

THE SCHOLAR

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY JOURNAL DEVOTED TO
LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART.

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LANDOR'S IPHIGENEIA

Etc.

Etc.

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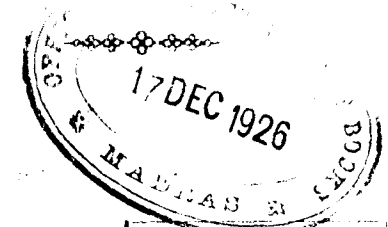
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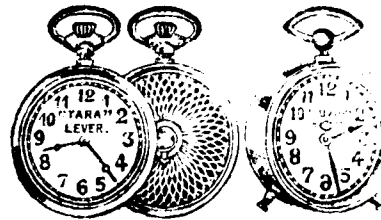
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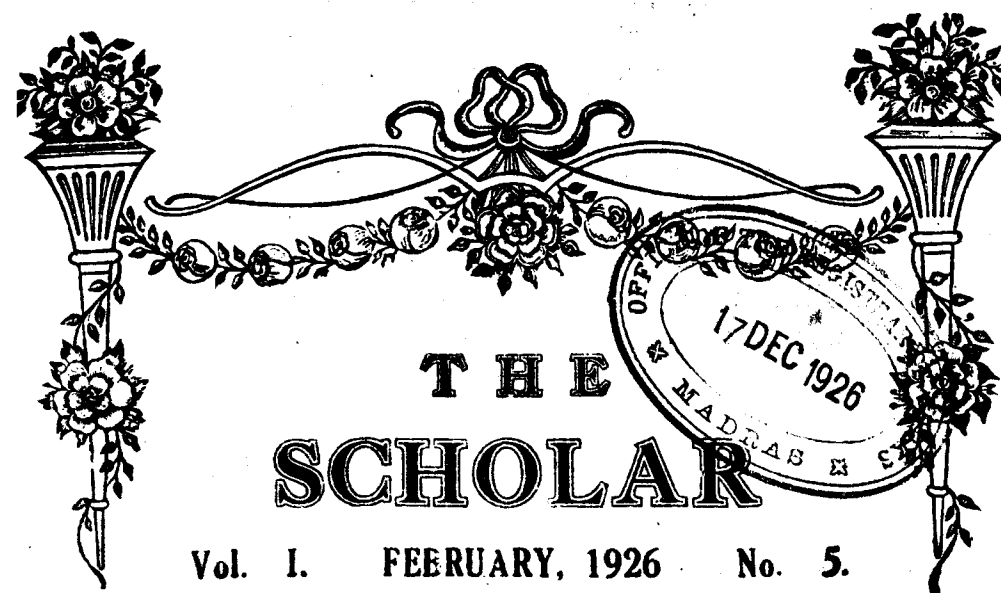
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Studies in Journalism

(By a Student of Journalism)

IV. THE SUB-EDITOR

OF all the workers who compose the editorial staff, perhaps the least known are the Sub-Editors, although it is their unremitting labour that makes the paper intelligible to the ordinary reader. The Editor gets known to the public by virtue of his unique position, the reporters make themselves familiar with all local celebrities and every little tin god in the course of their work, but to the Sub-Editor his work is his whole world, and possibly, he would be the last man to regret this comparative obscurity, because in all conscience, his work is too taxing to give him any time for purposes of social intercourse. In the domain of journalism, the Sub-Editor occupies a unique position. To him, of all people in the editorial staff, the diligent pursuit of his profession is his only reward. There is never a good word for him from above; any improvement in the way of editing and the get-up of the paper goes, of course, to the credit of the Editor.

while for every fault, small or big, he lays himself open to instant reprimand or ridicule at the hands of his chief. It is generally he who deletes the costly libel in the press copy, but should any happen to appear by inadvertence, not only will he be sacked at once, but the ignominy of having brought his paper into trouble and betrayed its interests will be his. The fact that the bulk of the work passes through his hands throws him into perpetual contact—and sometimes conflict—with every other branch in the editorial department, and he is often called unjustly by the members of these sections a dictator, playing havoc with the reporters' or correspondents' stories, although in truth, as every newspaper man knows, he is inexorably guided and controlled by circumstances over which he has no control. His judgment and vigilance are sorely tested several times in the course of his day's work in the matter of rejection or acceptance of news. Every item of news that is good enough to go into the paper has to go, no matter how hopelessly bad is the manner in which the story is presented. If it is not in proper form, why, it is his duty to make it so even by rewriting it if necessary. He has then to satisfy himself on the accuracy and bonafides of the news he gets. He will be censured if he errs on either side. If he is overcautious and leaves out some item of news, he will be hauled up before the Editor to explain why he left out a matter which other papers published. If, on the other hand, he errs on the side of rashness, a disclaimer or a correction becomes inevitable—a thing which is extremely hateful and painful for any Editor to do. Again, his is the duty of sending to the composing room just enough copy and that in an even flow to the printers so as to avoid all unnecessary delay in the work, and this puts him in constant touch with the printing section.

If his personality and work are thus lost upon the average newspaper reader, they nevertheless give to the paper itself a definite impress. Quite a good deal of the value of a paper depends on the way in which the news is "presented." The "presentation" of news, according to its relative importance and the policy of the paper is, perhaps, the most technical part of newspaper work, and as usual, the Americans have made of it a complicated art. It is here that a Sub-Editor has the opportunity to assert his individuality and display his talents and to

the extent he helps in catching the eye of the public by attractive presentation will his merits be judged and appreciated by his superiors. The best endeavours of the *Sub* (as he is called) is therefore, naturally directed in this line.

Before passing on to explain the nature of their work in greater detail, let us enquire a little into the qualifications required of these Sub-Editors. In the course of an address to the journalism students of the University of London a few years ago Mr. Wickham Steed, the talented Editor of *The Times* summarised these in a few pithy sentences. "Like architects," said he "journalists must build from the foundation and the best foundation is an education as broad and deep and as varied as it might be possible to secure." To these he added a technical grasp of the processes by which a newspaper was made, training in the use of reference books, the power of compression, clearness of thought and a sense of logic. But even more important was what he called "character, the ability to distinguish between what was fundamentally right and wrong, a hatred of injustice, a fund of human sympathy, a kind heart and fearlessness in following the lead of an informed conscience." These qualifications were suggested by that master of the craft with reference to journalists including Sub-Editors, and no one who has any idea of newspaper work will doubt that they represent the essential minimum qualities required.

Although called a 'Sub'-Editor, each of them is practically a departmental editor, that is to say, as far as his own sphere of work is concerned, his discretion is supreme and is only limited by the policy of the paper he serves. In the case of morning newspapers, the staff of Sub-Editors put in their appearance after other people have finished their labours and gone home to their rest. They carry on the work throughout the night or until the paper is brought out in the early hours of the morning. In the case of evening papers, as the majority are in this country, they are mercifully saved this trouble and could work in the day alone like other people. In big newspaper offices, such as those in the west, the Sub-Editors are guided by a senior man, technically called the "Chief" whose business it is to receive all press copy and sift them to the respective departmental editors.

The "Chief" in a newspaper office is an important asset, and his judgment is particularly needed in regulating the quantity of matter sent to the composing room, in the acceptance or rejection of news and in deciding their relative importance. But in India most newspapers do not have such a chief for purposes of supervision, and although the senior among the Sub-Editors goes by that name, it means no extra power for him—it being no greater than that of his colleagues. Hence the responsibility of the poor Indian *Sub* is proportionately increased.

Of all kinds of Sub-Editorial work, perhaps, the most interesting is that of the man or men in charge of the telegrams. The consciousness of being the instrument of dispensing the world's news, of being among the first to do it, of having as it were, the pulse of the whole throbbing world between our puny fingers induces an exhilarating sensation, which can be realised only by experience and can hardly be described. The telegrams are despatched from various parts of the world by professional news agencies like the Reuters Ltd. and the Associated Press of India, and these are supplemented by special cables and telegrams arranged by the papers individually for their exclusive benefit. In order to economise the cost of cabling and telegraphic charges, the messages are despatched in what is known as 'skeleton' form, that is to say with the minimum words absolutely necessary to enable the trained Sub-Editor to get at their meaning. Consequently, all superfluous words, articles etc. will be left out, and it is the business of the *Sub* to de-skeletonise the cablegram, fill up the blanks and render it in sentence form, so as to make it intelligible to the average reader. If the sense of a message is not complete or clear on account of defective cabling or telegraphing, it is the Sub-Editor's lookout to make it all right, no matter whether he gets subsequently correction messages from the Post Office or not.

But this is only part of his work. The more difficult and important task is to give the head-line in a way to help the reader to understand the telegram aright. As we said before, much circumspection has to be bestowed on this matter, though we in India have not gone to the fantastic length of creating rules and conventions with regard to the giving of headlines like the

Americans. "Headline English" is a characteristic American patent, which with us at least is not likely to find many supporters. There may be something to be said in favour of it, but there is possibly much more which could be said against it. Any way, it is significant that big papers in England with the most coveted traditions of greatness behind them have refused to be tied down to the chariot wheel of these unnatural conventions. Such devices, perhaps, are a necessary adjunct to the sensational journalism, which the "yellow" press represents, but it is a very serious question whether such methods are suited to our indigenous newspapers. The object aimed at by the Indian Press in this matter—that of making the headlines real aids to the proper understanding of the messages and incidentally helping to improve the get-up and attractiveness of the paper—seems to be best suited to our needs.

Editing of the moffusil news, which is an important feature of a newspaper, is the work of another Sub-Editor which he usually finds very taxing indeed. His troubles arise from the inexperience and want of adequate general education and newspaper work of the majority of moffusil correspondents. Inability to compress the matter to suit the limited space of a newspaper, or to discriminate between interesting and uninteresting news, the tendency to mix up hopelessly views with news, lack of precision in the use of words and phrases, the unconscious lapses to inaccuracy and above all, ignorance of the laws of libel—these are some of the very serious besetting sins of our present-day moffusil correspondents. It is, of course, due to them to say that they generally make an attempt to overcome these and that some of them actually succeed in doing it. But that there are many others who will stand good illustrations for the above lapses, every unfortunate *Sub* who has had anything to do with this kind of work will readily admit and bear out that this picture is not overdrawn. It is perhaps impossible to expect a better state of things so long as the remuneration of these correspondents is so miserably poor, hardly adequate to make both ends meet, much less to live in comfort. It can, therefore, be hardly wondered yet that many keep this business as a second string to their bow and do not devote their time and energy to the exclusive interest of the paper they serve. We do not know when the position will improve, particularly when it is remembered that the majority of the papers do not go beyond

the dangerous border line of hand-to-mouth living. But until that time comes, it is the poor Sub-Editors who have to suffer, and sometimes pay the vicarious penalty for the ignorance and inexperience of the correspondents. Apart from this, the Sub-Editor has to use a good deal of discretion and judgment in allocating space to each place according to its relative importance. This is done not only to give a chance to every correspondent, but because the modicum of space people do really note the space and attention given to their places and tune their support and patronage thereby.

Disposal of local news and their editing is the work of another Sub-Editor. The task of editing the letters to the Editor is another tiresome work which it is his lot to face. It is no doubt true that the number of letters to the Editor is an index to the popularity of the paper, and it is the legitimate right of the public to use the columns of the Press as a kind of free forum for discussion of local, provincial, national or international questions. But the pity is while some do use it in that sense quite legitimately, an infinitely greater number attempt to use it for totally different purposes. And it is here that the trouble of the poor Sub-Editor comes in. He has not only to see that the letters are in proper form and language and without any incriminating matter but also that the columns are not used for personal and private ends in the name of public interest. All his vigilance and shrewdness have to be bestowed on these unsolicited letters.

These are some of the important work that has to be done by the Subs in the way of editing. But their work is not yet over. They have also to play the watch dog and peruse all the local and exchange papers in order to see that no news worthy of being extracted and published escapes their scrutiny. They have also to select the extracts on matters of general interest to their readers for publication in their paper. And whatever extra work comes in their way, it is their duty to do, no matter whether it is cutting down or summarising a long speech, writing a local paragraph or interviewing a new arrival.

Beyond and above all these, each Sub-Editor is expected to pass his own proofs, that is to say, proofs of the copy he edits or sends to the Press. Between his editing and proof reading most likely his whole office time will be taken up.

The Never-to-be-Forgotten Tamil Scholar

The Late Pundit V. G. Suryanarayana Sastri

By E. S. Sunda B. A., B. L.

I

TO unearth a dead hero, to sing his glories or bemoan his loss is not an easy or pleasant task; but there is always the redeeming compensation or consolation that the time devoted to it was not after all ill-spent. In the case of a dead scholar who fortunately lived to hear the tunes of praise from the distant



Oxford or still nearer from that land of meaningless separation from her mother land—Ceylon, the result of our labours is one of positive pleasure and a matter for sincere congratulation.

It is nearly two decades ago that a pious Brahmin Tamilian, born and brought up in Madura, the centre of the Tamil land

held the distinguished place of the Tamil Pundit of the Xian College, Madras. Of course he did not belong to that race of the Non-English-knowing belittled '*Pundits of Tamil*' but was a distinguished graduate of the Madras University taking the first place in his special subject, the Tamil Language and Literature. Not that the renowned Suryanarayana had any contempt for that Pundit School but, it would appear as though he took to *punditting* with a firm resolve to vindicate their position and erase the mistaken public impression. He should have exclaimed that the *Tamil Pundit* was as much harmonious and full of charm as the high sounding *Professor of English* or *Doctor of Literature*.

Born in the beginnings of or just before the last quarter of the last century, Pandit Sastri very early in his life evoked the admiration of the Tamil land with his strikingly original channels in literature. As was the case with the other distinguished Madurian the late Mr. B. R. Rajam Iyer of the Ramakrishna Vivekananda School, Mr. Suryanarayana had to die young, full of intellectual vigour, crowned with fame on his achieved literary successes and probably with a good measure of posthumous repute won for him by his untiring sons—V. S. Natarajan and V. S. Swaminathan *—chips of the old block obviously, who publish his works to the benefit of the Tamil Desa.

Mativanan is a Tamil novel remarkable for its early attempt in the recent days to write a novel breathing the orthodox classic spirit of Tamil culture. It is an antidote to the fast developing school of love-novels with weaklings of heroes and heroines who are prepaid to be sentimental and sacrifice their all at the feet of their fancied ideals. Novels shall not be merely domestic though George Eliot may imagine heroes in a kitchen or heroines in a rustic home, and in an age of emancipation, novels should contribute to the straitening of the national conscience with purer ideals and nobler impulses. In this the authors should not run amok and glory in the life of a Vedantin who has nothing else than *Para Brahman* to think of. *Mativanam* is the ideal novel for the present Tamil land. It is an educative force.

* V. S. Swaminathan, Book Seller, West Tower Madura, Dr. V. S. Natarajan, L. M. P. Madura.

an impetus for the national revival both in art and culture if not in politics. Pundit Sastri does not run away from the alluring domestic charms nor is oblivious to the universal appeals of the "sweet seventeen." It is a novel, at once domestic, martial in tone, equestrian in description and embracing the spirit of a knight errant.

Mativanan is the prince of virtue while Mayavan as befitting his name was anything but true. The latter's treachery to his master, his jealousy at the success of others of his status, his vile tactics at misrepresentation and deliberate attempts at murder, his affected passion for Kayarkanni and his disloyalty to her, his malicious kidnapping of Embavalli, the resulting sword-fight between Mativanan (the suitor of Embavalli) and Mayavan are some of the main things in the enchanting plot of the novel.

Mr. Sastri deserves not our congratulation for supplying us a novel but we are eminently indebted to him for the classic setting he has given it. We feel the atmosphere of the ancient kings 'sitting in state,' listening to the words of men of wisdom—his ministers, dealing straightly themselves with the facts and occurrences within the country. We do have the intellectual and stately splendour of the ancient Raj, not the benumbing dullness that preys upon many a zamindary or Raj nowadays. The gathering of wisemen and their dispassionate statements are a real treat. What about the sword craft? The military aspect is not lost sight of. Oh! it is most finely imagined when he makes his hero's love avail herself of a brilliant opportunity to strike Mayavan, her love's adversary. Are we not transported to the days of King Dasaratha or does not this simple touch of military charm suggest it? The quiet, the charm and the beauty of the bed chamber of Embavalli—does it not compare well with that in Cymbeline's palace. The beauty of Imogen matches well with the beauty of Embavalli and the treachery of Iachimo dwindles itself before the deliberate plot of Mayavan. What more, a historic setting with a good deal of geographical details in and out of Madura, with a description of the build of the city—all these take us to an atmosphere where virtue and hatred of vice prevail. In that sense *Mativanan* has achieved what even sonnets the highest type of literature fails to.

Mallivanan marks the epoch which breaks the rigidly classical school which provides no scope for novels. It also stands apart as a beacon light of how the best type of novel ought to be. A judicious admixture of the frailties of humanity with the best for which humanity is intended should be evolved without the least show of artificiality at moralising. Novels shall never be sermons. Their work shall be only an involuntary subtle penetration into the souls of the readers to reform them of their own accord. Pundit Sastri has accomplished this task much to the edification of the Tamil Nadu and the Tamil literature, especially modern, owes a debt of gratitude for this pioneer art of his.



A PLAIN TALK

(From *Tit-Bits*)

IF you are looking for a job it may interest you to hear what is the one quality which employers the world over want most.

It is agreeableness.

Agreeableness is the diamond among virtues; for it is the most precious and rarest of all.

It is worth money; for it sells more things than any amount of smooth talk and convincing arguments.

Just be pleasant and you can walk away with a contract right under the nose of the man who knows it all.

Smile! not once in a while, so that you look as if it hurt you when you force a grin. But get the habit. Smile to yourself when you are shaving. Then it will come natural when you use it trying to sell something.

Be agreeable! And you'll be in demand. For in every walk of life they are crying for the agreeable person.

Every wife wants that kind of a husband, husbands that kind of a wife; children want agreeable parents; the workman an agreeable boss; the boss an agreeable workman; and everybody wants agreeable relatives.

Where Allopathy Was Born

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

ON the last occasion I showed that Drugless Healing was probably the earliest system that prevailed. I must now show how this system came to be superseded by the one which prevails now, which is rightly known as Allopathy.

I must first make it clear that there is absolutely no sense in trying to distinguish between the eastern and western systems, as is being done by the professors of the former. These people claim that their own system is *Ayur-Veda*, and style the system of their western rivals as Allopathy. In truth both are only forms of Allopathy. Both use drugs freely and in heavy doses, and for this reason are equally reprehensible according to the Nature-Cure. I shall be able to make this point sufficiently intelligible to the average reader, when I come to deal with Homopathy, the first stage in the re-discovery of the Nature-Cure in modern times. The true *Ayur-Veda* is the Nature-Cure, and the one that vaunts itself as such, under the wings of ignorant Nationalism, is a mere pretender to that proud name.

Allopathy may be defined, as the method of using *drugs* for the cure of human ailments. The term *drug*, I may state, includes all things not naturally adapted for the sustenance of life or of the body according to Nature. The things that are so adapted are the following: *Air, Light, Water and Food*. Using the term *food* in a wide sense, we may say that these are the fourfold food of man. 'Food' in its narrower sense includes all *non-poisonous* vegetable products. It definitely excludes all inorganic substances, such as common salt. It is one of the fundamental teachings of the Nature-Cure, insisted upon from the very beginning by its advocates, that animal life can only be injured, never helped, by the intake of inorganic earthy substances. Our food, therefore, must come from the vegetable kingdom alone. The

members of this kingdom have alone the faculty of assimilating inorganic salts from the earth. It is proved that these salts are reorganised by them before being built up into their leaves, stems and other parts, so that they are no longer *inorganic*. These organic salts are necessary and useful for the vital processes of animal bodies, and it is chiefly for this that uncooked food is preferred, as cooking, more often than not, disintegrates them and reduces them back again to the inorganic state, so that they become poison. I may here refer the reader to a very effective booklet, '*Salt, a Superstition*' by an anonymous writer, and sold by the Theosophical Publishing House, Adyar, Madras.

The Nature-Cure strictly eschews all medicines which by their nature can never serve as food. Thus all poisonous vegetable products and all inorganic minerals, including metals and metallic compounds, are rigorously excluded. I have already stated that the natural medicines are *fasting* and the fourfold food of man, *Air, Light, Water and Diet*.

Under the last head come the non-poisonous herbal remedies, which are admitted by the Nature-Cure as aids to a cure. I may here instance the use of lime-juice, chiefly as a steadying influence in fasting, whether in fevers or other sickness, or for better health. Many kinds of green leaves, such as the *Mana Takkali*, are also recommended for various special purposes. There is a system of Herbal Medicine, more or less fully developed, which is in use by Naturopaths in Europe and America. It is to be regretted that a similar system has yet to be evolved for our country. In this work there is no doubt that the literature of *Ayur-Veda* is bound to be a great help. We need, of course, to take special care to test everything and eschew all things which are deleterious if used in large doses, that is, poisonous. The nature of a poison is that, unless strictly limited in dosage, it will do harm. Thus quinine, though of vegetable origin, is a poison and a drug; it has to be used in limited doses, when used by allopathic doctors. Nature utterly rejects all such.

I must explain that a similar system of Herbal Medicine did prevail in ancient times in our country as a branch of our Nature-Cure. I shall now show that Indian Allopathy arose by supersession of this natural Herbal system.

At some time in the remote past, an attempt was made to introduce the use of poisons and metallic remedies, such as mercury. There are traces, still extant, of violent controversy, which once raged between those who advocated the new remedies and those who opposed them. To account for this we have to predicate a state of society, in which the people had long been estranged from Nature and had become addicted to self-indulgence in numerous forms. Such people are temperamentally unwilling to submit to the discipline of Nature-Cure, and are apt to style it as slow. They confess they want a speedy 'cure,' though it should be only temporary. They do not care for the future. And this even if they are clearly told that the cure is not radical and that their endowment of positive health would be diminished by the cure, so that they would become liable to worse diseases in the future. The excessive blindness and indifference to the remote future is a trait of the confirmed worldling or materialist.

In truth, I must affirm, the Nature-Cure is not at all slow. How can it be called slow, when there is no rival method capable of giving equally good, genuine results? In acute diseases, it is demonstrably quicker in effect than the drug-system. An ordinary fever can be cured radically and without any legacies for the future in the shape of after-effects, in a third of the time by the Nature-Cure. In chronic cases, Nature-Cure stands without a rival, because drugs can never cure chronic diseases at all. So there is no comparison possible.

The conditions of town-life seem to have fostered, also, a bitter struggle for existence among the members of the medical profession. The older members, we must presume, had the possession of the field, chiefly as family-doctors, and new recruits to the profession had practically no chance of securing practice, unless they went one better. The conditions were therefore ripe for the genesis of quackery. Some clever men thought that they had discovered more rapid methods of relieving their patients. The means which they wished to use were, of course, *drugs*, that is to say, things inimical to health. It would seem also that these innovators attained some measure of popularity, and thus roused the active opposition of the older professors, who stuck

to the safer methods of the past. It may be assumed also that they, having awakened to the danger, lost no time in denouncing the new medicines, and in pointing at the truth that they were altogether illegitimate. The new men were therefore easily convicted of quackery, and the principle of druglessness got a new lease of life.

But the time-spirit was against the old school, as the reader may guess. The false glamour of drug-cures was fast enslaving the people. It was only kept in check by the prestige of the old medical learning. If this prestige could be shaken by some clever device, the triumph of the new medicine would be complete. In due-course an expedient was discovered, by which this result could be achieved.

The new school simply could not afford to renounce the use of the new remedies. We see the operation of the same tendency in the use of the remedies not at all warranted by their own principles, by some members of the homopathic school, instances of which have been recorded by numerous witnesses.

We do not know how long this uncertain state lasted. But we know how it was put an end to. Some one proclaimed that he had discovered methods for 'killing' the drugs to be used, so as to make them quite 'harmless, and yet powerful enough to 'cure' the disease. There is no doubt that in this way the drugs became much less dangerous, so that they did not produce those immediate and violent vital reactions, such as inflammations, by which they stood condemned by the more intelligent members of the profession. But no one was able to see, then, the fact that the drugs were in any case *foreign* to the vital mechanism of the Nature-Cure, that what is foreign to the body is necessary inimical to life, and certain to provoke reactions unfavourable to health in the long run, if not at once. It is not wonderful therefore that the new school triumphed, and drugging came to be regarded the proper way of treating sickness.

In this manner Allopathy was born and got its vague. So the reader will now see that the term Allopathy is strictly the name for *all* forms of drugging, with the exception of Homopathy, about which I shall have a good deal to say in a later contribution.

There is no sense in making a distinction in favour of our *Ayur-Veda* while styling the western system as Allopathy. Both are frankly allopathic, as I shall be able to prove conclusively, on a later occasion. In truth the honor—I would rather say the dishonor—of having invented Allopathy belongs to us. I shall be able to convince any impartial inquirer that all drugs—the definition given by me being borne in mind—are seeds of future disease, and that druglessness is the only legitimate means of curing bodily ailments.

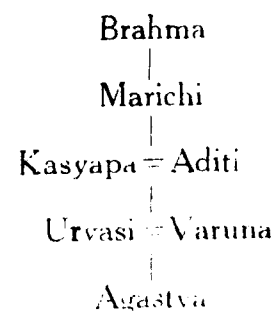
Both eastern and western Allopathy follow the same principle, —if principle it can be called at all—in the selection of drugs to suit particular cases of disease. The error of this was first pointed out by Dr. Hahnemann, the father of Homopathy, to which I shall devote a few pages on the next occasion.

Yet there remained some traces of the older system, especially in the matter of diet. It was clearly recognised that fasting and diet were more important than the medicines given. Fasting was still given the place of honor, as is always done in the Nature-Cure. Dieting was regulated on the principle of appearing to give, while really denying. Salt-free diet, acid-free diet, oil free diet and other expedients were used, in order to restrain the appetite. In fever it was the rule to forbid all food for many days in the beginning, and afterwards to allow something which would rather revolt the sense of taste, and would therefore be only sparingly taken. The modern materialistic superstition, that food is the source of strength, had no exponents or advocates in those days. That this is just a superstition and nothing more has been clearly proved by Dr. Dewy, the modern advocate of Fasting and the No-Break-fast plan. Those who are interested in the question may study it in detail in the text book of Nature-Cure published by the present writer.

I may close this article with the statement that the western system is either directly or indirectly a legitimate descendant of the last *Ayur-Veda* of our own country.

(By A. S. Vaidyanatha Iyer, M. A., L. T.)

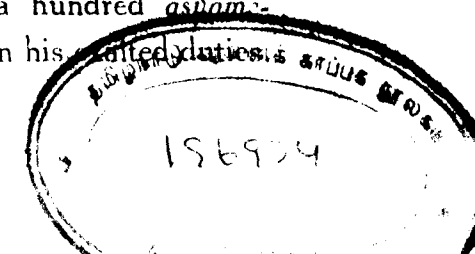
Agastya in his origin, is described as the great-great-grandson of Brahma through Aditi—one of Kasyapa's wives. His genealogy may be given as follows :—



The external events of Agastya's life though not many, are yet striking, and may be briefly summarised. A Brahmachari for a long time engaged in penance, he is advised by Brahma to

In the Ramayana, Agastya's position among the sages is quite unique. Rama learns from Sutheekshana the way to Agastya's hermitage situated in lovely forest scenery, five *gojanas* from that of Sutheekshana himself. The hall of worship of Agastya contains altars set up for Brahma, Vishnu and Siva, Indra, Surya etc. with whose worship the hermitage was consecrated. Here Devas, Gandharvas, Siddhas and great Rishis are in constant attendance. Here is no place for liars, wicked people and sinners. Here devotees can obtain the realisation of their hearts' desires. Here Rama himself expects all good to attend on him and is presented by Agastya with (1) the great bow of Vishnu made by Visvakarma and set with gold and gems, (2) two quivers containing unlimited arrows sharp and blazing like fire, and (3) a sword with gold blade sheathed in a scabbard of silver. It is Agastya who instructs Rama in *Siva-gita* when he was pining away in anguish on account of the separation of Sita. In the fight with Ravana, Rama becomes disconcerted and feels powerless to slay Ravana. Agastya is requisitioned and he at this stage instructs Rama in *Aditya-hridaya*, after which Rama is re-inspired and is enabled to bring the fight to its successful end.

On one occasion Indra was affected with *Brhamahatya* and had to vacate his office. The Devas assembled and selected Nahusha, the famous Lunar King, for the vacant post as he had duly qualified himself by the performance of a hundred *asvamedhas*. He went up to Heaven and entered on his allotted duties.



In an evil moment he cast amorous eyes on Indrani and sent word that he would honour her as his consort. Indrani appealed to Brihaspathi to protect her chastity. Agastya's advice was sought for and it was arranged that Nahusha should visit Indrani in a palanquin carried by the *Sapta-rishis*. Afraid of Nahusha's power, the Rishis consented to do this service. Agastya himself was one of the palanquin bearers. Being short in stature he proceeded slowly, causing a jerk which displeased Nahusha who broke out in unbecoming language calling on Agastya '*Sarpa, sarpa*'. Agastya who was waiting for this insult on the part of the king who had thus put himself in the wrong, cursed him saying '*Sarpa bhava*', whereupon Nahusha was instantly transformed into a serpent.

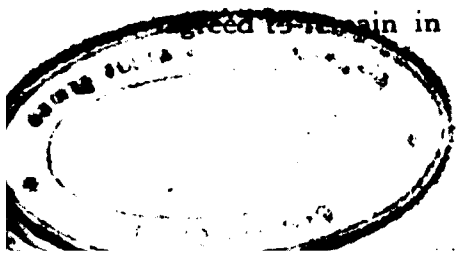
The great Vratrasura having been slain by Indra, the Asuras hid themselves in the ocean during day, while at night they emerged from it and caused havoc to all pious people in the world. The Rishis prayed to Devas who went with Indra at their head to Vishnu praying for protection of the world from the scourge of the Asuras. Vishnu directed Indra and party to Agastya who appeared before the ocean and by the power of his penance drew in all the waters of the ocean into the palm of his hand and sipped it away easily. The ocean having become dry, the Asuras were easily discovered and made short work of.

We may now proceed to the famous incidents of Agastya, having South India for their theatre. Agastya is considered as the leader of the first Aryan party which conveyed Aryan culture and civilization from the North to the South of India. The Vindhya mountain had till then acted as a great barrier. As the story goes, Vindhya wanted to rival Mount Meru and began to rise higher and higher until at last it obstructed the very path of the Sun. In response to the prayer of the Devas, Agastya while on his journey to the South, made the Vindhya low, by an exercise of the mysterious power of his hand. The same incident is also described with slight variations. According to one version, the Vindhya struck by the piety of Agastya and his very polite request asking for way made way itself and in addition agreed to remain in its changed low condition till Agastya's

return which never took place. A. C. Das in his learned work on Rig Vedic India, thus writes: 'This sipping up of the ocean and bending down of the Vindhya are undoubtedly connected with the physical disturbances that led to the drying up of the Rajaputana sea and the depression of the Aravalli mountain as the Vindhya is called, and have been fathered upon Agastya who first ventured to the South.'

At the time Agastya entered the country south of the Vindhya, there were two Asura brothers Vatapi and Ilwala who were a great nuisance causing the death of every person who dared to enter their country. Ilwala putting on the form of a Brahmana and speaking in Sanskrit, was in the habit of inveigling persons as guests as it were for a *sradha* meal. His brother Vatapi would convert himself into a sheep and would be cooked as food. The meal over, Ilwala would call out for Vatapi who would emerge tearing open the stomach of the guest. The two brothers then would make a fine banquet of the guest. This wicked practice of killing all Brahmanas was going on for a long time. On the arrival of Agastya, Ilwala resorted to the same expedient and performed his assumed *sradha* strictly according to the rules of the ritual. There was now this important difference in the end. Vatapi was unable to come out when ordered, he having been fully digested by Agastya who on this occasion and for the purpose of digesting this out-of-the-way food had invoked and obtained the help of God Ganapati. Ganapati in this aspect is adored as Vatapi-Ganapati and is the subject of a moving song familiar throughout South India: '*Vatapi-Ganapati-patim-bhaje*'

As already noted above, Agastya was induced to proceed to the South under orders of God Siva. He took with him a gourd of Ganges-water in his journey to the South. According to *Tula-puranam* this Ganga is conceived of, as Vishnumaya existing in one form, while Lopamudra is another form. In Sahyadri mountain, near the place where the Kaveri takes its rise, this gourd of Ganga till then zealously watched was miraculously turned down, which incident is narrated as giving rise to the river Kaveri.



Agastya's services to Tamil language are invaluable. The first work in Tamil Grammar called *Agastya* was composed by him. His disciple Tolkapya composed the great work called *Tolkapya* which in addition to being a standing work on grammar, is also a mine of information on the customs and institutions of the period to which it relates. Agastya himself is considered to have enriched Tamil language by works on Medicine, Magic, Alchemy and Astrology. It is no wonder that the whole of Tamil Nadu even to this day is full of traditions about Agastya. The river Kaveri itself, as noted already, is conceived of poetically as Agastya's wife. Agastya is venerated as having instituted Siva-worship in ever so many places. Where the Kaveri takes its rise, is a temple said to have been set up by Agastya. Not far from Erode, right in the middle of the Kaveri, is a small island as it were, with the river coursing round, on which site is a temple called popularly as Nettathiswaram Koil which etymologically is Nadu-ar-Agastyar Koil. In Papanasam, in Tinnevely District is a temple dedicated to Agastyar himself. At Madura, Agastya is considered to have been granted the spectacular delight of the marriage of Siva with Parvati as it took place in *Mount Kailas*. Agastyatirtham held sacred by devotees is pointed out in different parts of the Tamil country.

For a picturesque and imaginative description of Agastya's hermitage and Agastya's feats, the interested reader may make a reference to *Aranya-kanda* in the delightful work *Champu Ramayanam*.



On Clothes

(By Carskin)

DEAN Swift carefully considered the inconveniences arising from the abolition of Christianity; and Carlyle, in a moment of exceptionally keen vision contemplated the consequences of clothes blowing off. We purpose here seriously to speculate on the advantages, moral and material, attendant on an abolition of clothes. We intend no harm to spinners and weavers, tailors and washermen. We expect, in the event of an actual abolition of clothes, all of them as men to profit as much as any other individual man or class of men.

It is obvious at the outset that God never created clothes and in creating man never intended him to be clothed. The latest creation of God and man still comes into the world naked; and the journey to another world, up or down, is undoubtedly not in clothes. Clothes we may take to be an attendant consequence of listening to the serpent in Eden! and since then what improvements on the fig-leaf! Cotton, plantain, plant-fibre generally; skin, wool, silk—in an infinite variety; feeding the vanity of man, impoverishing his resources, impeding his progress in matters spiritual!

Heat or cold indeed may be fended off and effectively, by umbrellas and blankets, and but for custom and sentiment that have long inured us to the use of clothing the abolition need not cause any serious alarm. It may be unwelcome to Mrs. Grundy and Miss Pudery, but even they may find here "food for thought."

Abolition of clothes! Think of the saving to each family and to mankind at large! Next to food, clothes come up for much. Indeed there are cases where clothes count for far more than even food itself. If the great question of clothing the naked goes, how much more of our resources will become available for the really necessary feeding of the hungry! At present things are ordered on the Voltairian mocking maxim of "give us the luxuries and we can dispense with the necessities." For one thing the heart-burning between man and man and yet more so between woman

and woman caused by the difference in clothing will go with a resultant good feeling towards all. At the least the hatred and envy that clothes cause will go. Vanity arising from beautiful clothes will go too and when vanity and envy with the attendant folly and hatred are abolished or are at any rate attenuated beyond the possibility of much mischief, is that not a moral gain beyond economic estimate? The Indian Prince with one hundred and fifty trunks of clothes will fall to his ordinary human size and be better respected for his own sake than for his clothes. Men and women will stand out in the purity of their personal charm, in the sincerity of their splendid virtues without the false glitter of clothes, the hypocritical hiding and padding of the sartorial art. If the time now given to clothes be bestowed on the human body and mind, to the training of both into beauty and power, shall not our race outshine the marble dreams of Grecian sculptors? Nobody puts clothing on flowers, birds or stars. Why should the human body, divine temple of the Lord be covered up as a thing to be ashamed of? Shall we not say with Laurence Hope

"See my people slight-limbed, tall,
The maiden's bosom they scorn to cover
The breasts that shall call and enthrall her lover
Things of beauty, are free to all.

Free to the eyes that think no shame
That a girl should bloom like a forest flower
Who hold that love is a sacred flame
Outward beauty a godlike dower!"

Unto the pure all things are pure and to the extent that we have fallen off from the pristine purity of an elder time, we feel ashamed of our bodies, not of the pollution we cause therewith. Alas! that decency of clothes and manners should cloak depravity of hearts and morals at the present time! Cast to the winds the false sense of shame and cling to what is good. Be ashamed only of doing evil. Be ashamed of every word and thought and deed that sins against manhood, womanhood and childhood. Be ashamed of lying, knee-crooking, boot licking; of scandal-mongering and pandering to the vices of persons in place and power; be ashamed of foulness in speech or act, of foulness in every shape and form.

The body of man, lovely in itself, a temple to the Lord, cannot be foul unless you desecrate and befoul it by your own vices. A becoming regard to one's own body is the beginning of all virtue; it leads to a like realisation of a noble regard for all the godly virtues and god-like faculties with which man is endowed. He who respects humanity in himself will not insult it or allow it to be insulted in others.

Rightly regarded, will not this abolition of clothes, of hypocrisy, cant, humbug, vanity, frivolity and vulgarity, bring about a better appraisal of real values, a more rational understanding of the powers and possibilities of man?

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PRIZE Rs. 20

This competition consists in sending us a sentence of seven words, the first letter of each word being S-C-H-O-L-A-R.

*The sentence should have some apt reference to **The Scholar**.*

The prize will be awarded to that sentence which in the opinion of the editors is the best.

The competition is open only to those who have already become our subscribers or who do so before the 31st of March 1926.

A subscriber can send in as many sentences as he likes but each entry should be accompanied by stamps to the value of two annas.

Entries close on 1st April 1926.

The words 'Scholar Prize Competition' should be written on the cover.

The prize sentence will be published in the April issue.

The New Year

The parting night in drowsy cheer
Is sadly brooding over the Earth
That dreams of weal and woe bygone
And joys that weep in pangs of birth.
The weary spell is far off flown
And struggling life is growing dear.

The final breath of the dying year
In silent throes now sadly flies,
While New-Morn flutters in her nest
And chirping opes her beaming eyes
To wake the souls in growing zest
And dower them with her riches dear.

The conch heralds the blushing Sun,
And temple-bells in chorus ring,
While baby-lights thro' thresholds peep
And beacon him who spreads his wings
Of life-kindling light. Now spirits leap
In glistening freshness every-one.

Awake, thou gentle pilgrim Sprite !
Arise, thy door is open now.
My fresh-blown flowers of the dawning day
Fill thee with their fragrant breath ;
May fadeless laurels on thy way
Deck thy bright heroic brow ;
May Heaven light thine onward path
And lead thee to thy glorious height.

P. M. H.

The Lyric

(By V. R. M. Chettiar)

" O Poesy ! for thee I hold my pen."

J. Keats.

IF poetry is 'the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge', it is doubly true with the lyric which is a brief impassioned expression of the poet's intensely personal thoughts and sentiments and emotions on the immediate surroundings. Brevity is not only the soul of wit, but also the soul of inspiration. It is the lyric that at once reveals the poet's emotional thought 'rarer, intenser, self-gathered for an out break.' The poetic quality of a lyric poet is more native and resident than casual. The lyric cry is intensely human, intensely personal and intensely passionate. The poet's words seem to shout out from the printed page, and we cannot miss the shrill voice of the lyric warbler.

Coleridge has drawn a subtle distinction between *prose* and *poetry*. To him, *prose* means words in the best order, while *poetry* has the best words in the best order. The lyric, which is *poetic poetry*, has certainly the best words in the best order. John Drinkwater remarks, "The manner of the poet's utterance is the sole evidence before us. The written word is everything. It is to be remembered that this achievement of the best words in the best order is perhaps the rarest to which man can reach, implying at it does a coincidence of unfettered imaginative ecstasy with superb mental poise. The poet's perfect expression is the token of a perfect experience. What he says in the best possible way, he has felt in the best possible way, that is, completely. He has felt it with an imaginative urgency so great as to quicken his brain to this flawless ordering of the best words." It is the lyric that eminently has the specific poetic quality.

The lyric is a song by itself, and in it "every word sings with life." A lyric poet lives out the moment of inspiration, and exhausts his particular mood upon his particular theme.

"Live now or never" is the lyric cry of the lyric poet. If the skylark inspires Shelley to a lyric song, he at once projects his ego into the tiny poetical bird, and rapidly lives out the mood and moment of inspiration and joy. If poetry is "to interpret life for us, to console us, to sustain us," it is the lyric masterpieces that enjoy that specific poetic quality. "Keats's words are struck out of a mood that tolerates nothing but its own full life and is concerned only to satisfy that life by uncompromising expression. The result is pure poetry or lyric."

Keats suggests, "I think poetry should surprise by a fine excess." It is that 'luscious word-painting' we enjoy in the two magnificent lyrics—Shelley's *Skylark* and Keats's *Nightingale*. It is here that we feel, what Shelley calls, "a whirlwind of music coming from the spheres." If beauty is truth and truth beauty, it is the lyric that combines both into charming reality or a real charm. True poetry should have three great qualities—"architectural power, moral exaltation, and a sense of character." The lyric develops these three poetic qualities to a high degree of subtlety and fascinating felicity of expression. The lyric pattern has "an expression, to re-arrange which would be to destroy it."

Poetry according to Bradley should have a resonant meaning or a meaning resonance. The lyric is just that—nothing more, nothing less. It is a clear personal echo of human voice, of human joy, and of human experience. The mood of the poet is there, magically vivid, deeply expressive, impressively sincere, complete in itself, and unmistakably his own. The poet, the lyric genius is there, singing and shouting and laughing for joy, and suddenly thrilling us with his imaginative ecstasy. It is the lyric poet who often wears his heart upon his sleeve, but never stoops to laugh in his own sleeve.

"On a poet's lips, I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept."

P. B. Shelley.

Tagore's The Great Path of Life

(Translated by L. V. Ramaswami Iyer, M. A., B. L.)

I

THIS is the foot-path of our village.

Through woods to plains, across the plains to the riverside and along the side of the ghat to the shadow of the *Bat* tree; and then from there to the village, thence alongside the fields through the shadows of the mango-grove, by the banks of the lotus-pond,—whither indeed it winds on, I know not.

Countless are the pedestrians who have trudged along this path, some with companions by their side, others lonely and forlorn, some visible from a distance, others with inscrutable mien, some veiled, and others unveiled.

II

The day has ended; the shades of night are falling fast.

Once I thought that this path was all mine, exclusively mine; but to-day I see I have sanction to use this path but once, and no longer. The familiar scenes by the road-side could be seen only once, for this road is the road of onward march and not that of backward longings.

To-day by twilight I looked behind for once and found that this path was but a bead-roll of long-forgotten footsteps strung together in the notes of the *Bhairavi* tune.

The life-struggles of all those that have passed along this road lie recorded in a long stretch of dust thereon, and like a stream it flows from the East to the West.

III

"O! foot-path of ancient fame! Conceal not in thy dust the stories of many a man and many a time! Whisper them unto my ears while I listen!"

But the foot-path remained silent as ever.

"O! foot-path of ancient fame! Where are they gone,—the thoughts and the hopes of the many pedestrians who have passed thy way?"

But the foot-path is dumb, and simply lies extended before me from the horizon of sunrise to the horizon of sunset.

"O! foot-path of ancient fame! Those footfalls on your bosom, soft as the kissing imprint of flowers, where are they to day?"

Does the foot-path know its own finality, where all faded flowers and silent songs have reached, and where in the light of stars the great light-festival of endless sorrow is glorified for ever!!



A Trip to Madura

(By Apkut)

(Concluded from previous issue)

CLOSE by was a shop with *Aerated Waters* in big capitals over the entrance, which drew the thirsty soul towards it, even like a potent magnet. I entered it silently and called for half-a-dozen bottles of lime-juice. Exhausted nature demanded refreshment. Bottle after bottle I poured down my throat, a libation to the souls of the departed great whose abode I had just visited. A sigh of satisfaction escaped my lips, and in a Micawber-like burst of confidence I told my friend that we must visit the famous *Teppa tank* of Madura. Together we inquired our way, and in a few minutes we were leisurely walking along the road which led to our destination. The busy city was soon left behind, and the rich green of rice fields and gardens delighted our eyes, blinded with the dust and glare of streets. Far from the madding crowd, underneath the shade of leafy arches, which warded off the rays of the burning Sun, we pursued our way. Many an honest peasant we saw, dark, gaunt and unkempt, the veritable Atlas who bore on his weary shoulders the glories and the burdens of the Indian Empire! Thou symbol of the unchanging East! Thou long suffering, uncomplaining, half-starved, but ever-patient Prometheus, chained by inscrutable Fate to the rock of India! Thou into whose bleeding heart one imperial eagle after another has struck its avaricious talons! Will there come a time when thy age-long agonies will end and peace and plenty will be thy portion? Yet mysterious fates that watch over the destinies of this ancient land, that have gazed unmoved Sphinx-like, on the slow procession of ages, that have listened in silence to the inspired wisdom of Gautama Buddha and the relentless logic of our own glorious Sankara, that have heard with equal indifference the crash of the war-chariots of Kurukshetra and the thunder of Plassey's artillery, ye unseen but potent powers, answer!!

By and by we came to a little stream in which a number of dusky nymphs were sporting. It was a very interesting sight, truly, to see these young creatures chasing one another in the water, with shrill cries, and singing snatches of songs, which to a stranger like myself were hardly intelligible. It would have been more interesting truly, if they had been prettier, but these wild nymphs were dusky, very dusky, and the scene brought to my mind memories of the fair damsels of Malabar, and the graceful and romantic ways in which they mourn the untimely death of Kandarpa. To me whose privilege it has been to appreciate the truly beautiful, a group of black women disporting in the water with as much grace as African hippopotami, had no charms whatever, and leaving them to their own company, we went on our way. A little further I saw a magnificent *banyan* which with its innumerable branches and off-shoots, covered an area of nearly an acre, and had sent down hundreds of living posts to support its enormous weight. It was a veritable giant, a hoary patriarch, that could it but speak, might unfold a tale, compared with which the wildest dreams of the romancer would seem tame and commonplace. What soul-stirring movements had it not witnessed! What mighty revolutions had agitated the regions around! The prattle of innocent children, the sighs of hopeless love, the roar of victorious armies, the bustle and the dust of many holy processions bearing the sacred image of Siva to the *Teppa tank*, the haunting music that follows the departed to the grave, the anguish of some heart-broken mother as she looked at the thin drawn features of her beloved child during one of those famines of which History tells us, these and many such incidents thou must have witnessed, thou hoary veteran! And wilt thou continue to blossom into flower and fruit year after year, long after the present order of things has passed away? Thou type of perennial youth! Thou symbol of Eternity! Wilt thou, like Macaulay's New Zealander, stand gazing on the ruins of Tirumalnaik Mall and say to generations yet unborn, "Man and his works shall pass away, but I remain for ever?"

A few minutes after passing this gigantic tree, older perhaps than the Mughal Empire, we came in sight of the *Teppa tank*. It was the largest of its kind that I had ever seen. A fresh strong

breeze was blowing, which fanned our faces bathed in perspiration, and when I looked into the water, I saw it rolling like the billows of a miniature ocean. These wavelets dashed themselves against banks built of the massive blocks of the finest granite. In the centre of the tank was the *mandapam*, so fine a feature of all *Teppa tanks*, but the wonder of this *mandapam* was that it was a beautiful island and right in the middle of it was a small shrine with gleaming white pillars and shining roof looking very lovely, surrounded as it was by large shady trees which spread their branches over it. A beautiful flower garden, in which flowers blossomed forth luxuriantly saturated the atmosphere around with exquisite perfume. The *Kokil*, the sweetest singer of the Indian forest, so often celebrated by Indian bards poured forth its divine harmony in our never-ending stream, and a balmy breeze, whispering through the branches of the trees and laden with the scent of the *Parijata*, welcomed the weary visitor to repose awhile in that enchanting spot. The beautiful little *Mandapam* whose white colonnade gleamed so gloriously through the dark green mass of foliage around, surrounded by the rippling waters of that spacious tank, and cooled by the sweet and refreshing breeze that blows for ever there, makes that small island a delicious spot to live in, and I was not surprised to hear that divine Meenakshi was so very fond of it and visited it so often, accompanied by her dread consort Siva.

Indeed, it is just the place to charm the hearts of youthful love, cool, breezy, solitary, far away from the bustle of the city, full of shady, fragrant arbours for whispering lovers made, where it must be delightful, nay, ravishing to roam, hand clasped in hand, fondly murmuring to and anon stopping to gaze rapturously at one another, with eyes that beam forth the world of love they contain; while the glorious moon shines high in the cloudless sky and darts her soft subdued rays on the blushing cheeks of the maiden, as she submits it coyly to her lover's fervent kiss! Nor was I astonished or incredulous when a gaping rustic in fearful accents spoke to me how he had seen two strange forms roaming in the island in the still hours of night, when weary man snores aloud in the soft embraces of sleep! For I felt sure that they were none other than the Goddess Meenakshi and her

divine consort, who had together escaped from the grim and gloomy temple of the city, where they were continually under the eyes of dirty, designing, and inquisitive priests, to this heavenly retreat, that they might enjoy a loving and conjugal *tele-a-tele* after the dreary ceremonies of the day! I stood on the bank, gazing at the tank, at the shrine in the centre, and at the surrounding landscape, the breeze blowing meanwhile with such vigour and freshness that I was afraid of being blown into the water. Delightful retreat, mused I, the ideal of the Epicure, where one can be content to dream away one's life, blissfully oblivious of the fierce struggle for existence that rages in the world around, and where, when the supreme moment for the separation of the soul from the body comes, one may fall asleep, to wake no more!!!



Love's Philosophy

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion;
Nothing in the world is single;
All things by a law divine
In one spirit meet and mingle,
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother;
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea:
What is all this sweet work worth
If thou kiss not me?

P. B. Shelley.

Sketches of Palghat

(By T. B. Krishnaswami, M. A., B. L.)

The Forests:— Dhoni, Sapal, Walayar.

A LOVE of the forest may be a primitive instinct: it is also a primary one. All our progress or advance in civilisation only enables us to enjoy life more fully and completely, in a more rational and intellectual, a more heightened and intensified manner. The savage and wild beast are denizens of the forest but have no real love of it, because of fear and ignorance of danger and difficulty. Civilised man has subjugated nature and subordinated it to his use. He has cleared his jungle, cut pathways through the forest, harnessed the floods and, ascending the heights, struggled with malaria and stubbornly fought out the wild animals. To him, with his knowledge and resources the forest has no terror; and through life then hedged in by difficulties, it is a retreat most lovely delectable as much from the excesses, and extravagances as from foothights and the glare of modern "civilisation." The garden district of our Presidency—the Nilgiris—is the grandest monument of what man has been to win from wild nature for lovely use.

There is nothing of the excitement today, which the heroic explorers in the past must have felt when after wearisome toil, pain and difficulty they suddenly chanced amidst their struggles upon a tract of country full of natural beauty, profusion of the purest sources of joy, a cool bracing atmosphere, clear pellucid water, refreshing shade rich with masses of colour and the multitudinous fragrance of flowers! Doubtless they felt

"Like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific— and all his men
Look'd each other with a wild surmise
Silent, upon a peak in Darien."

Drive to the foot of the Dhoni forests and ascend by the zig-zag cart-roads and you reach Sapal, whence you look on deep ravines at the sides and the distant gap in the ghats; on another side the peak surmounted by the stony-cart of the traditionary, imaginary devils; and lastly where the white mist has rolled away, gleaming sheets of water mirroring the morning sun and wide patches of cultivated green showing the industrious hand of man amid barren brown wastes that are rich in still unworked possibilities. Go further in and further you go, the greater is your surprise; for the discovery old to others is new to you; like the Sailor who puts out to sea for the first time, your first exploration is an exciting experience you are

"The first that ever burst
Into the wide sea"

There is a similarity in all the vegetation, the sights and sounds of the Westerns Ghats. Take them at Ariyankairi, Sapal or Ooty, you have the same giant ferns, and rhododendrons, cane *calamers rotang* and bamboo and creepers that hang like festoons from tree to tall tree in the densest part of the jungle. White cuplike flowers adorn the mountain slopes; strange birds with startled cries suddenly dart from one cover of dense foliage to another, their bright plumage glistening in the Sun and flashing brilliantly. Invisible insects make a tremendous whirling noise, that sounds very much like a pulley at work at a deep well or a spring rapidly and noisily running down. The sunshine fills the valley with fluent light that seems to float down the slopes. It strikes in shivered arrows through the wind-rocked leafage of the woods. The cool breeze fans the face or blows your hair into your eyes, delightfully playing with you in childish unforgettable ways. Where the wind blows stiff you may sail on it or lean against it as on a hedge or as on a bed of furze.

The forests of Dhoni abound in ventek (*tager stroemia micro-carpa*) and white Cedar (*Dysoxylon*) besides the usual Teak and Rose wood. They are cut and sent down to be shaped and seasoned at the Saw Mills at Olavakkot; characteristic of Sapal are the vetti (*hynodno carpus wightiana*) whose seeds yield

an oil said to cure leprosy; the Vengai, the Aini (*artscarpus hersuter*) and the screw-pine; Walayar forests which lie beyond Kanyikode sharing in common many of the characteristics of Sapal and Dhoni, lie almost on level ground and abound only in teak (*Tertona Grandis*) and rosewood (*Dalbergia Latifolia*). Elephant catching is very common and profitable in Walayar. Close to any much frequented water course the pit 12×10×15 is dug and covered over with twigs and fallen leaves in a manner which deceives even the practised eye of man. In fact white elephants in the shape of high forest officials have been occasionally caught and hauled out of the pits—you might imagine their temper and copious vocabulary on such occasions—and no wonder even sagacious elephants get caught in them.

The training of the elephant is an art in itself. The wild elephant is cooped up in a narrow stable just enough to allow its turning round. A number of trainers with knife in hand take their turn one after another and keep the animal always on move. The knife is used as much for self-protection as for occasional prodding of the beast. It is made to respond to variations in the tone of the trainer and learns gradually to obey his commands. There is a Malabar proverb which condemns alike elephants trained by Mohammedans and Nair girls married to Pattars or Brahmins. The trainers are usually Malayalis and it is complimentary to the art of these men, that the elephants tamed and trained by them are remarkably docile and exceedingly useful.

On the Indian Hills is an entertaining volume by E. Arnold picturing the life of a coffee planter in the Paradagacherri plantations eighteen miles from Wallenghat and about twenty-five from Palghat. The mountaineer's way of making a ladder on trees by driving plugs into the trunks of trees and climbing lofty heights to get at honey combs is interesting; the account of the man with a palmyra leaf umbrella which he held persistently open in wet weather and fine, by night as by day for the simple reason that it could not be closed is an amusing bit of observation. Indeed Palghat umbrellas, used largely in forests, have long handles to enable a man to hold the umbrella with the arm at its full natural stretch without bending or inclining it at any angle.

Beyond the hill tribes who are scarce and rarely to be seen, and the wild animals which are not always met with and when so met with are not particularly agreeable or good company, what is interesting about the forest is the variety of vegetation, infinite and multifarious from the lowest bush and scraggy heap to the tallest tree which it would ache one's neck to look at the top of, creepers of every kind and flowers of all colours, sizes degrees of fragrance, with water courses running through shady admirably suited for picnic parties, the noise of falling waters heard from a far, the thrilling sweetness of the songs of birds, the bracing wind that blows melodiously through reeds and rustling foliage—these add to the charm of forests and make a visit to them a pleasant and memorable experience.

Content

It may not be my lot to climb
 The mountain heights, and view after
 The glories of the land and sea;
 But I can watch the evening star.
 It may not be my lot to roam
 To climes and countries far away;
 May never see the midnight sun;
 But I can greet each new-born day.
 I may not go where snow-crowned peaks
 Of lofty mountains tower on high;
 But I can watch the fleecy clouds
 Drift slowly o'er the deep blue sky.
 I may not ride across the sea,
 Where white-capped billows dash and foam.
 But I can hear the little brook
 Go gaily singing by my home.
 No fairer scenes than these I'd find
 If I should tramp this old world o'er;
 No sweeter flowers grow than these
 Which blossom by my cottage door.

Mary Davis Reed.

The Saints I have met

(By P. V. Aghoram Ayar, B. A., B. L.)

(Continued from our last issue.)

I met many Sadhus in and about Allahabad who belonged to numerous religious denominations. But I did not get close to them, my stay in Allahabad was all too short and I was more interested in this city and its suburbs than in seeing Sadhus. I had gone there in the hope of seeing a saint from my own land, Kesavendra Saraswati by name, of whose moral greatness and abiding spirituality I had heard so much, but whom it never became possible for me to see. He seemed to have wandered during that time in the wild tracts of the Himalayas; My chase of him in Allahabad or elsewhere was all in vain. At Brindaban however my experiences were very interesting. I strolled along the banks of the Jumna which laid its deep spell upon me. I came upon one part of Brindaban where on the banks of the river a certain modern educated Indian, a physician of high rank was living in a small mud hut of his own making, devoting all his morning hours to an eager quest of God. He was a Vaishnavite of the School of Chaitanya and had read extensively of its literature. The only books about him were of that school. He was always reading, praying, meditating and expressing the longings of his soul in a hundred different ways. He was a physician to the Maharajah of Hill Tipperah and had come by some of the good things of this world. He had married; he became a widower at thirty and thereafter began to prepare himself for the ordeals of a renouncing life. He had moved to Brindaban as the foremost centre of Vaishnavite traditions and memories and had taken up his abode there for long. I very much liked the sight of this simple unpretentious man whose hut was a very parakuti, living a life of contentment, of freedom from care and flaming moral aspiration. His hut was the resort of other Sadhus too. There was a Sadhu of rather well-built frame writhing in high fever, but almost quixotic though of remarkably strong resolve refusing to have any medical attention given him. He was lying on a bare wooden plank on the verandha facing the

river. I tried in vain to give him medicine. After all he came round though to us his suffering seemed whimsical. Then there came to this hut another Sadhu of almost dark complexion, with very long dishevelled hair, knotted in garlands like Shiva, of middle age, speaking English in perfect accents and almost without a plan, with a lustre on the eyes I have not seen elsewhere. He had wandered over the land for eight years. He was a son of Bengal and was a University man. The call to give up the sense attractions was heard by him in early life. He listened and became a sanyasi of the Adwaita school. This man seemed to me to have an unconquerable will and he looked every inch of him a man who had gone very far in the attainment of self-mastery. Brindaban is not remembered by me only for the few good Sadhus I met there. All about the place seemed to have a halo of spiritual romance about it. The place is a real and living pilgrim centre. The number of new pilgrims each day brings into the village runs to one or two thousands. But I should not digress long on the beauties of Brindaban. I cannot leave this part of my account however without mentioning the grand 'Ranga Mandir' built about 200 years ago by a south Indian Vaishnavite, named Govardhana Rangachariar, after the pattern of our Dravida temples, though not so big as they are. Since building this temple, Brindaban has become a colony of South Indian Vaishnavites. There are no big temples in Hindusthan. This mandir therefore strikes the eye and he who looks upon it is really overpowered by it. This is a richly endowed temple. Its walls are built of granite stone. The interior everywhere is paved with it. Food is distributed freely to thousands every day, without distinction of caste, after the hours of mid-day worship. The worship is quite in the south Indian style.

Somewhere between Brindaban and Allahabad a Mussalman Saint came into our compartment. Most of us in the compartment were half drowsy, having had little sleep during the night and having had the inconvenience of waiting long and changing at Hathras for the broad gauge. There were some mussalmanians and some Hindus in it. This saint was slender of body and very agile in his movements. He had very bright eyes and a rich musical voice. He sang with abandon. The songs moved

deeply his soul. Among his hearers one aged Mussalman, whose face was wrinkled all over, wept with joy over the songs and the tears on his eyes tended to moisten our eyes. For about 50 miles this saint travelled with us and at Farukkabad, I think, he got down and left us without ceremony.

We never mistook the man when he left us without saying farewell. He had overstepped the bounds of convention and was free as a bird of the air. I have seen many more and if I should sketch my impressions of all of them, I fear, this account, already long, may run into many more pages. But I shall ask the forgiveness of the reader for giving my impressions of two more who may fitly go into this record. One is Sivaprakasa swami of Madras, a Kaupina—wearing sadhu, always in sitting posture, rather fat bodied and broad faced, in middle age when I saw him and respected by scores of educated & cultured men from madras & other places. He was living in the spacious gardens adjoining the mechanical Engineering college, Vepery. He was said to have no hours to sleep. He was almost always a silent man; once in a way he spoke and very sweetly too. An American Vedantin served some years of discipleship under him. He was a real light to many educated men Young and Old. He did much in raising the life of the people in the city. The other is a Sadhu, I picked up casually at Podanur on the Railway. He was travelling down south, and looked much fatigued by his journeys. Instinctively I made him out and asked for the privilege of serving him his food; that done, he would have no more attention bestowed upon him, at my request he travelled down to Shoranur and I accompanied him to Olavakode where I left him. He gave signal proof of his renunciation to me. I thought he was a pure-souled being. He spoke words which burned into the hearts of any who heard him. He seemed to me to have attained in a very real measure mastery of the senses. He was a gifted man and he loved the service of India. I never more met this man. But I hope he lives in some corner of this land and radiates his purifying influence around him.

Higher Ideals of Life

(By M. K. Venkateswara Iyer, B. A., B. L.)

He lives who lives to God alone
And all are dead beside.....Cowper.

IT has been rightly said that the best method of infusing higher ideals of life is to make the students feel the omnipresence of God. The Hindu religion teaches that God is in the heart of all and that He is infinitely wise, powerful and kind. It is further said that any harm in thought, word and deed which we do to a fellow being is an offence against God as every body in the world is a temple of God. If we keep these lessons in view, we shall be incessantly changing our mentality towards all round us and shall be trying our best to make ourselves as serviceable as possible to our fellow citizens. This service is called altruistic service which is the basis of better citizenship. Another good that arises from our incessant remembrance of God in our hearts which ought to be viewed as spiritual temples is that we shall desist from doing wrongs secretly which are much more serious than our misdeeds in public. If it is remembered that God is just, impartial, and an eternal witness of all our thoughts, words, and deeds, life becomes holy as there will be fear to commit any wrong. As He manifests Himself in every body as clear conscience from which we cannot conceal anything we do, the best method of self-purification is to feel the identity of our real self with God. When once we taste the bliss of this identification we shall begin to repeat the following prayer and shall make our life Divine.

Daily Prayer. O God. Thy image has remained impressed upon my mind continuously. It has become the object of my contemplation by day and of dreams by night. I have read for years again Thy glories described in Bhagavad Gita and similar works, I always await the communion of my soul or jiva with Thee. Who art the all-pervading Self or Paramatma. I have been always applying to every Bhaktha I could think of to inspire me with higher devotion in the hope of intensifying my Bakthi towards Thee. I did not succeed. Every one was admiring

Thee at a distance, worshipping Thee and eulogising Thy charms and glories. But most are wanting in enough of goodness, wisdom and fortune to realise Thee in full. I was almost driven mad after Thee. I have been thinking of Thee, feeling always that there is nothing else to be done by a rational living being. Pray, save me from the illusory transient allurements which drag me to unrighteous life as Thou alone art able to remove them and bring about righteousness, peace and happiness. Pray confirm my faith in Thee and develop the resultant Bakthi towards Thee. I am confident that this Bakthi will ensure eternal supreme happiness.

This prayer will make us realise that our self is identical with God and as such, self-reliance is the same as faith and reliance on God.



The man who sets his heart upon a Woman
Is a chameleon, and doth feed on air;
From air he takes his colours—holds his life
Changes with every wind—grows lean or fat,
Rosy with hope, or green with jealousy
Or pallid with despair—just as the gale
Varies from north to south—from heat to cold!

Lord Lytton.

Landor's Iphigeneia *

THIS small poem of fifty-eight lines dealing with a single incident with almost lyric intensity and pathos, has in it really the breadth and spaciousness of an epic fragment. It has the grandeur, the dignity of a Greek Torso and illustrates within a small compass, the vastness, the variety of the excellences of the classical style of writing, of that style which is characterised pre-eminently by asceticism or self-restraint, as opposed to and distinguished from the Romantic style of exuberant feeling and ecstatic expression.

A great and critical moment is chosen in the life of Agamemnon, the leader of the Greek hosts. Artemis the offended deity has demanded the blood of Iphigeneia as a sacrifice before the ships could sail for Troy. Agamemnon as a king and father of his people, has a duty to the Greeks quite as much as he has as a father to his daughter Iphigeneia. These duties conflict with each other and the struggle within him has a pathetic and painful interest. It is a sad and supreme moment in the life of a Greek king standing with a divided duty tragically at the parting of the ways. But such is the strength, the virtue of his classical training, of stoic self-restraint, of self-discipline, that there is no doubt but he will rise to the height of his kingly office and act worthily at his solemn moment. He goes about at his duty calmly, dispassionately without calling on the Gods with vulgar spite. Each time his lovely and innocent daughter pleads with him, the more he is moved and yet with increasing effort he restrains himself with Godlike self-command. Agamemnon is altogether a most highly dignified picture of a Greek King, a stately and splendid example of the demi-god of those elder times.

Not unworthy of him is his daughter Iphigeneia whose beauty, whose innocence, the goddess Artemis coveted as a sacrifice. In her simplicity and grace, she is the perfect mirror of childhood.

* One of the poetical selections set for detailed study for the Intermediate Examination in arts 1926 & 1927.

Her pleading is most pathetic she feels her life in every limb, what should she know of death? To be asked in the fullness of full-blooded youth, with joy at the prow and hope at the helm to give it up and die for whom?—and go one knows not where,—this is too melancholy for her to contemplate. The fault—the folly of one woman. Helen was to be paid for by the life of another:—“this woman was the cause.”

The simple story of a child pleading pathetically for life rises through the stern sense of the father's duty to the height or altitude of a noble self-sacrifice of which Jesus Christ himself is a later though a greater and more divine example.

Befitting the grandeur the majesty of the incident and the feelings involved is the style and the treatment of the subject. There is a Shakespearean dignity about the whole poem, a rhythmic resonance wherein the words and verses sing themselves to music with an inner harmony of sublime cadence, rise and fall, flash and flow, indicative of the great sea of feeling on which the passions sway and toss and break into foam. The piercing pathos of the simple lines, composed mostly of monosyllables is irresistible.

“O father, I am young and very happy”

O father! grieve no more: the Ships can sail.

There is also an imperious verbal economy, no word too much, in the simple straight-forward narrative which with consummate art hides the elaborations of art; The poem seems pared to the quick, all superiority removed, the naked, living flesh left quivering and palpitating.

In the wonderful and sublime efforts produced with comparatively simple means, in the restraint of language and emotion, in the adequate and dignified presentation of a great incident, the poem is the most satisfactory expression in the English Language of the classical spirit that in all the spheres of art and life, informed and underlay the glory that was Greece, the grandeur that was Rome.

Note: Euripides' treatment of the same subject is artistically weak and worthless. Iphigeneia is saved at the last moment by divine interposition. This is an obvious trick but unnatural incident, intended merely to give the story a happy ending. When wicked people perish there is poetic justice, and the disturbed equilibrium of life is once more restored. But the atmosphere itself has to be purified the atmosphere which bred the crime, and made it possible. In such cases like a flash of lightning a great sacrifice cleanses and purifies the air and who at that time was purer than Iphigeneia to be a fit offering for the Gods? Further when the events of life come full circle even on earth, what is need for Heaven? Heaven is really for the redressing of great wrongs, the restoration of rights primary and elementary and generally for the fulfilment of all unfulfilled purposes for which the narrow scope of a life time is insufficient. "On the earth the broken arcs; in the heaven the perfect round."

Comedy is comparatively, a lower form of art; while tragedy bursts all barriers and links heaven and Earth together by the magnitude of man's suffering, his godlike endurance. To save Iphigeneia is to consider her unfit for the supreme sacrifice: to sacrifice her is to honour her at her proper worth, is to worship the godlike element in her, in humanity itself. To be able to rise to an occasion with more than ordinary human courage is to exhibit the divinity inherent in man. Agamemnon and Iphigeneia stand out nobly unbroken by misfortune; they stand out in all the dignity of innate divinity—examples to all time, how high the Greek character could go in stoic endurance and sublime self sacrifice.

K



BOOK REVIEWS

MODERN ELEMENTARY MATHEMATICS: (Second Edition).

By P. R. Subrahmania Iyer, B. A., L. T.

The Maharaja's College, Pudukkotta.

St. Joseph's Industrial School Press. Price Re. 1-12-0.

Teachers of mathematics in the high school classes have long felt the need of a text book which could satisfy the requirements of the S. S. L. C. syllabus. When the course of studies for the S. S. L. C. was devised an attempt was made to direct school mathematics from the ruts in which it had been plodding for nearly half-a-century. Among other things it was intended that the teaching of mathematics should be correlated to the actual life of the students and mathematical processes be followed in connection with the actual problems which the pupil is likely to meet with in the laboratory, in the class room and the world outside.

We are glad that the book before us while conforming to the syllabus keeps before it the above principles. An honest attempt has been made by the author to effect the correlation between Arithmetic, Algebra and Geometry. The problems are abundant and cover all the topics intended to be mastered by the student for his final examination. They are taken from 'life' and are shorn of most of the 'riddles' that attend many of the problems found in the ordinary text books. The appendices at the end on Artifices and Short cuts and the note on the framing of problems will, we feel sure, enhance the popularity of the book. We heartily recommend a perusal of the book to teachers and students of Elementary Mathematics.

The printing and the get-up leave nothing to be desired.

A

SATHI RATNAM

By N. Sankaran Nair, Retired Malayalam Pandit,

Government Victoria College, Palghat,

The book is written in lucid malayalam and the plot is an adaptation from Mrichchakatika, a popular piece of Sanskrit literature. It holds forth a great ideal and is worthy of being placed in the hands of our young men and women.

S

“The Lady of Shalott- No Allegory”:

A Reply.

It is meaningless and serves no useful purpose to object to an allegorical interpretation of a poem, by merely asserting there is no such allegory, without proving how the interpretation is wrong or the allegory impossible. The article in the first number of “*The Scholar*” deals comprehensively with the poem, from many points of view; and the allegorical is one of many aspects, one among many attractions. Some people can't smell even rank cheese; they have not the nose for it. Those that do not care for an allegory may pass by and need not protest from housetops their philistinism, their inaccessibility to ideas.

The completeness of surface meaning, which Mr. Kurup speaks of, is a contradiction in terms and complete avowal of obliquity of vision. “A close study of Tennyson's leanings would readily gainsay the allegorical element in his poetry”, is a purblind statement that blinks or burks the whole mass of *The Idylls of the King*, “shadowing sense at war with soul,” very different indeed from Mr. Kurup's crusade against common sense! The late Rev. Stopford Brooke, no mean authority on the poetry of Tennyson, finds allegory in *The Lady of Shalott*. The cracking of the mirror from side to side, and the curse coming upon the lady, are inexplicable otherwise.

In any case, better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye; to err with Brooke than strut with Kurup! *It seems to me, for my part if I were to teach school-children, which God forbid!, I would consider, if anyone asks me, are alike out of taste and irrelevant. They are haughty assumptions of unwarranted superiority and are no substitutes for good sense, sound reasoning and valid argument.*

K.

Notes

The late Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Iyer.

IT is with deep regret that we record the death of Mr. T. V. Seshagiri Iyer, retired judge of the Madras High Court, at his residence of ‘Govardhan’ in Madras on Tuesday the 23rd of February 1926. For about a month and half, he was ailing on account of an attack of Typhoid fever and was unconscious for the last ten days.

He was born of humble parents sixty six years ago in the District of Trichinopoly. At twenty-two he became a graduate of the Madras University and after passing the B. L. Examination, set up practice in Madras in 1886. He was a successful vakil on the Original Side of the High Court. He became a Judge of that court in 1914 and continued to be such till 1921 when he retired under the rules.

Early in life he associated himself with the public movements of the city. For a long time he was a member of the Senate of the Madras University. He took considerable interest in all educational matters and his opinions upon educational questions were highly valued and respected even by distinguished educationists.

For about six years he represented the University in the Madras Legislative Council where he made himself felt by his vigorous speeches on behalf of the University. The Madras Hindu Bequests Act I of 1914 and Tirupathi Devasthanam Schools Acts VI of 1924 owe their places in the Statute Book to this learned lawyer.

He took a prominent part in the political, social and religious regeneration of his country. He presided over the Madras Provincial Conference held at Kumbhakonam in 1912 and was the President of the Provincial Congress Committee for about

five years. He served as a member on the Fiscal Commission Board, and was President of the Railway Theft Committee. As President of the Flood Relief Committee his patriotic services were widely appreciated and the Government awarded him a Kaiseri-Hind Gold Medal. When he was a member of the Indian Legislative Assembly he took an active part in its discussion and was the President of the Democratic Party. Current political questions did not escape his notice and he frequently gave expression to his views on them. But he did not join any one of the specific political parties because perhaps none of them came to his ideal.

As a scholar his name will never be forgotten. His proficiency in Tamil gave him the Presidentship of the Tamil Lexicon Committee. His abiding interest in and love for the Sanskrit Literature were evinced in the series of articles that were the result of his critical study of the characters in the Ramayana. His appreciative remarks on the Indian Classics transcended the ordinary. His years of retirement were hours of religious study and speculation. His views on religious questions were freely ventilated through the Press. He wrote compromisingly on the Kalpathy question.

He was a patron of literature. We cannot be sufficiently grateful to him for the ready response that he made when we approached him with a request to bless us on our Nativity and give us a spoon of milk to nourish us on.

May his soul rest in peace! We offer our heartfelt condolence to the members of his bereaved family.



ESSAY COMPETITION

A prize in the shape of books will be awarded to the best essay on *The Varasulka or Bridegroom's Price. How to end or mend it?* The competition is open to students only. The prize essay which will be published in *The Scholar*, should not exceed three pages in length and should reach the Editor on or before the 20th March 1926.

The prize in the last month's essay competition is awarded to
V. R. M. Chettiar,
Junior B. A. Class, National College,
Trichinopoly.

The Drink Evil

"O thou invisible spirit of wine, if thou hast
 No name to be known by, let us call thee devil,"

Shakespeare.

The drink evil has become a universal curse. If it is not an evil, it is a growing monster. Wine has drowned more men than the sea. Bacchus has won many disciples. The disciple—of course the Devil's Disciple—at once loses his physical, mental and moral poise. The Vulgar sot is a stranger to himself. He pants for the foaming cup, and rinses his throat often. After a hard and reckless drinking, when the reeling delirium sets on him, he leaps into the seventh heaven, and exclaims,

"Souls of Poets dead and gone,
 What Elysium have ye known,
 Happy field or mossy cavern
 Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern?"

That is the song of every reeling ghost. He revels in the sparkling cup, till life proves a bitter cup.

The drink evil is a terrible curse. Its ravages need not be exaggerated. The reeling sot is a living caricature of himself.

With him, wine is a passion or malady or both. He rapidly borrows money, rapidly invests it in the tavern, rapidly loses his senses, and rapidly finds an early grave. He is ruined; his wife shrieks and groans; his children cry. Poverty is the giddy ghost that haunts them eternally. The life of a sot is a perpetual tragedy. He toys with life, and trifles with life. He is a reckless gambler, gambling with money and gambling with life, till everything is lost. He converts coins into bottles, and bottles into enemies. His head at once hums like a bell, his eyes are blood-shot and swimming, and he loses all control of senses, stumbling on everything and again emerging out of ruts and pits, reeling about and fidgeting. He shrieks, fulminates, dances, barks, brays, hisses, whistles, and calls anybody names! We may at once conjure up the vary scene of Babel with all its clamorous barks. The drunkard is up to anything. In one of his infernal moments, he may commit suicide, homicide, incest, theft, violence and what not!

Millions are the victims of the drink-demon. A gang of sots, reeling under the tipsy languor, set at defiance all moral laws. They are at once clapped in prison. More menacing criminals suddenly taste the gallows. They repent just after the event. Repentance comes too late indeed! One cannot evade the torture of mental agony. Such reeling tramps are pitiable specimens of dissolute life—nay, huge moral wrecks! Rum has increased "crippled men, weeping desolate widows, and hungry homeless orphans." But society turns its back upon them for ever. With a drunkard, conscience is elastic. An adept in the devil's feats, he at once gags his conscience—the very image and echo of God! Surely he cannot escape the Doom's Day. The divine sentence hurls him into hell.

Even the doctor shouts at the top of his voice, "Down with the bottle, and up with the man!" He vehemently asserts that the drink habit rapidly shatters our health. Strong liquors poison our system, and convulse our nervous activities which at once drift into chaos. The drink-demon brings the grave nearer still, and the crucial moment cannot be put off. The fatal drink includes not only wine, whisky, brandy and toddy, but also coffee

and tea which are the defined drinks of the brainy aristocracy. Mahatma Gandhi, the soulforce of India has a loud and hearty contempt for the drink-devil, and he just pities the reeling tramps. It is his "prohibition movement" that has rescued most of our Indian brethren from the clutches of the drink-demon.

Even the political emancipation of a country depends to a large extent on the sobriety of the nation. If it be a nation of drunkards, it would soon become a nation of slaves. Owing to heavy drink, when the balance of mind is lost, the doctrine of the Balance of Power cannot be successfully enforced. It becomes a misnomer and a fallacy. It is the drink-demon that reduces an army to a gang of tipsy somnambulists. There is chaos at once; the chance of victory is lost; and there is a profuse carnage among the disordered ranks. It is those reeling tramps who reduce the realities of life to a chapter of accidents. "Rum has dug more graves and sent more souls unsaved to the judgment than all the wars since Joshua stood before Jerico."

Among the men of letters, there are many who have been wedded to the bottle for life. Their throats are daily bathed in wine. Goldsmith "had changed the guinea, and was railing at the landlady over a bottle of Madeira." It is the bottle that reduces Goldsmith to pitiable shifts. Charles Lamb is another of the bottle's victims. Keats, who is panting for a life of sensations, says "Women, wine and snuff shall be my beloved trinity." Oscar Wilde, having lived a life of reckless lust and intemperance, sadly confesses, "I threw the pearl of my soul into a cup of wine." That is how poets have ruined themselves. Shakespear's Cassio, tempted by Iago into a superfluous cup, at once goes mad, and he loses his senses, position, power, and reputation too. We cannot miss the cry of his agonized soul: "O, I have lost my reputation! My reputation, Iago, my reputation! O, God, that should put an enemy in their mouths to steal away their brains!" It is full of heart-rending pathos.

If a country is crammed with sots, that country will soon be blotted out of the political map of the world. There can be no economic uplift, no political status, no religious scruples, no

moral serenity, no intellectual progress, nothing of discipline or principle, if the drunkards were to multiply and to rage and to revel. A gang of seedy tramps make a melee of chattering vagabonds—a regiment of firebrands. A drunkard, thin, emaciated, haggard, is so full of vices that he is never guilty of virtue or innocence. The tavern is the devil's den—, a tiny Pandemonium on earth where a puny Satan sits enthroned, decorated in ragds and drowned in wine. If one has actually wrestled with the drink-demon and overcome the monster, the moral victor may at once sing and shout for joy.

"I am thy master of my fate :
I am the captain of my soul "

—:o:—

LONG LIFE

SCIENCE has succeeded in lengthening our "expectation of life" by twenty years. That is a comforting reflection. To die young is no longer regarded as a pious act. But it is not years only which make long life.

We live in deeds, not years : in thoughts, not breaths:
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.

There are long lives which, reckoned on this basis, would be tragically short; there are short lives, reckoned by their achievements, which are centuries long !

We are told to revere grey hairs, but grey hairs are venerable only when they are the silver crown of accomplishment. There is many a man who is old only in years. His deeds will never grow old, but will renew themselves eternally like spring flowers and the leaves of the forest.

The best way to live is to "give every flying minute something to keep in store."

FUN AND FROLIC

Heir :— "Now don't forget, dearest, that for family reasons our engagement must be kept a profound secret."

Actress :— "Yes, that's exactly what I am telling everybody."

* * * *

Friend :— "Well, old man, how is business going?"

Banker :— "Oh, like clockwork."

Friend :— "But, I heard a rumour that you had failed."

Banker :— "So I have. The business has just been wound up."

* * * *

"Good day, Mr. Brown. I am glad to see you."

"Pardon me, my name is Green."

"Beg pardon—I'm colour blind."

* * * *

"Gentlemen," roared the orator, "is not one man as good as another?"

"Of course he is," shouted an Irishman, "and a great deal better."

* * * *

"I say, old chap, have you seen Tom since his illness?"

"No, does he look very bad?"

"I'll tell you. You are thin and I am thin, but he is thinner than both of us put together."

* * * *

His wife was trying to break him of the smoking habit.

"Look here" she said, pointing to a newspaper, "it says here that smoking is very harmful."

"What rot," said he. "Do I look ill? I am fifty, and as strong as a horse."

"Yes," she said, "but if you had not smoked so much you might have been sixty by now."

* * * *

The parlour sofa held the twain.

Fair damsel and her lonely swain :

Headshe.

But hark ! A step upon the stair !

And mother finds them sitting there--

He and she.

CROSS-WORD COMPETITION

For our January Competition we received 113 solutions of which 22 were correct, 57 Down (Jumbled Cricket faults) proved to be the stumbling block in most cases.

The prize goes to

Mr. A. V. Raghava Varyar, IV. U. C. Union Xian College,
Always.

Correct Solutions were also sent in by the following :—

N. S. V. Iyer. P. Balan Nair. E. Eacharan Unny.
Gopala Rao. E. V. Venkitakrishnan. M. Janardana Rao.
T. S. Gangadharan, B. A. K. V. Ramaseshan, B. A. B. L.
P. H. Balakrishnan. E. P. Unni, B. A. George Cherian.
M. S. Ramaswamy. L. R. Subramanian B. A., L. T.
M. V. Damodaran Nair. V. K. Nambunny Nair. E. S. Parameswaran.
A. V. Radhagopi Menon. K. E. Ganapathy. P. S. Ananthanarayan P. S. Sivaramakrishnan. and V. Subramanian.

CORRECT SOLUTION.

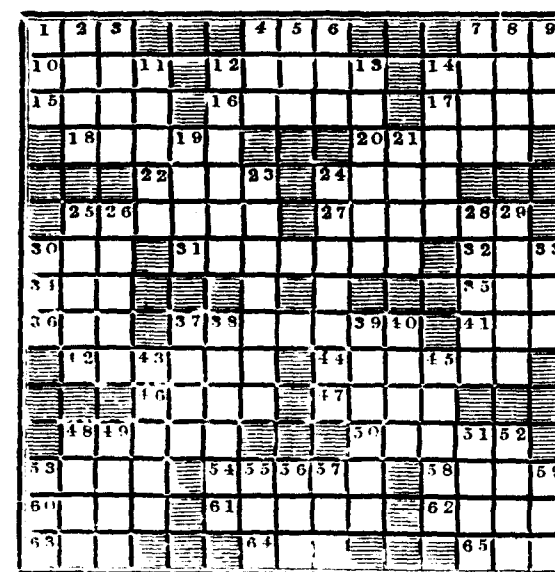
Across. 1. Aspire. 6. Kismet. 12. Halo. 14. Noon. 16. Frill.
18. Lap. 20. Navvy. 22. Fun. 23. Shining. 26. Ear.
27. Idea. 29. Angle. 30. Ursa. 31. C. E. 32. Move.
34. Orin. 36. En. 37. Danes. 38. Tonic. 40. Kazi.
41. Acid. 43. Bonce. 46. Canoe. 49. I. P. 51. Noon.
52. Over. 53. Me. 54. Nets. 56. Melon. 58. N. W. E. S.
60. Teh. 61. Wembley. 63. Ant. 64. Arena. 66. Ass.
67. Ensue. 69. Ront. 71. Plot. 72. Fetter. 73. Molten.
Down. 2. Shine. 3. Pal. 4. Ills. 5. Ro. 7. In.
8. Song. 9. Moa. 10. Enver. 11. Office. 13. Hang.
15. Tyrant. 17. Rude. 18. Lines. 19. Pilot. 21. Vase.
24. Have. 25. Nero. 28. Amazons. 30. Unicorn. 33. Onino.
35. Inane. 37. Dab. 39. C. I. E. 42. Jintan. 44. Come.
45. Enema. 46. Cools. 47. Avne. 48. Jester. 50. Peer.
53. Menu. 55. There. 57. L. B. S. W. 59. Waste. 61. Want.
62. Yell. 65. Not. 68. Not. 70. Te. 71. Po.

PITHY SENTENCE.

Waste not, want not.

OUR FEBRUARY PUZZLE

By E. N. S. R.



Fill in above diagram and make a pithy sentence using not more than 5 words occurring therein.

Sentence

Name

Address

RULES.

1. A prize of Rs. 5 will be offered to that pithy sentence which in the opinion of the Cross-Word Editor is the best.
2. Solutions should be addressed to **The Cross-Word Editor, The Scholar**, Palghat, so as to reach him not later than the 20th March, 1926.
3. Any number of alternative solutions may be sent but no solution which is not copied on diagram cut out of **The Scholar** will be accepted.
4. The decision of the Cross-Word Editor must be accepted as final and no correspondence regarding the competition can be entertained.

CLUES.

Across

- 1 A railway official
- 4 Marry
- 7 Neither bird nor beast (jumbled)
- 10 Marksman
- 12 Stories
- 14 Lions do
- 15 Whom Leander loved
- 16 Prominent at the Lausanne conference
- 17 Vain
- 18 Growl
- 20 An Indian province
- 22 A drink
- 24 At liberty
- 25 Bottle (jumbled)
- 27 Entrance into a place
- 30 Add 'p' and ensnare
- 31 Animate
- 32 Boy
- 34 Covering for the head
- 35 More towards East than towards South
- 36 First woman
- 37 Luck
- 41 Neither women or children
- 42 Tolerate
- 44 Rent
- 46 Town in England (beheaded)
- 47 One of the Trinity
- 48 A vehicle
- 50 A sly roguish woman
- 53 Scorch
- 54 The One God
- 58 Add 'el' and coat with it
- 60 Unsubstantial
- 61 Inclines
- 62 We cook it
- 63 Tavern
- 64 Fit
- 65 Doctor of philosophy

Down

- 1 A tree
- 2 Insert 'o' and wear
- 3 Morning
- 4 Indicates past
- 5 A tree
- 6 A river in Great Britain
- 7 Has his home in the Nilgiris
- 8 Perfume
- 9 A French unit of measure
- 11 Whose health is drunk
- 12 A great tennis player
- 13 In times of famine, thousands do
- 14 Got out of bed
- 19 Knowledge got from repetition
- 21 Past participle of a verb meaning 'to discern'
- 23 Tempts
- 24 Aids
- 25 Courageous
- 26 Made of oat
- 28 Moslem doctors of theology
- 29 Supports blackboard
- 30 Definite article
- 33 Where thieves lurk
- 37 Feeds fire
- 38 Severe trial
- 39 A horse does
- 40 Malice
- 43 Disparage
- 45 A small light
- 48 Part of the face
- 49 Anecdote
- 51 Clip
- 52 Add 't' and sail in it
- 53 Add 'h' and 'r' and sit on
- 55 Open grass land
- 56 One circuit around a race track
- 57 A social insect
- 69 Half of median

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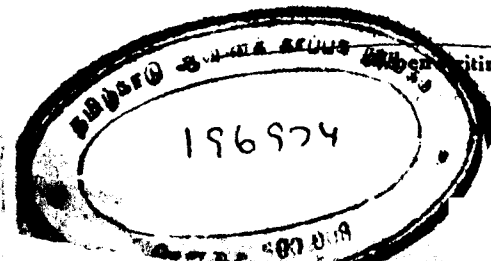
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