

Vol. 2

No 7

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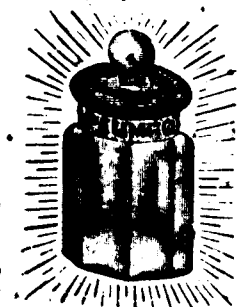
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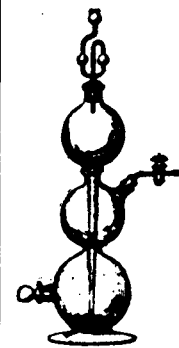
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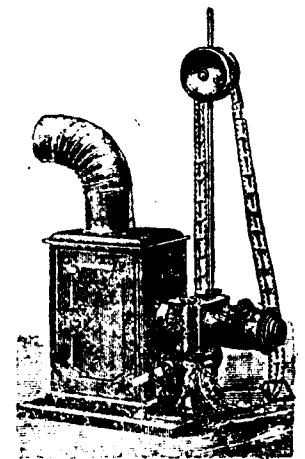
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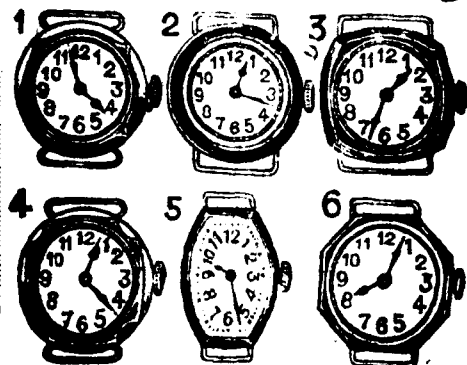
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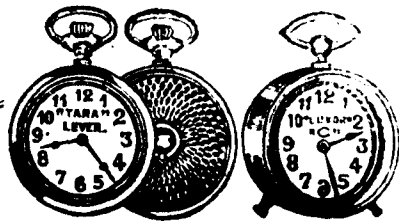
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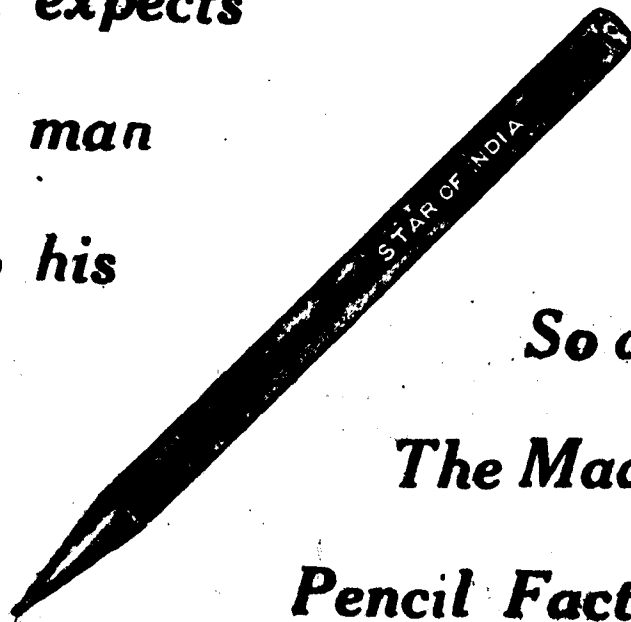
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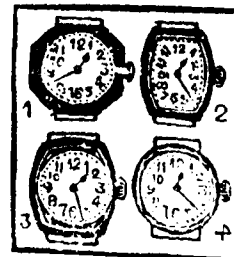
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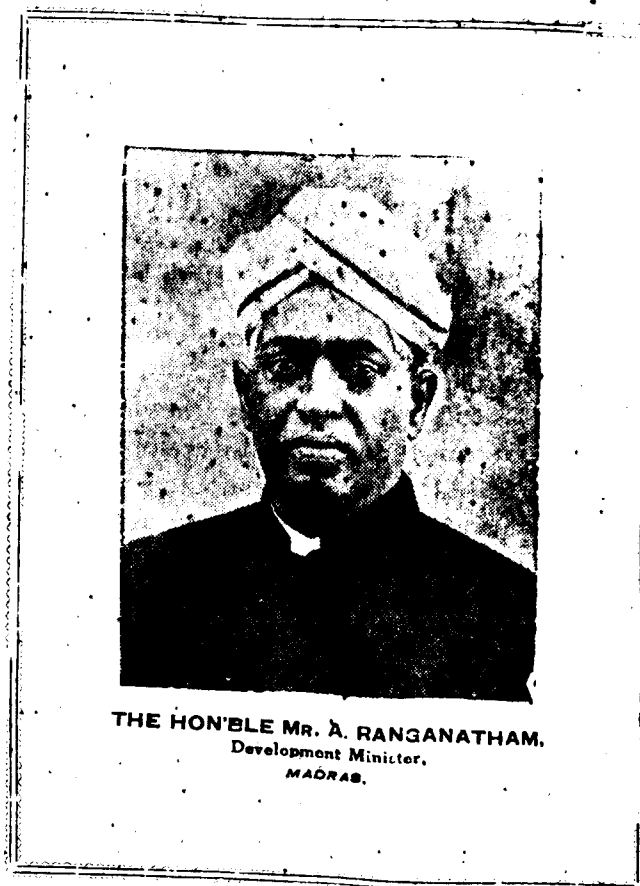
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VOL. 2

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No. 7

THE TRAGIC MUSE

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

TRAGEDY is a vicarious crucifixion of our lower mind. We see in it our desireful or sinful mentality assume by the force of its own self-fertilisation and self-development the potency of a destiny. The characters in a drama interest us and ever sway us because they are incarnations of our own potentialities or possibilities. Life is often an unperceived or unacknowledged or unrelieved tragedy; and the presentation of it in a mirror is partly a revelation and partly a lesson. Thus a tragic play is a mirror of our unperceived selves, a message to the human spirit, a solemn ceremonial rite of the soul. Aristotle well defined it as an action performed upon the stage which, by means of fear and compassion effects the purification of passions.

That is the reason why a perfect sage who has risen above all defects and discords is out of place in a tragedy. As Maeterlinck says well, "Fatality shrinks back abashed from the soul that has more than once conquered her, there are certain disasters she dare not send forth when this soul is near. The mere presence of the sage suffices to paralyse destiny and of this we find proof in the fact that there exists scarce a drama wherein a true sage appears; when such is the case, the event must

needs halt before reaching bloodshed and tears. Not only is there no drama wherein sage is in conflict with sage, but indeed there are few whose action evolves round a sage. And truly can we imagine that an event shall turn into tragedy between men who have earnestly striven to gain knowledge of self? It is rarely indeed that tragic poets will allow a sage to appear on the scene though it be for an instant. They are afraid of a lofty soul for they know that events are no less afraid. That is the reason why Shakespeare does not bring on the stage a single great sage in his tragedies. The crash of souls in the darkness of weakness, desire, passion, crime, and sin will inevitably cease to be when the peace of enlightenment shines forth dispelling the gloom of the heart.

In Greek tragedy the spectacle presented was man wrestling with Fate and attaining the ideal by the process of his soul's endeavour. Destiny triumphs outwardly, but the soul is victor within. Psychic freedom flinging its challenge to the compulsive stress of Nemesis. Such is the inspiration of Greek tragic drama. The tragical element was in the failure of such challenge. The Greek concept of Nemesis is defective in that there is no element of pity to soften the inexecrability of Fate.

Christianity introduced new elements of tragic conception. The agony of grace in its mission of purifying love to men who could not rise to the highest height of his nature was shown by it as a lever of human uplift, though Aristotle had said that it would be impossible to bear the sight of the suffering of an innocent man. The Christian conception of God introduced the elements of pity and self-sacrifice and redemption into the Greek conception of tragedy and then gave the tragic muse a higher glory and an ampler wing.

Modern tragedy has as its *motif* not so much destiny or God as man himself and in himself. It does not reveal any great conception of God. Shakespeare mainly turns the searchlight of his genius upon the self-division, self-pollution, and self-wastage of the human spirit as the source of tragic suffering. The modern spirit is not a believer in Nemesis and is only a half-believer in God. It turns to classical legends as it has no great storehouse of story of its own. It cannot be greater than

modern life and hence because, though modern life has various elements of tragedy it has no luminous concept of life, modern tragedy also has no great accents though it has greater variety than classical tragedy.

In modern tragedy, individualism and science have introduced modifications of conception and expression. Hereditary taints and social diseases are shown often as the background against which shines forth in lurid light the magnificent failures and defeats of noble natures and lives. Ibsen's *Brand* represents "the revolt from conventional duty, and the affirmation of a new and boldly proclaimed right of the individual, the titanic effort towards a higher emancipation and liberty."

Though tragedy proper has been on the whole foreign with Indian genius, yet there are infinite potentialities for the tragic muse in the Indian concept of karma. The interlinkings of karmic ancestry are even more subtle and pitiful than the nexus of heredity or "the shadowing of sense at war with soul" or the self-wastage of the human spirit. The Indian genius will be at its highest in romantic drama because there, as in *Sakuntala*, we can see *Paradise Regained* as well as *Paradise Lost*. But the India genius can, without violence to its nature, attain a great record of achievement in new and original and wonderful domains of the tragic muse.

THE MOTH

Ask of the moths news of burning. Fondly they come and jump into the Flame, wounded by spears of Love. Call you yourself a moth? Come, then, and extinguish the Flame. Burning has burnt many; you burn burning itself. Know and coll, disclose not to the world.

Call you yourself a moth? Then fly not from the flame. Jump and be blessed.

The moths made a resolve and gathered round the Flame. They did not shrink back from fire, but burnt themselves on Truth.

The Flute

BY T. L. VASWANI

He plays upon the Flute !
And lo ! Brindaban is with beauty filled !
The song-birds flock in joy,
The running streams are still,
The patient mild-eyed cows are glad ;
The moon and stars rejoice ;
The trees tremble and the very leaves whisper the word :—
Krishna ! Krishna ! Krishna !
* * *

He plays upon the Flute !
And lo ! the Gopis leave their homes
And speed their way through crowded streets :
They stand with folded hands
And wounded feet and bleeding hearts ;
They stand in rapture lost
Listening to the Flute and in their hearts is the holy word :—
Krishna ! Krishna ! Krishna !
* * *

On the Kuru-field they beat the drums,
And bugles blow and spears are struck !
'Tis war ! But one is mild as they are wild ;
His heart pours out Love upon them all ;
He knows the Central Joy that lives
Before all strife and storm ;
And on his lips is the mystic Flute ;
Its music leads Arjuna on to victory !
* * *

And now his flute-notes fill the Forest :
He dwelleth there ; is he forlorn ?
Is he with sorrow filled at human wrongs ?
Where is Radha ? And Arjuna where ?
And where his Dream-city Dwarka ?
'Tis lonesome dark and in the Forest he sits alone
Sporting with himself, and singing still
Of Beauty, Love, and Sacrifice !

A PILGRIM'S FANCY

BY SIVASURI

"**M**IND is its own place and can make a Heaven of Hell or a Hell of Heaven"—these words of wisdom which old Milton puts into the mouth of Satan are true for all time. A wanderer among the farflung holy places of India, may find at the end of his trip, the monkey of his mind playing the same old pranks and his conscience inventing new logic to justify old sins. Each holy place has its halo of sanctity and its tradition extending deep into a picturesque back-ground of legend and myth ; and when in mela-time humanity gets attracted like flies round a honey pot, there is something about the place which pre-disposes the mind to meditation. But how many reach permanently to the spiritual atmosphere and carry home with them though not a purer self, at least a self that strives after purity !

I had this sort of misgiving when I started on my walking trip into Nepaul for the *Sivarathri* festival. At home my prayers never carried me beyond a certain limit of humility. I could not *feel* the full meaning of an expression like "I am as dust at thy feet." I wanted to try a change of surroundings. I said to myself—if I see greater glories of God than what I see in Calcutta greater will my littleness be and the easier it will be to feel my kinship with dust. I was not wrong. I did realise my hope and for a few evanescent minutes at least, I sank into deeper depths of humility and enjoyed the pleasure of being nothing.

It was a walking-trip. Katmandu is 10 miles from the nearest railway station of Raxaul on the B. N. W. railway. Nepaul Government either out of spite towards civilisation or out of Spartan notions of physical culture, or out of suspicion for their big neighbour the British Raj, had provided a track for pedestrians only. The road was broad enough for motor cars but only the Royal family or such high officials of the Durbar as have the permission of the Maharaja could use cars. With a Tibetan cooly to carry my luggage I did 22 to 25 miles every day, first through the level lands of the Terai yielding rich crops of paddy and grains which give the Nepalese Government 50% of their revenue. Then there is a belt of Terai-forests thick

with sal and other trees where wild animals abound. A shoot in Nepaul is one of the items of Nepalese hospitality to the big guns of the British Government and is the only sport in fact which Nepalese princes know and love. A man in the ordinary run of life can never understand the pleasures of Shikar. What fun is there to track a bleeding animal and shoot explosive bullets at him while one is safely seated on an elephant's back, or watch an enraged bison tearing through the glade to attack its enemy while you plant bullets into him from your safe perch on the top of a tall tree? These are supposed to provide the thrills of shikar and a whole literature abounds with tales told by past-masters in the art of killing God's dumb creation.

Beyond this forest belt, lie low ranges of Srivalik-formations which are not difficult to negotiate. The fiftieth mile from Raxaul marks the beginning of Himalayas proper. Precipitous slopes studded with sal-trees growing at all sorts of dangerous angles confront the pilgrim, and up one of these which rises sheer 3000 feet over the valley below he must jog along. As if to mock his wearied limbs, the descent on the other side is equally steep. About six miles of ascent and descent among the Chetlang-ranges as the mountains there are called, brought me at least to the top of Chandragiri whence I saw the grandest scenery my eyes ever rested on. Nature was certainly not in her smiling mood. There were no birds warbling incessant love, no dense vegetation attesting to Nature's prolificacy. There was nothing there which showed Nature at her real task—namely—torturing dead matter into profuse life. There was deep silence. Out in front of me stretched the mighty Himalayas white with perpetual snow. Mount Everest covering nearly half the northern sky on the eastern side and white Dowlagiri its brother, on the Western side with a whole range of mighty Gosainthan peaks in between, stood flushed with sunset. Between these ranges and me lay the valley of Nepaul half in shadow and half in fog. I could not then analyse the confused rush of pleasant sensations. I thought of Bharatmata and the kindness of God that gave her such mighty barriers against China. Is it any wonder that our ancients regarded Bharatavarsha as a bit of specially favoured land? I

thought of Mahadev whose home is Himalayas. I imagined him lying the whole length of the range clad in ashes and wrapped in Yogic silence.

I thought of Shri Sankaracharya and the flight of Buddhism across the Himalayas into China from the land of its birth. Amaranath in Kashmir, Kedarnath and Badrinath in Garwal, and Pasupathinath in Nepaul mark the last out-posts of Hindu culture and tradition says that all these are Sankara's creations. It looks as though he literally thrust Buddhism out of India into China and planted the fair mighty bastions of Hindu faith to defy any possible rush-back of Buddhist wave. Now and again the little imp of human reason was asking to itself, why should God create such mighty ranges, raise such bumps on old mother Earth and leave them bare of life. In this welter of thoughts crept a bit of my old self. I remembered the college days when Geology taught me that Hima'ayas before the Eocene Era of Earth's history were non-existent. A Mediterranean sea stretched across Asia over the present site of the Himalayas. This bit of science suddenly remembered, opened the flood gates of my feeling. I pictured to myself Nataraja infecting the whole pantheon of Gods with His Ananda and dancing the Earth out of shape and form. The Earth responded to the mighty tread of his feet. She felt the joy and mountains are her efforts at a laugh and oceans are her tears. I saw in the mountains which stood before me silent mementoes of His dancing revel. Everywhere I saw the impress of His feet but not in myself. I felt the smallness of my stature, both physical and spiritual and started off down-hill with the confident air of a man that is out to do anything to deserve God's favour.

The highest gift you can confer on a man is to offer him knowledge. You may feed a man today, he will be just as hungry tomorrow, teach him an art and enable him to earn his living all his life.

Half the population is dying of starvation, the other half is buried under conspicuous waste, superfluous furniture, scent bottles, affectations, galvanised manners, all sorts of precious trifles, squalid riches and unhealthy show.

Swami Ram Tirtha.

THE ALLEGORY ON THE BANKS OF THE PARALAI

BY T. B. KRISHNASWAMI, M. A., B. L.

IN a lonely valley bounded only by palms, beside a rivulet that tumbled its brown tide to the sea, one evening hour sat a follower of the Prophet. Promptly at the hour of prayer, as the Muezzin's cry rang upon the startled air, he laid a cushion on the ground and kneeling thereon poured forth his heart in a fervent utterance. Scarcely had he finished speaking, rubbed his eyes and settled down again to the accustomed sights and sounds, when rising on his vision like smoke at first, then as a *djinn*, came up the Genius of the Lonely Valley.

"I am pleased" said he "with thy devotion and if thou wilt do as I bid thee, thou shalt be put in possession of earthly and through it of everlasting fortune also."

"I am bowed to listen, bound to obey".

"Then about full moon go forth three miles to the west and bring hither the skeleton of a dog which thou shalt see lying unburied. Go likewise three miles to the east and bring hither the skeleton of an ass, that thou shalt find bleaching in the wilderness. In neither case shalt thou touch the bones loathingly. Bring hither and cover them with a lofty mound. Erect all round on three sides of it, a place of worship, a house of healing and a seat of learning, leaving the purifying waters to wash the fourth side".

"Angel of Allah! I shall do thy bidding, barring only the buildings for which I poor man, Mishkin, have not the means—the men, the money and the materials". "Fear not" spoke the angel assuringly "lay the dog on the right and the ass on the left and as often as thou hast need, seek at their head a gold and a silver coin."

The genius of the Valley then disappeared and the follower of the prophet went home strangely perturbed by the vision that he saw. But at full-moon, he did as he had promised and lo and behold, as often as he felt the need for money, he found it by the side, either of the patient and industrious animal or of the faithful and energetic one.

THE ALLEGORY ON THE BANKS OF THE PARALAI 341

In time a great mosque grew as by Aladdin's magic, with its cupolas and minarets, snow-white domes and soaring turrets and flanking it on either side, grew the house of healing and the seat of learning, stately structures and splendid with the inspiring atmosphere investing them all.

Hussain Mohamed continued his simple ways and told no one the secret of his riches. Many were the attempts made by his wife and children, friends and relatives, by the very workmen on the precincts to probe the secret of the mysterious source of wealth by which a *Mishkin* could build a mansion. The secret was well-guarded till at last, the old man about to sail for another shore, on that journey from which there is no returning, secretly informed Omar the most pious of his sons, that if he prayed fervently near the tomb, he would get gold enough for his needs, provided he spent it wisely for the good of all mankind.

Now the other sons of Hussain Mohamed were neither good nor pious; neither prudent nor industrious; but full only of envy and greed, lust of gold, and reckless in the shedding of blood.

They watched young Omar very carefully. For long they were able to observe nothing but fasting and prayer from morn till night, through all the five periods of prayer enjoined on the pious Mohametan. At other times they found him employed cheerfully in the chosen toil of tent-making.

But the tents took a long time to make and the sale proceeds were given away to the poor. What then was the secret source of revenue that made Omar disdain the ordinary means of livelihood?

They waited and waited, till one eventful day, they caught Omar red-handed in the act of getting gold and silver from the tomb. In the abstracted mood of prayer Omar did not know he was being watched. The wolfish men fell upon him forthwith, slew him on the spot and began forthwith digging ferociously to find the hidden treasure. After much toil they found only the skeletons, which in disgust and disappointment, they flung into the river. The river rolled the bones out to the sea and the sea held them hidden.

Not long after, a great earth -quake shook the buildings to their foundation and a great flood washed off the broken boulders. Not a vestige remains of what was once so mighty.

The wild ass stamps over the ground and the lizard keeps watch, where once Kaikobad and Khai Khosru reigned. Rationalist Chuckerpondian says, "It is all an allegory meaning, Prosperity cometh to the pious, patient, industrious, faithful all loving men; but avoideth the greedy, the hateful, the envious, the murderous folk."

I don't say he is not right. But my story is not a medicinal root to twist and get a moral out of. Further, supposing it to convey a moral, why should I by adopting one, shut out a hundred interpretations, which the ingenious among mankind are always ready to offer?

KINGDOM OF PURE THOUGHT.

Our thoughts lift us up to vision's lofty heights,
Where we stand upright and strong,
As if out of evil's ominous reach,
Then again our own thoughts,
Blinding our mind by false persuasion,
Lead us downward to a narrower sphere,
Enchaining us to a world of endless conflict,
Here we struggle carrying heavy loads
And our dejected hearts bend down with broken faith,
Greed, ambition, self-love and pride drag us
on through this mire of ignorance.
"Help us! Help!" we cry in agony of soul,
"Give us again our lost kingdom of pure thought;
"Restore unto us our peace."

Swami Paramanada.

THE VALUE OF HUMAN CAPITAL

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

(Concluded from March Issue)

I will pass on now to another aspect of the question, which we may study in the lives of the leisured classes. The leisured classes tend to be lazy classes. They tend to be so as they are not in the grip of want. They eat not to keep the body in health but to please the palate. They warn us against the evil of gluttony. Had not common convention of men treated gluttony on a different footing from incontinence, we should abhor it as we do the other. Those who overeat overburden their digestive system, and in addition to keeping themselves engaged in the organic process of digestion more than is necessary, they weaken their minds and ruin their health. The saying that "most men dig their graves between their teeth" is no exaggeration. The glutton becomes in the long run a sort of drone. Gluttony leads to incontinence. Incontinence is a dangerous fire with which men play in life. The glutton is guilty of a gross misuse of one of the functions of life. He acts heedless of the warning contained in the dictum "The soul says, eat; the body says, feast." He does not realise the sacredness of or the full measure of the powers of mind and body which a well-ordered life could store for us. I should accuse the glutton of an indiscriminating abuse of his faculties. If he could rein in the caprices of his palate, he has the key to a great secret. He is in possession of a wonderful power. Devoid of control, he has neither a strong body nor a strong mind.

While one set of people die from surfeit, another set of people—and they are too many—commit suicide as they have nothing to eat. The poor die of inanition or malnutrition. They have not the wherewithal to spend on their food. Their lives are a real tragedy. How many of them, without two meals a day, get famished and die by inches! you cannot have the best from them unless you have given them food. It is cruel to taunt them with inefficiency, when you, out of cruelty and callousness have kept them off from the simple necessities of life. Of what use are the lives of these fellows now? They are like steam engines without sufficient supply of fuel and water. It is

shocking to remember the miserable things that fall to the lot of the average poor, particularly the poor in India, to eat. In a season of epidemic, they fall victims in the largest numbers. The poorest value is set upon their lives. How many of them get maimed or lose their lives in factories, mines etc? The workman's Compensation Act is a poor solatium to the bereaved relatives who have lost their prop. It is not alone aptitude for the business that finds so large numbers of the poor engaged in these hazardous occupations. Dire want is the main cause. This want again results from the circumventing cleverness of the rich, and their apathy too. Perhaps that day is very distant indeed, when these hardships in the lives of the poor will have been mitigated even to the point of eradication. But that should be done sooner or later in order to increase the usefulness in the lives of these people.

I observe the deterioration of fibre in the upper classes of India from another cause. I think the institution of early marriage has a great deal to do with the weak physique and the poor mind of the average Hindu. In the competitive fight of today the Hindu is being wiped out, as inefficient for the work that lies before men. Early marriage has perhaps secured to the communities which observe it, a greater degree of constancy in sex-relationships. The sentiment of the society is against divorce. Even incompatibles in the long run get reconciled to each other, and the stability of family-life is attained by us in a measure not dreamt of by any other race. Vivekananda had this view in his mind when he stated "an all-forbearing attachment to an ugly and deformed wife, and a life-long devotion to a worthless and villainous husband are possible only in India". But the gain has been at a very very high sacrifice indeed. The laws of Eugenics are wholly ignored by us in bringing about the union of undeveloped couple. If use the term "undeveloped" not merely to convey physical immaturity. I am concerned equally with the immaturity of mind and moral outlook which prevails in most unions among the upper classes of the Hindus. The loss to the couple is great. Their love for each other is affected by an extreme carnal taint. Mind and morals are not behind the sentiment at all. They live for each other only for

carnal attraction. This is the most destructive katabolism in life. We know in our inmost heart of hearts how we give our mind away. The inner self in us gets withered up, as it were.

Too late in the day we wake up, but the opportunity has gone! Any Hindu who begins his married life in his teens usually exhausts himself by fifty. The weakness of age and senility steal on life thereafter. At this age, most cultivated men in western countries begin their career. They get to do some of the most difficult things then. Their powers begin to bloom, and they endure in the memory of men by the work they do thereafter. We on the other hand, get ready to close our chapter. When we look at the weak children that are born out of such unions, our hearts sink. How many of them die again in early childhood, from enlarged liver and so on! How cheerless, and weak-kneed are the children that survive, creeping through earth, with bloated bellies and narrowed chests! I cannot imagine a more unhappy condition for us than the existence of such weak children. How many girls again become mothers before their time! In the premature mothering, how many die from painful delivery! If they survive at all, they draw out their days on earth cheerlessly, "with a brood of hungry children cackling at their heels". I know many a family in high class Hindu society with a staggering burden. The children are too many for poor parents to take care of! We really add to the number of slaves and inefficients! In their articles of daily food, there is no adherence to health-giving principle. The Hindustanee sins from over much use of sugar; the South Indian Hindu sins from over much use of tamarind and chillies.

Look again at the harm done by the travesty of art, in literature, painting or music or any other. Sex-love is the only strong motif for the artist all over the world. In the name of art for art's sake what a great injury has been done to the race! How slowly the mind of man has been corroded, until it has utterly lost the perception of moral good. The world's out-put of fiction literature in recent times is amazingly large. I cannot frankly commend most of such writings to the earnest attention of the reader. They are index of the unchartered, aimless, life of

these days. They are an index too of the busy laziness of the men of the world today. The same mistake is repeated in music and in painting too. Eroticism is equally rampant in them. If you went into a theatre, the event of the night is a love-episode. It may have romance; but it does have the indecency, the unnaturalness and the aimlessness of romance too! I am afraid the reader is getting impatient with me for what he may consider my heresies! But I should not fear to speak out the deepest feeling of my heart! These things have been cherished by me for years, and I venture to speak of them with a feeling strong as conviction. Nudity in art is very engaging for most friends of art. In painting and sculpture, we find it everywhere in the world. Their obscenity is shameful; they attack the moral health of average life with the suddenness and fierceness of a plague or other pestilence! Is there not enough love in the heart of man and woman, far more than they ordinarily know the wise and disciplined use of! Is the unrestrained, chaotic love of the romanticists a desirable thing for us! Does not the glory of life consist in the judicious use of our powers, and faculties! I venture to express the opinion, that the world will not be the poorer for the loss of a good many of these inflammable works! Real love between the sexes will nevertheless exist, and the race will emerge from the phenomenon chaster and purer than it ever was in the past.

I feel bound too to tell the reader that there must be a great ideal in marriage, as it is the most momentous relation a man cultivates in life. Marriage ought not to mean eternal maritallement. To the growing man, marriage has no meaning, unless it enables him to grow stronger and purer in life. I heartily, but meekly accept the ideal which the sage embodied in the words "Against marriage, in order to rise above marriage, I have nothing to say". That is no marriage, where there is no struggle in the lives of the couple to reduce the physical aspect in sex-relationship to the lowest possible minimum, by the highest efforts of mind, will and heart. The mitigation of the evil of eroticism in art and life, if not its eradication, is a vital necessity, and should be promoted in the interest of the moral conservation of the race. If we let things rest where they are,

there is the great danger of introducing by slow degrees, a baneful moral poison into life. The race as a whole will succumb in the long run to its dire effects.

I have dealt with certain aspects of the great human problem of mental and moral conservation; limitations of space forbid me to deal with every conceivable aspect of it. I believe, I have dwelt however on certain vital questions. The degeneracy of the race of man obsesses me powerfully to-day! My heart sinks at the thought of the shipwreck that takes place in the lives of races! The sacredness and the importance of life is so little realised among us! The candle that is burning is not economised but put, as it were, into a devourer's flame! The world is not and never was in want of good lessons to learn. But the prejudices of the learners have been most obdurate. They die hard! That is what makes the sorrowful state of the world now.

A HANGING BELL

BY YONE NOGUCHI.

Translated by the Author from the original Japanese.

I am a hanging bell with empty soul,
Cold and lonely, down from the rafter,
Waiting for some one to come and beat with a hammer.
Mine is a receptive mind,
For so many years since I was born,
Hanging down from life's rafter, alone and silent,
I am waiting for somebody's touch of hands,
Ah, my empty soul,
Spring comes or summer goes,
From the darkest rafter where I hung down,
I gaze at Time passing along by rapid steps.
"Hoy, here I am," I sometimes cry,
But, alas, nobody puts on me his bell-hammer.
Ah, my emptiness,
Ah, my loneliness,
Flowers bloom, or snow falls,
I am alone, lonely, cold,
Like a hanging bell down from the rafter,
Drawing down one pale straight line in the air of emptiness.
Indian Review.

THE HUMOUR OF UNEMPLOYMENT

BY "ESJAY"

THE darkest cloud has its silver lining; Unemployment though tragic is not devoid of humour. In fact truest humour ever springs from the deepest pathos.

In India and especially Madras everybody is busy with the problem of "nothing to do" viz. Unemployment. Articles are written by reams and the columns of newspapers groan under their weight. Platforms vibrate with the violence of oratory. Still unabashed, private conversation turns naturally from a discussion of fickle weather to a study of chronic unemployment. Unemployment committees sit and hear, judge and report: Yet they never find work for anybody except perhaps themselves. All the time people talk in the same bated breath of "retrenchment" and "reform", of "extravagant expenditure" and "increase of pay to employees". Unemployment employs indeed a variety of talents in a variety of ways.

Education prepares us for unemployment. The more the time and money we spend at College the greater the chances of unemployment. Time was when a graduate slipped from College into Government or Railway Service even as the fruit slips into milk. Those days are long by. Waiting and worrying, worrying and waiting, is the law today. Graduates must wait for every thing. Yes, one year for Diploma and two for M. A. or B. L. Degree; they must wait six months to renew ineffective applications. They should appear before Boards and be naturally thrown overboard. They return home sadder but saner men. At home they find their parents ageing and aguing, and their family expanding and exasperating. Starvation stares them in the face. Even the interest on the money squandered in education can keep them intact now. But wisdom is born only of repentance. It is a costly *habit* that goads everyone to graduation. Graduation must be gradual. No country can ever absorb all its educated men. This must be realised in order to avert tragic disillusionment.

The second man we meet every morning (the first is of course the Bill-Collector) is the unemployed graduate. He is a pathetic application afoot. All the usual references to "large

family" "poor circumstance" and "anxiety to serve Government" are there to be sure. Very often we can only tell him to detach his application from himself and send the former by post and thereby swell postal revenue (that is a way of allaying the "anxiety to serve Government.") It is a costlier method to accompany your application. *Viva Voce* and interviews are among our new epidemics. Nothing like a "face to face" interview, a "heart to heart" talk. Walk straight up to the Boss closing your eyes tightly against "No vacancy" and "only so & so preferred" boards. Take courage in both hands or rather courage in the one hand and credentials in the other. The officer is sympathetic when the general problem is discussed. He offers his stock solution—why not take to agriculture, to fields and pastures old? But when your particular case comes up he grows visibly phlegmatic, pessimistic and apathetic by turns. He deplores dearth of appointments and the deluge of graduates. He suggests that routine work might be the ruin of your abilities. He ends by conjuring you to appear for some competitive examination or other. Please listen not to him, for it only means more money wasted on the wild chase after the Golden Goose.

Quietly join the Law College (you are admitted for the asking) or better still be the noble school master (fresh graduates have a ready market as they are cheap). If your "friends" who delight in your misery ask you what you are doing tell them that you are in the Law College of your own choice for Lawyers are the leaders of society and are the only people who have not to tell a lie to serve the hour. If you are probationary school master, you would say that nothing delights you more than your good fortune to have had a hand in the noble task of moulding the minds of the rising generation or some such false sentiment that would effectively divert attention from your precarious pittance of Rs. 15 p. m. always kept in arrears.

Are these two courses not far better than migration to other provinces, congesting there and incidentally creating inter-provincial hatred by taking the bread out of the mouth of the "children of the soil"? The migrating Madrassite might earn an imposing sixty at Bombay. But bitter experience teaches him that sixteen at home is better than sixty elsewhere. The humour of it is

Madrases should still rush to other places on low salary and work where they are not wanted. There is, however, no gainsaying this fact that a higher nominal pay has its own "quotation value" especially in the marriage market.

The most amusing thing about unemployment is that it is a subject most talked of and least thought about. Never mind chronic unemployment. The Colleges are full and the Selection Committees as busy as ever. The University might raise Convocation and Examination fees but the crowd musters stronger. The cold-blooded parent still rejoices if his prodigy passes Part I of the Intermediate Examination. He comes to some friend in Service and trots out the old discussion of choice of career as if careers are eagerly awaiting young men not yet halfway through College. All walks of life are overcrowded and many are lingering for long in the corridors of employment eager to grab at some acting vacancy and hoping against hope to enter Office someday dodging alike the Scylla of "No vacancy" and the Charybdis of "retrenchment".

Entry into Service is a cruel joke. A host of formalities confront you. Your application in prescribed form, with required documents must reach before a certain date. You must attach testimonials but not from those "connected with your University, College or family" that is from those who might possibly know you. You must survive the scrutiny of Boards of mental and medical test. You may be declared the hotbed of many a modern bacteria unknown to you. You must get through a process of triple filtration. Thank your stars if success is indeed yours. Even then let not your head make an obtuse or even right angle on the base of your neck. The acute angle is the safest; for circumstances might become acute any day. Preliminary tests, confidential reports and the Monster of Retrenchment might yet work havoc with you. At the end of the obstacle race the emaciated form and nervous brain that represent all that is left of you strut about in strange garment, — go "to office".

It is a sad and heart-rending picture: but who dares to deny its truth? Fortunately for the future of India it is only 1% or so of the unemployed that undergo the whole experience. As

for the rest they are in no suspense. Time hieth fast and 25 is soon reached. By then they are well-versed in correspondence, very familiar with all the methods of postal transit and quite intimate with Official Memorandums. Their handwriting is considerably improved thanks to the numerous applications they wrote in "their own hand". They soon overcome their personal regrets and extend their sympathy to a Government that has to get on without them. High ambitions to do public good and reap their reward in a nation's eyes have long disappeared. They are left now to solve the two problems they never bothered about before:— (1) The "slavish mentality engendered by the present system of godless education" and (2) The "satanic government" and "bureaucratic machinery" which must be humanised.

Thank God! There are these problems to keep the unemployed busy.

The Cigarette

You know me well. I grow abundantly in tropical climates. I am very familiar with every person, so familiar that they keep me in their pockets. For I sacrifice myself in their service. I specially capture the young, the energetic and the fashionable. Once they form my friendship, they can never hope to give me up. Now-a-days I am taken from place to place in special motor-cars. I am becoming so popular that my advertisements fill up columns after columns of newspapers and magazines. How fine is my home! I am arranged with eleven companions in a nice paper box or forty-nine others in a splendid tin box. My form is legion. The Elephant, the Scissors, the Golden Flake, the Tortoise-Shell, Sportsman, etc., etc., etc., are all my comrades. The 'beedi' is my plebian brother, who associates with the lower poorer class. Yet, though rather aristocratic, I am democratic in my tendencies. For, like Death, I am a leveller of all distinctions of class and rank. Passed or ignited from mouth to mouth, I make all mankind one. Such is the secret of my life!

(From the School Folk.)

THE TWO SHADOWS

BY HARINDRANATH CHATTOPADHYAYA

Last night upon a lonely branch
I heard two owls a-shrieking
And saw two sombre clouds above
The moon's white brow a-streaking

On earth below a worldly man
Was to harlot speaking.
Methought I heard the two owls speak
As brother unto brother ;

"Against all parenthood they sin,
Sinning against each other,
A father in his body dies
And in her form, a mother,
For every passing pleasure sown
All life shall suffer later.

Look, how they fall, and falling, stab
The heart of their Creator !"
"Yea ! both are whores !" the other said,
"But, pray, who is the greater:
The one who sells herself to-night
To buy her bread to-morrow ;

Or he who buys the woman's flesh
When, lusting, he would borrow
Its beauty lightly teaching it
To earn the bread of sorrow ?"

So spake the two grey owls and fled
Like dim prophetic sages
The dark clouds wrote a prophesy
Across the moon's white pages.
One woman and one man to-night
Undo the work of ages."



THE HON. Mr. A RANGANATHAM.
Minister of Development, Madras.

BY E. N. S.

IT was in November 1923; the second General Election for Madras had been over and Mr. Ranganatham had once again been returned at the head of the polls from Bellary. Mr. Ranganatham was then the Hon. Secretary of the Y. M. I. A. and also Warden of the Hostel attached to that institution. When the evening Press announced his victory, an emergent meeting of the inmates of the Hostel was convened to congratulate him on his glorious success. In moving the congratulatory resolution, as the Secretary of the Y. M. I. A. Hostel, I remarked that the time would soon come when the Hostel Warden would be a member of the Madras Cabinet. This remark was repeated on another occasion when the Hostel entertained Dr. Besant and Mr. Ranganatham at a Dinner on the eve of their departure to England as members of the Convention Deputation. In proposing the toast to the distinguished guests, I remarked that the Commonwealth of India Bill would soon be passed into Law and that Mr. Ranganatham would be called upon to form the Swaraj Ministry under the Commonwealth of India Act. Little did I realise then that my prophecy would be fulfilled sooner than I expected.

The Commonwealth of India Bill has since been introduced as a Labour measure in Parliament and before it had been taken up for its second reading, Mr. Ranganatham was appointed a Minister of Madras. In the General Election held in November 1926, the third of the kind under Montagu Dispensation, the Communal Ministry that had been in office for 6 years collapsed and the Swarajists having unfortunately declined to accept office in obedience to the Congress mandate, the Independent Ministry was formed in Madras on the 3rd of December, 1926 and Mr. Ranganatham assumed charge of the Development Departments.

The appointment of Mr. Ranganatham was hailed with joy and in the short period that he has been in office, he has won the hearts of both the masses and the classes in the country. His recent tour in our District and elsewhere has shown that he is going to be the beloved 'Rangappa' of not only Bellary but the Rangappa of the entire province.

What then are his qualities which win readily for him the title of 'Rangappa'? It is not quite easy to answer this question but if I should be pressed to single out his supreme quality I should have no hesitation in pointing to his rustic simplicity that makes him feel that he is of the people and that makes the people feel that he is of them. A true democrat that he is, he freely and joyously mixes with the poor, knows first-hand their needs and desires. It is a question if he will be able to do all that he cherishes, but what little he is able to do will be for those who really need it.

A beach orator, some time ago described the present Ministers as 'mere babes in politics.' Such an allegation would be repudiated as far as Mr. Ranganatham is concerned. He certainly is a *full-grown* man in politics. From the year 1915 when he resigned the post of Deputy Collector he has been in the thick of politics. As a member of the Legislative Council for over six years, as a member of the District Board, as President of various Maha Sabhas and Conferences, as an Editor and as a trusted Lieutenant of his revered Chief Dr. Besant who is more than any body else responsible for organising the political life of our country, Mr. Ranganathan has become a trained soldier in politics. He has the noble impulses of a patriot of the purest type. He has, besides, the keen insight of a statesman. He will adorn any Council or Cabinet any day.

In Mr. Ranganatham we have one of the ablest and the sincerest of Ministers and in paying my tribute to him, I rejoice that he has been appointed Minister 'not because he occupies a position of honour which carries a large emolument with it, but because a true friend of the poor and a devoted servant of the Great Ones has been offered an opportunity for still greater service and of setting before the younger generation a high standard of clean public life, free from all selfish ambition and dedicated to the service of his fellow-men.'

THE ASHES OF ROMANCE

BY WRIFORD

RAJAM'S whole life had been a nursery of broken toys. At an young and impressionable age Fate had played a scurvy trick upon him. He was a thinker and all that, but his view of life became very morbid. Weighed down by a numbing exhaustion, he found no alternative between sighing and sobbing. All the world seemed to be melted into misery and poured upon him. Dreading and despising every thing, he began to hate humanity with an intense and passionate hatred. The looming question became too large for him, and he escaped from the grim actualities of existence into a roseate flower-garden hedged round with the sacrosanctity of the recluse. His speculative ethereal mind began to cling to the company of books. But even in the realm of letters he was hounded with haggard memories. To his bitter cost he found that romance was a snare and poetical sentiment a delusion.

Profoundly humiliated by pessimism, shamed through and through, the approach of his B A. examination found Rajam in a petulant and hideous mood. His studies lost all zest for him and in the ecstasy of misery, he began to rave that a University degree was bunk. The world of suffering was too much with him. It was thwarting and blighting him. He longed to get away from the world—anywhere. One evening, walking along the Madras marina, a pair of blue eyes dawned on him. Those eyes crashed into his innermost soul with the havoc of a fourteen inch shell. Up till this moment, Rajam was afraid of women and was a confirmed womanthrope. It was not that he was bashful. Only, ever since he was a lad, brooding on the beateous things of the world, he had developed into an exalted idealism. He had made such an ideal of woman that he was afraid of her when he met her lest he should not come up to that ideal. Now those eyes became a radiance and nourishment for him. An indomitable expression of energetic emotionalism strengthened every line of his features. The great ant-hill of Madras full of crawling sooty human life began to have a new message and a new meaning for him. The sea, the mountains, the burns, the sunrises and the sunsets, all had something to say to him, something vital and urgent.

Rajam in short had got a new dig of the spur of Fate—he had fallen in love. Seetha, she of the blue eyes was all that makes a woman wonderful. She was a perfect, perfect spirit, a being leaping and shining like mountain water. There was in her a sense of culmination and of peace, a feeling of virtue being its own reward. When Rajam returned to his house, he was a changed man. He opened his book at random and said to himself—"I never knew till this evening the force of love in earnest." He felt the beauty of life as he had never before felt it. He was stirred to excitement beyond poetry. A turmoil of quotations seethed and burned in his brain—

'Whoever loved that loved not at first sight!

'Was this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium!

And then suddenly into the world of Rajam, peaceably busied in nursing emotions and living for the sake of them, examination came, came also the crash of realization that he was going to blazes, could not answer a single question. The ruin of his scholastic career was an eye-opener to this wayward and impulsive youth. He lifted a hand to brush away the distorting film of love, but the more he tried to do so, the more that passion asserted its sway. That terrible tempting figure with the blue eyes always haunted his memory. He found that the starry orb was as nothing, the moon was as nothing, the sun was as nothing before her true light.

He tried to feel at his ease and secure, but the indescribable restlessness of his soul distressed him. A hideous loneliness and desolation overwhelmed him. He gave way. Sorrows came upon him smiting on him mercilessly. He felt himself to be a solitary representative of tragic humanity in a vast and violent and incomprehensible universe. This visible pestilence, this agony of love was sown in his blood and there was no remedy for it.

Rajam screwed up his courage to the sticking point and braced himself for an interview with Seetha. He walked to her house with the courage of despair and kneeling down peered into the garden where she was. She was crooning a beautiful

ditty and did not notice him. Rajam felt himself comforted by the sight of her. Advancing towards her he unfolded the whole history of his star-crossed life. The strain was telling on him and in indistinct phraseology he blurted out:—

"Oh Seetha, you are in my blood. You are what I want, always have wanted since the dawning of those glorious eyes into my soul. I long for your dear heart on mine, your dear blue eyes. I have waited for you, worked for you, wept for you, prayed for you. My love for you is a strong thing, a holy thing. Signify your approval and acceptance of me as your lover and your voice would end all troubles for me, I am bad at expression, but I feel somehow that your soul is linked to mine by bonds forged by powers greater than man."

An unreasonable amount of excitement was begotten by this interview. Rajam remembered smelling the smell of death and collapsed to the ground losing all consciousness.

When he awoke, the heavens were fast darkening under a severe cloud. The vastness and silence of night were over him. Nature was at a standstill, only the barking of a distant dog being audible. She had repulsed him and left him to himself. Swiftly this rebuff bulked into the most awful experience of his life. Its terrible significance appalled him for some hours. He glared with great agony at the dark dome of heaven and rehearsed to himself every chapter of the ill-fated drama of his life. He staggered and gasped. His soul turned to ice and his feet to lead. He felt torpid and fettered before this new humiliation. He flouted the slings and arrows of this outrageous fortune and would have been well content to perish. Thoughts of self-destruction haunted him and he came very near it more than once.

Three years had passed and a lonely *Sadhu* was writhing in the coils of a severe asceticism in the snow-clad Himalayan solitudes. His eyes burned with a sense of unutterable injury. From among the confused memories of the tragic flare of his life which he wanted to bury beneath a severe penance, one little figure emerged, bright and poignantly sweet, crying back reluctantly from the departing times. Occasionally in the midst of his ecstatic moods a low moan of intense pain would escape from his lips—Seetha. Seetha. I wish I had not seen you—

a smothered cry that seemed to be wrung from the innermost recesses of his soul. "Seetha, you trampled upon my life and spoilt it. You broke my heart." The slow revolving wheel of time brought an amazing transformation in this ascetic's life. The inevitable battle of wills between a love greater than death and a renunciation stronger than life had ultimately resulted in the triumph of the latter. From his mind vanished the heart-tearing scenes of a life every moment of which was lived in pain. Living alone fosters an intensity of purpose which extinguishes even the strongest cravings of the flesh. The darkness of loneliness, the loneliness of silence, all this passed away leaving a beneficent calm. This tragic emotionalism and brooding melancholy were chloroformed by the fresh air, the vastness of the solitude and the severe asceticism which he had taken as his lot in life. He was hypnotized by the eternal stare of the elements.

A grand and ghastly storm was brewing. The cold wind of the Himalayas was whirling about continuously. From time to time the darkness of a threatening cloud was pierced by passages of lightning. Thunder was rolling. Nature was all savage, all untamed, a black and cruel deity delighting in destruction. The rains poured down as though the bottom of the sky was rent asunder. The cold was biting. In the midst of all this desolation a solitary speck of humanity was making his last peace with God. A tree was struck down just near the place he was kneeling. It left him unhurt—Everything was a howling, leaping uproar. The dimness of the ruin brooded menacingly over the whole atmosphere. Then, out of the darkness the stealthy approach of something was faintly audible. A suffocating sensation of nausea and faintness assailed the whole of this ascetic's being. A flood of sweet and sorrowful memories were awakened in him and he recognised in the approaching figure the identical Seetha who once spurned him. The gathering gloom was gaining in intensity and a thunder broke out. The terrific storm staggered the poor woman who sobbed half-audibly—'Oh forgive, forgive me.' A veil was being drawn across the Sadhu's mind. He was about to open the mouth when a crash of lightning broke out in a glorious crescendo and two frail forms were enveloped in the darkness of blackness.

HEAVEN THROUGH BISHOP'S EYES AND THE UNIVERSE THROUGH SCIENTIST'S EYES

BY K. M. KRISHNA IYER, B. A. (HONS.)

BISHOP: I have really been thinking of the new ideas that are afloat, 'in the air,' as you would say. You may depend upon it, I have not spared these poor old brains. Day and night, at home or abroad, these ideas would set in. The Almighty Lord would I seek for guidance and the solution of these perplexing problems; and if it has to be frankly owned that I have not come to any definite conclusion as yet, I also feel that the day will not be far distant when the light of Heaven will illumine us all to the reality of things. Meanwhile I shall rest content with pointing out to you something, perhaps by no means conclusive, but assuring enough to prevent you from pushing your conclusions too far.

SCIENTIST: It does really give me great pleasure that you have tackled the problem at any rate, you have deemed it fit to bestow so much of attention on it. I shall not be surprised if, in you, I am to find the staunchest opponent.

B: Believe me, your cause requires only a little consideration for your conclusions to be finally disproved; though with my dullness, I can't say I could do it.

S: Not so, oh holy man! I mean that, as you are the first man not to pooh-pooh the new doctrines because they happen to be new, and in conflict with the old, you may do something by way of reconciliation.

B: What reconciliation is it you wish to effect? For my part, I can conceive of none, for is it not said "I am the Lord, thy God," and again, "Thou shalt have no other gods before me."

S: This, you will please remember, is what you have to establish.

B: Let me not enter into any detailed discussion. I too have learnt, with the old philosopher, the longer I think upon Him, the less I understand of Him. More mysteries arise; harassing doubts, and no answer for them but that the human mind has tried to grapple things beyond its grasp, and such is

the strange course of human conduct, and so ripe our animal feelings for assertion, that without acknowledging our own inability, we have been fond of saying that such things have not been. Faith, hope and belief seem to become extinct as time passes on. But the other day, while I was returning after listening to a sermon on "Be ye therefore perfect even as your Father which is in heaven is perfect." I was pointed to by a group of boys, scarce I believe out of their teens, and would you believe it, 'Yonder's the man that pretends to be part of divinity itself,' 'Why something worse than a beast you may term him, for even they take delight in beautiful shows' and 'He stands for abolition of drink, cherishes a hatred for the cinema and the theatre, and condemns balls for their tendency to lean towards immorality' were the type of words they exchanged with one another in my hearing. What do you say to all this?

S: I admit that much of the mischief may incidentally be created for which we cannot be held responsible. There was no change in the outlook worth its name, that swept some older one peaceably and without the introduction of some discordant element. Moreover, I cannot see how all this can be termed the direct outcome of our doctrines. In your own days, you admit, you were as wild a chap as any of them. Evidently that could not have been due to the tenets.

B: But do you in reality see nothing behind all this universe? The first time I was in Switzerland, what a profound impression it made upon my too, too prosaic mind! As I climbed up the steep cliffs and saw all around me snowy hills with a stream finding its way through a narrow ravine, I felt myself raised to a higher sphere of thought and feeling. A sublime feeling, an inward satisfaction for which you find no parallel in the pleasures of the world, takes possession of your soul. And at night, soft and chill blew the breeze. A serene quietness ruled over the place. The moon seemed to envelope the earth a silver mantle. High above, there was the clear blue sky with its myriads of stars. What a fine night it was! Below, to my great wonder, there was another sky as beautiful as the one above, for, in the crystal waters of the lake, I saw reflected the bending trees, the moon and the stars. Between the two skies

I was. I then felt eternity before me and behind; and, in the enthusiasm of my heart, I cried, "Oh stern atheist, that seeing will not see and hearing will not hear, that for the convenience of a hypothesis will transform the beautiful earth into an ugly and grotesque mass, and those shining stars, remembrancers of the more effulgent heavenly glories into huge masses wheeling with incredible speed—alas! what is their speed to that of the phantom or the delusion in your brains?"

S: You make a fine poet, but a poor reasoner. The robe that we have been wearing, may suit us to-day and tomorrow be out of fashion. Is it because our *grandams* were less addicted to luxury or had not as fine an eye for beauty as ours that we claim our right for change in matters of dress! So with the hypothesis. To the changing conditions we adapt them and where in the light of fresh knowledge, it becomes necessary to alter old ideas, we do so ungrudgingly. In the region of law alone, has it been found necessary to perpetuate even the lawless law established by a learned predecessor, not in arts, not in science. And I may add, that the sky does not lose its beauty if you are told that what is commonly regarded as the sky is but a mere void deriving its colour by an optical illusion; nor do the tiny stars become less attractive when you know that they are as big as many suns put together. Passionate declamation, powerful feeling will not suffice to discern the truth.

B: Why go outside? Look to your own inner self. Have you not at any time felt that there is something divine in the love a mother feels for her child, or when the fond heart of your wife softly pants to yours, when in the far off distance, you pine and starve—to make your heirs happy? Is all this to be ignored? Is all this of no value in your sight?

S: You do us great injustice. Let me assure you that the conclusions we have arrived at were not the work of a moment, the result of a sudden impulse. You cannot forget that there was a time when it was generally accepted that this world was peopled by giants. Where are they? How have they disappeared? The wind, the sea, the forest, why, anything and everything that was huge and stupendous and beyond the explanation of the people then, used to be considered, not as the manifestation of a Supreme God, which was a later development, but

each a divinity by itself, if regular, its regularity constituting its claim to reverence, and if irregular, its very irregularity, because it was the desire of the god in question, whose power it were well to acknowledge and not dispute. Ages passed. The nightmares of the imagination were not visualised in practice. No giant leaped from a bush to frighten the lonely traveller. The children brought up in the traditions of the past and expectant of the occurrence of terrible events from each tree and from every dark corner, spent years in morbid dread and yet never saw a ghost. People began to realise that, after all, there was not the intervention of supernatural power in dealings between man and man. But it would not do to deny the whole lot of them at once; at least one should be preserved, were it only to evade the answer for many perplexing questions or induce people to walk in the path of righteousness by holding out the dread of perpetual misery or insufferable torment in the world to come. Of course, the results have been good so far as they go. Now we have reached a stage when progress has no longer to be dependent on considerations of the power of God or of future punishment. If, in traders, you meet with a degree of honesty unprecedented and scarcely conceivable at an earlier period, it is not because they happen to be religious, but because they have awakened to the conviction that, for eminent success in trade, they have to be honest in word and deed. People advocate morality today on account of medical and economical considerations. But all these changes, indicative as they are of the direction things are taking, were insufficient to dispel the old crude notions. It was left to science that unpleasant task. With the assertion that the earth is round, you deal a death-blow to the tradition that Heaven is above and Hell is below; for then the heaven of one man would be the hell of another, and vice versa, which obviously would not do. One asks, "can God, if any, be so foolish as to destroy the tower the people tried to build so as to reach heaven by confounding their speech? Is it not apparent to any child of today that the task is one of impossibility? And are we to believe that God is worse off than a modern child? Anon comes the grand idea that man is evolved out of an ape; and down tumbles the whole of the Mosaic theory, of its God, of its creation and of the Command-

ments revealed through one who had sought the favour of the Almighty by a preliminary violation of them—an unjustifiable murder. And yet people continue to think in the old fashion, perhaps on account of indolence!

B: Good God! Was there ever such heresy? Why, man, in all your fiery denunciations and unwarranted assertions, remember still Him who died on the cross to save *you* and *me*. But we, pigmy creatures that we are and verily unfit to tread the path that he trod, or to kiss the dust off his shoes, must need fancy ourselves more than human, greater than God, and deny the benign Power without which nothing would be what it is. What! Is there nothing, absolutely nothing, when the breast has ceased to swell with a puff of air?—What a noble life He led! How heroic His struggles, disinterested the sacrifices He rendered! And all those would be nought because sir, you can neither understand nor quote scriptures properly. Even the devil finds it necessary to cite authority to justify his ends; but no, not the people of this generation. I forget, the times are degenerate. These are days when women begin to rebel against the just authority of their husbands, when they have their hair bobbed, and when, if it were but to hold up the revered memory of the hairy ancestor from whom you claim to be sprung, it would not be too much to expect that the hair cut off from the head should be made to grow on the chin. Have you ever heard of the principal of a responsible institution, one who poses to be an educationist, refusing to grant me a tutor to my wayward son? And strange, that to his boyish waywardness, you should add the contempt of religion, disrespect for whatever has been handed down to us from of old. Pray, sir, that your views may find better currency with the people at large; let me add that you refrain from holding to contempt ethics and morality at least and that you will teach that, in spite of our glorious ancestor, we need not necessarily be apish in our Manners. What grave dangers lie in wait for the children of today! Utilitarianism and irreligion will soon be the watch-words of every mouth. "Trust in the Lord with all thine heart and lean not unto thine own understanding", and again, "But not wise in thine own eyes" sang they of old. You urge us to be dogmatic where we cannot be certain and to spurn whatever we cannot prove or

justify. An age of pessimism, says Carlyle, though itself bad, is not without its own justification. It paves the way for a better state of affairs. So may it be with the present ideas. Perhaps it may be His desire that, for the greater glorification of His designs, there should be an age when His very existence is doubted. A Messiah is still to come. Meanwhile, one has to rest content in modern days with an occasional reminding that we should pray to Him, for I take it that, whatever the advances you make, we have perforce to acknowledge Him in times of adversity. I lean to Goethe's opinion when he asks, 'Who ever prayed that tasted not adversity'?

God forgive us even for our selfish prayers and may He effect a speedy deliverance out of the nasty muddle in which your activities have landed us!

WHO WROTE SHAKESPEARE'S PLAYS?

Hamlet overheard Julius Caesar telling King Lear on the Twelfth Night after the Tempest that the Two Gentlemen of Verona were the authors of Shakespeare's plays. Macbeth said, "you may take it As You Like It, but I do believe that in one of my Midsummer Night's Dream, I heard Romeo and Juliet say that Love's Labour was Lost." Troilus and Cressida stole the Comedy of Errors and sold it to the Merchant of Venice for the sake of Coriolanus and Titus Andronicus. Timon of Athens and Cymbeline were the joint accessories to the theft and after drinking Measure for Measure with the Merry Wives of Windsor told King John all about it.

Richard the Second, a competent critic said that Bacon could write neither A Winter's Tale nor Venus and Adonis nor the Rape of Lucrece. Othello was busy discussing a point of honor with Richard III, Henry IV, Henry V, Henry VI and VIII. There was Much Ado About Nothing and as Pericles was busy Taming the Shrew I could get no further evidence as to who wrote Shakespear's plays. But All's Well That Ends Well.

Presidency College Magazine.

DARWINISM IN HUMAN FOOD

Bernard Shaw as Exponent

BY K. P. RAJAGOPAL, B. A.

GEORGE Bernard Shaw (G. B. S. as he is popularly and widely known among those whom he shocks) is a great student of Darwin. Next to Nietzsche he is the greatest of Darwinians. He is the real expounder of the true and original doctrine of Darwin, as distinguished from Neo-darwinism. His idea of the superman is merely evolution in human personality. To speak with more show of scholarship, he is the brilliant exponent of the theory of evolution in the aspect of personality, first propounded by that genius of asuric force, Nietzsche. I suspect that Shaw, like my own humble self in this respect, (if not in anything else) has tried to apply the theory to the various aspects of life.

I think it will be superfluous for me to tell my readers as to what I mean by Shaw's refinement in food. Almost all of them will have guessed that I am referring to his horror of eating 'dead animals'. I take it that all of them know that he is a strict vegetarian. He lives on nuts and fruits instead of pigs and chicken. By doing so, he has created quite a sensation in a world of pig-eating commonality. He is looked upon as a fire-eating vegetarian and as a gross rebel against the established standard of English gentlemanliness in the sharing of a flagon of wine and beef-steak. I am honestly convinced that Shaw is really acting out his theory in practice. I know that Chesterton has viewed the whole thing from another stand-point; but I claim that I am second to none in my admiration for one of the greatest philosopher-artists of our age. I have perused the pregnant pages of his plays; I have enjoyed the endless ebullitions of his essays. And the conclusion to which I have come is the one that I venture to set forth in this essay.

I have to begin my position strengthening it with an excellent observation of Chesterton whose balance is as great as his personal ponderosity. He says that Shaw always swooped upon an idea with wonderful intuition, with the sureness of an eagle upon its prey. He then ransacked the realm of his intellect, abnormally vigilant, to account for his idea. In the former, he was almost always right; in the latter, almost always

wrong. Bernard Shaw saw that the superman is the inevitable outcome of the modern man mystically moulding himself for a simple life. He saw also that his food also will be same, less coarse food, say, potatoes (it does not follow that the Irish are supermen.) Man's food in the major portion of the globe is coarse and vulgar in the extreme. The superman will not certainly eat flesh. So far Shaw seems to be right. But he proceeds to assert in his own vigorous manner that supermen will prefer potatoes as being more economical than entire pigs. Apart from the fallacy of the economics (which, I am sure, must be obvious to all experts, the university professors), the argument really exemplifies the Irishman's habit of putting the cart before the horse, which is due, I suspect, to some fundamentally wrong posture of his brain. Instead of seeing from left to right, he sees from right to left. I am glad he does not attempt to walk on his head or walk backwards. I was saying that Shaw is right in his idea that supermen will not eat dead animals. They will discard them preferring 'dead vegetables'. The most original part of the theory is however the implication that supermen can be brought into existence only by people who conform to superhuman habits themselves. I am unable to answer the question of the reader whether Shaw himself has begotten a superhuman son. Possibly he hasn't had any will in the direction.

The propounding of any theory is impossible without the tedious preliminary of a historical survey of everything pertaining to the subject. Therefore I beg leave here to give you a brief outline of the history of human food from the earliest to modern times. It will be possible for me only to suggest (please note my word) the various stages in the history and indicate the transition. The real history begins with the age of the cave-men or the earliest of men; perhaps the scientific historian of modern times will go back to the time of the original ape and try to find there the vague mystic dawn of his history so that he may emerge into the beautiful morning light of history. He will say, in guarded moderation, that it is quite impossible to say with anything approaching to definiteness about the prehistoric age. It will only be possible for him to say this much, that there is no reason to conclude that the ape ate

flesh. That apes killed animals is not in itself a sufficient proof of their having eaten them. The dog kills the cat; does it try to eat the carcase (this is the comparative basis in historical research). When we come to historical times we find that the cave-men ate flesh.

Here the historian is faced with a puzzling perversion. He cannot account for the change of food in the man. When the forefather ate vegetables he finds the descendant tearing of raw flesh with his teeth. There is not a history in which there is not a dark age at some stage or other; even so in the history of human food (my heart swells with pride to feel that I am its first exponent.) The dark age comes between the Ape-period and the Man-period. Science itself has confessed its ignorance by calling it, the Age of the missing link. The present writer suspects that during this period there was a great revolution. Probably the apes, during a long famine of vegetables took to flesh eating and handed it down to the next age. The suggestion that men, the original cavemen, were not of the earth and that they swooped upon the earth in great waves and extinguished the original inhabitants, the apes, must be rejected. It seems most improbable; further the question of the original love of men then crops up which can never be settled. Some may suggest the possibility of the moon and vaguely rely on Mr. Wells for support. The theory of evolution is against any such mania of the moon and it is a conclusive argument.

It is certain that the earliest man was a flesh-eater. Many of his modern descendants continue to be so. Some left eating flesh in the course of the evolution of their thought; some left it off as a necessity and some stick to it as a necessity. Since the age of the flesh continues to our own day I proceed to indicate the tendencies of the future the signs of which are even now visible.

Burke has said that a true historian is a prophet. I am anxious to give proof of my being a genuine one by prophesying the future. Mr. Wells is the only sure historian who speaks confidently of the future. Only the other day he decreed the future of the British Empire in the *Empire Review*. I dare not be so divine; but I will merely suggest the possibilities. The future age is the age of the superman. The superman is only a

simplified Man. It is really a case of primitivity with a difference—the gathered experience of the ages. The primitive man is a superman by instinct; the future man is a superman by reason. He is a man who is made a child again by the witch-hand of Time. He is the inevitable result of the tree of knowledge defiled. Only, he no longer eats the fruit thereof.

The food of the superman will not be flesh; for man himself in many parts of the globe has eschewed flesh. They will eat fruits, roots and other vegetables—like the sages of India. The more refined of them will live on leaves like the rishis who underwent austerities. The most refined will live on water and air (cf. *vayubhakshana*). I dare not speak of the time when the superman will live with nothing to eat. He will fast. Constant fasting will make him all-soul. His decaying flesh will give place to a beautiful effulgence of eternity.

The reader must be contented with this short survey. For detailed information I beg to refer him to my forthcoming work on the subject in twelve volumes.

The reader asks, what are the motives of this movement of change in food? I will enumerate some and leave him to distinguish the surface ones from the inner ones. The suggestion that sensation may be a motive is absurd, for sensation may be quite unsensational in a world full of sensation. Let me now tell the reader that the realm of the super-man is a sensation. He may not be aware he is one even as the child cannot be aware of its being that. A possible motive is Pity. But to say that vegetarians are actuated by pity for animals implies the rather uncharitable construction that non-vegetarians are pitiless. Witness Chesterton's jugglery on the subject. It is amusing how a lover of things can argue for them. The non-vegetarian has reasons. If he has a mind to argue like a Hindu he would say that it is the *Karma* of the animals to be killed and eaten by men, or he would say that the animal would get its *Moksha* the sooner by being thus put an end to. If he is darwinianly inclined he would summarily explain himself "Survival of the fittest." If he is economically inclined he has very handy reasons. The pasture question, the breeding problem, the fodder scarcity—some come to his aid.

But the vegetarian's motive is not certainly due to his desire to create sensation but entirely due to the general law of evolution—towards simplicity. The whole motive of evolution may be said to be an unending effort after simplicity on the part of life. It is the instinct of the short-cut, an instinct, I maintain, as noticeable and important as the instincts of protection and propagation discovered by Psychology. Progress is merely the eternal search after simplicity in the labyrinthine complexities of human acquisitions in the shape of new knowledge. Progress is the complement of Science. Science itself is never Progress. Science is the search and Progress is the sought out. I am aware the idea of Progress has been thoroughly examined by Prof. Brug and Dean Inge; but progressing is not Progress. We can have an Idea of Progress only when we have ceased to progress. Progress is always the static extremity of the dynamic current of life.

I now wish to begin the end of my essay with a summary of my position. Human food, like everything else in the world has its history. Being intimately connected with life, it has necessarily all the vicissitudes of life itself. It has an evolution which is as pronounced as the evolution of life. In fact, its importance is second only to that of life. The ape, man and the superman are the three great links in the history. The Ape did not eat flesh; man eats flesh; the superman will not eat flesh. The movement for vegetarianism is actuated by the instinct of simplicity. The most perfect state of eating is that of non-eating.

I had intended to say many things which I have not said. I intended a note on the relative importance of the various stages. I hoped to hint casually at the historical value of vegetarianism and show how it is intimately connected with the economics of the Superman. I have with me the notes I had taken from Shaw's writings which, however, I hope to make use of in a more ambitious work that I have at heart. At present I retire with the happy thought of a work begun in a direction which has not been hitherto pursued by any one.



"My Master" — By T. L. Vaswani

Published by Ganesh & Co., Madras—Price As. 4

The latest addition to Professor T. L. Vaswani's rich productions is his "My Master—" a brief and brilliant resume of his deep thoughts over one of the vital aspects of Lord Krishna's Message to the world. It is the immortal sermon preached by the Lord from the war-chariot at the battle-field of Kurukshetra that is emphasised in this handy volume. The essence of this song divine is summed up in a single word—*Dharma-ichara*, the performance of one's duty. The great Vivekananda, Bankim Chandra Chatterjee and B. G. Tilak have already exposed the shallowness of the so-called orthodox, but really heterodox view that the Dharma expounded in the Gita is the *Varnashrama* Dharma as narrowly outlined by many of our ancient commentators. With his deep philosophical insight, Prof. Vaswani now lays his finger on the key-note to the Divine Song, namely that life is the *Dharmakshetra* and not the battle field of *Bhoga* as it is too frequently looked upon by Westerners. It is essentially a message of courage, self-reliance and self-exertion and this teaching of the Lord to the *Maya-stricken* Arjuna quivering like a timid girl to execute with an iron-hand the *Kshatriya* Justice is rightly regarded by the Professor as specially needed by Mother-India of our own day. India today, even like Arjuna thousands of years ago, is struck with paralysis. Hence the sage calls upon every one of her children especially her youth to shake off the illusion that now drowns them and carry the life-giving message of the Lord to a groaning world. The unique feature of the Teachings of Lord Krishna, according to Prof. Vaswani, is that it is a synthesis of *Bhoga* and *Dharma*, of *Sabhyata* and *Athmavidya*, of culture and civilization. A proper combination of these two alone makes life full, but it is lamentable that in our country we have been neglecting the second by over-emphasising the first. Europe carefully nourished the body but left the soul to be atrophied. India grew immensely rich in *Athmavidya* but scoffed at all worldly achievements. Hence the present undeniable necessity for uniting the two parts which together form the one person. Prof. Vaswani is certainly an idealist. But the idealism he preaches is not soft sentimentalism but living vitalism. May the young men of our land read and re-read the inspiring pages of "My Master," and, imbued with the boundless spirit of their author, help India to carry to the morally decaying world, "The Krishna-Message"!

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

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Raghuveeran (in Malayalam) Price As. 12—By E. Appu Unni,
Malayalam Pandit, Board High School, Elapulli.

Approved by the Text-book committees of Cochin and Madras and testified
by D. E. O. Malabar to be A suitable book for School use.

This is a short sketch of the life and character of Sri Rama who is worshipped by the Hindus as an ideal man and King. The story of Ramayana is one of the greatest epics of India with which every Hindu is familiar and it has been translated into various European as well as Indian languages. The reader may doubt whether there is any scope for a new work out of this very familiar field but an earnest perusal of this little volume will reveal the scope for literary inventions. Not that our author is aggressively original. His originality he has consciously limited, to the way in which ideas taken from various sources are combined together. It also appears that the author has referred to almost all the works in Sanskrit and Malayalam dealing with the story of Ramayana, from Valmiki down words. In rewriting this in simple Malayalam he has based each part of the narrative upon that Sanskrit and Malayalam classic in which that particular part of the story is best dealt with.

One point about his presentation of the character of Rama that deserves to be specially noted is that Rama is depicted as a human hero not a divine incarnation. If Rama is God, then we have no need to be particularly impressed by the perfection of his character. It is when we think of him as a man, his heroism is seen in relief. From another standpoint also this emphasis laid upon Sri Rama's human nature is important. This book is primarily meant as a text book for the young. In our mixed schools where Hindus, Christian and Muhamedans study side by side a book about the adventures of a Hindu God may not appeal to all the pupils. The author has carefully avoided such defects and treated the book simply as a character study. We congratulate Mr. Appunni on his first contribution to Malayalam literature.

Notes

THE publication of the Skeen Committee Report is by far the most important event of the month. The recommendations of the Committee have been received with mingled feelings in the country according to the party predilections and political leanings of the critics. But for ourselves who have none such to subserve, it appears that the proposals taken as a whole, if given effect to, will go a long way to satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the Indian public, although it

The
Skeen
Report

might be that they fall short of nationalist Indian demands. They are certainly much better than those of previous Committees of the kind, and we may congratulate ourselves that the undesirable and halting features of the proposals are not much more numerous than they are. Another significant and satisfactory feature of the Report is that the recommendations are practically unanimous, and we are mercifully saved the ponderous and lengthy dissenting minutes that form the appendages of every other Committee or Commission. In short, the Committee's efforts are likely to satisfy a greater number of the Indian public than what has been the lot of other committees to achieve.

* * *

THE main proposal of the Committee is the establishment of an Indian Sandhurst in 1933. Twenty boys should continue to be sent to the British Sandhurst even after the establishment of the Indian Sandhurst, and it is further recommended that Indians should be admitted to all ranks, and for that purpose, eight vacancies should be allotted to them at Woolwich and two at Cranwell. Our only regret is that the establishment of the Indian Sandhurst is left to wait until 1933. It is inconceivable that it should require five years for "raising the necessary buildings and arranging the staff etc." The doubling of the vacancies at Sandhurst is another progressive recommendation. Another welcome proposal of the Committee is the grant of King's Commission to successful candidates from the Indian Sandhurst. Indeed, in this respect, we wish the Committee had been more insistent that the grant of such Commissions should be approximated to the prevailing practice in the Dominions. The Committee has also made many other minor recommendations, most of which are satisfactory. The proposal to open more colleges of the Dehra Dun type in other places and the suggestion that the Government of India should impress on the educational authorities the paramount national importance of reforming the system of education to develop the essential characteristics of an army officer, are very timely and welcome.

Indian
Sandhurst

BUT it is when we come to the question of Indianisation that the proposals of the Committee are not so satisfactory. Even so, it is something that the Committee has seen the unwisdom of continuing the unpopular Eight Units Scheme, which is therefore, recommended to be abandoned. We entirely agree with the reasons adduced by the Committee and hasten to congratulate the members on their outspoken and courageous condemnation. But the alternative proposed, unfortunately, does not help the situation very far, and the Committee's Scheme, which ensures that half the total cadre of officers in the Indian Army would be Indians in 1952, is certainly disappointing. But here it is not the reasoning of the members that has been at fault. It is the essentially wrong stand-point from which they have allowed themselves to view the question. The key to it is to be found in the passage where they say: "They regard it as specially important to maintain the proportion of British recruitment required." It is this inability to envisage a time when the Indian army will be able to get on without the aid of the British soldiers that has aroused the wrath of Indian Nationalists who have condemned this aspect of the Committee's Report outright and called it an insult to Indians. What the country expected of the Committee was definite proposals for putting India on the road to self-defence without the adventitious aid of others, which the Committee has failed to do by taking up this attitude (which is inevitable, perhaps, from the composition and personnel of the Committee) and hence the righteous anger of the Indian public.

* * *

SO much for the recommendations. But what shall we say of the attitude adopted by the Government? The Government of India's Communique on the Report and the Secretary of State's references to it in the House of Lords have certainly aroused the apprehensions of the Indian public, that in the pursuit of Imperial interests the recommendations of the Committee are likely to be abandoned. Let the Communique speak for itself:-

Ominous
Signs

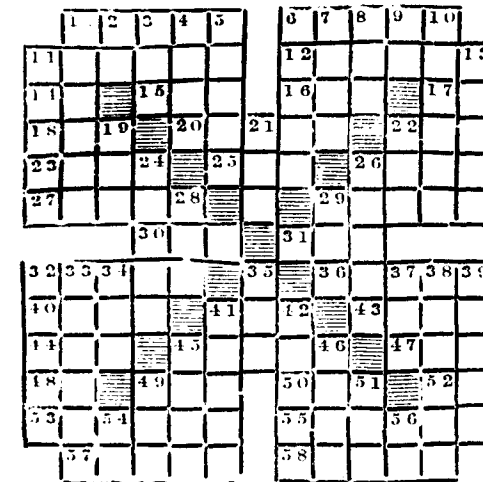
"Although the Committee's recommendations in themselves are designed primarily with a view to Indian conditions, the problems of recruitment and training of King's Commissioned Officers for whatever service, are essentially an Imperial concern and any proposals reacting on them will require close scrutiny by His Majesty's Government and their military advisers. Again, the Government when called upon to deal with any scheme of increasing Indianisation extending over a number of years, must leave themselves free to consider whether the basis of that scheme offers a sure stable line of advance towards the creation of a Dominion Army, or whether alternative methods which did not fall within the Committee's terms of reference, might not more profitably be explored."

Take this in conjunction with what His Lordship, the Secretary of State said from his place in the House of Lords a little earlier:-

"The next step i. e. after the publication of the Report," said he, "will be for the Committee of Imperial Defence, after receiving the Government of India's views to examine the Report as a whole in its relation to these wider aspects of military policy, *which they alone are competent to appraise.*" (Italics ours). Thus, in the opinion of the Indian Government, the Report "will be used as a starting point for discussions with His Majesty's Government to whom the Government of India will in due course forward their considered views," and this, it will be seen, is exactly what the Secretary of State has said earlier. Why then, may not the outraged Indian taxpayer ask, was elaborate Committee this appointed at all at such great expense and time, if its recommendations are to be nothing more than mere suggestions to be placed before the Committee of Imperial Defence, who alone, as we are told, are competent to give a final decision? The experts at the Army Headquarters, we think, would have served this purpose much better without such huge sums of the taxpayer's money being squandered in the bargain. It is curious that it should not have struck the Government here or at Whitehall that by speaking in the manner they have done, they have indirectly proclaimed their Committee a colossal sham and its deliberations an unedifying farce.



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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 May, 1927.

RULES

1. 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 May 1927.
2. Any number of alternate solutions may be sent but every such solution must be copied on diagrams cut out of *The Scholar*.
3. The decision of the Cross-Word Editor must be accepted as final and no correspondence re the competition can be entertained.
4. The names of the prize-winners and others who send the correct solution, together with the correct solution will be published in our next issue.

CLUES.

Across.

1. Alexander's Indian opponent
6. An Irish county
11. Spirit of an army
12. To draw back
14. Is in debt
15. A point of the Mariner's Compass
16. Any
17. In rime but not in reason
18. A round body
20. Ring
22. A title of honour
23. Lines of light
25. Cunning
26. Small pond
27. Odour
29. A sluggard
30. Object
31. Quarter of a dozen
32. Stigma
36. Companions
40. Not short
41. A Portuguese possession
43. A bill of fare
44. Not at home
45. To run away clandestinely
47. A small horse
48. Bone
49. Three-fold
50. For
52. A University degree
53. Destitute
55. More noisy
57. Stage
58. To register.

Down.

1. A Malabar festival
2. Other wise
3. Moved rapidly
4. Bone of the fore-arm
5. Prophets
6. An old acquaintance
7. A Siberian river
8. Wins a King
9. In the matter of
10. A famous inventor
11. Inhabitants of Morocco
13. A famous book by Rousseau
19. A side issue
21. A tree
22. To make a noise as a dove
24. Vulgar language
26. Ancient King of Troy
28. Cover
29. Obscure
32. Thicker than water
33. Excites
34. A social insect
35. To make love
37. Loses to the Knave
38. Substance on teeth
39. Is sweet
41. To flow gently
42. A fruit
45. Emerald Isle
46. A beheaded bird
49. Part of a foot
51. Pertaining to us
54. A coveted medal
56. Answer the purpose.

COMPETITION RESULTS

Results of our February and March Competitions.

The correct **Anagrams** are.

TOURNAMENT
NEIGHBOURHOOD
PNEUMONIA
LANIFEROUS
NUMISMATICS
CRYSTALLINE
BATTALION
INTERNECINE

The **First Prize** has been awarded to **B. Ramachandran**, Jaffer Sahib street, Trichy and the **Second Prize**, to **T. R. Duraiswami Iyer**, Pleader, Tirupatur.

The following competitors also sent in correct solutions:—

N. S. Parameswara Iyer. P. Balakrishna Menon (B. A., Hons)
N. R. Meenakshisundaram, N. S. Ramachandra Iyer. K. Viswanatha Menon, K. P. Narayana Iyer, B. A. L. T. T. N. S. Ram, T. N. Viswanathan, S. G. Natarajan, K. J. Thomas and C. V. Nataraja Iyer, B. A., L. T.

For our March Crossword we received as many as 45 entries out of which 30 were found to be correct.

The **First prize** goes to **N. R. Meenakshisundaram Iyer**, c/o N. R. Subbiah, Pleader, Sattur (S. N. Ry) and the **Second Prize** to **M. P. Govinda Menon**, B. A., L. T., Angadipuram.

CORRECT SOLUTION.

Across:— 1 Norton 6 Masons 11 Semicolon 13 L. G. 15 Negroes 16 Lt 17 Ser 19 Needs 20 Hid 21 Onam 23 Res 24 Move 25 Nepal 27 Finer 28 Attar 29 Wider 30 Fluid 32 Gasps 34 Lorn 35 Has 37 Stop 38 Age 39 Dales 41 You 42 Ry 43 Portion 45 L. N. 46 Companion 48 Sarées 49 Elaine.

Down:— 1 Nelson 2 R. S. 3 Jen 4 Omen 5 Niger 6 Moods 7 Ales 8 S. O. S. 9 On 10 Spider 12 Creed 14 Genealogy 16 Liverpool 18 Rapture 20 Honesty 22 Matin 24 Midas 26 Lad 27 Fig 30 Flares 31 Malta 33 Sponge 35 Harps 36 Seine 39 Dome 40 Soil 43 Pee 44 Noa 46 C. R. 47 N. I.

Other correct solvers are

T V Balasubramanian N Vrideshwaran M S Krishnamachary T Lakshmana Mannadiar B A L T C V Natesa Iyer B A L T K Karunakaran B V Srinivas P M Abdulla Koya C G Rama Rao G T Rajalakshmi K S Subbalakshmi T H Sivarama Krishnan R R G Pal M Satyanarayanamurti B A L T A Venkataramanan K P Radhakrishna Menon N Minambal K P Narayana Iyer B A L T K N Rishna Iyer P Balakrishna Menon B A (Hons.) T A Rama Iyer B A A V Seetharamiah B A L T N S Sankaranarayana Iyer K Ananthachari R Venkata Chetty Balaraman P Chidambaran Pillay and L S Ramakrishnan L M P.

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