

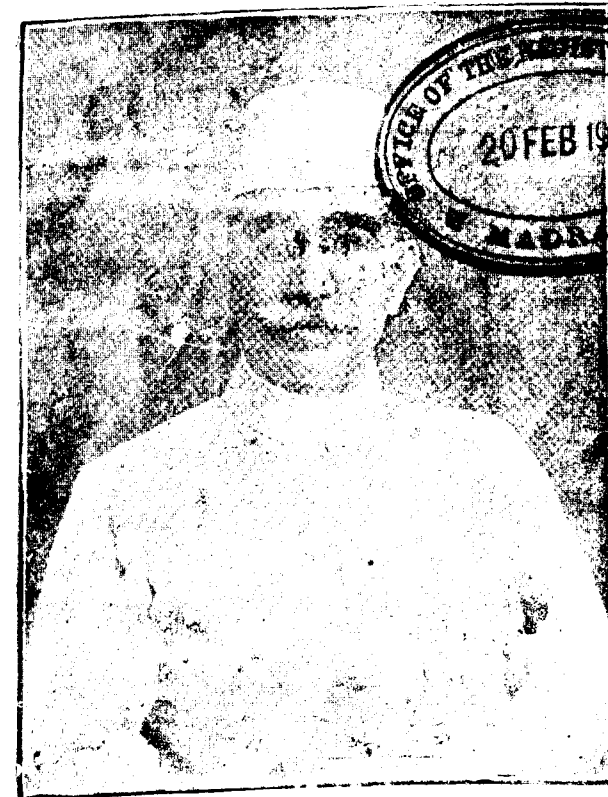
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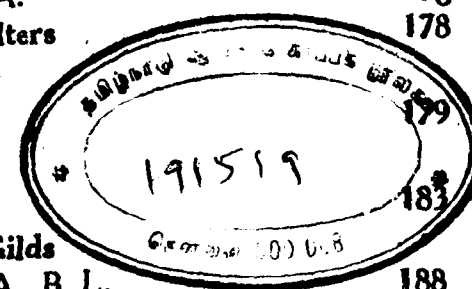
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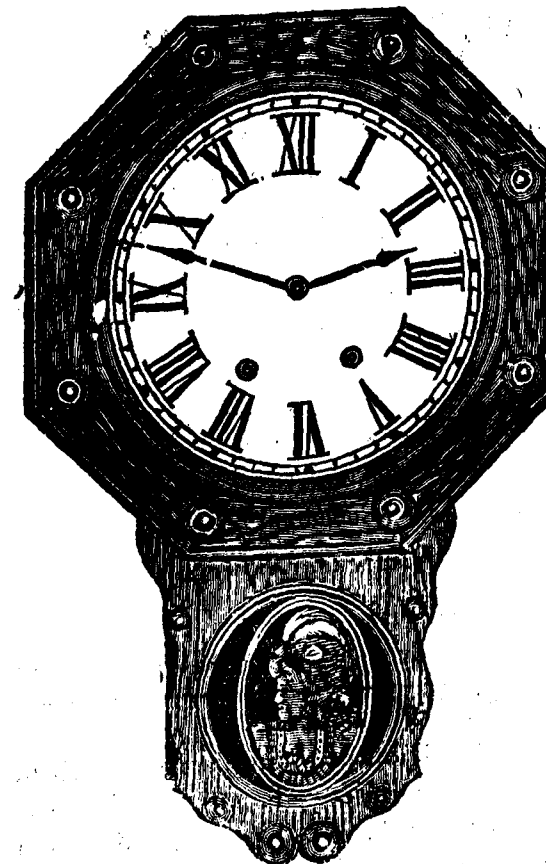
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We regret very much that due to unavoidable circumstances, mostly the pressure of work in the press, it has not been possible for us to bring out the November issue in time. We are therefore bringing out this Special Congress Number as a double Number for the months of November and December. We have always been against a double number, but we could not help it. We trust that our readers will excuse us.

The results of our Annual Cross-word, Anagram and Popular Baller Competitions will be announced in the January issue which will be out by the third week of January.



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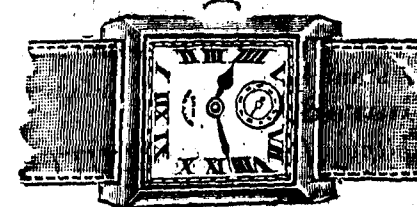
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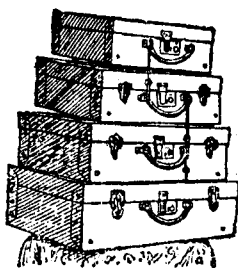
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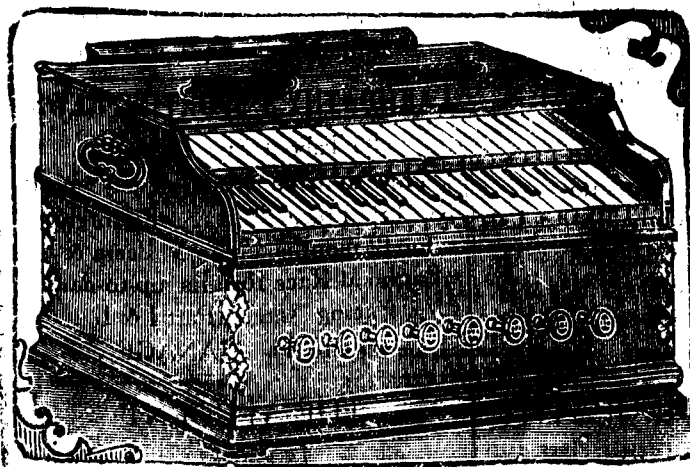
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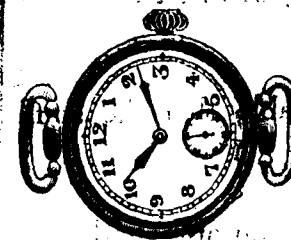
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Editorial Staff, "The Hindu"



It is even more difficult to say what Literature is than to guess what song the Sirens sang. You are caught in a bewildering maze of many opinions. All that one can offer at a venture is a few tentative thoughts set down at random. You can say, for instance, that Shakespeare is literature, the Bible is literature, Homer is literature—you do not know exactly why. But the thing that strikes one most as the common characteristic of all these great works is the great thought expressed in the inevitable word. The great thought need not necessarily be the original thought; for one thing, great writers have not been over-original in the narrow sense of the word; for another, thought, like the chameleon changes under your very eye—it is a flower that fades or freshens in the handling. The thought expressed must be emphatically great—a word of many connotations. It should not be *mean*; it should not be *trivial*; it should not be *abstruse* and so suicidal for the very soul of all thought is clearness; it should not be *Self-limiting* or *self-sufficient*. The artist's material being limited and the world of ideas he has to crystallise being immense, he should embody in his works those ideas, which, for lack of

better term, we must call "seminal." All thought has its being in ordered progress; if it ceases to grow, it dies and is added to the philosopher's collection of fossils. Above all, the great thought must be the living nexus between the elemental human emotions and the world of objective reality. It cannot ultimately be judged by the tribunal of intellect alone.

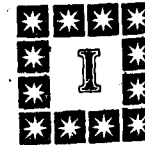
This very quality of greatness implies that the highest literature can never be merely national. All the world is his home, to the poet no less than to the "Sanyasi". Great literature is the possession of all humanity. It is the hymn of Pan. From the great mystics of the East, the torch of truth passed on to St. Francis of Assisi and William Blake. There is nothing provincial, no limitations of age or clime, in great literature.

There are two kinds of literature—the literature of knowledge and the literature of power. In the discussion of ultimate values, we need concern ourselves with the latter alone; for here only is the word *inevitable*. For, Nature's laws are inevitable; the most commonly accepted of Nature's laws is that any object of Nature under certain circumstances produces upon the mind certain impressions arising from its particular group of associations. Similarly, the inevitable word is that which conjures up an assemblage of required associations at a magic stroke. Thus it acts like nature, and is the fittest instrument for that re-creation of nature, which is the supreme aim of the artist.

The literature of power is the resultant of the reaction of the intellect on the imagination at white heat. The faculty which transmutes, combines and unifies the two is the pure intelligence, operating through the artistic temperament. The differentia of the intellect is *strength*; the differentia of the imagination is *sweep*; the one acts in terms of power, the other in terms of space; the one has degree, the other magnitude; the one is the will and the other is the vast—and the one pervades the other. The intellect and imagination must work in harmony to produce the highest literature. The true intelligence, working through its grosser aspect, the mind, is the converging lens that combines this spectrum and shoots out the clear, white, dazzling bar of sunshine which impregnates Nature, (human and other) and lo! the Birth of Art.

BIRTH CONTROL

BY THE HON'BLE JUSTICE V. RAMESAM



IN this article, I propose to give expression to a few thoughts on the subject of Birth Control. My immediate object is to call the attention of thinkers and statesmen of Southern India, especially such of them as have not already bestowed any attention to the subject. My justification for doing so is, that the subject has been occupying the attention of all leading thinkers of other countries and communities outside India. If it is so, it deserves the attention of the thinking section of this country as well. A dispassionate consideration of the subject is all that is now necessary, and it is not incumbent on me at present to state my own conclusions on the matter.

The word 'Birth Control' was invented in the year 1914 by Miss Margret Sanger the famous American reformer. In her Birth Control Primer she describes Birth Control as the conscious regulation of the birth rate. In the course of my reading, I can scarcely come across a book on the current problems of the world which has not a word to say on this subject. As an example, I will mention a series of books by the leading scientists and thinkers of England printed under the heading of "Today and Tomorrow." In one of the earliest books in these series namely, 'Daedalus' or 'Science in the Future' by J. B. S. Haldane, Professor of Bio-Chemistry in the University of Cambridge, the author says "in our day two more inventions have been added namely, 'Bactericide' and the artificial control of conception." In 'Icarus' or the 'Future of Science' by Bertrand Russell, she says "Birth control is a matter of great importance, particularly in relation to the possibility of world-government." It can hardly be stable if some nations increase their populations much more rapidly than others. At present, Birth Control is increasing in all civilised countries, though in some cases this is opposed by Governments. The opposition is partly due to superstition and a desire to conciliate the catholic vote; partly to the desire for large armies and severe competition between wage earners, so as to keep down wages. In spite of the opposition of Governments, it seems probable that Birth Control will lead to stationery population in most of the

white nations within the next fifty years. There can be no security that it will stop with a stationery population; it may go on to the point where the population diminishes. The increase in the practice of Birth Control is an example of a process contrary to that seen in industrialism. It represents a victory, of individual over collective passions. Collectively Frenchmen desire that France should be populous in order to be able to defeat her enemies in war. Individually, they desire that their own families should be small in order to increase the inheritance of their children and diminish the expense of education. The individual desire has triumphed over the collective desire, and even in many cases over religious scruples. The individual desire is less harmful to the world than the collective desire for, since medicine and sanitation have diminished the infant death rate, the only checks to overpopulation that remain, (apart from birth control) are war and famine. So long as this continues, the world must either have nearly stationary population, or employ war to produce famine. The latter method, which is that favoured by opponents of birth-control, has been adopted on a large scale since 1914. It is however "somewhat wasteful....." It is unnecessary for me to continue the quotation further, which extends to two more pages.

There is a complete book on the subject of "birth control" by Dr. C. B. Blacker, M. A., L. R. C. P. It is impossible to quote from this, as it is the subject matter of the whole book. However, I shall refer to one or two typical sentences from it:

"A man, who has himself received a certain kind of education and has been brought up, according to a certain tradition, likes to provide the same education and the same tradition for his children and if in the face of increasing taxation, the rise in the cost of living and the expenses of education—and I may add in Southern India, class competition—he cannot afford this sooner than have children to whom he must deny what he considers a good start in life, he prefers to limit his family.

"It would seem that the recent experience of the significance of the war, the existing signs of social instability and universal prevalence of unrest, hatred and international—and I may add communal—discord, make more considerate parents feel that the world is not a very desirable place to bring children into."

I will give only a third quotation: "Human race is now passing through a biological crisis unprecedented in the history of life. All things, which remind the unification of the races are good..... of these things the restriction of human fertility is one of the most important."

One of the most recent books in these series is "Hypateia" or "Woman and Knowledge" by Mrs. Bertrand Russel. She says: "We want better reasons for having children, than not knowing how to prevent them."

I will now give another class of writings to illustrate my statement. Marie Carmichael Stopes, published some years ago a book called "Wise Parenthood." In connection with her writings, she had to go to the courts. And though while succeeding in the court of appeal, she lost her case before the House of Lords, as to which I may draw the attention of my readers to a letter by George Bernard Shaw in the "Birth Control Review" of January 1925, it does not mean that there is any pronouncement of the House of Lords against Birth Control. On the other hand, a resolution in favour of Birth Control in the House of Lords, proposed by the Earl of Buckmaster, was carried by a majority in spite of the opposition of the spiritual lords and the Government. Incidentally, I should mention that the very Rev. Dean Inge has declared himself in favour of Birth Control; so also the Bishop of Birmingham, President of the Church Congress, National Service and Public Morals. Recent propagandist work by Mrs. Stopes has resulted in the formation of a new Malthusian League, which published a journal called "New Generation?", the annual subscription for which is 3sh. 6 d.

And I cannot imagine any literary club, reading room or association, whose aim is culture not subscribing for this journal, so that one side of the subject could be completely known. On the other side of the Atlantic we have got the 'Stopes' of America viz Mrs. Margaret Sangar. A state prosecution against her failed and her "Birth Control Review" has finished its seventh year of existence. There have also been six annual International conferences on Birth Control. Lord Dawson of Pen, physician to the Royal family, has delivered a lecture on Birth Control to the

Church Congress in October 1921. This is perhaps the most notable of all the utterances I have mentioned. It is unnecessary for me to mention writers like H. G. Wells, and thinkers like Bernard Shaw.

Now I think I have stated enough to show that outside India the subject has been occupying a great deal of attention. Dr. Rubgers of Holland, pioneer of Birth Control on the continent has published a book "*Eugenics and Birth Control*", in German which is available in English translation and Johann Frech, Austrian social reformer, has published a book, which is now obtainable in Madras. Having said so much, I will now turn to certain aspects of "Birth Control".

Some people confuse birth control with abortion. Abortion is the destruction of life in the womb, which is only just short of murder. Birth control is not abortion. Abortion is the taking away of life after conception. Birth control is the prevention of conception; it is the great preventive of abortion. It is said that 50 per cent. of the medical profession in America, make their living by causing secret abortions. Assuming there is some exaggeration in this, there is not the smallest doubt that considerable amount of abortions are going on all over the world; not only abortion, but infanticide also in some communities. Birth Control is the best preventive of abortion and the crime of child murder.

Another popular misconception is that birth control is unnatural. I will reply to this objection in the language of Prof. J. A. Thompson, professor of Natural History in the University of Aberdeen and author of several scientific works. He says, "we must brush aside the bogey of artificiality. We keep life artificially; we restore consciousness to a drowned man artificially; we replace in the heart a tissue artificially we counteract thyroid deficiency artificially. Why not use artificial means to prevent individual life from beginning? It seems to us that all this line of argument is insincere. But when an individual life has begun it is a different proposition; the individual life is sacred".

Margaret Sanger has issued a leaflet headed, "Is Birth Control unnatural?" She answers, "Yes, emphatically yes." Of course

it is. It is just as unnatural as the hat on your head, shoes on your feet, clothes on your body; natural man went naked. All animals go naked. Birth Control is as unnatural as the houses in which we live; the factories in which we work from day to day. Natural man lived in the open or caves. Animals also lived in the open except when domesticated by man. Birth control is just as unnatural as the food we eat, and every thing which we drink save water. Natural man lived on raw foods and water. There was no fire with which to cook. Fire was the beginning of civilisation. So also animals lived on raw foods and water except when under the domestication of man. Birth Control is just as unnatural as listening on the radio, talking over the telephone, travelling in train, riding on automobiles, flying in aeroplanes, writing in a typewriter or fountain pen, sending message by wire or wireless, crossing the ocean on steamer or making use of great inventions which have marked the progress of civilisation, for all inventions are unnatural.

If you are not going to do anything unnatural, don't go to the surgeon, for his work, all of it is unnatural. Refuse education to your children for, education is unnatural. If you insist on being natural, go and live in a desert island where there is no civilisation for all civilisation is unnatural. The truth is, man's environment, which is always changing contains something which is apparently crude and uncomfortable to man, and all civilisation and progress consists in conscious effort for the adaptation to the changing environment and making existence pleasanter. If every thing unnatural is to be abandoned, all such efforts are to be abandoned and Birth Control is only one of such efforts. If all such efforts are permissible, why not Birth Control also?

I now put the question, why is Birth Control necessary? Birth Control will prevent deaths in maternity cases where the mothers with their physical strength could not bear the strain of pregnancy, or, when they are suffering from Kidney diseases, tuberculosis, diabetes, reproductive weakness or worn out physical nerves. Woman should have in some cases no children at all. If in such cases, the woman conceives, is not the author of the conception in one sense the murderer of his wife, though he was

unconscious of the motive? Birth Control will prevent cases like these. In the book by Professor Bertrand Russel there is the instance of a mother who had eight children in eight years successively and she was advised by her doctor that a ninth child would mean death for her. She conceived a ninth time and she died. I know of similar cases in India. Birth Control will prevent death or illness of millions of children. Many babies die before they are one year old, most of them in the first month of life. The majority of these deaths occur in families where there are many children born close together. Many such children born in bad condition, instead of dying lie and suffer, physically and mentally a burden to themselves and their family. In a family of bad inheritance no children should be born. In a family where the mother is perfectly healthy and the inheritance good, she should have power to space her children, so that she might herself enjoy full health and strength and also bestow due care and attention on the children.

Another reason for Birth Control is happiness of family life. It will increase the happiness of the wife and she will be free from the haunting fear of pregnancy that is undesired and that she is unprepared for—it will enable her to have children when she wants them and when she feels that she is strong enough to bear them and she can take care of them. It will enable the husband and father to keep and enjoy his wife's love instead of feeling himself to be the object of fear; it will give the father opportunity to do his best for the children he has chosen to have instead of being distressed and harassed by the thought that he could not properly feed, clothe or educate them. The children born will have a welcome and affection from the parents, good education and a fair start in life. Birth Control will give to the homes peace, harmony and love and it will remove early marriage, lessen prostitution and promote morality. But the greatest achievement of Birth Control will be the prevention of poverty which is the immediate result of over-population of the world. At present nature deals with all such over-population by three methods war, famine and pestilence. The first is the standing method of China and of all civilised world; the second is the peculiar property of China and India; the third is common in all backward countries

Even in advanced countries if there are less epidemics now, it is less due to sanitation and more due to the practice of birth-control.

When poor families have unlimited number of children, there is little chance for them to rise above the level of unskilled and unorganised workers; as the supply of unskilled labour increases, the lower becomes the standard of wages and living. The answer to the problem of poor families is the limitation of the number of children in proportion to the income available. One capitalist says that the best friends of the capitalists are the large number of hungry mouths in the houses of wage earners. In families where the wage income is low, children go to work at an early age; elders have to bear the burden of caring for the younger ones; hence the problem of labour burden and little mothers. Birth Control is practically an efficient means of avoiding poverty, destitution etc., and the raising of the standard of living of the wage earners.

Dewan Bahadur T. Rangachariar, after his return from Australia has been lecturing to Madras audiences, and even Simla on the conditions there. He tells us that there is no poverty in Australia and that the wage earner there gets £ 4/10 sh. a week; but he also told us in the same lectures that the population of Western Australia, (one third of the whole country inclusive of the cities of Perth and Fremantle) is less than that of the city of Madras. Can we not put the two together and lay our fingers on the secret of the prosperity in Australia, which is a new country, growing in the way that civilised people wish it to grow? If instead of 320 millions in India, we have only 30 millions, which is not very bad compared with U. S. A. which has got an area four times as much as India and therefore is only one twelfth as thickly populated as India, I guarantee there will be less unemployment, less suffering, less famine, less poverty, less destitution and less epidemics in India.

During the last few months three different reports have been published in Madras newspapers. One is the report of the Committee of the Legislative Council on "Unemployment and its remedies", in this presidency; another is the report of the High Mortality Committee of Madras and the third is the Madras

Health Officer's report. So far, as I could peruse these reports as they appear in the newspapers, there is no reference to Birth Control which is the only remedy for all the three evils. The present infant mortality in Madras, is 189 Per 1,000. In Western countries where it is far lower, the birth rate is low. It is an axiom of social science that a high birth rate is followed by high mortality and low birth rate by low mortality. Sanitary measures are merely fool's paradise; reduce your birth rate, you take away the high mortality of a country. And yet this idea is singularly absent in the reports!

I will now wind up this article, which has grown long, by referring to one or two books which are thought provocative on the subject: Mrs. Margaret Sanger's "Women and the new race" "Birth Control-Pivot of Civilisation", with introduction by H. G. Wells. It is time for us to ponder whether Mrs. Sanger is right or wrong when she says that once mankind adopts birth control as universal, a new step in civilisation is taken. So long as man indulges in sexual acts merely to satisfy momentary impulses, is he not still in a level with the brute? But where he exercises foresight, weighs the consequences and enters upon the act, with a full sense of the responsibility, so that he could have children whom he could feed, clothe and educate properly, he then could be said to have raised himself above the animal level.

BUILD UP THE BODY, YOUNG INDIA

BY T. L. VASWANI

A young man came to me the other day with his note book and asked me to give him a message. And I wrote the following little line,—"Blessed is he to whom his body is a temple of the Blessed One." The physical is a form of the spiritual. A civilization which declines in respect of the body becomes decadent. It seems to me that the secret of Greek civilisation was just this,—it was at once intellectual, aesthetic, and athletic. Ancient Greece developed love of philosophy and games. Young Greeks were not only intellectual; they were also eager to build up strong bodies, strong and beautiful.

Poems were composed in honour of victors in the Olympic games.

The body is a temple of the Blessed One. Build up pure bodies and strong; and you will serve the nation.

BABER—A CHARACTER STUDY

BY A. NARAYANA PODUVAL



It was a splendid heritage that Baber got from his adventurous ancestors. On his mother's side from her Mongol ancestor Chingiz Khan, Baber acquired the unspoiled virtues of the desert, bravery, strength, and simplicity. His grandmother, a lady of wonderful sagacity was the person at whose instance he undertook several daring enterprises. Polished manners, devotion to culture, love of poetry and wine, boundless generosity, easy good nature and smiling bonhomie were the rich inheritance from his Turkish father. The country of his birth impressed on him the stamp of that rugged highland where rough wild nature was softened by eloquent humour and unreserved frankness. A fourth factor, a period of anarchy, violence, and guerilla wars, compelled him to cultivate in a high decree the qualities of alertness, vigilance, and tenacity of purpose. It is said that some men are born great. From early boyhood, Baber showed signs of his precocious ability as a born ruler and fighter. He had an unconquerable will power, and a supreme confidence in his own power to overcome all difficulties.

He compels our admiration by his versatile qualities. He was the greatest general of Asia of his times. He loved music and flowers; wrote poetry and prose; and hunted, planted, fought, and ruled. Three things, great physical strength with power to sustain hardship of every kind, swift and intelligent action in war, and a deep and warm affection for the lowest soldier, are conducive to military success in every general. These were gifts Baber possessed in an eminent degree.

We read that he swam across every great river that he had to cross including the Ganges. With a tall man tucked under each arm, he could run along the top of a lofty wall, without losing balance. Riding eighty or hundred miles a day after the manner of Napoleon, was to him easy performance. Neither wearisome campaigns and restless wanderings, nor excessive doses of liquor and bang sapped his energy to any considerable extent. For, his spirit was unconquerable. When malarial fever and the heat of India began to tell upon him, he relaxed none of his efforts at empire-building.

Of Napoleon, Emerson has thus written: "A thunderbolt in the attack, he was found invulnerable in his intrenchments. His very attack was never the inspiration of courage, but the result of calculation. His idea of the best defence consists in being still the attacking party." With Baber too, his chief argument in battle lay in rapid movements and sudden attacks. Both at Panipat and at Kanwaha (near Sikri) he covered his front with a line of gun-carriages with match-lock men behind the line. In the two battles, Baber took advantage of a critical moment, and ordered his flanking cavalry columns to wheel round and charge the enemy's right and left. Simultaneously, his guns and match-lock men advanced firing incessantly, his centre flinging itself on the enemy's centre repeatedly. He won the two great battles by these clever tactics, which remind one of the manner in which Marshal Foch, the hero of the Great War once expounded his military tactics. "Foch first of all stretched out his right hand like a parrot fastening it in a claw-like manner upon an imaginary object—the enemy's flank. Then he proceeded to do the same thing with his left hand, until he held fast the enemy's other flank. Then he thrust his head forward as a parrot does when it bites, and repeated this several times after the manner of that bird." Four centuries lie between Emperor Baber and Marshal Foch; but how strikingly similar seem their military tactics!

An army trusts a capable leader who knows the art of war; but it loves and adores the general to whom it is his family. When his favourite Sabinus was cut off, Caesar vowed not to shave his beard till the reverse was revenged. Of Napoleon it is chronicled, that one night, in one of his campaigns, he and his soldiers had to sleep on the bare open ground not far from a Bishop's richly furnished palace, where every preparation had been made to welcome the great conqueror in right royal fashion. The French Emperor preferred the rough ground to the Bishop's soft bed; because, the former had fallen to his men's lot, which was his lot too. Equally strong was the Mughal Emperor's love for his own soldiery. On one occasion, Baber and his men were returning to Kabul from Herat, marching by a route over the mountains. It began to snow heavily and incessantly for a few days. Then, there came a terrible storm, the snow falling

so fast as to make them despair of their very lives. At length, they reached the mouth of a cave, and Baber's men asked him to go inside. "In the company of friends," answered Baber, "death is a feast; so says the Persian proverb. No; I would not enter this cave, with my beloved men out in the snowdrifts." And he sat in the snow, till a cave was found spacious enough to contain every one of them. An action of this kind produces a magical effect. It enables the humblest soldier to discover in his generalissimo a friend and a comrade. To die for that friend and comrade is his ambition thereafter.

Baber's was a wide horizon of activity and taste. While he hunted wild animals, he found time to indulge in poetry; while he battled with princes and chieftains, he had plenty of leisure for tending his gardens. When his second conquest of Samarkand ended in his flight from the city, he spent one night in losing his way in a labyrinth of tangled canals; the next morning however found him enjoying a horse race with his companions. And on another of his days of exile, he plunged into a swift stream and dived sixteen times; again, during his stay at Tashkend as an exile, his uncle's soldiers started hunting over a wide hunting circle, while Baber set himself to composing an ode beginning with the line,

"I have found in the world no faithful friend but my soul." He was an accomplished Persian poet and an excellent prose writer in his native Turki. The following is an example of one of his elegant ghazals (odes) breathing bitter experience, exalted emotion, and strong character:—

"I said to myself:— 'Oh, my soul,
How long wilt thou continue to take pleasure in sin?
Repentance is not unpalatable: taste it."

* * *
How much of thy life hast thou thrown away?
Since thou hast set forth on a holy war,
Thou hast seen death before thine eyes for thy salvation.
He who will sacrifice his life to save himself,
Shall attain that exalted state which thou knowest.
I vowed never more to drink wine."

This memorable vow was taken on the eve of the battle with Rana Sanga of Chitor.

"Tabkat-i-Baburi" (The Memoirs of Baber) written by that prince of autobiographers, deserves to be read by every young Indian. Says an English author, "It fascinates the Eastern and Western readers alike by its frankness, and by the jovial, free, generous nature which it reveals." The graphic description in it of a hundred and more adventures, and the panoramic portrayal of the wonderful and diversified scenery in the lands trodden by him, lend to Baber's classic autobiography an ineffable charm. His style was direct, lucid, and simple. He once wrote to his son Humayun, that the latter used uncommon expressions with a view to show off his knowledge and that consequently his meaning was obscure. "If you would use plain words," wrote Baber, "they would give less trouble, both to yourself and to your reader." No words are more commendable than these, to one who wants to cultivate fitness, force, and felicity in the use of language.

Farghana, the country of Baber's birth, made him a worshipful admirer of beautiful spots on Earth. It was a country profuse in fruits and blessed with rich harvests. Climbing melons, sweet smelling roses, luscious pomegranates, and sweet-berried grapes grew there in great abundance. Baber fell into raptures when the *arghwan* flowers of Kabul bloomed, 'the yellow mingling with the red'. He knew every animal, bird, and flower, their ways and habits. He beautified Kabul by laying out fountains and extensive parks. At Agra he laid out beautiful gardens and orchards, sank deep wells, and built big tanks and marble pavilions. Admiring the banks of Jumna, with plants flowering profusely by the water-side, gave him as much delight as did the hunting of Hyrcanian tigers in the jungles of Hindustan. But at the mere sight of a musk-melon, tears welled up in his eyes, as it made him cast his memory back to the days of his early life in his own distant Farghana.

"Generosity and humanity took the lead," says Haidar Mirza an old writer, speaking of Baber. When his son Humayun placed at his feet the most valuable historical diamond, the father gave it back to his son. After the victory at Panipat, he gave Humayun £20,000. His chief Begs received several thousands. Even in the distant Kabul, great was the rejoicing; for, every man, woman, and child had one silver coin sent to

them. At Agra, the Khwajas from Samarkand and ambassadors from Persia and Bengal were recipients of costly gifts. Dresses and valuables were freely distributed among his old veterans from Andijan, who had shared his chequered fortunes. He gave away the immense spoil of the Delhi Sultans and they nicknamed him the "Kalandar"—the beggar friar.

Baber loved and adored his grandmother, at whose instance he launched himself into several enterprises. He treated his brothers Jahangir and Nasir with great kindness, though they had plotted against him. When at Kabul, his cousin Abd-ar-Razzak was proclaimed king by a band of Mongol rebels, Baber took him prisoner, but soon set him at liberty. His uncles were his bitter enemies; but, when their wives came to him in India, he quartered them in stately palaces and visited them every Friday. The great Caesar who overlooked military mistakes in his officers, never allowed mutiny and desertion to go unpunished. But, the magnanimous Mughal "would welcome back over and over again officers who had deserted him in his hour of misfortune."

Baber had but little time to do constructive work, by way of repairing the roads and organising his kingdom. His young sons served under him as provincial governors. The officer in control of each jagir into which all the lands were divided, collected taxes from the merchants. These officers used to remit to the imperial treasury a fixed annual income. The total yearly revenue, it is said, amounted to thirty-nine crores of rupees.

The life of our imperial lover of war and glory has its lessons to humanity. We pay our homage to this here, because men of his stamp make the earth wholesome. He has shown us what a calm tenacity of purpose and noble fortitude can accomplish. "The world belongs to the laborious," he once wrote to his son; and his own life of strenuous activity marked by energy and vigour more than anything else, proves that all rewards go to him who is ready to encounter hardship and danger. Our failure is more often than not, the result of our grievous fault. It is a misfortune that befalls him who is devoid of mental alertness. Says a Latin author: "Opportunity has hair in front; behind she is bald; if you seize her by the forelock you may hold her; but if suffered to escape, not Jupiter himself

can catch her again." The same truth expressed in equally felicitous language, is sounded in the following poem by Baber:-

"He that does not seize what comes into his grasp,
Must indulge his regret even to old age, and repine.
Occasion must be leaped on when it offers:
The doings of the indolent, out of season, are
utterly worthless."

The Emperor, while he believed in the glory of man's power and destiny, cherished a profound faith in the goodness and omnipotence of Divine Power.

"God is the giver of little and of much:
In His court none other has power."

He loudly proclaimed his deep faith in God on a memorable occasion. Just before the commencement of the battle with Rana Sanga, an astrologer's prediction of misfortune, considerably unnerved his war-worn officers. "God's stars war against no man who does his duty," thundered Baber, and at once vanished the superstitious terror of his panic-stricken lieutenants.

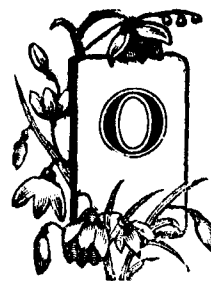
A copy of the great Emperor's secret will, addressed to his son Humayun, has of late become prominent. Therein, he enjoins on his son Humayun to 'wipe all religious prejudices off the tablet of the heart, to avoid the sacrifice of cow, not to ruin temples and shrines, to promote the cause of Islam more by the sword of obligations than by the sword of tyranny, and to overlook the dissensions of Shiah and Sunnis' (1st Jamadiul Awwal, 935 A. H). What a splendid document, every line of it breathing liberality, chivalry and toleration!

In the words of Holden, "Baber will appear not unworthy to be classed with the great Caesar, as a general, as an administrator, as a man of letters. His character is more loveable than Caesar's and reminds us of Henry IV of France and Navarre. He conquered India and founded a mighty empire. Take him for all in all, he was the most admirable of the Mughal kings." Of the men of his stamp, the poet sings:-

"Ever their phantoms arise before us,
Our loftier brothers, but one in blood,
At bed and table they lord it o'er us,
With looks of beauty, and words of good."

OBESITY

BY S. RAMA IYER, B. A.



BESITY seldom obeys. Fat! Fatter! Fattest!!!
That's how it grows and grows. Its progress and progression is neither arithmetic nor even geometric. It is an indescribable something else. It incessantly and tremendously increases—yearly, monthly, daily, hourly. It

requires absolutely no manure for its growth, though luxury and sedentary habits undoubtedly promote its onward march. Happy is that person, indeed, who is able, by regular and regulated exercises, to nip this nasty nuisance in its very initial stage. At any rate, one should spare no pains to curb its unwarranted and audacious intervention. Carelessness and lethargy might mean, in the end, multifarious vexations. You may sweat and swear, and do worse. The fellow goes completely out of control.

Fat men and fatter women! I am extremely sorry for you. My heart goes with you. Accept my unqualified and undiluted sympathy. Some of you, I see, with bulging, hemispherical bellies. Nor am I slow to notice those pot and pumpkin varieties. Many of you possess space enough for drawing a big, world map itself. And not a few among you grow from east to west. Perhaps you can't help it. Brave sons and daughters, descendants of Adam and Eve! Bear them and their attendant troubles, calmly and patiently. What cannot be cured must be endured. Yet, I shall show you how to make the best of the worst. Please hear me.

Suppose you wish to act the part of a stout landlady, (as a matter of fact, all landladies are depicted as being stout) or the fat widow of Feversham, or still better, the part of the famous Falstaff, won't your preponderant protuberance afford you much help? Any of you will do well and look well as Bhaka, Bhima, Thataka, or anything of that type. You will carry weight, material and metaphorical, wherever you are and wherever you go. On ceremonial occasions, when it comes to the smearing of sandal-paste, you have decidedly, with your august personality the first preference, though the crowd is apt to hurl

upon you all sorts of curses and abuses for your fencing and screeching. I can go on multiplying such instances. To sum up, your state is not so bad as you imagine.

I can quite well realise your divers difficulties. Go to a theatre or lecture hall, you need double and treble spaces. The chairs are not made to your particular requirements and measurements. When I think of this I am somehow reminded about the barber's chair "that fits all....s". Suppose you go for a travel. Amidst all the hurly-burly which is usual and natural, you may find it sometimes a Herculean task to thrust into the compartment your breathing portmanteau, I mean, particularly your fair, round belly. Then, some laugh within their sleeves, while others laugh outright. A third party whispers something about you. Suddenly, you grow hot. Your face becomes red. Your eyes are redder. You are perspiring awfully, physically and mentally. What to do? It is even so. In this connection, I have to note down one thing in particular. Up to this time, I have not heard a single complaint against any railway company, saying that a fat person was not able to get into a compartment, for want of sufficient breadth for the door. As to your troubles, or rather the troubles that you cause to others, in tramcars, motor cars, buses, julkas, rickshaws, etc, they are all the same and something more, *mutatis mutandis*. By the bye, I am forced to observe that it is a funny spectacle to see a lean gentleman travelling with a wife of extra-ordinary proportions. The case is not so equally interesting when it refers to a stout man going about with a slender mate.

Continuing this important aspect of the subject further, in a fresh paragraph, there is your tailor who may say that your girth measurement is from 54-60 inches. Don't get angry with him. For, there is no fighting with facts. Sometimes, you find it too difficult to walk even one or two furlongs. You require much time. The flesh is too much on you and about you. In fine, you want double shares and more in everything—time, space, clothes, money, and what not. There is no end to your unavoidable worries. As I have already hinted elsewhere, optimism is the only sure and efficacious remedy for such incurable maladies. But, this must be said to your credit, that you people,

after all, in most cases, do not consume half as much food as those crafty, lean fellows, whose stomachs have "the dilating power of an anaconda."

What countless jokes are cracked at the expense of these persons! All sorts of epithets are freely used against them. That gentleman, going there, is a miniature Leviathan. That lady, struggling hard to move on, is one Mrs. Webster unabridged. So and so will very well answer the purpose of an anchor. Another is a moving mountain. And lo! there comes a baby elephant! Decency and decorum do not permit me to read the list in full. I feel I have said enough about the subject. I mean no insult to any of you, dear readers. My thanks are specially due to those persons who have directly inspired me to write a bit in this vein, and I hope they will pardon my well-meant and innocent excesses. In concluding this random sketch, let me quote those words of a poet, addressed to his sweetheart:

"Do not be troubled,
Though you are doubled;"

I MIGHT!—UNHAPPY WORD

I might!—unhappy word—O me, I might,
And then would not or could not see my bliss;
Till now wrapt in a most infernal night,
I find how heavenly day, wretch! I did miss.
Heart, rend thyself, thou dost thyself but right;
No lovely Paris made thy Helen his:
No force, no fraud robb'd thee of thy delight,
Nor Fortune of thy fortune another is;
But to myself myself did give the blow,
While too much wit, forsooth, so troubled me,
That I respects for both our sakes must show:
And yet could not, by rising morn, foresee
How fair a day was near: O punish'd eyes,
That I had been more foolish, or more wise!

Sir Philip Sidney

WILLIAM BLAKE

BY K. G. SESA IYER, B. A., B. L., M. R. A. S.

I give you the end of a golden string,
Only wind it into a ball;
It will lead you in at Heaven's gate
Built in Jerusalem's wall.

*Blake.*

JUST a hundred years ago, on 12th August 1827, William Blake, the poet-painter-mystic, passed away literally in lyric rapture, after a long life of labour into which fortune's smiling rays seldom or never penetrated. His father was a hosier in London; and from the scanty education that the poet received, we may conclude that the family was not in prosperous circumstances. At the age of 10, young Blake was sent to a drawing school in the Strand; and after he had spent some years there, he was apprenticed to an engraver of repute, James Basire. This was a circumstance of momentous import in the poet's life. Basire set him to make drawings from the monuments in Westminster Abbey for a work the former was engaged to engrave; and to his work in the dim sanctuaries of the Abbey, among the tombs and chapels, may be ascribed the development of the romantic turn of his imagination which conceived the land of spirits and fleeting shadows as the land of reality, teeming with life and presences. The sombre darkness of the surroundings glowed to his vision with the forms of spirits and angels, an experience which inevitably fostered and strengthened his affinity for the spiritual in art and poetry. In 1782, Blake married Catherine Boucher, who will always be remembered as about the most perfect wife on record that a man of genius was ever blessed with. She was poor and illiterate; but she became her husband's willing pupil, and entered like him with her whole heart and soul into every scheme, however fantastic, for the furtherance of his art. Very little more that is of consequence do we really know of what Blake called his 'vegetative existence'; which to the uninitiated was one of chill penury. It did not however suppress his noble rage; for his real life was mental and spiritual; and what better or fuller documents can we have of that life than the writings he

has left! A sympathetic study of them will enrich our soul, in spite of rude shocks to social and intellectual conventions we may receive in the process. Faith in himself and faith in God:—these formed the dominant note in his character; and having them, he wanted naught else.

I have mental joys and mental health,
And mental friends and mental wealth;
I have a wife I love and that loves me;
I have all but riches bodily.
I am in God's presence night and day,
And he never turns his face away.

His mental and spiritual possessions Blake valued much more than silver and gold, which he regarded as gilded nothings.

He sang:

Since all the riches of this world
May be gifts from the devil and earthly kings,
I would suspect that I worshipped the devil,
If I thanked my God for worldly things.

To the man of the world, life without the riches of the world would be a misery and blank. Not so, however, to the mystic; and Blake is, perhaps, the greatest of English Mystic-poets. The golden rule to follow in attempting to understand him is what Swinburne has laid down: "First get well hold of the mystic, and you will then at once get a better view and comprehension of the painter and poet."

Blake was openly in revolt against all social and intellectual conventions of the day. In the words of Swinburne, he was born and baptised into the church of rebels. All that was accepted for art and all that was taken for poetry, he unhesitatingly rejected as barren symbols. It would be strange indeed if Blake to whose marvellous imagination the veil of outer things pulsed with some mysterious breath behind it, rendering the concrete facts and forms before us into symbols possessing an inner significance, and the very void of earth and sky palpitated with the play of living presences, could have felt anything but contempt for the conventional verses of the pre-eminently prosaic 18th century. He asks the Muses:

How have you left the ancient love,
That bards of old enjoyed in you!
The languid strings do scarcely move,
The sound is forced, the notes are few!

Burns and Wordsworth and Coleridge, and Shelley and Byron and Keats had not then appeared on the poetic horizon; and who will say that Blake's fine scorn of the poetry of the period as mere 'tinkling rhymes and elegances terse' whose 'sound without sense' could draw praise only from Midas 'of lengthened ears' was unjustified? Naturally he went to the Elizabethans for literary tradition; and amongst them Milton exerted the most potent influence upon him. "Milton loved me in childhood and showed me his face" writes Blake. He felt also other influences. "Ezra came with Isaiah the Prophet. Paracelsus and Behmen appeared to me" says he. These were not fancies; he believed he actually saw them and heard them. Possibly too he had met Swedenborg, the mystic-philosopher. The fine frenzy of the poet—the seer who through the magic lenses of inspiration sees beyond and behind the outward aspect of things—settled soon on him; and early in life he produced in 1783 his *Poetical Sketches*, a collection of lyrics, of which Swinburne writes that their texture has the softness of flowers. Blake produced one of these lyrics, *A Song*, beginning with, "How sweet I roamed from field, to field" before he was fourteen years of age; and Mr. Skipsey, the editor of Blake in the *Canterbury Poets* series, justly says of this poem that it is one of the very loveliest lyrics in the English tongue, and for airiness, brightness and suggestiveness, there are very few lyrics in the language. *To the Muses*, from which a verse has already been quoted, belongs, to this collection; and in Swinburne's estimation this poem should never be omitted in any professedly complete selection of the best English lyrics. But in spite of the richness, colour and melody of the lyrics contained in the *Poetical Sketches*, it is sad to remember that the volume was still-born. Blake was disappointed. He was already out of sympathy with the spirit of his age; and as Voltaire has said,

Quin'apas l'esprit de son age,
De son age a tout le malheur.

As days passed, his struggles only continued without abatement, and his disappointment only increased. He was not without ambition; and he again made an attempt to succeed as a poet. This time he produced his book by the method he had invented of relief-engraving and printing by his own

hand. A characteristic story is told of the origin of this new kind of illustrated work. Blake's younger brother, Robert, died in 1787, and in his illness Blake had nursed him with great love and tenderness. When the moment for the spirit to leave the body arrived, the poet thought and believed that he saw it 'ascend through the matter-of-fact ceiling, clapping its hands for joy!' The spirit brother made the suggestion to the poet that he should publish his works by a new method which the two spirits in co-operation might invent; and the result was the novel illustrated work that Blake adopted for bringing out his subsequent productions. In his prospectus 'To the Public' he said: "The author has invented a method of printing both letter press and engraving in a style more ornamental, uniform and grand than any before discovered. If a method of printing which combines the Painter and the Poet is the phenomenon worthy of public attention, provided that it exceeds in elegance all former methods, the author is sure of his reward." In 1788-89 came out his *Songs of Innocence*, and six years later his *Songs of Experience*; but in spite of their high lyric beauty and poetic charm and melody they failed to obtain public recognition. Mr. Sampson, to whom we owe the standard edition of Blake, thinks that we must attribute this scanty recognition of his poetic genius in his life-time to the singular mode of publication he adopted. Possibly that is the chief reason; but even in these exquisite poems of incomparable beauty, sweetness and power, Blake had begun to speak 'in a strange voice that seemed to proceed from a far country. The seer had great things to say to his fellowmen; he was a teacher with a new message; and the tragedy of his life was there was none to listen to him, much less to understand him.

One delights to linger among these songs. Their fragrance and colour, their joyfulness and their music, their impulsive energy and their invincible faith are arresting and compel admiration. Yes; the author of those songs lived and moved on another earth than ours,

With a blue sky spread over with wings,
And a mild sun that mounts and sings;
With trees and fields full of fairy elves
And little devils who fight for themselves;
With angels planted in hawthorn bowers,
And God Himself in the passing hours.

worked by a law of his own. After long years of neglect, the world is now wakening to the consciousness that, after all, even the chaotic and mystical *Prophetic Books* may contain a message of new humanity, which in spite of the obvious difficulty involved, is, perhaps, not altogether unworthy of an earnest endeavour to understand. Let us try to glance at some of the more obvious of them.

The Book of Thel is an allegory, which the poet engraved in 1789. It appears to be clear in language and import. It teaches that the comfort of life should be sought through death. Creation finds its fulfilment in sacrifice. There is no death, but only change. 'Everything that lives,' even the meanest worm, 'lives not alone nor for itself; and everything that passes away does so to tenfold life,' and through this eternal process of generation in which one life is given for another or is passed into new veins of life, all existence is redeemed and is rendered a sacrament. Harken to the words of the Worm to Thel, the youngest daughter of the Seraphim, who felt troubled that she lived only to be at death the food of worms.

"O beauty of the vales of Har! we live not for ourselves
Thou seest me, the meanest thing, and so I am indeed.
My bosom of itself is cold, and of itself is dark;
But He that loves the lowly pours his oil upon my head,
And kisses me, and binds His nuptial bonds around my breast,
And says; "Thou mother of my children, I have loved thee,
And I have given thee a crown that none can take away."
But how this is, sweet maid, I know not; and I cannot know;
I ponder, and I cannot ponder: yet I live and love!"

The daughter of Beauty learns the lesson that all life is consecrated, and in the least of living things there is something of God's eternal life infused, which renders it essentially imperishable. Perhaps here Blake's well known lines

To see a world in a grain of sand,
And a heaven in a wild flower;
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand,
And eternity in an hour,
Will leap into one's memory.

The marriage of Heaven and Hell is said to indicate the high water mark of Blake's intellect. It is one of those productions that will give our brains a racking. It abounds in contradictions and paradoxes, anomalies and incompatibilities, heresies and eccentricities. Nevertheless, it is not very difficult to see its central theme, which appears to be that everything in existence partakes of the divine. Man and beast, and leaf and flower have each their indestructible soul or spirit. It is pantheistic in its

teaching. In *Jerusalem* the poet's attempt seems to be to establish and emphasize the unity of God and man. Blake was a firm believer in the inherent divinity of mankind. He writes:

Thou also dwellest in eternity,
Thou art a man. God is no more,
Thy own humanity learn to adore,
For that is my spirit of Life.

The Prophetic Books may be regarded as a commentary on his gospel of life. Was that gospel, as set out in these all but incomprehensible productions, a gospel of anarchy and heresy? Who can exactly say? One thing is clear, however. The holy grail that he was in quest of was, to use his own terminology, spiritual Jerusalem or Liberty; and he repeatedly tells us that that can be attained only by vanquishing two powerful dragons that guard it. As he writes in *Milton*

Within the centre, eternity expands,

Its ever-during doors that Og and Anak fiercely guard.

These two forces that bear down upon and stifle or euphemistically 'guard' the central shrine of Liberty are 'Nature' or the conventional world, the harlot-mother of artificial morality and propriety and of hypocracies, and 'Religion', or the moral law and Government of the 'restrictive Deity, Urizen, mistaken demon of Hell'. This is, perhaps, an audacious conception, far beyond the comprehension of ordinary men; but it will be a mistake to suppose that Blake lived without religion or was a social monster. To him, religion was not a mere convention, nor a detached emotion; but it was an ever present reality. And how much imbued with the spirit of humanity Blake was will be patent from the following beautiful lines of his, for instance:

Seek love in the pity of others woe
In the gentle relief of another's care,
In the darkness of night and the winter's snow,
With the naked and outcast—seek love there.

I must now conclude. If Blake had written nothing more than his *Poetical Sketches*, *Songs of Innocence*, *Songs of Experience* and *The Book of Thel*, he would have established an indisputable claim to be placed among the immortals. He, however, wrote something more, which unfortunately is strange in language and mostly un-understandable. Let us not condemn him, as the world has done only too long, for this latter; let us rather judge him by the works we are able to understand and appreciate. We will then realize that in him we have a poet of supreme genius, whom we may rank with the greatest masters of lyric song.

THE RAYON INDUSTRY

BY K. R. NATARAJAN, B. A.

The cellulose products originally called artificial silk are now known by the technical name of rayon. The industry has so much expanded that it has completely replaced the trade in natural silk in some countries like England and Germany and almost wrested more than half the business which was formerly in the hands of the natural silk industry in some other countries like France and the United States. Two important factors that promise a bigger future for the industry are, (1) while artificial silk is as fine in texture and as lasting in durability as natural silk, it sells much cheaper, and (2) while the difference in cost between a yard of artificial silk and a yard of fine cotton is not very great, (in quite a good number their costs are the same) the nicity of texture and the durable qualities of the former far supersede those of the latter. Thus it has completely displaced natural silk in the market in countries where it is manufactured on a very large scale and has almost wrested the trade in excellent, finished cotton in such countries. This exactly is the case with England according to as great an authority as the 'Financial Times'.

History of the Industry

As it is the case with more than one branch of applied science, it is not possible to definitely ascertain who was the pioneer in this field. But, it would appear that the eminent naturalist and physicist, Reaumer, expressed in very definite terms, in as early a year as 1754, that the manufacture of a fibre very similar to silk was possible and would certainly be accomplished some day, from gums and resins. It will be interesting to note that at the time the famous French scientist is said to have predicted the birth of this new industry, gums and resins were the only two materials that possessed any appreciable similarity to silk in their fibrous qualities.

Discoveries of Scheenbein and Audemars

But Reaumer's prophesy did not inspire any youthful scientist to experiment on gums and resins for nearly a century." Scheenbein discovered in the year 1845 the process of nitrating cellulose. This important discovery made the scientists believe in the possibility of Reaumer's prophesy, and from that year

many scientists conducted systematic experiments to manufacture threads which should be as fine and durable as textile fibres. In 1855 the French Government gave the great scientist and industrialist, Audemars, the sole right to manufacture threads from nitrocellulose. Audemars called these threads artificial silk. It may be interesting to note in this connection that these threads had a greater resemblance to vegetable structures than silk because in their chemical reactions they exactly behaved like the former. But Audemars' name can be justified in this way. That is, in their appearance they are like silk structureless while the other natural textiles are organised.

But the manufacture of this artificial textile did not make any great headway till Count Hilaire de Chardonnet co-ordinated his own results as well as those of other workers and thus produced on a commercial scale and in attractive form the fibre which is now popularly known as artificial silk. Thus Chardonnet is the real organiser of the rayon industry and is deservedly called the Father of the Artificial Silk Industry. As the research in this field progressed, it brought into operation various distinct and safe processes for the production of fine marketable fibres from cellulose. The initial products obtained were merely nitrates of cellulose. These nitrates were first turned into fibres and were then subjected to a complex process of denitration.

In the year 1890, Despeisses the famous chemist and industrialist invented a new process of manufacture in which he dissolved the cellulose in an ammoniacal solution of copper. The last and most important process to be adopted in the manufacture of rayon is the viscose system in which a cellulose xanthate is used.

Impending Developments

The discovery of the viscose system has made it possible for the manufacture of artificial silk on a gigantic scale. But a big capital is needed for that, and so many small companies which previous to the discovery of the viscose system of manufacture, managed to get a fair profit by adopting the cellulose-denitration process are unable to compete with the fairly big companies which with their large capitals are able to produce better stuff for a less price. Thus, these small companies which are threatened with ruin are going to amalgamate. The Financial

News, with reference to the forthcoming merger says "We are in a position to say that very interesting developments may shortly be expected in connection with two well known concerns. One of them, after several years of uphill work, has now developed into a leading producer of viscose silk, and is making good profits." Again these are the very words which the same journal has on the future of the industry: "Conditions are such, nowadays, that very considerable profits can be made by those who go into the business in a large enough way and with adequate technical experience, but it seems probable that the growing world-demand will be chiefly satisfied for the present, at all events—by greater production of the existing companies."



The Love that Never Falters

"I vow to thee, my country, all earthly things above—
Entire and whole and perfect, the service of my love
The love that asks no questions; the love that stands the test
That lays upon the altar the dearest and the best;
The love that never falters, the love that pays the price
The love that makes undaunted the final sacrifice;
And there's another country, I've heard of long ago—
Most dear to them that love her, most great to them that know—
We may not count her armies—we may not see her king,
Her fortress is a faithful heart, her pride is suffering—
And soul by soul and silently her shining bounds increase,
And her ways are ways of gentleness and all her
paths are peace.

Cecil Spring-Rice—East-West

TWO TRAGEDIES *Tess and Jude*

BY R. RAMANI, M. A.

'The impression is the play', says Professor Raleigh in his consideration of the plays of Shakespeare and incidentally claims that as the basis of all true appreciation of Drama. The dictum is no less true of the sister realm of the novel; and if one were asked to state his personal preference in respect of the novels of Thomas Hardy and if the choice were not limited to one, the suffrage of even the most superficial of his readers would in nine cases out of ten be cast in favour of *Tess of the D'Urbervilles* and *Jude the Obscure*. Here too it is a matter of specific impression; and possibly the questioner would be attributed with impertinence if he went further and desired to know the 'why' or the 'how' of such preference. Anyhow if the impression is all that matters in the realm of art the answer is selfsufficient and needs not to be explained. But this is not however to hold that the impression is not capable of an explanation, or even many explanations; and it should be the serious study of the student of Hardy's art to find out if he may and as he must, the *sine qua non* of this predominant preference—leaving aside for the moment the balancing of merit between *Tess* and *Jude* themselves, which is at best a matter of individual temperament and inclination.

Obviously the most noticeable trait in either *Tess* or *Jude* is that each is a tragedy, or more precisely both are tragedies of one simple type and therefore go together in company in a consideration of the art of the Novelist, though very probably, for this again is a matter of temperament, the tragic note in *Jude* is of an undeniably remorseless type, while that in *Tess* is singularly sweet and sunny, but none the less tragic; the predominant tone of feeling in *Tess* is pity and sympathy of a very delicate but decisive kind, while that in *Jude* is sheer indignation and horror at what the reader sees as a pitiless struggle against the tyranny of circumstances, in fact the very last word in Tragedy as Hardy conceives it.

But what is Tragedy in Hardy? Negatively it bears no resemblance either to the conception of Tragedy according to the Greek Tragedians or that according to Shakespeare. Hardean

Tragedy is of an altogether different kind with little suggestion of similarity to the classic dramatist and to Shakespeare. Without going too far afield and without aiming at philosophic accuracy one might say in general that the Tragedies of Hardy are what may be called *Tragedies of circumstance* and not, and this is an important matter *Tragedies of character*. Nay more: they are Tragedies of circumstance not in the sense that they portray the tragedies of particular individuals under peculiar circumstances that prove over much for them; but rather in the very wide and philosophic sense in which, as Hardy sees it, *all* individuals, high or low, fortunate or otherwise, are preordained for final defeat and destruction in their unequal struggle with forces of this world that have been deliberately provided with superior might. If this is existence under a Being who does not scruple to allow Himself to be called All-wise and All-merciful, then we must not grudge the liberty that Hardy takes when he on his part does not scruple to call such a Being with rather more of anger than sorrow a "Vast Imbecility"

Has some Vast Imbecility

Mighty to build and blend

But impotent to bend

Framed as in jist and left us now to Hazardry?

This in effect is the question that Hardy asks again and again in his tragic stories, but leaves us in no doubt about the answer. That explains the challenging sub-title to *Tess*—'A Pure Woman' and asks of our indulgence to bear with the author who pictured the terrific scene of unrelieved horror in *Jude* where Father Time becomes a victim to a suicidal-cum-homicidal mania for a reason which in his own words is supremely simple.

Hardy's world, or rather the world as Hardy sees it is a fabric of mighty import raised on two fundamental facts viz: human intellect and human endeavour that make man or woman a selfwilled personality; and the divine impulses of the world, what are called the forces of existence. These are not two isolated or unrelated facts, but on the contrary are in perpetual antagonism and knock one against the other in an unceasing conflict—a conflict whose issue has already been decided against man. "So the only final result of self-will for man is that the unrelenting motion of Fate becomes a tyrannous agony; his

continued existence is a tragedy without purpose and without end." This in the main is the quintessence of Hardy's conception of Tragedy, the bed rock on which his solemn yet delightful fabrics have been built, measured to the full length and breadth of this world. The emotions that either a *Hamlet* or an *Agamemnon* excites in us are for Hamlet and Agamemnon: while as we read a *Tess* or *Jude* our emotions of either pity and sorrow or horror and indignation are for man or woman in general, for the fundamental inevitable, unescapable fact of his or her normal existence. This is Hardy's distinct claim to an undeniable universality.

The two Novels are bound together otherwise in a variety of ways, both in form and in matter. As regards the first, it has been claimed for *Tess* and *Jude* that they are in Epic form—using the term in a loose sense. As compared with *The Return of the Native* and *The Mayor of Casterbridge*, *Tess* and *Jude* fall in a class by themselves. In the two former the action is based on a complexity of characters and the evolution of the plot centres round many; whereas in either *Tess* or *Jude* it is alone the character of Tess or Jude about whom the story is made to develop. They resemble the one-man plays of Marlowe where without a Tamberlane or a Dr. Faustus always on the stage there is no story. In the delicate texture of the stories of *Tess* and *Jude* the title characters are like flaming streaks of gold that absorb all attention. They dwarf the rest into either utter insignificance or helpless obscurity. It is not so in *The Mayor of Casterbridge* and *The Return of the Native* where warp and woof run in and out of each other, while *Tess* and *Jude* are conspicuous for the utter absence of such interweaving. The former have therefore been claimed to be dramatic in form while the latter are Epical.

One important result of this form is the extraordinary and wholesale attention that the central characters derive at the hands of the Novelist.

On the side of character then *Tess* dominates her story quite as much as *Jude* does his. In either case, but particularly in the case of *Tess*, Hardy writes with an intensity of personal feeling and does not affect the *ab extra* pose of the real dramatist. Fate which Hardy presents as uniformly unkind foils the desire of *Tess* for innocent pleasure: a like Fate overreaches *Jude* too for

all his manly and noble spirited struggle and he inevitably and helplessly hurries himself on to his tragic end. In *Jude Hardy* uses a heavier touch and a swing of greater amplitude. 'Tess,' only suffers her tragedy while Jude deliberately courts his. The intensity of personal feeling with which Hardy closes his story of a wounded 'Name' is highly significant '*Justice was done: and the President of the Immortals had ended his sport with Tess.*' The sentence contains the very cream of Hardean Tragedy—a thought which Shakespeare puts into the mouth of Gloucester in *King Lear*:-

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

A second happy result of the epic form in narrative is the singularly vigorous, relentless, onward movement that the story assumes by reason of its being dominated by a unity of purpose, which explains the one fundamental idea of conflict between the personal and impersonal elements of the world through the artistic process of the life history of one single towering personality. Such are some of the striking resemblances of the two stories. The differences are no less striking. As compared to the simple sweetness of Tess and her story, the character of Jude is complex and his story not less so. In Jude Hardy often gets side tracked by consideration of the relations between love and marriage and once even gets definitely derailed in the notorious scene with Father Time 'one of the most dreadful imaginations in literature!'

A discussion on love and marriage on a quasi Platonic quasi atheistical manner is in a slight measure found even in Tess but it is only in *Jude* that the consideration gets to the real stature of occasionally even looking like a central problem in the story. There are also other traits such for instance as the one bad man in the person of Angel Clare in Tess balancing the one bad woman that Hardy even portrayed Viz Arabella in *Jude*.

But the two stories are on the whole inspired by one ideal and written to one common purpose moulded in one common form and presenting one common type of character; they form in fact not merely the two mighty pillars that bear up his philosophy of existence, but the fine fabric of his art like the twin columns of a mighty temple.

A TRAGEDY UNIQUE

BY S. M. MICHAEL

SINCE the beginning of mankind I do not think there has been another tragedy like that of my unknown correspondent who has sent to me the following communication with the request that I should forward it to the Editor of the "Scholar" for publication (here the familiar snub, Declined with thanks, dances before my eyes in capital letters) for the benefit of such of its readers (so my correspondent hopes) as take interest in psycho-analysis. It is not a tragedy of Fate like that of Aedipus or of Free will like that of Satan, of human passion or crime inhuman that is unfolded here; but it is purely a tragedy of temperament, of certain mental peculiarities to which external circumstances bear little relation and for which there is no exact parallel among all the *known* tragedies of Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Shakespeare, Racine, Calderon, Schiller, Ibsen, Strindberg, Pirandello or any other dramatist ancient, medieval or modern. The obscurity of its author-hero should not deter the student of psychology from perusing it. With these prefatory remarks I give below my correspondent's letter with one or two minor verbal changes which I deem essential in the interests of the public peace.

The Letter

"Dear Sir", writes my correspondent, "you will be surprised to receive this letter from an absolute stranger. My only excuse for pitching upon you as my Father Confessor (so to speak) is that you are an author who will perhaps understand me" (here I felt very proud). My reason for picking you out of a multitude of authors much greater and much more eminent than yourself" (this made me modest again) "is that I have heard that you are in some way connected with the "Scholar" and that just now you are racking your poor brains—I beg your pardon, your brains to find a suitable theme for an article for that journal. If you have not yet hit upon one I suggest that you pass on the following to its learned Editor and persuade him to publish it in the interests of the new and growing science of psycho-analysis.

Of course, you may keep the whole of the remuneration yourself". (Mr. Editor, please note.)

"If sensitiveness alone is the measure of genius" proceeds my correspondent "I have no doubt that I am one of the greatest genii—geniuses, I mean—who ever walked on their heads (figuratively speaking.) At times I wonder whether among the most sensitive men and women of genius who till now have graced (or disgraced) the annals of our history there ever was anyone so incredibly, so preternaturally sensitive as your most obedient servant. From an old woman who witnessed my birth I have heard that when I was born I *blushed* till I was as red in the face as a newly opened oyster. The same lady is my authority for stating that at an age when most children, male and female, run about naked, I insisted on having my loin-cloth. Ah! I remember as if it were but yesterday how nearly thirty years ago when my dear mother lay dying she beckoned to me with an angelic smile on her lips (indeed, she was an angel if ever an angel of Heaven deigned to dwell in our midst in human form) and how I, a child of seven years, ran away and hid myself because at that time there were some strange women in attendance on her although my little heart was yearning with all its strength for her kiss and embrace! The same inhuman or shall I say unhuman shyness has ever since characterised my attitude towards all other women including my own sisters whom I love with an intense love and who love me equally well in return to this day I am unable to look them straight in the face while speaking to them—which is very very rare, indeed—but I keep my eyes fixed on the earth like a certain saint of whom I have read (I do not wonder that he became a saint.) My relations with men also have been marked by the same unnatural and monstrous bashfulness. My father and brothers have often assured me that I should have been born a girl because in sober truth I am far more bashful than the most bashful maiden: other men with whom I have come in contact have subsequently confirmed their opinion. My friends (who seldom agree on anything) are unanimous in holding that there is about me the air of a man who is always apologising to all and sundry for his very existence.

Of course, I am nervous. I am more brittle than glass mentally speaking; the smallest touch upsets me; the least jar and

I break down utterly. At thirteen years of age I was a hypochondriac firmly convinced that my heart had ceased to beat and that I was a kind of walking corpse that soon must descend into the grave. Since then I have suffered from a succession of frightful, (but imaginary) diseases affecting my brain, my lungs, my stomachs and every other part of my anatomy from the crown of my head to the sole of my feet. In fact, there is no name even in Greek for some of the terrible maladies that have from time to time afflicted me. My imagination has been so over-wrought by the numerous cases of cholera that I have heard of within the last few days in our town that even as I write this I am not quite sure that I am not laid up with a severe attack of that epidemic.

Need I say that I am horribly suspicious? If people happen to laugh when I am about I feel certain that it is at me that they are laughing; if they talk it is about me they are talking and if they are silent, why, it must be a conspiracy of silence against me. I have very often offended friends and strangers by parading this oversuspiciousness of mine in the most ordinary and trivial transactions of daily life. Consequently I am a bachelor still; for no girl in her senses will agree to wed such a monster of suspiciousness as yours truly. If any virgin is ever foolish or foolhardy enough to do so, woe to her! Not the black Moor himself could have been a more jealous devil of a husband than I would prove to be to that bold one. However, such a warning from me to the fair ones is quite superfluous.

Sir, often have I wondered why I am so nervous, so suspicious, so shy and so touchy. My intimate friends tell me that my feeble physique is at the bottom of my abnormal mentality. Whatever its cause, its shadow has darkened my years from my earliest infancy up to this very moment and will, I fear, continue to darken my existence to the very last. By my nervousness, hyper-sensitiveness and over-suspiciousness I have often made a hell of my own life: and not the least part of all this torture—generally wholly self-inflicted—is that sometimes others suffer thereby as much as I suffer myself. At such times I ask the good God why He ever made a creature so weak and so wretched and like job, I curse the hour in which I was born.

One fertile and prolific source of my miseries is my being a mind-reader. Like most mind-readers I read minds about as

well and correctly as a new-born babe can read Clarke's Tables. I am always on my guard against creating wrong impressions and, therefore, I am always creating them. I mince my words, modulate my voice, measure my tone, manipulate, so to say, my very smiles and looks and I pause, blink, blush, look queer, stare like a lunatic and grow confused while communicating even the most commonplace and harmless things so much so that other mind-readers go away with just the impression which I had tried so hard not to create! At such times my face would afford an interesting object of study to physiognomists: it distorts and contorts itself into all the lines in the latest map of India and altogether wears such an expression that compared with it the facial expression of our best musicians while they are expounding the beauties of their favorite "ragas" is the picture of charming smoothness. In this way I have managed to impress different people at different times as a liar, a thief, a pick-pocket, a pilferer of other people's letters, a murderer, and, in brief, as the greatest cut-throat villain that ever cheated the gallows of its due (I who have never willingly hurt a fly!)

But never, never before in my life did I suffer such mental agony as I am undergoing at present owing to these fatal idiosyncracies of mine. One day, recently, I was speaking to a man about an old friend of my family. "She used to visit us often," I said, "She loved me like a son". Scarcely had these simple words left my lips when a horrible suspicion (of which, alas, I alone am capable!) shot into my mind. What if the man before me should misconceive my meaning? As this awful thought flashed through my mind I paused and blinked like an owl. But quickly realising that my companion was watching me closely I proceeded to remove any misapprehension that might have crept into his head by explaining quite truthfully that she first came to my native place long after I was born, when I had completed my twentieth year, in fact. But all this perhaps only produced on my hearer's mind the very false impression I had wished to avoid! Perhaps I say deliberately because my companion who had known me for about five or six years knew my idiosyncracies too well to have really misunderstood me. I knew enough of him to know that he is one of those people who suffer from the mentality (or lack of it) of Miss. Katherine Mayo and to whom

scandal-mongering is as food and raiment. This consideration impelled me to enter into elaborate explanations but as it happens in such cases the more I explained the more his suspicion grew or seemed to grow. In all probability he only pretended to have misunderstood me with some selfish motive or other. However that may be, soon afterwards I found (or fancied) that my worst fears had materialised. I saw (or thought I saw) a new light in the eyes of some of my old friends and acquaintances. There was the light of mockery in their eyes and stinging sarcasm in their very smiles. Damnation! Could flesh and blood bear it—especially flesh and blood so soft, so delicate and so touchy as mine? Therefore I went to those friends and asked them whether so and so had told them any tales concerning me. They denied it and this made me feel that I had been going about creating calumnies against myself! Unable to bear the suspense of uncertainty I next went straight to the man himself and asked him point-blank whether he had ever misunderstood any of my *words*, *looks* or *glances* in such and such a way and whether he had built up such and such a story on the strength of that misunderstanding. The man swore by his parents, his wife and all the thirty-three crores of Gods and Goddesses in the Hindu pantheon. That he had never, never, never misunderstood or slandered me in any way. Good Heavens! If what he swore was true, I myself had now taught him to misunderstand and slander me. So all my explanations had only made matters worse. And I had only got stuck deeper into the mud by kicking so vigorously to get out of it! For several days past I have been in Hell; my heart has been filled with thoughts of hate, revenge, suicide and murder. That I should have become a bastard in my 33rd year is not the thought that is tormenting me most. It is the knowledge that I am indirectly responsible for the odium in which such a calumny would involve my dear father (who was among the most adorable parents God ever made!) in the eyes of even a few persons who never knew him—it is this that has turned my days and nights into one hideous and upending nightmare of remorse, grief and despair. At times I feel as if my heart would burst or as if I would go mad. Is there any penance long and strong enough for my sin? Sir, this is my story. Have you ever read or heard the like of it?"

MORE ON SOUTH INDIAN GILDS

BY K. R. R. SASTRY, M. A., B. L.



SINCE the publication of "South Indian Gilds" in 1925¹, more details as to the existence of these gilds elsewhere are forthcoming. Further particulars as to their functioning in ancient India are now available; and the bearing of these factors on the problem of rural reconstruction is of more than academic interest.

These *pugas* in ancient India had some "Judicial powers"²; their decisions were appealable to the *Kula* and *Gana* Courts. the *Manava Dharma Sastra*, the laws of the "Sreni" (Gild) recognized. (Ibid. Part II, p. 64)

The association of the city-merchants was called the *aigama*". The Assembly hall and office *Sabha* are mentioned. These gilds also functioned as banks. There was also the president of the town called *Sreshthin* who flourished in the Imperial Capitals under the Guptas. (Epigraphica Indica. XV. 130). There was a *Jetthaka*, corresponding to the alderman of medieval gilds in Europe, and the chief alderman was called *ha Setthi*.⁽³⁾

Materials have been given in the author's work touching the present corporate strength of the Madura Gilds, of the Kaikkola organization in Udayarpalayam, (Trichy) the Komuties of Vrddhachalam (S Arcot) the weavers of Adamankottai (Salem) and the Dasaries of Chikkenaikkampettai (Tanjore). to mention only a representative few⁽⁴⁾.

Where hereditary occupations are the rule it would be extraordinary if such organizations did not exist. If one attends a threshing floor, one hears of a number of *Swatantrums* with a good variety. The names are a bit different if one travels from

(1) "South Indian Gilds" By K. R. R. Sastry. M. A. with a note from the late Dr. Marshall of Cambridge

(2) "Hindu Polity" By K. P. Jayesval. Part I. P. 124.

(3) " " " " Part. II. App. D.

(4) "South Indian Gilds" pp 7 to 36

MORE ON SOUTH INDIAN GILDS

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Malabar to South Arcot. The *taliari*, *totie*, *Nirganty*, *Purohit*, *Panchangi*, *Vadhyar*, as also the Village *washerman*, and barber, still enjoy specific *Swatantrums* at the threshing floor. These *Swatantrums* are in a real sense relics of corporate economic life.

In matters of religion and social intercourse, there have been numerous institutions of the gild type. In Malabar, where the Nambudri Panchayat exercises most extraordinary disciplinary jurisdiction, the gild spirit is very prominent.

The problem of resuscitating these picturesque survivals has been discussed elsewhere. The bearing of these corporate organizations on certain aspects of rural reconstruction deserves to be gone into at some length. That rural *Cooperation* can tackle all aspects of village reconstruction is too much to expect of it.

In fact it has been clearly demonstrated by a competent officer that the cooperative organization is unsuited to tackle such problems as *Kudimaramath* for irrigation works, the question of rural Communications, the protection of crops in fields, and the problem of resuscitating village artisans and other servants.⁽⁵⁾

It is in such spheres that a well constituted gild and panchayat can do effective work. In phases of rural reconstruction dealing with subsidiary industries, health conditions, and educational facilities, there is a distinct, well-made sphere of work for these caste organizations.

A close study of these gilds more and more forces on one the conclusion that there is need of a "modern kind of sanction—a legal coercion of the few recalcitrants." The legal recognition of the status of the gild, and statutory powers to the caste—panchayats were suggested by the present writer in 1923 itself. The Registrar-General of panchayats, it is gratifying to note, concludes that "the re-vivification of our village community involves activities for which coercion of the governmental type is indispensable." (1926) If these gilds are resuscitated by those in power through a two-fold policy of *active recognition* and *indirect assistance*, the characteristic economic contribution of India would be preserved intact.

(5) Pamphlet 2 of 1926. Presidential Address of N. Gopalaswami Iyengar, Registrar General of Panchayats at Trichinopoly, pp. 19 to 21.

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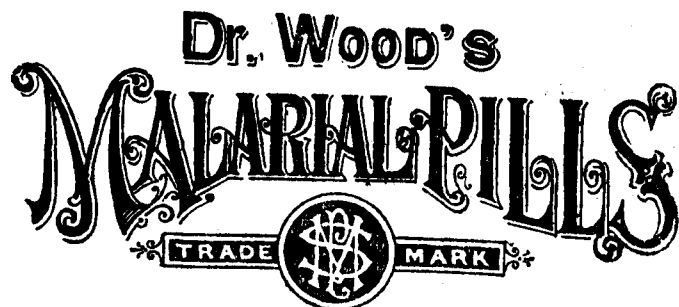
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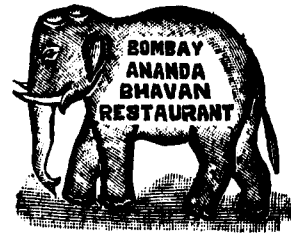
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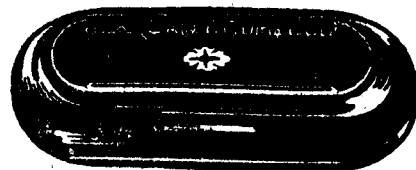
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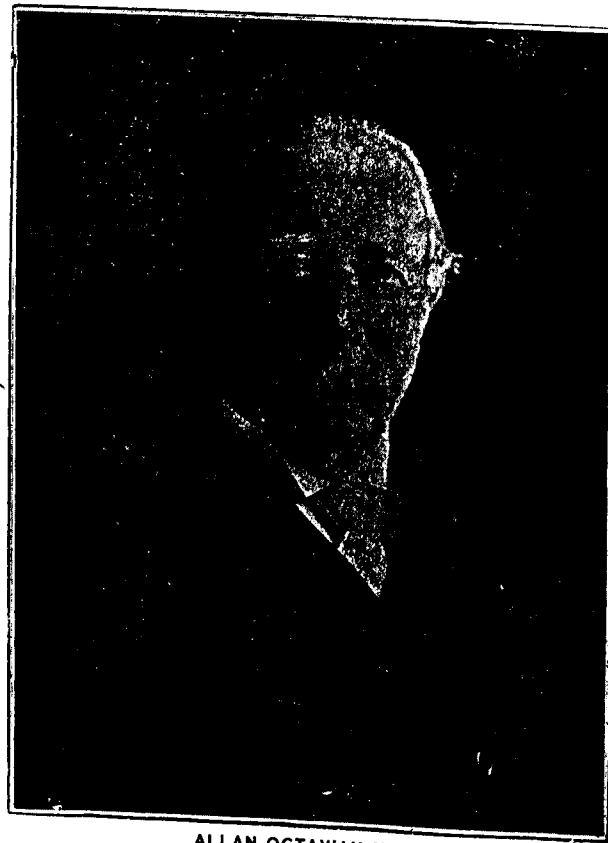


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THE SCHOLAR

**SPECIAL
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DECEMBER 1927.



ALLAN OCTAVIAN HUME
(Father of the Congress)

THE INDIAN NATIONAL CONGRESS

ITS HISTORY
BY WRIFORD.

THE credit of having inaugurated the Indian National Congress which has assumed such vast proportions today belongs to a Scotchman, Allan Octavian Hume. Mr. Hume who was the Secretary of the Government of India in the Political department and later its member for Commerce and Agriculture, wanted to bring about greater cooperation between the Government and the people by starting a conference over which the Governor of the province was to preside. The introduction of the Western system of education had begun to fill the minds of the Indians with a national and democratic spirit and they also wanted to worship at the shrine of Liberty for which a Sydney wrote, a Byron fought, and a Shelley died.

This feeling of liberty became slowly articulate when after the Theosophical Convention held at Adyar in 1884, seventeen stalwart patriots gathered together and decided to form a body called the Indian National Union. Among the seventeen we find the names of distinguished judges, lawyers, and legislators like Dadhabai Naoroji, Sir S. Subrahmanya Iyer, Ananda Charlu Sir Surendranath Banerjea and K. T. Telang.

The first conference of the National Union was arranged to be held at Poona, but owing to an unfortunate attack of cholera in the city, Bombay was chosen, and amidst scenes of tremendous enthusiasm the foundation of that mighty institution was laid deep and strong in Gokuldas Tejpal's Sanskrit College. In the main resolution of the first Congress we have the glimmerings of the formulation of India's national demands. In the second Congress presided over by Dadhabai Naoroji every province sent its quota of delegates and the President made it distinctly clear that the Congress was a purely political body. That venerable and saintly patriot of India, Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya made his debut here and in his maiden speech

carried away the audience by the spell of his eloquence. The *Statesman* in paying a tribute to the celebrities assembled said that it was composed of "men whom we can point with pride as the outcome of our rule." The *London Times* sounded a dismal note of warning while Lord Dufferin, the then Viceroy, received the delegates as visitors to the capital city of India.

The third Congress is important in as much as it was the first to be held in the metropolis of our Presidency. The delegates were welcomed by Sir T. Madhava Rao. The Congress was held in Mackay's gardens and princes and peasants alike had come forward with subscriptions to make the Congress a success. The President, Budruddin Tyabji laid stress in his address on the representative character of the Congress and announced that a committee should be appointed to go into and suggest the lines of work. In that we have the nucleus of the present Subjects Committee. Lord Dufferin in a banquet speech given on the eve of his departure branded the Congress as seditious, and the fourth Congress which was held at Allahabad met with a tumultuous outbreak of opposition. Several Anti-Congress associations were formed but the pioneers of the movement were undismayed by these reactionary pin-pricks. Pandit Bishen Narayan Dhar, the Chairman of the Reception Committee said that if Indians went on making appeals, the heart of England would melt! The fifth Congress was signalized by the welcome accorded to Charles Bradlaugh, the socialist M. P. The clouds which had hovered over Allahabad wholly dissolved away, and a number of delegates and visitors partook in the deliberations. In the sixth Congress held at Calcutta the number of delegates was limited. One interesting feature of the Congress was the resolution, which was not carried out, brought forward by Narendranath Sen, that a Congress should be held in London, so as to make England understand the cause of India. Subsequent congresses were held at Nagpur, Allahabad and Lahore. Dadhabai Naoroji, President of the Lahore Congress, said that "the day is not distant when the world will see the most spectacle of a great nation like the British holding out the hand of true fellow citizenship and of justice to the vast masses of humanity of this great and ancient land of India with benefits and blessings to the poor." A prophecy which alas, has not yet been fulfilled.

The scene shifts again to Madras where the tenth Congress was held. There were 1163 delegates and an Irish M. P., Alfred Webb was at the helm of affairs. The then Rajah Saheb of Ramnad made a munificent gift of Rs 10,000 to the Congress fund. In the eleventh Congress held in Poona, a resolution demanding the separation of judicial and executive functions was brought forward and carried. Sir C. Sankaran Nair, presiding over the Amroti Congress, referred to the distress and anger caused by the Plague measures in Poona, the forcible entry of the soldiers into the ladies' quarters in the Hindu and Muslim households. There was a wave of tremendous indignation caused by the atrocious act of soldiers and the President of the Plague-relief committee was murdered. The Jingoistic Press demanded stern measures of repression and Lokamanya Tilak was tried and convicted for complicity in the agitation.

The birth of the extremist party may be dated from this time. Clouds began to hover again, but notwithstanding all that, the Madras Congress of 1898 welcomed Lord Curzon, the newly appointed Viceroy. A notable feature of the Lucknow Congress of 1899 was the large number of Muslim delegates who attended. The large sum of money spent from the revenues for the maintenance of the huge Indian army was a considerable burden on the taxpayer and the 15th Congress pointed out the necessity for retrenchment in this direction. Presiding over the 18th Congress at Ahmedabad, Sir Surendranath Bannerjee, 'the Trumpet Voice of India', gave expression to some sentiments which are still ringing in our ears. —

"The triumphs of Liberty are not won in a day. Liberty is a Jealous Goddess exacting in her worship and claiming from her votaries prolonged and assiduous devotion." The nineteenth Congress was held in Madras for the fourth time in its annals and was presided over by Lal Mohan Ghose. The third Industrial Exhibition was held along with the Congress and had the good fortune of being opened by the Maharaja of Mysore. Burma was represented in the Congress for the first time.

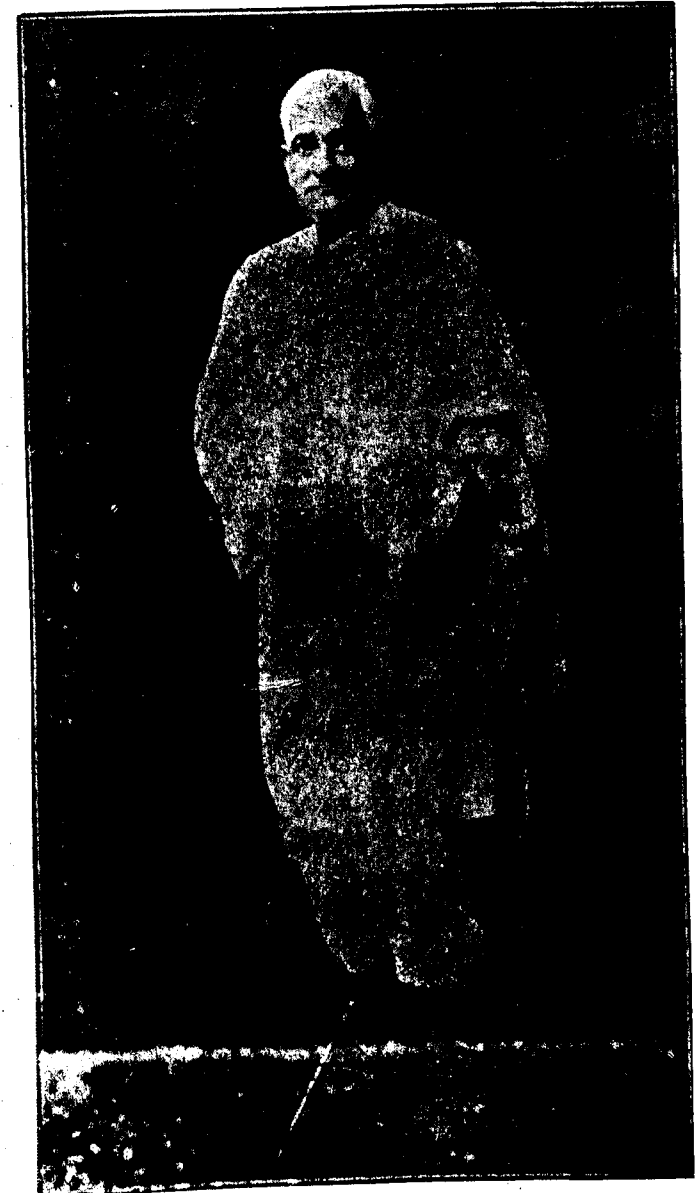
II

GATHERING GLOOM AND SURAT SPLIT.

So far we find that the history of the Congress was one of humble petitioning and sweet moderation. Almost all the

personalities who took part in the proceedings were distinguished servants of the Government or shining lights of moderation—Lord Curzon, from whom great things were expected, began his regime with stern measures of repression—The voice of the Congress was disregarded and *lettres de cachet* were issued. The leaders of the Congress lived under the shadow of arrest. The proposal of Lord Curzon to partition Bengal was looked upon as an act of national humiliation by patriotic India and Sir Henry Cotton who presided over the 20th Congress in Bombay voiced the feeling of angry India in his presidential speech. Ambika Charan Mazumdar brought forward a resolution expressing the nation's deepest indignation against the contemplated partition of Bengal. But Lord Curzon went down the Brimstone path which led to eternal Bonfire of Bengal anarchist movement. It was Gopal Krishna Gokhale who steered the ship of the Congress in these troublous days and in his Benares address breathed a sigh of relief at the termination of Curzon's Viceroyalty. A steady substitution of Indians in the administrative departments was demanded. The Calcutta Congress of 1906 witnessed an unprecedented gathering of 16000 people and Dabhabai Naroji claimed for Indians all that the English men enjoyed in England. Ambika Charan Mazumdar moved and Bepin Chandra Pal seconded a resolution for the boycott of British goods.

The Surat Congress of 1907 is a sad episode. By this time the extremist party which had no faith in constitutional methods of agitation and in begging and imploring, had strongly emerged in the country. Rash Behari Ghose was duly proposed and seconded to occupy the presidential gadi. But the left wing of the Congress wanted to pitchfork Lala Lajpat Rai, who had just then returned after his deportation, to the Presidential chair. When the atmosphere was so charged with such feelings, it was rumoured that the four important resolutions of the Calcutta Congress regarding Self-Government, Boycott, Swadeshi and National Education were not to be brought forward for discussion before the Subjects Committee. Tumultuous scenes broke out in the first day and the Congress had to be adjourned. On the second day Lok. Tilak craved for permission to move an amendment to the Presidential election. But the President



PUNDIT MOTILAL NEHRU

ruled him out of order and the majority of the delegates sided with him. The scene became unruly and the platform was charged with men armed with sticks. The Congress was again adjourned, and the next day Messrs Mehta, Gokhale, Watcha, Malaviya, and V. Krishnaswami Iyer called a national convention. It was expressly specified therein that the agitation should be along strict constitutional lines. Nine-hundred delegates subscribed to the creed. This convention is the bridge spanning the old Congress and the new. The convention again met at Allahabad and drew up a constitution for the Congress wherein it was stressed that the goal of India was dominion status and that the agitation should be on constitutional lines.

The Madras Congress of 1908 was only the continuation of the previous session. A reconciliation of the two parties was tried and failed, and the signing of the Allahabad creed was made necessary for admission as a delegate.

The Madras Congress of 1908 expressed satisfaction at the Minto Morley reforms. The violent measures taken to hasten India's path to Swaraj were condemned in unhesitating terms. In the 24th. Congress owing to the sudden resignation of Sir Pherozesha Mehta, the President elect, Pandit Malaviya presided. Ramsay Macdonald whose name was proposed for the Calcutta sessions of 1911 could not come over to India owing to the death of his wife. For the fifth time in its history, the Congress was held in Madras in 1914 in the Doveton House, Nungumbakam with Sir S. Subramania Iyer as the Chairman of the Reception Committee and Bhupendranath Basu as the President. Europe had been plunged in the great war at that time and it was urged in the Presidential address that while separation from England was not desirable, a constitution should be framed for India modelled along the lines of Australia or the United States of America. The loyalty resolution moved by Sir Surendranath Banerjea and seconded by L. A. Govindaraghava Iyer evoked utmost enthusiasm. The modification of the Arms Act was moved by Mr. A. P. Sen and seconded by Mr. C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer who quoted the words of Milton who had expressed that no nation was free unless its citizens were trained to the use of arms. The 30th Congress urged on the Government

the justice and expediency of admitting Indians to commissions in the Army and throwing open to them the existing military and naval schools.

III

Reunion

The Lucknow Congress of 1916 is memorable in that a reunion was effected between the two parties. The following resolution on Self-Government was passed.

(a) "That having regard to the fact that the great communities in India are the inheritors of ancient civilisation and have shown great capacity for government and administration and to the progress of education and public spirit made by them during a century of British rule, and further having regard to the fact that the present system of Government does not satisfy the legitimate aspirations of the people and has become unsuited to the existing conditions and requisites, this Congress is of opinion that the time has come when His Majesty should be pleased to issue a proclamation announcing that it is the aim and intention of British policy to confer Self-Government on India at an early date.

(b) That the Congress demands that a definite step should be taken towards Self-Government by granting the reform contained in the scheme prepared by the All India Congress committee in concert with the All India Muslim league.

(c) That in the reconstruction of the Empire, India should be lifted from the position of a deputy to that of an equal partner in the Empire with the Self-Governing dominions."

In the 32nd Congress held at Calcutta under the presidency of Dr. Besant, a resolution on women's suffrage could not be taken up for discussion owing to want of time. A special session of the Congress was held in August 1918 in Bombay to discuss the attitude of the Congress towards the Montagu Chelmsford reforms. Mr. Hassan Imam who guided the deliberations characterised the reforms as disappointing as long as our rights were denied. While appreciating the attempt to liberalise the Government, a resolution was passed to the effect that the reforms were "inadequate, unsatisfactory and disappointing." In the next Congress held in Delhi the vote in favour of female franchise was carried. The resolution on Self-determination is indicative of the pulse of India.

The Rowlatt Bill which Mahatma Gandhi characterised as an unmistakable symptom of a deep seated disease in the governing body was rushed through in the council in the teeth of unanimous Indian opposition and this served to infuriate the nation

to an unprecedented degree. The Punjab was plunged into the ismal depths of Martial Law terrorism and thousands of innocent Indians were done to death at Amritsar. When a Royal Commission was demanded by the Indians to go into these atrocities, England sent a commission presided over by Lord Hunter. The Congress refused to send witnesses before the Hunter Committee and a separate enquiry was conducted by the Congress men. Hundreds of patriots were hurled into jail. It was at this juncture that the Amritsar Congress was held presided over by the great leader of the Swaraj party, Pandit Motilal Nehru. Three days before the congress His Majesty was gracious enough to release those who were imprisoned for the Punjab rebellion, and the Ali brothers and several others entered the pandal amidst scenes of riotous joy. It is significant that Mahatma Gandhi pleaded on his bended knees to work the reforms for all they were worth.

IV.

But Mahatma Gandhi was bitterly disillusioned by the Khilafat wrongs and the Hunter Committee report and in the special session of the Congress in Calcutta he brought in his historic Non-Cooperation resolution with its triple boycott. All the Mohammedan leaders in the Subjects Committee except M. A. Jinnah voted with Mahatma Gandhi while in the open Congress Chittaranjan Das led the opposition. Almost all leaders of light excepting Pandit Motilal Nehru threw their weight against the Non-Cooperation resolution, but Mahatmaji carried the day. His programme poured into the pallid arteries of the nation, the rich and vitalising blood of a new life and 20000 patriots including our leader boldly marched into the jail in pursuance of the Congress creed. Even the dry bones in the valley of India became instinct with a new awakened national consciousness, a sensitive patriotism that was throbbing and pulsating with phenomenal strength, and Chittaranjan Das, the President-elect of the Ahmedabad Congress was snatched away from our midst in the hour of his greatest triumph. But the fight went on and Hakim Ajmal Khan filled with glory the place of Desabandhu.

But the nation was not prepared to follow Mahatmaji, and the Non-Cooperation programme did not succeed in the measure

that it was hoped. There were feelings of unrest in some quarters and after the ill-fated Chauri Chaura atrocities Gandhiji cried halt.

In the Gaya Congress of 1922 there was a split. The Non-cooperation programme was passed in the open session but Chittaranjan Das, the president formed a new party called the Congress Khilafat Swaraj Party having full faith in the creed of the Congress and non-cooperation, but believing that the Gaya programme was not conducive to the speedy attainment of Swaraj. The party had its own organization and issued a separate manifesto. Mrs. Sarojini made a vain appeal for unity and from this time we have the emergence of two parties, the no-changers having full faith in the orthodox Gandhian programme and the Swarajists who believed in a policy of obstruction in the councils. A special session of the Congress was held in Delhi in 1922 and Maulana Mohammad Ali announced the mysterious message from Mahatmaji saying that the no-changers should not stand in the way of the Swarajists. The Swarajists fought the elections of 1923 and captured many seats both in the Assembly and the Councils. The Coconada Congress raised the ban on council entry and the Belgaum Congress reiterated the Coconada resolution.

After Belgaum we are amidst recent happenings and the doings in the subsequent Congresses are fresh in the memory of many people to need recapitulation. The Cawnpore session was presided by the poetess and patriot of India, Mrs. Sarojini Naidu who issued a clarion call for unity. The Gauhati Congress met in an atmosphere of gloom created by the deep damnation of Swami Shraddhananda's taking off.

The Madras Congress to be held this year will go down to history as a memorable one because to-day we are united more than ever, thanks to the Simon Commission. This year's Congress is to be held in the Spur tank site and a record number of delegates and visitors are expected to attend.

V

The struggle to achieve the present measure of success in the Congress has left deep scars and bitter memories upon the



DHADABHAI NAROJI.



SURENDRANATH BANNERJEE.

men who made it possible. The old veterans in the Congress who pioneered the movement in its initial stages and made the path smooth for the later generation are no longer with us. The re-birth of India cannot come without sacrifices from its younger men. They will often have to bear the brunt of poverty, they will have to risk and lose reputations, but they should never desert the ideal and should be imbued with a spirit of high idealism. And it is a circumstance of happy augury to the future of the Congress that the younger generation of leaders are coming more and more to the front. For the first time in the history of the world a nation for the attainment of its ends has repudiated physical force and substituted the power of soul or soul force, and has made inward national regeneration the main plank in its programme. A nation like a human soul can perish only by its own will. A spiritual cause never dies because it is rooted deep down in the elemental qualities of man. And the day is not far off when liberated from the shackles which has kept her down for more than a hundred and fifty years, India will rise and take her place in the Comity of nations. All force carries within itself the seeds of destruction and free will is the sign manual of God in man's mind.



What are thirty years in the life time of a Nation?

In moments of doubt and despair, when darkness thickens upon us, when the journey before us seems to be long and weary and when the soul sinks under the accumulating pressure of adverse circumstances, may we not turn for inspiration and guidance to those great teachers of our race, those master-spirits who aglow with their enthusiasm triumphed over the failing spirit, faced disappointment with the serenity of a higher faith and lined to witness the complete realisation of those ideals? Chaitanya and Nanak, Tukaram and Ramdas lift the mind high up to the sublimer eminence of the divine imagination. May we not hope for their successors in the India of the Present, in the India of the Congress, in the India under British rule with all the stirring influences of western life and civilization?

Surendranath Bannerjea.



ALLAN OCTAVIAN HUME

Father of the Congress



WRITING to Mr. Hume in 1907 Lord Morley observed, "I know well your historical place in the Indian National evolution." Every educated Indian knows Hume's 'historical place'. He was the Father of the Indian National Congress. To him belongs the credit of organising the scattered elements of our public life and focussing them in an institution which was to cement the public spirit of the country to build and stimulate national life. That institution was the Congress. India's premier city. The first congress that was held in Bombay two scores and two years ago was only a very small gathering of 72 men of which Hume was the guiding spirit, but it was the parent of the Great National congress, which in the course of this fairly long and prettily we ry period of 42 years has revolutionised the political life of the country. Under stress and storm the congress has stood firm although. It has withstood the floods that tried to wash it away. It has resisted the winds that tried to blow it up, because it was founded upon a rock.

In the eighties of the last century a desire was strongly felt by the politicians of our country for the necessity of starting a national organisation. Men and materials were ready. The genius of an expert architect was wanting to lay the foundation stone truly and well. In Allan Octavian Hume was found that expert architect.

In 1882 Hume resigned service as Home Secretary to the Government of India and threw himself into the work of "restoring the ancient grandeur of India in happy partnership with the British people." "It was a labour of Hercules", observes Sir William Wedderburn in his excellent memoir of Hume, "but he brought to the task the necessary elements of genius—the power to formulate a lofty ideal, with infinite patience and industry to work out the practical details; also he possessed in himself the personality necessary for success in a heroic enterprise. He was in full brotherly accord with the Aryan of the East, the

Having laid the foundations of a national organisation to voice the feelings and aspirations of the people of the country, Hume next undertook a mission to England to influence public opinion over there, to get the British Parliament and British public to listen to the demand of India, to understand Indian aspirations and to consider them sympathetically. He had prolonged consultations with many friends of India in England and his mission was a success. He came back to India to guide the proceedings of the National Conference arranged to take place at Poona. Though Poona had made splendid preparations for holding the Conference and housing the delegates, the meeting had to be transferred to Bombay, as cholera suddenly broke out in Poona. The proposal that the Conference should assume the title of the Indian National Congress had gained support through out the country and Bombay had the unique honour of holding the first session of the Congress while it was the privilege of Calcutta to give its first president, Mr. W. C. Bonnerjee—the wise head and firm hand that took the helm, when the good ship was launched.

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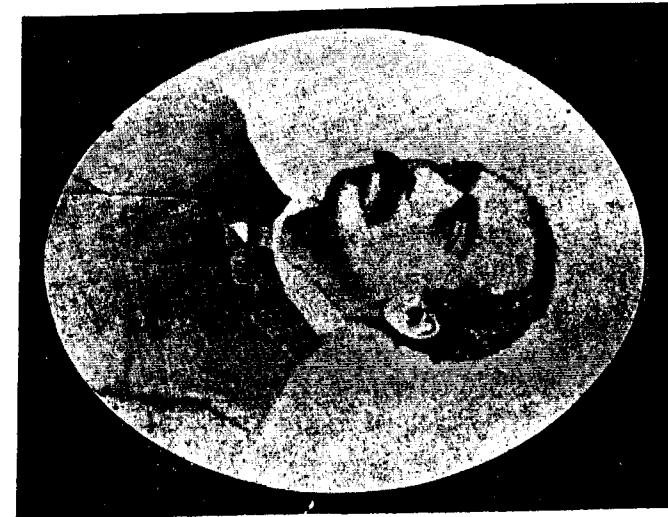
Taracad, PALGHAT.

meditative and the saintly type; and it pained his very soul that, West should deny to East the joys of freedom, which should be the common heritage of both." Hume's first movement towards a definite scheme is to be found in a circular letter which he addressed to the "Graduates of the Calcutta University" on the 1st of March, 1883. I cannot resist the temptation of quoting a portion of this memorable letter which reads like St. Paul's epistle to the Romans :

In vain may aliens, like myself love India and her children, as well as the most loving of these; in vain may they, for her and their good, give time and trouble, money and thought; in vain may they struggle and sacrifice; they may assist with advice and suggestions; they may place their experience, abilities, and knowledge at the disposal of the workers, but they lack the essential of nationality, and the real work must ever be done by the people of the country themselves.

.....You are the salt of the land, And if amongst even you, the elite, fifty men cannot be found with sufficient power of self sacrifice, sufficient love for and pride in their country, sufficient genuine and unselfish heartfelt patriotism to take the initiative, and if needs be, devote the rest of their lives to the cause—then there is no hope for India. Her sons must and will remain more humble and helpless instruments in the hands of foreign rulers, for they would, be free, *themselves*, must strike the blow.If you, the picked men, the most highly educated of the Nation, cannot, scorning personal ease and selfish objects, make a resolute struggle to secure greater freedom for yourselves and your country, a more impartial administration, a larger share in the management of your own affairs, then we, your friends, are wrong, and our adversaries are right; then are Lord Ripon's noble aspirations for your good fruitless and visionary; then, at present, at any rate, all hopes of progress are at an end; and India truly neither lacks nor deserves any better government than she now enjoys."

This impassioned appeal had the desired effect. The Indian National union was formed and it was arranged to hold a conference at Poona from the 25th to the 30th of December, 1885 to enable all those most interested in the Union to exchange opinions and authoritatively adopt an organisation that in the main, shall approve itself to all. An unblemished public and private record, an intense desire to improve the status of India, marked intelligence, readiness to sacrifice and independence of character coupled with sobriety of judgment were looked upon as some necessary qualifications for membership to the Union. Hume undertook the responsible task of pushing through the work of the Union by organising select committees at several important provincial towns.



LAL MOHAN CHOSE.



D. E. WATCHA.

KHADI: ITS TRUE SIGNIFICANCE

BY T. R. KRISHNASWAMY AYIAR M.A., B. L.

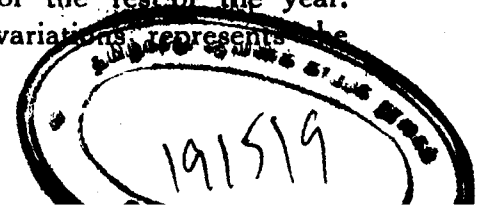
In an age in which man's intellectual creations are trying conclusions with God's own creations, and day by day wider and wider realms seem to be conquered, it was indeed a little disconcerting to hear of the Philosophy of the spinning wheel,—a tool probably used by Adam, in the Stone age. That the message of the charka was received with scornful laughter and contemptuous indifference is only understandable, considering the fact that music was being made to order preserved in phials and measured out at so much per unit. And if the message had a warmer reception than warranted by the tendencies of the times, it has solely to be attributed to the unique character & personality behind the message. Even of the number who have taken to the message kindly, many are there, who probably have not a correct conception of the rationale of the 'charka' and its product.

What is Khadi? That it is hand spun and hand woven cloth is probably well known. But why we, poor Indians specially, should spend our time and energy to revive an antediluvial tool is not comprehended. And this is the gist of Gandhi's message. 'India has to take to the spinning wheel if she wants to live truly!' Let us try to understand this position.

What is India? Our population according to the latest census is 319 millions of whom only about 325 Lakhs reside in towns. The rest that is 2865 Lakhs reside in the 685665 villages scattered all over the land. This is the first important point to be noted. A second thing is that this population is mostly occupied in agriculture. That is more than 22 crores depend on agriculture whereas all the mills, railways and other industries together give work to only 20 Lakhs of workmen. Thus the majority of India's population, live in their villages and cultivate their own or other's lands.

But Agriculture cannot and does not give occupation to all these millions throughout the year. "Agriculture here means two sowings, two harvests, an occasional wedding and three waterings and almost complete inactivity for the rest of the year. (C. P. census 1921) This with slight variations represents the

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state of affairs throughout India. For more than six months, a huge population live in their villages absolutely idle. Apart from the moral loss involved, even economically the loss is stupendous. Taking at its lowest the agricultural labourers would count 5 crores and more. Calculating at the famine wage rate say 2 as. per diem, this would mean, that daily they lose by this forced inactivity a sum of Rs. 8 crores. Throughout the ½ year it comes to the staggering figure of 225 crores. Now if we calculate the period of inactivity at 4 months only the loss to India is 75 crores.

This enforced idleness is at the root of our present deplorable condition. It is not necessary for us to see how we became idle and who were responsible for it. It is sufficient to see that the period of inactivity is there. That it is an evil is also admitted. Probably the extent of the evil is not realised. It is slow decomposition for the nation. When a nation sits still when it ought to be active, its days are numbered just as in the case of a deceased man.

It is when we come to the question of remedies that people begin to differ. It is the aim of this article to show that Hand-spinning and Khadi alone can solve this difficulty.

We have seen how our agricultural population are tied to the land for their living and so to their villages through centuries. Hence mills will not meet the situation. To ask the Agricultural labourer to quit his home with its pure air and water to the fulsome overcrowds of a mill area, would be a double injury to the nation. Both the land and the people will become corrupt and that way lies India's national suicide. The only other way is by encouraging Cottage Industries whereby the agriculturist can work and earn something during his leisure from his major work. Here, suggestions to take up a host of industries like toy making, basket making, mat making etc. are plentifully given. Nobody could have any objection to any occupation which while it gives work to the body also supplies a national want. But compared with spinning no other industry can have the advantages which are necessary to make them universal. The following are some of the points which have to be noted.

- (1) Spinning does not require more than 2 or 3 Rs. for capital.
- (2) Spinning can be easily learnt in a few hours even by a child.
- (3) It is congenial to our country which grows cotton.
- (4) Spinning is not a new industry in our country.

(5) It automatically solves labour problem of exploitation, capital etc. and solves the problems of unemployment and consequently of the poverty of the land.

(6) It supplies an absolute want of humanity and not a luxury.

More points can be given. The reader has only to refer to the back issues of Young India to find them. These will serve for the present.

Now only one thing more. What is it that India wants now? India wants to march along with other nations with equal status and prestige. What is it that stands in her way? Foreign Domination, say some. I say her awful poverty, both of spirit and body. And this is what we call slavery. The starving dog which is prepared to lick and fawn on the person who gives it the remains of the table represents our position to a nicety. The fact that the table, the dinner including the silver service belongs to the dog is probably not known to the dog and even if known, it is not in a position to assert its right. What she is after is bits of office, gilded collars and titles. She clamours for it and when something specially big is given she wags her tail. All this is due to the fact that to the masses in India Hunger with a capital H is the only problem and anything and everything takes its value only in the measure of its being alleviated.

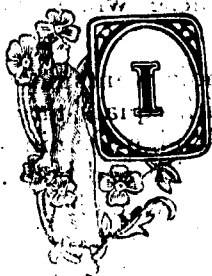
Hunger must go from this land. Then only can we have self respect and that is Swaraj. On the day on which we drive away this universal hunger, this national insolvency, that day we will see that our slavery has fallen. Then we shall no longer be fed by others. The famishing labourer looks up to the impecunious farmer and bends his knee before him and slaves for him. The farmer in his turn trembles before the money-lender and coaxes the Policeman or the Govt. officer, for without him he can have no sway over his victim. Thus the whole nation is reduced to a ladder of slavery-dread decease. The only potent medicine for this dread decease is the 'wheel', Sree Krishna's sacred wheel, which supplemented by the great Plough of his doughty brother, once upon a time gained for this land great renown. This early companionship of the spinning wheel and the agricultural plough, shows preeminently that India's agricultural population can prosper only if they take to the wheel. Only when the wheel turns merrily in the village home, and the ploughman cheerfully goes round his fields, can you hear of a happy India—Immortal Child piping with the flute of happy harmony.

THE NEED IN NATIONAL EDUCATION

BY M. R. RAMASWAMI. B. A., B. L.

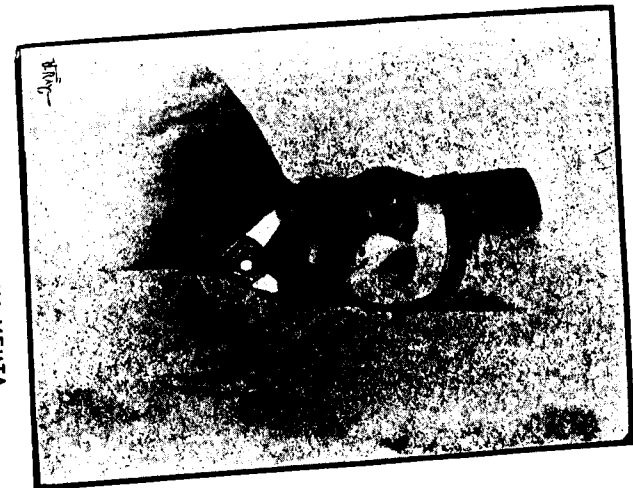
"A theory of education is a glorious idea and it matters little if we are not able to realise it at once. Only we must not look upon the idea as chimerical, nor decry it as a beautiful dream, though difficulties stand in the way of its realisation."

KANT--



INDIA is on the throes of a great and glorious transition. She is undergoing all the travails of a national rebirth. The hoary Mother of Humanity and Civilisation is evolving a new synthesis that would solve many of the evils that afflict her and the world at large. What she needs, above all else, in this critical stage is a wise and virile manhood and womanhood, endowed with the character and capacity to lift the country out of its present plight and put her on the path of national self-realisation. It is, primarily, the function of education to produce such soldiers of freedom and progress. The children of today are the builders of the morrow. In their hands lies the nation's destiny. They have therefore to be well equipped for their part in the making of history. Out of their ranks have also to rise the standard-bearers of Truth and Dharma, who would uphold the banner of the Rishis and re-interpret their ancient gospel for the modern world.

It does not require any elaborate argument to convince the thinking public that the system of education now in vogue in our schools and colleges falls far short of the above ideal. It is divorced alike from our past heritage and the present realities of life about us. It serves neither the needs of the nation, nor of the individual. The training given to our children is defective on almost all sides of sound educational theory and practice. Their body is steadily debilitated by gross disregard of the discipline of *Bramhacharya* and rules of healthy study in a tropical climate. The mind is made barren of idealism by an ill-balanced training of the intellect, to the detriment of the emotional and intuitive aspects of development. The inner vision and general out-look are distorted by the enforced and premature impact of purely alien and ill-digested ideas of life and conduct. There is, also, an all



SIR PHEROZSHA MEHTA.



DR. SIR RASH BEHARI CHOSE.

all round arrest of progress by the adoption of an alien medium of instruction. The havoc wrought on the spiritual side by a soul-less, irreligious and exotic system of education is amply evident. It has only helped to unhinge the minds of the educated generations and drive them out of their old moorings, without pointing out a new haven of rest. Pestalozzi, one of the greatest educationists of the West, has observed: "Piety, faith and love bring a man peace and are, indeed, its conditions; for, without these virtues the highest development of intellect, art or industry brings no rest, but leaves the man full of trouble, uneasiness and discontent". It is no exaggeration to say that the average English educated Indian of today is devoid of these peace-giving virtues and, consequently, suffers not a little from the aimless, feverish unrest of modern life.

These and other defects of our present educational system are being increasingly recognised. They are admitted even by officials endowed with insight into Indian conditions. The rumblings of reform are also audible in official quarters. But the wheels of government move slow. Administrative heads, however well-intentioned, cannot easily effect reforms, all on a sudden, or of a sufficiently radical nature. Pioneer work in this field is the privilege of patriotic and enterprising individuals or nation-building bodies. Already, some bold and remarkable experiments in reform have been launched out. But the field to be covered is so vast that there is room yet for fresh ventures, however humble and limited.

Whatever may be the prospects of reviving the ancient Gurukula type of educational institution on a nation-wide scale, it cannot be gainsaid that it has something valuable to contribute to our future progress. Upholding as it does the great ideals of *Brahmacharya*, a disciplined life of plain living and high thinking, it forms a very necessary corrective to the present system which tends to cultivate in our youths habits of loose life and thought. Thanks to the recent revivalist movements in the land, the Gurukula ideal has come back to stay and influence our educational out-look. The history of the national education movement in this country, the experience gained by its working so far, is rich in valuable lessons which it would be foolish for the enthusiast in the cause of reform to ignore. For one thing, the idea of completely boycotting the official system has proved to

be very difficult, if not utterly impracticable. The wiser policy, at least for the general run of reformers in the field, is to work, as far as possible, in co-operation with the state, fully reserving, however, the rights of unhampered development and academic freedom. The task of nationalising our education has also been made easier than before by the new spirit that is aroused in the country. The leaven of liberty has not left the administration entirely uninfluenced. Our ministers who control educational policy should not be unwilling to encourage attempts at reform made in a spirit of constructive nationalism.

To meet the above need in national education we have to start residential schools & colleges, imbued with the above ideals, in as many centres as possible. The main object of the institutions should be to prepare the younger generation for their future life and leadership of the nation. They should provide the necessary facilities for a thoroughly scientific study of ancient and modern knowledge, so as to bring into the living present the heritage of the past, and see how far we can adapt and apply tried old remedies, which has served India through ages, for our modern ailments. *Sanatan Dharma*, if it is really true and eternal cannot but serve us, Hindus, and humanity at large, in the present critical stage of our evolution. That ever persisting principle is our supreme guide now, as it was for our forefathers in the past, and as it will be for generations to come in the future.

But the springs of Sanatana Dharma are soiled by ages of neglect. Varnasram, the soul of Hindu life and culture is covered by weedy over-growths that choke the national life. The task of clearing the accumulated rubbish of centuries is long over-due. The urgency of repair is also enhanced by the waves of social, economic, political and religious revolutions surging in the heart of modern humanity. The on-rushing waters have already begun to beat against our shores. There is the danger of the whole edifice raised by our ancient Rishis being swept away, if timely attention is not paid to the problem of preserving our precious heritage. This can be done only by reinterpreting its message to the modern mind, wedding the sanatanic to the scientific spirit of research and making rational readjustments between the claims of Dharma and life. On this readjustment depends not only the future of India, but that of humanity as a whole.

The Spirit of Adventure[†]

By S. V. RAMAMURTHI, I. C. S.

WHAT is adventure? It is doing things which involve risks. Suppose you do things which everybody round you does. You know what will happen because others have experienced it. In the beaten track, there may be ruts, there may be mud. But you know it. Like others you can put up with it. But when you leave the beaten track, there may be pits, thorns and impenetrable walls. To leave the beaten track is to seek adventure. In other words, adventure is the doing of things which your neighbours do not do. If all men moved and you moved with them, you have no more life than they. As the earth moves, all things on it move with it. Such motion does not mean life. Mathematically, uniform motion in a straight line is the line of least resistance. It is the path which particles move in under no forces. It is the beaten track of dead matter. It is force that changes either rest or uniform motion in a straight line. It is the presence of life-force within you that impels you to adventure. Where men have not the spirit of adventure, they are dead or at the best asleep.

Look at the periods of History that interest you. Look at Europe in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries when life was a glorious adventure. Men dared to challenge the seas and sail round the world in seventy-ton sailing vessels. The known world was felt to be too small and men sought new worlds and found them. They were not content with getting the products of Asia. They explored Asiatic countries and seized them. They went to America, Australia, the Pacific Islands and colonised them with such vigour that great new nations have risen all over the world. Along with this world expansion, men were impelled to a deeper probing into the secrets of nature. The whole development of European Science was a glorious adventure. For Newton to have ventured into the secrets of Planetary

† A lecture delivered at the Firdaus College, Mannargudi.

till at least at the windmill rather than do nothing at all. You have to learn to tilt at the windmill if by and by you would kill a dragon

If you have the spirit of adventure, you cannot complain of lack of opportunities to exercise it. Life makes its own opportunities. Look at the India of to-day. Is there ever a forest which needs pioneering work more than India does? All the joys of building a great national life are before you. Naturally Englishmen could only make large tracks through the forest and impose general peace and order. But the task of exploring the forest fully is left to you. What a lot of things there are to be done in this country. Educate the adults, clean up the streets, get even a few agricultural improvements followed, organise cottage industries, remove prickly pear; spread the glory of the knowledge which Europe has contributed. It is a joy to you to peer into the past and to dream of the future, to peep beyond the stars and into the atom. Share some of the joy with the 90 per cent who know it not. To do any of these things will be to you an adventure. It is true that the economic conditions of the country do not permit a large number to indulge in such adventures all their life. Therefore let me make to you a concrete proposal. Conscribe one year out of your life—but one year out of the 50 or 60 years that you live. Some-time between 20 and 30, let one year be your own, to do as you like. Let the cares of life, its selfishness, its greed, its meanness leave you. For one year, be a wanderer from the beaten track. Surely you give enough of your life to the security, the fear, the mechanical system of the world. Take away one year of your life. Wander as a temporary Sanjassin, as a lay brother. If it pleases you to carve, go to a village where they build a temple and learn sculpture. If you would paint or dance or sing, go and do it. If you would go to men whom you can help not because you feel pity for them but because it gives you joy to do it, go and do it. If you want food, beg it, if you must. Do a day's work as a labourer or as a teacher or as a preacher or as a singer and beg a day's food. Greater men than you have begged. Buddha begged, Sankara begged, Ramanuja begged. It is the men who begged their food and worked for other men for the

needs of their own souls that India reveres. One year of such a wandering will add to your stature morally and spiritually. Think what it would mean when in after life moving along the beaten track weak in body and in spirit, you can have the memory of one year when you were the master of your spirit, when the world had no bonds for you, when you could seek adventures as your nature prompted. Some of these wanderers will have helped themselves and thereby indirectly helped their nation. But a great many will have found scope for freedom and adventure in activity which helps the nation. The needs of your nation are also the needs of your soul. Nearest the soul is God, then humanity, then the nation and then your body. In trying to help the nation, you help your own soul. Don't be despondent at all the divisions that you see in India. Don't you believe people when they tell you you have no nation. True the surface of your life is broken with castes and creeds, races and religions. But it is not more broken than the surface of a glacier. And yet a glacier is one and moves as one. When a man wakes, he has to wash his face, bathe his body, sweep his room before he begins the day's work. All the meanness, pettiness, jealousies, mutual intolerance and slackness that you find in India are the filth that has accumulated in the night. You have to wash it out, bathe it out, sweep it out before India can begin her season's work. If therefore you seek adventures be a pioneer in this awakening of India. Do it for your own soul's sake and you shall have helped the country too. I have asked you to conscribe one year out of your 50 or 60. Let that one year be also an year conscript for the country. Imagine the youth of this country conscribing one year out of its life for adventures, what an army there will be spreading new life in the country.

I have a scheme by which we hope to find a few graduates to work each in a village. It is proposed that the village feed him and that a central Committee pay him a small sum say ten rupees a month as pocket money. His business is to supply the village with leadership and driving power. He should teach the adults, help them to clean their streets, see that even small improvements in agriculture are made and introduce if possible a cottage industry. It is enough if he works for a year. Another

can continue his work. If such a scheme is found successful and is widely followed, we shall not only have organised men into finding spiritual adventure but found through them men who having been at the lowest can also take their places in the highest seats as the leaders of the nation.

I ask you young men for the sake of your own souls to wake up, to seek adventures and through your personal adventures build up a national adventure. There is so much work to do in India now, so much scope for personality and spiritual growth that to be born in India now is a privilege rarely given to any generation. May you appreciate and utilise that privilege in its fullness!



BERNARD SHAW ON RELIGION

"This much I know, looking at life at seventy : men without religion are moral cowards, and mostly physical cowards too when they are sober. Civilization cannot survive without religion. It matters not what name we bestow upon our divinity—Life Force, World Spirit, Elan Vital, Creative Evolution—without religion, life becomes a meaningless concatenation of accidents. I can conceive of salvation without a God, but I cannot conceive of it without a religion. . . .

"An author of my sort must keep in training, like an athlete. How else could he wrestle with God, as Jacob did with the angel? . . .

"Evolution is a mystical process. , Darwinism, a mechanical doctrine, destroyed religion, but gave us nothing in its place. It gave an air of science to moral and political opportunism and to struggle-for-life militarism. It engulfed Europe yesterday in the World War. . . . The cause of Europe's miseries was its lack of religion. . . .

"Natural Selection must have played an immense part in adapting life to our planet ; but it is Creative Evolution that adapts the planet to our continual aspiration to greater knowledge and greater power.—

Liberty.

The Art of Speaking

By M. S. DEVESAN, B. A..

"Oratory is indeed reason incandescent with passion. It is love of country, it is love of humanity decked forth in the fervid light and effulgence of the soul. It is the words that burn and glow and sparkle, that alone can set the soul in fire and it is the heart that touches the tongue with Celestial fire"—

Surendranath Banerjea.

IN any free country the rewards, which await the master of the golden gift of speech are vital and enduring. Allied with other solid qualities, this elevates one from an obscure to the highest position. He may obtain a constituency and may dominate the representative assembly. But autocrats have no use for orators. It has been said that the most admirable gifts of rhetoric were no recommendation to the late Kaiser. Blood and iron policy are ill adapted comrades of persuasiveness. But yet it thrives well in the soil of repression. Ireland groaning under the heels of her foreign neighbour has produced a Parnell. America before the civil war has given rise to one Sir Henry Patrick. India under the political tutelage of an outside authority has also produced a brilliant galaxy of orators.

The orator by his supreme power of the gift of speech, moves men and inspires them, with the lofty ideals and passions, for the worship of the true, the good and the beautiful. It is eloquence more than anything else which goes to make up a good orator. And what is eloquence? It is the faculty which helps the orator to present a point of view whether argumentative or emotional in such a language and by such gifts of articulate expression, as to produce a great persuasive effect.

The art of speaking is one which is being held in high estimation from the earliest times. Down from the days of Demosthenes and Cicero, we hear of the art being practised with

an appreciable amount of skill and success. British orators have shown us the way. Keshub Chandra Sen revealed the power of oratory in the Indian mind. He fascinated his hearers, by his marvellous eloquence, set forth with all the accessories of a sonorous voice, a noble diction and commanding presence, inspired by the fervour of a deep and burning conviction.

The art of advocacy is not confined to one particular sphere. People in all walks of life irrespective of the different spheres in which they are called upon to play their role, find some use of the golden gift of speech. Much of boredom which now prevails in respectable and responsible quarters, where it ought not to exist, can be done away with, if those who occupy such positions, take some pains to understand the technique of the art. And we are not unfamiliar with a certain amount of uninteresting talk in the bar, in public plat-forms, class rooms and Legislative Councils.

Efficient advocacy coupled with legal acumen crowns a lawyer with everlasting success. 'The bar with its immense opportunities, its honourable prizes, its fine gymnastics, in combined common sense, accurate expression and strong thought,' affords ample opportunities for the cultivation of the powers of eloquence. But it has its own limitations. An eminent English lawyer and statesman says that the judges in a court of law do not over-encourage eloquence in as much as its object is to induce them to forget the other side. And further there is every likelihood of its being flamboyant, turgid and tiresome.

Preparation is the secret of success in public speaking as in any other branch of human activity. It is constant preparation that fits any one for the impromptu debate that gives the command of works, the readiness of resource, in a word, the mental accomplishment. 'Nobody can obtain the glory of eloquence without the height of zeal, of toil, of knowledge,' says Cicero. A great English orator John Bright used to say that a speech is not worth listening to unless it had been carefully prepared. Gladstone has stated that the work of the orator from its very inception is inextricably mixed up with practice. Bonar Law, used to prepare his great speeches, by sitting in a room at the Treasury and staring at a blank wall. Mr. Baldwin sometimes rehearsed

his speeches beforehand. It is also edifying to note how Surendranath Banerjea prepared his famous Congress Presidential Address. For two hours every day and from day to day he was absorbed in his work, alone in his house. After that he had his usual walk at the river side for three quarters of an hour, when the whole of what he had written was thought over, repeated and corrected. The corrections were subsequently embodied in the manuscripts. For a period of six weeks concentrated attention was paid to the task. The whole speech was delivered without referring to any notes and it lasted four hours. He was able to keep up undiminished and without flagging the attention of a vast assembly of over five thousand people.

To an orator, who can always live in the midst of his thoughts, arranging them for impressive presentment, the power of concentration is indispensable. Asquith was once carrying out a long, intricate and elaborate financial exposition. As he was proceeding with his speech, a bag of flour was savagely thrown on him from the gallery. Yet he went on thread unbroken, with his superb, unsurpassable clarity of expression, undimmed.

A mind imbued with abundance of high and various matter, intense study of facts, a clear conception of the topic free from irrelevant matter, unflinching faith in the cause and simplicity of language characterised by elegance and melody, are some of the points on which an aspiring public speaker ought to bestow his attention. Distinct articulation, modulation of the voice and a close examination of the arguments before they reach the audience, must also be carefully looked into. No amount of labour will be too great for the achievement of these objects. Powers, literary, illustrative, imaginative, satirical and humorous are also the essential requisites of an orator. Much depends upon the construction and arrangement of sentences. If the order be natural, logical and consistent, it is an aid to the memory. If the sentences are rhythmical, they imprint themselves upon the mind. Lord Salisbury used to say that his first sentences as they occurred to him while preparing his speeches, burnt themselves upon his mind. Gladstone conquered the

House because he was saturated with the subject and its arguments and he could state and enforce his case. He plainly believed every word he said and earnestly wished to press the same belief into the minds of his hearers. His speeches were a happy combination of great eloquence, apt expressions and charming rhetoric.

It should also be borne in mind that a successful debater is not necessarily a great orator. The qualifications of an orator are moral rather than intellectual. Lord Berkenhead our eminent Secretary of State has rightly said that a devil can be more eloquent on occasions. It is the emotions that inspire the noblest thoughts and invest them with their colour and distinctive character. All that is best and truest must form part of the moral composition of the orator. Nothing will nourish his mental and moral faculties so much as the constant association with the master minds of humanity, of those who have worked and suffered, who have taught and preached great things, who have lived dedicated lives consecrated to the service of their country or of their Gods. Of political oratory Lord Morley a great political philosopher and a reputed man of letters has pointed out that 'it is action not words—action, character, will, conviction, purpose, personality'.

From what has been said so far it can be stated that orators are made and not born. With a good amount of industry and perseverance, faith and fervour, aspirants after oratory can to a great extent gain their object, though they do not rise up to the ideal state. The prince of Indian patriots, Sir Surendranath Banerjea in whom Indian oratory attained its sublimity and glory says in the glowing pages of his ennobling reminiscences, that country first and all other things next, should be the creed of the orator. He does not like any one to aspire for the position of an orator, unless he loves his country with a true and soul-absorbing love.



Impressions of a Visit to Sabarmati

BY ARTHUR HOLITSCHER

[Translated from the German by L. V. RAMASWAMI AIYAR, M.A., B.L.]

[Note :—It is, to say the least, remarkable, how men belonging to divergent political opinions, religious faiths and intellectual convictions, all the world over, have agreed in acknowledging the spotless purity and resplendant goodness of the modern Indian Messiah. The significance of the present article which appeared in the original German in the Berlin monthly "Die Neue Rundschau" (May 1926), lies in the fact that it is an unstintingly generous tribute paid to Gandhiji by a European professing a political creed almost diametrically opposed to the noble doctrines for which our national leader stands. Though, here and there, the writer's observations have led him astray—which, indeed, in the circumstances is not to be wondered at—the reader will particularly note the author's enthusiastic and unqualified admiration for Gandhiji whom he describes as "the Impersonation of Softness, an Embodiment of God, standing at the portals of the Future of Humanity, illumining centuries to come!"—L. V. R.]

I shall set down these lines, just as my recollections of that memorable day suggest them to me. The few notes that I could take down as I sat before that great soul, will try to guide the course of these lines, but I shall not meticulously mind as to how I put them down on paper. Fain would I speak forth my impressions, with closed eyes as in a dream, on special occasions, admit a circle of dear friends, of chosen men.

And so, he who has ears to hear, let him hear!

An acquaintance of mine at Bombay, the merchant Trivedi directed my letter to the then address of the Mahatma who for the past few weeks had been travelling through the district of Cutch on the north-west coast of India. The newspapers said that he was moving from town to town, village to village, because the people of this poor and forsaken district had longed for his presence for a great time past.

On the 2nd November, a Monday, Mr. Trivedi brought me a telegram to the Hotel; it had been delivered at Bhuj and it ran thus:—"German friend can see me Sabarmati Saturday 4 P. M. Gandhi".

In the few following days I remained mostly indoors in the Hotel, I read again Romain Rolland's book on Gandhi, that book of love and devotion which a wonderful man had written and with which I was familiar since a year. I read it this time in the English translation of L. V. Ramaswami Aiyer brought out by a Madras publisher. Besides, I read a collection of Gandhi's articles from his journal, "Young India" and also a bunch of newspaper-cuttings which dealt with the propaganda of the Mahatma in Cutch i. e. with the latest phase of his activity.

Rolland's book closes with the account of the trial of the Mahatma on that eventful day in March 1922 when he entered the portals of the prison-house of Sabarmati.*

The Mahatma was, as is well known, released in the winter of 1923 by the British Labourite Government of Ramsay MacDonald. The great man of India has ever since turned more and more, in his political activity, to the constructive part of his programme, the strict observance of which he had imposed upon his followers as a last monition and bequest, before the doors of the prison closed upon him. Gandhi has, after his release given up the other part of the programme, leaving the working-out of its important items in the hands of the Swaraj-party whose present leader, after the death of C. R. Das, is Pandit Motilal Nehru. This party aims generally at carrying out Gandhi's teachings, on the principle of *Swaraj through Swadheshi* i. e. freedom through economic independence, in which the ideal of return to primitive simplicity is also incorporated. Nevertheless the line of work pursued by this party differs from the original principle of Non-co-operation, in that this party seeks co-operation with the Government so as to paralyse and destroy Government institutions from within. Indeed Gandhi had given up non-co-operation in its extremest form, on tactical grounds, even before his imprisonment.

* A small place situated five miles away from Ahmedabad named after a broad but mostly dried-up river by whose banks the Ashram of the Mahatma is situated.

After 1923, Gandhi no more concerns himself with direct political work; but his towering personality looms large before the public eye, every time a momentous and decisive move has to be made, either in the direction of advance, retreat or timely compromise. It is then that this human soul becomes the living fire of faith, the cleansing Flame in which all that is doubtful, equivocal or false burns itself out.

Like the other great man Lenin, Gandhi too is ever ready to listen to the dictates of Necessity. When he recognised in his programme—which rests entirely on Ahimsa or Non-violence—the immediate dangers involved in the extremest forms of Civil Disobedience, he was the first to raise his hand in token of a direction to his followers to change their position. It was Lord Reading's predecessor, Lord Chelmsford who notified to Gandhi that the refusal to pay taxes would transform India into a battlefield. But probably the recognition went deeper, as some of those who were in the know assured me,—the recognition, namely, that the great textile manufacturers of India, mill-owners and cotton magnates would pay down taxes, and that it was in their power to easily starve out the poor followers of Gandhi who were entirely dependant on them.

Indeed Gandhi even advised the students who had left the colleges at his bidding, to resume their studies, till the time was ripe for action.

When is the time going to be ripe? Only then, when the Hindus and the Mussalmans,—these basically different energies and intelligences of India, physically and spiritually divergent in genius—unite together into a compact national whole. "The time is far," assured the learned Hindus. "The time is near," said the politicians. Surely, the majority of the Mahatma's followers are amongst the Hindus and the soft Jains. The problem of the Khilafat concerns the Mussalmans closer; they study the problems of Western Asia still.

I told my friends in Bombay, later in Ahmedabad, Benares and Calcutta that I could very well understand the retreat of a practical politician in deference to stern necessity, but not so well the evasion of a religious leader, the Instrument of a Higher Power, possessed, ensouled and guided by a Super-rational

Force. To which the answer was that he himself never departs a hair's breadth from his fore-planned path when he finds himself compelled to a new orientation of attitude, by his pain and concern about the danger to which his extreme principles might lead his followers and has really led, in many instances. I was further told that he was seeking every day to replenish through self-denials and super-human fasts, the soul-power necessary for his own action and for the guidance of others.

And indeed this soft, frail body, this soul beaming with a super-earthly glow runs the risk, every moment of its earthly existence, of extinction, of being snatched off from the sphere of men whom it loves so deeply.

Between him and Lenin stands Ahimsa. While the latter swept away with an iron broom, the slackers, the compromisers irresolute by nature and situation, and the "Menschewisten", the Indian sage uses no such weapons, not even that of silent contempt. His only weapon is what he directs against his own self. And, in sooth, the point of this sword is aimed ceaselessly against his own self, honoured as he is almost, idolatrously by three hundred million men, worshipped as he is as the godlies of all human wanderers on Earth.

In the suburbs of the city of Ahmedabad stands the National University in which the Mahatma's teachings are imparted, in which the Mahatma himself addresses the students some times and in which during the intervals between instruction, the charka or the spinning wheel and the loom prepare the peaceful weapon of the white cloth or khaddar.

The medium of instruction is Gujarati, the vernacular of these parts. The students of the University, about 150 in number hail mostly from Guzerat. The Mahatma's flag floats from the roof: white — green — red; white for the blending of all religions of India, green for Mohammedanism and red for Hinduism. The figure of the wooden spinning-wheel appears above the three horizontal strips.

Accompanied by my young friend, Dr. Manohar Kawi I frequently visited the University and conversed with the young professors — who were men with European culture — over one and the same topic, the personality of the Mahatma and his

work in India. Much did I hear, sense and understand. Much indeed has flowed over into my peaceless, racked-up European soul, in the presence of these pure and good Indian men.

On the 7th November, an hour before the time appointed for the interview with Gandhi, I was the guest of the University. On the seven-stringed *Settar* and then on the *Bin* which resembles the bosnian *Guzla*, plaintive Hindu rhythms, generally remaining melancholic but often rising to stormy beats, were sung over to me. They strangely reminded me rather of Russian, Ukrainian and Polish peasant music than of what I know of Eastern, Arabic, Egyptian or Palestinian tunes.

Exactly at five the Mahatma stepped into the high-ceiled barely-furnished ante-chamber of his house in Sabarmati, in which along with Dr. Kawi I waited for him sitting on a bench while two of Gandhi's disciples — his secretary and a young painter — were squatting with folded feet, in Indian fashion, on the blue carpet which covered the brick floor. A white, thin mattress had been spread before a very low writing-desk on which letters, telegrams a used-up note-paper pad and a few books lay.

The Mahatma had just returned from the city where an hour ago he had gone by motor.

Gandhi is a middle-sized, lank man with a small head on frail shoulders. His body was at that time particularly emaciated on account of the trying journey through the Cutch district. He wears a short loin-cloth of white tunic. There is no other article of dress about him. The upper body is deep brown and the chest is fairly arched with thin dark hair growth on it. The hands and feet are of a somewhat lighter tint. The face shows a broad flattened nose which half conceals the close-cropped moustache over the broad thin lips. The chin portion is small in comparison with the upper fully-developed half of the face. In the lower jaw, a few middle teeth are wanting. The forehead is not striking, just as there is nothing particularly remarkable about the face or the entire figure which can hardly be called handsome. The very large but normally built ears stand wide apart from the skull. The left ear is bored about the top. Gandhi should have worn ear-rings there in his childhood,

following Indian traditional custom. The hair of the head is all completely shaved, except for a few long streaks at the back which are essential for every faithful Hindu. The eyes look soft and dark with a yellowish shimmer, and have almost a juvenile freshness. This is the characteristic feature of an otherwise commonplace appearance, this youthful and fresh lustre pervading the face of the fifty-six year old man. His voice is agreeable, without being sonorous. He speaks in a half-loud voice, in very good chosen English. A benign, often naive smile enlivens the countenance whereby the absence of teeth comes into view. When the conversation turns on humorous topics, he breaks out into a hearty, half-loud laughter. There is no reserve, no false "dignity": now and then small but elucidative gestures with the hands, a slowing of the utterance of words when I took down notes; a friendly expectant look and a deferential bending forward of the head when I spoke.

We conversed for an hour. My guide and the two disciples were sitting on the floor all the time without a stir, without a sound, as if transfixed.

The letters and the telegrams lay unattended to there. Afterwards Gandhi used a pair of horn-rimmed spectacles for reading them. All the time, he sat with crossed legs behind the low writing-desk on the mattress; his loin-cloth covered the lower body from the nipple to the knee. The disciples wore white coats, a long white cloth covering the body and white caps which Gandhi's followers throughout India recognise as such — it is the prisoner's cap which the Mahatma wore in prison.

(To be continued).

"Fulfill thou the perfection of truth. Though the thunder bolt descend upon thy head, yield thou never to the allurements that beguile men from the path of truth. As the sun at all seasons pursues his own course, nor ever goes on another, even so if thou forsake not the straight path of righteousness, thou shalt become a Buddha."

—The Gospel of Buddha.

A National Language for India

By A. RAMA IYER, M. A.

NONE who knows anything of Indian history through the ages can have any doubt as to the fundamental unity of the Indian people, from the Himalayas to Cape Comorin, from Assam to Peshawar. Our common tradition, and common social and cultural background, are enough to disprove the contention so often made by a certain class of people, namely, that India is a congeries of nations and not a single nation. All our internal differences cannot obscure the fact of our essential unity. Nevertheless, it must be conceded that a multiplicity of languages is a serious stumbling-block in the path of our national development. Few will dispute the proposition that a common language is one of the most effective solidifying factors in a country. The kinship of speech is an irresistible solvent of mutual jealousies and suspicions. We in the south of India are now practically cut off from our brethren in the north, for want of a common medium of speech. If our Indian world to-day is "broken up into fragments by narrow domestic walls," it is partly at least due to our differences of language.

But, while freely admitting the need for a common language, many among our English educated men would seriously argue that English is best fitted to be this common language. I yield to none in my admiration for the English language and literature, and I do believe that it would be suicidal to give up their study for false patriotic reasons. But, who that knows Indian conditions can ever delude himself into the motion that English can become the real *lingua franca* of India? Those who plead for English do not apparently realise what a microscopic minority of our people are able to read and write English after a century and a half of British rule. That any one should at all fancy the possibility of English becoming a national language for India is eloquent proof of the gulf that divides our English-educated men from the common people;

for no one who is in touch with the masses, however ardent a lover of English he may be, can for a moment entertain this absurd suggestion. The activities of the Indian National Congress had absolutely no influence on the masses for the first thirty-four years of its existence, for the simple reason that its proceedings were conducted entirely in English, and no attempt was made to educate the "man in the street" on the matters that engaged the attention of the leaders. It was Mahatma Gandhi who, for the first time, in 1918, made a momentous innovation by introducing Hindi into the Congress proceedings, so as to make them intelligible even to the peasant delegates. In reply to Mrs. Besant's criticism that the Congress had degenerated thereby into a "provincial" gathering, Mahatmaji maintained (*Young India*, January 21, 1920) that, on the other hand, the Congress had for the first time become truly national. "As national consciousness develops", he went on to say, "and as the appetite for political knowledge and education grows, as it must, it will become more and more difficult, and rightly so, for a speaker, no matter how able and popular, to command the attention of a popular audience, if he spoke in English." We know how, even in our Province, which is the most English-ridden in all India, the demand for vernacular speeches has been steadily on the increase since 1919, and our most influential leaders to-day are those who can most successfully address popular audiences in the vernacular. The feeling against English is not as great to-day as in the Non-co-operation day, but there can be no doubt that English can never hope to reach the masses even in the remote future.

And if English can never become our *lingua franca*, which of all our languages is entitled to the honour? I suppose it will be admitted on all hands that Hindi or Hindustani, as being the language spoken by the largest number of people in India, has certainly the best chance of becoming our national language. This does not mean, of course, that our vernaculars are forthwith to be consigned to the limbs of oblivion. National life must be many-sided, and unity does not mean a colourless uniformity. Our vernaculars must, therefore, be fostered and developed, and their literatures must bring their individual

contributions to the richness and fulness of our national life and thought. At the same time, Hindi must be learnt for national purposes, and we must learn to think more and more nationally by making it the official language for all pan-Indian organisations like the national Congress.

India's position in this respect is indeed peculiar. We cannot afford to neglect English, not merely because it is the language of our rulers, but also because of its cultural and commercial value. The study and development of our vernaculars is, of course, on obvious duty. The study of Hindi is imperative for common national purposes.* And lastly, we must needs learn Sanskrit, which is the fountainhead of all our culture, and in which are enshrined the most precious and imperishable treasures of our literature and philosophy. No Indian, therefore, can claim to be fully educated, unless he has studied at least three languages besides his mother-tongue, — namely, Sanskrit, Hindi, and English. The Anti-Sanskrit propaganda which has been recently initiated by certain Tamilians, in the name of self-respect, can only excite the ridicule and compassion of all Indians who are unbiassed, and who care for sanity and culture.

The question of script has to be considered in connection with Hindustani. The Mussalmans may fight for the adoption of their Arabic script, but that would be short-sighted, as the Devanagari script in which Hindi is written is undesirably much simpler to learn and more familiar to the vast majority of Indians. I may say incidentally that the adoption of Devanagari as a common script for all Indian languages will bring them much nearer to one another, and will make it possible for those who speak one language to read and at least partially understand the literatures in the other languages.†

Those whose mother-tongue is Hindi will, of course, have a simpler task, but it would be foolish to grudge them this

* The original Bengali songs of Tagore's *Gitanjali* have been printed in Devanagari by the Indian Press, Allahabad (Price Re. 1 only); and it is a pity that so few of us seem to have taken advantage of this.

† *Pratap*, edited by Sjt. Ganesh Shankar Vidyarthi, Cawnpore, is almost the best political weekly in Hindi, and its annual subscription is only Rs. 3/8.

advantage. Let us not forget that, if we have to study one language more than they, we shall have ample compensation for our pains, in the shape of the extra cultural value of such study. Let us also remember that we are not called upon to dive deep into Hindi literature, unless we feel prompted to do so for cultural purposes. The average man is only asked to acquire a working knowledge of Hindi, so as to be able to follow an ordinary speaker or writer. Such a knowledge of Hindi can be acquired in an incredibly short space of time. Speaking from personal experience, I can say that, for a man of ordinary intellect and application, a period of six months at the rate of one hour a day is amply sufficient for the acquisition of such a knowledge. Thenceforth he has only to keep his knowledge alive by practising conversation wherever possible, and by regularly reading some good paper, which can be had ridiculously cheap. How can anyone, under these circumstances, honestly plead want of time for the study of Hindi? It is a thousand pities that some of our Congress leaders, who are so full of lip-sympathy for the cause, should not have thought fit to set an example by actually learning the language. Where the leaders refuse to lead, how can we expect the rank and file to do their duty better?

How many of my readers, I should like to ask, are aware of the nature and extent of the service rendered to the cause of Hindi propaganda in South India, by the Hindi Prachar Office of Madras? Established in Madras in June 1918, at the instance of Mahatmaji and Srijit Jamnalal Bajaj, the office has steadily extended its activities, until it embraces today within its folds the whole of South India, with its four linguistic divisions of Tamil Nad, Kerala, Andhra Desa and Karnatak. The Prachar work is now in the hands of a registered body called the Dakshina Bharate Hindi Prachar Sabha, which possesses a Press of its own, from which have been issued so far thousands of copies of several Readers, Dictionaries, and other useful books for students of Hindi besides a Hindi journal. In July last, as many as 25 Pracharaks were engaged in teaching, and the number of students stood at 2600.* Examinations of different

* This figure is rather misleading, as the majority of learners are beginners, and few of these pursue their studies beyond the mere elementary stage.

grades are held twice a year at different centres, and no less than 4,569 candidates have sat for these so far, including 7 ladies. The bulk of the funds has come in the past from the north, but, now that the work has taken deep root in our Province, it is our plain duty to take up the burden on our own shoulders, remembering that it is an essential branch of the work of nation-building to which the Sabha has set its hand. It also behoves us to take to the study of Hindi in much larger numbers than in the past. It is a pity that no school or college seems to have availed itself of the new provisions by which Hindi has been accepted as an Optional Subject for both the S. S. L. C. and the Intermediate Examinations. Mahatma Gandhi has appealed to us again and again to turn a fraction of our energies to the study of Hindi, so that the rest of India may not remain a sealed book to us Dravidians, and we may be enabled to come into the fullness of our heritage. "I appreciate the difficulty with the Dravidians", he once wrote, "but nothing is difficult before their industrious love for the Motherland". Our love for the Motherland has been hardly strong enough to move us to effective action in the matter of Hindi; but, let us hope that at least a few of us will make a vigorous attempt to do our duty, and that we shall not attempt in vain.

THE FIRE.

Penetrating dense dark forests of ignorance
I created a path of light.
First I set fire to a few frailties
And bramble-bushes of prickly desires;
My fire grew,
It spread over tall vanities, thick arrogances.
The whole forest of world's delusion is ablaze.
The wild beasts of passions and mortal fears are burnt.
Wading thru the ashes of past human errors
I shall create a path for all.

Swami Yogananda.

Wars and the Road to Peace .

By Mr. DUNCAN GREENLEES

I

THE CRISIS IN WORLD POLITICS

WAR begins not on the physical plane but in the world of thought, whence it slowly descends till fighting takes form in the outer visible world. If we would cure the inner disease of which it is but the external symptom we must summon our doctors to the secret chamber of the inner, mental world.

Wars are the inevitable result of traditions that bind the imagination, that erect barriers between peoples and castes and faiths, that maintain a false belief in the superiority of one form over another. They arise from lack of understanding and of that wonderful quality of sympathy which enables us to see the world through another's eyes and thus attain a temporary union with him. They may be avoided only by the breaking down of these limitations, by the abolition of frontiers, customs dues and passports, and by the return of the world to a higher nomadism. When man thinks as Man with no qualifying adjective, wars will cease throughout this world, for Man cannot slay or wrong his Brother once he has really recognised him as such. No fiendish cruelty fresh-added to the horrors of war can ever drive it from our midst, for Man has all the courage of the Gods and will face Hell itself to attain his ends. Nothing but a wider, world-wide, vision and the gradual growth of a true world-patriotism can cure this fell disease of War.

Wars in the outer world are made by professional soldiers who seek fame and glory therein, by dishonest politicians who seek a place in History by bartering human lives for material "gain," by makers of armaments who desire to increase their dividends. These last are the "Kings" of Coal and Iron, the

WARS AND THE ROAD TO PEACE

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capitalistic oligarchy that controls the Governments of the west. In their hands lies most of every country's wealth, and by them all policies are dictated. The sham of Parliament is but a tattered threadbare veil to conceal their real power; their interests are frankly "jingo" and militaristic, and their hold on European institutions makes periodic wars a certainty.

When the secret signal for a war passes among them they have a regular routine of provocation which they follow. First they instruct the Press, of which nearly the whole is in their power, to prepare a warlike atmosphere by means of bogus tales of atrocity, of persecution, and of insult to the Flag. This is like the preliminary bombardment and, when all is ready, they advance under its cover to the attack on the chosen enemy with a deliberate affront that is expected to force a premature move on her part. Thus came the scare of Russian War in 1920, to overthrow her national Government by enemies within and without. This plot was happily detected in time by the Labour Party which, by organising the Triple Alliance of Railway, Coal and Transport Workers, threatened a General Strike and thus stopped that war at the imminent peril of civil revolution in England. Then came in 1923 the deliberate attempt to force the war on Turkey, ostensibly to recover Australian graves in the Dardanelles Peninsula, and Australia threatened to remain neutral in such a war, thus raising a danger of her secession from the Empire. Then very recently we have had the shameless campaign in Central China, preceded by the usual storm of alleged atrocities and persecution of Christian missionaries. Happily that danger was also averted, by the fear of its spreading into a world-wide Colour War.

Finally, nearer home we had in 1919 the deplorable Panjab massacres, deliberately planned, it seems, to provoke a premature revolt in India that could only have led to hideous disaster. India was happily saved from madness then, in large part by Dr. Annie Besant's heroic stand. And now we have come to the second stage of provocation. Miss Mayo's book, most false because so true in parts, officially fathered by the Conservative Party of England, prepares the way for the White Nonentity

Commission which Sjt. S. Srinivasa Aiyengar, Congress President for 1927, has aptly termed an "outrage" and a "comprehensive insult" to the whole historic nation of India.

The forces of darkness that strive sleeplessly for a ghastly Colour War are trying to force us into some mad act of passionate resentment, some super—"Neill Statue Satyagraha". However much we may humanly symyathise with such demonstrations they are foolish for they play the enemy's game. That is what he wants so that he may shame and crush us before the world. What can he do to us if we keep calm and undisturbed in this mighty crisis? He cannot kill us all, and the recent veiled threats of violence are merely bluff.

Our policy towards this provocation falls naturally under five heads:—

(a) *Calmness*, for we must not lose our heads: we should then not know what to do and it is much better for our opponents to be in that condition.

(b) *Firmness*, for past history will show how Britain always yields to firm, unyielding, opponents, when they are sweetly reasonable and willing to talk politely with her.

(c) *Courage*, for fear is our only real enemy, and after all there are thirty-two crores of us here in India.

(d) *Union*, on some definite policy such as the Boycott and the Commonwealth of India Bill, or some amendment of it.

and lastly (e) *Sacrifice*,—be it small or great,—for we must be ready instantly to offer everything on the altar of Indian Freedom if we would she should be free. When we hear the call from our real Leaders we must be ready to give immediate answer to the uttermost, else we do not deserve our freedom, nor shall we ever win it.

II.

THE FUTURE OF INDIA.

Twenty-five centuries ago Asoka sent his missionaries as far as Egypt and they, blending Hindu philosophy with Western faith and science, prepared the ground for the rapid spread of Christianity. Once again the day has come when a new civilisation is to be born and therefore, two centuries ago, God

threw wide open India's doors to European adventurers, to messengers of Western ideals, to learn and teach in India, that through their efforts and blunders the culture of the future might struggle into birth.

The greatest obstacle in Western lands to this exchange of thought, this marriage of East and West that God has willed, has always been the colour-bar. And since the War, when coloured troops were used in trenches and in conquered territory by both the combatants, this prejudice has largely gone. You cannot maintain the feeling of haughty superiority long when policed by coloured men or saved from invasion by their gallant resistance, and it was that very pride that had prevented our learning from each other. For if the teacher be proud, he repels the pupil; if the pupil be proud, he sees no need to learn. That ancient pride is breaking down. In Egypt a coloured race employs white men in part to police its streets, in Rhineland for a while a white race used coloured men to police the German streets.

This is the way prepared for blending East and West and giving birth to the coming civilisation of the world. What has the West to give? Efficiency, System, Energy. And the East? Understanding, Sympathy, Vision. Hitherto England led the Western World but to-day its most typical exponent is America where a Mr. Ford can make a thousand cars a day by a miracle of organisation. China, the greatest Eastern nation, is still in chaos searching for her soul; India has found her soul and leads the Eastern World. It is this wedding of Anglo-America and India, of Efficiency and understanding, of Skill and Imagination, of Power and Gentleness, the prototypal Male and Female halves of Man, that is so well typified in the greatest living Scientist, Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose. And it is the parent of the "Parliament of Man, the Federation of the World" so grandly dreamed of by Tennyson when the flags of battle are for ever laid aside.

Already the West is hungering to learn of India, the Motherland of all its varied races; Tagore in Berlin was nearly mobbed by enthusiastic crowds in their eagerness to hear Upanishadic Wisdom; Schopenhauer, Wagner, Bergson and Holst have gathered much in India's store of teaching. Here in India

we are as eager to copy the ruling methods of the west and the scientific accuracy of observation that we may add them to our own powers of theory and expression.

God who rules the world is like a King and has His Vizier and Pope on either hand. The former is the Ruler whose reflection is the ideal of the West. The latter is the teacher of the World, the Bodhisattva, whose reflection is the sacred land of India and her ideals. The union of the East and West, the first World-State, will thus be a faint reflection of the Inner Government of the World,—a Ruler who *understands* his people and a people that knows how to *regulate* its own life in order and harmony.

India has given to the world its Teacher once again, and a Teaching full of the independence and self-reliance of the Western spirit; surely the West in a few more years will give us the ideal Ruler whose methods shall be understanding and sympathy and union. Then, indeed, shall come the "crowning race of humankind" that Tennyson foresaw when men shall be one family and the threat of war and hate shall flee away.



ROMAIN ROLLAND ON ASIA.

"Asia, the great continent, of which Europe is only a peninsula, the vanguard of the army, the prow of the heavy ship, loaded with wisdom of thousands of years. From her have always come our gods and our ideas. But in losing contact with the native East, in the wild marches of our people always following the sun, we have deformed the universality of these vast thoughts for our own ends of limited and violent action.

"And now the races of the Occident find themselves cornered in a blind alley, and they crush each other ferociously. Let us wrench our spirit from this mob of bloody chaos. Let us try to regain the great cross road of the highways from which the streams of human genius have spread to the four points of the horizon. In order to find air let us mount again to the high plateaux of Asia".

Physical Culture

AN INTERVIEW WITH PROFESSOR RAMAMURTHY

THE following is the report of an interview which our representative had with Professor Ramamurthy on the occasion of his recent visit to this town.

Question—What in your opinion is the present physical status of India?

Answer—It is at its worst. There is a gross neglect of physical education in Modern India. I have always been deeply pained to see the most deplorable physique and unhealthy body which is the lot of as many as 90 per cent of the people of India. The poor physique, feeble mentality and non-spirituality of many men and women have caused the greatest pain to me.

We have a glorious past. Women of the olden days used to fight in the battle fields. Our men of the present day are much worse than the women of the past. The play toys of Whiteaway Laidlaw and Co are far better than our present day young men and women. The average age of our ancients was 125. And now it is only 23. Our young men are most disappointing to their parents as well as their country, on account of premature death.

Question—What is the cause of this deplorable condition in your opinion?

Answer—The bad physique of our people, which is undergoing continuous degeneration is due in a large measure to the blind imitation of the West. We have utterly disregarded the observance of the four *Ashramas* of life so lucidly described in our Shastras and duly followed by our ancestors. The satisfactory results of this division is manifest from the all-round development of human life in the past. But what is the condition to-day? Again, in days of yore, the people cared not only for material advancement, they aimed at spiritual perfection also. We have woefully neglected physical culture which includes the development of one's physique so as to

ensure sound health, the increase of one's vitality so as to ensure sound body, the improvement of one's mind so as to realise universal Brotherhood and the building up of morality through love divine so as to realise one's inner spiritual nature.

If only we had not forgotten our *pranayamam*, *asanams*, *Gayatri*, *Suryanamaskaram* etc., we would not have been reduced to this miserable plight. While the religious books of other countries make mention of only a few heroes who are famous for their personal prowess and muscular strength, our puranas supply us with a host of them. A brilliant galaxy of heroes and heroines have glorified the pages of our puranas and ancient history.

The present day education also has got to do a good deal with our degradation. In my school days, I used to get up at 3 o'clock early morning, run ten miles a day, wrestle with 15 or 20 of my companions, practice on the horizontal and parallel bars and do other Gymnasium exercises all in one breath; I also used to swim for one hour continuously every day and finish all my exercises by 9 in the morning. But now you see Ping Pong Captains and Badminton Champions. These games do not develop the muscles. People like Messrs. Noehren and Buck who cannot understand the Indian system of Physical culture, even if they live here for three continuous generations, set to mould the physical culture system of our boys in schools and colleges. The system—shall I say system?—adopted by Mr. Buck is no system at all. The Hanuman Bhaski and First Form Exercises and so many more likewise are in my opinion—an insult to the intelligence, capacity and scientific physical culture of Indians. These are no exercises and are performed even at the present day by the dancing girls of Tanjore. When such books are circulated in foreign countries, they laugh at us and think that people in India are jumping like monkeys without knowing scientific physical culture. Our *Suryanamaskarams* are a thousand times better than the exercises adopted by Mr. Buck.

Question—What were our ancients doing by way of exercises?

Answer—They practised the 184 *asans*. To cure different

diseases, different *asans* were practised. I can guarantee the cure of such chronic diseases as constipation, indigestion, dyspepsia, Hysteria etc., which affect our young men by *asans* and breathing exercises.

Question—How have you attained the present state of physical development?

Answer—I have been only following our ancient Rishi's footpath. The sages of old have been my guides. By practising *Asan*, *Pranayam*, *Dhyana*, *Dhana*, *Dharana*, *Samadhy*, *Mudra* and also other Indian exercises, I have attained this development. It is the study of our religious literature that has inspired me most.

Question—When were you drawn for the first time to that change in your life which has paved the way for your present development? It will be so interesting to have an account of your life.

Answer—I began to think about physical exercise when I was only a boy. I was born in 1882 November at Viraghattam near Vizianagaram. The name of my birthplace 'Village of Heroes' infused me with dauntless determination. The ennobling names of Bhima and Bhishma, Hanuman, Sri Rama, Krishna, Balarama, Drona, Aswathama etc., were my constant source of inspiration. When I was only a child, my parents used to take me to Harikatha Kalakshepams. When I heard of the adventures of Hanuman against the Rakshasas, I became most excited and struck my people saying that I was a Hanuman. Sree Krishna lifting the Govardhana mountain, with his Kanishtika (little) finger, Bhima's treating the elephants as toys and Prahlada's will-power in dissuading the attacks of the elephants, all inspired me with the greatest enthusiasm. India of the past was rich in such examples. I asked myself, cannot the India of the present produce such men? My parents discouraged me in my early attempts. They said that I would only become a vagabond, but I replied that if Krishna, Balarama and Prahlada were vagabonds, I also liked to become one. I used to do Veera Hanuman *Upasana*. I practised almost all the Physical Cultural Systems that have been put forth till now; but I found the Indian System of Physical

Culture the most effective one to bring about permanent health and muscular development. Hence I discarded all other systems and continued practising the Indian system in obscurity.

I had occasion to realise my latent strength when once I pulled out with ease a buffalo by its horns. At another time I discovered that I could lift three times the weight which Eugen Sandow, the world-renowned Athlete of Europe, was lifting as a feat of strength. Then in May 1905, when he was in India I challenged him to a trial of physical strength and it is now matter of common knowledge how the Sandow disdainfully rejected this challenge, refusing to put his strength against that of a mere "native." Afterwards I exhibited my feats of strength under the patronage of the South Indian Athletic Association. Since then I have taken to Physical Culture as an Art and Profession.

Question. How have you developed your will power? To what extent has it helped you?

Answer. I have already told you that I have developed my will-power by following the system of our *Rishis* of old. I have been able to develop my power of concentration to such an extent that while my eyes see the whole world before them, my mind sees only myself and the inner self. It is will-power that has made it possible for me to exhibit such super-human strength. When the elephant is to pass over my person, or the country carts over my thighs and chest, or when I am to bear the huge stone, all that I do is to concentrate my mind on the particular portion of the body which is to bear the brunt of the burden, and since the mental controls the physical, my body obeys my will and I am able to perform the feat without being hurt in the least. This is not a mere euphemism, but true to life. According to me, any one can acquire physical strength by merely cultivating his mind. It is my settled conviction that the only way physical strength can be acquired is by cultivating the mind. The will must be directed, once or twice every day for half an hour or more to demand bodily vigour and all thoughts other than this must be absolutely shut out of the brain.

Question. What do you consider to be the best diet? Do you rule out mixed diet?

Answer.—I consider vegetarian diet to be the best. Physical strength is nothing before mind strength and vegetarian diet gives the greatest strength to the mind.

Question.—I take it that you have bestowed a good deal of attention on the subject of *Brahmacharya*. I do not here use the word in the sense of absolute celibacy, but only in the sense of a reasonable measure of self-restraint which every man married or unmarried has to observe in order to strengthen life.

Answer.—I have very great faith in the institution of *Brahmacharya* and I do believe that even married men can practise *Brahmacharya*, i. e., exercise self-control. In this sense, even animals practise *Brahmacharya*, even dogs meet only in seasons. But man has become brutal and we have lost all our ancient virtues especially after the advent of Western Education.

And this leads me to the question of marriage. I advocate that no man should lead a married life before he is 24 years old, and no woman before she is sixteen.

Question.—Have you anything to say about the improvement of the lot of our women?

Answer.—The sooner we realise the proper place of women in society the better for us and for our country. We have totally neglected the education of our women. If woman should be the companion of man, she ought to be given education, but not the kind of education that our boys receive.

The women of the present day have begun to imitate the west and there is the craze for fashion. They have also become weaklings and bring forth children who are only lizards (*Bachyas*). Where can we see at the present day women similar to those whose lives illumine the pages of our history? Is not the mere mention of the names of Jagan Mohini, wife of Vijaya Simha of Vijayanagar, Jhansi Mahalakshmi Bai, Durgavathi etc., who won immortal fame by their valour enough to send a thrill through our frames and stir our blood?

Question.—Among the educated section in middle class life, the Hindu women do a lot of physical work at home. Would you advocate for them a course of exercises?

Answer—Yes, undoubtedly, because though they may do a lot of work at home, that is never exercise. They never concentrate their mind on the muscles when they do this work. The mind is not at all working. The Dhoby does a lot of work, but he never develops his muscles by doing so, because his mind is not concentrated on it. Women therefore should have exercises, but they should have different kinds of exercises. Very easily, they can perform their *Pradakshinams* and *Suryanamasharams* every morning concentrating their mind upon it. I don't advise Pranayam for them, because their heart is weak.

Question—Have you been bed-ridden at any time of your life?

Answer—No, except in case of accidents.

Question—What views do you hold about the subject of military training for our students?

Answer—We may have compulsory military training, but before that we must have compulsory physical culture for our boys. Otherwise it will be putting the cart before the horse. I am emphatically of opinion that physical culture and exercises should be made compulsory, in all our schools and colleges and then military training will be very easy. How can skeletons be expected to undergo military training?

Professor Ramamurthi wound up his long interview with words of advice to our young men and women. He was appalled at the present depressed condition of our people and would pray to God to stir them up to self-consciousness. "Let it not be the outlook of our young men of to-day" said he, warming up, "to learn careful walking without disturbing their pantaloons or neck-ties or well parted hair; but let it be their aim to face the world and fight its battles like the knights-errant of the middle ages; let them no more seek their wives through well-dressed hair and painted face but through genuine and manly feats of strength as was done in the Swayamvaras of our ancients. Let it not be the outlook of our young women to teach fashion to London or Paris, but to become Veeramatas as did the matrons of the ancient Bharatvarsha. It is high time to set ourselves earnestly to the re-building of the nation lest the race of this ancient land, so radiant with lustre should completely disappear from the face of the earth."

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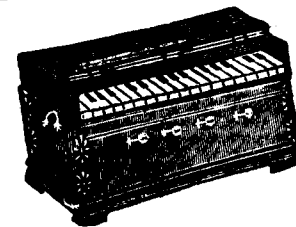
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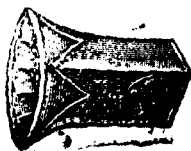
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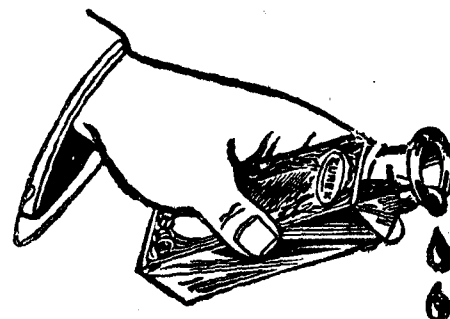
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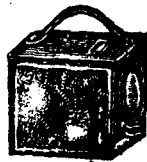
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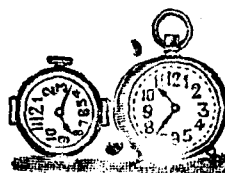
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(Sd.) R. M. K. SUNDARAM,

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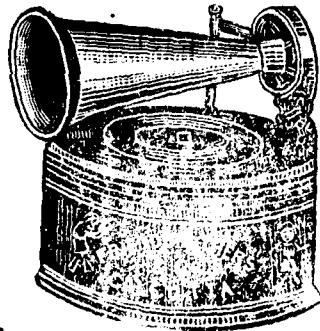
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