over the mare to Sri Krishna after achieving success. Thus Subhadra was able to stand by her vow, despite various difficulties, by virtue of her indomitable courage of conviction and high moral perception.

Shelley, The Poet

By I. Rama Panickar, B. A., B. L.

THE first time I read Shelley I was just a boy. I was in the High School, and Shelley's "To the Night" was one of the pieces we had to do that year. It was a difficult job trying to understand the poem, not that the language was difficult but the ideas were difficult to follow. The imagery was absolutely beyond us. Our teacher, a very painstaking man, did his best to understand the poet, and to make us follow him as well. The first day he went on in his usual way reading every line and explaining it. Thus he got very nearly to the middle of the poem and there he stuck. He was, however, a bold spirit—that teacher. He told us he had done enough for the day, while the fact was he couldn't get any further. The next day he hit upon a strikingly original plan. He got hold of some one else—I believe it was the drawing master—and got him to do a picture on the black board—a picture of Shelley's Spirit of Night. The picture was thus made to order; the thing was like a lover getting another to write out a billet-doux for him! And the effect was just as discouraging! When it came to explaining the poem in the light of the picture our teacher realised that he had made a mess of the whole thing—the picture absolutely failed. The teacher fumbled at his collar—he didn't wear a neck-tie—stammered and sweated and somehow got to the end of the piece—not with the help of the picture though,—sat down evidently satisfied with his performance and not knowing that all his talk had gone clean over our heads!

My first experience of Shelley being so disappointing I determined not to have anything to do with him ever afterwards. But then came the college classes and 'Adonais'. I understood 'Adonais' fairly well possibly because I was much older then. Now Shelley really does not appeal either to a boy or to an old man; he appeals best to a youth. He is the youth's poet for he himself retained, all through his life, the cheerful buoyancy, daring and recklessness of youth. You never appreciate him after

you have got hardened with the troubles of life and when the weight of years sits heavily on your shoulders. You must read him when you are young and care-free.

For Shelley was an intellectual rebel, and youth always has a partiality for the rebel. A passionate love of freedom was one of the strongest motive forces of Shelley's life; he was "a prophet of liberty, equality, and fraternity." He had no reverence for any established institution if it placed restraint on human liberty or human action. Ordinary morality and ordinary religion offended him by their absurd conventionality, and in several of his works he attempts smashing up convention. His "Rosalind and Helen" and "Cenci" are instances of this attempt. The incidents round which these works turn are too repulsive to the modern taste however. But there is the idea, and it is the idea that really matters. His notions are pushed further in "the Revolt of Islam". In it we get almost all the characteristic features of Shelley's passionate nature, his stubborn hatred of convention, his sentiment of friendship, his ideal of the equality of sexes, and of free love. "I am a devoted enemy to religious, political and domestic oppression" he says. The keynote of all Shelley's writings is this indifference to accepted notions when they clashed with his ideals. His audacity charms the youth.

I have heard it said that poetry represents the vertical, and prose the horizontal side of life, that poetry concerns itself with the emotions while prose tackles the common place, the humdrum in life. This definition is most suited to Shelley's poetry. With Shelley lyric poetry was poetry *par excellence*, and he himself said that it "represented the best and happiest moments." He says:—

"I pant for music which is divine
My heart in its thirst is a dying flower;
Pour forth the sound like enchanted wine,
Loosen the note in a silver shower
Like a herbless plain for the gentle rain
I gasp, I faint till they wake again."

By temperament he was absolutely fitted to be a lyricist. He was a child of emotion, intense, thrilling emotion and his poems

consequently are about the finest example of lyric poetry. He gave the first place to emotion and only the second to intellect.

Shelley always lived in wonderland, in a sort of Utopia, and in it he was perfectly at home. The figures in this new world of his had no distinct form; they were a set of shadowy beings. We get a glimpse of this fairyland in his 'Skylark.'

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun
O'er which clouds are brightening
Thou dost float and run
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

Hence the difficulty to understand Shelley. I guess that my teacher of the High School classes could not enter this wonderland; hence, I fancy, his picture and his explanation proved futile!

The fact is that Shelley was too much of an idealist. He had big ideals of women and they made him fret and foam against orthodoxy for assigning a very low place to women. His indignation is nowhere so strong as in the following lines.

"Woman, she is his slave and she has become
A thing I weep to speak—the child of scorn
The outcast of a desolate home
Falsehood and fear and toil like waves have worn
Channels upon her cheek which smiles adorn
And calm decks the false ocean."

His ideal and practice were, however, poles apart.

His "Alastor" "Epipsychidion" and "Prometheus Unbound" are wonderful poems. "Alastor" is the story of a youth who leaves his home and wanders over the world in search of truth and beauty. One night he dreams a curious dream. A damsel of exquisite beauty appears before him and sings to him. Falling desperately in love with her he embraces her. He wakes up but only to find that the vision has disappeared. Not finding the like of that vision anywhere in the world the poor youth pines away and dies. 'Epipsychidion' goes a step further. There the hero finds his ideal of beauty in Emilia. She had not only beauty but a beautiful intellect as well. She is Shelley's ideal of womanhood. The hero tells her how in his youth he had wandered over the world in search of his ideal,

how he had found it in her at long last, how God had made them for each other, and how together they could be very very happy indeed. The picture he gives her of the life they could lead is a fine piece of writing.

"The wills

Which boil under our beings' inmost cells
The fountains of our deepest life shall be
Confined in passion's golden purity
As mountain springs under the morning sun
We shall become the same, we shall be one
Spirit within two frames—oh! wherefor two?
One passion in twin hearts which grows and grew

* * *

In one another's substance finding food

* * *

One hope within two wills, one will beneath
Two overshadowing minds, one life, one death,
One heaven, one hell, one immortality
And one annihilation."

Is there more exquisite poetry?

One really feels some difficulty in understanding Shelley's philosophy. As a student, he was a rank atheist. He wrote a pamphlet called the "Necessity for Atheism" In it he said that the existence of God could not be proved either by reason or by testimony, that unless God spoke to one direct, one had every right to remain an atheist. Later on, again, we find him coming very vehemently down on God.

"They have three words—God Hell, Heaven
A vengeful, pitiless, almighty fiend,
Whose mercy is a nickname for the rage
Of tameless tigers hungering for blood;
Hell a red gulf of everlasting fire
Where poisonous and undying worms prolong
Eternal misery—to those hapless slaves
Whose life has been a penance for its crimes
And Heaven, a meed for those who dare belie
Their human nature, quake, believe, and cringe
Before the mockeries of earthly power."

I am convinced all the same that Shelley had thought deeply on questions of religion and philosophy. Only it was a case of

"There is more faith in honest doubt
Believe me, than in half the creeds"

with him. Addressing the Irish people he said "Do not inquire if a man be a heretic, if he be a quaker, a jew or a heathen if he be a virtuous man, if he loves liberty and truth, if he wishes the happiness and peace of humankind. If a man be ever so much a believer and love not these things he is a heartless hypocrite and a knave." Is not that the right conception of religion? And it seems to me that he very nearly reaches our own Advaita when at the close of 'Adonais' he says

"The One remains, the many change and pass
Heaven's light for ever shines and earth's shadows fly
Life like a dome of many-coloured glass
Stains the white radiance of Eternity
Until Death tramples it to fragments—Die
If thou wouldst be with that which thou dost seek"

If European philosophers have failed to reach Advaita, an English poet has decidedly come very near it.

The Queen of Night

The queen of night and countless comrades bright,
Now gayly play the game of hide and seek,
'Midst distant clouds that kiss the mountain peak;
Her bashful, blooming face, doth sure delight
The wearied, slumbering sphere below, with light
Of beauteous beams;—concealment poor and weak
Endows a dearer charm to the mild and meek—
So seem her pranks and tricks from heavenly height.
At times, she decks a proud and stately throne,
When peace and order vie to grace and greet
The grand and glittering globes, who humbly own
Their homage due, and kiss her flashing feet;
O milder light of God! O lovely lamp
Of night! O dexterous work of immortal stamp!

S. R.

Night

NIGHT is a lusty witch of romance. Once we try to dodge her, we almost catch the flutter of her wings. Frowning between clouds, she smiles between stars. A thin ebony phantom, she struts about in a dark bristly costume. With her vivid voluptuous tresses, and with a rare smile of witchery, she is at once the world's temptress. The universe is her box of toys, and she jerks it in high glee. She wings the void with a telling serenity and calm. She is an artist in crime. Intoxicating the world with her novel hints, she sends one and all reeling. She often tries to "plume up her will in double knavery." Chasing the rolling world, she sends it tipsy after the foaming cup, the refreshing kiss, and other hot fits of youth. Riding her victims to the tomb, she chuckles over her triumph like Iago, the young lively villain. A heroic spectre of gloom, she is at once the gipsy queen haunting the world like the devil's advocate. Now there the giddy filly smiles mesmerically! The Poet at once faints in her arms, and hugs the "lamia" for sheer madness. And instantly, the freak is over.

V. R. M. Chettiar.

Notes

ON another page will be found the results of the Scholar Prize Competition. The competition, as our readers will remember, was started in January. Though it was kept on till August we are sorry that the competition did not receive that

Scholar Prize Competition.

amount of attention that it deserved. Only 31 persons entered the competition. It was felt that it would not be advisable to postpone the competition any longer. Though according to the rules of the competition the Editors alone were to be the judges in selecting the best sentence, the work was entrusted to a committee of 7 judges including the Editors with a view to ensuring strict impartiality, fairness and justice. The judges were requested to allot marks independently to each of the 11 sentences that were chosen for consideration. The marks were added up and the sentence receiving the highest number of marks has secured the prize. We are also offering 5 consolation prizes besides the first prize of Rs. 20. We are thankful to Messrs. M. C. Krishnan Nambiar, B. A., B. L., (Dt. Munsiff), V. Raman Nair, B. A., B. L., P. V. Aghoram Aiyar, B. A., B. L., E. N. Subrahmanyam, M. A., B. L. and Srimati Chinnammun Mannadissiar, B. A., for having kindly served on the committee and made the adjudication. We also congratulate Mr. M. K. Narasimha Aiyar the prize-winner, on his success.

FROM Ahmedabad comes an interesting telegram announcing that Mahatma Gandhi has consented to teach the boys of the National College he founded one hour each week. The choice of the subject being left to the discretion of the students,

Gand'hiji as Teacher.

they selected, it would appear, the New Testament. The students have shown a remarkable breadth of outlook which stands out in refreshing contrast to the narrow-minded views of some of our own educated men who would eschew everything Western simply because it comes from the West. Nor can the intelligent students of the National College find a more suitable

exponent of the New Testament, search as they might the wide field of Christian Missionaries. For, though Mahatma Gandhi is himself not a Christian and, through his autobiography, has revealed that he is not likely to become one at any time, it would be difficult to find one who lives a more Christian life, which has led Rev. Mr. Holmes of America to call him the greatest man in the world. Therefore, we think that he is more fitted to expound the admittedly high ethical principles of christianity than any Minister of the fold, however high or learned he may be.

* * *

THE Academic Council of the Madras University, at its meeting of the 13th instant resolved to include among the optional subjects for the Honours course, the following schools of Indian Philosophy, any one of them to be studied historically and critically: Adwaita, Vedanta, Saiva Siddhantha, Visis Adwaita, Dwaita, Sankya, **Study of Indian Philosophy.** Buddhism and Jainism. It has always seemed a curious fact to us that while the charge is being flung on our faces in season and out of season, almost as a reproach, that we Indians are more philosophic than practical, our young men who come out as graduates and M. A's in Philosophy from our Universities should be kept back from any intensive or extensive knowledge of the systems of Indian Philosophy that is said to have proved to be our bane. It is admitted on all hands, even by Western savants that at least in the realm of Philosophy the Indian has much to say if not to teach. The various systems are eagerly studied and digested by many a scholar in Germany and other countries, while our own students who take their degrees in Philosophy do not know even as much as they know of the Western systems. Therefore, it is rather poor consolation that this extremely puzzling anamoly is now sought to be cured in the case of the Honours students. We congratulate the Academic Council on their dawning good sense but regret that it has not yet thought it necessary that this beneficial change is needed in the case of all who aspire for degrees in this branch. We do not see why an intensive study of one of our ancient systems of Philosophy should not be included in the B. A. course also. It should not be difficult to

adjust the programme of studies in such a way that this new innovation does not impose too great a strain on the students. The University should not wait for any sort of public demand or agitation in this direction but move in the matter of its own accord, and with the times.

* * *

A MEMORIAL signed by influential public men and artists in Madras has been sent to the Governor pleading for the re-opening of the Fine Arts classes in the Madras Arts school. That institution, which counts among its principals such ardent

lovers of Indian art as Mr. E. B. Havell,

Plea for Fine Arts. abolished this important section under the facile plea of economy and superfluity. It does not require much reasoning or intelligence to expose the essential hollowness of this plea, which does not hold water in the case of such a vital aspect of the national genius. The encouragement of artistic handicrafts is certainly much to be desired. Only we think that the claims of pure art are even higher. That is why the other provinces are agitating for better opportunities for and encouragement of Indian art, as for instance, The Prize of Delhi scheme. It is undeniable that the short sighted policy followed by the Madras Government in the matter of dropping that section has resulted in starving the creative genius of the Presidency and such of those who felt the urge most have had to go out of the province to give it adequate expression and training. The heritage of our South Indian art is too precious to be ignored or neglected and we trust therefore, that the memorial will receive the consideration it deserves at the hands of His Excellency. It may also be pointed out in this connection that the Re-organisation Committee that was appointed three years ago made a very specific recommendation for the re-opening of these classes.

* * *

ON the occasion of the visit to Nagpur, when he laid the foundation stone of the New College of Science, His Excellency the Viceroy appropriately stressed the need for the study of science and its practical application to industry and agriculture.

He pointed out that India was slower than

Science in India. many Western countries to give science its proper place in schools and colleges. And as

a reason, His Excellency gave out that the traditions of education in India were largely literary and philosophic and that the poet and the mystic breathed an atmosphere different from that expressed by test-tubes and scientific formulae. It is not our purpose here to disprove the assertion with historical facts, but we would point out that this belief, right or wrong, has been largely responsible for the fact that when the western educational system was transplanted in our midst, the authorities did not give science the importance that it was actually being given in the West. For the matter of that, no adequate provision has been made even today, and we know instances of innumerable cases where young men anxious to adopt scientific careers, did not get it here and so were driven to take to literary courses. And as for scientific education of the sort useful for industrial careers, we know how inadequate the opportunities are in this country. It is certainly ungenerous on the part of His Excellency to trot out the view as an excuse that the careers generally sought for by Indians were the legal profession and administrative or clerical appointments, for whom, therefore, science made no great appeal. It is more true to say that science made no appeal because it was practically non-existent even to make the appeal itself. Such statements would only provoke the retort from Indians that science courses were not given the due importance in the Western educational curriculum only because the English people had no need for scientific experts but merely wanted a nation of clerks. Any way, we are willing to let the past bury its dead, and would be perfectly satisfied if amends are made even now.

* * *

THE problem of unemployment is not a new one either in this country or elsewhere, and in our country particularly, the question of the unemployment of the middle classes has become as acute as that of the masses, which is the common nightmare of the industrially advanced countries. In Bengal and certain other places, efforts are being made to tackle the problem by propogating the cry of *back to the land*, and inducing educated young men to take to agricultural pursuits and so increase the

productivity of their country and minimise the intensive competition for clerical and other intellectual professions. While that is a move in the right direction and deserves all success, it is well that the persons mostly concerned in the affair—the large army of the educated unemployed who infest every big city now-a-days and carry on the fruitless hunt for jobs of any sort—should have it brought home to them that to a certain extent the fault for the deplorable state of today lies at their door, and that it is even within their power to overcome it within limits at any rate. From this point of view, the very thoughtful lecture delivered a few days ago by Mr. S. V. Ramamurthi, the popular Collector of Ramnad deserves some notice.

THE courageous thinker that he is, his diagnosis of the malady is most unerring. The Collector holds that the middle classes have failed, and failed egregiously to do their obvious duty by the creative minds of the community on the one

hand and the masses on the other. Their

Where the middle present condition is, therefore, in a way the
classes failed. fruit of their own *Karma*. He points out truly that the educated middle class having ceased

to care for Indian art, science and philosophy, and prizing the intellectual and moral goods of Europe have starved the creative minds of India to the verge of extinction. Nor have they taken any particular pains to pass on the goods and the fruits of their knowledge to the large body of the masses who live in the villages. Life in the villages, where the nation lives still flows in its channels of ignorance, poverty and dirt as though no contact with the West has taken place, because the educated middle class Indian while anxious to introduce the new mode of life in his home and utilise the knowledge gained in the Universities, does not care to spread it. There is practically no knowledge in Europe, says the Collector, which the European has not been ready to share with the Indian. But the educated Indian who alone can come into intimate contact with the masses, refuses to use it for the benefit of the latter. Hence Mr. Ramamurthy is perfectly justified in asserting that "There can

be no justification in training a middle class in powers of intellectual appreciation and of organisation unless they can, and are willing to work out the ideas which a nation brings forth from deep down its own nature through its creative minds." No doubt there is the other side to the shield and something might be justly urged in favour of the middle classes, who have been the victim of the tragedy of having to imbibe a foreign culture to the exclusion of their own. But that does not in any way minimise the value of the diagnosis with which we are concerned here.

* * *

MR. Ramamurthy does not offer a cut and dry remedy for such a state of things. He has no pet panaceas of his own. He only exhorts the middle classes to drop the selfishness which is their bane, "to cease hankering after the boom of artificial prosperity which English education has given"

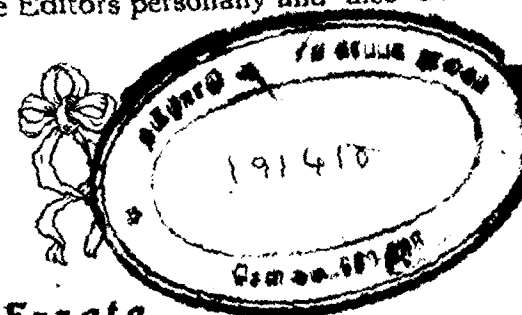
The Remedy. and apply their intelligence to "make ryots, carpenters and washermen better workers than they are," by passing on to them the moral and intellectual goods that they have acquired in the world's markets. "If you would save yourself," he says, "forget yourself and serve the masses of India and their indices, the saints and philosophers, the artists and scientists of India." Sage advice this and practical too, wherein the whole problem of rural reconstruction is involved. India possesses all the requisites for worldly success—men and raw materials. All the knowledge of the world in the way of industrial development lies before her. Only the will is needed. Will not the young men who so helplessly suffer themselves to be knocked from pillar to post in their hunt for jobs hearken to this advice which also saves their self-respect and turn their eyes away from the cities in the direction of the villages, where *lives* their mother-land?

WE make no apology in extracting the following from the *Indian Educator, Madura*. (July).

The Scholar, Palghat, S. India:—It is with particular pleasure we begin to review this July issue of our brilliant contemporary. After the *Everyman's* of (Hon. Justice) Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar, the *Scholar* has attracted the attention of all literary men in South India. Its appeal is universal alike to the lovers of art, science and literature. We have the pleasure to see some of our excellent contributors also have places of prominence in the columns of our sister, and we are hopeful that the *Scholar* one of these days will be a first class literary journal for all India. The editors, Messrs. V. K. Subramania Aiyar and E. H. Parameswaran are indefatigable in their energy, and their enthusiasm for the cause is boundless and it will be nothing short of bare justice if the *Scholar* reaches the high place in the journalistic world fairly early. The July issue contains among others the most refreshing article "The Tuft in Hinduism," a sketch of Justice Ramesam and a page from Mahatmaji's autobiography. Mr. Aghoram Iyer, the author of the article on "Tuft" is painfully humorous and dreadfully reasonable to a very high degree, sometimes most annoying to the orthodox soul. Mr. Aghoram does not in the least stand as a champion or explainer of the sinning croppers, but most passionately ends his essay "Let us as products of the great Hindu Culture which has sustained and upheld this race for ages, do for the Mother Church something more than the reservation of tuft. Let us not think that Hinduism is making her exit through the hair." Persons who know Aghoram know the fire underneath his breaths such impassioned sentiments. We are glad that the *Scholar* is on its ranks contributors who feel what they say and who actually take a most rational view of things. We shall be always glad to count the *Scholar* as one of our affectionate sisters and we shall be the first to lift our 'Hats off' in congratulation of her achievements at all times.

We are very thankful to our contemporary for the very kind things said about the Editors personally and also about our journal.

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Errata

In Page 485, Line 28, Please read 2000 to 4000
for 20000 to 40000.

CROSS-WORD COMPETITION

For our July competition, we received 107 solutions in all of which 45 were correct.

The prize goes to

Mr. T. E. Ananthakrishna Iyer,
Thondikulam Village, Palghat.

Correct solutions were also sent in by the following:—

R. Regunatha Achariar, B. A., B. L., S. Gopalakrishna Shenoy, Miss. Isis Moses, K. N. Kochunni Achan, C. V. Natesa Iyer, B. A., L. T. S. E. Narayana Sarma, P. M. Abdullakoya, T. R. Ramaswamy, M. Panduranga Rao, N. S. V. Iyer, K. V. Rajagopal, Messrs. Puthiyangam Silks, N. N. S. Iyer, B. A., B. L., N. V. V. Easwaran, Bupchee, S. P. Venkataswaran, B. A. (Hons.) M. N. Venkitaraman, V. A. Krishnaswamy, B. E. N. C. Sankar, G. M. V. Pat, S. K. Ananthanarayanan, P. Panchapakesan, P. S. Sivaramakrishnan, S. S. Ramanatha Iyer, M. S. Muthuswamy Iyer, N. R. Ramaswamy, V. Govinda Menon, N. S. Doraswamy, V. V. Chellam, T. S. Vydhinathan, T. R. Viswanathan, S. V. Ramakrishnan, R. Sankara Iyer, A. R. Srinivasan, P. Bhaskar Rao, C. R. Viswanathan, V. S. Viswanathan, T. S. Krishnamurthy, E. P. Unni, B. A. R. Rajagopalan, and T. R. Rama Iyer.

CORRECT SOLUTION

ACROSS:— 3. Raj. 5. S. O. S. 7. Serai. 9. Earth. 11. Dunciad. 13. Indoors. 14. Bee. 15. Fosco. 17. T. R. H. 18. W. N. S. 20. Tee. 21. Pry. 22. Yea. 24. Goa. 25. A. G. G. 26. Sir. 27. Ale. 29. G. T. M. 31. G. B. S. 32. BBB. 34. Eat. 36. Neo. 37. Hewer. 39. Res. 41. Hanuman. 43. Develop. 45. Pukes. 46. Dined. 47. Sin. 48. Ago.

DOWN:— 1. Larceny. 2. Borotra. 3. Renew. 4. Jai. 5. Sad. 6. Story. 7. Sub. 8. I. A. F. 9. Eno. 10. H. R. H. 12. Dot. 13. Ice. 16. Sea. 19. Seals. 21. Porte. 23. Age. 24. Gig. 27. Aboukir. 28. L. B. W. 30. Marengo. 31. Genus. 32. Ben. 33. Bed. 35. Teleo. 36. Nap. 37. Has. 38. Red. 40. Sol. 42. Men. 44. Via.

RULES

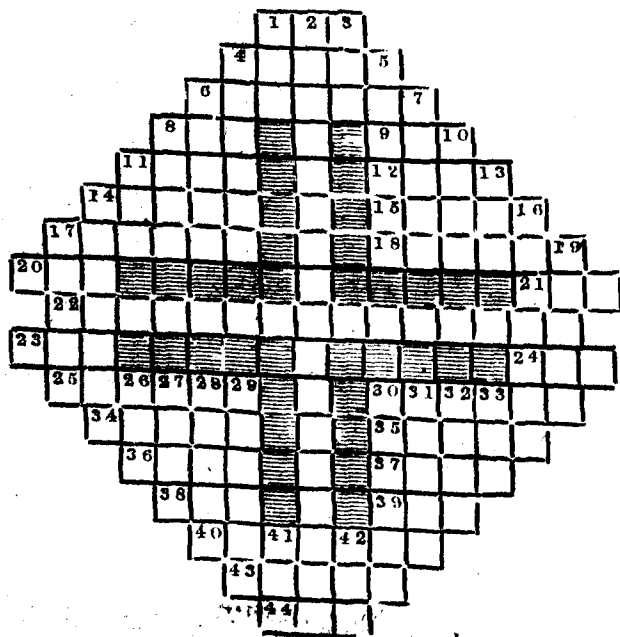
First Prize. 2 dozen copying pencils and a copy of The Scholar free for one year from October 1926.

Two consolation prizes of one dozen Star of India pencils.

Solutions should be addressed to *The Cross-Word Editor, The Scholar, Palghat*, so as to reach him not later than the 10th of September.

OUR AUGUST PUZZLE

By E. N. S. R.



Name.....
Address.....

CLUES.

- | Across | Down |
|----------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 Lengthen | 1 An important date |
| 4 Carpenter's tool | 2 August 8th |
| 6 A monthly magazine | 3 German watering place |
| 8 Our King Emperor | 4 Waincoted |
| 9 An emblem of authority | 5 Shakesperian heroine |
| 11 Russian mountain | 6 Idle talk |
| 2 The pope's triple crown | 7 Children usually are |
| 4 Rhymes with 'eat' | 8 Spirit |
| 5 A well-known Turkish statesman | 10 Mistress |
| 7 Conquered | 11 Employ |
| 8 A romance of Rider Haggard | 13 Thing |
| 0 Commit to memory | 14 Have fourteen lines |
| 21 Siberian river | 16 An American author |
| 22 Violating good manners | 17 Blush |
| 23 Period of time | 19 Without bottom |
| 24 A title of respect | 26 Hilt of a weapon |
| 25 A treatise on morals | 27 In the Roman Calendar |
| 30 A South Indian City | 28 The best part of anything |
| 34 A low caste Hindu | 29 A loose slipper |
| 35 Farewell | 30 Put on shore on a desolate island |
| 36 A much-used past participle | 31 Deck |
| 37 Npiay play | 32 10 cents |
| 38 Dejected | 33 A kind of fabric |
| 39 Crude metal | 41 Is full of holes |
| 40 House | 42 Anger |
| 43 Acquire knowledge | |
| 44 When votes are equal | |

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