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# THE SCHOLAR

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AUGUST

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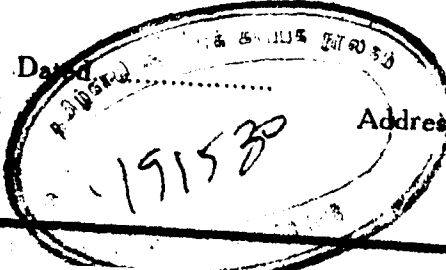
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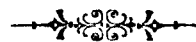
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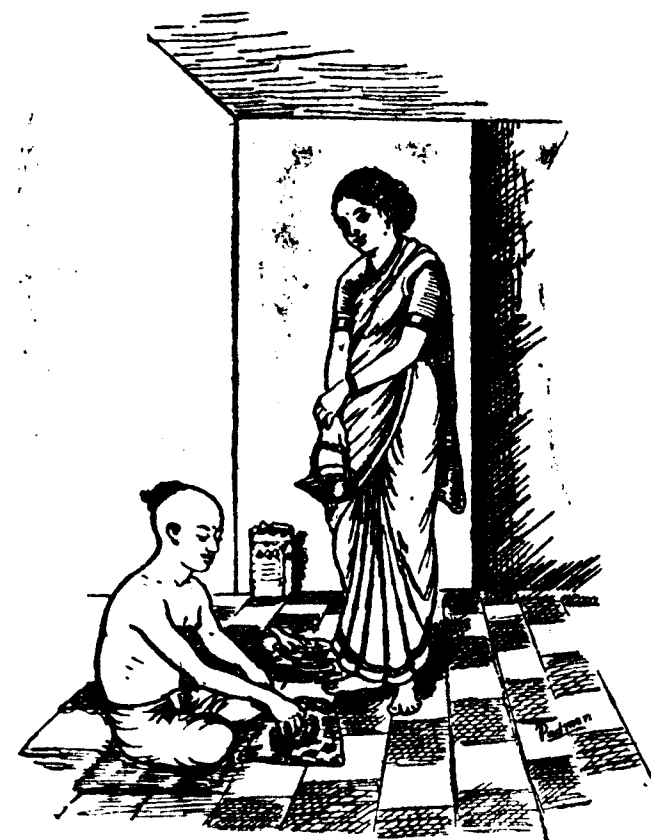
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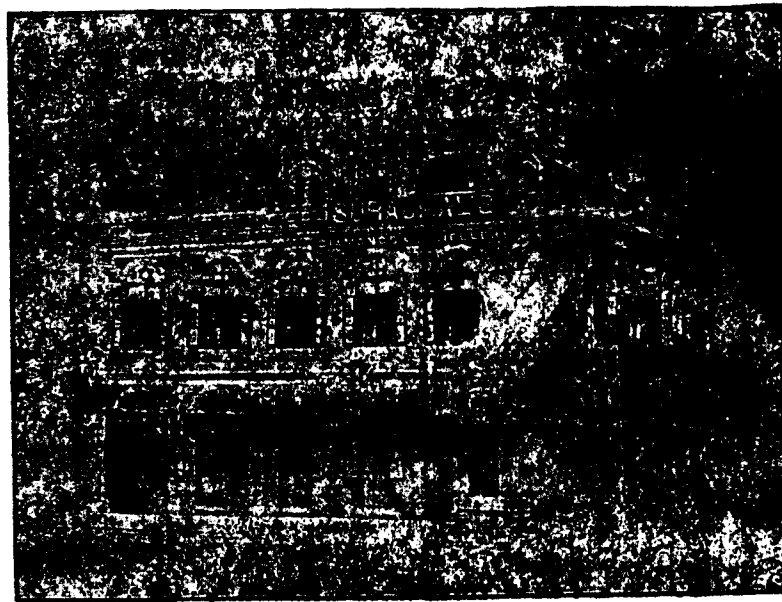
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VOL. V

AUGUST

No. 11

## GURU—THE TEACHER

NICHOLAS ROERICH

I

Once in Finland I sat on the shores of Lake Ladoga with a farm lad. A middle-aged man passed us by and my small companion stood up and with great reverence took off his cap. I asked him afterwards, "Who was this man?" And with special seriousness, the boy answered, "He is a teacher." I again asked, "Is it your teacher?" "No," answered the boy, "he is the teacher from the neighbouring school." "Then you know him personally," I persisted. "No," he answered with astonishment. "Then why did you greet him with such reverence?" Still more seriously my little companion answered, "Because he is a teacher."

Almost a similar incident happened to me on the banks of the Rhine near Cologne. Again with joyous amazement I saw how some young man greeted a school teacher.

I recall the most uplifting memories of my teacher, Prof. Kuinly, the famous Russian artist. His life story could fill the

most inspiring pages of a biography for the young generation. He was a simple shepherd boy in Orimea. Only by incessant, ardent effort towards Art, was he able to conquer all obstacles and finally become not only a highly esteemed artist and a man of great means, but also a real Guru for his pupils in the high Hindu conception.

Three times he tried to enter the Imperial Academy of Fine Arts and three times he was refused. The third time, twenty-nine competitors were admitted and not one of them left his name in the history of Art. But only one, Kuinjy, was refused. The Council of the Academy was not of the Gurus, and certainly was short-sighted. But the young man was persistent and instead of uselessly trying, he painted a landscape and presented it to the Academy for exhibition. And he received two honours without passing the examination. From early morning he worked. But at noon he climbed up to the terraced roof of his house in Petrograd where, at the shot marking midday, thousands of birds completely surrounded him. And he fed them, speaking to them and studying them as a loving father. Sometimes, very rarely, he invited us, his disciples, to this famous roof. And we heard remarkable stories about the personalities of the birds, about their individual habits and the ways to approach them. At this moment, the short, stockily built man with his leonine head, became as gentle as Saint Francis. Once I saw him very downcast during the entire day. One of his beloved butterflies had broken its wing, and he had invented some very skillful means to mend it, but his invention was too heavy and in this noble effort he was unsuccessful.

But with pupils and artists, he knew how to be firm. Very often he would repeat, "If you are an artist, even in prison you shall become one." Once a man came to his studio with some very fine sketches and studies. Kuinjy praised them. But the man said, "Well, I am unfortunate because I cannot afford to continue painting," "Why?" compassionately asked Kuinjy. And the man said that he had a family to support and he had a position from ten to six. Then Kuinjy asked him piercingly "And from four to ten in the morning what do you do?" "When?" asked the man. Kuinjy explained, "Certainly in the

morning." "In the morning I sleep," answered the man. Kuinjy then raised his voice and said "Well, you shall outsleep your entire life. Don't you know that from four to nine is the best creative time? And more than five hours daily is not necessary to work on your art." Then Kuinjy added, "When I worked as a retoucher in a photograph studio, I also had my position from ten to six. But from four to nine, I had quite enough time to become an artist."

Sometime when the pupil dreamed about some special conditions for his work, Kuinjy laughed, "If you are so delicate that you have to be put in a glass case, then better perish as soon as possible, because our life does not need such an exotic plant." But when he saw that his disciples conquered circumstances and went victoriously through the ocean of earthly storms, his eyes sparkled and in full voice he shouted, "Neither sun nor frost can destroy you. This is the way. If you have something to say, you will be able to manifest your message in spite of all conditions in the world."

I recall how once he came to my studio on the sixth floor, which at that time was without an elevator, and severely criticised my painting. Thus, practically nothing was left of my original conception, when in a wrathful mood he left me. But in less than an hour I heard again his heavy steps, and he knocked on the door. Again he climbed the long steps in his heavy fur coat and panting said, "Well, I hope you shall not take everything I said seriously. Every one can have his point of view. I felt so badly when I realized that perhaps you took seriously all our discussion. Everything can be approached in different ways, and really truth is infinite."

And sometimes in the greatest secrecy, he entrusted one of his disciples to bring money anonymously from him to some of the poorest students. And he entrusted this only when he was completely confident that this secret was not revealed. It happened once, that in the Academy, revolt against the Vice President, Count Tolstoy arose, and no one could calm the anger of the students, which made the situation become very serious. Then finally at the general meeting came Kuinjy, and

every one became silent. Then he said, "Well, I am no judge. I do not know if your cause be just or not, but I personally ask you to begin your work, because you have come here to become artists." The meeting was ended at once, and every one returned to the classrooms because Kuinji himself had asked. Thus was the authority of the Guru.

From where his conception of real Guru-ship, in the refined eastern understanding, came, I do not know. Certainly it was in him a sincere self-expression without any superficial intention. This was his style and in the sincerity of this style, he conquered not only as an artist but also as a powerful vital type, who gave to his disciples the same broad, inflexible power to reach their goal.

## II

Long after in India, I saw figures of Gurus and I have seen the faithful disciples who, without any servile obeisance, but rather with great enthusiasm of spirit, venerated their Gurus with that full sensitiveness of thought which is so characteristic of India.

Blessed are you, India! Because you alone have guarded the concept of Teacher and disciple. The Guru can dispel the attack of sleep. The Guru can raise up the drooping spirit. Woe to him who has dared to lay claim falsely to some one as his Teacher and who lightly pronounce the word Teacher, while honoring himself! Verily flowers that spirit which understood the path of ascent; and he fails who drooped in duplicity of thought.

One may ask a Hindu boy if he wishes to possess a Guru. No word is needed in reply. Because of the boy's eyes you will see his desire, striving and devotion. The fire of Aryavarta will glow in his eyes. The stream of the *Rig Vedas* will glow on the slopes of the mountains.

Who can describe in words the entire procession of the Teachers? Either there is the realization of it, as a serpent of Knowledge, or lacking this, there is darkness, sleep, obsession. There is no need to terrify, but one would tell all who have

approached Yoga! "Your support is the Teacher. Your shield is devotion to the Teacher. Your destruction is indifference and duplicity."

"He who smiles alike on friends and foes of the Teacher is unworthy. He who does not betray the Teacher, even by reticence when speech is needed, may enter the step of the threshold."

To us speaks Agni Yoga which foresees the splendid future of humanity if humanity will master its possessions.

Not only in India but in the whole East we have the same conception of the Teacher. Certainly in many Eastern countries, how the storm of the coming civilization roars! You can imagine how many misunderstood conceptions may harm this supreme feeling of the hierarchy of knowledge. So many symbols and beautiful signs are swept away through such superficial mechanization of life. And still, even in the most remote places you can distinguish this instinctive understanding of guruship. How can one express in the customary words the dignity, the noble understanding, of accepting the chalice of knowledge?

The sense of conviction is the most hidden quality of high creation in Art. The most skillful criticism cannot explain why we believe and cherish many of the Italian and Netherland Primitives, why so much in modernism cannot be explained and still convince. This quality of inner rhythm, of inner contacts of color and line, this hidden law of dynamic proportions cannot be fully expressed by conventional phrases, and still they exist and they truly govern our creations. Certainly there exists some inexpressible conceptions. I remember how in one philosophical society one of the most important contemporary poet-philosophers ceased to attend the meetings. And when he was asked the reason, he shrugged his shoulders, "Because they speak of the unspeakable." And still every thing unspeakable and unconvincing in common conversation, becomes clear and convincing in the benevolent touch of the master. Every Art creation is as a dynamo, charged with infinite uplifting energy, a real generator of enthusiasm. Certainly this is comparative.

Some of the creations are charged with this primary energy for one hour, and some for eternity, this is relativity.

But the most uplifting moment is when the teacher and the disciples, sometime even in a half silent way are touching this fountain of the Beautiful. Everyone knows how often, without a word, one rhythmic gesture covers the abyss of misunderstanding. And is it not misunderstanding that we have to conquer? Verily, where can there be evil, especially in the vast field of Beauty? Certainly there can be ignorance and ugliness born of ignorance; there can be the off-spring of ignorance and ugliness, misunderstanding. In these days of so much confusion and corruption, when the spirit is bound with heavy chains of conventionality, how we need to watch each beginning of misunderstanding, and how we must extinguish these ugly parasites which grow so rapidly and pervert the most beautiful garden into a jungle of refuse!

And who can heal this disease of ugliness? Only the Teacher. In what aspect can he act? As a Guru. Is it so difficult and so inapplicable for our day?

I am happy to speak to Teachers. All of them know better than any one else the inner meaning of the sacred conception of guru and teacher. If we all know it, one may ask then why speak of it? But we know the strength of prayer; we know the meaning of incantations; we know the charm of chants; then, let us know what is the meaning of guru, what is the meaning of a teacher of life and still in the best moments of our life we shall repeat this high conception, because in repeating it, we are cementing the space with the best stones of the future.

### III

With every affirmation of the Beautiful and of the highest, we are creating the quality of the future life. Is it possible to create this future life and some happiness for the coming generation, without joy and enthusiasm? And from where does this flame of enthusiasm, of incessant creative ecstasy come? Certainly it comes from the flowers of the field of beauty. If

we shall take from life all expressions of beauty, we shall change the entire history of humanity.

The teachers of Art—are they not the teachers of synthesis? In old teachings, Art and beauty is explained as the highest conception. You recall the story from the *Upanishads* when during the search for Brahma, Brahma was found in the smile of the beautiful Ima. Lakshmi, the Goddess of happiness, is the most beautiful goddess. Ugliness really has nothing to do with happiness. In our service to Art and Beauty, is it not the most gratifying and uplifting feeling, to know that we serve the real synthesis of the coming evolution? And in spreading the seeds of beauty we are creating the beautiful life. Where and how can we amalgamate all the strange formations of the conglomerate of contemporary life? Verily, verily, only the veil of beauty can cover and magically transform the grimace of misunderstanding into the enlightened bliss of real knowledge. Not only for Teachers but for the pupils, also, life is so complicated. How to compromise the highest grace of the dance with the dullness and conventionality of the modern dance? How to pacify the noble striving for music, with some of the disturbing jazz of today?

How to connect the highest spiritual factor with the lowest state of matter? Are these antitheses quite unapproachable, or can a true unifying basis be found, not alone in dreams and thought, but here also on earth? We must greet this attitude, because we should be not dreamers but actual participants. We must not be afraid before the expressions, "You must be practical." But this practicability should be a true one, without petty conventionalities, without the small dusty objects of a wretched household. Is it not true that each household can be beautiful, not through the quantity of the objects, but in their quality and in our attitude towards them? The real facts of life, how beautiful they can be when they are taken in their full meaning without our vacillating attitude of a passer-by!

Modern thought demands facts. The most calculating positivism, wants to draw heaven to earth. Let us recall what

one of the most positive contemporary philosophers, Prof. Nicholas Lossky, in his remarkable studies, "Matter and Life," says:

"After all that has been stated, it is not difficult to give a conception of the most characteristic traits of the teaching of matter in the system of organic world perceptions. If matter originates in the highest existence—existence which is also capable of creating forms of reality other than matter, then the laws of material nature are conditioned to a far greater extent than physicists admit. Naturally one doubts that the formula of each law should permit a wide range of conditions, most of which are even still uncrystallized; thus the law is not usually an exact one, in other words, it is usually too broad.

"For instance, to expect that under all conditions, water will boil at 100° is to take the complexity of nature too little into account; in addition to the necessary temperature, is needed a normal atmospheric pressure, chemical purity of the water, etc. The physicist recognizes these incalculable additional conditions, but as he deals with matter alone, he has become too accustomed to think of all these conditions as being purely physical.

"Therefore, in establishing the most common laws, such, for instance, as the law of the indestructibility of matter, when questions concern the general nature of matter, the physicist presumes that there is no need to include the additional details into the formula of the law. Even further, to the mind of such a physicist, who tends towards materialism, any limitation of this law seems inconceivable. And truly as long as we remain in the domain of material processes, the annihilation of matter through physical means, pressure or impetus, seems inadmissible and even inconceivable.

"But let us presume that matter is not the only form of existence in nature and further, let us presume that matter is something evolving, subject to the action of the highest principles of the elements, then the place of matter in nature becomes far less durable than the mind of a materialist considers.

"Then it is not difficult to conceive also conditions when the annihilation of a particle of matter is also possible."

Thus we see that even in the conception of the most positivistic scientist is clearly expressed the relativity of matter. In this relativity is an open window for the highest conceptions.

Let them approach our earth! Let them saturate the coming evolution not only as an external transfiguration but the

evolution of the innermost being. The facts are needed but the understanding of these facts should be without hypocrisy and superstition. In the field of teaching, it is a special joy to expel not only ignorance, but the ugly off-shoots of ignorance, superstition and the freedom of discipline enters everywhere where ugly superstition is destroyed. The selfdenying study of the facts open to us, the highest degree of matters. The cosmic ray is no longer a fairy tale but has entered the laboratory of the scientist and the scientific mind knows how many more rays and forms of energy can enter our life and can be applied for the upliftment of every hearth. The benevolent transfiguration of life is on the threshold; even more, it knocks on our portals because so many things may be distributed at once without delay. How many social problems can be solved in a peaceful way, but with only one condition, that they be solved in a beautiful way. Well, we can evoke the energies from space; we can enlighten our life with powerful rays, but these rays shall be beautiful—as beautiful as is the conception of evolution.

Our responsibility before the Beautiful is great! If we feel it, we can demand the same responsibility to this highest principle from our pupils. If we know that this is a necessity, as during an ocean storm, we can require from our companion the same attention to the demand of the moment.

We are introducing, by all means, Art into all manifestations of life. We are striving to show the quality of creative labour, but this quality can be recognized only when we know what is the ecstasy before the beautiful; and this ecstasy is not that of a transfixed image, but this is motion, this is all-vibrating Nirvana, not the falsely conceived Nirvana of immobility—but the Nirvana of the noblest and most intensive activity. In all ancient teachings, we have heard about the nobility of action. How can they be noble, if they are not beautiful, each of us should be the emissaries of beauty, we should know the responsibility before the coming generation, and, in this will be manifested our joy and our invincible power. Actions for the Beautiful or Supreme are the noble actions.

Gurus, to you, my invocation and my reverence!

## TENDENCIES IN RECENT BRITISH DRAMA

BY PROF. K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

In nothing is the perversity of the human race more apparent than in the absurd regularity in which our ideas and ideals change with the birth of each new generation. As Dean Inge wittily remarked: "Each generation takes a special pleasure in removing the household gods of its parents and consigning them to the cupboard." Not in our political convictions only are our fathers' ideals thus slaughtered: no, it happens in every department of human activity,—in letters, in religion, in education—yes, in every avenue of human endeavour. This flux and reflux, this irritating oscillation, this ungovernable impulse that effects a change for better or for worse, but always to the amicable satisfaction of the majority—notoriously are these discernible even to the superficial observer.\* You just don't know how it happens or even why it happens: the transition is subtle, the forces irresistible, though for the most part, operating underneath the surface. And yet one fine morning, a man of courage and of acute observation comes forward and says that a new era has dawned, that the old notions of propriety, the antiquated tenets of criticism, the unsuitable influences that long had governed the theatre, that these have justly vanished into thin air. Few would be inclined at first to take this man seriously: another assertion, probably a third, and some slight scratching of head and puckering of eyebrow; and men know that the man had spoken the truth.

Indeed, it almost seems that the comparative merits and demerits of classicism and romanticism on the one hand, and of idealism and realism on the other will ever be discussed by every generation and inevitably decided as against the judgment of the one previous. This alternation has been going on just as the alternation between autocracy (military dictatorship is its twin brother) and democracy is interminably in evidence in the history of nations. There is no need of course to dogmatise; but the salient points offer no plank for disputation. The lay reader can see how Marcel Proust has sought in a series of

powerful novels to inculcate the simple truth that all things pass and change. But what is incomparably of greater import in Proust's demonstration is, to quote the sage words of George Santayana, "that the positive reality in each is not the fact that it appears or disappears, but that the intrinsic quality which it manifests, an eternal essence which may appear and disappear a thousand times." The history of modern literatures prove conclusively the truth of the above statement. How many times has symbolism got the upper hand of the rugged facts of hum-drum life? How many times have Shaws and Barries, Galsworthys and Drinkwaters, working in the same age and yet so contrarily, thrown very contradiction into the shade by the sheer repelling impetuosity of their respective personalities? The final truth seems to be, as Mr. Lytton Strachey somewhere pointed out, that human beings would cease to be human beings unless they were inconsistent: from which I deduce that humanity itself would cease to be, except for these dazzling phenomena of contradiction and inconsistency.

It is, I fear, to sin outrageously against proportion to equip so small a paper with so longish an introduction. But it is done. The event which prompted this essay is the recent (not so recent, I suppose) publication of 'Famous Plays of Today' by the enterprising firm of Messrs. Gollancz. An 'omnibus' volume and an anthology in one, it only fell in with the prevailing mad vogue for books "containing an unusually large number of pages and published at an unusually low price" and designed to "meet a real modern need in view of the gradual substitution of the small for the large house, and of the flat for any sort of house." Whatever may be the spur of the enterprise, for us, the book itself is most welcome. For a proper appreciation of any play mere reading is not only insufficient but is often apt to be misleading. But there are plays and plays. Some, Shakespeare's for instance or Goethe's, might be read with considerable profit though in the theatre alone maximum human significance could be gauged and if the man is equipped with a receptive frame of mind, a vivid image of it permanently retained. There are then other plays which pursue a realism, painstaking in the accumulation of details and sordid in the intensity of their stage effect. These plays, with few exceptions, make dull reading.

There are again certain plays which are all action and no talk or all talk and no action. The former had better be appreciated in that most convenient of modern innovations, the Cinema; as for the latter kind, seeing the plays on the stage is the better though not the only way of comprehending the central theme worked out.

This brings me to the question of the extent of the inroads of the Cinema—the film, that is,—into the Dramatic World. The violence of the new force is anything but constructive: but it has had the approbation of the general public. The films for the most part are the thrillers and shilling-shockers of the realm of the drama. You get exciting stuff there, you have mostly to pay less: and often the spoilation of your eye-sight is a good enough bargain. I do not of course depreciate the excelling art and comprehensive genius of Douglas Fairbanks (I saw him in 'the Three Musketeers' only the other day) or anyone of his illustrious compeers. But that art apart, that genius duly recognised, what exactly do the hungry Cinema-wallaws get? A series of thrilling situations with their concomitant anguish, an occasional sensation of blood gushing out of the mouths of soldiers (of Vincento Ibanez's 'The Four Horsemen and the Apocalypse,') the demoralising seductions of aristocratic ladies no less than country lasses, the fearful and magnificent strides of Napoleons of Finance and of Commerce, and all depicted with scarce any conversation—well, that is material for the Cinema. Where are we to go for characterisation? for sublimity of ideas? for elevation and expansion of heart? Riot is there and perhaps life of a sort: but true life it is not,—life that in its very depression ennobles us, or searches into the innermost recesses of your being while yet under the spell of its uncontrollable laughter. Shakespeare did it and Moliere and Racine and Schiller. But then science had not seen then the palmy days of Queen Victoria.

With reasonable certainty it might be remarked that a new era in Drama was inaugurated by Ibsen when he threw on the startled Norwegian theatre his epochmaking 'A Doll's House.' From that time onwards dramatists learnt to reproduce the surface appearances of ordinary life with ever increasing skill.

Realism became thenceforward the guiding principle and effectively drove away the clumsy appurtenances of asides and soliloquies, irritating coincidences and improbable situations. A Hauptmann in Germany, a Strindberg in Sweden, a Tchekhov in Russia and Mr. Bernard Shaw in England, following or deriving from Ibsen, with minor differences notwithstanding, held the torch of realism high, and made the theatre not merely the hunting ground of lymphatic pleasure seekers but platforms for social discussions and corrective propaganda. In Anton Tchekhov however this propagandist spirit is subdued; indeed, it is scarcely present: he but suggests the problem leaving the solution, if any, to the audience. He is perhaps more like Mr. Granville Barker than like any other British dramatist. However that be, the triumph of realism (and sometimes its coarser counterpart, naturalism) is complete. Side by side with this started the conviction that drama is not an end by itself but only means to an end: in other words, as soon as with the tools at its disposal, it has reproduced life, interpreted it and culled lessons from it, its interest for man ought to cease. For present diversion and for future benefit, a drama is useful and convenient: but as for its pre-eminence as art, as something transcending life and human aspirations,—no, the realists would have none of it.

To take England alone, Shaw and his innumerable followers utilised drama as only means to an end and never as the emblem of an entity having its own individual, even glorified existence. Rarely did Shaw take the least pains to make his characters human: he only wanted that they should be vocal, function as competent bugles of propaganda. That is why except 'Man and Superman' 'St. Joan' and one or two other plays, the rest, though fascinatingly rich in colour, yet betray the lack of the rudimentary characteristics of drama. But counter-Shaw movements were not long in asserting themselves. Mr. Edward Gordon Craig, the talented son of Ellen Terry, was one of the very first to raise the standard of revolt against the prevailing Shavianism of the day. In his 'On the Art of the Theatre' (Heinemann) he gave cogent expression to his cherished ideals and advocated pure mediums of dramatic reproduction, and asserted that more than the outward effervescence,

drama by being unimpeachably dramatic, should present also the soul or the inner essences of life. Drama should become synthetic, he said: it must stand courageously and unfalteringly on its own base: in its absolute grandeur the theatre should be the end and should banish choking realism with stubborn determination. Mr. Craig, with vision and wisdom, made common cause with the Belgian playwright Maurice Maeterlinck, and though working in different fields, endeavoured to bring about and in fact is largely responsible for the infusion of an absolute and aesthetic principle into the existing practice of the Dramatic art. His Florentine school established in 1913 also to a large extent furthered his cause.

Craig was slow to find ardent disciples. Clifford Bax, Ashley Dukes, John Drinkwater and Gordon Bottomley have produced some very fine poetic plays which have asserted the glory of a symbolic perfection in the dramatic craft. Whether they are directly indebted to Mr. Craig is not quite clear: but their break with the Shavians admits of no doubt. And breaks in other forms and in other directions are discernible in Malleson and Milnes, Peacey and O' Neill, and of course in the abnormal and challenging phenomenon of Mr. Noel Coward.

#### An Exception.

Footo, the comedian, dined one day at a country inn, and the landlord asked how he liked his fare.

"I have dined as well as any man in England," said Footo.

"Except the mayor," cried the landlord.

"I except nobody," said he.

"But you must," screamed the host.

"I won't."

"You must."

At length a petty magistrate took Footo before the Mayor, who observed that it had been customary in that town for a great number of years always to "except a mayor" and accordingly fined him a shilling for not conforming to ancient custom. Upon this decision, Footo paid the shilling at the same time observing that he thought the landlord the greatest fool in Christendom except the Mayor.

#### To the Cauveri at Talaikaveri.

Robed in the mountain's purple mist  
And clasped with a girdle of gold  
Radiant is Cauveri sparkling forth,  
In splendours manifold!  
"Coorg is thy necklace" the poet sang  
"What need of gold or pearls  
When from stately trees, the *Sampige* flowers  
Fall on thy lovely curls?"  
But to me who see thee gaily tripping,  
These wooded rocks among  
To weird tunes and witching notes  
Of an old-time wood-land song  
Thou seemest again the Goddess Ganges  
On Siva's locks a gleam  
The mighty Ganges, whose living waters  
Blend yearly with thy stream!  
For still they dance, great Siva's dance,  
On many a grassy lawn  
The men of Coorg; while the maids of Coorg,  
Stand proudly looking on  
In purple vesture and bands of gold  
With flashing eyes of fire  
Like Himavan's daughter, *Parvatavardhani*,  
To hearten and inspire.  
Who calls thee the least of Lands, Oh Coorg,  
The pulse of whose rhythm shakes  
A dreamy world, down the Cauveri's course,  
The sleeping Princess who wakes.  
To joy of Life? Oh joy begets joy!  
May the dance, on thy lawns, never cease  
Great Siva's dance! Let the Cauveri flow!  
And the wealth of the world increase!

T. B. Krishnaswami.

## THE CHEQUE FOR A HUNDRED

BY K. N. MENON

I was biting my finger nail and weaving a plot for a new story. I had just reached that place in the yarn where the villain was proposing to the heroine, when suddenly scenting interruption I dropped the pen, changed my aspect and turned round. Perhaps you might wonder what divine power it was that made me scent interruption. We great men, you see, have got a wonderful faculty in scenting interruptions.

The 'frow frow' of Rukhee's dress ceased and she herself broke into her husband's sanctum.

"Lucky chap, is Esudian" she exclaimed holding out an envelope in front.

If I had not a certain kind of weakness, I would have locked the female in the lumber room before retiring into my cubbyhole and giving myself up to lofty thoughts and things. But my weakness was just that. I could never lock up Rukhee in the lumber room even if I wanted to.

"Well, what's it now?" I asked coming to life at the mention of Esu's name.

"Here's a cheque for him."

I was all eyes and ears.

"Whe— where from?" I gasped sitting up alertly.

"Do you remember that raffle?" she asked.

"What raffle?"

"The other one?"

"Well, what of it?"

"Esu has got the first prize" she said dropping the cover upon the table.

I stared hard at the address. Yes, it was for Esudian, care of my wife. I opened it and drew out a genuine cheque, all blue and white, entitling our good lucky friend to receive one hundred rupees of good round silver.

Now the whole story flooded back to my mind. A few worthy men aspirants to wealth who believed that money making was not such a difficult task after all, had started a raffle known as 'The Lottery' and had sent me a book of twelve tickets to be sold off. The value of one ticket was only a paltry sum of four annas and the first prize was to be a hundred rupee currency note. Well, we entered our names, Rukhee and I, after which business I flung the remaining tickets into the nearest dust bin. When Esu visited us that evening, the wife fished out the ticket book from its place of repose and insisted upon his joining the gamble. The fellow was at first quite averse to giving his name. He said he never believed in lotteries. The whole life of man, he declared, is a lottery, a game of chance. He could instead put the amount upon 'gum gum' at the races, he said (being something of a race enthusiast.) But Rukhee was not to be put off. When she persuaded him to join and said she would take the amount for him, he consented and even agreed to take two tickets. I even remember that it was care of my wife that Esudian put his address.

It had all happened a month or more back. And contrary to our expectations, 'The Lottery' instead of bursting like the South Sea Bubble, had actually turned out genuine. And—look at the result.

The money assuredly belonged to friend Esu. I knew that our first duty therefore, was to inform Esu immediately. One hundred chips when the city was at the height of the season, was no joke. Yes, I would ring him up with the news. Or rather on second thoughts, would it not be better to present him with the cheque in a more novel way?

"What if we send it up to him as a huge parcel?" I suggested.

"Nonsense!" said my wife.

"Why not keep it in a book and let him discover it accidentally?" "Absurd!"

On many occasions like this when I was hard put to solving a problem, my wife had proved herself brainier than I. And I accordingly sought her advice over the present difficulty.

"You will go to his place tonight," was her wise counsel "and without letting yourself be seen, arrange the cheque in such a way that it should be staring him in the face when he opens his eyes early morning."

"Capital idea!"

"And didn't you hear him say" went on the female "that he would be out tonight?"

"I did."

"That makes it easier for you. Doesn't it?"

"Certainly."

Duly at night when the bustle in the streets had abated, I started upon my mission armed with the cheque.

Esu's rooms were twenty three numbers beyond mine. The street was tolerably calm. When I reached Esu's place I heard a clock chiming the half hour.

I had a thorough knowledge of the terrain of Esu's rooms, which helped me a good deal in the campaign. Effecting entrance by climbing over the gate post and scrambling up to the balcony on the first floor, and taking thirteen strides to the right and five to the left, I found myself just outside my friend's room. A ventilator big enough to let me in, was welcomingly yawning above.

With some difficulty and after leaving pieces of my coat on nails struck in the wall outside, I got inside the room via the ventilator. It was pitch dark. To put on the light, was out of the question, for the switch was nowhere to be felt. Feeling no trace of a wall anywhere within a mile, I moved sideways like the way I had seen Miss Leena do on the stage—until my knee struck hard against what seemed to be a chair. The idea of taking some rest upon the very same piece of furniture and nurse the injured limb, was nipped in the bud, when to my extreme surprise, I heard the turning of a key outside. Automatically I made a dive toward the nearest cupboard, turned up the collar of my coat and with my body wound up like a centipede, I awaited developments.

In another moment the door was flung open and the next instant the room was flooded with light.

Esudian crossed to the middle of the room and with folded arms, looking blankly right in front stood as solemn as a stuffed owl.

Instantly I concluded that something had gone wrong with him. But could I ask? Not for the life of me.

Squinting an eye toward the surroundings I found myself cowering underneath a table, concealed from view by the thick table cloth that was hanging down liberally over the sides.

A ruffling sound made me shift the eye toward the other occupant of the room. Relieved of his coat, he was now striding up and down the room. With head drooped down in front and arms locked behind, he was indeed a personification of trouble. I had half a mind to start up and ask him what was amiss. But I refrained. I might frighten him out. With the haggard appearance I had about me he might take me for his father-in-law's ghost and cry for help.

No. I would not stir. I would remain quietly and watch. When he had taken to his bed and everything was quiet, I could slowly glide out of my haven, leave the cheque on the table, and pop out as silent as a hungry cat.

Yet, however I tried, I could not rest content without knowing what it was that troubled my friend. Perhaps some one had croaked at home? Perhaps he had taken up that course of memory training.

I became rather worried. But the worry did not go far in keeping me awake.

After a long restless hour of uncertainty and anxiety I was enveloped by the mists of slumber. The tired eyelids closed, and surrendering myself wholly to 'Tired Nature's Sweet Restorer' I dropped off.

I must have slept for a long time, for when I woke up—wait I'll tell you what all I saw when I woke up.

I had slowly and cautiously opened one eye and was about to open the other, when there in the middle of the room I saw

a sight that made me screw up both the eyes and wish I were fifty miles under the sea. A sight that sent a chill through my veins.

Standing upon a chair with his back toward me and calmly fastening the end of a rope (the other end of which was tied round his neck) to a hoop on the ceiling, was—Esudian!

He was committing suicide!

It was bright morning. The door was bolted from the inside. In my utter consternation my circulation stopped for a moment. I had studied various things in my life. But I had never studied how to act when some one starts hanging in front of you. Another minute would find my friend a corpse. How could I stand by and see a suicide committed! Rousing up all my courage I shot out from underneath the table.

"Stop!" I shrieked out exploding like a dynamite.

Startled from the work he was at, Esu sent forth a cry—something between a scream and a howl, slipped off from the chair, and sank down on the floor.

Now I knew that there was work before me.

I hauled him on to a chair and spent one whole hour and a good part of another in bringing him to reason.

"You were mad, my young man, to hang like that," I said. "What made you attempt that desperate act? Have'nt you got people at home to mourn for you? Who is to receive your money orders if you die? Don't be a namby-pamby, old man, don't be a namby-pamby. Now out with it."

It was only after great persuasions that he opened his heart to me. That too only after he had bound me to an oath not to whisper to a soul not even to Rukhee about the happening. He had, he said, lost heavily at the races. He had received money from home only the previous day, and of it, not a chip remained. He had not paid any of his dues. He simply dared not write home for more money. And besides, what was this paltry thing called life? He was a believer in spiritualism and he wanted to see for himself what really would come after death.

Esu's idea was, he confided to me afterwards, to bolt the door, hang himself, and hide his corpse in the cupboard.

And all these plans were foiled.

"What is to come of me!" he cried tearing his hair.

"You dress up and come with me" I said. I knew that the story would entertain Rukhee highly.

"Oh! I am doomed!"

"No you are'nt" I said.

"I don't know what to do!"

"What?"

"My dues here?"

"Shall be seen to."

"The arrears?"

"Will be cleared"

"It is time you ceased your mockery" he cried out desperately.

"I'm not mocking" I said. "Look here!" and I handed over the cheque to him.

### Technicalities

A sailor was called into the witness box to give evidence.

"Well, sir," said the lawyer, "do you know the plaintiff and defendant?"

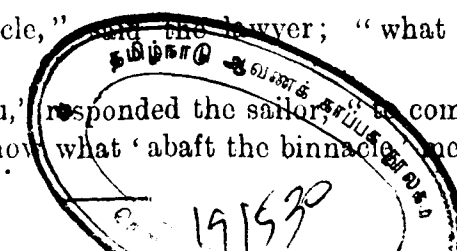
"I don't know the drift of them words," answered the sailor.

"What! not know the meaning of 'plaintiff' and 'defendant'?" continued the lawyer. "A pretty fellow to come here as a witness. Can you tell me where on board the ship it was this man struck the other?"

"Abaft the binnacle," said the sailor.

"Abaft the binnacle," said the lawyer; "what do you mean by that?"

"A pretty fellow you," responded the sailor, "to come here as a lawyer, and don't know what 'abast the binnacle' means."



## CIVILIZED RELIGION

BY A POOR MEDIEVAL HINDU

It was a bright summer day; and the luxuriant garden was shining with her wealth of flowers and fruits. Two persons entered it. One of them began counting the trees and plants, examining their kind and character, and estimating the value of the orchard and imagining means of acquiring it. The other soon plucked some fruits and squatting in the shade began to eat them. Each was, of course, enjoying his own pursuit. In time they met each other and spoilt was the game of both.

A hard prosaic world of incessant toil and struggle, scheming and speculation; a world constantly at war with Nature; a land studded with panting workshops and suffocating chimneys; a land of commerce, science and philosophy; the West bred up men, heroes and martyres. Whereas a fairy-land where Nature lavishes her bounties; a flowery soil of peaceful husbandry overgrown with hallowed chattrams and hoary temples; a land of poetry, metaphysics and meditation: the East grew into a heaven of priests, prophets and Gods. While schools and colleges of Science and philosophy, and hot-beds of destructive machinery grew up in the West; the East gave birth to institutes for the conquest of Death and universities of Religion and Godhead. The West is essentially a field of material aggrandizement while the East is a sanctuary of Self-realization. In the West every move is a material gain, while in the East every breath is a ritual.

These two worlds came across each other with no small amount of surprise and wonder. Each proud of its own possessions and acquisitions was incomprehensibly poor and foolish in the eyes of the other. They looked askance at each other. That a tree of sour, bitter and corrosive parts should produce a sweet and luscious fruit was to the West clear moonshine; while to the East, delight in a futile alternation of fickle hues and odours, and ardent reckoning of ephemeral objects were simply puerile. As long as they kept apart from each other no serious harm ensued. But when they came together and began to

quarrel over their respective cults, that inevitable deity of opportunity, the Devil, stepped in and claimed—converted?—both to his own creed.

The impact of Western civilization on that of the East has produced very momentous results. It seems to have not merely shattered the frame work of the eastern civilization but shaken its soul too. One is inclined to ask, 'Is the shock not too much?' The heat and momentum of the collision has been so great that instead of opening our eyes to the better aspects of the foreign civilization they have blinded us to the best parts of our own and let us adrift groping for or aping the worse parts of the other. Condemning milk for the complexion of the cow and clinging to coxcombish coquetry for culture are fallacies not uncommon to the new epoch. Analysis and pragmatism are of course the abigails in her service. But their services only make us more perverse.

The blindness caused by the advent of the foreign civilization is nowhere so clearly manifest as in the civilized religion of the modern East. Religion, the peerless vestal maid of the Eastern zenana was ruthlessly dragged by the murderous hands of inquisitive science, out of her sacred purdah into the unhallowed open of a public market. And there impelled by impudent curiosity, he has rent her veil, stripped her and with his remorseless probe and scalpel blindly cut and maimed and mangled her, and vivisectioning her to the last breath and bone, has at last arrived at a mass of inert and shapeless matter. In place of lifekindling eternal beauty and love, alas! a weary mass of dead bones and flesh. A magnificent research forsooth! Though Religion is dead, yet the murderer's heart of whom she is the offspring has not committed suicide. She lives and calls for her child with multiplied longing and intensity. Give her then the pack of—? Our scientific reformation of our religion has at length taken up the heavy skeleton and dressed it up in furcoat and periwig. From beneath the pompous and fantastic appearance of civilized religion do we not often hear the weird clank of bones? Religion has become a heavy bundle of lifeless observances. It is no longer Godliness, or the path to God-head.

The pseudo-scientific spirituality of the civilized world with its supercilious atmosphere, and pretentious humanity, ethereal soul and evanescent virtues, newfangled forms and puerile paraphernalia, founded on pompous phraseology and mischievous casuistry, flippent explanations and violent condemnations is neither of the East nor of the West. A Caliban extraction of a blind collision of a world of Pragmatism with one of Idealism, it has well nigh all the vices of the parents and none of their virtues. A mental aberration caused by a fantastic moral casuistry Religion is a misnomer for it. If Brahminical religion is encumbered with elaborate ceremonialism and hallowed severities, our civilized religions are only infatuate dogmas and inane formalities. Our civilized religion is often a cloak of vanity; and our pretensions to piety but cowardice. Of speculative ethics we have any number to justify or even applaud any conduct of ours. Religion is considered necessary only for certain secular ends, as piety and virtue are for certain others. Religion has come to be necessary only to make us appear gentle, virtue to acquire greatness; and piety to save us from straits, if it can. Religion is no longer the realisation or the means to the realisation of the divinity in man. It is not a search for God or Godhead. It is not even an integral part of our life. It is only an encumbrance on our life. At best our religion is only a propitiating a bug-bear for our chicane and sin. It has also pergrinated with the progress of our civilization. From the heart it has travelled through our stomach to our skin. Is it hanging about us like a lady's gown?

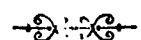
Although civilization would not allow religion to encroach upon the ordinary routine of life much less permit it to take hold of life and lead it, yet the otiose appearances of religion in many shapes and misshapes, newformed and deformed, are as essential to it as hair-dressing or boot-polishing. Our religion has by civilization been reduced to a matter of inane forms and ineffectual observances, preaching and petitioning, proselytising and even speculation. Do we not sometimes go to the extent of trying to obtain His Grace by making a priest pray or perform worship and purchasing its effects for a few pence. Quite characteristic of the civilization that has engrossed us, our religion too has become materialistic and pragmatic, not to say

time-serving. May be, materialistic or pragmatic religion is a contradiction in terms. But religion which does not pander to our material comforts or conceits is of no use to us. The age of self-abnegation and search for God has long been displaced by the age of self-conceit and search for Gold. Church-going and psalm-singing, adoration and genuflection, proffering and ceremonialism we have, because they lend us an air of gentility and piety and are sometimes conceived to help us to ward off misfortunes. It is no superstition to think so. In over-whelming seasons of battenning affluence we may be flattered to parade our religion and piety with unwonted elaboration and extreme self-complaisance. Our ceremonies then are gala days; our penance and piety consisting in donning on our best clothes, stringing on our wealth of jewelled beads, being vociferous in the name of God and through His Grace filling our maw with the best of viands and meat. Our observances and performances are remarkable demonstrations of our vanity. It being sometimes considered a reproach to be irreligious, an air of piety is as essential to refinement as a frill or a lace to a lady's jacket.

Adversity may sometimes in spite of civilization call in the aid of religion to appeal to God. Handsome presents and large proffers must be made to the irate Deity. The priest must be called in to propitiate Him or His underlings and to invoke His Blessings, and an air of piety must be put on to keep off the speeding or bleeding gloom or doom. All are done with great pomp and punctiliousness. And God must be mighty pleased with the presents and return them multiplied. One may laugh that Religion has become a trinket or a talisman. But God is intended only to save us from adversity, and to give us prosperity. What other use have we of Him? For the ordinary purposes of life mighty Mammon and Mercenary Man are divinities thoroughly competent. Man works and earns his bread, fortune and fame. The almighty Dollar rules the world. Matter and material facts have a stronger hold on our life and philosophy than God. One may rely on the fickle man of a changing world, but never trust to the Almighty God, though he be unchanging, and eternal. To rely on an intangible being of an unknown world! Wherefore should we have, or care much for, such an

unknown being who seems to live only in the breath of man. Do we believe in His existence at all? One will not dare pick another's pocket in the sight of a fellow being, but who demurs to do any act of felony because of the omnipresence or omniscience or almightiness of God? The sanctions of heaven and hell are as empty and remote as mythical, while the sanctions of society and state are tangible and imminent. Man has use and fear only of material facts. In respect of fortuitous happenings springing from darkness and adversities which cloud our life we may seek the help of an intangible being of an invisible world who may be more acquainted with the matters of that world than our theory of causation, and may therefore be of some use to us. But of this world Man and Mammon are the sole masters. If in our exploits and adventures He helps us we may sometimes reward or repay him. If he fails us in times of necessity, then out with Him. Man is a creature of material facts and circumstances. He is heart and soul in them. There is no room in his bosom for spirituality or God.

(To be continued)



### Memory.

Uncanny shades of countless karmas dead  
And buried in the darkness of the past,  
Lurking in silence with a sullen cast  
In the scorchless caverns of my bosom, fed  
On the native innocence and light outspread  
By my waxing soul, and with your subtle hands  
Ev'r moulding stealthily my rising bands  
Of thoughts and acts into your old kindred!

Unwelcome Ghosts! Why do ye oft arise  
Like hooded serpent shooting out its hole,  
And in your sadly train still long unroll  
The pallid lights and hues, and wake up sighs?  
Avaunt! and let my clouded mind regain  
The wonted brightness of my soul's domain.

P. M. Hari.

## BARRISTER RAJU

Called Elsewhere Too!

BY SATYA-KANTHA

VI.

Favourites are sometimes the favours of Fate. Sasibushan never owned Barrister Raju as his favourite anywhere. But will not his bail-order do? The great Pulipandian and his band were out with trumpets that Sasibushan favoured or feared Barrister Sarangam! His transfer to Muthupet should have been a consolation, nay, should have been considered as his abode of peace undisturbed by the apprehensions of the Rao Bahadur poisoning the ears of the Collector against him! That was not to be. To Muthupet followed his repute or notoriety of the Pulipandian's bail-order. Barrister Raju much against his will and to his great discomfort was *retained* very often. The father was happy over throngs of clients in the front corridor but his son was sinking every moment! The only *Procedure* he knew was how to beseech a lady and that too one of the glorious *type* he imported from England and the only *Code* he could possibly recollect was the scrupulous attention to a bar-maid!

Are we not made greater than what we really are? Raju with his Code and with Procedure was managing for a time while the learned friends (really more learned than he) was fisting at him a Swaminathan's *Code* or a Sohoni's *Procedure*, very often those inconvenient stuff from the *W. R.* down to the *Crim. L. J!* (Days of *Crim. Cases* were yet to come!) Not that Raju believed that law was commonsense but that he believed that his sense was good enough for his courts, or that his Barrister's sense was taken as good enough in Muthupet area, that he did not care to post a line inviting a V. P. P. containing a Penal Code or Code of Criminal Procedure! Still our good friend Raju was getting on merrily. A quick journey up and down, to and from Muthupet to Lallapet invariably meant a few tens finding their way into the pockets of the Barrister and a pleasant drive in a car which moved and was received under

the kind auspices of a salaming clientele! Sasibushan inspite of all this was feeling himself miserable. He could not always argue on behalf of Raju every case he appeared, and decide everything in his favour. As for Counsel Raju's helping the court, less said, the better. The atmosphere in court was decidedly degrading. A learned counsel without arguments, representing a case as against a hard-working able advocate, every case being decided in favour of the counsel whose eloquence was in silence, the Sub-magistrate salaming the barrister as he entered and left the court, while other dignitaries of the learned profession were left out of notice without even a wink or smile, did mean a heavy file for Sarangam. It also meant a heavy tale of ill-repute bordering on corruption to Sasibushan! Did it end here? Sasibushan's court and conduct figured before the D. M., A. D. M. and S. D. M.; transfer-petitions were filed, not without affidavits of the learned friends swearing to the actual happenings in court, one petition might be dismissed,—two or three, with the remarks that they were frivolous. But the stream did not end. Sasibushan was feeling he was on his trial. How many reports, explanations and D. O.'s was he to write?

Still serious was another event. How long was Manomohan Balaram B. A. (Cantab) M. A. (Edin.) F. R. H. S., F. R. P. A., Bar-at-law son of Diwan Bahadur B. Manomohan Naidu Avl., M. R. A. S., F. T. S., Ph. D., (Occult) to bear this? Was he not to have his days? Was he to starve with gaping eyes at Sarangam? True he was his senior at the Bar by over a year. But was he on that score to tolerate a duffer and allow his stupid excursions into Muthupet for nothing except a joy ride and few tens for ever? Are his English degrees to go to dogs? If a Rao Bahadur fathering means practice, a Diwan Bahadur fatherhood obtained after arduous labours,—inclusive of erection of pandals right from the taluq office to the rural chavadi, a distance of eight miles, and an 'At Home' (catered by the Metropolitan Darrisons) to the District Satrap which meant that distinguished single soul alone partaking of it while all the rest, inclusive of the S. D. M., Tahsildar and others stood gazing at a distance—ought not to go in vain. How best to usurp Sarangam at the Bar?

It was some months since the District Badeh Sahib had visited the place. His tour programme for the month of August included Muthupet too. The S. M. began to feel himself restless. Barrister Balaram in one of his evening rounds asked Sasibushan about the Collector's camping. The latter pretended ignorance. The Barrister's cheek came to his rescue. Balaram said "What, the Collector desires to meet my father Diwan Bahadur Manamohan on August 5 at the Dak Bungalow here in connection with the Mahanadi irrigation channels in Muthupet area and the recent riots among the villagers regarding the same. I wish you too prepare yourself to report on the matter when the Collector calls you."

"Thank you Sir," said the S. M. and proceeded. "Do you know for certain that he stays at the Dak Bungalow? Yes, I know ..... he is coming ..... I thought I should keep it confidential ..... In as much as your father has been informed, I can be plain with you ..... I want to know if he stays at the Dak Bungalow. I'll be saved the bother of arranging for his lodgings. You know Sir, we poor Magistrates how much we suffer. A *Jamabandhi* means very many things, but one thing is certain; it is the Collector's Butler's Rule. Butler's palms have to be greased every second. Bills are paid *in record* and stop there! ..... By the way let not your father talk or refer to the general impression here that I have favoured one side in the Mahanadi Riots."

This was enough for Balaram. Sarangam's fate is sealed. Sasibushan was out for a favour at his hands and those of his father. He should screw his father up and arrange for an interview with the Collector not on any particular mission but on Blessed nothing but which might appear as everything in the eyes of the S. M.

"Yes Mr. Sasibushan I shall persuade my father to remain neutral and help you in this case. But don't you think it better to call on my Diwan Bahadur father and express your difficulty. Probably he will desire to know all facts" returned Balaram.

"I shall surely do so. Your father may be pleased to excuse me. A visit by me to the premier citizen of the place

and to a Diwan Bahadur is long overdue. Better late, than never. By the way, will you fix up, Mr. Balaram, tomorrow morning 9 o'clock for an engagement with your father?"

"Surely; but you know my father is interesting himself in the Melamathur Defamation case in which that notorious idiot Barrister Raju appears and swears he will get a conviction for my clients. The accused are intimate friends of my father. He wants me to do my best for them. I don't know whether it will be convenient for him then to meet you. Probably he may feel delicate to accept a visit from the trying Magistrate when he is interested in a pending case. You know he is rather zealous of his repute and that of the officers."

"Quite true, I am proud of your father and you, his worthy son. I am obliged to you for your frank talk. Barrister Raju!—you said, idiot, Oh a thousand times idiot. A veritable block-head, an inveterate ass—of course I am talking in confidence to a friend—he is making my life miserable. My initial folly of granting bail to Pulipandian is taking the life out of me. Oh the poor father—a Rao Bahadur too—could have fathered a better son! I helped him and am killing myself. He sits, I argue; he does nothing, I write judgments in his favour. But has his father or Raju helped me a bit? Would they care to lend a pair of bulls for the transit of my samans from Lallapet to Muthupet? Oh! that is the other side of the picture. "Anyway Balaram, don't worry, let not your father trouble himself. I never knew your father's friendly terms with the D. M. .... Yes. .... The Melamatur defamation case is nothing. It is a pure file. I shall see to it. Yes,—you are for the defence, I dare say you will do it magnificently well.... I take your suggestion regarding the visit..... I shall be visiting the hospital close by your "Loyalty Home" for taking a dying declaration. Can't you manage to see that your father meets me there? I am anxious to meet him before the D. M. comes here. Please do arrange and send word this night. Good night." So saying Sasibushan retired home.

Good night—really so it was. He might have said 'good nights.' We should say Sasibushan meant it though he had not the prophetic impudence to say it. The cunning Balaram

had scored heavily against Sarangam by one evening conversation. The idiot's prosperity should end some day; merit should exhibit itself. Balaram's professional ethics, were they purer than Raju's? Did Raju have anything?—We are not concerned with them. The world judges it according to different standards.

Balaram, the wily son of a wily father slowly narrated the incident and fixed up the interview. The father retorted 'Yes boy, this is what I said to you two months ago. You did not listen. You were on the dirty political game. I am glad you have realised yourself. I shall see the S. M. in the hospital. But see his peon comes to you and talks to you in the presence of the Melamathur clients. Get answers from him to their hearing. It may advance you.'

Supper over, the happy father and son retired to bed. Did Sarangam know his days of "being called elsewhere" were coming to a close by the tactics of a brother member of the English Bar? Was he to be "called elsewhere, back again" to his own Llalapet to starve again? Is he to be called elsewhere again or is he to be called off once for all?

### By Wire.

Sir Douglas Straight, the famous lawyer, politician and journalist, told a story of the time he stood as a parliamentary candidate. "In 1870 a deputation came to me from Shrewsbury and said, 'We will have you.' For six weeks I worked like a galley slave, and then beat my opponent, Mr. Coates, by 38 votes. I telegraphed to my wife, 'I am in my 38 over Coates,' but the message went through as, '38 overcoates'."

—Tit-bits.

## BANKING AND THRIFT

BY T. R. SESA IYER

"Every one knows that it is not what is earned but what is saved which measures the difference between **SUCCESS** and **FAILURE**. This is a difference so slight from day to day as to seem unimportant and of no common consequence but in the aggregate of even a few years, it amounts to a sum of great importance. The ability to save is based entirely on self-control. The possession of that capacity is the main element of **CHARACTER**. It passes over at once into the realm of good **CITIZENSHIP**."

—*Ex-President Calvin Coolidge.*

### Credit Essential.

"Banking is my brains and your money" so remarked a great man. But behind it stands the individual wealth of our citizens. It has made our bankers more and more dealers in credit by furnishing the major part of their banking power by giving the banks credit, as well as by utilizing their credit with the banks. Credit is the very life of trade—the very air men must breathe if they would meet their opportunities. Business transactions on a large scale such as we of this age have become accustomed to regard as matters of course, but which would have been marvels of earlier generations arise out of man's faith in the promise of his fellow-men.

### Economic Back-bone

Back of every industry, back of every business, back of every individual from generation to generation stands the bank—a guardian of money, an agent of credit and an ally of the progress of a nation and its people. The banker must play with the business man. That is his job and the businessman must play with his banker—that is an important matter. And both must keep at it constantly not merely when they like it or when something goes wrong. The banker not keenly interested in all that is going on in business is over-looking one of the most important of banking safeguards and the businessman who would build up any sort of barrier between himself and the bank is sacrificing an extremely important asset.

Backed up by personal thrift, industry and commerce, inspired by lofty ideals, make the nation great. Her financial resources, accumulated and conserved by her banks have made possible the achievements of these twin beneficent powers. In India unfortunately that personal thrift is far from satisfactory.

### Saving Money.

Theodore Roosevelt said that thrift is common sense applied to spending and he might truthfully have added that saving is common sense added to getting. Russel Sage accumulated a very large fortune and when asked for a rule that would assist others in becoming financially independent said, "The easiest way I know of to get money is to save it."

Saving money is just a matter of habit. It is not a great deal harder to acquire than other habits. The trouble is that so few people have tried it. The benefits of systematic saving have been so obvious to the great minds of the world that innumerable sayings and maxims have clustered around the subject, so much so that many of them have degenerated into idle platitudes and tiresome bromides. But the failure of a large part of humanity to heed these truths has not impaired their working in the least, as many people have proved by saving their money and acquiring independence.

### Story of a Millionaire.

Speaking in a reminiscent mood one day, Mr. John D. Rockefeller told a group of friends what had first impelled him to enter into business that afterward became so successful. He said that he had worked in a store all summer and at the end of the period was paid fifty dollars. A merchant suggested to him that he lend the money at interest, which he did. At the end of six months he received back the principal, together with several dollars in interest that it had earned. "I looked at that interest with mixed feelings" said Mr. Rockefeller. "I knew how hard I had worked to earn that principal but here was money that rightfully belonged to me but that I had not had to work for. From that moment I determined that in addition to working for money I would make money work for me".

**Put Money to Work.**

Idle money like idle labour is non-productive, creates a stagnant condition and contributes to the stringency of the times. Get out your money and help put your community and nation to the forefront among the cities of the country and the nations of the world. Whether it is one rupee or thousands or lacs, it should join hands to do business. Money in the Bank will help stimulate local conditions. The banks of a community constitute the greatest factor in its progress and development. Banks offer you secure institutions with which to do business, expert financial advice to investor, advisory counsel in matters large or small where money and business are involved. In the campaign for prosperity the greatest economic and financial authorities declare that every individual is a contributing factor. Dig out your rupees, put them in the banks and bring them into sight. This does not mean for you to expend your money lavishly, but it does mean to get it out of your pockets, out of your private lock and key, out of your safes, out of the hidden places, put it in safe hands to help you and your community.

**Compound Interest.**

The world famed Woolworth Building was built on the profits on nickels. The Cinema has still the nickel. The nickel still pays the cost of the street car operation. This small amount we spend every day amounts to a substantial sum in the course of a year and such small sums move your daily life. That is the potentiality of the small nickel change. If at an average, a sum of four annas is deposited in savings account every day for about fifty years, it amounts to a considerable sum which is a big fortune for your children and dependents. The growing power of compound interest is remarkable. If the Indians who sold the Island of Manhattan in New York in 1626 for 24 dollars had invested this amount at 2½ % compound interest, it would now amount to 692,749 dollars. If this amount is invested in securities yielding the same rate of interest, the amount of interest it would yield would be 24 incomes of 1000 dollars each or nearly 5 incomes of 5000 dollars each. "Compound interest is the foundation upon which the majority of fortunes are built. It works silently but incessantly—Sundays,

week days, and holidays. It works while you sleep and while you play."

**Duty of Parents.**

When children are youngsters, they should be taught thrift and banking habit. When they reach the age of maturity, the amounts will be surprising. A Bank Account has been a friend in need to thousands. Here is an opportunity to provide yourself and your dependents with a sure antidote for unemployment, illness, hard times or misfortune. Progress in the world comes from improvements that are the results of thrift and foresight and no words can overstate the feeling of security that comes from having some money in the bank. The world is divided into two classes of people—the "haves" and the "have nots." It is upto every individual to determine for himself in which class he cares to live. If you want to know whether you are destined to be a success or failure in life, you can easily find out. The test is simple and it is infallible. Are you able to save money? If not drop out. You will lose. You may think not, but you will lose as sure as you live.

**"Wages never made any man rich."**

To those people who say that incomes are small and even the present is inadequate, no better answer than that of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's will be appropriate: "Wages never made any man rich. But saving and wise spending have made many independent of wages. One good investment is worth a lifetime of toil. The man who does not save cannot and will not do anything worth while." So if you want to be anything in life or in your community take a lead to promote thrift, industry, commerce and better ways for living and thinking. Teach the people to save their moneys and save yourself also and begin to invest in the right way. Today two ways lie before us: One leads to Wealth, the other to Poverty: one to Ease, the other to Drudgery: one to Commanding, the other to Obeying: one to Happiness, the other to Misery: one to Intelligence, the other to Ignorance: one to Respect, the other to Disgrace. Which will you choose?



## CHOICE OF A PROFESSION

BY SAYED SHAMSUL ISLAM SIDDIQUI

In these days sometimes a young man feels perplexed in the beginning of his career as to what profession he should follow in later life. He seems to labour under the delusion that out of the bewildering mass of professions one would be more lucrative than the other, and fails to realise that all professions are almost equally lucrative and noble. In no profession one should enter with the idea of ease and comfort. Ease and fame are generally not compatible with each other.

The only idea that should guide a man to a profession should be his inclination towards it. If a man's inclination points him to a calling he must follow it. The reason is that he will, in a profession of his own choice, prove more resourceful and able to overcome the difficulties and hardships incidental to it than in any other. It sometimes sounds astonishing from a parent. "I am training my son for this profession or that" or "I want to make him an engineer, doctor, lawyer etc." It must be presumed that when the parent will determine the profession for the son, the son will only work like a tool in the hand of the parent, and as soon as the parental support is withdrawn he is bound to come down. In India over and above other circumstances, this circumstance is primarily responsible for a large number of failures in life. As soon as a young man expresses his desire for a new occupation with which his relatives are not acquainted, they begin to discourage him, and in most cases it so happens that when the young man finds so many opinions dissenting from his, he begins to doubt his own ideals, unless, of course he is very strong-minded.

It need scarcely be added that strong common sense or for the matter of that fine sense is needed in almost every profession. But this is not all sufficient. Zeal and enthusiasm is as much needed as any of these things for success and this zeal cannot come when a man's inclinations point him to a different way. When we read of Dickens or any other equally voluminous and

famous writer we feel surprised at the amount of activity which he showed in his career. But we will not be surprised if we remember that with Dickens, novel writing was not a serious work but a pastime. He never felt tired as long as he was busy over his novels in his study. This was also the case with Napoleon Bonaparte. Napoleon was as much an ordinary man as any other if we disassociate him from warfare. He was no harsh tyrant as he is sometimes represented by his enemies. But in warfare he was a genius and displayed a remarkable success which has distinguished him for all times. This energy and activity which he showed in warfare was the outcome of his strong inclination for warfare. When we find a man winning remarkable success in any walk of life, we should generally presume that he has followed a profession suited to his inclinations.

The practice that generally obtains among Indians of chalking out the career of sons by the parents is reprehensible, and without it there would be more geniuses in India than there are at present.

### On the Muse of Poesy.

Where blushest muse all blooms excelling ?  
—In a far-off sea-girt isle.  
Where the winds the billows swelling  
Woo and kiss and soft beguile,  
Where the shells sweet music breathing  
Shine and smile with coral lips,  
Where the naiad garlands wreathing  
In the springlet floweret dips  
Where the bees all amorous humming  
Spring and gleam and still resound  
By trees a bowery-blossoming,  
Where the clouds on hills abound  
With the torrents crystal pearly,  
Where the fairies glide and sing  
A canopy unfurling,  
There amid the nestbirds' calling,  
The ravished rainbow falling,  
Laps thee in her breast,—  
O muse of poets' quest !

By R. Balakrishnan, B.A., L.T.

## ON SLEEPING IN CLASS

"Sleep that knits up the ravelled sleeve of care,  
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,  
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,  
Chief nourisher in life's feast"—(Shakespeare.)

I have no sympathy with some conventions of the class room. Take, for instance, the habit of persecuting boys merely because by chance their eyes happen to rest on a neighbour's answer-book, or again because they show their humanitarian spirit by calling, "Present," in order to save a friend an interview with the paternal despot, or for the still more innocent habit of taking a nap, forty winks, during an eloquent lecture. It has become a convention to look with disfavour on some of these habits; and the pity is that even in science laboratories, where nothing will be believed if it cannot be put to the acid test, they pay blind homage to these conventions. Personally, I am much against the prohibition of sleep, wherever the habit is indulged in.

Are you misled by the sophistry that the sleeper is necessarily an idler? Just the reverse is the case. Sound sleep in class denotes arduous labour elsewhere. A boy deserves punishment if he only pretends to be asleep; but if I am sure that he is really fallen asleep, I would rather advise the poor fellow not to overwork himself again. How can I tell boys to neglect their physical comforts, when physical instruction is gradually supplanting the intellectual? "Body first, brain next" is the motto now. That apart, if I tell boys to neglect their bodily comforts, our physical director will direct his gun, or at least the butt-end of it at me, and you know with what consequences.

The best way to silence the more mischievous section of a class is to let them sleep. Leave them to their business, and they will peacefully leave you to yours. If at all they happen to wake up in the middle of the hour, the better for them. After proper rest, they will imbibe rapidly what remains of the lessons, instead of drowsily blinking at the teacher all through the hour, like their companions. Is not half a loaf better than no loaf?

My partiality for the sleeper is based on ethical grounds. Of all murders, the "murder of sleep" is the most heinous. Macbeth has murdered sleep, and you know the result. Let others put what interpretation they like on the passage, but the meaning is clear, that one should never murder sleep. Sound sleep always betokens an honest, innocent, and peaceful soul, and it is not ethically sound to stifle such a sign of innocence.

I have therefore a great liking for the lad who falls asleep at his desk, soothed by the lullaby of his Professor. When a melodious Professor chants out his lecture, the student tells over again unconsciously his days in the cradle. Not to respond to the music is to pay a very poor compliment to the Master's voice, and to respond to it means to be lulled to sleep. However lecturers' voices may differ, monotony and music have the same effect on sensitive eye-lids. Since any voice drives boys to sleep, some cunning Professors avoid all forms of classroom oratory. They keep their boys vigilantly copying their "notes." One word to my teacher-friends. Please don't stand up all through the hour while lecturing in order to discover the sleepers. Remember you are punishing yourselves thereby.

The clever student knows how to escape detection. He realises the utility of a plump friend, behind whom he ensconces his diminutive self, and sleep secure from the intrusion of the Master's glances. The more massive the gentleman, the greater is the sleeper's safety. There are boys in every class who offer this protection by serving as screens to their friends, and these unconscious benefactors are much sought after during the hot months. The danger arises when this bulky humanitarian himself bends gently down on his desk; but this is not of frequent occurrence, as he cannot easily avoid the detective's glance.

For my part, I never play the over-vigilant detective. A skilful detective reveals an intimate acquaintance with the criminal's ways, and it is a bad confession of my own school days to reveal my knowledge of the sleeper's tricks.

Do you know how this game of hide and seek began? There is a history behind it. A decade or two ago, when I was of school-going age teachers were generally elderly men, and they

practised the art of sleeping in class, themselves. The chasers of now-a-days were then the victims of the chase. The head-masters kept regular patrol as the masters do now, and we were usually employed to wake up the teachers at the prospect of any invasion from the terrible detectives. If boys had co-operated with teachers, sleeping would have become the rule, instead of waking in the class-room; but that was not to be. Now-a-days the teachers keep awake and the students sleep;—but then the teachers slept and students kept awake, shouting all the hour, to the great discomfort of the dozing teachers. The poor teachers could not punish the urchins openly; for then the story of the master's daily nap would be out. Poor plight indeed! But yet the teachers' curses were not uttered in vain, and they had both the aptitude and the power to curse terribly when they were displeased. "The Devil Sleep shall take hold of the whole race of students just as the noon-bell rings," thundered forth a teacher who was startled out of his sleep by the boys. Henceforth his words came to pass. But, for the regular and faithful service of waking him up at the Head-master's approach, he exempted me and a set of my friends from the operation of this furious spell. "But when shall the Devil leave them?" we queried piteously; and the master answered, "Not till the tiffin bell rings," and he sank into his chair for another nap.

—'G' in "The Magazine."

### She Learnt the Lesson.

A Baltimore lawyer had an office boy who was given to telling in other offices what happened in that of his chief. The lawyer discharged him, but, thinking to keep him from the fault in the future, counselled the boy wisely on his departure, "Willie, you must never hear anything said in the office. Do what you are told to do, but turn a deaf ear to the conversation that does not include you."

A happy inspiration! He would see that the stenographer learned the same lesson in passing; so, turning to her, he said, "Miss Brown, did you hear what I said to Willie?" "No, Sir," she returned promptly.

## "BAGDAD ON THE HUDSON"

[The following interesting article is taken from the *News Chronicle* and is contributed by Mr. R. J. Cruickshank. It brings out the luxurious and elaborate way in which the Yankee sets about the work of organising his comforts in a style which recalls to our minds all the Oriental splendour of the stories in the *Arabian Nights*.]

There are moments when the old nickname, Bagdad-on-the-Hudson seems more than usually appropriate to New York as, for example, when you are standing in the marble entrance hall of one of the palaces described here as Super-Barber Shops. About such an establishment there hangs a fantastic perfume of the *Arabian Nights*.

Your eye is led down seemingly endless vistas where, between mirrored walls, the Forty Super-Barbers, clad in stainless white, are plying their scissors. Forty of them, as the legend on the door attests, and all of them trained in a Special School for Super-Barbers. Forty Barbers!—isn't there something bizarre and richly Oriental in the very sound? Under their fingers, the sleek merchants of this New Baghdad attain a glossier sheen. You see them enjoying all those delicate attentions that were paid the wearied Prince in the Arabian tales when he fell on a silken ending to his adventures. Aromatic unguents are broken on their heads; their lined faces are patted and worked into a (fairly) youthful freshness—an Indian summer effect so to speak. In side rooms, there are baths for tired limbs. There are chiropody parlours—did they have corns in the *Arabian Nights*? In a small room that branches off like a side-chapel there is a diligent man renovating the hats of the aforesaid sleek merchants. There are also—but wait, you shall hear.

At this moment, as we stand staring at the show, there is a rosy and rotund butter-and-egg man going in, a tubby Ali Baba of New York. After a hot afternoon, in which he has made ten thousand dollars on the rise in Amalgamated Pepperpots, he feels that a hair-cut and shave would smarten his appearance. His instinct is correct. Let us follow him.

In the portals of this mosque of Figaro he is met by a servitor in plum-coloured livery who relieves him of his hat. Ali Baba, remarking jovially that it's humid, hands him his coat as well, and thus appears in what he calls, in an East-side accent, his shirt-sleeves. The servitor then transfers Ali Baba to a lordly creature who looks like the Caliph himself, but talks like the waiter at the Ritz-Carlton. This being differentially inclines his head, and murmurs, "A chair? This way, please." Ali Baba trots after him down the glittering aisles where the thirty-nine Super-Barbers are snipping, shaving, shampooing, massaging and doing magicians' tricks with uncanny instruments that seem to have blue fire inside them.

His chair found, the fortieth Super-Barber prepares Ali Baba for the operation, first twining cotton bandages around his neck to keep out fugitive hairs. A notice on the wall calls attention to the almost terrifying cleanliness of this Super-Barber. There is a succession of what one can only describe as stern boasts. Before touching you, the Super-Barber washes his hands with Antiseptic Soap. What of the towels he uses? Ali Baba will not catch him out there. They are sterilized in his own laundry. His razor and his clapper he sterilises before your eyes. He uses no lather brush, but brings the creamy foam to the neck by a mechanical device. When he combs your hair he ostentatiously produces a freshly sterilized comb from a sealed envelope. There was never anything quite so fiercely hygienic. It reminds one of the theory of a great English novelist that excessive cleanliness indicts a hatred on one's fellow-men.

Whilst this antiseptic paragon is tending Ali Baba, a romantic-looking Italian youth, with a she-shine box, appears, kneels, and begins polishing Ali Baba's boots. This operation has been barely launched when a dazzlingly beautiful young woman—one of the houris of this Paradise—glides up to Ali Baba's chair. She bears with her a very elegant manicure set. Her lustrous dark eyes she turns upon him. "Scit'rly, my goil," he says. ("Certainly, my girl"—Translator.)

The houri sits on a low stool by his side, abstracts one stubby hand, and begins to manicure it with an air of

philosophical detachment. Three things are happening to Ali Baba simultaneously; his hair is being cut, his boots are being cleaned and his hands are being beautified.

The hair-cut, the shave, the manicure, the boot-polishing—these are but the beginning of the glorification of Ali Baba. Sagging cheeks convince him he needs a face-massage. The experts offer him half-a-dozen different ones; finally he chooses something infinitely soothing that has lilac in it, and smells like a night in May. After that, sparse hairs convince him of the necessity of a head-massage.

All around him the sleek merchants, fellow butter-and-egg men of Baghdad, are being beautified. Some are being bronzed by Sun Rays; about the heads of others the electric blue flames are making an aura. As I said before, it all seems very Oriental.

### Muller's Job.

A young German was being tried in court, and the questioning by the lawyers on the opposite side began:

"Now, Muller, what do you do?" "Ven?" asked the German.

"When you work, of course," said the lawyer. "Vy, I work—"

"I know," said the lawyer, "but what at?" "At a bench."

"O, Lord!" groaned the lawyer, "where do you work at a bench?" "In a vactory."

"What kind of a factory?" "Brick."

"You make bricks?" "No; de vactory is made uf bricks."

"Now, Muller, listen," said the lawyer; "what do you make in that factory?" "Eight dollars a week."

"No, no! What does the factory make?" "I dunno; a lot uv money, I tink."

"Now, listen! What kind of goods does the factory produce?"

"Oh," said the German, "good goods."

"I know, but what kind of good goods?" "The best."

"The best of what?" "The best there is."

"Of what?" "Of dose goods."

"Your Honour," said the lawyer, "I give up."

— Case & Comment.

## BOOK REVIEWS

**A Book of Modern Plays** edited by Coffman.

**Russian Short Stories** edited by Schweikert.

**French Short Stories** edited by Schweikert.

**Selections from Abraham Lincoln** edited by Hamilton.

(Scott, Foresman & Company, Chicago).

Some among us do often forget that in America too the spoken language is English, though English with certain minor modifications, so that in that big country, many English books are published, books that rightly ought to interest any lover of English Literature. I have in recent months come across with few anthologies that are more appropriate as class text-books than the four books listed above. The one difficulty with these American publications is their spelling of certain common words like 'colour' 'catalogue' etc. in which they introduce simplicity by cutting away what they consider to be the superfluous letters. Nevertheless, it is possible to read them with little embarrassment and little fear of contaminating our school-boys' knowledge of spelling. For our school authorities it should be possible, if not to prescribe such anthologies as regular class text-books, at least to furnish the libraries with a good number of these to stimulate the boys' interest in different avenues of literary recreation. In the first of these books are given seven plays including such masterpieces as 'Milestones,' 'Riders to the Sea' and 'Where the Cross is Made.' England, Ireland and America are represented in these three plays. Of continental dramatists Ibsen and Rostand are represented. As an example of later Victorian drama is given Mr Robertson's 'Caste.' The book is equipped with an excellent Introduction, biographical and critical notes and a series of suggestive questions. The next two books naturally go together. But these are among the very best of their kind it has been my pleasure to go through. One however wishes that there had been one or two more selections from Chekov, incomparable master as he is of the art of the short story. The inclusion of Pushkin on the one hand and of Gorki on the other is significant in that it makes the anthology comprehensive of the best elements in Russian Literature. As regards the 'French Short Stories' I have only praise to give. The stories chosen have won wide recognition as models of clarity of thought and purity in expression. Anatole France, Balzac and Lamaitre as also Guy De Maupassant and half a dozen other masters are represented here. The Introductions in both books, giving as they do scholarly resumes of the history of the short story

and of its influence in France or Russia as the case may be, are very illuminatingly written, with brevity, restraint and detachment. The biographical notes and the questions should be of immense value to the student. Of the last of the four books I have not much to say. But, in as much as the life and the writings of Abraham Lincoln are phenomena of world significance, any new book that seeks to throw light on either ought to be most welcome. Especially in view of Dr. Emil Ludwig's latest book, 'Abraham Lincoln,' great interest is evinced in the writings of the greatest of Americans. The book before me contains selections from Lincoln's writings as well as speeches and I can confidently say that the work of editing has been judiciously done. The introduction should prove invaluable to the reader.

K. R. S.

1) **The Charter House of Parma** By Stendhal, Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff, 2 Volumes, 3/6 each (Chatto & Windus).

2) **Scarlet & Black** By Stendhal, Translated by C. K. Scott Moncrieff, 2 Volumes, 3/6 each (Chatto & Windus).

3) **On Love** By Stendhal, Translated by Vyvyan Holland, 3/6 (Chatto & Windus).

Certainly this is not the place to enter into a detailed discussion of these masterpieces of French Literature. Many translations of these books are available in the English language but I doubt if the present edition, directed as it is, by Mr. Moncrieff the famous translator of Marcel Proust's novels, will ever be superseded. Be that as it may, the collected edition of the works of Henry Beyle, more well known in his pseudonym 'Stendhal,' has long been a desideratum. Hence Messrs. Chatto & Windus justly received a chorus of congratulations when some years previously they projected the issue of such a collected edition under the general editorship of Mr. Moncrieff. The first three books to be published have been catalogued above. These are published in two styles, the finer at 7/6 per volume and the cheaper at 3/6 per volume. The get-up of even the cheaper issue is excellent and the print is clearcut throughout.

The first of these volumes is prefaced by Honore De Balzac's 'A Study of M. Beyle'—a master stroke of editorial sagacity. Perhaps the best introduction to the author of these volumes is the brilliant essay by Mr. Lytton Strachey included in his 'Books and Characters.' There is also a very good study of Stendhal in Mr. Middleton Murry's 'Countries of the Mind.' But after all, the man is revealed most nakedly only in his works and as such there could be no more royal road to the understanding of Stendhal than the study of his own works. The first two books listed above have been classed

among the very best works of fiction any nation had ever produced: and 'Love' is a book of great power and a perennial charm. While we await the publication of the other works of Stendhal, notably 'Rome, Naples and Florence' and the autobiographical 'The Life of Henri Brulard,' promised very soon by the enterprising publishers, we had best utilise our leisure hours by tasting of what one of the most eccentric of men of genius has to offer us in the attractive shape of literature.

K. R. S.

**A Human Geography, Part I,** by Mr. K. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, B.A., L.T., Price 12 as. (Norman Printing Bureau, Calicut).

We have great pleasure in welcoming this useful booklet on Geography for the use of the pupils preparing for the Madras S. S. L. C. examination of 1932 and subsequent years. The book is written on the lines suggested by the new and revised syllabus in Geography for the first year.

In this volume the author has attempted to give a clear picture of the several geographical regions of the three southern continents and N. America and so much of Physical Geography as would be required for a proper understanding of the same. The treatment of the subject is simple and regional throughout.

Each chapter begins with a short paragraph on practical work and problems for pupils. The body of the book is only a simple and lucid explanation of the problems put forward in the first paragraph. The language is chaste and idiomatic. We can confidently recommend the book to the pupils of the fourth and fifth forms. We expect the author to bring forward his second part very soon.

**The Dream Palace and Other Stories** By T. B. Krishnaswami, M.A., B.L., District Educational Officer, South Kanara. (Published by E. M. Gopalakrishna Kone, Madura).

Of the thirty-three titles included in this volume three (1, 2 and 32) are phantasies. Of the thirty stories, twenty-one have their scene laid in and about Ramnad, till lately the station of the Author. Two of the other stories relate to Courtallam, one to Malabar, one to Coorg, one to Adyar. The scene of three of them is indeterminate. Some of them have already appeared in the columns of this journal.

The style throughout is distinguished by literary grace and scholarly allusiveness though topical allusions also abound, not altogether easy to trace out or decipher. The stories themselves turn on incidents

rather than on character, but they so much reflect life that they are not only interesting but valuable as a record of life-values. The allegory (32) suggests Addison's Vision of Mirzah and to show such work is to praise it.

Description is the author's forte.

"You should have seen those birds! Lost in the clay-brown of the circum-ambient grass, parched into that colour by the heat of the sun the birds when they flitted at the approach of man, shed light from the glossy white under sides of their wings flashing brilliantly in the sun; and when they settled down after being ruffled a bit, they floated down the wind like so many fallen leaves and rested as peacefully."

"The young Mahout was a veritable Apollo and in his spotless white clothing as he sat on the animal's back with his feet struck through the ropes round its neck, he was to all intents and purposes a God, and when he stripped to bathe himself and his animal, the glossy radiations from his glowing skin outrivalled the marble splendours of ancient Greece."

The beauty of style and story grows upon one with repeated reading and that is perhaps the best compliment to pay to a good book,

N. N. M.

**Among the Silence.** by Umma Maheswar. M. A. Published by V. V. Press, Branch; Trivandrum. Price Rs. 1—4—0

A book of poems. The writer has the soul of a poet and felicity of expression. He has a good sense of the music of the English verse. Although most of the poems are melancholy yet they are beautiful. In some of the poems we have the poet's appreciation of the beauties of Nature also. In the poems in this volume the poet derives his inspiration from the pathetic silence and darkness of sorrow. But the poems are touching and sweet. They make us stop and think of the inequities of this world. We hope to see the author amidst the laughter and sun-shine of life and Nature with his lyre attuned to them. We wish him all success.

P. M. H.

**The Three Silences and other poems!** by Edith F. Sutton. 352 Ximeno Avenue, Long Beach, California. Price 35 cents.

Copies from K. P. P. Tampi, New Lodge, Chettikulamkara, Trivandrum

This is a small booklet of pretty poems. The author has imaginative power, and expresses herself herein with neatness, ease and rhythm. The book is promising.

P. M. H.

**Annual Report of the Asian Assurance Company Ltd., Bombay.**

We are in receipt of the Directors' report of the Asian Assurance Company Ltd., Bombay, for the year 1929. We find from the report that the company is making steady progress. During the year, 2743 proposals were received by the company for assurance amounting to Rs. 43,30,000 out of which 2078 proposals resulted into policies assuring Rs. 31,70,500. Premium income shows an advance from Rs. 5,16,394-9-3 in 1928 to Rs. 5,85,969-12-0 in the year under report. Claims by death amounted to Rs. 1,19,333-3-8 and by maturity to Rs. 36,614-4-0. Total assets of the company exceed Rs. 19,00,000 and business in force exceeds a crore and fifteen lacs. It is seen that three more branches have been opened and Mr. P. R. Narayana Iyer has been appointed Organiser in Southern India. We wish the company further progress and prosperity.

**At the Feet of My Sadguru** By C. V. Ramanuja, Meher Asram, Saidapet, Madras.

This is a small booklet of poems of prayer and meditation. The Author is a disciple of Sri Meher Baba of Ahmदनगर. He has a true religious instinct and great devotion to his Master. The poems are full of religious fervour and their philosophy is monistic and humanitarian. The author holds his Sadguru as his Ideal and offers his life for the service of the Master. Though the verses are more prayerful than poetic yet there are some good touches of poetry in some of them. The book has a good motto, and a portrait of Sri Meher Baba of the locket size. It is neatly got up.

P. M. H.

**S. S. L. C. Elementary Science-Part I Physics** By K. R. Krishnamurthi, B. A., L. T., Senior Science Assistant, Native High School, Kumbakonam. Price As 10.

The Book is carefully planned and written to suit the new S. S. L. C. syllabus in Elementary Science. The book is illustrated. The questions given at the end of each chapter add to the usefulness of the book.

**സമീപം** By N. Sankaran Nair, Retired pandit, Victoria College, Palghat. Fourth Edition revised and enlarged.

The wide popularity of the book is very well shown by the fact that within a short period the book has gone through four editions. It has been a text-book in many of the schools of Malabar and has been prescribed as one of the text-books for non-detailed study for the S. S. L. C. public examination of 1931.

## FROM THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

BY P. R. CHIDAMBARA IYER, B.A., F.R.A.S.

There appears to be current some misconception as regards the solubility of gold in mercury. Recent experiments show that the solubility is very small. A hundred pounds of mercury will dissolve only about 2 ounces of gold.

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By the completion of the Sukkur Barrage on the River Indus by about 1932, it is estimated that the irrigated area in India will increase from 2,035,000 acres to 5,394,000 acres. Much of the additional land to be brought under irrigation is believed to be of very good quality.

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\* \*

Dr. Herbert Levisstein, who delivered the presidential address to the Society of Chemical Industry at Birmingham on July 15, stated that a striking weakness of Great Britain today as a manufacturing country is its dependence on coal as a source of power. He thinks that the age of coal will take up but little space when the history of the world is written a few generations hence, that it will have lasted, when it is over, for a shorter period than the Moorish occupation of Spain. Britain today is faced with "the alarming fact that coal is now no longer the cheapest source of power, and consequently it is no longer suitable for the new and large cheap power industries."

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Some further progress has been made in perfecting the applications of television for theatrical purposes. Images received on the receiving screen are reported to show considerable detail and it is believed possible to broadcast pictures to distant cinemas by means of land lines.

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A committee which critically examined the causes of a large number of aeroplane accidents has brought out the fact that in many of them a rapid and unusually large movement or flutter of the wings had been apparent.

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\* \*

The rupture that is the cause of earthquakes generally takes place at some distance below the surface of the earth and the point at which this happens is known as the focus of the earthquake. The focus cannot be brought under direct examination and we can only make guesses regarding it. The point on the surface of the earth directly above the focus is known as the epicentre. The epicentre strictly speaking is not a point but an area. Prof. H. H. Turner who makes a special study of earthquakes has recently brought out some very interesting facts regarding the epicentres of earthquakes. If we take the epicentres of all the earthquakes that have taken place in recent years and study how they are distributed over the earth, we shall find that there is an accumulation of them on the shores of the Pacific Ocean. There is also a line of these epicentres along the middle of the Atlantic Ocean, from north to south. The foci of average earthquakes are about 50 miles below the surface, but there is a particular class of earthquakes of great focal depth, the disturbances originating at depths up to 400 miles. Prof. Turner points out that the distribution of the epicentres of this special class is confined to a region of South America which runs parallel to the Pacific coast, but some distance inland, and to the Malay Archipelago and the Pacific shore of the continent of Asia. A curve can be drawn through these deep epicentres, and this curve is nearly symmetrical and possesses a definite centre which is situated on the Equator in the middle of the Pacific. Now this fact is very interesting and has a special significance. The belief as regards the origin of the Moon is that it was born from the Pacific bed, that it was torn away by tidal disruption at an early stage in the history of the earth. Prof. Turner suggests that the curve of deep epicentres is perhaps the curve of strain which still persists.



## NOTES

The report of the Committee appointed by the Government to consider matters connected with the future of Medical education in the Madras Presidency has been out for some time now. It is a very important document that sets out in detail the various aspects of the **Medical Education in the Presidency** problem, so we make no apology for this belated reference to it. There is so much of dissatisfaction at the way Medical education has run its course in the country that the recommendations of the Committee, with many of which we agree, ought to be put into force with as much expedition as possible.

The Committee estimates that 200 is a very liberal estimate of the number of medical men and women practitioners who can be absorbed annually, and adding another fifty for **Scope of the Profession** wastage, it recommends that the number of admissions to the medical schools and colleges should not exceed 250. It follows, therefore, that there need not be even as many institutions as exist now; it is suggested that for the present the Coimbatore school should be closed and the proposal of opening a school at Guntur should be abandoned and more schools too if the success of the scheme warrants such a procedure. The Committee recommends the retention of only the following institutions: 1. Madras Medical College. 2. Vizag Medical college. 3. Royapuram Medical School 4. Tanjore Medical School 5. Lady Wellington Medical School and 6. Vellore Medical School, which is subsidised. We cannot say how much or how far the Committee is justified in its view, not having the data on which it has based its conclusions. But the principle that they have enunciated, is to be welcomed that institutions should not be opened without the need for them being established in advance, and the principle is one that ought to have more general application in other fields, also, for instance, Law.

The Committee recommends two standards of qualification—one the University degree and the other a diploma which will

entitle the holders to registration in the Madras Standard and Medical Register. It is also recommended that the diploma be granted by a licensing body, which should control the examinations, curriculum and instruction for the diploma. With regard to the period of the course, it is recommended that the term should be five years. Yet another useful suggestion of the committee is that the medical College students should be allowed to appear for the diploma examinations, so that those who fail in the University Examinations may have an opportunity of obtaining a qualification. In the matter of the selection of the students, the Committee lays down the excellent principle that selection should be purely on merit and not on any communal consideration, no territorial jurisdiction being applied. As the duration and the cost of the course have been increased by the proposals the committee recommends a number of scholarships—10 scholarships of Rs. 15 per mensem with exemption from fees to students in schools, 5 scholarships of Rs. 25 per mensem for college students and in the case of the girl students, the substitution of the present policy of 25 stipends yearly by 5 scholarships of Rs. 25 per mensem for each year. The proposals, if anything, err only on the side of moderation.

Most people will agree with the finding of the Committee that the present system of providing teachers and professors is far from satisfactory, and that the only remedy for Teachers and Professors such a state of things lies in selection from the open market. It recommends such recruitment on grounds of merit and suitability through the public Services Commission after proper advertisement, the tenure being limited to a period of not more than five years in the case of persons whose domicile is outside the Presidency. In selected subjects cadres of teaching and research are recommended, the subjects suggested being Anatomy, Physiology, Pathology (including Bacteriology and Bio-Chemistry) and Pharmacology. The recruitment to these cadres should be by selection after separate competitive examinations, members of the Madras Medical Service being also allowed to compete. Changes from the cadres to the general service and *vice versa* are deprecated,

and while the prospects of the members of the cadre should be guaranteed, memberships of the cadres should not be considered as implying a claim for selection to lecturerships and professorships, so that candidates who belong to each cadre would have to compete with outside candidates in the open selection for such appointments. These recommendations of the Committee are in accordance with the popular view. We also note with appreciation the reiteration by the Committee that in the matter of educational appointments communal considerations must be excluded and that it should be distinctly understood that promotion should depend on the merits of each candidate as judged by the work he has accomplished. Two more suggestions of the Committee remain to be recorded; they are for the appointment of a wholtime professor of Medical Jurisprudence in Madras who would conduct all the medico-legal post mortems except those with regard to which special rules have been made by the Government. The other proposal relates to the provision of facilities for training in Midwifery and Gynaecology, for which it is recommended that the Sir Ramaswami Mudaliyar Lying-in Hospital should be taken over by the Government from the Corporation.

Yet another step has been taken by progressive Turkey in its advance towards an approximation to the Western ideals.

A new political party is being formed, we are told, Party System in Turkey with the object of solving Turkey's present financial and economic problems. Kemal Pasha is said to view it with favour, as he thinks rightly that the antagonisms between parties will only be helpful to the solution of the various problems facing Turkey. Hitherto there has been only one party in Turkey, the Peoples' Party.

It is a matter of common knowledge that, in the matter of social reform at least, the Indian States are ahead of British India. We all know the steps taken by the State of Baroda in the matter of preventing early marriages. The Government of the State has now amended its marriage law by a Bill which permits of divorce in the Indian community under certain conditions. In the State of Travancore, the dedication of girls

as Devadasis in the temples of the State has been abolished from the commencement of this Malabar year. We notice that the Bombay Government has sent a telegram of congratulation to the Travancore Durbar, also requesting for a copy of the order abolishing the system.

The true value of wealth is realised only when it is considered and expended as a trust and Mr. Henry Ford is one of the very few magnates who have been convinced of it. Last month we noticed the large contribution that he proposed to make for the cause of technical education. His sense of his duty to his employees is well exemplified by his proposal to add a ten months' year to the recent reforms of eight-hour day and five-day week. Thus every workman in his factory will get a holiday of two months in the year, as Mr. Ford considers that summer months are not good months to work in the factory. When will our employers feel likewise for their workers or be in a position to do so?

A first class crisis has been created in Bengal over the action of the Muslim Minister in deciding to rush through the Rural Primary Education Bill in the teeth of the opposition of the entire body of the elected Hindu members and with the aid of the official and nominated votes. Following the differences in the Cabinet over this measure, the only Hindu Minister Kumar Shib Shekareswar Ray has resigned, and the elected members of the Council, about 40 in number, walked out of the Council in protest. It is a pity that communal feelings were imported into the discussion of such a non-party question, and that the objections raised by the Hindu members were not examined on their merits. The chief point of the latter is that the Bill imposes an enormous burden by way of new taxation to the tune of a crore through a cess of five pies in the rupee, of which the cultivator would pay  $3\frac{1}{2}$  and the landlord  $1\frac{1}{2}$  pies. Moreover, the share of the Government grant, which is generally shared half and half between the Government and the local bodies, apparently does not find a place in the Bill. As we write, conferences are going on with a view to arriving at a compromise, and we hope it will end successfully and avert a more serious crisis.

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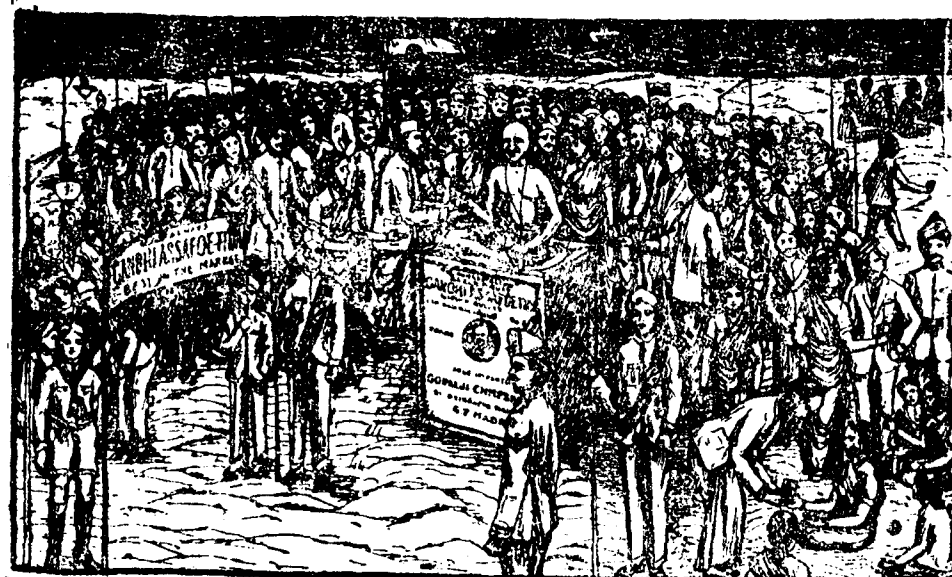
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