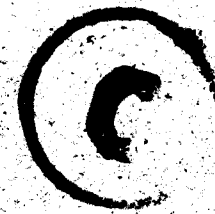
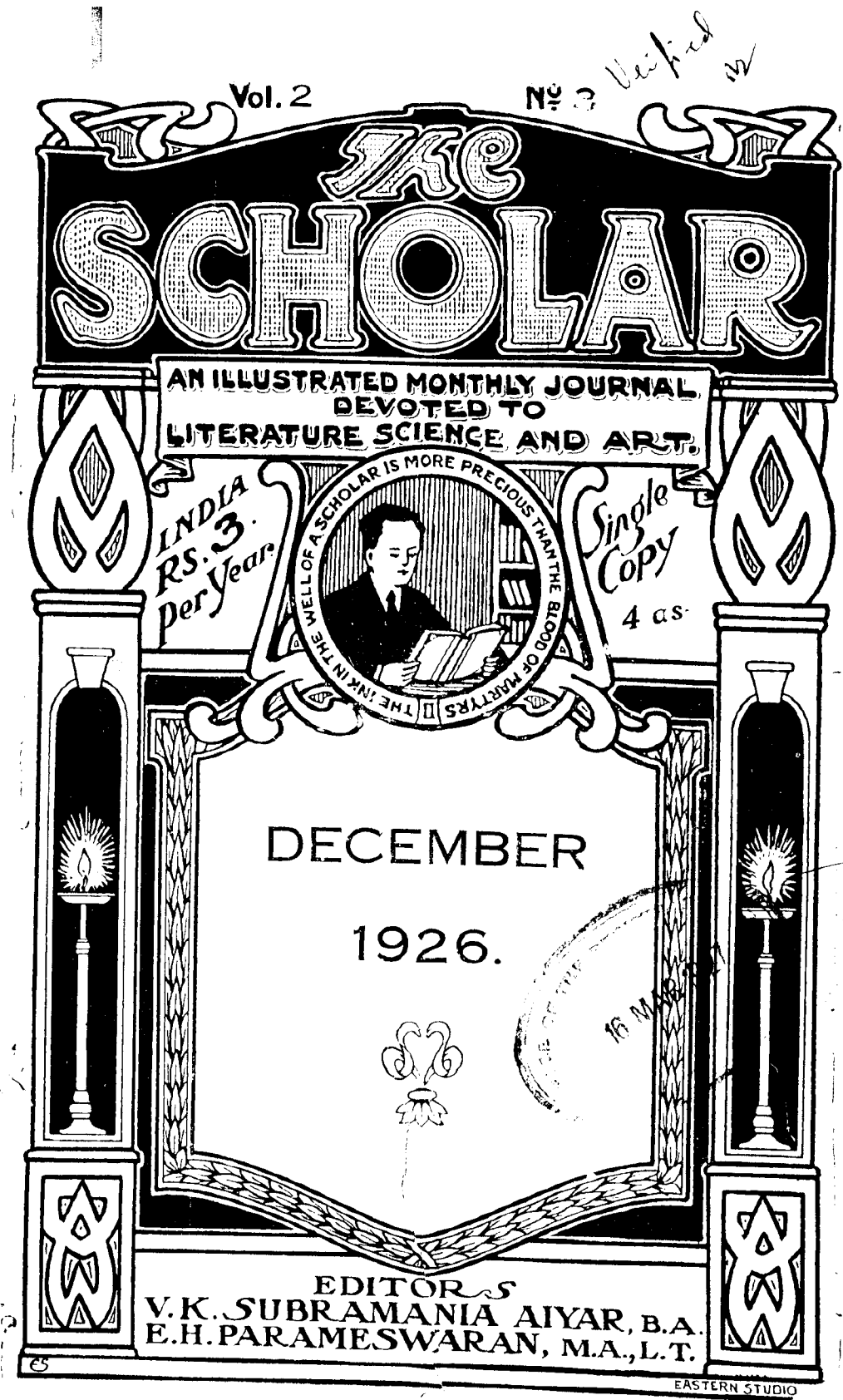


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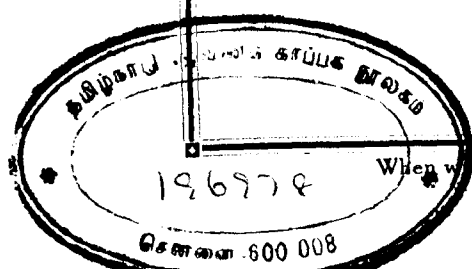
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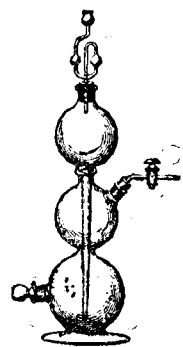
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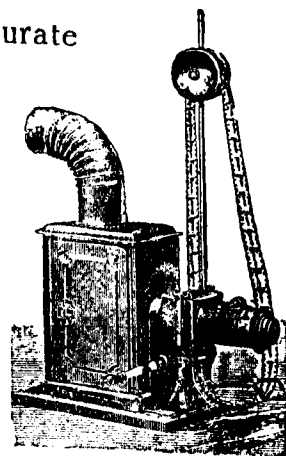
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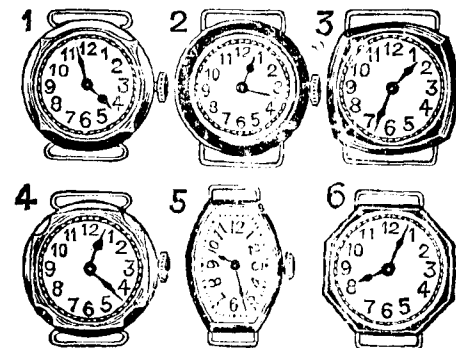
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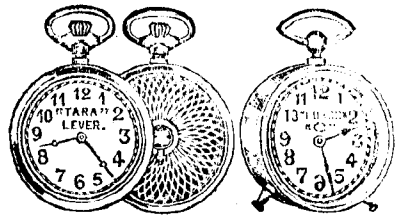
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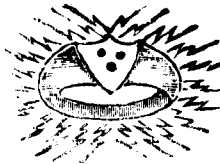
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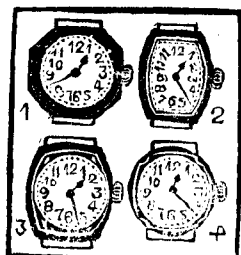
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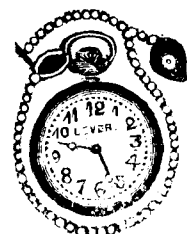


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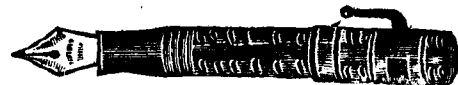
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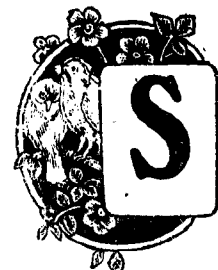
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No. 3.

TRAINING IN JOURNALISM

(BY A STUDENT OF JOURNALISM)



SQUARE men in round holes there are many in India. Choosing a profession is a luxury which only a privileged few can afford. Most of our young men who yearly come out of the Universities in such large numbers with the hall mark of their degrees find the problem of their future a far harder nut to crack than even the ordeal of passing the dreaded examinations. The struggle for existence, so characteristic a feature of this competitive world, is forcing every day hundreds of our young men to accept jobs for which they are but indifferently equipped and rot in them without feeling the joy of work even for a time, temperament and inclination rebelling alike against a drudgery for which they are ill-fitted. This explains why there are more teachers in our midst who have neither wish nor claim to represent that calling, much less to do honour to it than one cares to think of. This unhealthy feature of our public life is nowhere so marked as in the profession of journalism. The reason is not far to seek. This is perhaps the only profession to which anybody can aspire irrespective of the adequacy of his attainments, because entrance to it is not limited by any university restrictions regarding qualifications or any prescriptive

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rights as govern those of the legal or medical fraternity or those of the Engineering trade. Thus the chronic wave of unemployment among the educated classes is sending many a young man of our Universities knocking at the doors of newspaper offices and disturbing now and again the placid serenity of an Editor's lonely life.

It is common knowledge that journalism in India has not taken such rapid strides as have marked the progress of the profession in the West. There are several reasons for it, not the least serious being the illiteracy of the mass of the people, the lack of patronage of the reading public and the comparatively insignificant development of the taste for newspaper reading. But there is one other cause to which we would like to advert at some length. It is the complete absence of any technical training for such of those who take up the arduous and exacting task of newspaper production. Of such training not even those who are now on the staff of the daily papers can boast, and what little of proficiency and skill they manage to put into their work is more largely the result of their bitter experience than of their education in the class room. At present, a University degree, a fair knowledge of English, an ability to write short-hand, are all that is required (or deemed to be required) of newspaper aspirants. The inevitable result is that we find very little in the general conduct of the newspapers to strike our imagination and little to provoke our curiosity even in the presentation of news.

This unwholesome state of things is bound to continue so long as the facilities for such training are so woefully lacking in our country. It is significant that there is practically no provision for such instruction in our educational institutions, let alone separate Schools of Journalism for the purpose. And it speaks volumes to the interest evidenced by the public and the profession in the matter that isolated attempts made here and there in this direction have more often come to grief than not. The training in Journalistic work that was being given some time back in the now defunct National University at Adyar has now ceased to exist, and we believe that the authorities of the Tilak

School of Politics who ventured an attempt in this line, have not a much more encouraging tale to tell. And in all conscience, the indifference of the public in this matter is somewhat inexplicable. It would insist on some training or other for those who cater to its physical needs but not for its mental and moral ends. But the failure of the Government either to initiate or to encourage such attempts officially is much more easy to understand than to approve.

One reason why Journalism in the West is so remarkably developed is obviously the special training given on the subject to aspiring members of the profession. There are private Schools of Journalism in England run by Journalists of repute which have become very popular. But the palm for making the best and most elaborate arrangements goes undoubtedly to the enterprising and resourceful Yankees. In many American Universities, particularly in that of Columbia, there are Special Chairs instituted for this branch of study, and very comprehensive curricula have been drawn up for the benefit of the students. The practical side is even more particularly cared for, the work being entrusted to the hands of men who have already made their mark and earned their laurels in the Journalistic world. Besides getting together papers from all parts of the world for the benefit of the students, all stages of newspaper work are practically gone through by the boys themselves up to the stage of newspaper distribution, in a Press specially fitted up for the purpose. Equipped with such practical knowledge, the students find little difficulty to secure berths and easily get absorbed in the profession of their life. Now, we do not see why what is possible in the West should be impossible for us. It should certainly be practicable to institute a separate Faculty for Journalism and thus officially recognise it as a branch of higher study. It is very interesting to note that this forms one of the specific recommendations of the Special Reorganisation Committee of the Bombay University, and it is certainly legitimate to look forward to the day when every University in India will make it part and parcel of their educational curriculum. There is also ample scope for private enterprise for schools where technical instruction suitable for the profession could be given.

It only remains for us to see how to expedite the consummation of our hopes and aspirations in this matter. It is not likely that the Government, left to themselves, will ever take the initiative. Nor can we hope for much help from our discriminating public, until and unless it is educated on the need for such training. The move must, therefore, come from the Journalists themselves. It is they who are most interested in the matter, and it is their duty to focus public opinion on the question and evoke the requisite support and sympathy by persistent agitation and propaganda. In England, such work would be done by the premier association (Institute of Journalists), which claims the allegiance of the majority of workers in the profession. The beginnings of such an institution we have in the provincial organisations that have been already started. It is they which have to take up this work. But before that could be done, these bodies themselves should be strengthened and armed with the sinews of war—men and money—which is not the case at present. When they are, it will be time to knock at the doors of our Universities and provided public opinion is at our back in this matter, there is no reason why the doors should not open and the requisite facilities granted to us.

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THE GENIUS OF THOMAS HARDY

BY R. R.

NOT the least affected of the affectations, that make up the journalistic pose is to start a question and then pause for an answer. But more often than not, the answer is patent, the more emphatic for the phrase in front. It is, however, no part of literary criticism to wink at such answers where they may be unambiguous. But it has been to me a question of unfailing interest as to why in these specious and enlightened times of the 20th century—the age *par excellence* of the novel and the essay—Thomas Hardy should and could be out of the lime-light; how 'the absolutely greatest novelist of his time' as his noble compeer Meredith called him, could have escaped the fierce light that beats on thrones; how 'the literary Goldsmith' of a famous critic could be passed by, and the literary blacksmiths of which we have a legion could be exalted.

That he is great no intelligent critic will deny; that he will steal a march over even Meredith's appellation of 'Great' and ascend into the superlative, not for his time only but for all time, not many will dispute. It is no part of this brief page to eloquently picture the beauties of his art that make up the clouds of glory that he trails along. 'In Mr. Hardy's novels' writes Mr. Lionel Johnson, "the strongest thing is Necessity, the wisest is Time, and the greatest is the Heart of Man." And one might add with Mr. Williams that the most tragic thing is the devastation of the heart of man by passion. This, in other words, is to say that he works in the raw material of life and humanity, man and manners untrammelled by conventional labels and coeval with space and time: and this at bottom is the secret of the success of his art and the guarantee of its ever-enduring quality. Critical convenience, has called his works by the now famous name of the 'Wessex novels': but Hardy draws man from the nude and casts his art in moulds of Man and Time and not of men and places. Thus the Wessex of his novels is merely the group of little towns with hamlets lying about, that rose in his hands to the beauty of its ancient name; but a picture in little of the wide wide world which he transforms into a theatre, in which slow moving life moves surely and with

unerring precision to the same old tale of struggles and *catastrophes*: not of struggles and *triumphs*. His own native province, which in his hands has leapt into fame and over which he has lavished all the wealth of his art, is studded, he himself says in his "*Woodlanders*" with those sequestered spots outside the gates of the world where may usually be found more meditation than action and more listlessness than meditation: where reasoning proceeds on narrow premises and results in inferences wildly imaginative: yet where from time to time, dramas of a grandeur and unity truly Sophoclian, are enacted in the real, by virtue of the concentrated passion and closely-knit interdependence of the lives therein.

This necessity which with Truth, Hardy sees as making for the momentous twin forces in life and natural laws, has been the cause of much erroneous judgment at the hands of superficial critics who have missed in Hardy a great Humanist and found him a mere Ironist or Fatalist or Pessimist. With Carlyle and Goethe, he sees the implacable law of necessity working against and controlling man's instincts and aspirations, setting up prison bars around the loves of life against which Humanity beats its luminous wings in vain and so beats out its existence. In his most poignant tragedies as in *Jude* the theme is Gloucester's in *King Lear*:—

As flies to the wanton boys are we to the Gods;
They kill us for their sport.

It is this despondent note that raises in him moods of dejection and doubt and makes him ask more in anger than in sorrow in one of his little gems of poetry:—

Has some vast Imbecility
Mighty to build and blend
But impotent to bend,
Framed us in jest and left us now to Hazardry?

He cannot explain:—
No answer!

Meanwhile the winds and rains,
And Earth's old glooms and pains,
Are still the same and life and death are neighbours nigh.

Thus springs a consciousness of injustice, and it is in virtue of his anger against this injustice that Hardy appeals to us as a champion of struggling humanity. Designedly made imperfect by a relentless power whom he does not scruple to call a 'Vast Imbecility', man is liable to err and thereby create tragic complexities in life; but in his conflict with opposing forces that seem to have been preordained for the resulting victory, he can make us forget the error and failure of the result in the indestructible grandeur and dignity of the struggle. It is here that Hardy unexpectedly comes nearest to Browning—a paradox of the Prince of Pessimists rubbing shoulders with the Greatest of Optimists that English Literature can show. This is the story of *Tess* woven to the dignity of a delicate fabric over the twin cords of pathos and love.

This fundamental conception of life is the essential Hardy—but it is not *all* the Hardy that we know. That he has besides a strong sense of beauty even the most superficial reader of the Wessex Novels will eagerly agree; and while conscious of the evil which exists in life as he sees it, he can, at the same time, show the charm of loveable nature and portray the chivalrous virtues of a Gabriel Oak or a Diggory Venu, the mute martyrdom of a Giles Winterborne, the pagan dignity of a Marty South and the heroic self-sacrifice of a Tess.

'The things beautiful' in Hardy's art are a legion. It is no part of this unpretensions offering at the altar of a great name to portray the complete picture of his glory. As Hardy himself says somewhere, receptivity is not co-extensive with creativity. One cannot express all that one feels; for that would take another Hardy.

That there must be defects in his art, it is but natural. It is an imperfection to which flesh is heir. That he sees things as they are in their fundamental setting, untarnished by the trappings of the societies of particular times, is the central point of his art. If what he sees is often heartrendings life is to blame: not Hardy.

To return to the question with which I started. How comes it that there has been and is no Hardy boom in Literature? Though I still pause for an answer, I can yet suggest one. Hardy is safely outside the disease of modern life. His novels grind no axes; he does not play to the gallery, he seeks not to tickle man with paltry pleasures and mandlin sentiment. He does not care to know and will not stoop to see what the man of today wants of life in the 20th century. But he has proclaimed what life wants of *man*. Thus it is that we have in the Literature of today the spectacle of an A. S. M. Hutchinson or a P. G. Wodehouse carry the palm alone or in company.

JOURNEY'S END

Know'st thou where that kingdom lies?

Take no lanthorn in thy hand.

Search not the unfathomed skies,

Journey not o'er sea and land,

Grope no more to east or west,

Heaven is locked within thy breast.

Splendours of the sun grow dim,

Stars are darkened by that light;

Thoughts that burn like seraphim

Throng thine inner world to-night.

Set thy heel on Death and find

Love, new born, within thy mind.

In that kingdom folded lie

All that eyes believe they see;

All the hues of earth and sky,

Time, Space and Eternity.

Seek no more in worlds apart,

Heaven is folded in thy heart.

Alfred Noyes.

DOCTRINE OF KNOWLEDGE

BY T. L. VASWANI

KNOWLEDGE! Science! The impulse of its study is often curiosity or utility. Knowledge with the ancient Hindu was a spiritual pursuit,—a finding of the Self.

As Knowledge grows, the sense, too, of the Self, the Infinite, grows on us. How little we know! How ignorant, in spite of its inventions, is our Science! Brahma and Vishnu, in that ancient beautiful story, try to find the top and bottom of Maheswara transformed into a Pillar of Fire. Vishnu fails. Brahma also. The Pillar of Fire is the *Atman*. The Infinite Above! The Infinite Below!

Is there an end even to the manifested universe? Is not manifestation a continuous process? Are there not solar systems beyond this one of which the earth is a member? Is there an end to existence and evolution? Are we not lost in wonder when we think even of the age of this our solar system? They say it has lasted at least 50,000 million years. Who knows it has not lasted millions of millions of years? Who knows the heights of the Beginningless, the depths of the Endless?

Hence Buddha's Silence. It was the silence of a Mystic, a God-intoxicated Agnostic.

The Tree of Passion! Its fruit is what modern India and the modern West are eager to eat. Hence nationalisms of hate in the name of patriotism. Hence the development of destructive agencies in the name of "science." Referring to poison gas made by scientists, Sir Edward Thorpe rightly said:— "An educated public opinion will refuse to give credit to anybody of scientific men who employ their talents in devising means to develop and perpetuate a mode of warfare which is abhorrent to the higher instincts of humanity." Nations eat of the fruit of passion as though it were a feast of freedom! And behold! they wander from violence to violence! The majority of men are eager to eat of the Tree of Passion. And behold! like puppets they are wire-pulled by pride and self.

The Tree of Knowledge! Its fruit was sought by the Indian sage. And Jesus the Yogi bore witness to it on the Cross. For the fruition of Knowledge is sacrifice. We *know* and possess in the measure we *renounce*.

The fruit of the tree of knowledge comes in silence. True culture is not noisy, not showy. There is a beautiful Jewish story. The trees laden with edible fruit were asked:— "Why are not your voices heard?" They answered:— "We have no need thereof: for our fruits bear witness to us." Then the fruitless trees were asked:— "Why are you noisy?" And they answered:— "Would that we could make our voices heard louder still so that we might attract attention!"

The emphasis in the Hindu Doctrine of Knowledge is upon the *Atman* the Self. To know is to have consciousness of kinship with the *Atman*, of fellowship or rhythmic unison with the Spirit. Without fellowship "Knowledge" lies like dead matter. The root is Fellowship, the fruit is Action. What passes current as knowledge is, often, cleverness. What has opened new epochs in history is not cleverness but character, idealism, *atmashakti*. Knowledge is of the *Atman* because the *Atman* is the World-ground, the support of all Experience. Phenomenal science does not purify desires but only increases our power to *satisfy* them and so may make man a slave of his desires. Mere science may only mean servitude. True knowledge by breaking up the tyranny of desires will give us true freedom. True knowledge is of the *Atman*.

Beyond *maya*, it hath been declared, is the Self. Knowledge, then, is more than sentient experience. As Einstein's doctrine of Relativity has shown, sentient experience is what it is, partly, on account of our reference-mechanism. Sentient experience is Relative to time, space, and personality. Beyond it, if also within it, is the Great Reality.

GANDHI — THE SUPER-MAN

BY P. V. AGHORAM IYER, B. A., B. L.

"It is one of the privileges of my life that I know Mr. Gandhi intimately and I can tell you that a purer, a nobler, a braver and a more exalted spirit has never moved on this earth. Mr. Gandhi is one of those men, who, living an austere simple life themselves and devoted to all the highest principles of love to their fellow-beings and to truth and justice, touch the eyes of their weaker brethren as with magic and give them a new vision. He is a man who may be well described as a man among men, a hero among heroes, a patriot among patriots, and we may well say that in him, Indian Humanity at the present time has really reached its high water-mark."

Gokhale on the Transvaal question in 1909.

WHEN the above words were spoken by Gokhale on the Congress platform at Lahore, hardly a few hundreds of educated Indians had heard of Gandhi, much less known of his South African work. Echoes of his South African achievements had reached India and metropolitan centres rang with his praises; the press and the platform vied with each other in doing honour to him. The real measure of his work there and its bearing on Indian public life had not been properly evaluated in those days. There was a lurking feeling in the minds of most public men, that his method would not do for the problems of a big country as India was, and that he would find himself lost if he came to India. I had no small surprise when the late Mr. M. H. Phelps, an American friend of India who was in Madras in 1910—1911 told me with much warmth and earnestness that Gandhi was the model of a public worker, and that he would do for India what no other had done before. Mr. Phelps had visited Gandhi and had been his guest in South Africa. He saw the passive resistance movement that was carried on by the great hero there. He was struck by its moral greatness and the earnestness and firmness of the leader. With an unerring spiritual insight, he discovered the potentialities of the movement, and foretold the work that would yet be done for India by Gandhi. When he spoke thus of Gandhi he did so by contrasting him with other great men of India whose names filled the ample space of this continent and were on everybody's lips. While he saw many good traits in them, it was in Gandhi that he found the perfection of character, which to him was a

much needed qualification for public work. Time and events have proved today that Mr. Phelps' estimate and forecast were true and correct. Gandhi's greatness is self-evident. As the sun shines on us, the purity of his character illumines the world. He is the one man who is most talked of today. The educated world's interest in him is many-sided. The curiosity-mongering journalist from abroad is snapshotting him. Each is giving what he fancies to be a quite original view of the hero. The thinkers and the reformers in all countries either try to approximate to his standard, or if they differ from him, take leave to express their difference with him without coldness or discourtesy on their part. They respect his high-mindedness, his utter sincerity, and resolve. The youth all over the world are dumb-founded with admiration for him. They have made a God of him, and reverence him as they do no other. It is of no consequence to Gandhi to know of this lip-homage. He is too deeply rooted in humility to be vain about these compliments and praises. He is perhaps even pained that *puja* is done to him with such pomp and circumstance. He would rather go without such homage and such discipleship. He is firmly persuaded that of his message, the only good disciple is himself. He would offer salutations to men for giving up their praises of him, and for enforcing in their lives any doctrine he advocates.

I have often put myself the question if Gandhi has merely repeated the achievements of his forbears, or if he has broken new ground. I have studied the question from different points of view and feel bound to state, as the result of much anxious thinking on it, that his life has lessons for us, which we look for in vain in other lives. I don't make this statement to suggest that we should give him greater credit for originality than to other reformers. I shall try later on to deal with his mind. What I am concerned to show here is that, as an ethical being, he has scored certain points of discipline which set his character in the right key. In the whole course of human history we do not meet his peer, not to speak of his superior. In the complex conditions of public life to day the role of a moral or ethical reformer becomes a great deal more difficult to play than it was in the days of simplicity ages ago. The character of the public worker is more severely tested to day. The majority of public

workers sink under the weight of their selfishness and sin. It is almost a miracle that this man does the heaviest public duty with the greatest good-will and love. It is very natural for a public worker to become irritated when his motives are maligned and his methods laughed at. The best of public workers have exhibited ill-will and choler under adverse criticism, and they have generally returned the compliments paid to them with compound interest. Gandhi's greatness lies in his disarming hatred and suspicion by his love and good will. The cantankerous critic evokes from him greater love. His feeling for him is love, pure, disinterested love. It is not one of pity, which some workers patronisingly extend to those who unknowingly injure them. Men acknowledged to have higher spiritual powers than Gandhi have failed to conduct themselves with decorum when their opponents attacked them. This is really the first great instance in History of a man whose love for friend and foe alike becomes the purer when he is attacked, and wrong is unjustifiably imputed to him. As he has love for the whole race of man in abundant measure, he has great patience with man and can wait calmly on for things to right themselves. He has not the haste of a fanatic.

Yet another trait I find in him for which I look in vain in other lives, is the supreme self-restraint with which he speaks, the almost singular absence of exaggeration from his words. The public platform and stormy audiences are strong temptations for most speakers to let themselves go merrily off. Of hundred speakers ninety-nine speak with strong feelings and make statements which they would have cause to regret in calmer moments. Words are spoken in haste and with vehemence; and the speaker is often charmed by his own voice and he must speak for the pleasure of it. I have often heard him speak. I feel tempted to say that he is about the greatest speaker I have heard who in Emerson's beautiful words makes "the best speech of the best soul." I have carefully read the great pronouncements of some of the world's best speakers, but none equals his level-headedness. He is the model of self-restraint in speaking. His own ascetic discipline, and rigid and austere self-denial have coloured his whole being. His thoughts, his movements, his food and dress, everything about him bears marks of the

discipline he deliberately follows to perfect himself. It is little wonder that he weighs his words and speaks with deliberation and control. I have watched him take part in debates in conversational circles; in the heat of discussion the very best of men lose balance and become prone to exaggerations which may be regretted when they calm down. There too, the same beautiful good cheer, humility and imperturbability of temper. I have missed brilliance and the flash of wit in his conversation. There have been great men in modern days in our land who have won the distinction of some literary celebrities of western countries for possessing great gifts in conversation. The want of brilliance is more than made up in his case, by the slow but sure steps taken by him to build very satisfactory conclusions. By the time the discussion ends, the opponent finds that Gandhi's conviction in the matter has quietly grown on him.

There may have been more perfervid speakers in the world; those who put their thoughts in striking figures of speech; and commanded all the resources of rhetoric to make the worse appear the better reason; but I know no other speaker, who dealt with controversial topics with a calmness and self-restraint born, as it were, of detachment. That is why his words burn into us and quicken our consciences to do our best with them. I would not recall many instances of his great love which "overcometh wrath". I will content myself with mentioning one very striking instance of it. In the round table conference that was held in Bombay towards the end of 1921 with Sir Sankaran Nair in the chair, it is well known that the president lost self-control and did not know his own mind when he angrily asked for the departure of Gandhi from the meeting, as otherwise he should leave the meeting. Gandhi with love and humility replied "neither of us need go. The services of both of us are required by the country." He has attained here an ethical height of which the great prophets of the world would be proud.

Of the purity of his personal habits I cannot speak with too much emphasis. If they stood alone, it may not have been much. To one of his transcendent moral greatness, these

personal habits are very becoming and are a great example to the world. He is a determined vegetarian; his avoidance of condiments and other artificial appetisers, and his advanced food reform doctrines have won for him an abiding place in the cultural life of the world. He is an anti-tobacconist and anti-alcoholist. In purity of the sexual life he sets a model indeed to the world. There have certainly been spiritual men in the world, whose continence was stronger and purer in kind. Vivekanand was one such. I have no doubt in my mind that the Vivekanand who wrote "At thirty I can live in the same house with prostitutes without saying a word of reproach to them" had a flaming moral nature in him. His was a purity of inner life which burnt up sin and iniquity. I feel as though Vivekananda has performed the hazardous experiment of bringing the brute in man under control with an ease and mastery which have not been Gandhi's. I feel too that Gandhi has painfully, but determinedly travelled his way up the steep path of purity. His purity and continence today are yet a marvel to the world. I hope even his dream states are coloured and moulded by his waking consciousness and that he is today all soul and no body. Our books say that a householder who has thoroughly purified himself and a life-long *brahmachari* or celibate stand trials and temptations with different determinations. But I like always to imagine Gandhi having done away with the last traces of his *grihastha* life. The master key to his other virtues is his continence. He has out of conviction deliberately abjured the carnal life to strengthen his moral forces, to make his mind and body a vehicle for conveying the most beneficent forces into the world.

It is about his intellectual powers and his outlook on things that there may be sharp differences of opinion. A great many educated Indians think that in his over-emphasis of the moral values of Indian civilisation, he is not doing sufficient justice to western civilisation. Mr. Gokhale who enjoyed very cordial relations with Gandhi is said to have advised Gandhi to tour round the country for five years in the hope he would revise his opinions about Indian and other civilisations. Whether it is true or not, we have the undoubted fact that he is a strong believer in the enduring moral elements which, in his eyes, are

behind the Indian civilisation. He is not an antagonist of thought or scientific advancement. But he would deliberately set his face against that advancement of Science, which while it explores some secrets of external nature deteriorates the moral fibre of the race of man by inventing new weapons of destruction. As is wrongly urged against him, he is not carrying on a campaign of competition against machinery, by the efforts he makes to revive the use of the spinning wheel by the country as a whole. It is at once the strength and weakness of his mind that he has not many chambers in his brain; for one thing, he is the one great man of the world of these times without a lumber room in his brain. He has few ideas in his brain for which he has no use. He does not believe at all in ornament. The graces of life merely, don't commend themselves to him. The vanity of learning or scholarship is not his. He has read the fewest books; though the few that have been read by him are his own; they may be destroyed, but his convictions are immortal.

He has great depth and keenness of mind and vision. He would judge a thing with no less keenness and insight than his intellectual superiors. But it is possible that this studious avoidance of breadth and inclusiveness may mar his judgment on some matters of controversy; not that from a moral point of view his judgment may err; but intellectually, he may not have the fullness and the universality of Vivekananda for example. The difference between the two minds may be seen in the historic statement the Swami made on Hinduism at the Chicago parliament, and the almost tame, grandmotherly character of the only long statement Gandhi made on Hinduism in *Young India* 1921. The range of vision, the sweep of power of Vivekananda are not to be seen in Gandhi. I don't, however, set store by those who develop a kind of breadth at the expense of depth and insight. I must also warn the reader against imagining that there is any narrowness in Gandhi's religious outlook. Without the unusual opportunities Vivekananda had to walk the path way of all the religions, Gandhi has the same tolerance and the same friendliness for other religions. He exalts ethical rectitude above religious enthusiasm.

I would hasten to conclude by drawing attention to what appear to me to be towering landmarks in his life. His apparent failures have been his crowning triumphs in my humble judgment. Politicians are very hard on him for the halt he called at Bardoli. I find that he has proved his great power and his matchless moral strength by the halt he called; none other would have the honesty, the courage to call—popular fury would have consumed any other. In the Bombay episode which happened on the day of the landing of the Prince in that city, I feel he has come off unscathed. His able lieutenants did go into the firing line and ran grave risks, it is true. That was a time when our pulse was beating high, and our best seemed to be called forth. We seemed to revive our ancient heroism and moral power. Without his personality and the determined fast undertaken for three days, the outbreak would not have subsided. His memorable twenty one days' fast in the cause of Hindu-Muslim unity is another great instance. It is not that the unity became accomplished by the fast. The moral victory was great. The consciences of the best men in all the communities were quickened by it. It did push forward the cause of unity. His retreat from the political part of the battle after handing over the Congress machinery to the Swarajists shows again the great power of detachment possessed by him.

Very curious things have been said about this. I firmly believe that he made no diplomatic move in the matter; on the other hand, he has like a model *Karmagotri* withdrawn with good cheer from the field, as the country had no need of him there. No politician of any age or country so successfully yoked religion or ethical rectitude with the exigencies of public work. It was taken to be impossible to work for the remodelling of constitutions and the redress of political and economic grievances from the platform of morals. The idea of resisting with Soul-force the bad laws of a state had been in germ in the world. Stray individual civil resisters lighted the pages of history; none ever before thought the experiment worth while on a national scale. To him belongs the credit of having made a nation-wide effort, with this new weapon, for the redress of wrong. The success of it may have been more or less than was

expected. The demonstration has the most abiding moral lesson for the world. He may be rightly called the "discoverer of the moral equivalent of war". Is not the greatness of his movement in the circumstance that his resistance of wrong has its roots in love and not in hate?



MAHATMA GANDHI *

In the fire of Truth you have burned up all untruth,
And melted the stones of enmity in the music of love.
For the liberty of the country you are forever awake and anxious,
On the altars of sacrifice you have placed your life.

O! You who make the poisonous snake dance to the tune of soul-force!
You have made it forget its poisonous nature:
Death, hearing your song of Love, is now dead.....
Touched by your Religion of Love, the enemy has wept.

The dark night of the mother is fast giving way to light,
The young dawn of a New India is already breaking.
In your soul the Light of Heaven is eternally awake,
You have made your body into a Temple for the sake of the Mother.

Swarajya.

* This is a translation from a Hindi song which was sung by the author H. Chattopadhyaya at the Belgaum Congress.

MALATI'S REVENGE

BY L. V. RAMASWAMY IYER, M. A., B. L.

SHE was young and she was a widow. She was the secretary of the College Union. She was frank, she was bold. She played tennis, yes! even with males, she addressed meetings and did social work. Nice *saris* she wore. She trimmed her hair, and often on her tuft were nosegays of *champak*s red and *jasm*ines white.

But this was something out of the common for the students of the neighbouring lodge. They peeped into her house, pried into her doings, leered at her from over the wall, watched for her on the street, and ogled at her.

From country nooks and village corners these students hailed, they of the neighbouring lodge. Used to seeing their sisters, mothers and aunts kept in rigid seclusion within the shut-up secrecy of their homes, used to the joyous-melancholy sight of wives silent by day and stormy by night, diligently trained to associate women with the kitchen, with drudgery and with screaming babes,—these boobies from country nooks and village corners observed the student-widow, wondered, admired and craved for her looks.

The mind of the student from country nooks and village corners has a strange make-up! Often in him is bottled up profligacy fast and firm with fear, and spotless-white labels of innocence are on his face! And no wonder too! What else could be expected of one whose idea of the feminine sex is so distorted, because it never lets him know her except in a grossly warped form and ever stirs cupidity in him at the very sight of her. It is not at all happiness—the oft-vaunted happiness that reigns in a Hindu home. Misery but lurks there hidden, silently thrust and silently borne.

And so the students from country nooks and village corners finding themselves, all of a sudden, in the larger air of metropolis life, mistook freedom of manners in a seventeen-year old maiden for licentious ways, comfort for vice, and decency of dress for coquetry. The talk of the lodge raged round the star of the college, the 'shining angel' that hovered here, there and everywhere. To these village lads, she seemed to be out "to kill," to storm the hearts of men.

Not that she failed to know something of the stir that she was creating amongst the inmates of the neighbouring lodge. That there were beatings of heart, flutter of feet and infamous thoughts she knew, but she cared a straw—she lived on her easy life unconcerned.

In the atmosphere of their native homes and nooks, the germinal vice lay pent-up and quiet in the minds of these lads. Fear, that great Sanction does but sharpen the feelings that it restrains. When the Sanction is removed, out rush the passions in wild tumult, like the minions of a vicious Spirit, suddenly set free from bondage.

And thus happened that an arrant knave of the lodge with his *penchant* for mischief suddenly finding free play, once dared to fling a piece of rolled-up paper at Malati's feet. She picked it up, unrolled it and found it to be an epistolary poem addressed to her.

"So these knaves write poems," thought she, "they have grace in them yet! They have stuff in them yet to receive lessons!"

Next day she wrote to the student in question, asking him to meet her in her house at three in the evening, and waited for the hour to come.

Great was the tomfool's joy when he received the note. Here was encouragement from her! Vistas of unfelt joy opened out before his view, and he too waited for the hour to come in anxious expectancy.

Malati sat in her room calm and cool to receive her visitor, and he came—the lout dressed in his new-bought coat, velvet shoes and flaming neckerchief. He entered the room with a smile on his face—the smile that flickers round the lips of the scheming profligate.

Greeting him with a buoyant wave of her hand, she said, "I have to thank you for the chivalrous epistle which you were so kind as to throw over to me the other day."

"Well,—well,—I am very much obliged—," began he.

"I am so glad because it gives me the opportunity—" continued she.

Greatly encouraged, he looked about for a chair to sit on.

"An opportunity to give you a piece of my mind, my young man!" coolly she added.

"Of course! of course! you mean——" began he with an air of assurance.

"I mean you are a—downright cur!" said she.

"Cruel joke, this! I came here not to receive insults," he remonstrated.

"You've come here to receive something more!" said she.

"What mean you? I am a Brahmin and——" he stammered out.

"Yes," retorted she, "you're a Brahmin and so you had the cheek! A Pariah were better,—he would have quacked!"

"I cannot hear such talk," said he rather mortified and rising from the chair which he had occupied uninvited.

"You need not, I do not wish you to," she said, taking out a horsewhip from underneath the table.

"Monster!" he shrieked and rushed to the door.

But it was too late. Down came the whip—*swish—swish—smack—swish—smack—*

"Go to your friends and tell them what you've got from me!" was her parting message.

That evening the inmates of the lodge were not a little surprised to see their friend packing up his boxes, homeward bound. A telegram, he explained, had arrived from home, he had to start at once.

The next day consternation reigned in the village when the news went forth that the young lad of the village had come back from the metropolis with the firm resolve not to continue his studies there any longer.

"O! the towns!" he was explaining in the evening to a group of excited old men sitting under the shade of the *Peepul* tree, "O! these towns are full of seductive sirens who lure you to evil and to destruction. O! It's unsafe to live amidst them!"

DEVELOPMENT OF INDIAN BANKING

BY T. R. SETHI IYER

IN our struggle for political freedom, we lose sight of the fact that political freedom is nothing without economic freedom. The economic struggle for existence in these days of the survival of the fittest is as important as, if not more than our political fight. Healthy expansion of national commerce and industries is very important to the economic welfare of the nation and nothing more vitally affects such expansion of commerce and industries than the question of adequate finance and banking facilities suited to the particular requirements of the country. Banking in the modern sense of the term is but little understood in this great 'land of regrets'. Few people understand the real significance of banking, as opposed to moneylending. What we generally find in the villages is the village *sowcar* squeezing the agriculturists with usury. He styles himself as banker and he offers a higher rate of interest with the result that we find all people flocking to him. But it is a common experience of the depositors of such *sowcars* that they seldom get money for their need and in many cases they neither get their interest nor their capital. The *sowcar* pays interest for some time and then one morning we hear of his failure. Do the people realize that they get a safe and steady return if they deposit with banks? Do they realize that they get money on demand and for this convenience they get a lower, though steady return? Do they realize that their money is as safe in the hands of bankers of undoubted repute and honesty as it would be in their own hands? The question of development of Indian banking is really a question of modification of this form of banking.

One of the initial difficulties for an improvement is that of educating the public about what is banking and what is its utility. In my opinion, one of the ways of tackling the question is to introduce this subject as part of the instruction imparted in our schools and colleges. In India, seldom do we find little school children having savings bank accounts. In England and America, why even in a city like Bombay, we find the banking habit developed to such an extent that even ordinary labourers take advantage of the attractive schemes offered by banks like

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the Central Bank of India Ltd. The question should also be tackled by an All India Institute of Bankers. In this direction nothing further has been done than a recommendation by the External Capital Committee and an effective pleading for such an institute by The Hon'ble Sir Basil Blackett in an address to the Delhi University. The functions of the institute should be to provide a good scheme of education suited to Indian conditions, arrange lectures and discussions, publish its own official journal and help students to undertake research. The institute should be on the models of the English institute and should not be a board like the G. D. A. Board. Widespread education on these lines will remove suspicion, distrust, ignorance, dishonesty and usury which are the great obstacles to the progress of Indian banking and banks.

Another point worth emphasising in this connection is the question of advertisements by the banks. In matters of advertising, what is required in an undeveloped country is not an appeal to patronise this bank or that bank, but a strenuous appeal on behalf of banking. People must first of all be induced to bank their money. In other words the advertisement must create an atmosphere of banking and thereby make people feel that an account is indispensable in these modern days. If that can be done, then a further appeal to bank with a particular bank is an economic waste. Because, if a bank is able to create such an atmosphere, then people will flock to that bank automatically. As a preliminary step, I would advocate the creation of a Bank Advertising Club, composed of prominent bankers. Its function should be to propagate the cause of banking. In my opinion such an attempt is more economic and more fruitful than the present manner of individual advertisements in newspapers.

A good system of banking legislation is also of utmost importance. In India the conditions are so different from England that English banking cannot be copied wholesale by us. It is the duty of the Government to give as much help as possible. It should help the banks by placing a representative on the directorate, by depositing money with them—an amount at least equal to the paid-up capital and reserve fund and by legislating for the proper development of banks. The rural banks should be utilised as correspondents of the Imperial Bank.

Banks should be protected by law against malicious attacks and reports. In England, the banks are able to finance her industries and we often hear of the utter inability of these banks to finance her agriculture. And what to talk of India, a country primarily agricultural? It is not to be supposed here that banking can be developed by the opening of more branches of the Imperial Bank. It will only aggravate the situation instead of clearing the atmosphere. We should as far as possible try to have a centralized system of banking. Development of banking is to be judged by the number of banking accounts and not by the number of banks or branch banks. When considering the banking legislation, the effect of economic and psychological laws should not be forgotten. In this connection, my honest opinion is that the recent currency commission's recommendation of a Reserve Bank for India should be duly considered.

Another requirement for the development of Indian banking is to educate the public in the art of self-investment. The principles of self-investments of surplus funds are hardly understood by our people, very few of whom know anything of post office cash certificates, Government Bonds, or debentures. In rural parts, even the poorest consider that the real wealth consists in owning a small piece of land. They have very little idea of the comparative merits and demerits of land and bond investments. Land as a form of investment has great defects. Its immobility, low returns and inadequacy as a security in times of necessity are all factors that are not generally taken into account by the ordinary man.

Corporative and co-operative management should be encouraged as far as possible. Corporative management is the only form of organization which can show some real progress. The advantages of limited liability are not understood by many people who still have ideas of forming business in partnership or family business. Such people do seldom understand that no branch of commerce could have developed without corporative existence and liability. The spirit of co-operation should be infused into as wide a circle as possible. Co-operative banking can be developed by:—

1. Government encouragement and help in the following ways,
 - (a) By exemption from stamp duty on cheques and receipts,
 - (b) By empowering them to act as local correspondents of Imperial Bank,
 - (c) By facilitating transfer of funds without charge.
2. By the banks by distributing literature as to the utility of co-operation.

Mr. B. F. Madon in a recent interview to the Free Press of India has summarized his views on the methods of development of Indian banking. Such a line of development means yielding to the village *sowcar*. It is not even indianization of English banking. Banking has no meaning unless there are current accounts. But his idea of "balancing reservoir" is much to be commended. The money lenders can, of course, be considered as part of the banking system, provided they fulfil certain conditions. They cannot be taken as they are, since they will bring with them a train of disaster. The question of converting them or in the alternative to displace them deserves very careful attention. The village *sowcar*, as he is, performs no economic service to the community. He lends money for purposes which only serve his purpose. The real motive in lending is to provide temporary capital to the borrowers and not to provide fixed capital. But the money lender is only concerned with his gain. His idea of wealth is possession of land. This he acquires by foreclosure of properties which have been pledged to him. This, he is able to do, because, when land is pledged, it is seldom redeemed. As one great writer has put it, "if you want to know the value of money, borrow" prevails better in case of borrowing on land. As long as *sowcar* banking is what it is, he should be made to work under legal disability. He should be asked to register his name with an officer appointed for the purpose and the register should be open to everyone. He should neither charge interest lower than what the banks charge for loans nor should he allow more than what the banks allow on deposits. Therefore, the real development is to convert him to a modern banker or make him work in such a way that he is not a powerful competitor.

THE WINGS OF PEGASUS

BY K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI, B. A., B. L.

IF Science gives us extension of the power of the senses, Poesy gives us extension of the power of the heart and the soul. A poet's heart and senses are more sensitive than ours; he feels and communicates new and sweet thrills of emotion.

"If thou wouldst view the fair world aright,
Go visit it by bright Poesy's light."

to adapt a famous stanza from Scott's famous lay. The function of Art is to express the world as it appeals to the artist's mind which is illumined by his imaginative reason. Emotion is the creator of artistic expression; and the artistic endowment is the channel through which the emotion flows to enliven the blossoms of poetic speech and artistic expression. Emotion is the deep momentum of the beauty-thrilled spirit. It is to sentiment what a true diamond is to an imitation diamond.

Poetry is music to the ear besides being a painting to the inner eye and an eloquent message to the soul. It combines the sounds of music and the forms and curves of sculpture and architecture and the colours of painting. Its connection with music is deep and vital. Poesy is the daughter of music. Rhythm is one of the primary modes of art and especially of the poetic art. All great poetry in any language appeals to all ears. Tense emotion in the heart naturally passes into rhythmic utterance in speech. Mr. E. A. G. Lamborn says: "Rime is the one beauty in words which was not revealed to the Greeks. Like Gothic architecture it is a gift conceived in France and developed by the Western nations under French leadership." It is a French inspiration, not "a feudal superstition". As has been well said

Rimes the rudder are of Verses

* With which like ships they steer their courses".

But the music of poetry is more than mere rhythm and rhyme. "It lies in the poet's choice of melodious words and in their harmonious arrangement". It is the outward expression of the subtle and ethereal music which is heard by the poet's inward ear. We must chant the poem to re-awaken that ethereal melody. Indian poesy knew the delights of the most wonderful and variegated metric rhythm decorated with the graces of head-rhymes and end-rhymes and other rhetorical devices which were

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often given up so as not to distract the reader's attention to the superb and sublime metric melody. And yet today Sanskrit poetry as taught—if taught in schools and colleges—is "a stammer" though the despised Pandits taught it before "as a chant" so that the poet's mind and the reader's voice may make "one music as before but vaster".

Poetry further naturally seeks the simplest and sweetest words which are charged with the emotions of generations and centuries. It suits the sound to the sense, the melody to the mood. The metre used by two poets may be the same but yet the distribution of stress and vowels and consonants would lift one poet's work to a height unapproachable by the other.

The passage from prose to poetry is not by graduation but by a soaring flight. Not only by rhythm but also by thought and feeling and imagery, poetry is separated from prose. The truth of poetry is a deeper and more universal truth than the truth of prose. The spiritualisation of life is full in poesy and is only fragmentary in prose. Poetry is more in touch with the flame of the life of the universe and has hence a warmth and a glow which prose, prowling or ambling on the circumference of life, can never hope to have. It is full of freedom, spontaneity and vision—three essentials which are not of the essence of prose. It belongs to and expresses a higher and diviner order of values than prose. It is a liberation of the self from the tyranny of the seemingly expressive and invincible limitations of life. It is a frequency of communion with the deepest verities of life. It is a creator and not a mere recorder like prose.

The fact is that in poetry the mind is near the soul and comes out through the senses in the outer world full of the light and glory of the world divine. In prose the mind is full of itself and goes like a king into the world along with the senses as its attendant ministers, forgetful of the fact that it is but a viceroy and not a king. In reality the brain is but the instrument of the mind—the medium of its expression. Modern physiology which thinks that the brain is the mind is quite wrong. Similarly the mind is but the instrument of the soul—a medium of its self-expression. Modern psychology which thinks that the

mind is the soul is equally wrong. The mind has however the power of acting in its own light or in the light of the soul. The former activity gives the prose while the latter activity gives us poetry.

That is why poetry has a higher order of words, a higher range and rhythm and radiance of expression; a finer creativeness of thought than prose has or can ever have. As stated above the words that it uses have come down to us charged with the creative emotion of thousands of inspired men and millions of men inspired by them. The words of poetry are to the words of prose what gold is to iron, what marble is to granite, what the rainbow is to the cloud.

I cannot conclude this sketchy fantasy better than by quoting two little bits of poetry which express the quint-essence of poetry.

"The light that never was on sea or land
The consecration and the poets dream"

Wordsworth.

नियति कृतनियम रहितां

इदं कस्यममी मनन्यपरतन्त्रां ।

नवरसरुचिरां निर्मिति मादधती

भारती कवेर्जयति ॥

(The poet's speech creates a world which is not fettered by the laws of Destiny, which is of the very essence of joy, which is self-existent and not dependent on anything else and which brings into being a creation shining with the nine *rasas*.)



ON THE RIVER-BED

BY M. R. SUBRAMANIAN.

I

I stand at the bottom of the mountain spelled by the grandeur of its gigantic presence. My mind, with its narrow visions elsewhere, expands by the glory of the spot, and awakens the better part in me. I feel my littleness, my utter incapacity in comparison with the magnificence and awe-inspiring influence it exerts on me, and men like me. I yearn to be one of those wild-rose plants that grows in its own wild way unchecked and as I again and again think of the power of an inanimate object, my hitherto unquelled pride takes to its heels like a frightened crow.

II

After the weary day's work, I sit in the verandah before performing my evening rites. I behold with awe and fear the scenery before me, narrowly extending with numerous trees that chose to be calm and the silent lake behind them. I feel the littleness of man with those lifeless things that hold my mind in thrall. The wide-spread banyan tree that extends its lofty branches to my parapet wall, seems to whisper to me with a joyous yet serene countenance the unravelled mysteries of the world. O, mute banyan tree! thou inspirest me with thy dumb eloquence and seemest to sing a tale about my great grandfather that only yesterday I heard from grandma. And I yearn to be one of those immortal branches of thine just to know something of my forbears, and then return reluctantly enough to this nonentity that I am, to return my grandma's kindness with new stories of my grandfathers.

III

It was many a year ago—when Cupid's dart penetrated my heart and perturbed it and set it restless,—I was wandering sad at heart amidst a flower garden where my arid eyes chanced to come upon an angelic form plucking flowers. Statue-like I stood for a while, and passed my way long after the lady. An ecstatic

thrill filled my frame entire, as I perceived on the grass, a flower. Gladly I took it up and carried home but even on that day, it withered and my happiness too.

* * * *

Now in the still silence of this night—save for the snoring of men, the croaking of frogs and the burglar's wiles—I hear a voice plaintively cry from afar, "I thought you would pursue me!" And as again and again the lachrymose words I hear, I pine and repine.

IV

If while you were fast asleep, my lips should be bold to come so near thy cheeks that the chill therein should start you up suddenly, will you accuse me, my dear?

No, my lord.

If when you were going home quickly from the flower-garden, my heart should be bold enough to detain you and express its sincerity to you, will you think ill of me, my dear?

No, my lord.

If while the chill winds blew fiercely, I should be bold enough to clasp you to my breast, will you slight me and cast me away, my dear?

She blushed and coloured without a ready reply and I took it for encouragement.

V

I stand beside the river's edge.

There was much poetry in the splash of water, where my love dived and rose again. It had the rhythm of an alternate iambus and anapest, the emphasis of trochee, and the exquisite melody of spondee.

I thought then: "O, come to me, love, and give me a kiss. Let the splash of thy kiss serve even as a rhyme to the splash of the water."

Awhile after, the river was running along, there was no love and I returned home pining.

VI

A black cloud broke forth under the weight of a lightning: and there came a revelation in my poignant heart.

I sat pining, thinking of the palmy days in which I will be happy in the company of my lord, pleasing him with my culinary functions: and in the lightning flash, I felt the might and prowess of my lord.

VII

I saw a swarm of men marching towards me and I quaked with fear. Nearer, I accosted thus: "Who are ye, and whither be ye going?"

And they made reply: "We are the people of the Earth: and we are going in search of the Sun. All day long, he cheered us with his light: but then, we suddenly missed him. We waited a while that he would return, but he did not: and so we have started in quest of him."

I was awake when I met them in the land of Nod: for it was the night after my wedding day: and I could not sleep, my thoughts being occupied in the recalling of the last day's joy.

VIII

Pensive I stand in the balcony of my house and look at the busy world below. The orient sun sends forth his genial rays to warm my benumbed limbs. The merry girls return from the river with waterpots in their waists. The coffee-coloured Cauveri water gurgles to the laughter of the girls. I yearn to see these girls educated and admitted into society, shorn of their levity, to work along with men for the cause of our common

mother: for the betterment of India lies mainly in the betterment of her women-folk.

IX

I felt the tyrant hand of a dusky cloud manifest itself in torrents, and at times its grim face glowed with a mighty lightning and in that irate moment, it shook its entire frame with such a fearful rumble that I felt so small and petty.

X

On the balmy bank of the silent tank I sat. The calm atmosphere hearkened my love-stricken heart: and soothed by a lullaby of murmurous leaves, my love-lorn limbs gave way to slumber deep.

I saw a girl, fair and flush: her eyes expressed a sad sweet much—of anguish and of love: her hair uncombed with wavy coal-black curls, her tender hands and delicate waist! And a little bend of the back added to her grace and charm.

"Fair one!" I cried and looked with intense passion on her face. A while elapsed, I held her round my arms: and with many a kiss, bedewed her rosy cheeks.

A fruit from off its perch on high fell down on the water, and woke me up, and still within the circle-wave, her beauteous form I saw.

"Fair as the moon, the waterline the halo," I exclaimed: and as the wave grew larger, wider grew my eyes and longing: and a long time elapsed ere I was restored from my trance.



THE PLACE OF YOUNG MEN IN NATIONAL LIFE

BY V. R. M. CHETTIAR.

"Has God given me a greater destiny than this, that I become the standard-bearer of my country's honour, that I become the soldier of her cause, the champion of her work, the defender of her glory, the creator of her regenerated power among the Nations of the world?"

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu

Young men deserve a conspicuous place in the national life of our country. Youth is liberty incarnate. Youth smashes the cage of bonds and escapes merrily into the air. The history of a nation is the history of youth. The cry of Shelley, the young romantic poet is for liberty, equality, fraternity. The Promethean cry is liberty—liberty for ever—liberty at all costs! Mahatma Gandhi's *Young India* at once reminds us strongly of the place of young men in national life—the duties and responsibilities of youth as nation-builders. Sir B. Seal, in his inspiring and illuminating convocation address on University ideals, happily remarks, "Youth above everything else is young. Youth dares to be free. Youth is Adam born over again in each one of us, looking with Adam's eyes over this big blooming kaleidoscopic world,—in all its first wonder and novelty, its bursting freshness and variety. The flame of life burns intense, burns white, burns pure, on the altar of youth. Youth confesses, imagines, creates. This is Youth's thaumaturgy or magic. Youth is indeed a world-builder." Quite true. Youth is the hope and glory of a country's future, the star of her destiny, the captain of her soul.

What is the condition of Indian Youth today? Most of the modern young men are confined to the academic premises. Schools & colleges have become 'isolation hospitals' for mental invalids. Nothing of nature—nothing of emotion—nothing of sympathy is there! Tethered to the university pole, the Indian youths wheel round and round like helpless boobies, and suddenly stumble upon inspections and trials and examinations. Drowned in books, they forget the world. University education means a costly life, a life of luxury and extravagance. It culminates in robbing the parents and starving them and deceiving oneself. But disillusionment comes only in the end.

Every graduate is a learned dandy who has missed his common-sense between allusions and antitheses. His politics and economics are mere abstractions; his experience of life is absolute second-hand nonsense. Himself a skeleton, he tries to develop the skeleton of an essay in a random fashion. "A bookish theoretic, an arithmetician," he certainly bungles in life. To him life is a conundrum. If the grim reality baffles him, he perpetually stammers and sermonises. He lacks the keen business acumen. To him patriotism and religion are superfluous. There is an utter lack of national consciousness, and he is never sorry for that. It is a life of cowardice and chaos. He boisterously argues that every graduate is a valiant hero—the hero of a thousand examinations!—, whether employed or not. True, he is the hero of poverty, dandyism, disappointment and disgrace. Tumbling into life and tumbling out of it, he at once becomes a strange victim of an abnormal tragedy. His utter ignorance of national literature is painfully sad, and he is incredibly blind to the rich poetic scintillations of the genius of Kambar, Kalidasa and Bharati.

What then should the young men do for the national uplift and national reconstruction? Their life should be dedicated to welding the Indian society, building up our nation and realising their own self in the good of the universe. That is self-realisation; that is self-sacrifice. The golden ideal of youth should be the greatest happiness of the greatest number. They should imbibe and assimilate and diffuse national consciousness. They should vigorously work for restoring national unity. Unity is strength, and strength will lead to independence. The Hindu-Muslim unity is inevitable for solving the political crisis of India. Caste raising artificial walls in society should not be allowed to predominate. The curse of untouchability should go. It is the caste-system that has proved detrimental to India's best interests. Communalism has become a howling nuisance. We see in it the "very Hell with its lid off." There is no morality about party politics. Life should be a co-operation, not a competition. Life is love, and love is transitive and universal. There should be a spirit of religious tolerance which can adequately meet the complexities of Indian problems. Nothing of fanaticism can bring us any good.

The youth of India should also realise that the political emancipation of a country depends largely on her economic independence. Politics and economics are so inextricably and indissolubly knit together. A national industry and a national commerce will further the economic prosperity of our country, and make her self-sufficient and self-reliant. The youth of India should revive Indian agriculture and Indian commerce. That is the only way to solve the financial crisis of India, and to improve her economic situation. Now poverty here rumbles and growls and thunders! Famine, vociferous and clamorous, wheels round and round, frets and fumes, hounds humanity from door to door, and often cries for more! Misery fills the eye of orphanage with an eternal midnight. The spiritual, economic and political significance of 'Khaddar' need not be exaggerated. The spinning wheel is a glorious specimen of a great and thriving cottage industry. It fosters plain living and high thinking. If work is worship, let our life be dedicated to the spinning wheel. Let us spin and spin till we are covered in a homely native saintly 'Khaddar.' That is the sacred symbol of economic self-reliance which will culminate in political independence. Youth clad in 'Khadi' is a grand inspiring spectacle on earth. The religion of "Khadi" is the religion of duty. The religion of "Khadi" is the religion of a patriot. There is a spiritual halo about the celestial garb. It is the white conscience writ large. Spinning is a labour of love which at once sanctifies the human personality. If the Indian youths wear 'Khadi' consistently and persistently, it may be taken as a solemn assurance for realising the economic independence of the Indian nation in the nearest future. Young men should also try their best to exterminate the "drink demon". The shadow of the bottle is chasing us far and near. It is the duty of youth "to bury five fathoms deep" all the bacchanal and maenadic ghosts and phantoms of the diabolical bottle. That is again for the good of our own countrymen.

Let youth come forward and take part in all walks of national life. Youth is the spring of human seasons. Youth is the golden age of man. Young men are susceptible of high and tender emotions. The glory of youth is its inexorable optimism.

in the face of crisis and danger. Indian youths should try to be aspiring patriots, striving towards the goal of national uplift and political emancipation. No prejudice, communal, racial or religious, should jar upon the harmony of national progress. Progress should be silent and steady with no trace of violence on the way. A young Indian fraternity perpetually smiling and laughing under a grand unique flag of peace, is a lofty dream that may rapidly crystallise into a sweet happy certainty! Youth alone can democratise the head and heart and soul of a nation, with a harmony in structure and a rhythm in movement. May the voice of Youth be the voice of the nation, the cry of the country, the serene call of our Mother!



A BRACE OF DOMESTIC REBELS

BY A. K. GOVIND

FAR from the sounds and scenes of the way-ward world was situated the storm-tossed house of Azakath. It was in the full noon-tide of its prosperity. The members of the huge household were illiterate and in the abysmal darkness of deplorable ignorance.

The staff and support of the household was one Krishnan Nair who was well-nigh on the threshold of old age. He was a peculiar sort of gentleman. Blowing his own trumpet was his darling wish. He made a show of his wealth and enjoyed the fear and respect of every man. He was a sordid miser, but it must be said to his credit that he gave his family an ample competence that enabled them to live comfortably. He always pleaded poverty when his own children asked him a pie. It went right against his heart to spend from his purse on anything outside of domestic needs.

The family could have enjoyed unalloyed felicity but for the accursed existence of two anointed scoundrels, Kunjunni and Madhavan, nephews of Krishnan Nair. They were a foul

stigma on the fame of the family. They were the slaves of every sin under the sun. They drank hard. In flights of insanity often, they came to quarrel—even to grips—with the members of the household. The bitter clamour of two fuddled tongues always kept the house in a tempest. Altogether Krishnan Nair knew no peace. His nephews were the "torment of his life, the bane on his existence".

They had inherited a small legacy from their father but had soon exhausted it in all sorts of dissipation. Left fatherless and motherless, they had none to check their unbridled manners but Krishnan Nair for whom they cared a brass button. Their affairs began to wear a very gloomy appearance. They had run head over ears in debt. Turn where they would, there appeared not the ghost of a chance of repaying it. Creditors pressed and it seemed they would ere long seek the debtor's prison. Not a pie could they strike out of Krishnan Nair. At last they decided to live upon the wages of sin and shame. Their hearts were set in immutable resolution on taking money from their uncle by force, if need be.

It was Vishu day. The night was pitch dark. At about 4 a. m., when darkness lay inky over the country, a servant of Krishnan Nair issued out of the house, a lantern in one hand and *Kani* in the other and made for a particular house. A strong puff of wind put out the light and warily the servant walked forward groping in the darkness. A hand closed about his throat and gagged his mouth, before he could utter a cry. Thus silencing him the precious necklace that was in the *Kani* was robbed in peace. Kunjunni and Madhavan told it in collusion with another who had been hired for their notorious dealings. They had made a great stroke. The necklace could make them rich for life! But their collaborator was cleverer. He hastened away with the necklace, of which they could dream no more. The robbery made a great stir. Who could be the robber? Krishnan Nair was surely puzzled. He made enquiries and learnt his nephews were not in the house over the night. That was an unusual event. It clinched his suspicions that the authors of the nocturnal robbery were none other than his traitorous nephews. Not a moment was lost in informing the

police of the matter. Kunjunni and Madhavan were caught and placed in irons. The police so kicked them, cuffed them, and beat them black and blue that it did not fail to touch the hardest heart with a sentiment of pity. Neither blows nor kicks were able to elicit the confession of their guilt. For a fortnight they were doomed to prison-drudgery, but for want of any circumstantial evidence to substantiate their guilt they were released, only to make them objects of well-merited obloquy.

Nor did this incarceration and punishment tone them down. It only added fuel to the fire which now came to a white heat. Krishnan Nair they abhorred with the most vehement hate and their next plans were upon his life. Madhavan was next in age to Krishnan Nair. Therefore they could bring down two birds with one shot—the death of the object of their virulent hate and the raising of Madhavan to the pinnacle of his ambitions. To this end they decided to seek the assistance of a sorcerer and promptly they went to one—how considerate! how prudent! Now was the sorcerer's chance come; he could snatch a good sum.

"To take the life of a man is no child's play. It involves many troubles and difficulties. Besides, it is not in our nature to destroy a man unlawfully," said the cunning sorcerer who knew his art was but mere charlatanism and would not take any effect; but all the same he wanted money.

"You do not know our uncle. He is a veritable hypocrite, an abominable snudge. It is only just that such persons should be wiped off from the face of the earth."

"But I told you the work you charge me with is no easy matter. My spirit needs an ample remuneration," replied he.

"Do not trouble yourself about it. In the name of God we promise to pay you a hundred rupees, the moment we hear the death-groan of our uncle."

The sorcerer gladly acquiesced and Kunjunni and Madhavan went away satisfied. That very day the sorcerer had a short interview with Krishnan Nair.

"Your nephews have promised me a good sum to kill you. My witch-craft cannot be the least instrumental for the disreputable accomplishment of such an object. Therefore I want your help," said he.

"Meaning?"

"That you should groan aloud as in your last moment just at mid-night when you would hear a tinkling sound," replied he.

"I would fain do it. I will do everything as you instructed me," added Krishnan Nair with a merry laugh as he contemplated with pleasure that here was an opportunity to snub his nephews once more.

Night came on. Darkness deepened. Krishnan Nair waited anxiously for the signal. It was the dead of night. The sorcerer was at the gate of the house. Kunjunni and Madhavan were watching him performing some *pujas*—what they imagined to be the death-ceremonies of their uncle. The moment was come. A sweet peal of bells rose into the midnight air accompanied by a heart-rending groan. Instantly the sum previously agreed upon was handed over to the subtle sorcerer, who went away mightily pleased at his good-luck. Krishnan Nair had played his role in the mid-night melodrama to a nicety. The befooled and baffled Kunjunni and Madhavan congratulated themselves on their splendid success. Over the remainder of the night they slept a sleep they had never before enjoyed. They experienced a thrill of violent joy for they imagined, the next morning was to see the fumes of Nair's funeral and enthronement of Madhavan on the pedestal from which Krishnan Nair was rudely torn away.

Their joy seemed to melt hours into minutes and it was dawn. Kunjunni and Madhavan woke up refreshed and happy, remarking that the night was a short one. Were their eyes deceiving them, or was it merely a boy's dream? Strange—Oh! strange indeed—they beheld Krishnan Nair in flesh and blood. Then it was that the truth broke upon them in all its nakedness—they had been deliberately cheated and would be futile to ask the money back and they ventured no more to the abode of the sorcerer.

Kunjunni and Madhavan tore themselves away from the family and lived upon their share of the family wealth.

Reader, what more is there to tell? They dissipated what little they had and were fated to wander like derelicts through a life of misdeeds. They were homeless, and in the parlance of colloquial language had the "key of street".

Notes

THE news of the brutal and cowardly murder of Swami Shraddhananda at Delhi by a Musalman fanatic by name Abdul Rashid has been received with feelings of profound sorrow, indignation and horror. Our leaders, Hindu and Muhammadan have very strongly condemned the outrage Shraddhanandaji's and have advised the Hindus not to get excited nor to incriminate the entire Muslim community for the misdeed of an individual. It would certainly be wrong to accuse the community as a whole for this most foul and shameful deed but we have to state most sorrowfully that the militant speeches and writings of a few thoughtless Musalmans have indirectly paved the way for its happening. Shraddhananda's martyrdom should, therefore, open our eyes to the painful fact that only when we learn to use our tongues and pens properly, any real beginning could be made in the direction of uniting the two great communities of India.

Swamiji's death removes from the public life of our country a towering personality and it is not likely that the void created would be filled up immediately or in the near future. Swamiji was a great hero and lived a life of service and sacrifice. To the people of India and to humanity at large he leaves the rich legacy of a great and heroic life spent in the pursuit of noble and high ideals. Let us all—each in his own way—make ourselves worthy of this rich heritage.

A deputation of the British Social Hygiene Council is now touring India in order to educate the public on the urgent necessity of combating and preventing venereal diseases. No civilised country on the face of this earth is free from the ravages of these fell diseases; it is the common property of all countries including our own. It is computed that there are approximately about a million patients in the various hospitals in India who are being treated for these complaints. And God only knows the number of victims

Social
Hygiene
Delegation.

who suffer in silence out of ignorance and more often out of false pride and shame. The pity of it is that it is not merely the individuals alone who suffer (although that by itself is suffering enough in all conscience) but the community and the race are affected in the long run, the disease spreading from men to women, from women to men and from both to generations coming after. The instinct of self-preservation and race preservation should both induce us to take drastic steps to eradicate this fell disease as well as prevent its future recurrence. The commercial community has recognised what a menace this is to trade and industry, for it is well known that those who suffer from this cruel disease could not continue to be wage earners and should necessarily be a drag on others. That is why they are so willingly helping the delegation with funds.

IT is plain that neither the virulence of the disease nor the alarming spread of the malady gives hopes of an easy remedy. The cure must come through concentrated efforts of the Government and the public and the question must be looked

at from all points of view. As was pointed out by the lady member of the delegation, all efforts medical, social and educational must be linked together in one co-ordinated effort if success should be achieved. As not merely the individual but the whole society is affected, free education and free treatment have to be given to the patients. That is the first step. The problem of prevention however, is by far the greater work that yet remains to be achieved and to which the British Social Hygiene Council have so manfully directed their energies and resources. The experience and knowledge of this body must be of great help to our own workers in the field and the enthusiasm with which their cause has progressed in every part of the country visited by the delegation testifies to the fact that the opportunity has not been allowed to let slip.

BUT after all, education must be the foundation of any permanent improvement in public health. And our educational

authorities might usefully take to heart the suggestion of Mrs Neville-Rolfe that the whole educational basis should be

Need for directed towards inculcating in the minds of
Enlightenment. children the true facts of life and a sense of the responsibility towards the race of the future. Most advanced countries of the world have realised that advancement in citizenship depends upon the introduction of the biological science into their educational system, but not so our country. Here social hygiene as a branch of necessary study to children is still taboo. When will the educational authorities of our land shed their false and mistaken ideas and propriety and enlarge the scope of education sufficiently so as to place the fruits of this vitally important knowledge within the reach of our children so that they at least might be saved from the pitfalls which have overtaken us all.

WE do not know if Hindi will ever be the *lingua franca* of India. But this much is certain that it is a widely spoken language and the medium of communication for a majority of the people of this country and a knowledge of it is, therefore, certainly to be welcomed, because it will at least enable us to understand our brethren in the north aright. From this point of view the ban that was placed on a knowledge of the language in Board schools by the last ministry of Education should be considered to be retrograde. The Gaekwar of Baroda has, it is interesting to note in this connection, however, more faith in the possibility of Hindi becoming a national language. For this is what His Highness observes in an order censuring relaxation of the order of 1916 for the introduction of Hindi as a language to be studied in the vernacular and anglo-vernacular schools of the state:—Hindi is likely to become the *lingua franca* of the whole of India in the future and it is necessary to introduce and cultivate the study of a subject or language which is likely to assume such national importance. The subject of Hindi should, therefore, now be introduced in the

fourth standard and the two lower classes of middle schools as to place its study within the reach of all students undergoing the compulsory standards of training.

AT a time when a study of our vernaculars and our Indian classics are beginning to receive the encouragement that have been withheld from them so long, the action of the Central Provinces Government in suspending the teaching of Arabic and Post-graduate courses in Persian languages in the colleges of the Province, must certainly be

Retrograde. considered to be retrograde. Apart from the cultural value of all classics, which is too valuable to be lost, it is likely to be considered as an insidious blow to the spread of Islamic culture. That it has been so considered is evident from the strong protest of the leading Muslims of Nagpur who have decided to wait on deputation on the Governor to represent their grievances. We hope the Governor will give them a soothing reply and look into the matter at once. If the decision is not revoked in time, the consequences will be the estrangement of an important community, not to speak of the injustice caused by the denial of facilities to study an inspiring and ennobling culture.

THE House of Commons has passed a Bill regulating the publication of reports of judicial proceedings in such manner as to prevent injury to public morals. Anybody who knows anything of the British and American press will not pretend to

dispute the need for such a restrictive measure. A Needed The publication of unsavoury details regard-
Corrective ing divorce cases is one of the fruits of the commercialisation of the Press, which is such a characteristic phenomenon in the West to-day. The capitalist owners of the Press, more intent on amassing money than on executing the real mission of the Press, know full well that it is the human note that strikes home and in the endeavour to do it do not scruple to pander to the meanest of our cravings, with the result that all the indiscretions of an unlucky couple find

faithful record in the Press. Washing dirty linen in a court is perhaps inevitable if the parties to the divorce choose to go to court. But there is no need to violate domestic sanctity and outrage public morals any further. It is to be hoped that the Press in our country will take this legislation as a warning and save itself from the imposition of such restrictive legislation by a proper use of their discretion.

HIS Excellency Lord Goschen deserves to be congratulated on his judicious use of his right of nominations to the Madras Legislative Council. His has been the privilege to create the first lady M. L. C. The nomination of Dr. (Mrs.) Muthulakshmi Ammal has met with universal approbation and is certainly a matter for rejoicing. Furthermore, it is a practical recognition of the claims of women for a voice in the shaping of legislative enactments. The help of women in matters concerning the promulgation of laws concerning children, mothers etc., is not to be under-rated. The choice of the Governor in this instance is unexceptionable. Dr. Muthulakshmi Ammal represented India at the recent Women's International Conference in Paris and her keen interest in, and enthusiasm for, the women's movement is well-known to the people of Madras. She had a distinguished career at the Madras Medical College, from where she took the degree of M. B. & C. M., winning many medals and certificates of merit. Her practical knowledge has been considerably increased by her recent visit to England where she also specialised in diseases peculiar to women and children. We congratulate Dr. Muthulakshmi Ammal on her well-deserved honour.

OUR "ANNUAL" COMPETITIONS

THE subjects announced for competition in our *Annual* issue were:—*Nayadis of Malabar*; *The place of Young Men in National Life* and *A short story describing Indian life*.

We received five essays on the first subject, seven on the second and as many as a dozen took part in the story competition. The editors regret that none of them has been deemed to have come up to the expected standard. Consolation prizes have, however, been awarded to *M. S. Devasan* for his essay on *Nayadis of Malabar*, to *V. R. M. Chettiar*, for his essay on *The Place of Young Men in National Life* and to *A. K. Govind* for his essay on *A Brace of Domestic Rebels*.

The prize essay on *Nayadis* will be published in our January issue. The other prize essay and the prize story are published elsewhere in this issue.

We give below the results of the other competitions published in our Annual.

Letter Division.

The correct solution is **IMPORTANCE**. Over a hundred correct solutions were received. The prize of Rs. 5 goes to *C. N. S. c/o C. V. Natesa Iyer, B. A., L. T. M. M. High School, Badagara*.

Anagrams.

The correct solutions are:—**AVENUE, DEFIANCE, MENAGERIE, PORTFOLIO, MACHINATION, MADEMOISELLE, PROPORTIONATELY and INCOMPREHENSIBILITY.**

As many as 176 complete correct solutions were received in addition to several incomplete ones. The drawing for the prizes resulted as follows:—

1st Prize of Rs. 15 goes to N. S. Many, Vycome, Travancore.

2nd Prize of Rs 5 goes to I. Lekshmy, c/o V. K. Menon, B. A., Bar-at-Law, Tellicherry.

The three Consolation Prizes have been won by G. A. Rajamani, St. Johns compound, Egmore, Madras; N. S. Raman, New House, Nellicherry, Palghat and L. P. Anantarama Iyer, B. A., B. L., Vakil, Dindigul.

Cross-Word.

The correct solution is as follows:—

Across. 2. Pad. 4. Fated. 6. Air. 7. Mot. S. Basin. 10. Bug. 12. Elbow. 15. Via. 17. Dresden. 19. Cog. 21. Linger. 23. Alarum. 26. Cat. 27. Agog. 28. Iscr. 29. Sri. 30. Canton. 32. Toasts. 34. Lie. 35. Ecstasy. 40. Too. 41. Acids. 42. Ram. 43. Tulip. 45. Nap. 46. Red. 47. Gleet. 49. Ear.

Down. 1. Pat. 2. Parable. Demigod. 4. Fib. 5. Don. 9. Substantial. 11. Din. 12. E. R. 13. We. 14. For. 15. Vital. 16. Agate. 17. Drone. 18. Nasty. 19. Carat. 20. Gusto. 21. Lac. 22. Ego. 24. Leo. 25. Mrs. 31. Nil. 33. Sot. 36. C. A. 37. Scruple. 38. Admirer. 39. S. S. 43. Tag. 44. Pet. 48. Eau.

1st Prize of Rs 20 is won by Kasipati, Teacher, Palakonda Post, Vizagapatam District.

2nd Prize of Rs. 5 goes to G. M. V. Pat, Lekshmi Vilas, Puthiyangom, Palghat.

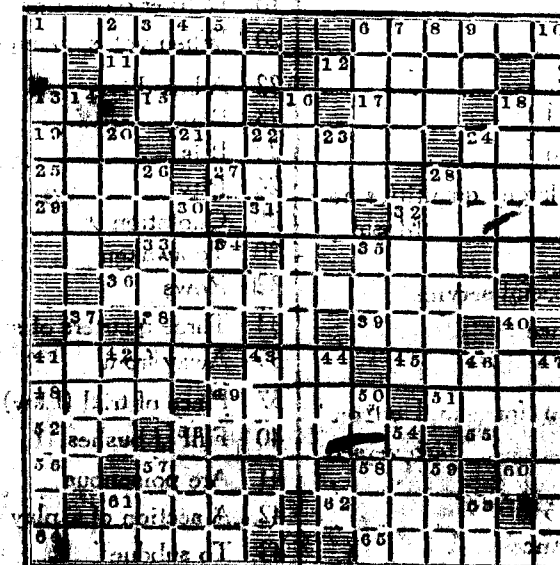
The three Consolation Prizes have been won by P. Bala-Krishna Menon, B. A., Hons, Victoria College, Palghat; C. S. Ramakrishna Iyer, S. F. Class, T. D. High School, Cochin and N. B. Vasudev, 90, Sri Venkateswara Hostel, Triplicane, Madras.

On the whole, we received a hundred solutions of which seventy one were found to be correct. The names of the successful solvers are unavoidably omitted for want of space.

CROSS-WORD COMPETITION

THE problem set below affords an ingenious variation of the usual Cross-Word Puzzle. The words required to fill some of the squares are sought for in a certain well-known quotation of 15 words from Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*. The places filled by the words of the quotation are indicated in the puzzle.

DECEMBER PUZZLE



Name.....

Address.....

Fill in above, enclose postage stamp to the value of one rupee and send it to the Cross-word Editor, *The Scholar*, Palghat. Two prizes will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions opened on 1st February 1927. First Prize of Rs. 10 cash and a Second Prize of Rs. Two worth of books.

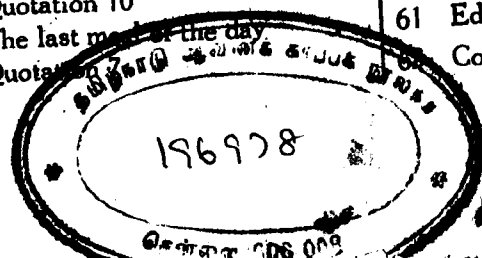
CLUES.

ACROSS

- 1 Quotation 5
- 6 Tobacco is
- 11 Quotation 6
- 12 A scaly whitish mineral
- 13 In the year of our Lord
- 15 Insane
- 17 A conjunction
- 18 Quotation 12
- 19 Rainy
- 21 Modesty
- 24 Thrice
- 25 Den
- 27 Queen
- 28 Phial
- 29 To guide
- 31 Quotation 2
- 32 Quotation 11
- 33 To cut down
- 35 Found in large quantities near Mosul
- 36 False
- 38 Reuter's Special service
- 39 Half of France
- 41 To stop
- 43 Abbreviation for 'and so on' reversed
- 45 Nose
- 48 Quotation 15
- 49 River in France
- 51 Exclamation of impatience
- 52 Quotation 14
- 53 Quotation 1
- 55 Quotation 8
- 56 In the matter of
- 57 Founder of a political party
- 58 An English Poet [in India]
- 60 Twelve months
- 61 Quotation 4
- 62 Quotation 10
- 64 The last month of the day
- 65 Quotation 7

DOWN

- 1 Noisy quarrels
- 2 Three of them make a yard
- 3 Unit of measurement (in electricity)
- 4 To peruse
- 5 A sea-luck
- 6 Room
- 7 Quotation 3
- 8 Said of a person of sixty
- 9 Tagore once was
- 10 To Pollute
- 14 Quotation 13
- 16 Expressing repentance
- 18 Deliver on oration
- 20 When votes are equal
- 22 A bus driver
- 23 Born
- 24 It is
- 26 Pity
- 28 Quotation 9
- 30 To awaken
- 32 Rows
- 34 Three quarters of space
- 35 Away from
- 37 Place of trial (Law)
- 40 Full of bushes
- 41 Are poisonous
- 42 A section of a play
- 43 To subdue
- 44 To Mistake
- 46 Not in
- 47 Thermal units
- 49 Not a winner
- 50 Having a sharp edge
- 53 Arrived
- 54 Except
- 57 Bath
- 59 An affirmative
- 61 Edits a weekly
- Correct



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