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THE SCHOLAR

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

Vol. I

MARCH, 1926

No. 6.

CONTENTS

STUDIES IN JOURNALISM

RALPH WALDO EMERSON

NATIONAL BIOGRAPHY

THE COMMON LANGUAGE QUESTION

SKETCHES OF PALGHAT

SAINI RAMALINGAM

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

DON'T USE BIG WORDS

Etc.

Etc.

JOINT EDITORS

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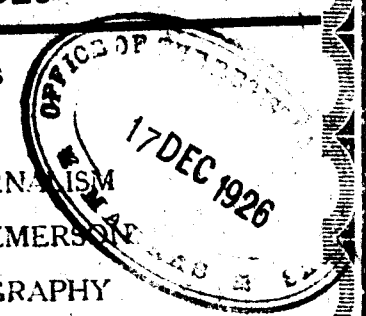
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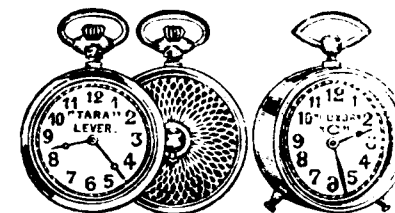
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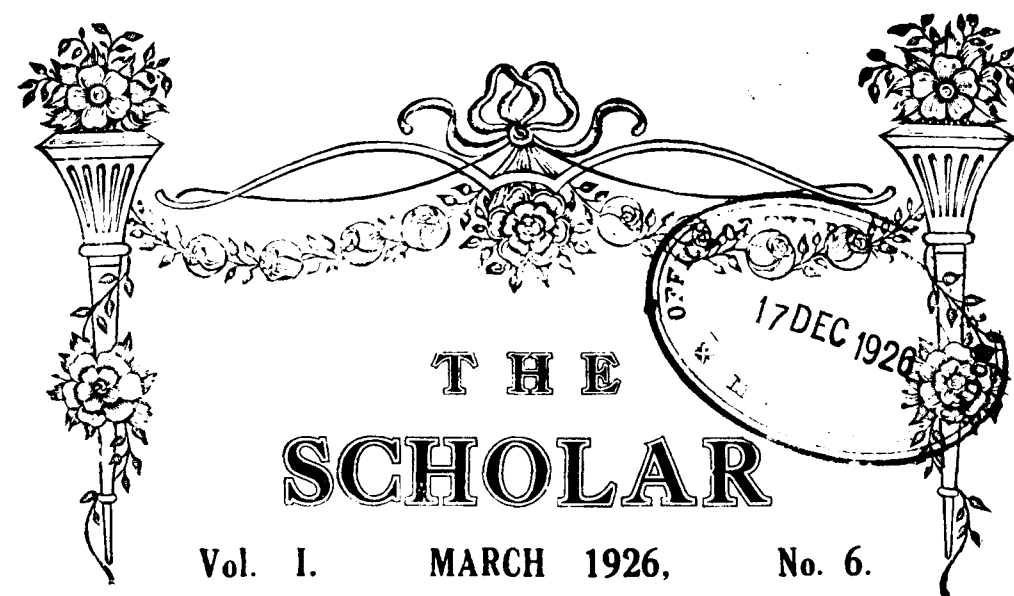
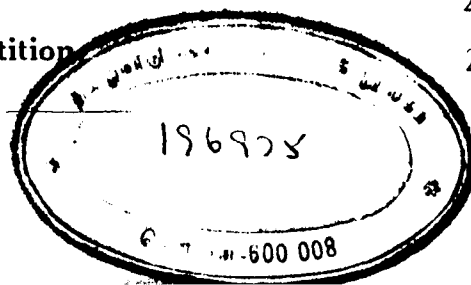
Vol. I]

MARCH : CONTENTS

[No. 6

	Page.
1. Studies in Journalism	237
By a student of journalism.	
2. Ralph Waldo Emerson	242
By P. V. Aghoram Iyer, B. A., B. L.	
3. National Biography	246
By T. S. Gangadharan, B. A.	
4. Thomas Hardy (By S. Ramamurthy, B. A. (Hons.)	249
5. Twilight and Dawn or The Orient and the Occident	251
By L. V. Ramaswami Iyer, M. A., B. L.	
6. The Common Language question (By D.)	253
7. Wisdom of the Body. (By T. L. Vaswani)	258
8. Sketches of Palghat	263
By T. B. Krishnaswami. M. A., B. L.	
9. Saint Ramalingam (By K. R. R. Sastri, M. A.)	267
10. Oliver Goldsmith (By P. Ramanathan, M. A.; L. T.)	269
11. A Study of Tagore's 'Fruit Gathering'	272
By K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, B. A., B. L.	
12. Don't use big words. (By K.)	276
13. Peeps into Periodicals.	277
14. Book Reviews.	278
15. Essay Competition.	279
16. Cross-Word Competition	280

82
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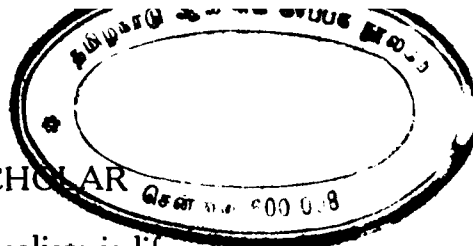
Vol. I. MARCH 1926, No. 6.

Studies in Journalism

(By a Student of Journalism)

V. REPORTERS AND REPORTING.

IN the newspaper staff, the reporters form an important entity and their work is scarcely less significant than that of the Editor or the Sub-Editors themselves. The primary function of a newspaper is to chronicle news, and this is supplied by the hard work of the reporting staff. It is their duty to purvey news from sources unknown to the ordinary layman and gather in every detail connected with the thousand and one accidents in and around the city in which the newspaper is printed. Although their work is as important as those of the "Subs", it differs from the latter in one respect, for, while the sphere of work of the Sub-Editor is exclusively in the office, that of the Reporter is most often outside it—almost on the streets. Hence, no one can hope to succeed in the reporting line who is not, in addition to his essential technical equipment, also endowed with a strong



constitution. It is said that Journalism is life at high pressure and this is nowhere more true than in the case of reporters. They are the eye and ears of the Press, as it were, and they are the only living, connecting link between the impersonal Editor and the outside world. In no other department is there so much scope to display individual capacity and the nature of their work is so arduous and exacting that no one could hope to succeed in it who has not the requisite qualities at least in a fair measure. The temperamental signature of the man comes out best, not only in the ability to find out news for which character and initiative are required, but also in the valuation and presentation of it.

Eternal vigilance and enterprise are required of them at every step. They have no right to demand recognition on the score of having done satisfactorily their allotted duty, for, after all, that forms only in their case a minor affair. Their claim to regard rests on the ability and enterprise they bring to bear in getting news and views on important topics. More than on any body in the staff, the Editor keeps his eye on the reporters, for in a special sense, the good name of their paper is in their hands, and it is they who either let down the paper in the eyes of the public or raise it in its estimation. Competition is never so rife in any other profession as in Journalism, and the brunt of it is borne by these hard-worked reporters. Every paper is anxious to monopolise items of news for itself in exclusion to others. This grabbing spirit is considered to be legitimate in newspaper business, and every Editor expects his reporting staff to achieve it for him. And when one paper succeeds in achieving it, woe to the reporting staff of its contemporaries! For, directly the Editors of the other papers see the exclusive item of news, technically called a 'Scoop', they call upon the Chief Reporter to explain why what was possible for one of their fraternity was not possible for him too. And he, poor man, cannot plead that he and his staff are over-worked or engaged during the time in the routine work of attending previously notified functions. Thus every reporter is in constant dread of being beaten in his work by some one of his fellow workers. Fortunately or unfortunately the importance attached to local news in Indian newspaper offices is not anywhere

near that in the advanced papers of the West. Editors of newspapers in India generally give a subsidiary place only to this branch of reportorial work, and lay more stress on reporting scheduled functions like public meetings, Corporation meetings etc. Consequently, the majority of reporters in our country do not display the 'nose for news' which is such a characteristic gift of the average reporter in the West. This is a quality, however, which our reporters might be encouraged to cultivate, although it is not necessary to carry it to the length of finding 'copy' from imaginary incidents and conversations—a practice attributed to the enterprising reporters on the other side of the Atlantic.

Coming to the reporting staff in a newspaper office, their number varies according to the size of the paper and they are usually under their own chief called the Chief Reporter. In big newspapers, the Chief rarely goes out to gather news. His work is merely that of supervising the copy of his juniors for which he is fitted by his experience although in exceptional cases he would go out and take a hand at actual reportorial work. It is he who allots the work of his staff, sees their copy when they come to the press and makes the necessary alterations before they go into the hands of the Sub Editor concerned or the Editor himself. For any inaccuracy or dereliction of duty on the part of his staff, he is held responsible. The diary of coming events in which are chronicled every forthcoming function as soon as it is announced in the press, helps the Chief Reporter in deciding what functions to attend and he distributes his work accordingly with directions as to the length of copy required.

We have already mentioned some essential qualities which every reporter should possess. But they are not all. These are days of specialisation and specialisation has entered the reporting world too. The modern craze for races and sporting has put the reporter to the necessity of being familiar with them, even though he might neither have the chance or the inclination to take part in them at any time of his life. Knowledge of the technique and manner of conducting them are absolutely essential to him, in order to supply the paper with descriptive reporting on these

subjects. Similarly, is special experience and instruction necessary for other kinds of reporting such as legal news—where he has to see that he does not unwittingly bring his paper under contempt of court proceedings or involve it in defamation suits. And as papers in India are yet in their infancy, the reporters cannot afford to be merely specialists in one particular line of reporting, but have to be fairly conversant with all branches. Hence he has to acquire the stimulus to versatility and the ability to put his hand to any plough. A keen interest in everything is thus expected of him. Nay more, he must not only take keen interest but should also actually plunge into the extraordinary varieties of human activities. It is quite possible that in the course of his day's work, he has to attend in succession a funeral procession in the morning, the deliberations of a political or educational society in the afternoon and a pleasant social in the evening. That in spite of having to look at life and the world from these widely differing points of view, he escapes from becoming cynical and superficial is a valuable testimony to his good sense.

But apart from these technical qualifications, there are certain others which should be common to all. Among these are a fair general education, a literary aptitude and a good knowledge of short hand. Good manners and politeness and that rare virtue commonly known as 'push' (within limits, of course) are other essentials. Because, it has to be remembered that the reporters depend upon others for their 'copy' mostly and can only do their work properly by being on good terms with all and with enmity to none. Provided he is careful, he will find this a very difficult thing to achieve, because those to whom he has to go for favours in the course of his day's work are happily aware of the reporter's ability to pander to their pardonable weakness to see their names or their good work in print and so bring themselves, as they fondly conceive, into the lime light of the public. Hence, they must need be practical men with a good understanding of human nature. Truth and impartiality are virtues in themselves in the case of others, but these in a reporter are a duty which no one can defy long with impunity. Unfortunately, however, his opportunity to do mischief is infinitely greater than his power to do good and therefore, rightly considered,

these two virtues are his only shield. In a sense the reporter also, like the Editor, can make or mar the careers of public men, but, unlike his superior, when once the harm is done, wittingly or unwittingly, he cannot retrieve it. Therefore, he cannot too sufficiently guard against the temptation to injure, for, the retribution which is sure to overtake him will prove to be as swift and sudden as it would undoubtedly be ruinous to his own future. These are, indeed, pit-falls, but pit-falls which can be avoided with a little bit of circumspection and largeness of mind. Let him only remember the dignity of his calling. For, ranged on his side are, perhaps, the immortals; for, was not Ganesh himself a reporter and Sanjaya the ancient forerunner of the modern war-correspondent?

To the Rising Sun

Rise up soon, ye: golden hued Sun,
Anxiously I await Thee,
I pray not for anything,
Save That which knows not death.

Thou dost thy duty to the world,
For duty's sake alone,
Thou expectest not the least in return,
For thy restless selfless action.

Thine is purely a labour of love,
For thou lightest the good and bad,
The godless and the wicked ones.
I swear the moment thou grantest me
A ray of thy splendour love and oneness,
Impartially shall I shine to all alike.

G. B.

Ralph Waldo Emerson

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

A snap-shot view of Emerson, the philosopher man of letters:

I HAD first heard of him in my boyhood from one of my good English masters in the high school, but I could not understand then a bit of any writing of his. Even the English Traits which I had been encouraged to try as an introductory study proved dull and unexciting or too deep for my poor understanding, I could not say what.

A little drilling in Indian philosophic thought made the way some what clear for me to help in an understanding of Emerson. When I tried the study with my outlook changed I found it quite absorbing and fascinating. I cultivated a passion of affection even for his literary form. It was my good fortune that I studied Emerson undeterred by the critics. Long after I had read and digested the substantial writings of the man I happened to look into the judgments of his writings by scores of his critics. I must own the sense of disappointment I had over the critics' judgments. Even Morley and Mathew Arnold whose critical faculties are of the highest order among English men of letters appeared to me to do him scant justice. They disbelieved his high seriousness; sometimes they chaffed or trifled. They attacked his philosophy as unsound and they discredited him for not giving birth to a system of thought, logically worked out. Only Richard Garnet among the English critics has given him free and unstinted praise and found for him a place among the prophets who have spoken from the depths of their inner being. He calls him a voice without a form (Devoid of literary qualifications as I am, I desired very much to pay my debt to him by recording my sincere and grateful appreciation of him in writing.)

I am sorry to have to record my impressions of his writings without his books to help me. I must do it, from recollection and what I state therefore must needs be perfunctory and possibly hap-hazard. I crave the reader's pardon for doing this unintended injustice to Emerson.

I must for truth's sake record my impression and my deliberate judgment, I may say, that of the essay-writers in English Literature I have read, I reckon, Emerson the best and the deepest. Goldsmith, Dr. Johnson, Steele, Addison, Carlyle, Froude, Charles Lamb, and many living writers too have all moved me deeply. I have had almost a partiality for this form of literature and I have spent some of my days with these authors. Some of these writers have the broad human sympathy of Emerson; some may have attained greater lucidity and clearness of diction. Charles Lamb may very easily excel Emerson in the quality of humour. Froude may be a model of simplicity in diction. But no one of these authors or even a combination of them possessed universality of outlook, the unfettered sympathy, the catholicity of sentiment, and the range of ideas in Emerson.

There is no subject grave, gay, sacred or secular, great or small on which he has not exercised his deepest mind and which in consequence he has not lighted up to quite original new views. The titles of his essays, some of them, I give off-hand here in illustration of my point; self-reliance, society and solitude, war, illusions, clubs, domestic life, fate worship, Montaigne the sceptic, Napoleon the man of the world, history, art, manners, civilization, the natural history of the intellect, woman, Politics, the American scholar, man—the reformer are some of the topics on which he has brought his highest and best mind to bear. Transcendentalism is the warp and woof of his being. All he writes on is coloured by the transcendentalists' outlook. Is he writing on Napoleon the man of the world? He makes the most acutely critical analysis I have ever read of Napoleon, distributes his praise and blame without fear or hope of favour and rounds off his estimate with the transcendentalists' warning that the man Napoleon is inevitable "so long as our civilisation is one of fences and of exclusiveness which makes the wine burn in our mouth and leaves us sick in spite of our laughters". Is the subject domestic life? He does not rest content unless he has drawn his picture of his ideal home, where the husband and wife are rich not in the possession of the good things of the world, but rich in their love and affection, and in their culture and outlook, and fill the home with light because of the thoughts they think and

the ideals they cherish. Writing about books where he takes us through all meandering mazes of study and astonishes us by the range of his intellectual sympathies, he cannot help coming to a conclusion without alluding to what he calls the bibles of the world, and books of semi-canonical authority like the sentences of Epictetus or the meditations of Marcus Aurelius or the Imitation of Christ, books which must be read on bended knee and with adoring heart as he would say. Or take the subject of Eloquence where I have read much useful theory on Rhetoric and a good deal of the history of the art, he concludes only on his transcendental basis. "The highest platform of eloquence is the moral sentiment" says he. He disposes of Isocrates, the Greek Rhetorician, who discovered the true office of eloquence in making the great look small and the small look great; quite the reverse, says Emerson, is its office to make the small look really small and the great look really great. All the great speakers of the world who have moved men to do great things have subordinated talent to character. There can be no doubt that this was the last word on the subject. He has written on the comic sense and has given in it his quaint definition from Aristotle of the comic sense as consisting in saying what is out of time and place without being dangerous. He gives a classical example from the life of Tamur lane; Tamur's barber was attending on him and Timur was watching his reflection in the mirrors. By his side was one of his good courtiers. The great world conqueror was lame of one leg and blind of one eye. The thought of this physical deformity, as it was vividly brought home to him in the reflection, depressed him and there stood a tear or two on the corner of his eye. The courtier by his side was seen profusely shedding tears. With a started look, Timur questions the man why he cried and there comes forth his profoundly human and exquisitely comic reply "Thou, Oh Lord, who hast built the beautiful cities of Bokhara and Samarkhand, and has brought a large part of the world under thy sway, art depressed by the thought of thy physical deformity, as thou observest thy reflection in the mirror for a moment; but I who have been looking at you all my life, and been struck with grief over your deformity, how much more should I cry for you".

There are no more controversial subjects in the world than scepticism and belief, marriage and monasticism, society and

solitude, fate and free-will. In the history of human thought on these subjects, as a rule, one finds only half-views have been taken, the bent of mind of each thinker determining the direction of his thought and the mode of his emphasis. The married man for instance often exaggerates the value of marriage as a moral factor in life and has no good word to say about monasticism. On the other hand it comes for a very large share of abuse, the critic being pleased to call the monastic stage one of defiance of the laws of Nature and of God, of frustration of the Divine plan. The writer on monasticism in return decries the institution of marriage and arraigns married people as living a life of sinfulness. Even so about society and solitude, very strange half-views have been promulgated in the world. Emerson is never once guilty in sharing in these prejudices. He has a quick discerning eye for the truth which lies midway between two extremes, for the synthesis of conflicting positions. He discovers the real weakness in each extreme view and takes men to the place from which they become reconciled. I think that the profoundest pronouncements by him are where he reconciles solitude and society. "Society," says he, "is fatal and solitude unpractical but here again, nature asks us to keep to the diagonal line. He is wise who shall keep his head in solitude and his feet in society." With equal mastery, he avoids the intricacies and confusions inevitable in a discussion of fate and free-will and takes his stand on the equal truth of both, admitting that life is governed by fate as by free-will. Like the equestrians in a circus who ride at the same time on the backs of two horses, he would have men rule themselves by fate as by free-will. In one pregnant sentence, he gives us the correct position with regard to the relative values of marriage and monasticism, "Whether you marry or not, you will rue it". To the writer therefore, it was not marriage or celibacy that by itself mattered but it was the point of view by which either life was lived. I think it may be said of him with very great truth that in almost all matters that affect the vital well-being of man about which there has been no end of controversy in the world, he is like a chemical which holds apparently different elements in perfect solution. His soul has pierced to the heart of things straightway, and the truths he discovers through the flashes of his intuition, he expresses to us in words that burn and, when cut, appear to shed blood.

National Biography

(By T. S. Gangadharan B. A.)

Lives of great men, all remind us,
We can make our lives sublime;
And departing, leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Long fellow

ONE of the tenets of true culture is the appreciation of the beautiful and the reverence for what is good and great. Such a culture appears more to advantage and serves a more edifying and didactic purpose, when one's appreciation is bestowed upon great and noble personalities. There should be admiration, where admiration is really due, and the reverence for great men should be based upon true insight, sound study and clear understanding. A profitable study of this kind ennobles and purifies the man and fires him with high ambition and healthy ideals.

Lafcadio Hearn, once, asked his Japanese pupils at the Tokio University to write an essay on "What is Eternal in Literature?" And a young student wrote "The Eternal in Literature is—the lives of patriots and teachings of those, who have given pure maxims to the world." Indeed the glorious contributions of our great men to the various departments of our activities, are an invaluable asset for the progress of our nation. A good biographical study and appreciation in the proper perspective, of the life work of such great personalities, really ministers to the sense in man for duty and the sense in man for conduct.

There are many mighty personalities in our country, men who have won laurels in the several spheres of activity—statesmen, poets, prophets, reformers and saints. Unfortunately enough, many of the products of our university are so engrossed in foreign culture and learning that they know more about the details of the lives of a Mrs. Asquith or a Mussolini or a Cauillax, rather than those of a celebrated great man of our own dear country. There are many among us,—indeed a pathetic phenomenon—who do not know the life work of a Gokhale or a

Naoraji among the dead or of a Sastri or a Malaviya among the living. There are many more among us who are supremely satisfied with a blissful ignorance of our own national culture; people who cannot remember even a single line of the poetry of a Tagore or a Sarojini, but who can repeat hundreds of lines from a third rate English poet.

Such is the tragedy of our culture. However, none can approve of our praising aloft the great men of our country at the expense of those of the other countries. On the other hand, greatness is no exclusive commodity of any particular nation; it is international and universal. Nevertheless there ought to be a certain amount of patriotism in the cultivation of our culture. We should study first the lives of the great men of our country and then compare them with those of the other countries. If, instead, too much emphasis is laid on the heroes of the foreign nations, in utter disregard of those of one's own country, then it is not conducive to the cultural progress of the country.

The life work of some of our great men, who, by the intense force of their personalities, have moulded the course of modern events, should be studied from the proper angle of vision. Some of them passed away long ago and memories of them, have become dim and indistinct. But the stories of their lives, stir us still and kindle our good emotions. Even now they make us feel and move us. In a study of such men one should always have a note of sympathy—the Carlylean attitude of perfect sympathy between the biographer and the hero. There should be all-round altruism, for, "whoso respecteth every man is great". We should respect others' feelings and in judging others, we must be tolerant and catholic. We must take the life-work of the great men as a whole, view them sympathetically and pay homage to their worth. For sound judgment, we must have that balanced mind, unperturbed by prejudice and uncontaminated by passion.

Such good qualities must be cultivated. And in the best interests of true culture, some bad traits should be avoided at any cost. Prejudice, which nowadays easily takes the place of tolerance and sympathy, blunts our comprehension, vitiates our judgments and spoils our vision. Consequent on this prejudice,

there is always present, an attempt to pick holes in and cry down, some of our greatest men, who, when viewed properly, will be found in their true elements. To deprecate a man, a small incident is made much of. Such an attitude is the most intolerable, as it is the most derogatory for the fostering of true culture. As Johnson once said, "we must clear our minds of cant" we must with all sincerity try to distinguish among celebrated personalities, the true from the false, the genuine from the bogus.

What is the value of such an appreciation of greatness? It endows the people with robust idealism, nobility and ambition. The absence of ambition on the part of human beings is a clog in the wheel of their progress. Further, the fundamentals of greatness being character, appreciation of greatness is *ipso facto* respect of good character. There is no greater service for the development of true culture, than that of the biographer, who not only sees for himself, but reveals to others the greatness of mighty personalities. "Biography" according to Carlyle "is the most universally profitable of all reading." "The duty of every educated Indian is to understand the life-work of our great men in the proper light and offer his respect to them if alive and pay his homage to their pious memories, if dead. If some of our own great men wither away unrecognised and unappreciated, if greatness "wastes its sweetness in the desert air," then it is really no compliment to the cultured people of our country. And the *intelligentsia* of the land should take the earliest opportunity to eradicate this great blot from out of the canvass of Indian culture.



Thomas Hardy

(By S. Ramamurthy, B. A. (Hons.))

"ON every side" says Mr. Alfred Noyce 'the same fight is being waged in art and letters as is being waged politically in Russian abnormal struggle between sanity and downright insanity'. This is said with reference to some characteristics of Modern Literature. In this paper-suffocated age, all literary forms—good, bad and indifferent move and jostle in a mixed company. There is an abnormal growth of sound, solid unexceptionably second-rate work written for a market which it readily finds. Amidst these dull and shivering lights, there are one or two which should burn for ever. Where Thomas Hardy sits there is the throne of English Novel now. In him, we find the English Novel touched to fine issues. He is the uncrowned king of Wessex who rules his little country with right Zeus-wise dispensation.

The art of novel is a serious one. Hardy by his example claims that novel as an art has higher destinies and greater ends. Not a single one of his novels has that flippancy of tone or frivolity of purpose. Every one of his novels shows an instinct for spacious design, a genius for unending architectonic skill. It is this serious conception combined with his instinct for order and design and with an essentially vigorous imagination that makes him a great master. He delves deep on the rock of primeval humanity; he strips the proud little man not only of his brief little authority but of every thing that the so-called progress of age has enveloped him in and studies him in the nakedness of his soul. He deals with passions of the Wessex folk and the tragedies thereof (for comedies are few and far between). He has that daring and audacious comprehension of it in the common place Wessex folk—"Men and women with souls alike Gothic cathedrals." The rural folks are real to him and the Wessex world is one where from time to time dramas of a grandeur and unity truly sophoclean are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passions and closely knit interdependence of the lives therein". Hardy seeks to interpret primitive humanity in its intricate relation to the heart of nature.

"Tess of the D'Urbervilles" and "the Jude the Obscure"—these two are the masterpieces of Hardy. "The Mayor of Casterbridge" and "The Return of the Native" come next. These will survive the onslaughts of time and abide for ever. "Under the Green Wood Tree" is a light and charming bucolic story. The journey of Hardy the artist begins with this novel but soon the shades of the prisonhouse close up the traveller—the drowning of Eustacia "the rawmaterial of Divinity, who in Heaven might probably be between Heloises and Cleopatra"—the silent selfsacrifice and the death of Giles Winterborne, the agony of Tess, the moanings of Jude—these alone are heard in the later pages of Hardy.

The characteristics of Hardy are writ large in every one of his novels. He seems to be a cast of imagination peculiarly sombre. Reading his novels we find the author is not born far east in Zion. The novelist treats the world not as a friendly scene in which one may spend a fairly long and happy holiday. And Hardy says that the present life is a cruel joke. All the characters of his novel have that 'field mouse fear of the coulter of destiny their fair promise'. "Here and everywhere be folk dying before their time like frosted leaves though wanted by their families, the country and the world". "Happiness is but the occasional episode in a general drama of pain". This may stand as the text before the novels of Thomas Hardy. Calamity generally knocks at the gate in most of his books and more often than not death is pushing home the bolts. "The ingenious marching contrived by the Gods for reducing human possibilities of amelioration to a minimum" crushes his great characters—Tess, Jude, and The Mayor of Casterbridge—

Thomas Hardy is an acute psychologist. His penetrating intellect dissects motives and moods which sway and save or destroy man. According to him life has its mysteries and its ironies are great and inscrutable and inexorable. It is this philosophic idea combined with the time instinct of an artist that makes Hardy a great Novelist.



Twilight and Dawn

or

The Orient and the Occident

(An allegory)

(By L. V. Ramaswami Iyer, M. A., B. L.)

HERE in the East have descended the shades of Night. O Sun-God. In which land across the oceans hast thou owned again to bless it with your smile?

Here in the East, the night-flower, the Rajanigandha, tremulously trembles into existence, like a coy fresh bride, fully veiled, standing by the bridal chamber; but where ah! where has the morning Kanakachampak bloomed.

Who has awoken? The lamp kindled overnight has been put out and the garlands of white rose flowers strung at night have been flung asunder. There in that distant land, sleep has given way to the sway of Youthful Resolve and Daring Conquest.

Here in the East, amidst the fast-falling shades of darkness, as by one the doors have been bolted, but there in the West, amidst the effulgent rays of the morning Sun the castle windows have been opened.

Here in the East are the boats moored fast to the wave-washed shore and the boatmen are drowsy,—but there, a pleasant wind fills the sails of gaily-decked ships that dance on the waves and the sea with flying streamers and vibrant music.

They in the West have started from their rest-house, heading for the East; on their foreheads are glowing the beams of the morning Sun, and for them are twinkling through window-chinks the love-looks of many a mirthful maiden. Their very blood tingles with the triumph of their nascent vitality.

But here, in the East, have we, in the shadowy twilight of the evening, with jaded limbs and faded hearts, slowly crossed over to the other shore and pitched our tents in front of the ruined rest-house yonder. In tiny groups have we dispersed ourselves, and the road before us are hazy in the darkness. In low whispers we talk to one another of our glorious past and the deeds of valour that marked our wanderings. Gradually even these whispers die down, and silence prevails. When in the midst of this weariness and silence we look up into the sky, we see the Saptarish stars shining overhead.

O Sun God. Deign to dispel the darkness in the East with that same light with which you have flooded the West.

And let the symphonies of the East mingle with those of the West in one harmonious strain.

An old man came across a small boy fishing in a muddy canal. The boy looked so fed up that the man thought a few words might cheer him.

'What are you fishing for, my lad?' he asked.

'For snigs,' answered the boy, unhappily.

'How long have you been at it?'

'All day'

'But what are snigs?'

'I don't know,' came the weary reply 'I ain't caught one yet'.

A diner complained about a waiter. 'I 'm glad to hear it,' was the proprietor's response.

'Glad?'

'Yes; it's a relief to hear a complaint that isn't about the food.'

Husband: 'Do you believe in the theory that the greatness of a father often proves a stumbling block to the advancement of his son?'

Wife: 'I do. But I am thankful, John, that our boy will never be handicapped in that way'.

The Common Language Question

THE question of a common language for our country has for some time been increasing its hold upon our attention; and while on the one hand various and clashing interests are taking practical steps in diverse directions, we have on the other a growing volume of both informed and ill-formed thought and literature on the subject. We are now the heirs of three distinct traditions, none of which is entirely dead: there is Sanskrit in which Sankara argued his victorious march against Buddhism and bombarded its strong holds all over the land, there is then Hindustani in which Akbar conversed with his courtiers, feudatories and ambassadors, and we have the latest English in which the late Surendranath thrilled his audiences and the saintly Gandhi weekly and daily delivers his message to the nation. We have these three main channels of communications between our far-flung millions, and we cannot say even of the oldest that it will be abandoned in the near future. Our thinkers and practical reformers have not however much racked their brains or fettered their hands with the claims of these; they are foreign either in time or in place.

We have now looming large in our front the efforts of the Hindi Prachar department of the congress led by Mahatma Gandhi; and we are told that with the start we have in sixty per cent of our people already speaking the language as their mother tongue or as a Secondary vernacular, we need but a united and determined will to accomplish the purpose. Advocates of other languages are inclined to question this estimate; but even granting its substantial accuracy, they see other objections to the adoption of Hindi as the language of United India. It is certainly not the easiest of Indian languages to learn, even to those whose mother tongue is derived from Prakrit. A south Indian especially if he knows no Sanskrit, would find it as strange to the grain in him

as, for instance, Icelandic or American English—even though South Indians are generally considered successful in this kind of intellectual feat from the way they take to English. And in any question of a common language from north of the Krishna River, it is the South Indians whose attitude towards it has to be primarily considered. A recent writer in *the Modern Review* also contends that Hindi has no literature worth speaking of, at any rate not one commensurate with its importance in its suggested place in our national future. We are not qualified to judge on this point; but we should think the standard of literary competency in such a case depends upon the relation of our *lingua franca* to our local vernaculars.

What do we require of the common language we are urged to adopt? Is it to supplement or supplant our mother tongues? Our linguistic diversity necessitates some common speech for commercial and political purposes; but should it likewise teach us our cases in Courts, give up literary relaxation at home and spiritual solace in our holy places! On our answer to this question depends whether we are going to prefer Bengali or Urdu or Tamil or Guzerati. Do we consider that national unity is impossible without linguistic homogeneity? It is of supreme importance that we clearly understand our minds in this matter. It is beautiful to have one language spoken between the Himalayas and the Indian Ocean; it is a consummation that as idealists we should yearn for; we even grant there would be great advantage in it. But the question is, is it a vital necessity? For, if so, we should spare no pains to achieve our object. If it is not so very essential, if we feel that the nation can live its material and even spiritual life without the same idiom interpenetrating every cell of our mechanism, we should thoroughly revise our ideas and even perhaps our standpoint, and if we still cling to the common language, creed, approximate the merits of the speech chosen to our, limited requirements.

Now, nobody would urge the stifling out of existence of all or any of our Vernaculars, even were it within the field of practical politics. On the other hand there is a definite movement afoot in the opposite direction; and while the schools are on the one

side, being forced by popular pressure to adopt the local vernacular as the medium of instruction, there are, on the other, forces working to revive and enrich provincial literary traditions. These are in many cases too valuable and glorious to be lightly or willingly abandoned. Tamil, Telugu, Bengali, Marathi,—these will live and flourish even if all of us are converted by some miracle into nationalistic idealists, and adopted some speech to serve for our Esperanto. By the side of these, any common language can only hope to be secondary, unless the two happen to be identical. The sentiment which is really back of the present campaign against English will be intensified tenfold, when it becomes a conflict between the All-India and the Provincial languages. These will be exalted and made to go as far as they can; merchants and tourists and politicians may use the *lingua franca*, but even then only when indispensably necessary; the mass of the people will never be directly affected by its currency, as much as they should know about the doings of the central Legislature being translated for them.

I think this is a true reading of the times. I have no wish to underrate the movement for unity in all directions which seems to have seized our very souls; but the very fact that we cannot easily agree on the common language to be adopted proves this point. Indeed, we should be putting a heavy strain on our spirit of union if we required of it the suppression of such a vital part of our nature as our mother tongue. Dialects have survived in all countries in spite of universal, free and compulsory education; and there are lands like Switzerland with more than one official language. Nor is linguistic unity absolutely essential, however, desirable it may be. We want some kind of extra-local national speech to serve certain purposes, and instead of desiring that it should have a glorious literature, I think, our true desire would rather be that it should not by any chance be able to compete with the language we heard as children. The question in that case is not what percentage of our people speak that language, but how the population speaking or understanding that language is distributed.

It is futile to dream of an India where Hindi or Bengali or any other will be understood in every one of its myriad cottages, and huts. Such a thing is impossible in nature at the present stage of our civilization; for all living languages have growth which the printing press has not yet been able to make uniform within their areas. If by some miracle our three hundred and thirty millions were taught the Hindi of a particular area and spoken by a particular class of persons there, at a particular period, the majority would forget it in one generation – with free play allowed to the vernaculars – and the rest would not be talking it alike. For the majority do not for their daily purposes require other than their vernaculars, except on linguistic frontiers, and there the population is every where bilingual. As to the minority who, finding it useful would retain knowledge of it, dialectic groups would soon be formed, but correction of their difference is not difficult as their speakers would belong to the educated classes and would not object to the pruning on sentimental grounds.

Our conclusion then is that for our national purposes, we do not need linguistic unity. At any rate, we could neither achieve it, nor, were we able to do so, should it be permanent. We are falling back on our vernaculars and do not desire their supersession; and so the secondary common language we require to a limited extent, we shall not be looking up to for spiritualizing literary traditions. The *lingua franca* should be strictly secondary in its use; and it is not a large population but a widely and fairly distributed that should speak it. There is only one language that satisfies these requirements; and that is the language of this article.

The agitation that is at present directed against English and seeks to replace it by some other language, is I think dictated by a false sentiment. Sentiment has no place in this consideration; the only deciding factors should be convenience and utility. The vogue of English is already a fact in our national life; in commerce, it opens to us a larger world than India; in politics, it has the tendencies of the age already incorporated in its

vocabulary. Countries outside the British Empire see fit to learn it, though not to the disadvantage of their vernaculars, but then we too may relegate it to a similar place in our land. It has a great literature to boast of, which at the same time will only enrich, not endanger our literatures. Is our sentiment then so strong as to make us waste the progress of nearly two centuries? For it may be an imperfect form of progress, but it is still progress to have learnt a vitalizing language through which we have achieved our present unity as a nation. I grant that the sentiment is still there; that such a foreign language ought to have no place in the India of our dreams. But Britain has ruled us for nearly two centuries; and even as Anglo-Indians will exist as an integral part of our nation, let this her other legacy be also treasured by us till we can evolve a better order.

D.

Sacrifice.

Is sacrifice so hard a thing?

We give a useless seed

To God's kind care, and lo! we reap

A harvest for our need.

We give a scanty draught to one

Who faints beside the way:

There flows a fountain for our thirst

Some weary, woesome day.

We give a little flower of love,

To light a darkened room;

And lo! our gardens overflow

With beauty and with bloom.

Ah! sacrifice is but a door

To dwellings of delight:

And selfishness the subtle key

That locks our joy from sight.

Our Little Friend

Wisdom of the Body

(By T. L. Vaswani)

A Vedic prayer invokes the Supreme as *atmada*, *balada*. Both are needed,—illumination of the Atma and *bala* of the Body. My cult of *Shakti* includes a Cult of Body-building. This was recognised in Aryavarta. Yoga, Pantanjali says, is not to be taught to a man who has not a good body. Breathing exercises, club-exercises, wrestling, archery were taught to Aryan students. Kshatriya qualities were highly respected. An Arab writer of the 10th century gave a list of 7 social orders in India. The highest of these, curiously enough, is the order of the Kshatriyas. Brahmins coming second. The Rajputs held high the traditions of valour and chivalry. The Rajputs of Mewar and Samber resisted with glorious feats of strength the strong Arabs at a time when the Muslim had engulfed Mesopotamia, Iran, and Baluchistan. From Baluchistan the Arabs advanced to Sind, but were bravely resisted by the heroic Gehtols. Ancient India's record is rich in records of able-bodied, heroic Aryans. Recall the story of Sri Rama of blessed memory. Medieval India's record is rich in exploits of brave Rajputs. Bappa Rawal reminds one of Charles Martel and Rana Pratap stands unique in the annals of his age.

What is the situation to-day? On his first visit to India, several years ago, Mr. Ramsay Macdonald was sadly impressed with one thing,—emasculatation of the people. He refers to it in his book named "The Awakening of India". This sad feature of Indian life has been noticed by several visitors to this country. Indian bodies have been weakened.

Our Aryan Ancestors believed intensely in national health, in racial strength. What are we doing to improve the health and strength of the nation? Look at young India. Suffering in height, weight, health, nutrition, alertness! The rapid deterioration of physique,—the appalling infantile death rate, the large

number carried off every year by malaria alone, supply a sad commentary on the present situation. Hindu society is dying daily.

The current system of education with its emphasis on 'cramming' is one cause, but only one, of rapid deterioration in the physique of students. There are other causes. The basis of body-building is 'Brahmacharya'. *Bhoga* is what has ruined many a youth. Control of the senses is wisdom of the Body. In ancient India, every student was a Brahmachari. I plead for a new understanding and appreciation and application of the ancient ideal of the Simple Life. In Simplicity is the strength of a nation, in Purity the secret of Character, in self-control essence of efficient society. Current education in this country has for a long time missed the true end of culture, and so many of our educated young men think more of money than of the true values of life. But as an eminent educationist of our day, Prof. C. T. Campagnac said the other day:—"to measure education by material success is disastrous." The country needs more men of plain living and high thinking.

Many of the young men commit 4 crimes,—(1) they want luxurious foods. These are devitalising foods. (2) They breathe too little. (3) They drink too little water. (4) They hunger for *bhoga*. Soft living is the sin of our young men. Live hard, I say. Many a student in the school or college, takes more care of his dress than his body. He is prone to attach too great a value to a false "philosophy of clothes". He forgets that the secret of beauty is not dress but health of body and mind. He must learn to be simple in diet and dress. It was Edison, the world-famous American, who said:—"The Americans are food-drunk". This may be said, also, of any of the young who frequent hotels in quest of rich luxurious foods. These young men want to be drunk with food. Not in food-intoxication is the secret of health and strength.

The secret lies in plain living and control of passions. I ask the young to lead the simple life. The ancient rule was sound—to receive *Vidya* the student must be a Brahmachari. The ancient

rule must be revived. Knowledge and *bhoga* cannot dwell together. Our students must be Brahmacharis. Young men must be taught, also, the value of correct diet. They must eat well. This does not mean that they must be luxurious. This means that they must eat foods rich in vitamins. A medical writer speaks highly of the diet of the Punjabi villager which consists, he points out, "of a whole meat wheat bread, dal or pulse, vegetables and abundance of milk and ghee". "The Punjabi peasant", he pertinently points out, 'enjoys an immunity from many of the diseases of civilization'. "On the other hand", he adds "the British diet is as deficient in vitamins as the Danish and Punjabi diets are rich in them". The Danish diet resembles the Punjabi diet and consists of wholemeal bread, barley porridge, greens, potatoes, milk and butter. The green leaves of vegetables, it is pointed out, are very rich in vitamins. So are nuts of all kinds, and beans, peas, tomatoes and salads. Some of these formed the diet of the earlier generations. To-day our students and youngmen have rejected the good old rule of plain living and are out for fashions and luxuries. Good simple food is what is needed for health and strength. Not luxuries, not flesh diet, not the heavy hotel food. And the highest happiness is to give ourselves in love and service; not merely to our friends and neighbours and countrymen but also to those poor creatures who, alas! are daily dragged to the slaughter house. They, too, are our brothers in the one Kingdom of Life.

Too much emphasis cannot be put upon games and fresh air. Physical Culture Leagues are as important as any Political league. National spirit expresses itself not only in politics and culture but, also, in love of games.

With the new national life in Ireland, they have revived national sports. India needs a net work of *akhara*s to revive *kasrat*, Indian club, *dand*, breathing exercises, wrestling. Schools and colleges must organise big athletic exhibitions. Play is more important than examinations. They are responsible for the brain fatigue of not a few of our youngmen. It is often complained that Hindus are divided. Play will unite them. In ancient India physical culture was an integral part of education. Manu

places courage first in his list of virtues; and the student in the Aryan ashram was taught to "play the man". In Europe, the importance of games is easily recognised. The winner of a boat race in Cambridge is more honoured than a wrangler in mathematics. In Germany, youngmen are fond of mountain climbing and the programme of the new German youth-movement includes Sunday excursions, when young men walk for miles together and spend the day in fellowship with nature and the farmers. In Finland, the youngmen's motto is:—Enduring physique". The best sportsman is rewarded with a life-long immunity from taxation. Little boys and girls are encouraged to walk in winter's snow several miles every day. One of the saddest sights in India is that of pale-faces, spectacled young men. A craving for "comfort" has weakened their fibre. They need to be trained in a school of hardness. So it was in ancient India, when the greatest emphasis was put upon *brahmacharya*. So it is in modern Japan. In severe winter, the Japanese boy is allowed no fire. If his feet be benumbed by frost, he is asked to warm them by running about in sun.

Hindu youths must accustom themselves to danger and difficulty. And a new love for physical culture must grow in and outside our schools and colleges. For over a generation, Japan has had a very useful law. It requires 3 to 5 hours weekly of physical education for all candidates for teacher's posts in normal schools. In Japan, too, there are societies and leagues for encouragement of games. One of the biggest is the Military Arts Association. Yet another is the "National Physical Education Society" which has nearly two million members. A very good custom in Japan is that of long-distance walking excursions. Here is a description given by a competent interpreter of New Japan:—

"These trips last a week or ten days. The boys are divided into companies, each of which is led by a teacher; and these companies are sub-divided into squads of ten or twelve boys with their chiefs who are required to report three times a day to the company captain on the condition of their groups. High school boys think nothing of their going 25 or 30 miles a day in this manner.

THE SCHOLAR

Every boy is expected to carry his own extra clothing and whatever else may be deemed necessary in the way of provision for the trip.

One of our immediate needs, I submit, is an All-India Physical Culture Association with branches in each province.

To my countrymen, I say — Believe in the cult of manhood. Be strong. Spread far and wide the message of health, of strength of will, of freedom of mind and passionate joy in being red-blooded, energetic MEN.

To Young India I say, *Be simple., Be Manly., Be Hard.*

My N-T-V-Land

(With Soul-felt Apologies to Mother India)

Which is the land of various tribes
Interspersed with servile scribes
Who boom the bane of buksheeh and bribes?

—It's I - n - d - i - a.

Which is the land of Dyarchy
Where once there was Monarchy,
But now on the road to Multiarchy?

—It's I - n - d - i - a.

Which is the land of Sinners and Saints
And people, with other precious paints,
Who rend the air with loud complaints?

—It's I - n - d - i - a.

Which is the land of caste and creed
Where once there was no kind of greed
Nor any sort of scaring screed?

—It's I - n - d - i - a.

Which is the land of the highest hills
The land of motor cars and mills
Where you meet with Eurasian frills?

—It's I - n - d - i - a.

Which is the land that is trudging on
To the remote, resplendent dawn
Where no swords will ever be drawn?

It's India.

Doodle.

Sketches of Palghat

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

VI. Flora and Fauna.

AMONG the compensations of life must be counted the beauty and fragrance of the floral world around us. The dusty road of Palghat is worth the walking on, at least to gaze at the lovely *Sirisha* in bloom. Its fallen flowers strew the ground with such soft-carpeting, such resilience to the tread, and the standing ones so perfume the air with delicate scent, that it cheers one's spirit, gladdens one's heart to come within the circuit of its shade, the ambit of its air-spread boughs!

The *Sirisha* or *Peltophorum ferrugineum* of the Order *Leguminosae* is a large avenue tree, twenty-five to thirty feet high with its longest lowest branches stretching out five feet and more horizontally. It casts a chequered shade, close-strewn with the stardust of splendid yellow blossoms. The trunk, about four feet and a half in girth, is covered with black bursting bark. The lowest branch starts seven feet from the ground and bears an abundance of deep dark green foliage.

The leaves consist of long stalks about ten inches long with parallel rows of eight to ten pairs of pinnae or "feathers", each consisting in its turn of about sixteen pairs of sessile leaflets, tiny things stuck on to the stalk without any visible connection. The leaflets thick and brittle are dark green in colour and shine with a glossy upper surface that lends to the whole aspect of the tree under sun or moonlight, a soft iridescence as of a body self-luminous.

The months of February, March and April are sweet with the bloom of the *Sirisha*. The flower branch is what is technically known as a *panicked raceme*, a velvety stalk about nine and a half inches long, bearing a tapering cluster of reddish brown buds. When the blossoms open out to the air and exhibit the soft loveliness of their yellow petals, soft and lovely as Sita's

body, to take the simile from Valmiki, the honey bees come in countless numbers and with their hum keep vibrant all the circumambient air! That is the time when one should go forth to see the Sirisha in bloom, even as the "Shropshire Lad" poet and professor, feeling that "to look at things in bloom, fifty years are little room", went forth into the woodlands, to see the Cherry hung with snow!

A second efflorescence begins from about the middle of July and keeps on till about the end of October. As I write, the blossoms are peeping out, shyly feeling their way into the sunshine and the air; the reddish clusters of buds variegating the dark green foliage with their distinctive colour and appearance hang out like grapes; a splendid specimen of the tree is immediately in front of Mr. V. I. Mannadiar's bungalow, and more of them line the western bank of the Tarakad tank. Indeed many of the avenue trees about the region are Sirishas and their lovely blossoms make the spot an enchanted one.

The *Poinciana Regia* is common, beautifully aflame with lovely scarlet flowers; so is the Palasa (*Butea frondosa*) or the *Kinsuka*.

A favourite tree with me is the *Vengai* or *Ptero-carpus marsupium*. It is a tall tree, divinely and magnificently tall, well over eighty to a hundred feet. Standing on a terraced garden in *Devi Nivas*, it overlooks the neighbouring country, majestically with its crown of golden yellow blossoms. There is a periodicity about the blossoming; every three days the flowers fall off and the buds begin to bloom; every five days new blossoms are clearly visible on the tree. Its fruit is rather thin and broad and circular with a thick fleshy swelling in the centre, the seed.

The Arunelli or Tirunelli (*Phyllanthus distichus*) is quite a covetable possession. Most brahmin houses in Kalpathi own a tree or two apiece, the possession of one such tree being superstitiously believed to bring good luck to the house.

There is no bird peculiar to Palghat. Over a dozen variety of birds most of them of the familiar kind used to feed freely and frequently in my garden. From the dun-coloured *Seven Babblers* or *Seven Sisters* noisy and even at times a nuisance, to the *Paradisaal Fly Catcher* of the white, and the chocolate variety most lovely to behold, fluttering the long tail-feather like a floating ribbon, what a variety! The ordinary *mina* dark brown with white petal-like spots on its wings, the *wag tail* unable to balance itself and always swaying restlessly, a dainty little bird with an unusually long tail but delicately moulded body and beak of the colour of granite or slate, with black streaks on the sides of the wings, dull white underside but brilliantly yellow or sulphur-coloured bottom; woodpeckers hunting in pairs for worms, with red crest, yellow back, black tail and grey white sides; *The black-headed* and *The Golden Oriole* with a brilliant golden yellow body black beak and crest, wings and tail black, darting like a golden arrow, in aureate splendour across a grey dull atmosphere; *King Crows* with their forked tails, swaying softly on dead and leafless branches; *Kingfishers* and *Magpie Robins*; the *pie-crested cuckoo*, the *paddy-bird*, the *bulbul*, occasionally the brown owl and certainly the ubiquitous *crows* with their thievish ways—they deserve to be rusticated—these are the birds to whose constant visit one owes freedom from the worry of vile and villianous man. These birds, however familiar, will still abundantly repay a close and careful study.

To meet them is to grow wings to your sides and fly away with them into the boundless expanse of the cerulean sky into the empyrean of infinite purity, radiance and loveliness. A word about butterflies and moths. A big moth six inches from end to end of extended wings, with eye-like rings in the centre of each wing, snuff-coloured brown is a proud possession being a rare variety. Dragon flies with multiple wings and red bodies, are familiar and hover over wells. *The Red Admiral*, is the brightest-coloured of the common butterflies. A semi-circular-winged butterfly exactly like a Japanese paper-fan is quite interesting. The other varieties—seventeen in all visited my garden—are distinguished only by size and colour, from a diminutive creature with each wing not bigger than a silver two-anna piece

to the giant bluish purple looking on the wing almost like a little bird. But one characteristic one sees in common; they are all brightly and beautifully coloured as the petal of a flower on the outside and uniformly dull on the underside of the wings, so that in the presence of an enemy, the brightest coloured butterfly, which would ordinarily attract much attention, suddenly closes its wings and sits motionless and the dull underside not distinguishable from the surrounding dun colour, protects it by adaptation and approximation to the environment, by camouflage or protective coloration.

But these fairest things have fleetest end; alas! that it should be so! which makes us say with Cory, of these butterflies, as of other things in life itself.

"But oh, the very reason why
I love them, is because they die."

SCHOLAR PRIZE COMPETITION. (Time extended)
PRIZE—Rs. 20

The 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 May 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 June 1926.

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

The prize sentence will be published in the June issue.

Saint Ramalingam

(By K. R. R. Sastry, M. A.)

(Concluded from our December number)

Part II.

HIS MARRIAGE AND TRAVELS.

MUCH against any married life, he acquiesced in the pressing requests of his elder brother and mother in marrying *Dhanammal*, the daughter of his sister *Unnamalaiammai*. From the married day rivers of tears ran from his eyes while he was citing *Thiruvachakam*. For the first and last time we hear of *Dhanammal*, the bride, at the marriage. Born of a radically different disposition we find *Ramalingam* immersed in his songs of the Almighty. His direction to one of his friends to beg no of men but of *Thiyaga Perumal* and his puritan letter of reply to the marriage invitation are indications of the prevailing mood. With a few of his disciples, *Ramalingam Pillai* starts on his travels to (*Mylapore*) and *Puduvai* (*Pondicherry*) and thence to *Chidambaram* where he composes his famous "*Nataraja-Padhimalai*" and exactly predicts the last days of *Kodhanallur Sundaraswamigal*. *Shiyali*, *Vaitheeswaran Koil* and *Madura* where he conquers the proud *Devipattanam Muthuswami Pillai*—these places are visited and wherever he goes. *Swamigal* composes his divine songs. He hastens to *Tiruppapuliur* and conducts heroically and chivalrously a brilliant controversy for the need of "idol worship" also on the banks of the *Pennaiyar* against one haughty *Sridhara Swami Nayakar*.

HIS INSPIRED SONGS.

He goes to *Karunguzhi* where water actually burns for him as oil to his lamp. Many miraculous cures of leprosy, witchcraft, and other bad diseases are found to fly away as mist before sun at the *Prasadam* of *Swamigal*. A cobra is found dying after biting *Pillai* at *Manjakuppam* while he keeps laughing. His disquisition with a brahmin sanyasi on "*Practical Vedanta*" ends in a fittingly touching song beginning with "*Ncerlei nataraja Pathyei*". He acquiesces in the request of *Cuddalore Devanayakam Pillai* to write a special commentary on "*Lord's advice to Cheikizhar*". Eternal thanks to *Puduvai Velu Mudaliar*, *Sivanandhapuram Selvaraya Mudaliar* and *Retna Mudaliar*, we find *Ramalingam Pillai* acceding to their request to put his inspired

songs to print. True to their Guru, we find these disciples faithful enough to print his sixth "*Thirumurai*" after his further stage of attainment. Mahavidwan Meenakshisundaram Pillai knew only one way of appreciating these inspired songs and that was by holding all these songs over his head in great veneration. Apropos the objection of the term "*inspired song*" raised against his verses by Arumuga Navalar, a dignified retort by Ramalingam Pillai in an assembly of his pupils, is what we have reasons to expect of such a great personage.

SETTLING AT VADALUR.

Otherwise called also Parvathipuram, Vadalur from which all the four towers of Chidambaram are said to appear in a line, is chosen by Ramalingam Pillai as the seat of his "*Gnana Sabha*". The seven screens at the Sabha are the seven illusions that hide the soul flame. The establishment of a choultry, a Samarasa Veda Patasalai, the practice of humanitarianism, the construction of a Siddhi Vinayaka temple, and the worship of Tirugnana-sambhandar every Thursday, all these are institutions that owe their origin to him. The miraculous incident of the lightning that affected only the pandal, the symmetrical and graceful planning of the octagonal-leaved mandapam from under the mango-tree midway between Vadalur and Mettukuppam, the practical feats of alchemy, medicine and music that Swami showed to the disbelieving, and the practical reformation that Swami was able to effect among the pariahs of Vadalur and the fishermen therein—all these carried the immortal fame of Swami far and wide. Not a day passed at Vadalur without his dignified expositions and miraculous manifestations of power. The failure of the expert photographer from Madras to take a successful photo of the Swami and the absence of any trace of the impressions of his feet on the ground while walking, are remarkable details of his person.

HIS SIDDHI.

During Srirugha Margazhi Swamikal used to stay in his room for a number of days and then come out occasionally. Even as the siddhi of Pattinathu Pillaiyar, Swami shut himself into a room at 12 midnight during Srirugha Thai in the Punarvasu star, to return into this world for the sake of humanity after two and a half Gatikais—to wit 42000 years according to some. Would that I was born as that lame goat which with rapt attention listened to the discourses of one of the great saints of this land at the *Onana Sabha*!

Oliver Goldsmith *

(P. Ramanathan, M. A., L. T.)

THE essay is a form of prose-literature in which the author expresses himself, and reveals his own individuality. Montaigne said of his essays that they were 'consubstantial' with their author, and this may be said of every great essayist. If Montaigne was frank and outspoken about himself, other essayists too are so, 'only we have to discover the vital relationship between their work and themselves just beneath the surface of what they write. The central fact of the true essay, indeed is the direct play of the author's mind and character upon the matter of his discourse.'

Among the eighteenth century essayists Goldsmith was by far the only writer in whose writings we can detect the traits of personality. Everything that he wrote was coloured by his own individuality. In fact, as Prof. Masson observes, "he drew on the recollections of his own life, on the history of his own family, on the characters of his relatives, on whimsical incidents that had happened to him in his Irish youth or during his continental wanderings, on his experience as a literary drudge in London."

The Citizen of the World is Goldsmith himself. Beneath the thin disguise of the Chinaman, the author discovers himself. An exile from his Irish home, and a stranger in England, Goldsmith had seen various cities, accustomed himself to a variety of manners and customs, until he came to be filled with a degree of humanity, and sensibility of nature rarely to be seen in mankind. In short he identified his interests not with the interests of a particular locality or community, but with the interests of the whole of mankind. This is what makes him consider the patriotic fervour of the porter, the soldier, and the prisoner in a humorous light. This is again the reason why he deplores the fact that women take part in politics. He finds that it is the Englishman's short-sighted insularity that is

* A sketch of the author's personality and character as we discover him in his essays is here attempted.

responsible for such zeal. He, therefore, speaks of his patriotism, his love of ceremony, and his generosity as national prejudices, implying that they are qualities not to be held to the admiration of the world. On the other hand, Goldsmith is a man of such humanity and sensibility of nature, that his ideals are raised one degree above patriotism; who thus becomes cosmopolitan, in his charity universal, and a "lover of man".

This relates to his general outlook. But considered closely we can discover the inner nature of Goldsmith himself. He is an oddity, a humourist, filled on the one hand with extreme compassion for the poor, and the other extravagant in his own dealings. The sight of a beggar evokes pity in him, pity, which is on the verge of tears, but the inability to relieve him wrings his heart. Such in short he makes out the character of the Man in Black, and in spite of other differences, he is Goldsmith himself in his tender regard for the poor. In fact, biographers have gone to the extent of identifying the one with the other merely on the score of a similarity of experience.

It is reported by Irving that on one occasion when Goldsmith was indulging in a game of cards with Sir William and Lady Chambers, he rushed out into the open street, on hearing a poor woman, half singing and half sobbing, and relieved her of her wants. "It is the reality," continues the writer, "of the fictitious scene in the story of the Man in Black, wherein he describes a woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, attempting to sing ballads, but with such a mournful voice that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying—The Man in Black gave his poor woman all that he had—a bundle of matches. Goldsmith, it is probable sent his ballad-singer away rejoicing, with all the money in his pocket." But like the Man in Black Goldsmith was ever short of cash. His extravagance often left him every poor: and in such a situation, when he found himself face to face with these poor wretches, he gave vent to the agonising emotions of his heart. "Why was this heart of mine formed with such sensibility? or why was not my fortune adapted to its impulse?" This, as Lobban says, is perhaps the most revealing passage in all Goldsmith's works. 'It is the key to the greater part of his character; it accounts for the miseries of his life, for the crowded stair-case at Brick Court, and for his unique hold on his reader's affections'

If Goldsmith could give, he could also fritter away his money. Like Bean Tibbs he was fond of every kind of extravagance—gay clothing, and visits to parks and gardens, where he could best display himself. With money in his pockets, he was the gayest of the gay, the most boisterously cheerful of companions. His description of a visit to the Vauxhall Gardens was doubtless drawn from one of his own adventures therein.

But Goldsmith has left a record also of the gloomier part of his life, when he was plodding his weary way in the literary field. The poet Scroggen is an admirable sketch of himself in those early days of his authorship, when he lived at the top of Break Neck Steps and toiled hard for Griffiths. The sanded floor, the damp walls decked with paltry pictures, the cold fire-grate are all characteristics of his own chamber. And in this anecdote of the author lured to the spunging-house by the bailiff. Goldsmith is drawing upon those dark days when he himself was daily in fear of arrest, and when Johnson helped him to his limited extent.

Thus the essays in the *Citizen of the World* are almost all of them expressions of one phrase or another of the author's personality. We find that Goldsmith had but to use his pen discreetly to make it competent to meet all his wants. But discretion is not a part of his nature. He is after prodigal, but it is a redeeming circumstance to note that his prodigality is oftener lavished on others, than on himself. 'He gave without thought or stint, and is the continual dupe of his benevolence and trustfulness in human nature. We may say of him as he says of one of his heroes, "He could not stifle the natural impulse which he had to do good, but frequently borrowed money to relieve the distressed; and when he knew not conveniently where to borrow, he has been observed to shed tears as he passed through the wretched suppliants who attend his gate."'

A man dressed in gay clothes, alternating his existence between the cold garret, frequently watched by bailiffs, and the brilliant scenes of the Vaux hall gardens, eluding his creditors, and passing through the crowd of beggars who throng his path, relieving them now and then, until finally his all vanishing, giving vent to passionate grief—such is the figure of Goldsmith we see in his essays.

A Study of Tagore's 'Fruit Gathering'

(By K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, B. A., B. L.)

IN this beautiful volume of poems we see the mellow sweetness of the *Gitanjali* attaining an ever sweeter ripeness of thought. We see in it all the great and unique qualities of Tagore's work in their most perfect and attractive forms. I have already shown in my previous volume dealing with Tagore's mind and art what are the great literary and spiritual qualities that form the very stuff of his genius. More than any other quality of his inner endowment, the preciousness and sweetness of his spiritual intention appeal to the highest and holiest elements of our nature and reveal to us the great truths and raptures realised by the purest religious consciousness.

In this volume Tagore sounds at the very outset the note of fulness of spiritual attainment which is hinted in the beautiful title of the book. Whatever might be the excellence of the soil or the strength of the trunk of the tree or the endless ramifications of the branches or the emerald glory of the leaves or the varied splendours or perfumes of the many tinted flowers, the real perfection towards the attainment of which all these elements strive is the fruitage. In the first poem itself Tagore says:

"Bid me and I shall gather my fruits to bring them in full baskets into your courtyard, though some are lost and some not ripe".

In the second poem he says:

"My life when young was like a flower—a flower that loosens a petal or two from her abundance and never feels the loss when the spring breeze comes to beg at her door.

Now at the end of youth my life is like a fruit, having nothing to spare, and waiting to offer herself completely with her full burden of sweetness".

(Page 1 and 2)

Thus in these two poems Tagore shows to us the real glory of a fulfilled life. The prodigal hands of youth might scatter in careless profusion the graces of its mental endowment. Indeed such liberal largesse of the treasures of sentiment and emotion is the most becoming thing in youth which sees

"Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eve by haunted stream."

and goes a-maying through the realm of love and poesy. But when the season of mellow wisdom comes and the high purpose of life is to be realised and attained, the soul realises how quickly the sands of life run out and how we have to offer the fruit of this both into the hands of the glorious giver of this embodiment to us. The tree of life has taken its full share of sun and rain and the fruits of attainment have been rendered full of a uniform and surpassing sweetness by the ripening hand of Time. Even if some of them be not ripe and others have fallen before the season of fulness comes on, all the fruits of achievement that are available must be offered to the Lord.

Such is the lofty strain in which this volume of poems is conceived; and the other poems in it take us from stage to stage of a lofty and dedicated life in the process of its self-realisation. Lyric poetry is the spontaneous expression of single moods. The real element of union in respect of the great lyrics of a great lyric poet is to be found in the fundamental and prevailing attitude and outlook of the poet. Almost unconsciously they determine the nature of his self-expression during each momentary dominant mood. Though lyric poetry is distinguished from other forms of poetry by the idea of its musical character and associations and by its being the expression of personal mood and feeling, yet the prevailing music of each great poet, soul determines the character of his self-expression in lyric poetry. Music is the

subtlest and sweetest of means for expressing the indefinable longings and aspirations and raptures of the æsthetic and spiritual moods. When such moods come out of the realm of harmonious sounds and seek expression through the medium of words which, though in some respects less impalpable than sounds are subtler and more spiritual than sounds, because words come to us charged with the perfume breathed into them by innumerable minds and hearts during countless generations, the moods naturally attain perfect self-expression in the province of lyric poetry which is the poetic form most allied to music and which gives the fullest scope to the expression of æsthetic subjectivity. In Tagore's lyrics of life and love which are sweet jets of lyric emotion, perfect in form, and poignant in content, we see the passionate intensity of the raptures of his æsthetic moods and his spiritual and devotional emotion. We may well apply to him Mr. Bagehot's description of Shelley's lyrical supermacy. "Shelley describes the universe. He rushes away among the stars. His theme is the vast, the infinite, the immeasurable." The tenth poem in this volume itself shows the truth of this description.

"My wings are full of the desire of the sky. I go to join the shooting stars at mind-night, to plunge into the profound shadow.

I am like the storm-driven cloud of summer that, having cast off its crown of gold, hangs as a sword the thunder-bolt upon a chain of lightning.

Tagore expresses admirably in this volume the yearning of every noble and thoughtful soul that reflects on life's glittering procession of days and prays for the revelation of the meaning of it all, because

"The chords of lute are entranced with the weight of the wonder of things"

In the fifty-first poem he says:

"This is my prayer, that I may know before I leave why the earth called me to her arms.

A STUDY OF TAGORE'S FRUIT GATHERING 275

When her night's silence spoke to me of stars, and her daylight kissed my thoughts into flower.

Before I go may I linger over my last refrain, completing its music, may the lamps be lit to see your face and wreath woven to crown you."

The heart's answer—the everlasting Aye—is in the twenty-first poem.

"I will meet one day the Life within me, the joy that hides in my life, though the days perplex my path with their idle dust.

I have known it in glimpses, and its fitful breath has come upon me making my thoughts fragrant for a while.

I will meet one day the Joy without me that dwells behind the screen of light, and will stand in the overflowing solitude where all things are seen as by their Creator".

FEBRUARY CROSS-WORD

CORRECT SOLUTION

Across. 1. A. S. M. 4. Wed. 7. T. B. A. 10. Shot. 12. Tales. 14. Roar. 15. Hero. 16. Ismet. 17. Idle. 18. Snarl. 20. Assam. 22. Soda. 24. Free. 25. Bottel. 27. Avenue. 30. T. R. A. 31. Enliven. 32. Lad. 34. Hat. 35. E. S. E. 36. Eve. 37. Fortune. 41. Men. 42. Endure. 44. Rental. 46. Eeds. 47. Siva. 48. Cycle. 50. Gypsy. 53. Char. 54. Allah. 58. Enam. 60. Airy. 61. Leans. 62. Rice. 63. Inn. 64. Apt. 65. P H D

Down 1. Ash. 2. Shes. 3. Morn. 4. Was. 5. Elm. 6. Dee. 7. Toda. 8. Balm. 9. Are. 11. Toast. 12. Tilden. 13. Starve. 14. Risen. 19. Rote. 21. Seen. 23. Allures. 24. Favours. 25. Brave. 26. Oaten. Ulema. 29. Easel. 30. The. 33. Den. 37. Fuel. 38. Ordeal. 40. Envy. 43. Decry. 45. Taper. 48. Chin. 49. Yarn. 51. Snip. 52. Yach. 53. C A I. 55. L E A. 56. L A P. 57. Ant. 59. Med.



Don't use big words

NOT absolutely and in no circumstances, but when the thought to be conveyed is itself petty, ordinary and commonplace; for then big expressions become ridiculous by reason of the disproportion between language and idea. Big is opposed to small, not to simple, which is the contradictory of complex.

Language is the clothing your thought wears; let it be "costly as your purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy." Language is the vehicle on which your ideas ride. When people advocate the so-called simple language, unconditionally and at all times, they are no better than those who out of a so-called love of simplicity, put on a minimum of clothing—dressed merely in a fig-leaf or other local variety thereof—and ride on an ass facing the tail by preference. But surely, a king, particularly on a state occasion must ride on an elephant or drive in a coach-and-six, with pomp and state, with blaze of torches, and blare of trumpets, with all the attendant paraphernalia of music and band, the march of hosts, the measured roll of drums, the gleaming of helmets and the glinting of bayonets. He cannot on a great occasion squeak and squeal like a pig in monosyllables 'I,' 'I' 'I'—but like the monarch of the forests, send forth a roar that shall roll through a whole empire, roll and re-echo and reverberate from end to end of vast continents or like the monarch of the skies, launch forth his detonating thunder, at which the vipers and the vermin of the earth shall quail, and crouch, and creep into their holes, hiding their hideous heads!

Great gifts must be worn like a crown befitting and not like a gem in a beggar's hands, and the greatest of all gifts, the gift of language with which nations are swayed, man's thought travels to the ends of the earth and endures through all time, cannot be fettered by the inanity of imbeciles, the pauperism of mean and petty minds.

K.

Peeps into Periodicals.

THE Women's College Magazine, Trivandrum (December 1925) contains an interesting article on "Foreign Travel and Continental Training for Indian Lady Graduates"

In a well informing article entitled "The Distribution of Income in the Indian Society" in the Welfare for March 1926. Mr. B. Ramachandra Rao M. A., L. T., F. R. E. S. Lecturer in Economics, Calcutta University gives eight reasons for the Inequalities of Individual Incomes.

Kalpaka for March 1926 has an interesting article which sketches the "Four Types of Men" from a religious stand-point.

Physical Culture Magazine of Bangalore contains the second chapter of the article entitled "The Mental Development."

The Indian Educator for February has an article upon "The Present day Ideals and their bearing on Education" by Mr. D. Abhishekanathan, B. A., L. T.

Mr. P. P. Ananthanarayana Iyer, M. A., L. T. in The School Folk for February writes a humorous and beautiful article on "Fashions."

The Maharaja's College Magazine, Ernakulam publishes an article on "Friendship" by R. E. Holland I. C. S. St. Joseph's College Magazine has as the opening article "The Effect of Education on Industry" by A. Kalyanaraman, M. A.

In the Educational Review (February 1926) the Presidential Address of the Hon. Sir. T. N. Sivaganam Pillay, at the conference held at Trichinopoly to consider the establishment the proposed Tamil University, is published.

The Radical of the 17th March 1926 contains the second of its series of articles on "Parliament, Its Practices and Usages."

BOOK REVIEWS

NEW MALAYALA-PADHAVALY

By K. Raman Nambiar

Mr. K. Raman Nambiar has published a new series of Malayalam text-books for the schools—Malavala-Padhavaly. They are five in number and are to be studied regularly from the fourth class upwards. They are certainly far superior to the other Malayalam readers.

They contain a large variety of poetic and prose pieces. Though prose far exceeds the volume of poetry the selections of the latter also are many and varied. We have instructive portions from Panchathanthram and puranic stories, portions from the classics in Malayalam and refreshing specimens from Vallathol and other modern poets, and one or two stray examples of light stuff. The selections are so much varied in form and matter that the author succeeds in giving to the young minds slight doses of the mild and the majestic.

The major portion is prose. Here again we have short stories giving moral lessons, lessons in agriculture and hygiene, historic and puranic stories, general instruction upon various topics, stories of great men and big places, essays on various subjects, short-stories, and selections from folklore. In other words instruction is imparted, good conduct is insisted upon, history is narrated, characters are portrayed, things are explained, and stories are retold. An alround activity is excited in the young mind, which begins to understand, to imagine, and to feel.

The language is simple, lucid, and idiomatic. Sanskrit words are freely used everywhere and in one or two places we find English words incorporated into Malayalam.

In the smaller books the meaning of the difficult words are given at the end of the various lessons. In them there are also a number of beautiful illustrations.

The print and the paper are good, and the get up leaves nothing to be desired.

K. K. Nair.

"MY SHELLEY"

By V. R. M. Chettiar.

In a neat little attractive booklet entitled "My Shelly" Mr. V. R. M. Chettiar has brought in a nutshell the current and cross current of thoughts of Shelly. Mr. Chettiar has shown deep insight and his picturesque treatment of the subject matter—all in a sweet flowing style—add further charm to the book. Mr. Chettiar is at his best when he deals about 'Promethens Unbound.' He brings out the very cream of the whole of the matter by pointedly telling, 'Truth, liberty and love must be cornered, be it God or man.' He speaks about the other works of Shelley 'Adonais' 'Skylark' etc. and the treatment gives an atmosphere of reflection in sight and thought. Apt and suitable quotations and comparisons with other poets make the interest sustaining. The reader would find the whole thing simply delightful. The book is neatly printed in good paper. And for all that, the price is within the limits of all.

"DE PROFUNDIS", An Appreciation by V. R. M. Chettiar.

Few perhaps have heard of Oscar Wilde and fewer still would have read his "De Profundis." And to read Mr. Chettiar's appreciation would initiate one into the realm of thoughts of Wilde. The writer has shown skill and ability in selecting suitable quotations. The ringing style and the gentle treatment of the author's life give additional charm to the book. From beginning to end the reader will find himself in an atmosphere of high idealism. To read Mr. Chettiar's is to get a liking to Wilde, and that again would be so absorbing that one wouldn't be satisfied unless one plunges himself fully into the whirlpool of thoughts of Wilde.

"Where there is sorrow, there is holy ground." That is perhaps the philosophy of De Profundis, and Mr. Chettiar's placing that along with Dante's "Sorrow remarries is to God," only shows that Mr. Chettiar has in him that keen and right perception of person and things.

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 15th April 1926.

As a sufficiently large number of essays were not received in response to the announcement of the last month, the editors regret they are not able to award the prize.

CROSS-WORD COMPETITION

For our February Competition we received 175 solutions of which 154 were correct.

The prize goes to

A. G. Venkateswara Iyer, Adythiapuram Village, Palghat.

Correct solutions were also sent in by the following: —

K. Viswanatham; C. V. Natesa Iyer; B. A. L. T.; A. V. Venkitachalam; T. R. V. Subramanian; B. A.; M. Srinivasa Rao; P. Ramanathan; N. Anantha Prabhu; K. S. Ramaswamy; M. V. Damodaran Nair; K. S. Subramanian; P. K. Subramanian; N. N. Manakkanpad; A. K. Govind; P. N. Chidambaraier; A. Govindankutty Nair; K. P. Achuthan; R. Ramaswamy; V. V. Narayanaswamy; P. Arumugham Pillai; A. SivaRamaKrishnan; V. Sankara Iyer; T. S. Narayana Iyer; P. R. Vaidyanathan; P. Karunakaran Nair; P. Balan Nair; A. Venkappayya; B. A. V. P. Viswanath; C. K. Unny Guptan; M. R. Subramania Sarma; N. Pornan Pillai; P. H. Balakrishnan; E. K. Kunhi Sankara Varma Raja; K. Ramanarayanan; M. G. Gopalan; N. Subramany Iyer; B. A. M. Sc.; V. S. Ganapathy; B. A. V. Govinda Menon; P. P. Sankara Menon; P. S. Vaidyanathan; T. S. Ranga Iyer; P. Raman Nair; P. S. Ananthanarayanan; K. Krishna Menon; S. R. Srinivasan; S. Gopala Krishna Shenoy; S. R. Sahaaranaman; P. Panchapakesan; M. Pichai; P. S. Neelakandan; A. Sankaraih; S. S. Ramanatha Iyer; Marskins; N. Easwara Iyer; T. S. Mannadiar; B. A. L. T.; M. KnnhiRama Menon; P. Chidambaram Pillai; Geo. Cheriyan; E. P. Unni; B. A. N. S. V. Iyer; K. E. Ganapathy; Vasudeva Menon; S. V. Lakshminarayanan; K. V. Veeraraghavan; K. S. Chandrasekharan; K. P. Padmanabhan; N. G. Narayanan; V. G. Krishnaier; K. D. Veeraraghavan; K. S. Mani; N. Ananthakrishna Iyer; T. R. Rama Iyer; R. Kylasam; M. Chakrapani Menon; M. R. Narayanaswami; K. Padmanabhan Nair; V. K. Ramanatha Iyer; K. H. Kalyana krishnan; T. K. Subramania Iyer; L. Lakshmiharayanan; M. Ponnann Menon; K. Ramakrishna Iyer; A. V. Ragava Varier; S. N. Dorai Iyer; T. S. Gangadharan B. A. C. U. Sessa Iyer; M. R. Suryanarayanan; S. V. Ramanathan; K. Ganesan; K. S. Veeraragava Iyer; K. P. Krishna Pizhorady; C. K. Naganathan; M. Raghavan Nair; C. V. Gopalakrishnan; K. V. Narayanan Kutty Nair; K. N. Kochurni Achan; P. P. Venkitachala Iyer B. A. L. T. C. S. Venkiteswaran; M. P. Govindan Menon B. A. L. T.; V. V. Subramanian; C. Ramakrishnan; M. Viswanatha Menon; K. A. Jeyalakshmi; S. K. Chandrasekharan; P. N. Sundar Rajan; S. K. Ananthanarayanan; V. Sankaranarayana; Iyer; V. S. Parameswaran; B. A. S. V. Narayanan; L. A. Subramanian; A. A. Krishna Iyer; P. Balakrishna Mannadiar; S. V. Ananthanarayanan; C. A. Subramanian; M. Subbaiah; B. A. N. P. Neelakandan; A. G. Venkateswara Iyer; B. A. N. S. Veera Raghavan; S. R. Ramanathan; P. V. V. Nair; C. K. Hariharan; P. Achuthan Nair; A. V. Lakshmana Iyer; V. R. M. Chettiar; P. Balakrishnan Nair; P. S. Sivaramakrishnan; M. Kumar Menon; Henry Mandody; P. S. Narayanan Nambudiri; P. N. Easwara Iyer; K. S. Serma; M. S. Ranganathan; K. V. Narayanan; Abraham; E. C. Sankaran Nair; K. Gopalakrishnan; E. S. Parameswaran; T. N. Hariharan; C. Krishnan Nambiar; B. A. L. T. S. K. Ramanathan; V. K. Venkitachalam; P. Meenakshy Kutty; T. R. R. Swamy; Miss K. V. Chinnamu Ammal; T. R. Viswanathan; S. Subramanian; R. Sankara Iyer; P. M. Thangal; K. V. Rajagopal; Mrs. K. V. Nair; and Miss K. V. Saraswati.

CLUES

Across

- 1 Have ears
- 6 Recover Strength
- 11 Look sullen
- 12 Wrote essays
- 14 Curtail a drink
- 16 Dispute
- 18 A preposition
- 19 A tree
- 21 Is black
- 22 "The bravest of the brave"
- 23 Border on
- 25 Rhymes with 'me'
- 26 A river in Europe
- 27 Flutter
- 28 Doctor of Laws
- 29 Exists
- 30 Songs
- 33 Welcomes
- 36 Feeble
- 37 In good order
- 38 A copper coin
- 39 End
- 42 Yes
- 43 Point
- 44 Is golden
- 46 Red Cross
- 47 A precious stone
- 48 Can't see without
- 50 Have beards
- 51 Memento.

Down

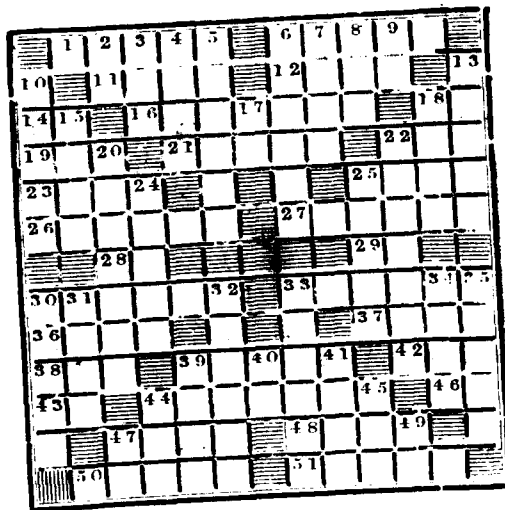
- 2 A tail-less monkey
- 3 Vulgar
- 4 Entice
- 5 Durable
- 6 Reversed finger
- 7 Unite
- 8 A terminological inexactitude
- 9 Behold
- 10 Drowned in the Titanic
- 13 Said of Solomon
- 15 A mediterranean island
- 17 Not any
- 18 Support
- 20 Worldly
- 22 Where Children are cared for
- 24 A great Roman Orator
- 25 Calm
- 30 Leguminous plants
- 31 Agree
- 32 Retorts
- 33 One who gains
- 34 Row
- 35 Taste
- 39 Order
- 40 What France is to Spain
- 41 Insert 'th' and mow
- 44 Famous watering place
- 45 Snake-like fish
- 47 Is in debt
- 49 In central Asia.

For February Solution, see page 275.

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