

VOL. 3

# THE SCHOLAR

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

JULY 1928

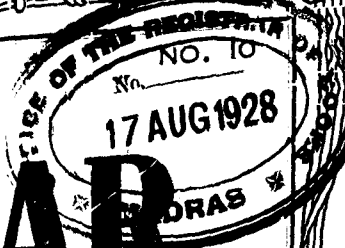
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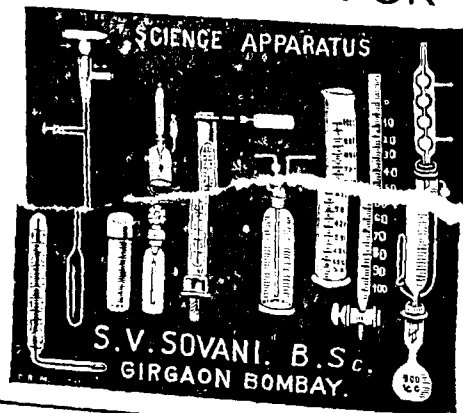


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We request very much that owing to the shortage of paper and the impossibility of getting the same from Madras on account of the S. I. R. strike, we have not been able to bring out this issue in time. We are also obliged to drop some of the usual features of the magazine such as Book-Reviews, Notes etc.

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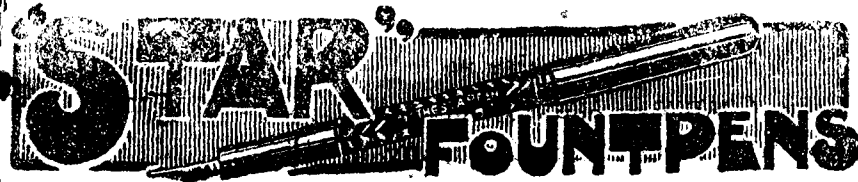
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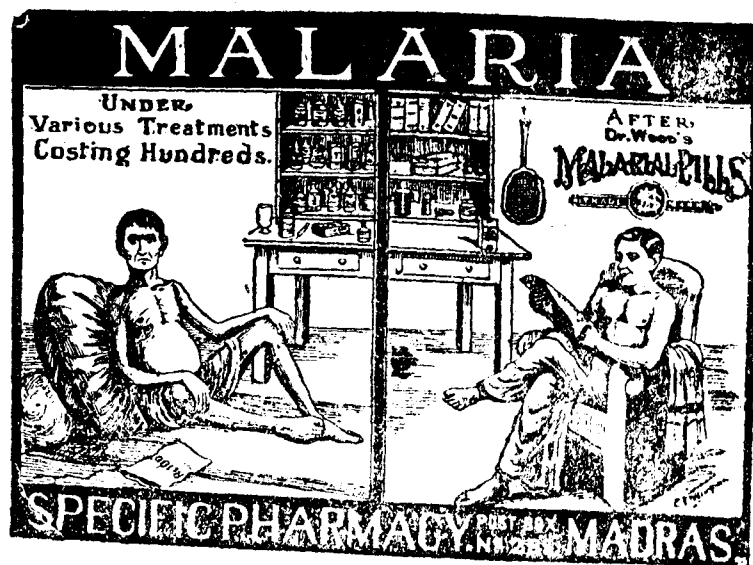
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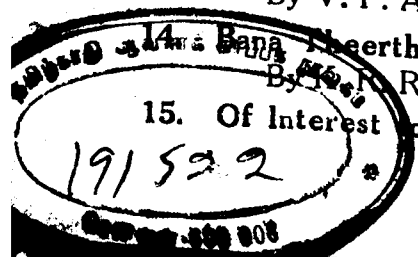
# THE SCHOLAR

VOL. III } JULY } No. 10

## CONTENTS

Pages

1. Freedom and what then?  
By Duncan Greenlees, M. A. (Oxon) 521
2. His Midnight Pranks  
By S. Rama Ayyar, B. A. 524
3. Modern India and the West  
By L. V. Ramaswami Aiyer, M. A., B. L. 525
4. Other Worlds than Ours  
By K. L. Sarma, B. A., B. L. 530
5. The Art of Writing  
—The Spectator, 533
6. Renunciation  
By Sarojini Naidu 535
7. Tagore's Sacrifice & Other Plays  
By K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, B. A., B. L. 536
8. Prasnottara  
By T. L. Vaswani 543
9. Co-operative Dairying in Holland  
By K. R. Natarajan B. A. 544
10. Springtime  
By Leland J. Berry 546
11. Is Shelley an Ineffectual Angel?  
By V. R. M. Chelton 547
12. A Voice on the Mountain  
By Amiya Kumar Mitter 547
13. Pros and Cons of Vaccination  
By V. P. Aghoram Iyer, B. A., B. L. 550
14. Bana, Theertham  
By V. R. Sastri, M. A., B. L. 555
15. Of Interest to You



VOL. III } JULY 1928 } No. 10

## FREEDOM AND THEN ?

BY MR. DUNCAN GREENLEES, M. A. (OXON)



THE world is growing weary of its little nationalities. Man has long patiently endured the childish flagwagging, the petty passports and customs systems, the perpetual insecurities of treaty, pact and alliance, and the occasional holocausts of fire and blood of the bandit age of human society. And there is no need for the world to add one more warring selfish nation to its family of quarrelsome children.

When a baby is born its earliest years are passed in somnolent idleness; food and sleep and warmth are its only conscious needs; the little mind is unawake as yet to the mighty world in which it is subtly poised. Such is the savage stage of human growth, a tamasic life of narrow, wholly personal interests, harmless because devoid of surplus energy and of knowledge enough to get into mischief.

Then slowly dawns the age of crawling into danger-sodden streets, of earliest quarrels and the first unsuccessful efforts to adjust to an inflexible environment. This is the age of early

wars and massacres, of first feelings, after international trade, of the adventurousness of early discovery; it is essentially a *rajasic* period, and much of strength and courage is gathered from its pain and cruelties.

This period gradually changes into the later struggle of the young adult to find his "place in the sun", to establish himself an equal among his fellows, to acquire and hold honour and power of place,—the age of imperialism and the wider growth of nationalism, wherein law and culture are given in return for loyal service to the central State, and World Empire becomes the dominating dream, ambition the stirring impulse of the human heart.

Years pass: the restless ambitions of the young are now turned into the steady purpose of the mature; empires are no longer sought for power and privilege but for the helping of the backward races of the world by the extending of a friendly hand; the State is now regarded as a unit in the wider world of all Humanity; the man is now a unit in the social world. It is clearly seen that each has his own part to play and that the strength of one is for the protection of all, the efforts of one for the ennobling of all, the learning of one for the teaching of all. This is the *sattvic* age of harmony in man and nation; to it the whole trend of human progress yearns.

All the nations of the world belong to one class or the other of these four, and most are in the fiery struggles of the third. Glancing swiftly around the globe we find most of Europe divided into petty republics vying with each other in plots and jealousies that cannot but lead too soon into the hideous disaster of another war. In Asia we find Japan a "European power" in this sense and a huge Islamic League arising round the Afghan King whose purpose, today pacific, must lead in time to a clash with the European League of Nations. Sprawled across the northern world lies colossal Russia, of infinite potentiality and unknown tendencies, of swift-developing educations and a slowly-reviving imperialism. Africa is already partitioned between a group of European states, all restlessly and greedily eyeing each other's shares; Australia a closed land of the Whites intensely coveted by the growing needs of Japan. America, dominated by the United States, is slowly but surely drifting

into one vast colonial empire controlled from Washington, and resolutely turned, at present, from adventures elsewhere. Vast incalculable China, perhaps on the verge at last of restored unity on a national pacific basis, seems alone devoted to internal culture, while in Europe the higher stage of progress is represented by the little states of Scandinavia, of the Baltic Sea, Switzerland and Holland.

When India wins her freedom, as she will, which path will she elect to follow? Will she too become a robber state attacking peaceful neighbours or ruthlessly suppressing the many minorities within her borders? Will she too, misled by desire for foreign settlements, enter the squalid and endless struggle for control in East and Southern Africa, in the belief that only so may she win a real equality in the world? Or will she have the vision and the courage firmly to turn away from *all* such childish megalomania and really fit herself for noble leadership self-training, self-discipline, self-sacrifice?

The world is weary of all these petty nationalisms. Too long have the flags of the world been jingo emblems, and a great cry goes up for one of the nations to lead the way nobly, courageously, into the new age that must come, the age of comradeship and friendliness, of broken barriers and forgotten frontiers, of universal free trade and abolished armaments. India, with her tremendous heritage of tolerance and spiritual sympathy; India, the Mother of Buddhism and of half the world's religions; India, with her terrific welter of castes and sub-castes, of creeds and colours and races, all forced to live together in harmony and co-operation;—India alone in Asia can teach the world the lesson that must now be learned. India, by breaking down all that holds Indian from friendly and equal converse with brother Indian, by destroying the unhappy memories of strife,—religious, cultural and racial,—by uniting all her people in a passionate lovehood of national and worldwide service through the arts of peace and progress, by abandoning her claim for military force and naval armaments, setting her faith on the justice of her Cause alone and on the strength of the Tide of Evolution.—India, if she will, may thus lead and teach the world in the better way that shall be.

Not by allying herself with the hundred cruelties of French or English imperialism or the mean and squalid scramble of international money-hunters; not by joining a League of Asia aimed at the European Powers and certain in time to lead to ghastly war in all the world; not by flirting with foreign Muslim states, progressive or frankly reactionary though they be; nor even in selfish isolation, content to rule in lonely dignity her own people apart from the wider patriotism of Humanity;—in none of these ways can India achieve the glorious destiny that is hers. It is by solving in herself the wider problems of the wider world, by healing in herself the perplexities that distress the world and lead to ceaseless hatred and unrest and to periodic war, that India can be truly great.

For that is the destiny to which she has been called. That she, the Mother of Aryan nations, may by her generosity, her breadth of vision and noble tolerance, be an example to her foreign children; that she, by one splendid manly stroke abolishing all that would divide her people and alienate high from low, may show the world the only path to the outlawry of war and usher in the grander Worldwide State wherein she will play so glorious a role. That is the destiny to which her mighty Guardian, the Rishi Agastya, has summoned her and which she shall fulfil.

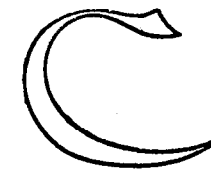
### HIS MIDNIGHT PRANKS

While all are hushed by slumber's charms,  
The babe, who knows no fears or harms,  
Begins his simple, mystic pranks,  
With Krishna of the Jumna banks,  
Who, like a guardian angel pure,  
Doth him by flute and dance allure.

S. Rama Ayyar, B. A.

## MODERN INDIA AND THE WEST

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



CERTAIN prepossessions seem to be inborn in man. Age, education and environment appear to be helpless in uprooting them. Whether they relate to race, community, religion, nationality, caste or sub-caste, they are alike impervious to neutralising influences. Every one of us seems to be enveloped by a series of concentric zones, each denoting a specific kind of insularity. These prepossessions, in the case of many, develop into positive prejudices manifesting themselves openly and clashing with antagonistic prejudices; in other cases, they remain latent, but none the less active, since they never fail to colour one's actions. I am not here concerned with the question whether these "superstitions" are, or are not, stop-gaps of virtue; indeed it may be true to say that they that are against superstition "oftentimes run into it of the wrong side," and I am not unprepared to admit the justice of Hazlitt's observation that "no wise man can have a contempt for the prejudices of others; and he should even stand in a certain awe of his own, as if they were aged parents and monitors." Nevertheless, the fact is there, that prepossessions which, when criticised, we often seek to justify by the epithet "sentimental", play a great part in moulding our opinions and shaping our doings. The strength and the universality of these prepossessions vary with countries and periods. English Mid-Victorian conventionality has become proverbial. The insularity of the Englishman has provoked much comment from foreigners; it has not escaped the notice of Englishmen themselves, for here is the testimony of Dean Inge, the stinging scourge of impostors, given in no uncertain terms: "Our own nation has a peculiarly bad record in the matter of insularity. In the reign of James I, the Spanish ambassador was frequently insulted by the London crowd, as was the Russian ambassador in 1662; not apparently because we had a burning grievance but because Spaniards and Russians are very unlike Englishmen ... Our grandfathers and our great grandfathers were quite of Milton's opinion that, when the Almighty wishes something unusually great and difficult to be

done. He entrusts it to His Englishmen." Similarly, shall we not be right in observing that the average Indian accepts the reign of convention, of prepossession and of sentiment with a much easier conscience than for instance, the average Yankee of today? Take our own Presidency. The Andhra refers to *Aravadu* always with a sneer; the Tamilian sniffs when he talks of the *Vodakkathiyan* (the Telegu), or the *Merkkathiyan* (Malayali); and the Malayali himself rarely disguises his aversion to the *Kongan* of the East or the *emandi* of the North. The Non-Brahmin jibes at the *Pappan* and the *Patter*; the *Pappan* pompously mocks at the *Tulukkan* who in return gnashes his teeth at the *Kafir*; the Christian feels no love for the heathen who in his turn dreads direful soul-pollution from the followers of the son of Galilee. Sentiment is often at the core of quarrels between brother and brother, father and son, and neighbour and neighbour; sentiment may sometimes make one bold with the boldness of a fatalist, but more often it renders one craven with the cowardice of a milksop. Sentiment indeed rules us all with such tyrannical might that we find nothing wrong in squeaking out our holy horror and sanctimonious indignation against the very suggestion of raising the marriageable age of our girls, and we find everything proper in making no allowance and finding no excuse for a misguided visitor from America whose Western obliquity discovers "abomination" in India.

The West found out India, not when Vascoda Gama landed at Calicut, but when Anquetil Du. Perron translated the Upanishads; and from that time how many a writer has tried to understand India but how few have succeeded! Sanskrit indeed many of them learned, in India they lived, with Indians they mingled,—yes, many of them did; yet how many are there of whom we might say they have understood India with human sympathy? Certain recent political events have made India loom large in the eyes of the world, and of studies and sketches from the pen of Western authors we have a plethora; but, with a few rare exceptions, these show but little understanding: the attitude is either one of wonder-tinged admiration as if for a strange exotic novelty, or one of contempt-filled disgust for an alien creed.

And yet I feel that the outlook need not betoken despair. As time passes on, as the feeling of human solidarity and oneness grows, and discerning prophets cast their radiance around them, more and more of cordiality will grow. Not the least important among the methods of fostering this sympathy is to place before one's countrymen for their study and appreciation, (intellectual and objective though it may be primarily,) accurate pictures of the cultural standards of foreign peoples. This is why we have to hail with more than ordinary enthusiasm, works of the type of Dr. Reinhard Wagner's *Bengalische Erzähler*,\* a collection of the best modern Bengali stories rendered into German with the laudable purpose of presenting to the German people some of the representative aspects of the pageantry of Indian social life. Dr. Wagner, an enthusiastic student of Indian philosophy and culture, a keen reader of Indian vernacular literature in the original, an intimate and sympathetic observer of comparative social values, a lyricist and a musical composer, has in this handsomely got-up volume presented to his countrymen a few German translations (from the original Bengali versions) of what he deems—and rightly deems—to be the best vignettes of modern Bengali Social life, conveyed in the entertaining form of fiction. The foremost writers of modern Bengal are represented here: amongst others, the great Rabindranath himself, the realist Sarat Chandra, the sparkling Prabhat Kumar, the pungent Hemendrakumar and the mellow Nalini-kanta Bhattasali.

Fourteen small storiettes from Rabindranath's "Lipika" translated with an extraordinarily remarkable faithfulness in matter and form, should give German readers an idea of the workings of the mind of one of the best representatives of modern Indian culture; for, these small storiettes (*Kothikas*, as they are called in Bengali) reflect the poet's outlook on life, as no other work of his, not excepting the *Gitanjali*, does. It is not any logically arranged philosophical creed that is set forth in these sparkling vignettes, but it is the poet's little stray thoughts and wayward fancies evoked by tiny incidents and seemingly insignificant situations, that are presented here, with just the necessary artistic touch to recommend them to the critical reader. To readers of this review these *Kothikas* may not be unfamiliar.

\* Weltgeist-Bucher Verlags-Gesellschaft, Berlin.

for I had translated and published some of them in previous issues. "Twilight and Dawn"—a splendid dream-picture of the East and the West, "the Woodland Girl" a portrait of perverted asceticism, "New Dolls for old", an idyl celebrating the triumph of youth, "Abhiram's story"—a study of conquest of hatred by Love, "The Narrow Alley"—a pen-picture of the narrowness of self-complacent orthodoxy, and "the appearance of the Fairy"—a fleeting glimpse into the fascinations of the fairy-land, are some of the pieces included in Dr. Wagner's collection. Of the longer stories, "Bishwaranjan's Love" is filled with the aroma of *Sandhya-Mallika* flowers; there is bitter tragedy in the story of the ugly-faced fallen woman who, while hankering after passionate love from some loving male, finds her cup of anxious hope cruelly dashed to pieces when a staid visitor politely requests her to convert her ugliness into money by exhibiting her face to gaping mobs in the theatre; *lachryma rerum* are no bitter in the story of the other fallen woman, *Kusum* who is spurned and spat upon by the man whom she had saved from the jaws of death and tended back to health and strength. Delicate workmanship and rigid loyalty to the original, distinguish Dr. Wagner's style. In the literature of European translations, Dr. Wagner's book will have a unique place; but far more significant than its literary worth will be the service which it will do in narrowing the gulf of sentiment that yawns between the ideals of the West and of the East.

Books of the type of Dr. Wagner's are after all, very rare in the West. The usual run of Western productions about India belongs to the "research" variety, where a strictly objective attitude is supposed to be assumed and things Indian are examined, as if they are specimens in a museum or exhibits in a fancy show. Even these books, however, if rightly thought out and composed without excessive bias, may serve the good purpose of placing before Western readers aspects of Indian ideals in a proper perspective. A recently published work of Emile Senart on *Les Castes dans l'Inde*\* for instance, gives the Western reader an exhaustive account of the caste system in India, studied from a detached and scholarly view-point. M. Senart views the history of the development of caste in India as an instructive

\* Published by Paul Geuthner, Librairie Orientaliste, Paris.

chapter of Indian psychology. After portraying the conditions of the present and of the past, M. Senart proceeds—and this is the main aim of the book—to discuss the question of the origin of caste. And here he dissents from Nesfield's "profession" theory and Risley's "racial" theory. His opinion is that in vedic times there were only certain classes or *Varnas*, and that it was the Brahmins or the sacerdotal class who rigidly codified the differences and introduced *Jati* or caste at a later day just before the period of the *Brahmana* scriptures. Though we cannot agree with Senart in the many generalisations and gratuitous corollaries that he is forced to draw as a result of his attribution of the origin of caste to Brahminical ambition, yet the book as a whole states and tries to substantiate a novel view which deserves the best consideration at the hands of scholars.

A striking instance of long-standing European "sentiment" regarding India is that India owed much of her culture and civilisation to the influence of ancient Greece. This obsession coloured the views of scholars like Weber who found hardly anything great in Indian culture which they could not attribute to a Greek origin. In a very well documented book *Ce Qui L'Inde doit à la Grèce*\* (what India owes to Greece), a Belgian savant Count Goblet d'Alviella puts up a strong case for the independence and originality of Indian culture. "Looking back over the preceding pages" says d'Alviella in conclusion, "we shall perhaps find that the part of Greece in the civilisation of India has not been considerable. We have seen that, on both sides, the evolution of philosophy and religion pursued entirely separate paths, though sometimes parallel. We have similarly noted that, if India borrowed from the Greeks the best elements of her astronomy and medicine, India never waited for the advent of Greek culture to perfect for itself her poetry, epic forms, grammar, alphabet, theatre, mathematics and fine art." D'Alviella's book deserves a warm welcome from all Indian scholars for its comparative impartiality of outlook and its freedom from the racial and religious prepossessions of certain Western scholars who seem to feel that the recognition of the originality of Indian culture would mean the depreciation of their own European heritage!

\* Paul Genthner, Librairie Orientaliste, Paris.

## OTHER WORLDS THAN OURS

BY K. L. SARMA, B. A., B. L.

RATIONALISM is not a new thing, as its ardent advocates are only too apt to think. There were rationalists in ancient India, and they had about as great a vogue in their day, as their modern fellows were having, till recently. But those ancient sceptics, it would appear, fell into utter disrepute, so much so that we now find, in the literature of that time, only traces of the worse side of their cult. They are mentioned in the extant books only to be refuted. *Lokayatas*, they were called—a name which signifies the wholly this-worldly trend of their teaching. They denied, as modern sceptics do, the fact of there being other worlds than ours, to which we may or must go after death. They thought also that there is no soul, that could survive after death.

The irredeemable disgrace, which overtook the school of thought then, was quite natural, and even inevitable. The natural tendency of disbelief in survival after death is to give an unnaturally wide scope to the selfishness, that is more or less characteristic of man. The sceptic may be, and sometimes is, *better* than his cult. But as a rule 'rationalism' simply helps to confirm the selfish outlook on life, and to abrogate ethics. Every one, who is not a rabid rationalist, will see that this is so. In fact, as Voltaire remarked, if there were no God, men would have to invent Him.

The term rationalism is altogether unwarranted. It is clearly a claim to a monopoly of reason, which no sane person would allow, at least now. Much water—intellectually—has flowed under the bridges, since this cult first saw the light of day, and now only those who have failed to keep up with the times are sceptics. A new science has come into being, and the old sciences are being extended, in ways undreamt of two decades ago. There are now a new psychology and a new metaphysics, and the atomic theory has collapsed. Now it is possible to approach in a strictly scientific manner the questions, "Are there other worlds besides ours?" and "Is there an immortal part in us, which will survive death?"

The two questions are inseparable. If we have an immortal part, which is our true self as it were, being that which we shall always be, is more likely to live in a different world from this one, when freed from bondage to this earthly body. For it has, perhaps, no organs, ordinarily, through which it can establish relations to things or persons here. To be of this world, one needs to have a body, composed of matter of this world.

How these momentous questions were disposed of in ancient India, we know, as matter of philosophical history. But the exact steps, by which these conclusions were reached have not been recorded, in such form as would help a student of history. Of course it is possible to reconstruct the history of this evolution from hints dispersed in the literature of the six historical schools of philosophy, namely the *Sankhya* and the rest. This much may be deduced from these books, that the controversy, that ended with the utter rout of rationalism, was singularly free from bigotry or violence on the part of those who championed the side of belief.

It ought to be apparent to us, that the same fate is rapidly overtaking modern rationalism. And here we are able to study in clear detail the stages of the process, by which disbelief is being destroyed, and replaced by a rational faith. Some reader may doubt whether anything that is rational can be called faith: they may think that an attitude of mind, that is supported by reason, ceases so far to be faith. But we need not quarrel about words. What I mean is that there are some elements of uncertainty in respect of *details*, in regard to which faith is legitimate.

It need not be denied that, even now, the so-called men of science are solidly against all belief. But it is a well-known fact, that new light is first received only by those, who are in advance of the times, who are, therefore, for a time, looked upon as heterodox. But history is full of instances, where the heresy of yesterday becomes the orthodoxy of to-day. The man of culture of today; who does not care to think in a groove—which really means ceasing to think at all—cannot afford to ignore the fact, that eminent scientists, like Sir Oliver Lodge, have definitely adjured the cult of denial and affirmed their conviction on a *scientific* basis, that man is an immortal soul, native to worlds, which are like, and yet unlike, the present one.

It has to be said, that the majority of those who style themselves scientists, are not such. The truly scientific mind has a *judicial* temperament, the speciality of which is the ability to live, for as long as necessary without any bias to one side of a dispute, until enough evidence is accumulated, to allow of a decision. It is essentially the *open* mind, an extremely rare thing among men, rationalists not at all excepted. Scientists as a body have once for all decided that death ends all things, that life is an *effect*, not an independent reality, and that there is no intelligent creator and preserver. Their minds have crystallized, and are dead. Those few, who have condescended to take any notice of the work done by these advanced scientists, do actually glory—far from being ashamed of it—in their violent prejudice against the new ideals.

The point to be noted is that the new faith in a future life is a *scientific* faith, leaving ample room for conjecture and personal preferences, but still based upon clear, demonstrable reasons, dealing with indisputable and reproducible evidence. There is an extensive literature on the subject. I mention only a few,—Sir Oliver Lodge's 'Survival of Man,' and 'Raymond' and F. W. H. Myers' 'Human personality'. Here we see science at work in a new field, where even the paths have to be cleared. Much has yet to be made clear, but already many vital points have been practically proved. It may be hard for those, whose minds have grown stiffened with time, in the beliefs of a science that is now out of date, but even such, if they are able to disengage themselves from their mental fetters, just enough to let them study the evidence, must in time—for it does take time for mind to realise the significance of new facts, mind being material, not spiritual, as is supposed in the West—follow in the wake of these pioneers.

I hope to pursue the subject further, later on, and set forth some of the evidence for survival.

It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in solitude to live after our own; but the great man is he who in the midst of the crowd keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.

Emerson



## THE ART OF WRITING

WE have already expressed our surprise that those who desire to write for the public do not pay more attention to the details of what is a very subtle art: we pointed out then that the great writers of both past and present revise and recast their manuscripts time and again, and hinted that what was lacking in the essays submitted was critical ability rather than inventive power or literary facility. The reason for this is simple: the average reader is hurried. His attention must be arrested. He must be told clearly what he is going to read about and, if possible, the conclusions you expect him to draw. If you are not prepared to do this in submitting articles to editors as an unknown contributor, and rely alone on the importance of your subject, you will rarely see yourself in print.

### Forms of Self-expression

In short stories the beginning may be different from that necessary for articles on serious subjects. In fiction you should adumbrate your setting and characterize the actors at once, but you should keep the reader guessing what is going to happen; it is, of course, a matter of infinite subtlety. Good writing induces expectancy; that is the reason why adjectives and phrases which are worn by over-use are hated by every good editor. A couple of *cliches* will spoil an otherwise competent article. But beyond this, there is something more mysterious. The stuff of life must be in your prose, a kind of literary ether permeating it and giving it cohesion. This binding quality, this invisible catalyst, is some indefinable quality which works its magic between writer and reader in ways unknown. Unless you know exactly what you want to say and feel strongly and simply and clearly about it, your sentences will not hold together; they will be dead things: your article will be a skeleton. You must inform your words with life from your own source of Life. Style in short, is the character of the writer. A truism, perhaps, but one which beginners should remember. Know your own capacities, then, and write of what you know and on subjects on

which you feel strongly. And do not write at all (unless you have long experience of the craft) at times when you are feeling ill or worried. A sluggish habit of body ruins writing as much as sluggish emotions.

### *Certain Tricks of the Trade*

Having dealt with the introductory paragraph, and with that one virtue of language without which all else is dead, we come to certain tricks of the trade which anybody may acquire. It would seem unnecessary to point out that typescript must be definitely black and properly spaced, and the pages must be fastened together so that they may be turned over easily, yet such details are continually neglected. Then there are punctuation, *cliches*, sing-song rhythms, and lack of objectivity. Anyone can avoid "such is not the case" or "the vast majority of people" when he means "this is not so" or "the majority," and phrases which need a rest, such as "England's green and pleasant land". As to rhythm, if the article be read aloud, anyone with an average ear can detect unpleasing cadences. Send nothing to the press until you have read it aloud to some victim. As regards objectivity, many articles might be written on the value of a direct approach in journalism. The reader must be amused or interested by the human appeal of names and facts and concrete instances, which he can apply to his own experience. Abstractions bore him, so do titles. Obviously "Mr. Baldwin thinks" is vividder than "the Prime Minister is of the opinion that," yet we find the greatest reluctance to give names and facts in articles dealing with subjects of any complexity. Often, no doubt, this is due to a desire for accuracy. Particular instances must sometimes be qualified in order to present a true statement. While admitting this, we should remember also that generalities poison the wells of conviction. They arouse a subconscious opposition in the mind of the reader instead of waking his sympathies.

The best style amongst amateurs, we have often noted, is to be found amongst the men or women of action. Nor is this remarkable, in view of the foregoing. Enthusiasm and courage will out in all forms of self-expression.

### *Pen Panic*

What marvellous stories could be written if the talk of adventurers could be written down as it is spoken by many a fire-side! Unfortunately, the adventurer, pen in hand, thinks that he is attempting something beyond his powers in telling a plain story. He attempts to philosophize or analyse his feelings, or becomes self-conscious, and is lost. But this pen panic might be overcome perhaps if he were to dictate his story to an enthusiastic and intelligent listener. In describing an incident there should be a verb to almost every dozen words and very minimum of adjectives.

### *Not a Phrase too much*

The end of an article or short story should present little difficulty, for it must have been clearly visualized before ever the beginning is written. In other forms of authorship it may be different; a novelist, for instance, has room to allow his characters to take their own way and their unfolding may be as fascinating to him as it is to us. Within a limit of a few thousand words, such development is impossible. You have something to say, a mood to convey, a moral to point, a cause to urge: having said what you can and must, do not add a single sentence in support. A phrase too much is fatal.

*The Spectator.*

## **RENUNCIATION**

With rose-lipped laughter and bright feathered jest,  
We meet and part, as happy comrades should,  
But of my speech I weave a shining hood  
To shield the hungers that besiege my breast,  
Yet stand subservient to my will's behest,  
A leashed, mute, patient, poignant multitude.  
While my heart gleams the colours of your mood  
To stain a leaf of memory's palimpsest.  
Give nought to me but to the world winged words  
Of Vision, Valour, Faith, like carrier birds  
Bearing your message o'er all lands and seas!  
Scatter the glory of resplendent deeds  
On journeying world-winds, like immortal seeds  
Of sheaves enriching Freedom's granaries.

*Sarojini Naidu*

## TAGORE'S SACRIFICE &amp; OTHER PLAYS

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



THESE four plays are of special interest because they are of a different type from Tagore's great plays full of lyric and mystic charm like *Chitra*, the *Post Office*, and *King of the Dark Chamber*. In them the lyrical elements are predominant and they bear the burden of a social message. From the point of view of pure art this is a defect because art deals with the eternal types incarnate in living personalities while the accidents of social institutions may change from time to time. But works of art which have a social message are likely to be more life-like in presentation and to have a wider and more intimate appeal with a public to whom deep spiritual institutions expressed in dramatic form though realised in lyric moods would be a puzzle and a rapture at one and the same time. I shall deal later on with the evaluation of the specific social message contained in these plays.

The first play is called the *Sanyasi*. The *Sanyasi* (Ascetic) comes out of the cave of seclusion into the busy world and sees the panorama of life unrolled in all its variety and complexity. The opening speech in which he describes his ascetic ideal is full of beauty of expression. He says :

"For me, the stream of time has stopped, on whose waves dances the world, like straws and twigs  
.....The world's limits recede time after time.  
.....Now, when I am free of fear and desires,  
when the mist has vanished, and my reason  
shines pure and bright, let me go out into the  
kingdom of lies, and sit upon its heart untouched  
and unmoved."

The stream of lies hastens with swift flow and in vast expanse before his eyes. Love and laughter, and hate and hypocrisy pass in bewildering procession before his astonished gaze. The dialogue between two students describing the contest between Professor Madhab and Professor Janardan as to whether

the subtle is the cause or the effect of the gross is extremely amusing. They appeal to the *Sanyasi* to decide the dispute and he says to them :

"The origin is the end, and the end is the origin. It is a circle.—The distinction between the subtle and gross is in your ignorance."

Each of them goes away perfectly satisfied that that was what his professor taught. With ill-disguised contempt the *Sanyasi* says about them:

"These birds are word-peckers. When they pick up some wriggling nonsense which can fill their mouth they are happy."

Then come two flower girls singing.

"The weary hours pass by  
The flowers that blossom in the light  
Fade and drop in the shadow.  
I thought I would weave a garland  
In the cool of the morning for my love.  
But the morning wears on,  
The flowers are not gathered  
And my love is lost."

Then follow a beggar and a soldier. The *Sanyasi* is described as saying :

"What sights of man have I seen ! Can I ever again shrink back into the smallness of these creatures and become one of them ? No, I am free. I have not this obstacle, this world around me. I live in a pure desolation."

We have in this subtle description of the mood of self-exaggeration of the *Sanyasi* the poet's veiled contempt for the purely ascetic ideal. The *Sanyasi* then meets Vasanthi, whose father defied the social laws and the Gods of the race and was hence stormed by them. She yearns for his pity, not having felt the kindly touch of human compassion in her life till then. The *Sanyasi* gives her a dose of his mood of desolation but in vain. He tells her :

"The swarm of creatures, coming out from the hole of nothingness, seeks for shelter, and enters into the gaping mouth of this emptiness, and is lost."

## THE SCHOLAR

These are the ghosts of lies around you, who hold their market of illusions—and the foods which they sell are shadows. They only deceive your hunger, but do not satisfy. Come away from here, child, come away."

A traveller comes seeking shelter. When the ascetic says:  
"Shelter there is nowhere, my son, but in the depth of one's self.—Seek that; hold to it fast, if you would be saved"

Then come two men bearing on a bed a drunken man whom they imagine to be dead. Then follows a young woman followed by men who make love to her. Vasanthi then puts her cheek on the *Sanyasi's* palm in utter trustfulness and devotion. He asks her:

"What can you find in me, who have my centre in the One and my circumference nowhere?"

Vasanthi replies:

"I do not want anything else. Your love is enough for me."

The purity and imaginative sweetness of her poet-soul weave their spell about his heart. She says:

"Do you see these beautiful little flowers, pale blue with white spots in their hearts? These white spots are their dreams. Let me gently brush your forehead with these flowers. To me, things beautiful are the keys to all that I have not seen and not known."

The ascetic cries out:

"You seem to me like a cry of a lost world, like the song of a wandering star. You bring to my mind something which is infinitely more than this Nature,—more than the sun and stars. It is as great as the darkness. I understand it not. I have never known it, therefore I fear it. I must leave you. Go back whence you came,—the messenger of the unknown."

He is afraid of a tender feeling for her growing up in his innermost heart and leaves her in precipitate flight.

## TAGORE'S SACRIFICE AND OTHER PLAYS 539

In the next scene, the introductory song is full of beauty and gives us the key to the change that is to be wrought in the ascetic's heart.

"Do not turn away your face, my love,  
The spring has bared open its breast.  
The flowers breathe their secrets in the dark.  
The rustle of the forest leaves come, across the sky,  
Like the robes of the night,  
Come, love, show me your face."

The ascetic in the joy of his brief reattainment of isolation cries out:

"The gold of the evening is melting in the heart of the blue sea. The forest, on the hillside, is drinking the last cup of the daylight. On the left the village huts are seen through the trees with their evening lamps lighted, like a veiled mother watching by her sleeping children. Nature, thou art my slave. Thou hast spread thy many-coloured carpet in the great hall, where I sit alone, like a king and watch the dance with thy starry necklace twinkling on thy breast."

Then rings out across this solitude the following song sung in the fluting tones of shepherd girls.

"The music comes from across the dark river and calls me.  
I was in the house and happy  
But the flute sounded in the still air of night,  
And a pain pierced my heart.  
Oh, tell me the way who know it,—  
Tell me the way to him.  
I will go to him with my one little flower,  
And leave it at his feet,  
And tell him that his music is one with my love."

The ascetic dreams of ante-natal love and thinks of Vasanthi.

"I think such an evening had come to me only once before in all my births. Then its cup over brimmed with love and music, and I sat with some one, the memory of whose face is in that setting star of the evening. But where is my little girl with her dark sad eyes, big with tears?"

A ragged girl meets him on her way to meet her father who is gathering sticks in the forest. Her simple dutiful life appeals to the ascetic. He then sees a woman and her children full of the happiness of a simple home life. Then come two friends with hands locked in love and realising the preciousness of friendship amidst the purposeless distractions of life. The ascetic is won back to life and love and he says :

"O my child, the sorrow of your little heart has filled, for ever, all the nights of my life with its sadness. Your dear caressing hand has left its touch in this night air—I feel it on my forehead. It is damp with your tears. My darling, your sobs that persued me when I fled away have clung to my heart. I shall carry them to my death."

In the fourth and last scene he declares the emptiness of the ascetic ideal.

"Let my vows of Sanyasi go. I break my staff and my alms-bowl. This stately ship, the world which is crossing the sea of time, let it take me up again, let me join once more the pilgrims. Oh the fool, who wanted to seek safety in swimming alone and gave up the light of the sun and stars, to pick his way with his glow-worm's lamp! The bird flies in the sky, not to fly away in the emptiness, but to come back again to this great earth. I am free. I am free from the bodiless chain of the Nay. I am free among things, and forms and purpose. *The finite is the true infinite, and love knows its truth.* My girl, you are the spirit of all that is,—I can never leave you."

He sees a village elder and other villagers come full of talk about the king's son's wedding and careless as to what became of Vasanthi. A woman informs him that Vasanthi is dead. The concluding dialogue shows the pathos of the situation with that brevity of suggestive utterances which is one of the distinctive glories of Tagore's art.

Sanyasi—I am seeking.

Woman—Seeking whom?

Sanyasi—Seeking my lost world back? Do you know Raghu's daughter? Where is she?

Woman—Raghu's daughter? She is dead.

Sanyasi—No, she cannot be dead, No. no.

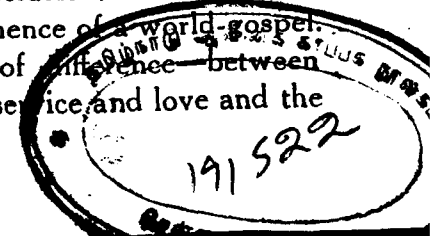
Woman—But what is her death to you Sanyasi?

Sanyasi—Not only to me; it would be death to all.

Woman—I do not understand you.

Sanyasi—She can never be dead.

Thus this play exhibits Tagore's wonderful power of concentrating his poetic energy on a single situation and enhancing and intensifying the poetic effect by setting the central situation in bold relief as against a number of contributory and surrounding subordinate situations. In his *Reminiscences* Tagore says of this play: "On so coming back the *Sanyasi* realised that the great is to be found in the small, the infinite within the bounds of the form, and the eternal freedom of the soul in love. It is only in the light of love that all limits are merged in the limitless". He says further. "Nature took the *Sanyasi* to the presence of the infinite, enthroned on the finite, by the pathway of the heart. In the *Nature's Revenge* there were shown on the one side the wayfarers and the villagers, content with their home made triviality and unconscious of anything beyond, and on the other the *Sanyasi* busy casting away his all and himself, into the evolved infinite of his imagination. When love bridged the gulf between the two, and hermit and the house-holder met, the seeming triviality of the finite and the seeming emptiness of the infinite disappeared". The Bengali name of the play is *Prakrithi Pratishodha* (Nature's Revenge). He says: "This *Nature's Revenge* may be looked upon as an introduction to the whole of my future literary work; or rather this has been the subject on which all my writings have dwelt—the joy of attaining the infinite within the finite". But while the play contains the valuable social message that love and service are more helpful to humanity than isolation and seclusion, it exalts one of the moods of protestant India to the eminence of a world-gospel. But there is a difference—nay, a world of difference—between the asceticism that is the negation of service and love and the



asceticism that is the fulfilment of love and service and the losing of the finite in the infinite. Tagore's ideal is the ideal of service and the consecration of the senses as opposed to renunciation and the conquest of the senses. In the *Gitanjali* he says :

"Deliverance is not for me in renunciation : I feel the embrace of freedom in a thousand bonds of delight....  
.....—No, I will never shut the doors of my senses.  
The delights of sight and hearing and touch will bear thy delight. Yes all my illusions will burn into illuminations of joy, and all my desires ripen into fruits of Love".

In this play he exalts this ideal and ridicules the ideal of asceticism and renunciation. It seems to me that in this matter Tagore, owing to the peculiar conditions of his ancestry and faith, has not fully realised the beauty of the Hindu Spiritual ideal. His delineation of Hindu asceticism errs by exaggeration because according to Hindu scriptures an ascetic of the right type is one who has risen to the highest heaven of renunciation and realisation on the basis of a fulfilled life. The spirit of ascetic renunciation bending before the throne of Grace and wearing "the pure lilies of eternal peace" and losing itself in the contemplation of the glory of God attains a rapture far beyond what results from a transfiguration of the facts of life in a mood of poesy or pity. Such ascetics as Suka and Sankara dispel the settled glooms of life with a divine splendour that no rocket of poetic embellishment can ever outshine. Resting in peace in the contemplation of Eternal Love and Mercy is surely a far greater achievement than going up the ladder of service into the pure atmosphere of compassion. Indeed it is they that have gone up into the higher and serener atmosphere of human love and pity through the ascending steps of intensive service that can rise to the highest heights of Love and attain the unutterable bliss of renunciation where the measure of attainment of oneness with God is the measure of our giving up the earth and its eternal dance of joys and sorrows and where the soul is full of the unshadowed light and untainted bliss of God-love and God-realisation.

( To be continued )

## PRASNOTTARA

BY T. L. VASWANI

[From the author's new volume just published and named  
*Glimpses.*]

(Questions and Answers.)

**WHAT** is that which ends not with the end of life?  
Love.

Which is the best school of philosophy? Satsang or Silence.

Which fire is the best? The purifying Agni of Wisdom.

Which fire is the worst? The Flame of Hate.

Where was Love created? In the heart of Blessed Beauty.

Where is the throne of Love? In the Temple of Sacrifice.

Where is His kingdom? In the heart of him who dies daily.

Where are the images of the Formless One? In Space and History.

Where are His lights? In the Days of Eternity.

Where are His arrows? In the sinner's wounded heart.

Why are mine eyes touched with tears as I sit in silence? I see the Beloved before me.

Why is Love dumb? Its message is Endless.

Wilt thou know God? Then know Thyself.

Wilt thou learn Wisdom? Then make Nature thy Teacher.

Wilt thou keep thy mind as the peaceful sea? Then practise meditation.

Wilt thou see the drooping flowers received in the Garden of thy Soul? Then listen to Krishna's Flute.

## CO-OPERATIVE DAIRYING IN HOLLAND

### A Model For India

BY K. R. NATARAJAN, B. A.

**T**HE dairying in Holland is a pucca, efficient and progressive organisation. Almost all the co-operative creameries in that country are affiliated to the General Netherland Dairying Association. The activities of this Association are numerous and many-sided, interesting and important. This great combination aims and actually does establish a sustained high quality in all milk products manufactured in Holland. To induce the creameries and other individual dairy farms to produce milk of excellent quality competitions are held every week. Lectures are organised at various centres to give expert technical instruction in creamery work and management. Examinations are held periodically and certificates of efficiency of all degrees are issued to all grades of creamery workers. The Association also willingly and promptly gives advice concerning the building and equipment of new factories and even undertakes to supply equipment. As a means of communication and interchange of views between the various creameries the Association issues a weekly paper.

There are in all 986 creameries or, dairy factories as they are popularly called, of which 696 are co-operative. In factories that manufacture both cheese and butter the separation of the milk is done by what is technically known as the gravitation method. The milk is stored in a large tank erected specially for this purpose and after it has stood there for some time the skim-milk is drawn off and used for making cheese. The formation of cream is accelerated by the aid of a starter and afterwards the cream is turned into butter.

"The Dutch people have a passion for extreme cleanliness which extends to all the operations of dairying: clean byres, clean cows, clean milkers, clean milking and handling of milk. The two types of native cheese—the Gowda and the Edam—can only be properly made from sweet, clean milk, and the manufacture conducted under a strict observance of cleanliness. All milk used for butter making either at the farm or creamery, must be pasteurised at 180°F. and cooled to 55°F.

For the systematic control of all the operations concerned in the making of butter, cream and cheese, Butter Control Laboratories were established by the association in 1921; similar institutions for cheese control were organised in 1907. These laboratories are wholly financed by the creameries. The Government only supervise the operations and give permission to affix an official trade mark for purposes of export.

### Farms And Farm Breeding.

The average size of farms, varies from five to thirty acres. But in Friesland which is the oldest and richest province of Holland the normal sizes of farms are about 80 acres. "The cows are put to pasture in May and brought indoors sometime during Autumn according to the state of the weather. During winter the cattle are fed, principally upon hay and oilcake. The farmer lives with his cattle and devotes unsparing attention to their health and comfort. They are watered, fed, groomed and milked with the greatest regularity. The byres are kept wonderfully clean, are well lighted and airy while the sanitary conditions are perfect.

The farmers in Friesland were even centuries ago experts in cattle breeding and they still stand in the first rank as cattle breeders. The practice of milk-testing has now become universal in Holland due to the incessant and organised propaganda of the Cattle Hand-book Association. It is reported that in 100,000 cows the annual yield has been increased to 800 gallons, and that 1,000 gallons are not uncommon. What a surprising contrast with our Indian scare-crow and skeleton cows! The creamery minimum percentage of butter-fat in Holland is as high as 3.3.

### Management of Grassland.

The climate there is peculiarly suited to the abundant growth of grass and consequently to the breeding of cattle. The area devoted to permanent grass growing is greater than the area of land devoted to the actual raising of crops as well as market gardening. Dutch farmers are industrious and skilful. Every acre is worked on the most intensive system of cultivation. They employ artificial fertilisers and select only seeds of productive varieties.

"The system usually adopted in the management of the grassland is to alternate growing with meadow. Throughout the summer the farmer carefully collects the scattered cow droppings that foul the pasture, wheels them away and leaves them to ferment in a heap. When the pasture is closed for mowing the manure is returned to the field, evenly distributed and left to fertilise the soil for the hay crops. The scourings of canals that form the boundaries of the fields are also used as a top-dressing. The meadows yield at least 2 crops of hay."

The excellent milk products manufactured by the creameries of Holland ought to be sufficient inducement to Indian dairy farmers to form similar creameries in India. It is to be hoped that a general Indian Dairying Association will be soon formed.

### SPRINGTIME!

On the fringe of the woods  
Slow moving herds,  
In the air all around,  
The voice of birds,  
The sun in the Heavens  
Strews gold on the lea,  
And someone is calling,  
Calling to me!

Into the woodlands  
Stealing away,  
With riotous music,  
Laughing and gay,  
A whole world is singing  
Wildly and free,  
For Springtime is calling,  
Calling to me!

Leland J. Berry

## IS SHELLEY AN INEFFECTUAL ANGEL?

BY V. R. M. CHETTIAR.



ONE can forget Arnold's verdict on Shelley that he is "a beautiful and ineffectual angel beating in the void his luminous wings in vain." We have to examine this piece of criticism, and see how far it is true.

The criticism involves a confused metaphor. We can understand an angel with luminous wings, but not a beautiful and ineffectual angel, beating in the void his luminous wings in vain. Why should there be a void, and why should the angel be ineffectual?

Arnold sadly misses Shelley's poetical purpose and significance. He goes wrong in automatically applying his inflexible critical canon that poetry is a criticism of life, an interpretation of life, and nothing but the mirrored echo of life. It is true, too true indeed! But Shelley as a poet is an exceptional genius. His poetry sings of an escape from life rather than a criticism of life. To him the world is a ravaged garden, a cage of horrors, a cave of despair; and life, a cold common hell. Since life is too grim and gnawing, he thinks it almost monstrous, and finds a consoling refuge in a world of imagination. He finds it better to dream on and to forget the fret and fever of life. So he evades life, just to nestle himself under the wings of fancy. His life is all a scream and a pause, a pause and a scream. In his agony of sorrow, he screams, "I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed." To this strange poet, life is too thorny and bristly.

Shelley is a poet of ideals. It is the glorious ideals that often console a distressed soul. An ideal womanly beauty, he cannot come across in this wretched world. So he dreams about her interminably, and explains his dream in his "Epipsy-chidion." Love is to him "one hope within two wills, one will beneath two overshadowing minds, one life, one death, one Heaven, one Hell, one immortality, and one annihilation." In love, the poet feels the mingling of two notes of music, the blending of two beams of eternity. Lovers at once meet and mingle

and are transfigured. So the poet revels in idealism in utter scorn of life and reality.

A poet is a creature of moods. Shelley is just that. Hope and fear, confidence and despair alternate. His "Ode to the West Wind" at once reveals how his hope, flickering into fear and agony of distress, culminates into an inexorable optimism. To him the proud, swift, tameless wind is both "destroyer and preserver," whom he entreats to diffuse his message of hope and rejuvenation round about the world. This golden message is enshrined in the poet's concluding cry, "Be, through my lips to unawakened earth, the trumpet of a prophecy! O wind, if Winter comes, can Spring be far behind?"

Shelley's abstractions are again due to his inverted smiles and metaphors. To him ideas and ideals are more real than reality; and metaphors more tangible than life. He easily and rapturously compares his skylark to "a poet hidden in the light of thought," and again compares the dead leaves of autumn to "ghosts from an enchanter fleeing." The comparison is rather unusual and distant. But to Shelley, a poet is more tangible than a skylark. When he thinks of the song-bird, he thinks of himself inevitably, and projects his best into the bird. The bird soars singing, and sings soaring into the very heaven of ecstasy, forgetting the nest on earth. It is a scorner of the ground, "an unbodied joy," singing "harmonious madness" of which Arnold is innocent, if not ignorant.

Shelley is intangible rather than ineffectual. To be intangible is not to be vague, but to dream on as an ethereal poet of fancy. It is a dream that is near the heart and hugs the soul to a caressing tenderness. His "Prometheus Unbound" is delightfully intangible. But his "Cenci," a tragedy in five acts, a concrete human drama, is a monumental expression of his tangible and comprehensive grasp of life. So Shelley is not altogether intangible, nor is he wholly ineffectual.

Arnold's verdict that Shelly is an ineffectual angel is half true. He is blind to the other side of the picture—how Shelley is the King of dreamers and how his poetry is the very cream and quintessence of imagination. Arnold's critical canon is radically wrong, when applied to Shelley's exceptional

genius—a genius to whom "life is a dome of many coloured glass, staining the white radiance of eternity."

Again Arnold is a cultured poet, while Shelley is an inspired poet. Arnold is more a critic than a poet, and he is "nothing if not critical." Arnold is an inferior poet of vigorous commonsense and reason which are not the genuine ingredients of true poetry. Emotion and imagination under the spell of inspiration should characterise an inspired song. Prof. Saintsbury mocks Arnold, and laughingly remarks that it is easier for Arnold to understand Shelley's letters than Shelley's poetry.

The poet Shelley is too subtle for the critic Arnold. Again Brailsford condemns Arnold's criticism of Shelley as the finest specimen of a confused metaphor. True, it is more of a rhetorical flourish than of a sane comment. Shelley is a born poet, a born rebel, a born genius—, a genius who baffles himself and baffles others at a rare moment of poetic rapture.

### A VOICE ON THE MOUNTAIN

By Amiya Kumar Mitter

Like sweet Dreams of a Sleep  
Life's golden hours creep;  
Weave a cobweb of grief and gladness  
Tears trickle down and melt into sadness.

The liquid of life is drunk  
Myself an arid leafless trunk  
Drifted away from shore to shore  
Companionless, none to deplore

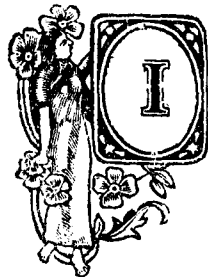
Once I was a petalled-rose  
Some gloated on me and fondly chose,  
Drank of me; flow away like a bee  
And I was left to bitter agony.

Over the hill the sun-beams fade  
The gliding gloom now makes a shade,  
Down the dale all do repair to home  
But my stifled passions still do foam.

—The Cosmopolitan

# PROS AND CONS OF VACCINATION

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



I have of late been reading some interesting anti-vaccination literature given by a friend who is a staunch anti-vaccinationist and thinks that the cause is sadly neglected by society today and is doing his little bit to create a public opinion against vaccination. I must own that before I read the literature he gave me I had like every average layman a great faith in the efficacy of vaccination as a preventive against small-pox and had subjected myself to the process of vaccination four times in my life. The last time I had a re-vaccination was in 1923 when I had my whole family subject itself to the process like me, in the faith that it prevented an attack of small-pox or that it at least mitigated the fury of an attack. I remember having read some literature before on vaccination and from out of my reading, I recollect that it was the Turks that first started vaccination as a preventive, and that they introduced the practice into European Turkey and that an English Doctor learnt it towards the end of the seventeenth century and introduced it into England. In what form the Turks practised it, I cannot now make up my mind to say.

In the early part of the nineteenth century, one William Jenner claimed that he discovered in vaccination the most effective preventive against small-pox and placed the results of his researches before Parliament. He claimed that vaccination was a life-preventive against small-pox and the method he advocated was of arm to arm vaccination. This method was in vogue in the world for a good long time until it was replaced by the present process of injecting vaccine taken from the cow into the blood of a human being. The House of Commons rewarded Mr. Jenner with 30,000 sovereigns for his discovery. He became a famous man. Anti-vaccinationists of a later generation are very hard on Mr. Jenner and have been inclined even to call him a fraud. They have found out that the discovery of Mr. Jenner was a myth and that the practice of vaccination as advocated by Mr. Jenner was in vogue in his time in the up-country in England among the lay-folk. Whether this position is true or

not, medical researches of subsequent generations have very nearly disproved the claims made for Jennerianism. Meanwhile the Jennerians themselves, have slowly climbed down from stage to stage until they have accepted the position that not until the last re-vaccination which produces no ulcers at all is undergone, could vaccination be relied on for immunising the human being against small-pox. For a time they flirted with the theory that re-vaccination should be undergone once in seven years to produce the required effect. They slid down latterly to the rule of once a year, once in six months and so on.

Jennerianism has had its day. The arm to arm vaccination required by William Jenner was subsequently given up by the medical world as a bit of barbarism and as producing very harmful consequences to the people that were subjected to vaccination. It was discovered that many diseases were transmitted from man to man and a substitute was found in the use of "glycerinated vaccine." We owe this substitute to Dr. Copeland of England who writes a leading article on the topic of vaccination for one of the editions of the Encyclopedia Britannica. Dr. Copeland is a confirmed vaccinationist and honestly holds his opinions on the subject. It is amusing to remember that in the immediately earlier edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica, the article on vaccination was written by another Doctor, who was a vaccinationist to begin with, but became an anti-vaccinationist as a result of his researches. His writing is an attack on vaccination and a powerful plea to bring about legislation against vaccination. Dr. Copeland claims that by the use of glycerinated vaccine, the danger that existed in Jennerianism of transmitting other diseases by vaccination is obviated. The process of preparing "glycerinated vaccine" may for purposes of popular study be briefly described as follows. The "seed virus" is taken from the small-pox patient and injected into the clean shaven stomach of a healthy heifer at various parts of it and after a time these different parts so injected ulcerate and produce a kind of pus. The vaccine is extracted from such affected parts. Dr. Copeland admits that possibly other disease germs are in the vaccine so extracted and may have got into it either from the blood of the heifer or the small-pox patient. The vaccine is therefore subjected to the process of glycerination by

which, says Dr. Copeland, other disease germs are killed outright. But, say the anti-vaccinationists,—and there are many reputed doctors amongst them—“this is too big a claim that is made by Dr. Copeland. Glycerine does not kill the other disease germs that undoubtedly are in the vaccine, and when the vaccine is injected into the blood of a human being, the said disease germs are transmitted into his blood, and if he has a predisposition for such ailments, they are brought into a condition of “activation” in his blood, and he in many cases succumbs to the disease.” Anti-vaccinationists have carried on researches and have found out that people who have subjected themselves to vaccination, even in the approved form as it prevails today, have contracted other ailments, like Vaccinia, Lock-jaw or Tetanus, foot and mouth disease or cow-pox, syphilis, tuberculosis, typhoid and so on and have died from the effects of those diseases. They further say that certain people who were subjected to vaccination during an epidemic of small-pox have, by it, got an attack of small-pox which may very well have been avoided by them by sanitary and hygienic precautions. I invite the attention of the reader to a treatise entitled “The Horrors of Vaccination Exposed” by Captain Higgins, a Doctor from New York who has made heavy sacrifices in time and money to advance the cause of anti-vaccination. The book is picturesquely illustrated, and the many cases mentioned in it of other diseases contracted by those who were subjected to vaccination, and the illustrations together make a harrowing tale.

In England in 1889, during the reign of Queen Victoria, a Royal commission consisting of five eminent doctors, and seven distinguished laymen was appointed to enquire into the question and they conducted a seven years' inquiry into the matter. Their chief findings are against the vaccinationists. The Commission was of opinion that there were more deaths from vaccination than from small-pox and that vaccination brought in its train other evils, by introducing into the blood of human beings other diseases to which the patients have succumbed in many cases. The result of the findings of the Commission, so far as England was concerned, was a legislative enactment to abolish compulsory vaccination, and free conscientious objectors from the penalty of the law. “Medical

Freedom” was in this way secured in England. Since then, public health has been better attended to in England. Sanitation and hygiene have improved beyond measure, and after all, by such measures she has more effectively battled with small-pox than Germany which would appear to still maintain compulsory vaccination. The number of conscientious objectors is ever on the increase in England and people who care for vaccination are less and less. The knife of the vaccination officer is more rusting than active in England. America was behindhand of England in securing “medical freedom” and Captain Higgins' book written in 1918 in the form of an appeal to the then President Dr. Wilson, shows that there was then no legislation in force abolishing compulsion. I am unable to say what America has done after 1918.

In our own country the laws in force require every one to get vaccinated. Within Municipal areas children even under one year have to get vaccinated, lest parents should be prosecuted under the act for not producing the children for vaccination. In the schools unvaccinated children cannot continue their studies. In the higher classes they must produce re-vaccination certificates, and not always can such certificates be had without a real re-vaccination. The Allopathic doctors mostly take on trust the theories of the vaccinationists, and have no patience, generally, to consider the merit of an opposing view. If they are told that there are many eminent Doctors in the West who desire to get rid of vaccination as an evil, they would put down such Doctors for faddists. With a certain amount of pang of heart, I am obliged to say, that the number of progressive Allopaths, Indian and English alike, working in India is a very small minority and this state of things in a way makes for the unsatisfactory public health, and the dormant condition of public opinion in India. On the other side, anti-vaccination work, I am sorry to say, sometimes falls into the hands of men who merely play upon the religious sentiments of the Hindus. In a country like ours, overgrown with religious superstitions I always fear the effect of making an appeal to peoples' religious sentiments, where reasons based on observation and experiment would more effectively tell. It would not, in my humble judgment, advance the cause of

anti-vaccination at all to sob out to the Hindus that their sacred cow is butchered to prepare vaccine. The medical arguments against vaccination have appealed to me best and those who are interested in anti-vaccination would do well to master them and try to create public opinion by distributing leaflets and so on.

Public opinion may take some time to form itself and it may be many more years before the legislature would move in the direction of "medical freedom." The lot of conscientious objectors is a real difficulty. "Would you disobey the laws and invite the penalty of breach?" is a question that is often asked. In this country where the Government is generally very slow to move for reform, perhaps civil resistance has helped in arousing public opinion more quickly than the well-worn constitutional methods. Not every one can however be a civil resister. I am a lawyer. Though I do not for Gods' sake of Englishmen as to obey the laws, I am for respecting and obeying the laws which I think is the conflicting state of opinion on the question of vaccination, I am not for abolishing the practice of vaccination altogether. I am for securing medical freedom. Meanwhile public health in India has to make great headway by the improvement of sanitation and hygiene.



Let us have faith that right makes might; and in that faith, let us, to the end, dare to do our duty as we understand it.

*Abraham Lincoln*

Consult and deliberate before you act, that thou mayest not commit foolish actions. For it is the part of a miserable man to speak and to act without reflection. But do that which will not afflict thee afterwards, nor oblige thee to repentance.

*Pythagoras.*

## BANA THEERTHAM

*The first falls of Thambraparni*

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



DI Amavasya is awaited for by every devout Hindu of both sexes. While tens of thousands rush to Dhanushkodi, thousands are yearning to get at the far-away falls of Bana Theertham. It runs that Vishnu performed *pūja* to Lord Parameswara at the falls on the Adi Amavasya Day. The shortest Sage of Hindu mythology, since obliged to be absent from the divine marriage of Parvati, had the rare sight of the celestial wedding shown to him at the Kalyana Theertham, six miles lower down. Ever since that day, Bana Vasya, Shoul, the source of Thambraparni is considered a sacred spot where all sins are washed away at taking a bath.

### The Approach

Away into the interior, amidst rising mountains on all sides lies the fall of Bana Theertham. The nearest railway station is Kallidaikurichi or Ambasamudram on the Maniyachi-Trivandrum Line. Five miles west of Ambasamudram lies Vikramasingapuram the base of the hills and the favoured site of the Papanasam Spinning Mills of the far-seeing Harvey.

The ascent through crude winding stone-steps is a really trying route and perilously slippery after rains. Passing through thorny bushes for three long miles one gets access to a more even path. Often-times one feels an inward delight when he sees hundreds of cows and calves grazing fearlessly free at the slopes. A pleasant walk takes us to Sorimuthayyan Koil, the temple dedicated to the Lord of all forests, Sorimuthayyan. It runs that through the ordainments of this God, the tigers and cheetas in the hills are to restrict their roamings far-away from man's movements during the days of this festival; yet another three miles through a mud forest road takes one to the "Pillupera" (little huts of grass) at the foot of Bana Theertham. The Zamin-dar of Singampatti as becomes his title of "Thirthapathi"—Lord

## THE SCHOLAR

of the Thirtha—deserves to be congratulated for the proper upkeep of the forest-track, the putting up of hundreds of grass-huts, and the feast at Pilluperai to the pilgrims on the Adi-Amavasya Day.

### At the Bana Theertham.

Rising early on the Amavasya Day thousands of pilgrims wend their way up to the sacred waters after crossing the risky hill-streams of Gundar and Kallar. Temporary wooden poles entwined with creepers are no good substitutes for a bridge. It is very easy to have a more permanent and safer iron structure over it. It has often occurred that pilgrims who had once crossed these streams and reached the Bana Theertham were disabled from retracing their path owing to a rise in the level of these torrential streams meantime.

It is a sight for Gods and the Panorama of scenic scenery, and silvery falls infuses awe in pilgrims—Pious couples chanting holy mantras, bachelors warned on all sides to be virtuous in their bath at the falls, and aged ones congratulating themselves that they had at last reached the thrice-holy fall—this is a rare combination of piety in men and women of all castes and ages among Hindus.

Higher up lies the tank, difficult to reach though the risk has been very much minimised by the grinding iron chain. Huge crowds can pass up only in single file through these steep stone-steps, but when an unbroken double file of 100 press up from below and another equal number rush down from above at the middle of these steps, the heedlessness of one can easily create a casualty of a minimum of fifty souls.

The Police who were evidently in charge of this perilous fall did not deserve to be congratulated on their punctual habits in 1927. The rush of hundreds was over when the red-turbaned figure made his appearance at the spot; the present-writer did actually take to task one constable who preferred the seat below to a position on the flight of steps. But will any constable obey the mild reproofs of a scouter? Again, the marked tendency with many moffussil constables is to interpret their *bandobust* duty to mean guiding a few pilgrims rich and influential or that

Police Inspector's friend or this D. S. P's companion etc. While the many struggle heedlessly to wend their way up, the only remedy lies in the work of social service organizations as Scouts and Rovers. There is work for 24 Rovers at the falls and the management of the Theerthapathi High School, Ambasamudram should make it a point to send a batch of Scouts with a Scouter to the falls every year.

### At Sorimuthayyan Koil

Tracing one's way back for a mile, there is a contrast from roaring falls to a deep pool called *Neelakantankasan* where the deity of Neelakanta is worshipped by all pilgrims who are afraid of deep waters. A medieval picture of worship one can still enjoy at the Sorimuthayyan temple. Thousands of working classes of all castes rush to the temple with cocks and goats to be slaughtered to propitiate the mountain king on the day subsequent to Adi Amavasya. Should this inhuman barbarous practice still continue under the patronage of a pious Zamrin? A pilgrimage to Bana Theertham is complete only when one takes a bath at the Papanasam falls and the Kalyana Theertham in

### A Lesson from Pilgrimages

With patriotic pride one can jot down here the quaint state-drive of the Zamindar of Singampatti to supervise the arrangements at the falls. What men and money could do has been done by the Zamindar, otherwise, the falls would be inaccessible.

When thousands gather in one locality, their dwelling spot becomes actually converted into urinal and lavatory. No community has shown such degeneracy from the days of punctiliously clean habits in ancient India to the culpably vicious hygienic habits of modern India. Health propaganda is yet to reach the far interior.

A greater coordination of all agencies at work, supplemental service organisations, intensive health propaganda, vigilant Sanitary Supervision, and watchful patrol by the Police—these alone can make Bana Thirtham a Safe Shrine for the thousands of pilgrims visiting her in Adi.

## OF INTEREST TO YOU

**Ancient Indian Science**—Dr. V. R. Kokatnur, a Hindu chemist, recently read a paper before the American Chemical Society convention in Detroit, in which he gave evidences that prove that Cavendish and Priestly were not the first men to discover hydrogen and oxygen, but that the sages of ancient India knew of these gases. He read another paper to point out that chemistry was not of Semitic but of Aryan origin. The members of the convention, in agreeing that the evidences he offered were conclusive, voted him a special vote of thanks for his original and valuable research.

**Libraries in the World**—On the basis of the statistics of 1919 and 1920, the Argentine savant Senor E. Sparr of Cordoba, recently computed the world's possessions of libraries and books. He found the libraries comprising more than 50,000 volumes to aggregate 1038. They contain altogether 181 million volumes. Europe owns 669 such libraries with 119.6 million volumes; Central and South America 22 libraries with 2.3 million volumes; Asia 23 libraries with 3.9 million volumes; Australia 7 libraries with 1.1 million volumes; Africa 3 libraries with 0.2 million volumes.

**Anti-Imperialism League**—The first Conference of the British section of the League against Imperialism and for National Independence was held in London in the first week of July and passed two important resolutions. The first dealt with the exploitation of the colonial peoples and discussed the effects of such exploitation on the working classes at home and the duty of the working class to itself in the matter. The second made clear to all workers how World Imperialism was not developing on peaceful lines organised round the League of Nations and how the every day conflicts of the Imperial Powers threaten to break out into a still more destructive war.

**Universal Religious Peace Conference**—A Universal Religious Peace Conference, under the auspices of the Church

## OF INTEREST TO YOU

559

Peace Union, will be held next year to discuss the best means to achieve lasting world peace. A preliminary Conference will be held in Geneva this September. At the Conference it is planned to have 1000 members, representing 29 countries, 45 nationalities, and all religions.

**World Free Trade**—The League Conference for the abolition of import and export prohibitions and restrictions which had been sitting at Geneva under the presidency of M. Colijn finished its work with a convention which runs broadly on the lines recommended by the last year's Economic Conference. The numerous reservations originally made by various states have now been reduced to eighteen; most of these, broadly considered, are of slight importance. If ratifications are obtained, the Convention would come into force from the beginning of 1930. No reservations were made by Britain, France or Germany.

**Peace Dinner on Buddha's Birthday**—The Maha-Bodhi Society of America celebrated the 2472nd Birthday Anniversary of Gautama Buddha with a Peace Dinner at the Aldine Club in New York City, on May 4, 1928. The East and West met in harmony on this, one of the happiest anniversaries in history.

**Dr. Noguchi a Martyr to Science**—Prof. Hideyo Noguchi, Japanese bacteriologist of the Rockefeller Institute for Medical Research, passed away at Accra in Africa on May 21st, a victim of yellow fever contracted in a laboratory experiment in 1927. Dr. Noguchi, who received his medical degree from the Tokio Medical College, was the most distinguished pathologist of his race. He was knighted by the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden, and the King of Spain, and honoured by the Emperor of Japan.

Dr. Noguchi was classed with such scientists as Pasteur and Metchnikoff in his work for humanity. Many medical riddles owe their solution to his original research work, for which he had a special genius. The efforts of Dr. Noguchi were largely responsible for the overcoming of the yellow fever outbreaks in Central and South America. This distinguished bacteriologist, of whom John D. Rockefeller, Jr., said "He was

a great soul; a great man has completed a great work." He was considered a "human dynamo" in his work, which absorbed him so completely that he was oblivious to the world for weeks at a time when laboring on some bacteriological discovery.

**Monarchical Revival in Germany**—Complaints that the ex-Kaiser is abusing Dutch hospitality by voicing designs for the restoration of the German Monarchy have been made to the Dutch by the plenipotentiary representative of the Republican Complaint Bureau, Berlin, following a telegram from Doorn to the Kaiser Wilhelm Association, acknowledging a tribute of homage and expressing confidence that the fighting spirit of a certain Bavarian regiment will again be brought into action, when it is the question of re-establishing Fatherland under the Kaiser and the hereditary prince.

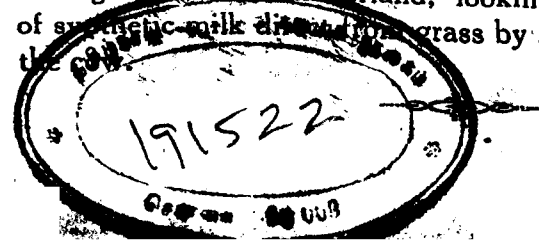
**English Education in Colonies**—Major Ormsby-Gore, speaking at the League of Empires Franco-British Congress in London on Education, dwelt on the danger of forcing English education down the throats of the natives of the Colonies.

The French delegate, Labouret, said that the question of giving lessons in native languages instead of in French in the French schools of West Africa was being considered.

**Railway through the Pyrenees**—With the opening on July 18 of the five-mile Somport tunnel from Forges Darbel to Canfranc, France and Spain will be linked up by a railway line through the Pyrenees.

M. Doumergue will meet King Alfonso at Canfranc which is the international station and after the inaugural ceremony both will return through the tunnel to French territory.

**Milk without cows predicted by Briton**—Milk without cows will be the next short-cut of science, according to a statement by Alfred King at the Sanitary Inspectors Association meeting at North Allerton. Experiments are now being made at Billingham, Northumberland, looking toward the production of synthetic milk from grass by a process that eliminates



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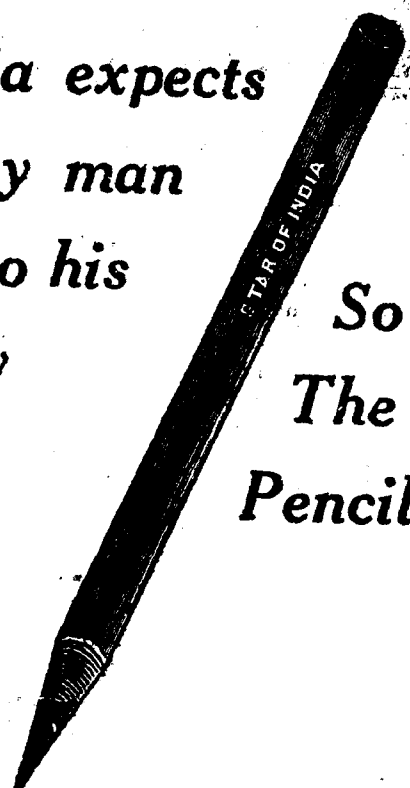
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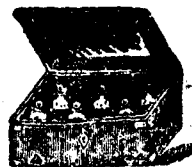
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