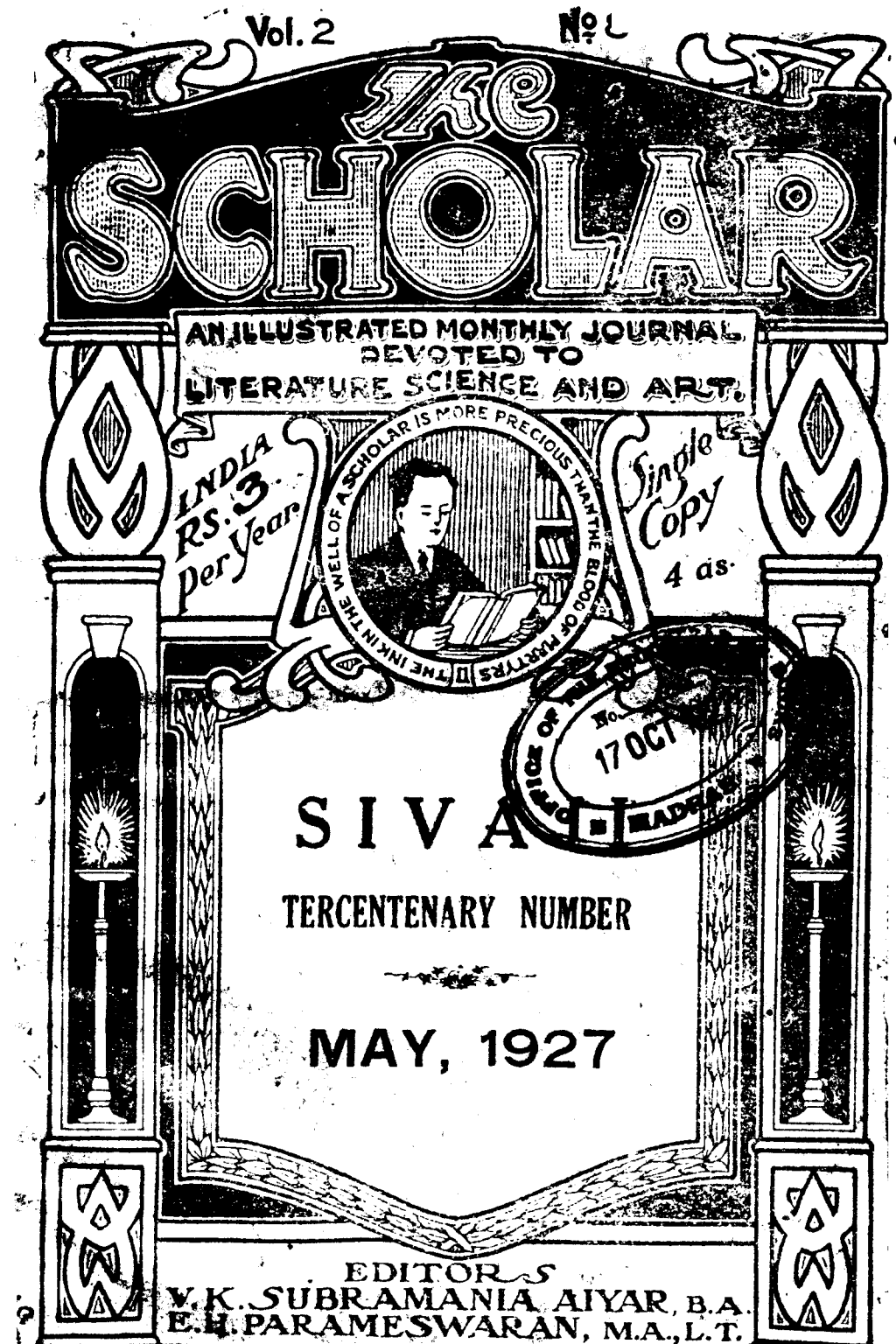




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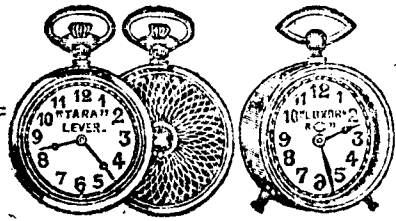
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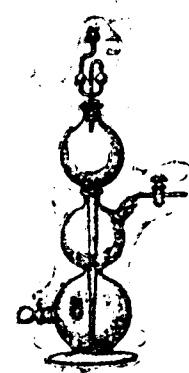
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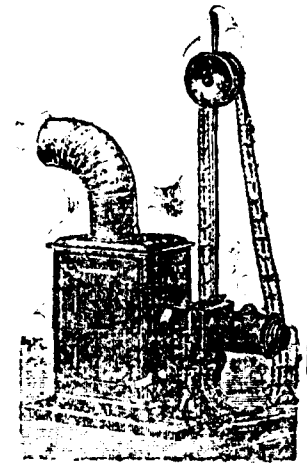
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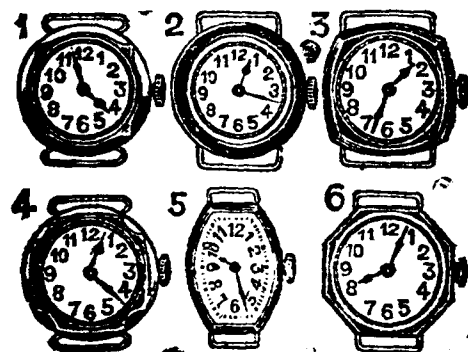
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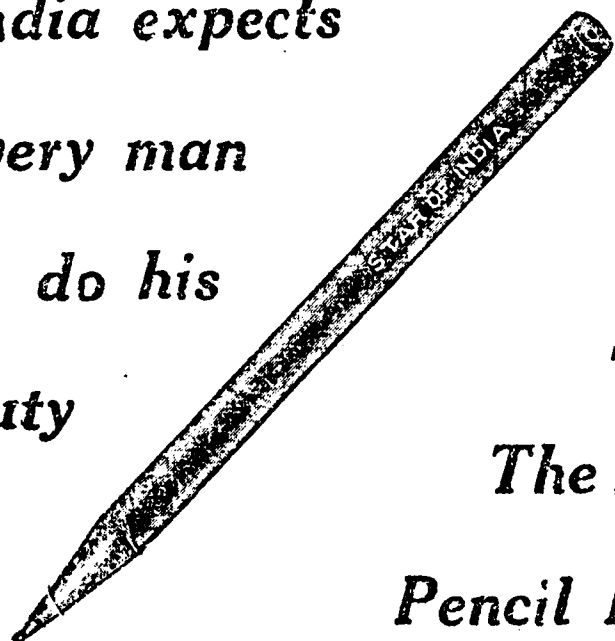
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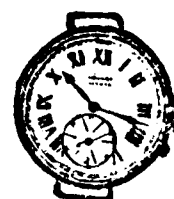
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SIVAJI MAHARAJ



VOL. 2

MAY 1927

No. 8

MANIPULATION OF NEWS

BY A STUDENT OF JOURNALISM

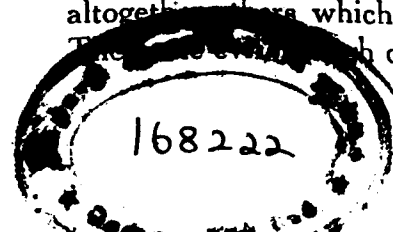
PRESENTATION of news without exaggeration or inaccuracy is the primary function of a newspaper. Where it is not done with strict fairness to truth, the newspaper, instead of being the faithful mirror of society—which it is expected to be—becomes its toxin. But strange as it may seem, this fundamental principle is more often honoured in its breach than in its observance. There is hardly any newspaper in any part of the world today which makes even a pretence of following this maxim. Nor does it feel any pricking of the conscience in the transgression of such a law. The nemesis has followed inevitably. The public has long ago noticed this lapse, and begun to discount the news-value of information appearing in newspapers. The credibility of an item of news appearing in them, when it comes to be questioned, is generally disposed of by it with the sapient remark, "Oh! it is after all a newspaper report". And any journalist who is disposed to turn up his nose at such disparagement of his veracity must needs realise that he has himself to thank for it. Suppression of news in order to withhold a truth from the public, doctoring it to suit party or private interests, and transforming an ordinary item into a veritable

stunt to satisfy the sensation-mongering section of the public, are tactics which have been too frequently brought into play to escape the notice of even the generally indifferent public. This obnoxious practice reached its climax during the time of the great war. To what an enormous extent it was brought into use, the public is slowly beginning to realise now. So much light has been recently thrown on what was known as 'Germany's war-guilt' that we are tempted to modify the judgment we so hastily passed on that much-maligned nation. Similarly we know now that what we so indignantly decried as their 'frightfulness' is not half so frightful as the ludicrous lies and half-truths we were gulled into believing. (At any rate that delightful quality, we have found, is not the monopoly of that nation alone). So many heroic 'actions' in which the allies won such signal victories and earned such brilliant laurels now resume their comparatively minor place, that should the history of the late war be written today, it would not bear much resemblance to the day-to-day chronicle with which we were regaled by Reuter's war correspondents then. The war, in short, did us this small service. It confirmed in the minds of the public what was before only a hazy idea, namely, that newspaper reports do not err on the side of either truth or fairness.

It has been said already that the newspapers themselves have a great deal to answer for in the matter of such manipulation of news. The reason is not far to seek. In the first place, there are very few newspaper owners in the world who run the papers solely with the object of discharging the highest mission of the Press. For almost all of them it is the means to gain their material ends, which are often distinct from, if not opposed to, national interests. In the West, for instance, the Press is rapidly passing into the hands of Trusts and Combines. Most of the papers in England today are in the hands of a handful of capitalists, who pulling the strings from behind, present a made-up *Public Opinion* as they wish it to be in the interests of all. Naturally, they handle or rather mishandle news items in such a way as to suit their sectional or personal interests and suppress altogether those which are unfavourable to their well-being. The same thing, on a much smaller scale, is beginning to

make its appearance in our country too, and we should be most unwise indeed if we do not stir betimes and nip the danger in the bud.

Nor is this all. The news agencies, which supply the main body of news, both consciously and unconsciously, only help to worsen the situation in a much more degree. No newspaper can afford to have its own agents all over the world to supply it with information, and is, therefore, forced to depend on some of these agencies for a major portion of its news. Apart from the fact that these agencies are run by human beings with their own party predilections and national prejudices, they are forced by the very nature of their task (i. e. of gathering news) to sacrifice a little of their independence and veracity in order to placate those from whom information has to be got and induce them to speak out. Let us take a concrete example. The Government offices are by far the most important source of information, as could be seen by a cursory glance at any newspaper at random. And that information will not always be forthcoming if a news agent takes it into his head to give only the truth and nothing but the truth. Thus the chances are that the agent, of his own accord, is inclined to tone down the news a bit, so as not to offend the susceptibilities of his informants and risk the chance of losing for good all opportunities and facilities of getting information. For him, poor fellow, an over-strict adherence to truth will not only not pay but also lose him his job and livelihood in the bargain. But in actual practice, the evil goes still further. Every Government is anxious that it should appear well in the eyes of the world, and so it is with no small interest that it watches the news broadcasted about it in the world Press. The history of some of the news agencies have proved that some Governments are not above the temptation of influencing the agents to send out news, not as they are, but as they like it to be. Even news, in this commercialised world, is bought and sold, and that much more often than the ordinary reader dreams of. Thus it happens that even without the connivance of the newspaper proprietors and editors, newspapers are often used as the means of official propaganda. Let no one suppose that this is a remote possibility. If, as has been the case in some countries,



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Governments could stoop to subsidise newspapers, privately or otherwise, it is not much more heinous or difficult either to subsidise or otherwise influence the news agencies.

Thus between the private motives of the newspaper proprietors and the manipulation of news agencies by interested parties, the sacred cause of truth is sacrificed, and it is the ignorant public, on whose bounty these newspapers exist, that is being duped and befooled in the process. How long will the public supinely allow its credulity to be exploited in this manner? Let it not be forgotten that the remedy in the first instance lies with the public itself. A newspaper has no business to be a party organ or the mouth-piece of an interested clique. If it persists in being one, well, it is for the public to bring it to its senses and to do this, it has only to threaten to take the bread out of its mouth by withdrawing its support. Fortunately for us, newspapers of today have strayed so much from their path of duty and lost much of their rectitude of conduct, that the public has already begun to demand unmistakably for a cleaner press with higher ideals. If only the discriminating public will make it a point to encourage only such of the papers as observe all the canons of journalistic ethics and fairplay, the day will not be far distant when the newspapers will learn to make a virtue of necessity and become the true mirror and exponent of society. The readers should remember that in the last resort the public gets the paper it deserves.

The problem of counteracting the undue influencing of news agencies by interested parties is, however, a much more difficult task, but certainly not a hopeless one. Individually the newspaper proprietors and editors are at the mercy of the news agencies for the simple reason that they cannot supply themselves with all the news through their own unaided efforts. But collectively, they possess the whip-hand over the former (news agencies). For, where will they be but for the support of the newspapers? If, therefore, the newspapers will only join together, they could the next moment make the news agencies realise the utter dependence on them. It is their duty to exert themselves in the interests and purity of their profession and

bring pressure on the news agencies to resist the blandishments of interested parties on the one hand and to assert their independence, courage and self-respect to gather news in an open manner without the spirit of bargain on the other. These observations are true generally of all newspapers and news agencies throughout the world including those of our own land. As far as the newspapers in our country are concerned, we do not know if they would combine at all. The reason why we are sceptic is that there is not at present visible the requisite *esprit-de-corps*. If there had been, our news agencies would have long ago been purified. As it is, the complaint against the unsatisfactory nature of the news supplied by the two premier news organisations, is increasing instead of diminishing. Until the journalists learn to realise the value of co-operation and joint action, these agencies can afford to ignore the discontent against them. Will The Young Journalists' Association in Upper India take up the matter and see the evil remedied?

HOPE, NOT FEAR, THE CREATIVE PRINCIPLE

No institution inspired by fear can further life. Hope, not fear, is the creative principle in human affairs. All that has made man great has sprung from the attempt to secure what is good, not from the struggle to avert what was thought evil. It is because modern education is so seldom inspired by a great hope that it so seldom achieves a great result. The wish to preserve the past rather than the hope of creating the future dominates the minds of those who control the teaching of the young. Education should not aim at a passive awareness of dead facts, but at an activity directed towards the world that our efforts are to create. It should be inspired, not by a regretful hankering after the extinct beauties of Greece and the Renaissance, but by a shining vision of the Society that is to be, of the triumphs that thought will achieve in the time to come, and of the everwidening horizon of man's survey over the Universe. Those who are taught in this spirit will be filled with life and hope and joy, able to bear their part in bringing to mankind a future less sombre than the past, with faith in the glory that human effort can create.

Bertrand Russell.

OH! OUR EDUCATION

BY DR. N. S. HARDIKER.

WHILE yet in boyhood and youth no one, not even our parents, gave us any encouragement to master useful arts that are quite necessary for one to live a useful life for others and to make our own lives pleasant and cheerful. The only thing that we were told to do was to go to school with our slate and pencil as well as books and papers to read and write what the 'learned' teachers taught there and to cram printed or written notes at home in order to pass examinations with honours. Thus teachers and parents both paid their attention to our 'mental' development only and neglected even our physical side. They wanted us to be either first class lawyers or physicians or good servants (slaves shall we say?) in some office of our present rulers. Their ambition went only that far and not farther. They knew only that much.

We too listened to them and did as they said because we knew nothing better. And what is the result today? All those who belong to our generation have become meek, weak, selfish, bookish, submissive and ambition-less. We do not wish to do anything for our people because we do not know what to do. We cannot work hard because we are too weak to stand the physical strain that is connected with it. We are afraid to work for our Nation because we have become cowards. We have no desire to sacrifice because we have grown too selfish. We cannot even amuse ourselves and spend our time profitably when off-duty because we do not know any amusements or arts at all. What little money we get we spend it and satisfy ourselves by saying "I am living a happy life and that is enough for me. What have I to do with your public work? I know no Nation". Such is our generation. Then what can the Nation expect from it?

We do not blame our teachers and parents for this. They were unable to do anything else. They were living in an era which did not allow them to do anything more for us than what they did.

The teachers and parents of today belong to our generation. Therefore the description given above is applicable to them as

OH! OUR EDUCATION

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well. So, we cannot expect much from them although they have learned to love and work for their country and the people a little more than the last generation. But even then we are forced to say that they don't put their heart in their nation's work. We do not want them to work along political lines only and 'sacrifice' all their "future prospects". No, certainly not. But we ask them to train their students and children at least in such a manner that they may live a useful and a pleasant life in this world. Let our young men get something more than mere bookish knowledge. Let the teachers and parents look after the physique of their boys. Let them know some useful arts so that when they fail to get some service somewhere they may stand upon their own feet and earn an independent living for themselves and for their family. Let them get some lessons in character-building and citizenship. All this the teachers and parents can do if they only desire to do something. But the trouble is that they will not have any desire at all.

We take the innocent subject of Scouting in support of our argument. Our Government, however unsympathetic it may be towards our political aspirations has, either willingly or unwillingly, made some arrangements for teaching Scouting to our boys in schools. At its expense it got many teachers trained as Scout Masters and it expects them now to train students in their schools as Scouts. But if we take a census of Scouts in the country we will find that very few boys have been trained by these Scout Masters. They do not put their heart in teaching and never try to attract boys. But they will always be seen at an official Rally with their uniforms on for the sake of pleasing their officers by a three or two fingered salute. They become Scout Masters in order to draw a few more coins in their coffers. This is all their interest in Scouting.

Add to this the lack of interest of parents as well. Parents are not only indifferent but at times do not even allow their children to take any active part in Scouting. They want their children to do just as they did; always sticking to their homes, broken in health and doing nothing for their nation.

Oh! God, how long is this attitude to continue?

IN THE SUPERNAL COURT OF SRI VAIKUNTHAM

FRIDAY 13TH ASITA PHALGUNA AKSHAYA SAMVATSARA

Present:—SUPERLORD MAHAVISHNU, P. G.*

Assessors:—Superlord Brahma, C. G.†

Superlord Siva, D. G.‡

Lord Indra, K. D.†

ALLIUM SATIVUM *vs* ALLIUM CEPA.

In this case Mr. Hot Garlic sued Sir Pungent Onion for a perpetual injunction restraining the latter's community, personally or by agents or servants, from claiming superiority of any kind whatsoever over the former's community, by means of words, signs, pictorial representations or otherwise.

Sir Bengal Gram, Kt., for the plaintiff.

Mr. Pea, G. C.+ for the defendant.

Evidence having been adduced, *Sir Bengal Gram* addressed the Court as follows:—

May it please your S'p'l'dship—The Court must have been by this time fully convinced of the patent superiority of my client over his opponent, who has had the hardihood to contest the claim both in and outside court. Judged by every standard in the fourteen worlds, my client comes an easy first among bulb-roots and the defendant a bad second. Never in my life, my S'p'l'd, a counter-claim so preposterous as this has been made on behalf of an utter weakling like the defendant. The counsel on the other side, apparently losing all sense of proportion, has had the presumption to appear against me to support that rotten and putrid claim.....

Superlord Siva (angrily, with the lids of his eyes in the forehead flickering)—Do avoid personalities, will you?

* Protector-General. § Creator-General. ‡ Destroyer-General.

† King of Demigods. + God's Counsel.

IN THE SUPERNAL COURT OF SRIVAIKUNTHAM 387

Sir Bengal Gram—I speak with some feeling, my S'p'l'd. I have grown gray in my profession, and my Lord Indra has been pleased to confer upon me a knighthood in consideration of my successful defence of his Lordship in a serious case of amorous complications. And what do I see here now?

S'p'l'd Brahma (with all his four mouths)—You see the Court, *Sir Bengal*, and confine yourself to the matter in hand. What you have been saying is neither here nor there. Your (k)ighthood is of little effect in all this glory and splendour of Vaikuntham.

Sir Bengal Gram (resuming)—Very well, my S'p'l'd, I bow to your S'p'l'dship's strange ruling, though why these upstarts should attempt to score a point against an experienced counsel is always beyond me. I leave the matter entirely in the fourteen hands of the Court, which, I trust, with intelligence not inferior to mine, will uphold my earnest conviction that the defendant cannot presume to compete with my client in any field of activity or inactivity. (Laughter, in which the thousand-headed serpent Vasuki heartily joined.)

S'p'l'd Mahavishnu (smilingly)—Your conviction, *Sir Bengal*? Is it not any way a very large order? Let us, however, hear what *Mr. Pea* has to say.

Mr. Pea—My S'p'l'd, Having nothing particular to say about the qualifications of his client to the fourteen worlds championship in bulb-roots, my learned friend has indulged in vague assertions and vapid generalities, and, on occasions, gross and indecent abuse. The defendant is really ashamed of his cousin, the plaintiff—a cousin, however, so evil smelling that he may be called "distant." The plaintiff hides his vile person in a shining white silk-jacket, while my client modestly hides his light under a bushel. But how can white silk prevent the oozing out of the smell, a smell so nasty, my S'p'l'd, that creatures have been known to have run to the very ends of the worlds to avoid it, though once inhaled it stuck in their nostrils for a very long time. It has been said that the plaintiff aids digestion. Assuming for the sake of argument that this is so, is this any

thing to the brain-developing properties of my phosphoric client? If my learned friend should try the onion treatment, how much better would he be in his head, though for his heart my Lord Brahma will have to create a special tonic? The gross desire for food and drink is always selfish, but a good brain can benevolently rule the worlds. And what has my learned friend to say as regards the relative vitality of the parties—a point which he has carefully avoided? A single monsoon makes the plaintiff sick and bedridden—a drying up disease that eats away the vitals, leaving even the silk coat in a crumpled and unironed condition and often resulting in complete dissolution. On the other hand, my client continues to thrive in that or any other season. This difference in vitality, my S'p'l'd, must have been observed by the court since the commencement of this audacious action. I have no doubt that the Court will come to a correct conclusion on the relative merits of the opposing parties.

Sir Bengal Gram in his reply indulged in irrelevant and irreverent abuse of the opposing counsel, and was frequently called to order by the Judge and the assessors. He referred to the smell of a rotting onion, especially when in company with the friendly potato, and had to be reminded by Lord Indra that the potato was no party to the suit.

At the close of the arguments, Superlord Mahavishnu, after consulting the assessors, dictated to Superlady Saraswati, the Short-hand Writer of the Court, the following

J U D G M E N T :—This is a suit which is in effect intended to establish the superiority of the Garlic community over the Onion community. It is abundantly clear that the former is far inferior to the latter in every respect, both individually and collectively. The Court has no hesitation in dismissing the suit. The defendant is entitled to his costs, but there is no use passing an order for them against the plaintiff, who has since become a pauper. There is no precedent for a judge paying from his own pockets (when he has got them) any compensation in money to the successful party. The defendant can only be compensated in boons. I direct that, cut lengthwise or crosswise, the onion shall display the marks of the *Shankha* (conch)

or *Chakra* (discs), which I always hold in two of my four hands.

Superlord Brahma—I would add a small boon. I create every Onion Knight Grand Commander of the Most Odorous Order of Red Ochre, with authority to wear the *Kanjivada*, my own solitary raiment.

Superlord Siva—My boon is that the Onion shall henceforth sprout in the form of my inseparable weapon *Trisula*.

Lord Indra—I shall also contribute my share of the compensation. Let no one be able to hurt an Onion without tears in his eyes, of which I have an inconveniently large number.

The Court was adjourned *sine die*. Mr. Garlic was carried out on a stretcher by the heavenly door-keepers, Jaya & Vijaya. Sir Bengal Gram was seen to slink away with a very wry face, while Mr. Pea left the Court (arm in arm with Sir Onion) with a very broad grin. (Have you not seen that very wry face, and that very broad grin? I have.—*Ed.*)

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YAMADHARMA RAJA of the Motapalli Temple,

Esq., Barrister-at-law, EDITOR.

Chitra Gupta, of Kupp's Inn, Esq., Bar-at-law,

Reporter.

A Plain Talk

So long as we hold a low opinion of our capabilities, we shut out of our lives all possibility of rising to positions of trust and responsibility.

"The vision that you glorify in your mind, the ideal that you enthrone in your heart—this you will build your life by, this you will become."

So long as we think that we are helpless victims of human heredity, of circumstances and environment, we can never express anything but weakness, inferiority—at best, mediocrity.

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A MAN who, merely as a hobby, could run a kingdom like Greece out of his annual income, and yet eclipse any living millionaire in the splendour and prodigality of his life; who could buy a small fleet of warships as easily as other rich men purchase a small country estate; who could maintain for twelve months in comfort and even modest luxury a town of 20,000 inhabitants on less money than he has, more than once, added to his "pile" within twenty-four hours; and whose annual revenue is represented by as much gold as would make a heavy burden for a thousand strong men—such is John Davison Rockefeller, king of the world's multi-millionaires.

He has accumulated far more gold than any other man in the world's history, and compared with him even the fabled Croesus was a pauper.

Eighty-six years have gone since this magician of gold had his very modest cradling by the shore of Owassa Lake, under the humble roof of a struggling farmer, who found it an almost hopeless task to win from his barren acres sufficient to satisfy the hunger of his wife and six children. And when he took his family to fresh fields on the outskirts of Owego, New York State the struggle seems to have become more difficult still.

Happily for him, his three boys, John, William and Frank, were sturdy youngsters with plenty of grit; and before they reached their teens each of them was adding a shilling a day to the scanty family purse by toiling early and late on the neighbouring farms.

But young John was by no means content to have his life bounded by the narrow horizon of a farm. The ambition to see the great outside world, to explore it in quest of fortune, was stirring in his veins; and at sixteen we find him turning his back on plough and hoe, and faring forth to Cleveland, where he found a seat on an office-stool.

"I shall never forget those years" he says. "I began life in Cleveland as an office-boy, and learned a great deal about business methods while filling that position; but what benefited

THE LADDER OF SUCCESS

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me most in going to Cleveland was the insight I gained as to what a great place the world really is. I had plenty of ambition then, and saw that, if I wanted to accomplish anything, I should have to work very, very hard indeed."

And there is abundant evidence that he did work very hard, both then and afterwards. Not only was he diligent in business but he employed every spare hour in adding to the very scanty stock of learning he had picked up at the school in his native village.

The farm-land had not long occupied his perch on the office-stool when he began to look about him for some more promising avenue to riches than driving a quill-pen. It was not long before his keen eyes discovered an opportunity for becoming a capitalist on a modest scale. "A raft of hoop-poles was going cheap; and, raking a few dollars together, the boy purchased it. Having bought the raft he steered it himself down the Ohio river, and sold the poles to a miller at a profit of 100 dollars—the first-fruits of the millions that were to follow."

Thus, by one small venture after another, he was able, within a few years, to accumulate sufficient dollars to join a friend, called Hewitt, in a small warehouse and produce business, which was conducted in a dingy old building in Cleveland, where he toiled early and late to add to his small capital for his next venture. No work was too sordid for him, as the following story proves.

One day a friend, calling at the warehouse, found him busily working at sorting beans. "Every one of these," he said pointing to a small mountain of beans, "I have picked over by hand myself. We got them cheap because there were a good many black ones among them. I have put in my spare time, day and night, for the past few weeks sorting them over. Now they are extra quality and we shall sell them at an extra price."

Picture the "millionaire" seated in the dark garret of his warehouse sorting beans by the hour. But everything counted in those days, and slowly but surely his small pile grew until at the end of five years he had 10,000 dollars to his credit, and was ready for a more ambitious bid for fortune. Nor had he any hesitation as to the direction in which he would make it.

Those were the days when the wild speculation in oil had come to a dangerous collapse. Many of the refineries were bankrupt, and the whole trade was disorganised and discredited. And it was in this field that Rockefeller saw the possibilities of making money on a scale he had scarcely dreamed hitherto.

He had the shrewdness to penetrate the secret of the demoralisation that had come upon the trade. The so-called refined oil put upon the market was little better than the raw product of the wells and the world was glutted with an article which in that condition was not only dangerous, but of small practical use. Thus he concluded that the only way to make money out of the oil business at this unfortunate juncture was to concentrate all his attention on refining and he soon discovered a much better means than any practised then of refining the crude oil and eliminating the inflammable gases which made it so perilous to use.

Having made his discovery, he started a small oil-refinery in conjunction with a friend called Andrews, and the success he met with was immediate and sensational. The new oil was everywhere in demand. The works, although running day and night were unable to cope with the deluge of orders that poured in. Another refinery was started; then a third and a fourth, until, within a couple of years, Rockefeller and Andrews were turning out two thousand barrels a day. And still the demand far outstripped the supply and the ex-farmer found himself floating swiftly to his goal of riches on the tide of petroleum.

By 1870 the business was in such a flourishing condition that it was converted into a company with a capital of a million dollars with John D. Rockefeller as President, and his brother William (who was also destined to make millions) as his deputy. Already, at thirty-one, the farmer's son had passed the goal on which he had fixed his eyes longingly and resolutely less than a score of years earlier.

Thus was cradled the famous Standard Oil Company, which was to be the greatest and richest monopoly the world has ever known, an enterprise so colossal that it was recently described in the following words:—

"To-day it employs 25,000 men, to whom it pays over £ 4,000,000 in wages. It controls 20,000 miles of pipe-lines, owns 200 steamers and 40,000 enormous oil-tanks, uses every year 4,000,000 barrels and 400,000,000 cans, and has 7,000 delivery wagons. The company now distributes £16,000,000, a year in dividends—£80 for each sovereign of its original capital. In the Standard Oil Company Mr. Rockefeller has the colossal stake of £ 30,000,000, and it has been by far the principal factor in building up Mr. William Rockefeller's fortune of £ 20,000,000 and Mr. Flagler's of £ 10,000,000."

So progressive and formidable was the new company that no other could compete with it. One by one they were compelled to abandon the hopeless struggle, and submit either to retire from the contest or, as they prudently preferred, to be absorbed by it. They sold or leased their plants to the great monopolists, and as the years passed there was hardly a remnant of competition left for the Standard Oil Company.

Mr. Rockefeller was now "coining gold" at a fabulous rate never surpassed by man. He was a millionaire not merely in dollars, but in pounds sterling, and every year was adding to his pile at a phenomenal rate. And yet he was not satisfied with his deluge of gold. He sought new worlds to conquer, and quickly found them.

He began to speculate on a colossal scale in mines and in gas and railroad stocks. In these and other fields he reaped rich harvests of gain, often making in a day, by a single lucky deal, what to another man would have been a life fortune.

How amazing the growth of his wealth has been is shown by the following figures, which, if they were not beyond question would seem incredible. In 1865, when he was still sorting beans at Cleveland, his capital, all told, was a modest £ 1000; ten years later it had grown to £ 200,000; at thirty he was a millionaire in dollars. In 1885 his fortune had swelled to no less than £ 10,000,000. (It had increased during the interval at the rate of a million pounds a year; in 1890 it was £ 20,000,000 and by 1889 it had soared to £ 50,000,000—as much gold as five thousand strong men could carry. To-day a conservative

estimate places Mr. Rockefeller's fortune at a hundred million pounds sterling, a sum which represents nearly £ 2,000,000 for every year of his life since he was toiling in the Cleveland warehouse, and £ 5,000 for every sovereign which, as a boy represented his utmost ambition as a gold-winner!

More amazing still is the fact that in one phenomenal year (1900) Mr. Rockefeller actually added £ 30,000,000 to his pile. Towards this sum his holding of Standard Oil Stock alone which advanced 400 points during the year, added £24,800,000. It is thus easy to see that a man whose fortune grows so rapidly may find it difficult at any time to estimate within a million or two how much he is actually worth.

And what kind of man is this Colossus of gold-winners, who has achieved what are said to have been his two great ambitions—"to live long and to be very rich?" The picture drawn of him in his old age by one who knows him well is not attractive.

"Mr. Rockefeller is a large man with once powerful shoulders and a neck like that of a bull. The disease which has swept away his hair and even his eyelashes has revealed all the strength of his great head. The interest of his face lies in the eyes and mouth. The former are small, keen and inscrutable. His lips are thin and resolute, with a downward droop and the whole face is that of a man who has conquered and suffered. Altogether it is a strange and powerful head, and one cannot look on it and ever forget it."

There is probably not a public character in the United States whose private life is more completely concealed than that of John D. Rockefeller. He is never seen at clubs, at banquets or in society. Lord of palaces, vast estates and unrivalled riches, he leads a life as simple as that of one of his meanest employees. He rises early, works hard, fares on the simplest food—principally bread and milk—and beyond a game of golf, a walk, or an occasional hour with his beloved violin, has no recreation.

The only pleasure his enormous wealth has brought him has been the winning of it; it ministers nothing to his material enjoyment of life. He would, indeed, as he has confessed, "be happier on £ 300 a year," free from the burden of so much gold which only serves to crush the life out of him.

"Riches," he said not long ago at a Bible Class meeting in New York "can in themselves bring no true happiness to any man, but I don't consider the pursuit of them wrong. On the contrary, gold is one of the mightiest agents for the doing of good; and though there are rich men, just as there are bad poor ones, I believe that most wealthy persons look upon their money as a sacred trust which they hold for the good of their fellows."

And certainly the only pleasure Mr. Rockefeller derives from his gold is that of making it minister to the well-being of his fellow-men. Probably no man who has ever lived, with the exception of Mr. Carnegie, has poured his gold so lavishly into charitable and philanthropic channels. His benefactions are said to have long exceeded £ 50,000,000. To the General Education Board he has given £ 8,600,000 in two sums alone; Chicago University he enriched by a contribution of £ 2,200,000 and the Rush Medical College by £ 1,200,000.

And these are but a few from the long list of his generous gifts for education, church purposes and the relief of poverty and suffering not only across the Atlantic, but throughout the world, as millions of starving and homeless Belgians have had good cause to know and be grateful for.

Mr. Rockefeller is now approaching the close of his long and wonderful life. He has raised to his memory a monument of gold such as no man ever raised before him and much of his riches he has turned to excellent use for the good of humanity. But in his old age all his success must seem to him but vanity and emptiness. Once stalwart and handsome, he is now a broken man, short of every vestige of health and good looks.

To-day he is a prisoner in his own house, around which armed guards patrol night and day to protect him from imaginary kidnappers; and the lord of half-a-thousand million dollars may be seen pacing up and down in the glass-covered veranda of his silded prison-house, probably meditating on the vanity of riches and the ironies of a success such as no other man has achieved in the world's history.

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MALABAR THROUGH HER FOLKLORE

BY I. RAMA PANIKAR, B. A., B. L.

WHAT history lacks legends supply, and in some of the legends of Malabar we get a glimpse of the life that was lived long ago. There are many folk-songs in Malabar but unfortunately only some of them have been reduced to writing; and of all the interesting legends those of North Malabar perhaps are the most arresting. The legends give us an account of stirring times full of adventure, of blood curdling incidents. Life in those days was such a great contrast to the present day life of laziness and piggish contentment. Everybody was out for adventure.

There were, even in those days, over and above the numerous subcastes, the four important castes introduced by some one who thereby had done the greatest disservice to the land. Whatever all that may be, there certainly were the four main castes. The Brahmins must have been very much spiritually and religiously inclined and had hardly any time or inclination for any other occupation; at any rate the legends do not tell us anything about them. The Kshatriyas and Nayars were, however, always up and doing. If the castes were formed upon the basis of vocation, the Nayars decidedly were doing the Kshatriyas' work. But for all that it is doubtful if they ever paid the respect that they deserved. Why not? Apparently the people in those days were not the questioning sort; "theirs was not to question why, but to do and die" for the sake of other people whom they were morally and religiously "bound to protect"!

The legends tell us that nearly every youth in those days had to take lessons in physical culture given under discipline far more rigid and exacting than that of Sparta. The training consisted in making the body as supple, vigorous and strong as possible and in learning the use of arms such as the sword, lathe, quarterstaff and bows and arrows. Every family had its gymnasium or 'Kalari' where the youths learnt the art of warfare, and in those days when important battles were decided often by the result of a hand to hand fight between the leaders

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of two opposing factions such training was very necessary. Names of Thacholi Udayan and Chandu have become associated with all that is desirable in a typical soldier and no wonder. Their valour and skill of arms was about super-human.

Big battles were often fought on the slightest provocation, and in nearly every battle a woman was at the bottom. Some of the women of those days surpassed Joan of Arc in point of bravery and presence of mind. There is one legend which tells us how after all the heroes had been slain by a veteran general of great repute on the opposite side a young woman fought him singlehanded and slew him. Obviously the art of warfare was as familiar to the women of those days as the art of ogling! For sheer wilfulness those women were, however, hard to beat; even the modern women do not come anywhere near them as far as that quality of mind is concerned. A girl would often go about sightseeing all alone and cause a great deal of anxiety to her relations by letting herself to be abducted by a local chieftain. Hard battles would be fought over the abduction, and if the girls' people came out victorious, the girl would be led back in high glee. Her temporary consortium with her paramour didn't seem to upset anybody—not even her husband!

Udayan, Chanthu, Koman and Chappan were great heroes and of them Udayan was the most celebrated. He was the Robin Hood of Malabar. There wasn't anything like Arthur's Round Table in Malabar, but there really were types of Round Table Knights. Udayan was a sort of Lancelot minus his disloyalty. There were numerous Elaines pining after him—women in those days too liked sports and loved sportsmen—but unlike Lancelot he paid every one of them his attentions. Any good looking damsel could always rely on his help when in a tight corner and could easily induce him to take her in as one of his numerous wives! Curiously enough she was content to share him with other women obviously proceeding upon the principle that she would take a thousandths share, if necessary, in a husband who was a man in a thousand rather than have some comparatively weedy weakling all to herself."

Wagers and bets were easily started and jealously carried out. Very often the wagers were inscribed on copper plate. They did not relate to races and games as they do now, but turned round the far more grave and dangerous game of warfare. Two people start betting just for the fun of it, the subject of the bet being the relative merits of two warriors or of two popular beauties. Straightaway a bloody battle is fought between two factions resulting in frightfully heavy casualties and damage. And the whole thing is done with such supreme indifference and as if nothing in the wide world except the wager really mattered.

The freedom that the women of those days enjoyed was greater than the freedom enjoyed by the most advanced women of the most advanced countries. There were isolated cases where this freedom was abused, but generally speaking the average standard of morality was not bad. The *sambandham* was the most popular form of marriage for that was the only convenient form to be adopted. The nature of the life that was lived in those days permitted of no other marriage system. "Marriage was interdicted and all other recreations except war" says Montaigne. According to another writer "the profession of arms by birth subjecting the males of a whole race to military service from the earliest youth to the decline of manhood was a system of polity utterly incompatible with the existence amongst them of the marriage state. Marriage in the sense of a union between a man and a woman for life and military service as it obtained in those days could not well go together."

The first step to uncovering our possibilities is to realize that the humblest child has inherited divine possibilities that will enable him to realize his loftiest ambition. Those who may achieve wonders in every field that the world has yet seen may today be working in some humble capacity, be dreaming of the bright future they will some day realize.

INDO-ENGLISH POETRY

[BY BORED]

THE poetic impulse is part of our equipment. Hardly any man but has felt some sort of a desire to express himself in rhythmic language. But it is given only to a very few to find adequate expression for the thoughts and emotions that swell up in their hearts. Nature, in her wisdom, has condemned vast numbers of us to pass through life as singers without a voice. But fortunately it is not a great disadvantage. The man whose heart vibrates to the tune of moving sentiments enjoys them the more keenly for not giving vent to them. Expression would help him to relieve himself; and the extent to which he succeeds in unburthening himself is the measure of the loss he has suffered. True, the loss is somewhat compensated by the joy one has in imparting clearness and form to one's mental conceptions. Even so, it is not an unmixed gain. For, the moment a thought acquires definiteness in the shape of words with fixed and unalterable meanings imagination directly ceases to play. A thought which has found expression has thereby become limited and too certain to be capable of further expansion. It is just a handful and no more. That is why dreams while they last, are infinitely more poignant and real than reality itself. And artistic emotion is not a luxury of our being, but an essential necessity. It is something to be thankful for that we are most of us only children crying, not so much in the night as the poet says, as in the twilight of our hearts, and the language we have is a cry.

I offer this bit of philosophy for the contemplation of those who flood our periodicals with their poetic exercises. The manuscripts they rain on the obliging editors represent so much wasted labour. What is worse, they are recklessly squandering away what little emotional capital they possess without making anybody the better or the richer for what they have lost. If they will only observe their own condition at the end of a laborious attempt at metrical invocation, they will find themselves the unhappy victims of an exhausted vitality. It is very unwise to stake one's all in a futile endeavour to circumvent the limitations which nature herself has imposed.

Now, what we are told to regard and enjoy as poetry obtain the coveted distinction by the aid of the printer's art. Printed in the ordinary way that prose is printed, the thing will at once lose all its claim to be regarded as poetry. It seems to be the view of many of our verse-builders that poetry is a mechanical art. The one canon of their art is rudely to pluck words from their grammatical positions and throw them into clumsy disorder with a capital letter at the head of each line. Wrong accents, wrong syllabification, not to speak of the absurd and impossible rhymes employed, make up the delicacies which Editors, pressed for 'copy' monthly present to their readers between attractively printed and tastefully designed covers. I make no complaint of the fact that more often than not, the verses have no special significance in them. The Humpty-Dumpty sort is not the less enjoyable for want of brain-stuff in it. What is paraded as high poetry should be as good as a nonsense rhyme at least.

Poetry is music with a definite theme to expound. You know how difficult it is for an Indian to sing an English song. It is equally difficult for an Indian to write good English poetry. One or two, here and there, have done it successfully, but as a rule, it is beyond the artistic possibilities of a foreign people. We cannot quite catch the music of a foreign language. The sooner we realise this truth, the better. If what impels our periodical poets to have the spur where they ought to have the rein is any kind of poetic urge, I would advise them to write in their own vernaculars. There is greater chance for them in that much more familiar field. Be they not minded to accept the advice I have tendered I trust they will have some consideration for the feelings of such as I who though they cannot write high poetry, know the distinction between what is poetry and what is not.

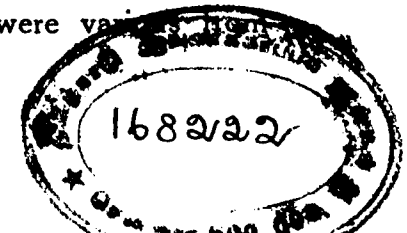


MANIAN OF VIYANNORE

BY L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR, M. A., B. L.

A short, thick-set, dark-limbed figure with patches of leucoderm all about the face and the nose, shrieking and gesticulating amidst a rabble of rustic *gamins* who were harrying him with boos and yells—this was my first sight of half-crazy Manian of Viyannore. The whole town knew him as a shatterpated fellow incapable of violence or mischief and tolerated him with good humour. Two things specially interested Manian: feasts and frenzied jabber about the men and things of the town. Indeed gormandising and news-mongering formed his *forte*. In the diary of his mind were accurately registered the recurring yearly feasts of the locality. As for extraordinary feasts like marriage, banquets and funeral repasts, his friendship with the priests of the locality with whom he was in league on mutually beneficial terms, stood him in good stead. But not even a Brahmin can, in these degenerate choultry-less days, subsist wholly on the generosity of feasts. If Manian were asked how he managed on other days, he would answer, with a pitiful look in his eye, that he starved; which would be a deliberate lie, for he was dependant upon a kindly-natured brother of his who, in spite of the tearful protests of his wife, had fraternal sympathy enough to feed a helpless, half-demented brother—a unique instance, be it said, of brotherly affection in these demoralised days when brother wars against brother, father against son and husband against wife.

Manian boldly claimed, as a matter of right, the friendship of the whole town and his wife. His manners were unceremonial in the extreme. He never stood in need of introductions. His usual form of accost was to shout out 'Anna'—'Anna' 'brother'—'brother' in a rasping shivery voice and then block your way. There was no means of shaking yourself free from him. He would stick on to you like a bur. He would dog you to your office, to your friend's house, to your bath-room or to your private chambers where probably your wife may be changing her clothes after a bath. If you did not put him questions, he would ply them in plenty himself and if you did not care to answer them he would answer them himself. His topics were various.



Sadyas to *Sandyavandanams*. And, mark you, he had ever something original to say on these, for he would give you the crazy man's point of view, and its very novelty might startle you into admiration for the man.

He was obsessed by no conventions. He would enter the bathing-ghat where females bathed, sit with folded feet firmly on the steps, and then spin out a long-winded yarn to them. With a shrill halloo he would apostrophise grave grandames on their way to or from the temple. If they looked stiff and stern, shocked to hear his talk, Manian knew how to make them yield a patient hearing. He would pursue seventeen-year old maidens on the road, discourse to them on the tyranny and cruelty of *chaperones* and set them a-giggling, and the giggle would grow into the flush of breathless excitement when he talked to them of the recentmost unmarried B. L.'s and the desirable Thampurans of the locality.

And there was method in his madness too. "Brother, brother," he was teasing me one day, "big feast at the judge's house—a stingy man that—cannot feed a poor waif like me when he was spending thousands—a policeman at the gate glared at me—but I cared not—Manian never fears, no, not even princes—I passed in and sat down on the carpet spread for guests—and in comes that rascal of a judge himself, takes me by the hand and leads me out. He's a judge, is he? He's a *chandal*, a muckworm, rather. It is said that in the abuse of others, especially those in high and exalted positions, we often find something that is not exactly displeasing. Manian's pretty epithets in reference to the judge roused in me this feeling of *schadenfreude* and so I pursued the matter further: "And then, Manian, did you come away without a meal?" "No, no" shouted out crazy Manian in great glee, "I went inside the kitchen, plunged my hands into a plateful of pudding and drank away handfuls. It was sweet—exceedingly sweet—and I was helping myself to it liberally, unconscious of the world—when shouts and cries arose on all sides—and then some people led me to a corner of the *pandal*, and pacified me with a hearty meal—and this time I was honoured with a seat all alone to my self—ha! ha! ha!"

Big officials too he never spared. One day he rushed into the bath-room of the Police Inspector's house and ordered the female-folk inside to clear out so that he might bathe. Hearing the clatter, the Inspector himself came on the scene and thundered, "What on earth do you mean?" "Why, sir," explained Manian unperturbed, "I stepped into the bathing-ghat this morning, sir, and what do you think I found there, sir?—Filth—filth in a place where Brahmins bathe—is't possible, sir?—right on the steps!—and then, sir, I found one of your men with the red cap on, passing by—and I asked him, sir, to do his duty and remove the filth—but he had the cheek to disregard me—and so, sir, I vowed to take revenge—by coming here and having my bath here in your own house, come what may! Now, Sir, have the goodness to get the filth removed, as in duty bound you are, or make way for me in the bath-room!" The Inspector—a new man in the locality—had the saving sense of humour which indeed now saved him from an ugly predicament, he caught the situation in a glance, laughed uproariously and good-humouredly allowed Manian "to take his revenge."

One evening Manian was busy laving himself in the river and performing his evening ablutions. It had been raining furiously in the morning. The monsoon had just set in, in all its fury. The angry waters—fresh arrivals from the hills—were whirling round the rocks. It was about six in the evening, the rains had ceased, and the bathing-ghats were full of the hum and bustle of people. The sky was rather clear then; and the colours on the horizon were building themselves up into fantastic shapes which sometimes resembled Mount Kailas from where gods with lifted hands beckoned mankind to havens of peace, and at other times looked like battlefields where surging armies were engaged in gory fights. Suddenly a cry was heard: "Help! Help! a woman caught in the floods! To the rescue!" The cry was echoed from all sides of the ghat and there ensued a general scamper of women and children up the steps to places of safety. Old *vaidiks* whose legs could not carry them so fast up the steps, raised their arms to the sky in supplication to the Deity; and young men looked at one another in speechless stupefaction. Manian slowly raised himself from the water

half-naked and stupidly gazed around for a while. His eyes caught the streaming hair and rosy face of a woman struggling in the rushing waters ahead of him. And then while all sane people were looking on in dumb amazement, this *half-mad* man dashed forward to the rescue with the cry: "I'm coming, Amma!" In his first plunge into the waters, his head struck against a rock with deadly effect, but nothing daunted, he swam on in the direction of the woman, took her by the waist and dragged her with all his might to the shore. "Thank God, I'm saved!" she was huskily muttering. "No," interrupted Manian, "you should thank me." "Oh! yes," she cried out, "I'm thankful to you, too!" A faint smile of gratitude lit up her face which, what with the struggle and what with the terror of it all, looked aglow with a beaming shine. And when the smile played on her face like the new moon on a cloudless sky, the effect on Manian was electric. He placed her on safe ground and then pressing his face against hers sucked out a long kiss from her lips. Manian's audacity was too much for the young woman to bear. She darted at him a killing frown and gave him a kick with her upraised foot. The physical effect of it was not stunning, but the tenderest spot in the crazy man's mind was touched—the self-respect of a man. For a while he gazed at her in despair not knowing why she had thus resented his pleasure. He gave an agonised scream—the scream of a wounded wild boar—and fell back into the rushing waters.....and the torrents with a mighty gurgle closed on him for ever.

A man had been told that he could order his collars by post, so he wrote to a hosier's shop, saying, 'I have a thick neck, a broad nose, large bushy eyebrows, and a fat body with short legs; what sort of collar do you recommend?'

The answer came back: 'We recommend a brass one, with a leather strap and buckle, and your name and address engraved on it.'

THE RATIO OF THE RUPEE

BY SHAMA RAO MANDRE, M. A., B. COM.

SIR BASIL BLACKETT, the chief exponent of the 18d. ratio in the last session of the Assembly, put forth two main arguments in support of his ratio. His first argument is that the 18d. ratio would bring him a surplus of $3\frac{1}{2}$ crores of rupees, whereas the 16d. ratio would bring a deficit of $1\frac{1}{2}$ crores. But he does not explain as to how he arrives at his calculations. Evidently he must have expected a falling off in the Customs revenue and an increased cost of Government remittances to England with 16d. on the statute. But such loss in revenue is bound to be made good by increased receipts in Income-tax, Land revenue, Railway receipts and so many other sources of revenue. The higher ratio helps the foreign producer at the cost of the Indian producer and brings a corresponding increase in revenue through the Customs receipts, whereas the lower ratio helps the internal producer and brings a corresponding increase in revenue not through the Customs, but through Income-tax, Railways, etc. Under the circumstances it does little credit to Sir Basil to say that the Budget will show a deficit at 16d. ratio without putting forth any arguments in support of his statement.

The second main argument of Sir Basil in support of his ratio is that it brings about stability of prices. But it must be understood that the world conditions are most unstable and until the effects of the Great War are fully overcome, India cannot expect stability of prices by these ingenious methods. Moreover it is futile to think of stability of prices resulting from any kind of stability of exchange so far as Indian currency system is concerned. Her currency is not itself a stable one. There is no standard, and the system that now exists is one which is managed, or more correct to say, manipulated by the Government. There is no free flow of the precious metals and any inward or outward flow of the metals has practically no effect on the prices as is the case in European and American continents. Therefore until a full-weight legal standard of currency is adopted it is futile to argue that a return from one ratio to another will dislocate trade and commerce of the country. In fact the present method of maintaining the exchange at a higher

level in spite of its strong tendency to go back to its natural level is more harmful to trade. In order to maintain his level of exchange Sir Basil has chosen to contract the currency by about £ 40 millions to which extent India's precious gold resources have been withdrawn from England. And in addition to this, though he promised to make loans to the Imperial Bank when the Bank Rate is 6% he has compelled the Bank to raise its rate to 7% so that his policy of maintaining the ratio by contraction of currency may not be counteracted by the expansion resulting from the borrowings of the Imperial Bank. The result of this policy is apparent in the present dislocation in Indian Industry and Trade. Imports have increased compared to last year and exports have decreased. The Cotton Industry is in a state of crisis. Bank failures are going on and the trade is reported to be at a standstill all over India. Though the busy season is practically over the Bank Rate stands at 7% and its cash balance is reported to have gone down below the safe minimum. This is the state of affairs in spite of continuous reports of good monsoons for the last three or four years. Last year the Bank Rate never went above 6% and the Imperial Bank did not find it necessary to borrow from the Currency Department. The Government loan was over-subscribed, whereas this year there are complaints of stringency everywhere and it is reported that the Government intends raising a sterling loan in England.

Under the present conditions it is much easier to maintain the ratio at 16d. or even a lower level, than to maintain it at 18d. Because the rupee is a token coin and its intrinsic silver value is only 10 annas to the rupee, though it is circulating as a standard coin and is more or less freely accepted as such. Under the recommendations of the Currency Commission the Government desires to establish a Gold Standard in which case the rupee will have to be reduced to a token coin even in circulation. This cannot be done until at least 80% of the rupees now in coinage form are withdrawn from circulation. According to Sir Basil's conservative estimate there are nearly 300 crores of rupee coins in circulation. And until at least 250 crores of rupee coins are withdrawn from circulation it is not possible to

maintain the value of the rupee at an artificial level of 18d. when its intrinsic metallic value is barely 12d. or 10 annas in the rupee. The conversion of every rupee into metal will bring about a loss of 6 annas and therefore the total conversion of 250 crores of rupees will result in a loss of about 100 crores of rupees. What resource has Sir Basil got to meet such a colossal loss? Is it not therefore much easier to maintain the value of the rupee at 16d. or even a lower level? In spite of all this, Sir Basil persists in his attempts to maintain the ratio at 18d. though the rupee has a strong tendency to revert to its intrinsic value. It is nothing but speculation with India's valueable resources. Many an amateur Finance Member has speculated and failed in the past at the cost of India. India is too poor a country to bear such losses any more.

Saint Thyagaraja

Thou saint, and singer of thousand songs divine!
 Thy rhythmic, rapturous flights to heights unknown,
 Unreached, in tunes of peerless cast, have shown
 To all, a world of art so superfine,
 Bedecked with gems of deepest thoughts: thou mine
 Of ceaseless store, and soul resplendent grown,
 By chanting countless times, in solemn tone,
 The sacred name of Ram, of royal line!
 Which Orpheus, East or West, doth dare they lyre
 Approach! that charm, which binds with magic strings
 Those classic bards who heaps of words desire,
 And such of those who soar on lighter wings:—
 We hail thee, prince of princes great, Thyagraj,
 Who gained, renouncing self, a true swaraj!

S. Rama Iyer, B. A.

SRI SIVAJI AND YOUNG INDIA

BY T. L. VASWANI

THE "Bharata Yuvak Sangha" (Order of "Young India") has been organised for the physical, cultural and moral Renaissance of the nation's youth.

This New Renaissance calls, among other things for fellowship with the world's Great Ones. A man becomes what he thinks of. As a man, so a nation. In a Vedic mantra we read a prayer—"O Devas! raise the fallen!" The word deva has been interpreted to mean a sage. May it not, also, mean a Hero of Action? Are not Sages and Heroes the devas of a nation? India has fallen from the heights she climbed in the morning of history. But she may attain to higher heights in the coming days through the Shakti of the young. And they will grow in the strength of mind and character through a study of the Great Ones of History.

One of them was Sri Sivaji. The exact date of his birth is uncertain. Some put it in Vaisak, some in the month of Phalgun. Some years ago I wrote—"A day should be fixed for Sivaji celebrations on a national scale." This year is Sivaji's Tercentenary. It has been decided to celebrate it on the 3rd of May. I would humbly request centres of the "Bharata Yuvak Sangha" (Order of "Young India") and other groups and associations of students and young men throughout the country to celebrate May 3 by meetings and physical culture competitions. That country is not really poor which throws up from time to time heroes like Sivaji. They are the real wealth of a nation.

Some have called Sivaji a Leader of the Maharatha nation. Yes; this magnetic leader led them on to victory. But he was more. Some call him a saviour of the Brahmin and the cow. Yes, but he was more. Some call him a hero of Hindustan. Yes; but he was more. Sri Sivaji I regard as one of the Heroes of Humanity.

His life was moulded by these two forces—Matrishakti and Gurubhakti. Mothers make the nation. And Sivaji owed much to his mother Jijabai. Self-respect, simplicity, national traditions, stories of Ramayana and Mahabharata, dharma and love of the poor, these were impressed by her upon Sivaji from the days of his boyhood. Saint Ramdas, also, taught him "to defend religion" "to guard the country and protect the people from harm." Sivaji kept his pledge. He dedicated himself to the service of his nation and his dharma. The secret of both is reverence for the poor. In Sivaji's heart was love for the poor and they had beautiful devotion for him. If there is one religion which India and the nations need to-day, it is worship of the poor. Young men! There is the great work for you. It will sanctify your lives. In the cottages of the poor there dwells our Great God. In their tears and groans, in their prayers and aspirations is His Call to you, young men!

Therefore I ask you, in the words of an ancient Vedic mantra to "Arise! and Prepare!" They wait for you in the villages. "Arise! and Prepare!" In 1680 Sivaji was on his death bed. His friends and relatives were around him and they wept. He consoled them. "Weep not," he said; "life is short: liberty's work is incomplete; I go." Liberty's work remains incomplete. India is in bondage. Other nations too. Hence unrest, strife, war, violence. Freedom is of the Spirit. The world needs the Ancient message. Therefore I ask you, sons and daughters of sages and heroes:—"Arise! and Prepare!"

The greatest man of action is he who is at the same time a mystic, as he has often been declared; he who seeks to know God and lives in the outer world to that end. So skill in action, in the affairs of daily life, is increased by education to high purposes as we are gradually, though all too slowly, finding out.

SIVAJI—A NATIONAL HERO

BY M. S. DEVESAN, B. A.

"The History of Heroism is the history of youth and the youth of a nation are the trustees of posterity."
Benjamin Disraeli.

TO the people of any independent and civilised country, the heroes of the nation are the objects of unstinted admiration and religious adoration. They are enshrined in the hearts of the people and everything possible is done to cherish their happy memories. Their deeds of valour, daring and adventure enthuse the authors, poets and ministerels, to exquisite literary expressions which elevate the spirit and ennoble the mind. They inspire the people with faith and fervour, courage and patriotism, nobility and generosity. They also play a conspicuous part in moulding the character and ideals of the budding citizens in schools and colleges.

But in India long years of political subjection have distorted our vision. We are not free to shape our own destiny. Attempts have been and are being made by interested parties, to make us believe that we have nothing tangible and stimulating in our past history. The ennobling lives and heroic deeds of our national heroes as Asoka and Akbar, Chaitaniya and Kabir, Sher Sha and Sivaji, are a sealed book to us. We are only taught to belittle their glory and greatness. The text books which are placed before our boys and girls for their guidance and inspiration, scrupulously shut out our National Heroes, whose lives are bound to instil into them sublime lessons of self-respect, self-sacrifice, self-reliance and patriotism.

Fortunately for us, the political agitation, set on foot here, has opened our eyes. It has awakened the national consciousness of the people. Its manifestations are now visible throughout the country and the celebrations held in memory of Sivaji Maharaj during the Tercentenary Week, are only a happy sign of the times.

Mother India is still bemoaning the loss of her priceless gem of liberty. She is groaning under the chains of bondage forged by the foreigner. She lies prostrate with disease and starvation.

SIVAJI—A NATIONAL HERO

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Her charming face is stained with the blood of religious feuds. At this crucial juncture, whom shall we hail as our National Hero, but Sivaji, who stands as a beacon-light to wake us up from lethargy and to guide us out of this confusion and turmoil?

By his innate love of liberty, burning sense of patriotism, and native skill and statesmanship, without even knowing how to read and write, as a mere son of a *Jagirdar* and a grandson of a tiller of the soil, despite strenuous opposition from powerful neighbours and the Imperial potentate, Sivaji laid the foundation of an Empire which still excites the wonder and admiration of the thinking world. With unflinching faith and indomitable courage, with his organising capacity and magnetic personality, he brought flesh and blood into the dry bones of the Maharatta people and welded them into a nation conscious of their power and influence in the country. A devout Hindu as he was, Hinduism and Islam found a special protector in him and he endeared himself to his subjects by his wise and benevolent rule which revived in them the traditions of the golden reign of Sri Rama.

To extricate his country from the clutches of the foreigner was the governing passion of Sivaji's life. The mighty Mughal Emperor in the north, in all his pomp and glory was striking terror into the minds of his subjects. The Bijapuris in the east and the Abyssinians in the west, under their veteran generals were more than a match for Sivaji. His own people lay dismembered in the dust. With his daring and valour—infused into him by his patriotic mother, who with religious devotion impressed upon the impressionable mind of her boy the adventurous deeds of Puranic heroes—Sivaji set himself to the task of organising his people. They readily responded to his clarion call. By his magic touch he called forth all that was great in them and stimulated them to heroic action. Unfamiliar though he was to courts and camps, his native genius for war and diplomacy, his never-failing resourcefulness and tenacity of purpose, stood him in good stead to carve out an Empire, which extended from the Tapti in the north to the Kauvery in the south and which was dreaded even by the 'King of Kings' who sat on the throne of Delhi.

Another refreshing feature in Sivaji's character, which entitles him to the place of a National Hero is his healthy spirit of toleration. The idea of one God-head and his intense love of humanity inspired all his actions. His love knew no bounds. It transgressed all castes and creeds. Strict injunctions were given to his men to scrupulously refrain from insulting the Koran, the Mosque and the women. Whenever he came across a copy of the Koran he kept it safe and handed it over to any Moslem whom he met afterwards. He liberally endowed mosques in his province and Moslems were placed in offices of trust and responsibility as Hindus were employed in the days of Akbar, the Great. In fact, Sivaji's struggle was with a foreign power, as the Mughals were considered at that time and he remained in complete amity with Moslem chiefs when once they accepted his overlordship.

Sivaji's wise and benevolent administration redounds to the credit of Indian Statesmanship. Whenever he got respite from warfare, he employed himself in putting his state in order. The welfare of the peasants and the tradesmen was always his chief concern. His organised Navy and Revenue System were much in advance of his times and they reveal his political wisdom and farseeing statesmanship. Above all his outlook in life was essentially spiritual, deeply imbued with the salient features of the Hindu culture. Stern sense of duty and rigid self-control characterised his regal action.

Sivaji was neither a 'mountain rat' nor a 'bandit chief' as ignorance and injustice, pride and prejudice have branded him. He was a matchless warrior and consummate statesman who has glorified the pages of Indian History by constructing an Empire almost out of nothing. He was a great patriot and National Hero, who created a nation out of shattered and discordant elements, at a period when none else dreamt of it. His ideal in life was one of National Service and he had unfurled the banner of Indian liberty, culture and unity. Let us all once again hold aloft the banner and emulate his life which is an ornament to any nation,

"The pillar of a people's hope
The centre of a world's desire."

SIVAJI—THE MAKER OF HISTORY

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

THE Tercentenary Celebrations of Sivaji Maharaj have been held with success all over the country. The Congress made it a live issue and the whole country took up the question in obedience to its call. It was on the whole well to have celebrated the tercentenary day of Sivaji Maharaj. As one looks beyond the surface of things, the mere demonstrations and shows, one is tempted to ask the question—has the celebration been productive of the desired result? Has it materially helped the cause of unity so that we could say that we are distinctly better to-day for having celebrated the tercentenary? The question does not admit of an easy answer and would baffle us even if the celebration was done by a free nation to commemorate the achievements of their heroes. The celebration of heroes' days by every nation is becoming a kind of amenity of modern civilisation. In normal times these celebrations are of a harmless character. The exploits and achievements of their heroes are recounted in after-dinner speeches. The men who celebrate them give themselves up to gaiety and enjoyment and those who are at the head of affairs round off the function by expressions of gratitude to the hero who worked for the freedom of the land. But these celebrations assume a very grave aspect in times of peril, when the country is dragged into a war with an outside power. These very celebrations then become the occasions to stimulate the national mind to supremest effort for freedom. The whole life of the nation seems to be poured out into these functions.

Something of that gravity and seriousness ought really to attach itself to the Sivaji Celebration that we have held. Our difference is only in the circumstance that we have no freedom now and that the achievements of the great national hero have to help us to struggle for it. Suddhananda Bharati presiding over one of the public functions on the tercentenary week laid much emphasis on this aspect of the matter. He exhorted his hearers to remember that the celebrations must have a deeper meaning for them than was conveyed by the tamashas and the displays. The one great trouble about all our movements

appears to be the want of a sense of power, the want of manliness. It is easy to bring together masses of people to witness a show and excite their curiosity by arranging a varied programme of entertainment. But the thing has to get behind the skin, to stir life to its depths. In that sense, even the tercentenary celebrations have not had the desired result. If one looks at the speeches that have been made from a hundred platforms one cannot resist the impression that the celebrations have not gone sufficiently deep into the life of the nation. Nevertheless, as I said at the outset, it was on the whole well for the country to have celebrated the tercentenary week.

I have called Sivaji the maker of history because he made a nation out of a helpless and very nearly decaying people. It is possible he would have done different things if the policy of conciliation and trust begun by Akbar was followed by his successors. It was the misfortune of Mussalman rule that Aurangzeb, an equally great planner like Akbar, desired to exercise both temporal and spiritual sway over India. He was a zealous, orthodox Mussalman, and could not have made the attempt without an extensive programme of proselytisation. The Hindu faith had the greatest peril from this Mussalman ruler. The Hindus could not resist the Mussalman onslaught without a movement of welding and cohesion among them. "With the hour comes the man" it is said, and of the great heroes of the time, the foremost was Sivaji who founded a strong Hindu power in the heart of India and effectively checked the tide of Mussalman aggression—both territorial and religious. No less great a man was Guru Nanak the founder of the Sikh movement who had both martial valour and spiritual power. His movement was likewise conceived in a spirit of defence of the nation's faith and resistance to Moslem aggression. His genius was of a different kind and perhaps, the materials with which he worked, and the conditions that helped or handicapped him also different. It turned out to be the first great movement of coalescence between the Hindu and Mussalman faiths and through it, a movement in the direction of national unity. It is beside the purpose to ask the question why the one did not work on the lines of the other. What I am concerned to point out is that the Maharashtra uprising may not have taken place in the manner it

did, in the absence of Aurangzeb's reactionary policy. The evil of Aurangzeb's reign was too intolerable to Hindu life. The peril to the Hindu faith and culture could not be ignored. One important result therefore of the Maharashtra uprising was that it checked Moslem religious aggression. It was perhaps the greatest blow in self-defence dealt by the Hindu people on a foreign intruder.

Sivaji was inspired to resist Aurangzeb's aggression by his mother who was a brave woman and by his spiritual preceptor Samarth Ramdas. This Samarth Ramdas is not the Tasildar devotee of Rama, from Badrachalam more familiarly known in South India. This Ramdas was an ascetic and a Yogi and had embraced the monastic life. He was of Maharashtra country and was made of sterner stuff than the soft-hearted Namdeva or Thukkaram, who also contributed by their labours to a great mass—awakening in religion about this time. Sivaji was a contemporary of Thukkaram too and was deeply devoted to the study of the Immortal Abhangas of that Maharashtra devotee. But his political and national bent of mind was formed more by the influence and teachings of Samarth Ramdas. This great saint would appear to have left no literary work behind him. But his greatest work was Sivaji. He was fired to zeal and nerved to lion's courage to give battle to the Mussalmans by the inspiration of Samarth Ramdas. His contact with the saint was more than occasional. It was intense and constant. For a time, the saint lived always with Sivaji. In his perplexities Sivaji sought advice of his brave mother or of Samarth Rama Das. Sivaji is said to have been so deeply devoted to Rama Das as to offer to abdicate his throne in favour of his spiritual preceptor. I believe he must have been moved to try it, not on account of any superstition, but owing to his gratitude to his Guru and his conviction that all would be well with his subjects if his teacher undertook the duties of kingship.

Students of history know that Sivaji was not a mere warrior and general who led hosts to war, but also a wise and considerate statesman and administrator, not merely a man of blood and iron but also chivalrous to the victims and captives of war, and had a soft heart for the injured and the oppressed. It is little use

pointing out that even the Maharatta power collapsed in a little less than a century and making a reflection therefrom that Sivaji was not as good an administrator as a warrior. Even in countries more fortunately situated than India, political power did not come to stay for very long periods of time when it was built by single great men. Cromwell's constitution did not survive him, even though he had a more gifted race, steeped in parliamentary traditions, to deal with, and he himself intermeddled in detail with many parts of the administration. In pre-imperial Rome which would appear to have been eminently fitted for constitutional rule, what violent changes took place in forms of Government! What the Gracchi did was undone by Marius, and he in his turn was outmatched and crushed by Sulla whose constitution built at the point of the bayonet went to pieces after his death. It is no discredit to Sivaji's greatness either that his son Sambaji neglected his duties as a sovereign and gave himself up to dissipation and vice. Had not a greater than Sivaji, namely, Marcus Aurelius the Roman Emperor, the dissolute Commodus, his only son, as his successor to the throne? These are some of the inexplicable freaks of nature, and it is the misfortune both of the rulers and the ruled, that a wise and beneficent sovereign is sometimes followed by an inefficient selfish head! Looking to the age in which he lived, we must say that Sivaji possessed in full measure the merit of an administrator. Those were centuries in which one strong general or warrior conquered tracts by his valour and resourcefulness, and had to weld his own conquests by giving a firm basis to the administration. It is very well known that Sivaji carried on the administration with eight ministers to whom different departments were assigned, that he was a sound financier, that he had a well-equipped army, and that he kept it under discipline and prevented it from becoming turbulent. He undertook measures to promote the agricultural prosperity of his subjects. He knew the value of naval power and had he lived longer, would have built up a strong navy. He was not only the great man of post-medieval times to build up a kingdom out of scattered elements, and without the advantages of high birth. Hyder Ali of Mysore was another such and possessed no less remarkable gifts. His career is very nearly as full of romance as Sivaji's is.

Sivaji was a chivalrous fighter. The Afzul Khan incident which is the only one recorded by some historians and used to discredit him is denied by another school of historians. Between the Mussalman and traditional Mahratta chroniclers, there would appear to be some Persian historians who deny the incident or explain it and justify Sivaji's conduct and their version may be taken to be substantially true. There is a saying that everything is fair in love and in war; diplomacy and resourcefulness seem to be inevitable in conquest and statecraft. The white and red paper incident and worse things disfigure the pages of history. That being so, we may not be very hard on this great Indian warrior if the alleged incident is by the general consensus of historians declared to be true. Mere ethical stunts do not do much good in the consideration of such situations. But after all, it puts our consciences very much at ease to know that the incident was not as prejudice and bigotry have recorded it and that Sivaji had even justification for the use of tiger's claws. Apart from this incident, however, there are many instances of his chivalrous treatment of captives of war etc. When the fair daughter of a Mussalman chieftain with whom he waged war was among the captives and brought to his presence, he set her free and had her safely escorted back to her father's kingdom. We are tempted to applaud him for his resourcefulness in effecting his escape from Aurangzeb's palace, where he had been taken captive. The sannyasin's garment under which he disguised himself was a sort of romantic contrivance which helped him to make his way back to his people and his kingdom. Vivekananda once amusingly remarked "To this day, authority in India dreads the sannyasi, lest he should hide under his robe another Sivaji!"

The question whether Sivaji would have become the leader of the great non-violence movement in place of Gandhi if he lived in these times, is an interesting speculation. It is not an impertinent question in view of the fact that Sivaji was not a stranger to the value of spiritual power in guiding human action, and that he lived in close touch with two outstanding spiritual personalities of his time. That he would not be unpleasantly disturbed by such a movement, as though the country was going

to ruin on account of it, is very nearly certain. He had absorbed enough of the spiritual culture of India in his life, to understand the workings of this force. But he was too full of *Kshatra Virya*, too much of a man of blood and iron, to take to peaceful methods for the resistance of wrong. Whether as against the more efficiently organised and politically welded English race who have brought the country under control, he would have quite as successfully led a movement of revolt and tried to wrest power from alien hands is more than one can tell. But it is almost certain, that the innate gift of leadership, martial valour and strength to make an army out of husbandmen and peasants would have incited him to make a real effort for a bloody revolt. He had not the qualifications for the leadership of a non-violence movement. Whatever it is, the life of this great national hero is full of lessons for us, his descendants. His intrepidity and valour, his resourcefulness and genius for giving life and shape to amorphous masses, his fervid patriotism and passion for the faith of his race have to come much more fully into our lives than we have them to-day. Only then, can we in our turn become the makers of our country's history!

THE OATH

The Youth of Athens have pledged themselves to the following Oath:

"We will never bring disgrace to this our city by act of dishonesty or cowardice, nor ever desert our suffering comrades in the ranks.

"We will fight for the ideals and sacred things of the city, both alone and with many; we will revere and obey the city's laws and do our best to incite a like respect and reverence in those above us who are prone to annul or to set them at naught; we will strive unceasingly to quicken the public sense of civic duty.

"Thus in all these ways we will transmit this city not only less, but greater, better and more beautiful than it was transmitted to us."

SIVAJI THROUGH AN ENGLISH NOVELIST'S EYES

BY P. A. NARAYANASWAMI M. A.

THERE is an old story of a South Indian humorist that seeing an artist draw a horse and necessarily presenting a view of only one of its sides, he himself dipped the end of a broom in the paint and striking the wall with it, said it was his own picture of the noble animal. Only the tail was in view, he explained, the rest of the body being 'on the other side'. Meadows Taylor's *Sivaji* by the side of Scott's *Robin Hood*, *Rob Roy* and *William de la Marck* to whose class he belongs and of whose qualities he has borrowed, always recalls that story to one's mind. There is something of *Sivaji* in the portrait just as there was something of the horse or at least of its tail in the dab of paint, but a dab of paint cannot be an exact picture of a horse's tail. Meadows Taylor has brought out *Sivaji*'s great popularity among the masses, but suggests the use of questionable methods. He has surrounded him with a certain grandeur, but there is in it only barbaric splendour, not the dignity of Scott's *Elizabeth*. He has brought out *Sivaji*'s filial piety and religious fervour but we are left to doubt whether it is all genuine, whether there is not in it something of the demagogue's cant. His accomplices are spies and villains like *Moro Trimmul*; his statesmanship is craft; his generalship is guile; and his principle is breach of faith and violation of the laws of warfare and hospitality.

This is the 'mountain rat' of the Moslem historians, with a vengeance. Perhaps the novelist had no other sources of information; but it passes our comprehension that an Englishman who had so much of sympathy for the people amidst whom his lot was cast, the artist who has drawn for us the household of *Vyas Shastri* in the same novel should have so signally failed to grasp the spirit alike of *Sivaji* and of the movement he led. Perhaps it is an imperialist's sympathy for the ruling race as against the ruled. One cat will sympathise with another and deplore the new spirit among the rats and not with the rats that evince a love of life. The Hindus were then the subject race and their insignia of sovereign power had mostly vanished.

The Moslems had the Moghul tradition spreading a halo of glory round their crowns, and *ergo*, as a Shakespearean clown would say, Hinduism cannot breed heroes, only the religion of the Prophet can. It cannot be contended that the exigencies of the plot required the deliverance of Tara to be effected by a Moslem and that the son of Afzal Khan. There were Moslems in Sivaji's ranks, and Non-Moslems would have served the purpose quite as well. If Vyas Shastri could be brought round and made to acquiesce in the new dispensation, a second husband for Tara could be found in another Mahratta Brahmin. Even Moro Trimmul would have served the purpose, with certain alterations; just as a few touches would convert the hero Fashil into the villain of the story. After all who knows about the truth of that meeting between Sivaji and the Bhijapur envoy and the battle that followed? To that single incident have been reduced all the old-fashioned charges against the Mahratta hero, thanks to the labours of our national historians; and they say that even if there was truth in the allegation it is excusable considering the moral standards of the times and the difficulties of Sivaji's situation. Have the moral standards of Hindus, Moslems and the Christian nations of the West improved since then? It is not excusable historically if it is not defensible on its merits. Our conception of Sivaji as the crest of a wave of liberty, as one who stood out as the champion and unifier of an oppressed race, as one who was all truth and kindness and piety, as in short, "a king of the hearts of men" does not admit of that blot on his name and that having been proved to be the true conception, Meadows Taylor has done scant justice to the great hero. It is much to be regretted, for historical fiction and drama lend their colours to our historical knowledge and to the ordinary reader, are historical knowledge. The novelist's set purpose to create a brother of the order of Scott's heroic outlaws has in this case blunted his artist's vision, and as a historical portrait, his Sivaji must be accounted a failure even if we allow for the exigencies of the literary art. Great art sometimes demands the sacrifice of truth to details; it is only weak imitation that results in the sacrifice of the essential form.



HINDU - PAD - PADSHAH

By Vinayak Damodar Savarkar.

Publishers:—B. G. Paul & Co., Madras — Price Rs. 3

This is a work of inspiration and not of information. Its author is a patriot of the very highest order whose suffering by incarceration and transportation to the Andamans has lent a lustre to his character. The work is constructed from authentic Mahratta and other accounts of the times. The author's research is indefatigable. It does our souls a great deal of good to know that the Mahratta movement was not a mere provincial affair nor a one man movement which came to an end with Sivaji, but a sustained effort made by a whole people to throw off not merely the Mussalman yoke, but also that of the western foreign powers which were slowly establishing themselves in India. The narrative moves in the hands of the gifted writer with the swiftness of the Mahratta horsemen and with something of the thrill of romance. The reader gets to know of the cruel rule of the Portugese on the west coast in India and the inquisition sufferings they inflicted on their Hindu subjects of Brahmendra Swami, the spiritual preceptor of Baji Rao and Sahu who inspired his disciples to free the whole land from the yoke of the Mussalmans, even as Ramdas inspired Sivaji to do it, of generation after generation of Mahratta leaders striking a blow for the establishment of the Hindu-Pad-Padshahi, the Empire of the Hindus, in the interests of their Dev and their Desh, and of the battles they fought and won to recover their holy places, like Benares, Muttra, Brindaban, from the hands of the aliens. The account reveals too the great bravery, resourcefulness and military strategy of the Mahrattas in the numerous wars they engaged in for about four generations. The leaders of war were not less great than the leaders of other countries and the rank and file were remarkably brave fighters. Here is the book needed to fire young hearts with zeal and stimulate them to greatest national effort. The author has placed his readers under a debt which they can adequately repay only by moulding their character, ever so little on the lessons it conveys. The work requires a bibliography. It is hoped that the author will supply this need in the next edition.

THE BHARATA DHARMA, ADYAR

This is the official organ of the Bharata Samaj, an organisation intended for the purification of Hinduism. That the Hindu religion at the present day has become very narrow and rigid will not be disputed. Many of the social customs have come to be identified with religion and hence the cry is often raised 'Religion in danger' whenever an attempt is made to effect reforms in Hindu society. Towards this end the *Bharata Dharma* is attempting to educate public opinion. The articles are learned, well-written and of varied interest. The subscription of one rupee for a year makes it accessible to all.

Notes

THE "Sivaji Tercentenary Week," which was celebrated with eclat in almost all important towns in India in the first week of the month, should be considered a success on the whole, eminently worth the enormous and patient toil of the energetic organisers. It is true there were some dissentient voices here and there and that the communal virus also made itself felt in a few isolated parts of the country, but in such a large continent as ours such stray cases are to be expected and need not be taken very serious notice of. The evident enthusiasm with which every item of the programme prepared by the organising committees was attended and carried through by the public attest in no small measure the popularity of the movement. It proves, for one thing, that hero-worship is not dead in our country and that, provided the facts are placed before our people, they are capable of appreciating and duly reverencing the ideals for which ancient heroes, like the great Maharatta leader of three hundred years ago, lived and died. And who can doubt the moral effect of such celebrations? Unfortunately for our young men, the career of Sivaji in its true perspective is little known among them. Their class books present him as a free-booter and mountain rat and the organisers would have done a distinct service even if their activities only serve to disabuse the minds of young men of such can and humbug and eventually lead to a proper study of the great leader and his ideals in their true bearings. Towards this end, the organisers would do well to bring together in a permanent form all the available knowledge, which the elaborate and thorough research of some of our historians has unearthed.

THE celebrations in Madras have led to one concrete result and that is the inauguration of the Rashtriya Ootsava Mandal or National Festivals Association. The primary aim of the Mandal will be to celebrate the centenaries of the great heroes and heroines of our past, without any reference whatsoever to the communities to which they belong, and thus create a live interest in their achievements and exploits. Conducted

Sivaji
Tercentenary
Celebrations

in the right manner, that is to say, without even the remotest suspicion of communal or sectional bias in the matter of selection of the heroes for celebration, there is no doubt the movement should go to help the cause of intercommunal goodwill and amity and so strengthen the ranks of Nationalism. There have been, ere now, many attempts to achieve political unity in our country. Who knows but that this small step now proposed will not be one of the primary though unconscious instruments of securing such a happy and desired consummation?

THE correspondence that has passed between the Government of Bengal and the Senate of the Calcutta University and the recommendations of the latter on the report of the Physical Education Committee throw much light on a matter which vitally

Physical
Education
in Bengal.

concerns the future of our young men. The evident reluctance of the Government to declare itself in favour of compulsory military training is understandable, and we might even concede that objections on practical grounds are not to be brushed aside as frivolous excuses. For, there are in Bengal to-day about 30,000 University students, and to provide at one stroke for all of them military training and make it compulsory at once is certainly not a feasible proposition. But the thing that matters is the ideal to be worked for, and it is here that the arguments of the Government (such as the spurious unwillingness to enforce compulsion) are not very satisfactory. The recommendations of the Physical Education Committee that the University should be prepared to accept the formation of additional battalions, companies or platoons of the University corps at the centre already open and the opening of suitable centres for such training in the mofussil, seem to us, very well calculated to meet present needs and, what is more, perfectly feasible, and should, therefore, meet with the approval of both the Government and the University. The recommendations of the Committee to make physical education compulsory, which were also adopted by the Senate are also timely and practicable. They can very well be adopted and put in practice by the other Universities also. They will constitute admirably the basis on which a scheme of compulsory military training could be built in the future.

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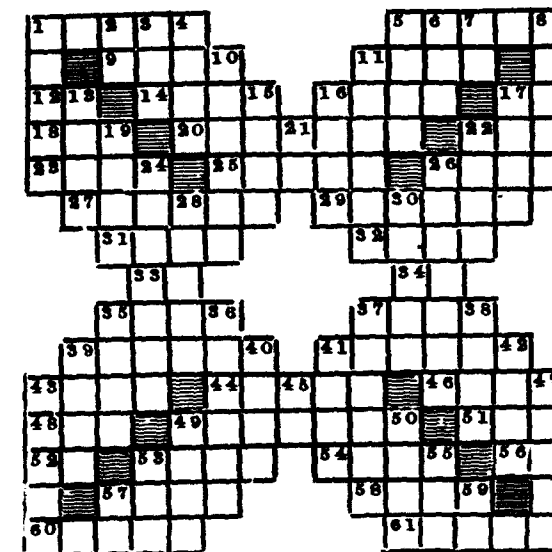
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AT long last the appointment of the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastry as the Agent to the Governor-General in South Africa has been officially announced and there is absolutely no doubt that it will be hailed with unmitigated and unanimous delight by our countrymen here and in South Africa.

Mr. Sastry's The unique feature of the appointment is that
New it has been insistently demanded even by the
Appointment. enlightened European opinion in South Africa, which stands for the peaceful adjustment of our differences with it. We congratulate the Government of India in having in this instance at least responded to public opinion. To Mr. Sastry the post is a well-deserved honour. Both by his personality, attainments and the splendid record of public service behind him, he is pre-eminently fitted to be the ambassador of India in South Africa. Apart from these sterling merits, the fact that he was a party to the recent Agreement and the record work he did to secure it, constitute additional reasons for making him the Agent. Everyone of us knows that the Agreement is a compromise, and, like all compromises, does not satisfy all the demands and requirements of either party. And even as it is, the successful working of it, is threatened by the growing opposition to it, which is painfully becoming evident to us slowly but surely. If in view of these checks and hindrances the Agreement is to be saved from being shattered on the rock of prejudice and racial ill-feeling, Mr. Sastry is the man best fitted to make the attempt. That in spite of his indifferent health, he should be induced to take upon himself the onerous duties which his new appointment implies, only shows the nature of the sacrifice he is capable of when the nation's welfare demands it. Our good wishes, as those of entire India, go with him and may the Almighty endow him with sufficient strength to carry out the manifold duties of his office.

We regret owing to pressure on our space we are unable to publish the names of those who have sent in correct solutions for our last Cross-Word Competition.

CROSS-WORD COMPETITION



Name.....

Address.....

Fill in above, enclose postage stamps to the value of an anna and send to *The Cross-Word Editor, The Scholar, Palghat*, before the 15th June, 1927. Two prizes of Rs. 8 and Rs. 2 worth of books will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions of the above, opened on 16th June, 1927.

Results of April Cross-Word Puzzle

First Prize:—T. R. Parameswaran, Basvangudi, Bangalore
 2nd Prize,—B. S. S. Rajan, Govindan Pillai Stores, Teppakulam.

CORRECT SOLUTION

ACROSS:—1 Porus 6 Clare 11 Morale 12 Recede 14 Oo 15 N N E 16 One 17 I M 19 Orb 20 Arena 22 C S I 23 Rays 25 Sly 26 Pool 27 Smell 29 Drone 30 Aim 31 Ill 32 Brand 36 Mates 40 Long 41 Goa 43 Menu 44 Out 45 Elope 47 Nag 48 Os 49 Tri 50 Pro 52 M A 53 Destitute 55 Louder 57 Scene 58 Enrol

Down:—1 Pooram 2 Or 3 Ran 4 Ulna 5 Seers 6 Crony 7 Lena 8 Ace 9 Re 10 Edison 11 Moors 13 Emile 19 Bye 21 Elm 22 Co 24 Slang 26 Priam 28 Lid 29 Dim 32 Blood 33 Rouses 34 Ant 35 Woo 38 Ten 38 Enamel 39 Sugar 41 Glide 42 Apple 45 Erin 46 Eron 49 Toe 51 Our 54 V. C. 56 Do

CLUES.

Across.

- 1 A 'heaven-born' general
- 5 A crown colony
- 9 An African river
- 11 A place of trade
- 12 A form of 'to be'
- 14 To border on
- 16 An English county
- 17 A Chinese weight
- 18 Thick mist
- 20 Sourness
- 22 What is woven
- 23 A small fortress
- 25 A simple machine
- 26 Indian princess
- 27 Muddy
- 29 The East
- 31 Bloody strife
- 32 Identical
- 33 Mister
- 34 A pound
- 35 An indefinite number
- 37 Mark on the human skin
- 39 Fore-runner
- 41 Grievously
- 43 Demanded by lawyers for their [advice]
- 44 A famous writer of fables
- 46 The land of white elephants
- 48 To trouble
- 49 Niggardly
- 51 Plural of 12 Across
- 52 A negative
- 53 Light-red colour
- 54 Where the Sun rises
- 56 Doctor of Laws
- 57 Trick
- 58 Caution
- 60 Paces
- 61 Krishna's favourite

Down.

- 1 Refuse
- 2 Not out
- 3 By way of
- 4 Mediterranean island
- 5 Numerous
- 6 Longer than life
- 7 A University degree
- 8 A favourite plea of accused [persons]
- 10 An ancient mathematician
- 11 French units of measurement
- 13 Discuss
- 15 United
- 16 A famous canal
- 17 Season before Easter
- 19 Churlish
- 21 God willing
- 22 Decline
- 24 Involuntary shakings
- 26 Irregular excursions
- 28 Where Thebaw was King
- 30 Courage
- 35 Solicit
- 36 A Tennysonian heroine
- 37 Has his home in Malabar
- 38 Charles Lamb
- 39 Beloved of Leander
- 40 Used in a class-room
- 41 Tender
- 42 Has three feet
- 43 Conclusion
- 45 What Ceylon is to India
- 47 A well-known prima donna
- 49 As good as a mile
- 50 A river in Belgium
- 53 A young dog
- 55 A popular drink
- 57 An Indian coin
- 59 Doctor of divinity

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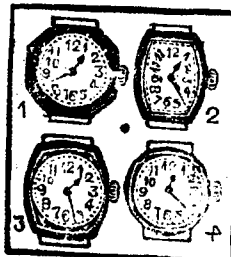
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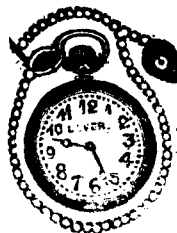


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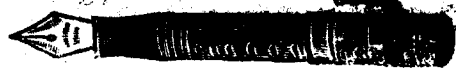
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