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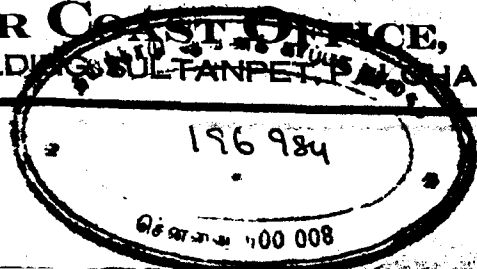
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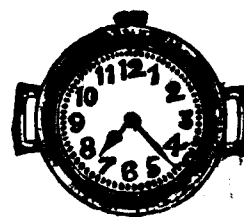
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dramatists of the West. But all over the world today there is a lowering of Idealism. The result is a decline of art. Wealth and Power are more attractive than Beauty and Love and Art and Spirituality in the eyes of the modern man. As Masenfield says: "They (the men of to-day) pass from one grey street to another grey street, to add up figures, or to swallow patent medicines, with no thought that life has been lived nobly, and burningly and knightly, for great ends, and in great passions, as the vision of our great mind declares." Will India, fired as she is by a new idealistic vision today in the realms of the real and the ideal, feel and express the higher vision and purgate the semi-blinded vision of the so-called civilised world of to-day?

Coleridge observed that "the works of Shakespeare are romantic poetry revealing itself in the drama." The romantic spirit, as opposed to the classical, is the soul of modern art. It is rich, various, colourful, passionate, while classical art is statuesque, severe in outline, disdainful of ornament. Shakespearean drama was romantic to the core; it refused to bend the knee to the three unities; and it dealt with life with a freer hand than the classic drama. In all these respects Indian drama has always been more akin to Shakespearean drama than to classical drama. Hence the dramatic genius of India has a striking modernness of essential being. Shakespeare can stimulate it to greater and greater heights of self-expression and live achievement.

Shakespeare was the culmination of a great wave of advance in the realm of art due to a great wave of advance in the realm of life. His dramatic predecessors were many and had moulded the verse-form and the stage technique and had assimilated and presented the classical dramatic art in a new and vital form. Thus all the triumphs that had been won by them were fused and transcended by Shakespeare. Unless we have such a period of probation and assimilation and preparatory expression in India, we cannot achieve any great and signal success in the realm of art.

Like every other great poet, Shakespeare was partly the child of his age and partly its moulder and creator. The Renaissance and the Reformation, the discovery of the New

World, and the new patriotism which fired all hearts and led to the defeat of the Spanish Armada were the waves on whose crest Shakespeare rode to self-expression and the expression of the British genius. At the same time he wrote also to please his immediate audience. As Pope says:

"Shakespeare whom you and every playhouse bill
Style the divine, the matchless if you will,
For gain, not glory, winged his roving flight,
And grew his immortal in his own despite."

Shakespeare himself says in his Epilogue to the *Tempest*: "My project...was to please." Not that Shakespeare was unaware of the exacting claims of art or the equally exacting claims of the future. He says in one of his sonnets:

"Not marble, nor the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rime"

Thus it is the mixture of elements in his genius that is responsible for his success in his own day and during all time to come. As a representative of his age he reflected the dominant forces and tendencies of the time; as an artist who was out for immediate success, he studied its tastes and sought to tickle it while appealing also to its higher nature; and as a great creative and universal artist who saw the vision of a higher England and a higher humanity, he led the world along nobler routes of thought than those it knew before.

The vital element in drama is the interpretation of human life by action. The theory that conflict is the soul of drama errs by exaggeration. Bernard Shaw says in his preface to his *Plays Pleasant*: "Every drama must be the artistic presentation of a conflict." But though action is of the essence of a drama, the action need not always be the action of conflict. Further, there can be an element of conflict brought out of every dramatic motif. What is needed is action and the interpretation of character by action. But the soul of action is the dramatist's view of life just as action is the soul of the play.

The element of action takes diverse forms. In tragedies, it takes the form of the external agency of Fate or the internal agency of want of character or defect of character leading to the



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VOL. V

MARCH

NO. 6

THE VALUE OF SHAKESPEARE TO MODERN INDIA

BY K. S. RAMASWAMI GASTRI, B.A., B.L.

The aim of this article is not to present a formal essay on Shakespeare. That has been done often enough—yes, so often as even to create a distaste for Shakespeare. The aim is rather to stimulate a new interest in some aspects of Shakespeare as the creature and the creator of his age, so that re-risen India which is today in a position like that of England in the sixteenth century, in an epoch of self-affirmation and self-liberation and self-realisation, might behold herself in the mirror of the ideal, as gladly and as completely as she fronts her tasks in real life. Coleridge says well about the purpose of a lecture that it is "to keep the audience awake and interested during the delivery, and to leave a sting behind, that is, a disposition to study the subject anew, under the light of a new principle." This is exactly my purpose herein.

The aim of all drama is, to use Mr. Masfield's words, to present "a vision of the pageant of man". Such a vision fired the souls of Kalidasa and other great dramatists of ancient India as surely as it inspired the souls of Shakespeare and other great

waste of noble lives. Tragedy excites terror and compassion and purgates us by fear and pity. It is a noble form of literature and is a high artistic achievement. The great forces of life which sweep on in their majesty sometimes bringing ruination to noble natures is awful to contemplate and purifies and uplifts our souls. The Greek tragedies and the Shakespearean tragedies are among the noblest achievements of the human intellect in the realm of literary Art.

All drama is either tragedy or comedy. Coleridge says: "The tragic poet idealises his characters by giving to the spiritual part of our nature a more decided preponderance over the animal cravings and impulses that is met with in real life; the comic poet idealises his characters by making the animal the governing power, and the intellectual the mere instrument." This does not embody the entire truth but it gives us a broad idea about the tragic muse and the comic muse. The one purgates and chastens and elevates us; the other gives us joy-rides in the aeroplane of fancy and quickens our sympathies and our perceptions of truth and falsehood and virtue and vice through the stimulation of our faculty of laughter. It was Shakespeare's high privilege and mission to excel in both and to give both a new extensiveness and intensiveness suited to his age and to the future. The finer mind of India has as its privilege and mission a similar task to-day.

In Shakespeare's tragedy the overruling principle is not a blind fate or nemesis but it is rather a vast moral order that brings retribution as a punishment to a vice of nature or to a weakness of will despite the fact that the tragic personality may be possessed of high private and public virtues. He shows that in our mixed nature the evil elements may eventually dominate and even corrupt the good elements and must then suffer the inevitable punishment which may extend beyond the individual and involve even the innocent connected with him by ties of birth or affection. Such tragic convulsions of life are a portion of the intimate stuff of life. At the same time Shakespeare was pointing again and again to the existence of a governing and overruling Providence.

"There's a divinity that shapes our ends
Rough hew them how we will."

The travail of the self-waste of the human spirit is pitiful but even that travail has within it the operation of the will divine. Such an attitude of mind is perfectly in accord with the Indian philosophy and the Indian temperament. Hence though India has not yet had any proud accomplishment in the realm of tragic drama, Shakespeare can surely help to create the achievements of the tragic muse in India.

In India we have had no tragedy worth the name. This was partly due to the Indian "mildness" and partly due to the Indian aesthetic theories which deprecated an unhappy close in dramatic representations. Even in England there was a similar view in the eighteenth century. It was a matter of critical complaint then that in *King Lear* Cordelia comes by an undeserved death. The play was altered so as to end in her marriage! Even Dr. Johnson defended such a view and said that an audience "will always rise better pleased from the final triumph of presented virtue." But this is a wrong aesthetic mood. In India the concept of a beneficent providence who works out the law of Karma and is also the Lord of Love was partly responsible for the emotional attitude that showed suffering on the stage and at the same time showed also the redemption of such suffering. Probably also the conception of a series of lives led to the non-realisation of the maximisation of the poignancy of suffering, because pain, purgated by suffering, would be followed by pleasure as the reward of virtue, as human life is a mixture of pleasure and pain due to virtue and vice.

But the Greek tragedies of fate and Shakespearean tragedies of freewill have got a remarkable emotional appeal and represent real and vital aspects of life. To these concepts of fate and freewill, modern science has added the concept of scientific determinism and the concept of the burdens and taints of heredity which have been used with deadly effectiveness by Ibsen in the realm of drama and by Zola in the realm of fiction. Life, after all is said and done, after the simplifications of presentation attempted by Art and Philosophy and Religion, is puzzling, mysterious, and even oppressively baffling and bewildering, and the artistic presentation of the great sorrows of life is a noble aesthetic achievement. India must make her contribution to the treasury of tragic literature.

In the same manner, Shakespeare's comic genius also is akin to India's soul. His comedy does not taste of Attic salt. It is not full of French wit or the brilliant vice of the Restoration plays or Shavian paradox and epigram. It does not aim at the suggestion and solution of problems or the entanglements of social and economic and political life. It is full of breeziness and sunshine and mirth. In the earlier plays we find rather the externalities of the comic spirit. In the later romantic comedies we find the very essence of the comic spirit. Its thrusts of raillery never draw blood. The entire comic view of life is bathed in the sunshine of sympathy. It is this kind of comic spirit that is sadly wanted in India today. It will enable to see our oddities, our self-righteous sanctities, our acerbities, and our whimsicalities in a new light. It will laugh our follies and our discords away and enable us to become a glad and concordant unity, loving God and loving one another as sons of God.

It is absolutely necessary for Indian literary artists to enlarge the realm of Indian comedy. Here it is not the creation of a new world but widening the bounds of a familiar world. The Indian *Prahasanas* (forces) are too broadly farcical and verge on obscenity. The Indian comedy has yet to attain its finest achievements. There is an ample wealth of material for it in Indian social life which is not only full of colour but is full of comic material.

The ordinary forms of comedy begin with the funny confusions of life. The oddities of life form the playground of the comic spirit. Hazlitt has said with keen insight: "Man is the only animal which laughs and weeps; for he is the only animal that is struck with the difference between what things are and what things ought to be." He says further: "We laugh at a misfortune which does not arouse our sympathies too keenly." These two remarks show well the essence of the comic spirit viz. the sense of the inconsistencies of life and the light-hearted enjoyment of the troubles of others. We want in our land the higher manifestations of the comic spirit. We want the comedy of manners, the comedy of incident, the comedy of satire, in addition to the romantic comedy and the poetic comedy and the opera.

Indian literary artists must learn also to conquer the realm of social drama. In modern India religious touchiness and social frictions make it impossible. We do not yet know how to laugh at each other without bitterness and how to nobly grieve over one another's misfortunes. *Roshinara's* life if dramatised makes muslims mad, and if you satirise a Brahmin or a Non-brahmin, the blood of their castes is up and they will tear the satirist to pieces. But social values gain in significance and value when they are presented on the stage and social ideals will be purified and ennobled by such presentation. Social drama can, in short, be made the finger post pointing to the higher social life to be.

In a great and beautiful passage Coleridge says: "O! few have there been among cities, who have followed with the eye of the imagination the imperishable yet ever-wandering spirit of poetry through its various metempsychoses, and consequent metamorphoses;—or who have rejoiced in the light of clear perception at beholding with each new birth, with each rare *avatar*, the human race frame to itself a new body, by assimilating materials of nourishment out of its new circumstances, and work for itself new organs of power appropriate to the new sphere of its motion and activity!" It is the duty of all of us to pursue the footsteps of the Goddess of Indian romantic art and watch the fluttering hem of her golden robe and respond to the flute-call of her voice. India expects every poetic and dramatic artist to do his duty. Shall she expect in vain?



Lord Rosebury told the story of a steward who embezzled a large sum of money. "Get rid of him at once" advised an Englishman. "Keep him on, and deduct the sum from his wages" said a Scotchman. "But," said the landlord, "the sum he has embezzled is far bigger than his wages." "Then raise his wages," suggested an Irishman.

THE SCIENCE OF THE OLD

I

WHY DO WE DIG?

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

[This is the first of a short series of about eight chapters designed to introduce the reader to the Study of Archaeological Aims and Methods. The Author was for some three years engaged in scientific research in the field in Egypt. So most of his illustrations will be drawn from that country, but the method of work is common to all lands, adopted, more or less, by all responsible expeditions.]

"Know Thyself," cried Socrates the Wise, and in this word he sowed the seed that ripens now to Archaeology. For the Self of Man has three windows whence he may view the world, the windows of the Present, Past, and Future,—of Experience, Memory, and Ambition. If he would struggle in his life as a Happy Warrior, he must dwell in the chamber of his mind with all these windows open wide to the vision of the outer world. Thus alone can he understand himself and know whereof he has been wonderfully made, by studying the process of his growth; thus alone can he act strongly, gladly, in the living present, guided ever by the dream of what he shall yet become.

It is this backward-looking, that we may find the fountain sources of our life and its environment, that is the chiefest purpose in this Science of the Olden Past. By means of Archaeology we trace the slow uprising of human consciousness from the misty dawn of infancy unto the present age of young maturity. We search within the dust and sands of ages for the relics of our past that we may by them interpret the racial memory, our subconscious mind. We endeavour by patient and skillful unravelling of tangled, partial, evidences to lay clear before us the hidden motives of our instincts, of our fears and customs, so that understanding these we may control them by the power of an enlightened will.

So the first and greatest reason of our digging in the earth for this new-born Science is the reconstitution of that moving picture of our racial past, as far as possible in all its vivid detail of colour, in all the changing passions and changeless tediums of man's former life. Nothing can be too trivial for our study, no smallest item insignificant. And as the scrolls of history inch by inch unfold before us, forced open by the picks of excavation, the lives of long-forgotten men and women live again before us in the richness of their struggles, joys and sorrows.

The very house in which our ancient parent lived, the slab where he splashed the waters of his morning bath, the little shrine where he paid his daily reverence to his God, the very garden plants once tended by his perished hand, the splendid banquet hall wherein girls sang and danced to the music of that very harp, that very flute, we hold today, the pot which held his foaming beer, the basket full of loaves of sweetened bread that we too may eat today, the flower-garland that he laid on his beloved's neck, the fervent love-notes and the rough accounts of daily purchases in his village market, the scribbled letter from his schoolboy son asking for a gift and for his father's blessing, the very exercises that he wrote in the village school, the articles of toilet and of play and eating,—such are some of the priceless treasures which bring before us in their real human colours the life of long-dead ages that gave birth at last to us.

Surrounded by these tokens of his daily life and thought, it is easy for us to look back out of our Memory-window and live again in his environment; it is easy to realise what in us is of the little day, impermanent, and what belongs to every age, eternal. Archaeology does for travel in Time what Geography does for travel in Space around our globe; it shows the unity of human character and strife throughout the ages; it links us to the founders of our Culture; it gives a vital sympathy with others in vastly strange environments.

Thus then, the bombastic and dishonest claims of kings and conquerors are reduced to their true proportions, and the petty quarrels of family and dynasty, which are almost all we have in

Indian History, give way slowly to the picture of the life of toiling millions, of the People, which alone has any real importance for us today. Only so can History become a vital thing, and sketch for us the steady growth in human aspiration and the long-continued fight for better life for all, which is its very soul and inspiration.

Such, then, is the primary object of our search,—the daily life and dreams and struggles of the hidden past, that we knowing these may be enlightened and encouraged in the present.

But there are other things that draw us to this delving Science. Legend and dim tradition speak to us of the magic beauties enjoyed and lost again in other days, of fabulous wealth in gold and jewellery, of refined and delicate statues, and of Sapphic treasures of undying poetry. These call to us from beneath the ground to raise them to the light again that they may rejoice and inspire our latter days as they inspired the former days of yore. Untold beauties of art and literature lie smothered in the earth awaiting their rescue by our spade. They rest today, impatient, on the floors of buried houses, in the tumbled ruins of tomb or temple, on the mouldering heaps of rubbish near a perished city. They wait in anxious eagerness lest we delay too long, and the cruel hands of Decay and Time destroy for ever the beauty that has been. They wait in constant danger of the unseeing plough of peasants, or the vandal hands of villagers that burn a marble Aphrodite into lime or grind away reliefs beneath their daily corn.

It is in answer to that dumb appeal from hidden beauty that we dive within the soil and rescue from these many dangers the treasures of an ancient art. For we are one with those early lovers of the beautiful; we too may grow gladder, purer, stronger, by gazing on the ideals they have clothed in form; we too may learn from them the character of Deity, the power of silent majesty and grace, the rhythm of a perfect word.

For we are one with them; their ancient blood runs warm again within our veins, their distant children. Their joys and hopes, their Gods and difficulties, their failures and their triumphs, live again in us. They are immortal, these long-dead

people whose sons we are; taking ever newer forms their life leaps high in us.

And when we gaze upon their piteous bodies, clothed in ragged flesh or naked in the broken bony cages of their spirit, we stand hushed in their presence, touched by the thought of their mortality and ours in the ceaseless stream of Earth's unfolding life. Here is the very woman whose son upraised that mighty Pyramid that ever since has been a wonder of the world; this is the King whose armies, like Napoleon's in a later age, waged unrelenting war in foreign lands, three dozen centuries ago; here is a little maid whose beauty was the delight of all, five thousand years ago; here lie the gallant soldiers slain in battle for Egypt's freedom in the days when Arjun fought at Kurukshetra.

It is with silent reverence that we touch these pitiful remains and, having learned all we can about them and the manner of their life and death, their age and racial type, we prefer to cover them again with the kindly mantle of the earth that they may rest in peace. Better than leaving them, however, to the careless hands of ignorant robbers of the tomb or foolish tourist seekers after souvenirs, would it be to carry them gently to a safer home in secret pit or guarded museum.

For rare it is indeed to find a grave that has not already in the long years that intervene been rifled by the seeker of fabled treasure, whose reckless gold-seeking hands throw out and break all else beside. Thus it is only by our own careful work and by the loving skill that the scientific archaeologist bestows on every little thing that comes to him from the mysterious past, that we may save these priceless relics for our learning and our joy.

Many have said that we disturb the dead, ruthlessly, in their silent graves. It is but a foolish sentiment, for we try to give them life again, by repainting in its original colours the life they lived on earth, by restoring to the use of man the things of beauty that they made and loved. The cast-off bodies that they used we treat respectfully as once the temples of the human soul, but we know they are deserted and that those once tabernacled in them have gone, ages ago, into the greatest

of all Unknowns, the vast Beyond. By studying their racial features we learn the history of nations and the composition of our own; thus we come to know the meaning of factors in our national make-up that would otherwise be baffling mysteries; we learn our own deep-hidden strength and weakness.

Then, beyond these reasons lies the lesser fact that by unveiling the glories of the storied past we increase the glory of the struggling present, and the world which some day will learn of the buried Ganges cities, of the real wealth and splendour of Indraprastha and Ayodhya, shall honour the children of so great a parentage. Then shall thousands come to India with their wealth, to gaze at these relics of the age of heroes and therefrom gain fresh inspiration unto heroism.

Our final reason is that this is a joyous life, the life of the archaeologist in the field, labouring in open air that man may be enriched with beauty and newer knowledge, labouring with perfect accuracy and well-trained observation, so that not even the tiniest scrap of evidence be lost. So often chance has it that on the last day of a season's "dig" the most precious thing of all is found and claims continued work for another month or more till all is done. So often after a "dry" period of weeks or months a statuette is found of wondrous grace and dignity, or a page of startling history revealed, or a new link in the growth of social customs is made clear, and the dullness of the season is irradiated with sudden joy and eager enthusiasm.

By thus restoring to the use of humankind the memory of its past the Archaeologist helps just a little to establish that harmony between the past and future which gives strength and wisdom in the point of balance that is the present. By learning the story of what we once have been, we are thus empowered to be in the present what we have dreamed to be in the far-distant future that we some day shall tread.



SAVONAROLA, A NEW STUDY†

BY PROF. C. S. SREENIVASACHARIAR, M. A.

Girolamo Savonarola, had he died before the French invasion of 1494, would not have been "distinguished above other missionary friars, who throughout the fifteenth century strove faithfully to revive the flagging religion of Italy". His public life indeed was very short, and he became a personage in history only after the French King, Charles VIII entering Italy. His early career was an uneventful one like that of most preaching friars; he secretly left home to enter the Order of St. Dominic at Bologna; and he chose that order because he admired the founder "who had armed love with a sword". His reputation as a preacher was first discovered at Brescia; and his eloquence was kindled by a spirit of prophecy and by the denunciation of wrath to come. His denunciations, particularly when he became the Prior of San Marco in Florence in 1491, caused much annoyance and suspicion to *Lorenzo dei Medici* and his followers; and he ran the risk of being exiled from the city. The tale told of his defiance of Lorenzo, which Misciatelli details is not mentioned by Guicciardini; and it is certain that while Lorenzo lived, Savonarola was entirely quiet. The death-bed scene of Lorenzo, when the Prior asked and urged him to restore to Florence her liberty and her condition as a republic was made the subject of much controversy after the death of Savonarola. Lorenzo's successor, Piero, a vain, weak and violent man, was neither a real Medici, nor even a Florentine, and lacked sympathy, culture and political courage and under him the weakness of the Medicean system stood confessed and was marked by a rift between the nobility and the bureaucratic section. Savonarola took no part in politics until after Piero's fall; but his perpetual prophecies of impending trouble and denunciations of the times from the pulpit contributed undoubtedly to political unrest. When the French arrived on the scene he was no politician, but a hard-working Provincial.

† Savonarola by Piero Misciatelli, author of 'The Mystics of Siena'—English version by M. Petters-Roberts—With sixteen illustrations; Cambridge, U. Heffer & Sons, Ltd., pp. XI & 218

as a rebel and the Florentines as bad Italians, while Savonarola anxious to reform his new congregation. He boldly announced from the pulpit the imminent arrival of a new Cyrus in Charles VIII. In Florence the democrats were all for France; Piero fled, and Capponi, the real head of the anti-Medicean revolution, persuaded the Florentines to send ambassadors to Charles, to offer him the homage, fidelity and friendship of that restored Republic and asked that Savonarola should be sent for. The latter seemed to recognise in the French King an "Instrument in the hand of the Lord" and placed in him the same faith which Dante had placed in Henry VII of Luxembourg. "Both poet (Dante) and prophet (Savonarola), although living in different times, under different customs were aware of the cruel and pitiable divisions existing in Italy. Both wept and inveighed against widespread ecclesiastical corruptions, and hoped that the strength and power of a foreign monarch might bring order and justice into the country, and thus promote the desired reform of the Church." (p. 72). Dante upheld the idea of an Imperial Rome; and Savonarola was animated by the theocratic ideal of the people of Israel; oppressed by tyrants, scourged and redeemed by their prophets and jealous of their liberties, he aimed at a free Florentine republic dominated by the spirit of Christ.

Soon the disillusionment came about. But Savonarola clung to his faith in the Frenchmen, and absorbed in his dreams of spiritual freedom and shut out from political realities, laid in his impassioned surmons the foundations of his City of God. He inspired the Florentine Constitution of 1494, recommended a general amnesty and conciliation and advised the Florentine administrators to take the Grand Council of Venice as their model. When the Medici were attempted to be restored and the Pope interfered to stifle Savonarola's preaching, he was disturbed by dark presentiments and foresaw his future as if written in a dark sky and himself destined by God to tread a dark and lonely road. He placed all his faith in the young, for the old had disappointed him. The ruling classes, whether *Arrabbiati* or *Piagnoni*, were so occupied by faction that they forgot the possibility of a Medicean revival. Savonarola's excommunication by Pope Alexander was followed by a letter written by him in which he tried to prove his own authority as prophet and interpreter of the Supreme Judge. The Pope now looked upon the Firar

seemed more than ever obsessed by his theocratic ideals and by an acute consciousness of his mission to purge out sinners. Political and religious questions had become inextricably bound together. All the Friar's denunciations against Rome broke on the rock of the Borgian Pope's will. The Florentines ceased to have faith in him, who had been so long believing that Florence would be able to start the movement for a Christian revival and for a reform of the entire Church. Forsaken by them, he appealed to foreign kings that Pope Alexander was an illegal Vicar of Christ; and the latter began the final scene which was to end in the martyrdom of the Friar. The Arrabbiati attacked San Marco and brought about his arrest; and Savonarola, "The restorer of the Republician Government, the protector of Florence, was abandoned by the people and defeated politically". The falsified depositions against him, his sentence, and martyrdom in 1498 were followed by an enormous exaggeration of the loves and hatreds which had accompanied him in life and which now clung to his memory for centuries. Artists like Botticelli, Michell Angelo and Bartolomeo revived in their works the religious spirit of the Savonarolian faith. In the period of persecution that immediately followed his death, there arose a heretical Savonarolian movement which resembled the Franciscan Fraticelli of the thirteenth century; while Martin Luther inscribed the name of Savonarola upon his flag of rebellion and even described him as a pioneer Protestant while all the theologians of the Tutionic Schism warmly commented his doctrines and theology. But Pope Julius II, an admirer of Savonarola and an enemy of Alexander followed whole-heartedly the political strategy of his predecessor.

This excellent and impassioned biography of Misciatelli is different in its view point in some matters from the account of the great historian, Pasquale Villari, who wrote as if the Pope was chiefly responsible for the death of the Friar. It gives a realistic account of his early life, disappointment in love, the court of Lorenzo, the faction fights of the Arrabbiati and the Piagnoni and Savonarola's influence on the artistic life of the times. His fascination as a preacher and influence as a spiritual force are possessions, not merely of Catholicism or Italy or of the fifteenth century, but of the whole of intelligent mankind.

THE TIMES WE LIVE IN

BY C. S. RAMASWAMI IYER, B. A., L. T.

(Concluded from previous issue.)

We shall now pass on. This is an age for sartorial and tonsorial effects. One has only to look into the illustrated papers and magazines to see how much the minds of men and women are occupied with thoughts of looking fit, and looking fine.

The average young woman used to glory in the wealth of her hair as she did in few others of her personal attractions. And where Nature proved unkind in making her gifts this way, the illfavoured lady folk freely went in for false hair. In the last few years a striking change has come over the female mind. It is now the fashion everywhere to bob the hair. Even the ribbons of front hair mark only a transition stage to the more thorough going style of the male sex. The reason, largely at least, lies in the desire of the present day woman to compete with man in as many ways and to as large an extent as she can. The old style of the sweeping trail of the gown has given place to gowns that grudgingly get below the knee-caps. Tight lacing with its baneful effects on the respiratory and the digestive organs has come to be a thing of the past. The present day lady is distinctly more loose-looking in her garments than she would have chosen to ten years ago.

The day of high busts and slender waists has gone. Sharply defined contours emphasise the difference between the sexes; and to the extent that they continue woman cannot make a sufficient approach to man; and this latter thing is getting to be her ruling ambition in life. She has begun to compete with man with growing success in many departments of life. She would like to compete with him even in respect of "the wrestling thews that throw mankind." Indications are not wanting that before many more years are past women will move about in costumes scarcely different from those of men.

The present-day woman must conserve her strength. The duties of motherhood are many and exacting. They drain away

the health and strength of a woman more than other occupations do. The time-honoured motherly duty of suckling the baby is being more and more forsaken. Everywhere Horlick's Malted Milk, Allenbury's patent food, Glaxo that ever claims to build bonnie babies: these have become the regimen for children to be brought up on from the earliest stages of infancy. The effect of this on the stamina of the children is another matter. So far as the mother's own personal welfare is concerned, it is conserved well enough.

The growing unwillingness to go under the marital yoke is again explained by the same desire for emulating the freedom of movement and the larger opportunities of outdoor and professional life which the males have. Marriage means assigning oneself to a position of subordination to man, serving him, waiting upon him, and often times jumping to his idlest whims. All this the refined womanhood of the west of today is finding too high a price to pay for the fancied joys of a married life. All the same the carnal side of the man and the woman exists and seeks gratification. To this extent at least neither sex can wish the other to be like itself. Marriage or no marriage, conception takes place, there is no willingness to allow the thing to continue, there is a consequent attempt at forced abortion; and there is a ruination of health and what the unsophisticated world has all along loved to call by the sweet name of chastity. From the national point of view the evil is even greater. In the course of a decade the prospective children thus destroyed would run up to a couple of millions in any country of some size, and that means the flinging away in a most unconscionable and unpatriotic manner a very valuable part of a country's assets—its future manhood and womanhood.

The subject of birth control now so much in the thoughts of the western world is a dismal one from most points of view and furnishes an index to the sordid mentality now prevailing. Birth control is really a euphemism for self-destruction. By attempting it one cuts at the root of one's own being. Beneficent Nature has provided man and beast with the power to perpetuate himself or itself; so that in that sense man and beast alike live very much longer than they otherwise can or will

Man is getting to be foolish enough, I must say, wicked enough to thwart Nature and thus really thwart his own self. He is paving the way for the extinction of his kind.

The loss must be held specially serious in these days of armed peace, when no country has trust in the good faith of its neighbours, and as a necessary result has to seek its safety at the point of the bayonet, and now after the recent wars by the laying of mines, the running of submarines, the use of torpedoes, armoured tanks, and machine guns. What is still worse, aerial navies are floated; and they carry bombs that will destroy lives by tens of hundreds at a burst.

Feeble attempts are made by the more well-intentioned people of the different countries to see to a non-recurrence of war by the drawing up of international agreements; but so far with hardly any success. As so often happens the best intentions are most cleverly frustrated, the designing ambitions of one or more parties furnishing the cause; and treaties mostly end as scraps of paper. The League of Nations was started with the best of intentions; but the achievements to its credit so far have been few enough. The future does not appear much more reassuring. If a better state of things is to come into the world it can only be through a thorough change of heart—Diplomacy is the mask under which national selfishness has masqueraded through the centuries but never so effectively as now.

At an earlier stage of this paper reference was made to the fact that the tendency of the times was to discredit religion, the formal part of it in particular. Apart from it there has been a growing spirit of fellow-feeling, sacrifice of personal interests for the interests of others. It is this spirit that sustains innumerable organisations for charity and loving kindness such as widows' homes, orphanages, asylums for the blind, the cripple and the leper. There are homes for the disabled soldiers and sailors who fought for their countries and gave away their limbs. In our country there are 'dharmaśālas' maintained in the same humanitarian spirit. Even the hoarded wealth of capitalists by some extraordinary change in the mentality of those men is released for purposes of charity and the dissemination of learning. The examples of Lionel Morgan, Sir Andrew Carnegie, and

Samuel Coates may be recalled to our minds in this connection. Our own country is not without its share of public benefactors.

Great orders of society like the Jesuits, the Red Cross Society, and the Masonic Lodge have been conceived in the same spirit of service to fellowmen. The missionary societies hailing from various parts of America and Europe have a proselytising bias, based as they are on a firm belief that theirs is the only religion that can save. The fact, however, is far different, as has already been stated at good length. More intellectual in character, more enlightened in their methods and fraught with greater possibilities of unmixed good are the Theosophical Society, the Ramakrishna Mission, and the Visva Bharati Movement of Tagore. International congresses, conferences, exhibitions, and games are conceived in a spirit of fraternity; and they draw the different parts of the world closer together. These all must act as solvents to race prejudices and prepossessions.

Materialistic activities tend to split, while the spread of ethical and sociological teachings tend to harmonise and unify. Both the processes have been at work: both have been holding their own, as much as to say both are vital, both indispensable; and that in spite of their in-compatibility they must exist and function side by side. The work on both sides is the work of master minds. They come to their work—very often their life work—replete with knowledge of the required kind and make their staff of workers carry into effect their ideas; and thus affect the welfare of mankind more and more and for the better. The advance of materialism has added enormously to the wants of man and necessitated a keenness of struggle unknown to earlier periods of human existence. The improvement in the other sphere has tended more and more to take down from race hatred and conduce to race sympathy, especially by laying stress on the conquest of the baser passions, the cutting down of personal wants, and insistence on the higher notions of brotherhood and amity. The comparative study of religions is a thing of recent origin. Forty or fifty years ago there was hardly anything of this line of study even as an idea. The followers of each religion lived in a world of supreme

self-complacency. Western savants who laboured in the literatures of the east came to perceive points of cultural affinity between the east and the west in a growing measure. At the present day the known points of similarity are so many, and the desire to understand each other is so keen, that the future much more than the present will bring both the parts into a more intimate and helpful understanding of each other. A perusal of Theosophical journals like the Order of the Star shows in a remarkable manner how western minds are getting permeated with the idea of reincarnation. It also shows how the view that Nature is but manifested God is influencing the more thoughtful minds of the West, and leading them to show greater tenderness to sentient beings. Psychical studies are establishing the necessity for the existence of bodies more subtle than the gross physical ones in which we now are. Men like Sir Oliver Lodge predicate more and more definitely the existence of such bodies, and their intimate connection with those still in the flesh.

There are happy and convincing indications that the man of the future will be a fuller and more enlightened one than we in our time are. May we in our allotted time labour unto this great end! The good God that gave us this being and hid in us these potentialities of intelligence and will must also have arranged that in the fulness of time these potentialities unfold themselves in all their beauty and perfection.

THE UNCOUNTABLE GODHEAD

'Bismillah' — *Two* is the name of Allah!

The Holy Qu'ran.

The All-Absolute whom to call and consider even as One is still like grasping at the shadow through the intellect, and so almost equal to considering Him as two or twenty!

A. K. Abdulla.

A PROPHET OF HARMONY

BY T. L. VASWANI

He seems to grow in stature as the years pass. He seems to come nearer to me every year.

Five and forty years have passed since his voice was hushed and his eyes closed in the Great Awakening which is called death.

He saw humanity as a whole, this Indian seer, this world-patriot! He opened a path to reconciliation to all races, all religions, all teachers, all scriptures in the One Divine Spirit.

Miss Cobbe was deeply impressed with his child-like confidence in God and was reminded of what Jesus must have been!

Max Muller called him "one of the greatest sons of the East."

Joseph Cook mentioned him in the same breath with St. Augustine and St. Patrick.

Some in America mentioned him in the same breath with Buddha and Moses and Zoroaster.

Martineau called him "a kind of second John."

Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa found him so congenial to his soul.

But he loved to call himself a servant of the world-prophets. He rejoiced in the name of *sewak*. "Genius in religion" says Emerson; and the same thought was expressed by Sir Oliver Lodge when he said that genius was one who got glimpses of the spiritual world. Keshub was in this sense a genius,—in speech, in character, in work. Prayer, meditation and love were his methods of approach to the Eternal Unseen. "From the first," he says, in one of his books, "I had recourse to supplication before God." Religion to him became a realisation, its foundation not the authority of a code, a creed, a book, a priest, but personal experience of the Spirit, vital, living and loving fellowship of the soul with the IN-SOUL. And he realised the

same Spirit in nature and the life of humanity. The Spirit in the soul ~~is, also, the inherent Energy of the cosmos~~ and the moving Destiny of history. In this triple life of the Spirit, Keshub discerned the religious unity of the Race. He saw the Brotherhood of world-prophets, the reconciliation of parted religions.

Is not his vision the need of the nation, the need of civilisation? Great has been India's agony through the centuries of hate and strife. But in this Vision of Unity will her life bloom again as bloom in wondrous beauty the flowers of the spring.

The Emperor asked his courtiers, "Why is there no hair on my palms?"

"Because Your Majesty has been so incessantly showering rupees for supplicants that the hair has gone off by the friction," they told him.

"But why is there no hair on the palms of any other man?" his Majesty asked.

"Because all are receiving bounty so incessantly from your Majesty," said they.

"Then how is it that there is no hair on the palms of even those who neither give money nor take?"

"There simply can't be, for day and night they are wringing their hands and weeping, 'Vain alas! is our life; we are neither giving money in charity nor taking it.'"

Banglar Bani.

SOME INDIAN JOURNALISTS

BY FREELANCE

During my six years of journalistic career, I had the opportunity of coming into contact with some of India's notable journalists. Most of them are a plodding brood, sedate recluses of academic groves shunning the fierce light that beats on a politician's life. They have displayed against tremendous odds a heroism which glorifies the human will. At the back of their minds is always the carking uncertainty of their future. It is always very difficult to drag these Indian editors into long talks, and they never put on the hail-fellow-well-met attitude which one associates with even the ordinary hack writers of Fleet Street. Another characteristic of these Indian editors is that many of them are lacking in knowledge of the technical side of newspaper work. They concentrate all their energies in producing a nice editorial leaving the window-dressing of news to their assistants and subs.

Mr Bepin Chandra Pal is one of the most fertile of freelances. He occupies a respected position in the pantheon of Indian journalists. He is not an University man. In fact, he rose from the lowest rungs of the ladder and has won a position for himself. Combining the ardent emotionalism of a Bengali with a remarkable intellect, his best writings are unsurpassed for their clarity of thinking and power of expression. Along with Mr. Tilak and Arabindo Ghose he was the pioneer of the Swadeshi agitation in Bengal and his writings breathed fire and brimstone when the Bande Mataram agitation was at its highest. If he can conquer, he knows also when to stoop. He is a scholar and a man of letters by instinct and a very keen student of history. He decoys us into confidences. Whatever he writes is more than correct and precise—it is impressed with the sweep and cadence of the sea. It is rhythmical and sublime. It is a sad thing that Mr. Pal is out in the wood at present. He is keeping the wolf from the door by his occasional incursions into Anglo-Indian Press; His copies are all type written by himself and carefully revised before they are committed to the Press.

Journalism had marked Mr. Chintamani as her own at a very early age. The editor of *The Leader* has the reputation of being one of the journalistic giants of India. Like Mr. Pal he also rose from the lowest ranks of journalistic hierarchy to the top of the premier paper in the United Provinces. Bacon once said that reading maketh a full man. Mr. Chintamani believes in the theory that writing maketh a full man. He makes it a point to write a certain area in *The Leader* every day. He has a genius for facts and figures and staggers you with his phenomenal memory. He could quote for prodigious length from big authors and brilliant politicians. He has strong views on many things. He has been carrying on a regular crusade against the civilians. In the pre-Bardoli days he attacked the non-cooperation movement and its followers with a vehemence and bitterness unknown to the party politics of India before. But if he did so, it was from a stern sense of conviction. His writings are marked by something of the fulness which a close communion with leaders of political thought must shed on the lonely hours at an editorial desk. In that mysterious temple of daily journalism in which we are not infrequent worshippers, Mr. Chintamani is a priest. If Mr. Pothan Joseph scintillates with epigrams, Mr. Chintamani sparkles with episodes.

Mr. K. Natarajan late of *The Indian Daily Mail* is a methodical and trustworthy publicist who occupies a distinguished position among Indian journalists. He is not bold like Mr. Pal or erudite like Mr. Chintamani but he works like a hock without outstepping the modesty of moderation. In the quiet hill tops of thought where the air is still and clear, Mr. Natarajan is a serene figure. He does not want to give the lead on any matter of importance. He does not know the art of splashing the chief items of news. He cannot keep pace with the rush and tumble of daily newspaper editor's lot. Cool, calculating and cautious, he is more fitted to be in charge of a weekly journal than a daily news sheet. Moreover, he dabbles in fields where his opinions do not carry the least weight. One never profits by his criticisms about the Irwin-Benn flirtations or the Viceregal pronouncement, but one must certainly hear him with respect when he speaks about the necessity for widow re-marriage or the coming of that far off divine event, castelessness. If he

had confined his enterprise to navigate in the still waters of *The Indian Social Reformer* instead of entering the rough and uncharted seas of Indian politics, his reputation as a journalist would have been surer. As it is, one never knows.

Mr. A. Ramaseshan, the Doyen of Madras journalists and a clever leader writer is the magnet who attracts all journalistic waifs. Being a journalistic waif myself, I know much more about him than anybody else and hence cannot take a detached view. His armoury is compounded of many apparently antagonistic elements. It is the result of environment, of training, of the association he keeps than of the blood. He could write the most elusive of editorials. Though his life is a tragedy of unfulfilment, he has a laughing philosophy of accepting life as it is. He is a realist in a romantic profession, not of the grim dour kind but a realist in that he makes the best of circumstances. He keeps his feet on solid ground and rarely walks with his head in unsubstantial clouds. He avoids danger like the plague. His vision in its very prudence is often narrow. He is cautious and demands of life no more than life can give. In practical life he is eminently sensible. The science of extracting the most from every person who serves under him has been carried to a degree by Mr. Ramaseshan that to me at least seems admirable. The exigencies of life may take him to fresh fields and pastures new but always does he remember old Madras and always is it his ambition to return. One misses in his later writings the racy freelance journalism of the *Madras Standard* days. He is content to keep the home fires burning. A pen controlled by commercial and other considerations can hardly produce great fertilising ideas that alter politics or mould movements. For a picture of the ordinary mind and opinion often not in its fountain heads, nor yet in its low levels, but in its middle ranges we may well turn to a few faded pages of the old *Daily Express*. He has a knack of appealing to the elegant world as well as to the bucket shop society. In spite of his occasional audacities in political matters he is a pronounced conservative in his outlook on life.

Mr. K. M. Panikkar is a Bergsonian in his view of life. To him a change is the be all and end all of existence. Leaving

a comfortable job in Aligarh for Heaven knows what reason, he came down to take charge of a Madras newspaper and preached politics of a violent nature to please the simple tastes of its proprietor and his Andhra clientele. "KERALA PUTRA" is not obsessed by what is called political convictions. To him a smart leading article in a newspaper is of much more importance than the views it advocates. If his present occupation is the editing of a newspaper his thoughts naturally turn to Sri Harsha of Kanouj or the Portugese of Malabar. That is to say that he is a versatile man. Now he has left journalism for a change in the cool heights of Srinagar as a training, I suppose, to the Dewanship of Travancore. There is nothing in the wide world to prevent him from accepting the editorship of *The Madras Mail* to-morrow. A Swarajist by profession, an author by occupation, and a minister by choice, he is the most comfortably situated journalist that I have ever come across in my life. He is a bit cynical and cold towards socety. But to the initiated, he is a charming conversationalist and amuses one with all sorts of funny tales. A rasping satirist, a narrow-souled critic of personalities and an acrimonious partisan at times, Mr. Panikkar is nevertheless a minute and often accurate investigator and an able disputant.

Mr. Syed Hossain who is making a sound income in *New York* has added something more than a footnote in the history of Indian journalism. He has succeeded in supplying an interesting chapter from which young journalists could learn. His writings which cover a wide range and variety are characterised by force, phraseology and vituperation. He has a very fine eye for colour and is quite behind the scenes everywhere. He hears the earliest whispers of engagements and flirtations. You cannot tell him anything that he does not know already. He could write ten pages of readable stuff where a clodhopping journalist could write only one. He is exceptionally emotional and the Procrustean bed of a moderate political creed is intolerable torture to him. Life throbs around him in aurora of skittles. He vollied and thundered from the pulpit of the *Allahabad Independent*. His writings put into the pallid arteries of the United Provinces the rich and vitalising blood of a new life and his 'Colossal Sham', 'Autonomy by Driblets', 'Swaraj

by Doses', 'Self-Government by Instalments' are even now pointed out as masterpieces of political thinking. He knows to perfection all branches of newspaper work and has a wonderful nose for news. To him a Tommy ogling a girl in the street, is of much more importance than a first class political oration by Mr. Lloyd George. He was one of the *beau ideals* of Allhabad socety of those days and his smartly groomed appearance and polished talk were the delight of many social parties.

Mr. A. Rangaswamy Iyengar of *The Hindu* has entered journalism as a family concern. He inherits a considerable amount of brain and Mr. Allen used to proudly point out to his figure in a group photo in the Presidency College as one of his ablest students. He does not know much of the technical side of journalism but somehow he and his family know the business side of it too well. It would be a good thing if the editors of newspapers are not patriots, politicians and legislators rolled into one. Not a single ray of humour has ever penetrated the editorial columns of *The Hindu*. No doubt we do not find so many Biblical phrases and allusions as in his predecessor's time, but it is impossible except to the Mylapore mind to wade through well nigh three columns of closely printed matter with not even a joke to evliven it. I take in *The Hindu* and so do many of my friends not because of its editorials but in spite of them. If only Mr. Iyengar writes in a less laboured vein, the editorials of the premier paper in South India will be read, marked and inwardly digested.

The Joseph brothers, George and Pothan were both in the field of Journalism for some time. Mr. Pothan is the cleverer of the two and reminds one of Phillip Guedella in his inspired moments. He could mould himself to the general style of any newspaper. He is a clever journalist though he has left behind little that is permanent. His service to English literature as distinct from his contribution to journalism which, by the way, is literature in haste is undeniable. He is an example of temperament without definite plastic power. He throws out brilliant curious streamers of which the light is not faded but they are buried now behind the clouds. Mr. George was at the helm of *The Allahabad Independent* for some time and has

now come back to his original love—Law. It is a tragedy that this harlot of professions has no place for these two clever brothers.

Mr. C. S. Ranga Iyer is the very antithesis of his guru Mr. Ramaseshan in everything. He is a voluminous and racy writer and produces copies at fever heat. But his thoughts are not deep and he lacks the finish which we associate with writers of the eminence of Mr. Pal and Chintamani. He is quick, bright, clever and cultivates these gifts. But he takes care not to be clever at the expense of clarity. He talks first to please himself and then his interlocutor. He believes in the creed that sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof. To him time seems a maniac scattering dust and life, a fury slinging flame. I affirm that he is a close student of human nature though he always repudiates the notion of being a student of anything. A jolly good fellow, he refuses to be crushed by the cares of life. If he is tired of Politics he tilts at Motilal and when that becomes stale, he recedes from the picture to the backwoods of Malabar.



It is the inherent right of each person to live and learn the lessons that only life can teach. Death as a punishment for crime is the denial of a divine privilege to the very ones who need it most.

—George Chainey.

"When the time of reflection comes and men shake off the prejudices of their education, the threads of the web of religious blindness breaks and the eye sees the glory of harmoniousness."

—Abul Fasl.

"As water from the glasses is all poured into one vessel, so all the praises are mingled together. Since he that is celebrated is wholly one, all religions form but One Religion."

—Jalal-ud-din Rumi.

BARRISTER RAJU

HIS DEBUT

BY "SATYA KANTHA"

[Satya-Kantha continues in this issue his interesting story of Barrister Raju which appeared in several issues of Vol. II of *The Scholar*. Our readers will remember that Sarangam, eldest son of Ramaswami Raju, landlord of Lallapet goes to England, evolves into Raju of Lincolns Inn after six years' stay over there and returns home with his English wife Lousiana George and establishes himself at 'Lucy Villa'. His English habits and English wife and his inhospitality to his father displeases him, who in order to make his son to behave stops his monthly allowance. Barrister Raju driven to despair, seeks an interview with his father in his old family house and thus makes himself 'At Home at last']

IV.

Poverty pierces more poignantly than pins. The senior Raju cannot support Barrister for all times. Till yesterday Raju the junior had been pleading either before Lucy as a piece of English etiquette or before Rao Bahadur—at least indirectly through letters—for the monthly allowance! He has not yet seen or read or heard of other pleadings in court or outside! His stay in England was more with Lucy than in the Inns of Court but he was fortunate enough to be *called*!

Lallapet quite a small place, was both a help and hindrance to Raju's proclivities. To be saluted every evening by the anxious and fearing rural crowd is a privilege not to be easily lost sight of. But where to make money? The English wear has already given way and a fresh consignment has to be got if not from London at least from Madras! The top-hat is fast showing sign of becoming a low one! The foot-wear, they have been good and are even now good enough to show off the covered fingers below! Accidents decide courses for persons when determinations and forethoughts fail. Pulipandiam Ambalam of Karthigai-nallur, hamlet of Lallapet is a gentleman at large! An elastic conscience is his virtue! Robbing Peter to pay Paul is one of

the chief principles of his 'ethical' life. Not that he had any ambition for another's savings but he firmly believed in the great principle of levelling and is one of the forerunners of the socialists though the latter may disclaim him fiercely. But his practical methods are yet to be followed by the school of his thinking. Pulipandian is a terror of the region but to the poor he was the most beloved. He could not see a starving mouth or a clotheless body. His resources are theirs. He is their favourite and saviour. Who has not heard of the heroic hymns in honour of Pulipandian? They are handed down to generation. But who can prevent the fate having its way? It was 8 A. M. Pulipandian was emerging out of his forest abode. Up lept from behind the great Police tyrant—Thiruvengadathan Iyengar generally referred to as '102' and within a few minutes Pulipandian was hand-cuffed successfully and amidst the throngs of wondering and grateful spectators, Pulipandian was remanded in the great Sub Jail at Sundarapuri, the taluq centre close by.

The whole of Lallapet was soon in a turmoil. The Popular hero arrested!—Pulipandian Jailed!!—Our "Tha—Tha" gone!!! Hell to 102!!!!—were in the lips of the poor inhabitants of Lallapet. Two nights passed. Should they not move their finger towards the redemption of Pulipandian? Or should he be allowed to rot? The hero jailed was not without his devices. He sent information to Rajamannar Naidu one of the vanishing mittadars of the place to see to his case. How? That is one of the prison-mysteries. Rajamannar was seen on his rounds collecting funds for the conduct of Pulipandian's case. From copper coins to silver is long way of—what funds? who is to be engaged? what fees?—all were living in a fool's paradise. To run a case with the magnificent fund of slightly over Rs. Fifteen is an impossible task. Still gratitude finds its way.

The great assemblage of devotees of Pulipandian met and discussed the situation. They have no other means of getting at a lawyer, a sound lawyer or at least a *striking* lawyer from a magisterial standpoint! Some one suggested the taluq Grant, others a metropolitan Norton, a few the District Sadagopachari. All had to go out of account, as the car-bill alone will swallow

the fund in no time even if the great worthies offer free services. Why not local luminaries? The idea struck the cautious among the crowd. Some jeeringly suggested "Barrister Sarangam"—which cry was answered by "Oh he has not finished his case before Lucy!" Any way the assembly could not think of any one else. They resolved to wait on deputation on the Rao Bahadur to influence his son to offer his services free for the 'national hero of the locality.'

The Rao Bahadur was met. His problem was diversified. He has not known the etiquette of a Barrister's engagement. To be clearer he has no idea of Sarangam's abilities as a counsel. Thirdly, should a *Rao Bahadur* be a party to the rescue of a notorious robber and dacoit? Will it involve a forfeiture of the title? No, he had to yield. The assembly's entreaties and hope that Sarangam would be the Norton of the Age if he succeeded in the case in setting Pulipandian free egged him on to move and fix up Sarangam for the work.

It was 8 p. m. Sarangam was on his easy chair. His thoughts were between Lucy and George; of course his eyes were on the *Bookman* current a few months back! The Rao Bahadur entered the room. Barrister was immediately on his legs out of regard.

Father—Sarangam, a nice engagement for you!

Son— No dear father, please don't worry, damn'd is the day I got *engaged* to Lucy.

Father—No, a case—boy, ! a good case, my boy!

Son— What case! Is it ivory made? Please do give it, I shall send it for Michalemas to Lucy and pacify her!

Father—What devil do you mean? Still of Lucy! a bad criminal case against.....

Son— Criminal case against you—against you—oh! father oh! father—Has Lucy wrought it.....ah! ah! ah! (Sarangam weeps)

Father—You, a dirty ass. A good criminal case for you to appear and win.

Son— Whereat?

Father—Fool. Are you not a barrister? You ought to appear for an accused in a case and let him free.

Son— What father, *appear* and let him *free*—what? Did I ever confine him? Why should I let him free?

Father—Idiot, have you ever been to a court?

Son— What father—why angry so much—Numberless. Our Lincoln's Inn's courts are always the best. The finest players there always drew away the Tennis championship medals—whatever may be the type of courts they play on.

Besides our Rodibery University Court is composed of the giants of the day yet the president's word is law.

Both in playfields and university administration I have seen the best. What, father, has my education been in vain?

Father—No hope, you are a fool, have you not seen a Criminal Court of Justice where Criminals are tried?

Son— Yes, what of that?

Father—You ought to do that.

Son— Yes I shall *try* one.

Father—No, you ought to defend an accused in a case.

Son— How to? An accused is an accused, how to defend him. Don't you believe father he is brought there because he had done the mischief—None of this, Father, help me with a few couple of hundreds. I shall join Lucy.

Father—Lucy! Lucy!! Lucy!!!—no salvation to you Devil Not a pie! I'll disinherit you and leave you a beggar. You a Barrister, not taking up a case at my instance—your father? Hell to you! Hell to your Barrister Diploma!!, not even good for an appearance in a Sub Magistrate Court.

Son— Oh Father, tell me frankly, what is't that you want.

Father—You idiot appear before the Sub Magistrate of Sundarapuri and move for Bail for Pulipandian. You will get it. *He knows you are my son.* Dress yourself up with your gown.

Barrister Raju was in a fix. 'Move for bail'—'What is't, father is furious, no hope of satisfying him—what to do—yes he dressed himself up right in the Barrister's fashion. Sundarapuri Court was never the place of a visitation by a Barrister. Private Vakils, and pleaders of the second grade generally monopolised

the Bar seats. A first grade pleader's entry was a condescension on the part of the distinguished galaxy of that race of notables! A High Court Vakil or an Advocate was unheard of. A Barrister is a demigod not seen, not felt. Barrister Raju's proposal to appear spread like wild fire. Bail application—and that for Pulipandian and to be moved by a Barrister was a series of sensations! The whole neighbourhood was packed to over-flowing. And the crowd in court looked as though there was a rebellion right in the face of the British Justice.

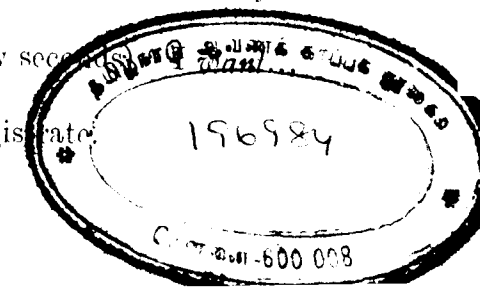
The Magistrate M. R. Sababushan is a good fellow—good to all, sometimes except to himself! He joined the collectorate when a graduate as an attender on Rs. 12 and by dint of hard labour and persistent salaming he was confirmed as a Taluq Head Accountant only last year. Today he is acting S. M. Mr. Sababhusan had the news of the Barrister's appearance or proposal to appear. Refusal to grant bail to Pulipandian is sufficiently dangerous, the S. M. was feeling. To refuse a Barrister's request, oh! it is dam nonsense. Will he not whisper into the ears of the District Magistrate that the S. M. of Sundarapuri is a dunce? Oh with all haste and straight to the time 11 A. M. Mr. Sabhabhusan was at his seat on the bench.

Barrister L. R. S. Raju entered the court house just at 11-15. There was prostrate silence. Raju hesitated, did not know where to take his seat. Or go to the dais, and return after whispering into the ears of the judge his request? The Magistrate's eyes and bench clerk's direction showed the seats in front were for him and others of his ilk. Barrister Raju took his seat. The S. M. expected something from Raju while the latter was expecting something from the former! Silence continued. Still no whisper. Barrister was looking at the ceiling while his fingers were on his moustache. M. Sababhusan could not bear any more the silence.

"Mr. are you appearing in Pulipandian's case, yes what is't?"

"Yes" began Sarangam—(after a few seconds) "I want—no I—move for bail"

"On what grounds" queried the Magistrate.



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"Grounds, oh no.....yes.....no.....I Barrister Raju of Lincoln's Inn move for Bail"

"Barrister Raju yes Mr. RajuI shall pass orders at 3 this afternoon. Please look up then"

The crowd dispersed, Barrister Raju returned home not alone but was in the midst of a triumphant and solicitous crowd and when he was left at home, the Rao Bahadur was feeling that good days are dawning on Sarangam and himself. Did they at all?

(Note the next)

SUNDAY

Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, come quickly from afar,
I am sure they have got each one a big motor car!
O mother, why does Sunday tarry his ways,
Why does he slowly, oh, so slowly come after all the other days?
In his house beyond the sky very, very far,
And is he very poor and has he no motor car?
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, come as if determined to stay,
They never think of their homes or of going away.
O mother, why is Sunday in such an awful hurry.
And the hours strike like half hours as if they are in a scurry?
Has he a lot of work to do in his house beyond the sky,
And is that why he leaves us with such a heavy sigh?
Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday have faces dark as thunder,
They are the terror of little children and drive them helter skelter;
But when I awake at the close of Saturday night,
Sunday greets me sweetly with a smile radiant and bright!
And when he goes he looks at us with his eyes filled with tears.
How I wish he may come day after day through all the years!

—Prajā Mitra.

DANCE EASTERN AND WESTERN

BY RAGINI DEVI

The Roerich Museum which was recently opened in New York has now founded a chair of Hindu music and dancing presided over by Sri Ragini Devi, the well-known exponent of Hindu dancing and the author of "Nritanjali". At the opening ceremony of the foundation she spoke about the dance of the East and the West and her belief in the universal appeal of the dance of the future.

"In the universal art that is soon to supersede the national conception of music and dancing all over the world, India has something definite to contribute. She will point the way back to the primal source of all art, which the artificiality of life in great cities all over the world has made people forget. The gulf between humanity and nature is widening. We are fast losing our capacity for putting ourselves in tune with elemental things. Our mechanical environment has dulled our minds; spiritually and emotionally it has left our minds torpid and flabby. In the hurry and rush we have forgotten the flow of a river, the mighty rush of wing, the rhythm of the seasons, the rhythmic principle that pervades the whole universe, as expressed in the laps of waves, the flow of tides, the reverberations of light and sound and movements of celestial bodies. We have long since lost our feeling of being a part of this harmonious whole.

"Perhaps, because we have forgotten, modern music and dancing are restless as is also painting and sculpture.

"The aim of my work is to give the experience of how India has worked out her approach to art, so that it may be applied to art anywhere. I wish to make my students creative; to develop in them a sense of body movement and how it may be used to express the unity of all life. I shall not try to give the Hindu philosophy of life, only something of the impersonal and universal in human experience so that artists may be stimulated to become creative in a universal way. India's contribution to the world, especially in my art, is the experience of an old people gleaned through twenty centuries."

"In the Hindu dance, body is used in an entirely different sense than in the West. Our body sense is based on a serpentine movement of the spine from side to side, which is the natural movement of the spine rather than back and forth, as most Western dancers do. Hindu dancers maintain one line, which they break up into a triple line, that is, expressive of activity. Hindu movements are natural, they are never stylized."

"If dancing correctly, there should be a psycho-physical action between emotion and gesture, which causes emotion to stimulate gesture. Head movements, hand movements and the whole movement of the trunk of the body are all connected with different fundamental emotions, even the movement of the eyes and eyebrows. These movements evolved from Vedic times; these natural gestures have become symbolic."

"In America there is a tendency to break away from the old forms, an attempt, even to fit the music to the dance so as to express something more vital. But we have not yet risen above a certain cleverness of technique like the toe dancing, et cetera. Often in Western dancing the gestures of the body do not reflect the emotion the artist wishes to portray. The Western dance is still a disjointed affair, well done in parts, but with each artist left free to interpret his emotion without any regard to its connection with the expression of this particular kind of emotion in the universe. In the West there is little or no thought of representing the dancer as an integral part of a great moving universe. There is rarely conscious national expression and surely no idiomatic medium such as the Hindus employ."

"In Hindu dancing every gesture, every movement has a distinct meaning of its own, that not only is expressive of the dancer's particular emotion, but literally links the dancer and his emotion to larger vibrations of the same kind in motion in the universe. His emotion is like one ripple in a pool into which a stone has been thrown. The smallest circle is a part of the whole, and the strength of the dancer's emotion depends on the particular rhythm or cosmic wave beat he has acquired. Hence, all Hindu art is progressive, aspiring, dynamic, rather than individualistic, as in the West. But, there is now a tendency in Western dancing to get away from the anatomy in an attempt to express itself in universal terms."

—Hindu Weekly.

BOOK REVIEWS

BOOKS

Turn Back the leaves By E. M. Delafield. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd. Empire Library, 5/- Published Feb. 11, 1930.)

Miss Delafield's new novel, in as much as it seeks to "hold up a mirror to the psychological and religious environment" to the Roman Catholic Community of England during the past fifty years or so, is of great significance to us. It is of course not propaganda one way or the other. It is merely an impartial, a dispassionate study of a particular section of English society in which the collisions between the Catholics and the Protestants on questions of marriage and daily propriety are made very vivid and tragically vibrant. The sketch of Sir Joseph Floyed no less than that of the Second Lady Floyed, with its severe and minute particularity, its curious blend of innate heroism and a thousand minor failings and prejudices, is a masterpiece of character drawing. There are many characters in the novel and it must be conceded to the glory of Miss Delafield's art that the traits which differentiate one from the others are very markedly brought out. The five children that eventually have their homes in Yardley and who in fact create the atmosphere of action for the novel are wonderfully individualised. The book is written in delightful language throughout and it should be within the competence of every one to read and enjoy this truly remarkable novel.

K. R. S.

Selected Stories of Rudyard Kipling with illustrations. (Macmillan & Co., Ltd. 3/6. 1929.)

It was inevitable that such an anthology should be published sooner or later and inevitable too that such, if properly done, should find wide utility. The cardinal virtue of anthologies is that they offer within a modest compass, and at a modest price the essence, so to say of one particular author or of one particular branch of the shoreless realms of literature. Rudyard Kipling is one of those authors who could find an extensive audience among students, once their work is offered in such cheap and competent anthologies as the one under review. A

well got up volume of two hundred pages and odd which gives us stories in prose as well as in verse, which contains selections from "The Jungle Book" "Life's Handicap" and "Many Inventions" as also from "Departmental Ditties" "Barrack-room Ballads" and "The Seven Seas" which in fact gives us a distant though clear panoramic view of the whole of Kipling—such a book when offered for three shillings six pence is surely worth buying. And when it is remembered further that Kipling is one of the masters of style and is further one of the few really efficient poets of the present century, the publication of this anthology will be readily described as an event. Either as a class text book or as a fit addition to the circulating library, this anthology should be widely used.

K. R. S.

National Anthem: and other Songs of Freedom Compiled by R. K. Prabhu, 21 Dalal St., Ft. Bombay, Price Re. 1/-

This unique brochure is a comprehensive collection of national songs of the various countries of the world. The compiler has placed before the public a beautiful bouquet of sweet smelling and enchanting flowers most devotedly placed by the bards in every age and clime, at the sacred altar of their respective motherlands. National aims and ambitions are cast into poetic moulds and a whole nation is made to drink deep at the fountain of its own heroic achievements of the past. The songs give us an idea of how all the world over every one is proud of his own native land. Among the collections there are a good number of Indian songs as well. But as Mr. Horniman has remarked in his foreword India has yet to produce a real National Anthem the singing of which "will not be left to half a dozen little girls or to little boys from an orphanage, but made an occasion for a mighty chorus from a thousand throats—a mighty roar that will inspire our hearts and stir our emotions for the doing of doughty deeds. I am sure that this publication will tend to the evolution of such a truly inspiring National Anthem. Mr. Prabhu richly deserves the hearty co-operation of the Indian Public in this patriotic enterprise and in the productions of future editions on a more comprehensive style which he expects to do ere long.

M. S. D.

Music of the Spheres By Ruth Halcyone. Published by the House of Ralston, Printers and Publishers, Los Angeles, California.

The order of Melkesedek seems to be founded for the study and promulgation of the spiritual unity of all religions and laws of the spirit world through spiritualistic mediums. The booklet named above published with the sanction of the order contains interesting messages received apparently through some of the members of the order who appear to hold spiritual communion with eminent spiritualists and other great men late of earth. The book contains an elaborate article on spiritual communion. There are in the book also a number of quotations from the scriptures of different religions showing the spiritual unity of the main principles of the religions. The book is an interesting one, neatly printed and well got up.

P. M. H.

The Village School A Satirical Farce in Telugu By Mr. Hari Venkateswarulu, B. A., L. T., Theosophical High School, Madanapalle. Price 10 Annas.

Mr. Hari Venkateswarulu's little volume is an attempt to present the ludicrous side of our public schools and entirely justifies his claim that he has exposed the tragic unreality which lies beneath the present educational system. As he himself says in his preface, "his object is to preach Idealism as a remedy for the several ills found in the educational markets of today". His satire covers a wide field; the infirmities and vagaries of the management, the sordid commercial considerations introduced into the management of a school, and the familiar tricks of the management and the teachers in the inner working of a school. The greatest butts of the author's satire are these men of narrow vision and mercenary motives who are unhappily controlling a large portion of our public schools. The most brilliant scene in the farce is the one where the author describes with his characteristic wit and satirical power the proceedings of a committee meeting of his village school and the interview with the crowd of aspiring candidates for the post of a teacher in the school. He exposes brilliantly the false values which are usually attached to the work of a teacher and the tragedy of utter

demoralisation which we witness in the ranks of the teachers themselves. The dialogue of the farce is brilliant and witty throughout. On the whole the work is a creditable performance for a young author, whose humour and satirical power are undoubtedly remarkable and it will serve to while away a pleasant half an hour for any one, who is interested in schools and education.

H. S. R.

Brahmanandiyam ബ്രഹ്മാനന്ദീയം. By Swami Agamananda of Sri Ramakrishna Asrama, Ottapalam. Pp. 272. Price Re. 1.

This book is a valuable addition to Malayalam Literature. It contains a short sketch of the unassuming and peaceful, none the less active life, and some of the valuable and edifying conversations of the favourite disciple of Bhagavan Sri Ramakrishna Deva—Swami Brahmananda, who was the first President of the Sri Ramakrishna Mission. The book is written in simple Malayalam and has a good portrait of the Swamiji for the frontispiece. The book will be of much help to aspirants to divine Illumination.

P. M. H.

JOURNALS

The Journal of the Music Academy of Madras.

The newly started journal of the Music Academy of Madras fulfills a real want. Indian Music has long been in darkness although like other Arts and Sciences of the East it has high merits and achievements at its back. The Magazine seeks to renovate the ancient Science and Art of Indian Music—vocal and instrumental, and the promulgation of a scientific study and practice of it. It is not merely a necessary adjunct to the Academy but an organ of much benefit to the public. We hope the magazine will prove serviceable to the students of music and the public at large. It may also help to enable foreigners to understand and appreciate Indian Music much better. We may suggest that a portion of it may be permanently set apart for contributions in vernaculars, as many eminent musicians of this country are ignorant of English.

P. M. H.

FROM THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

X-RAY FOR THIEVES

It is understood that the South Africa Government has decided to use the X-rays for the examination of persons suspected of swallowing diamonds, or concealing them beneath the skin, for the purpose of smuggling them outside the Namaqualand fields. It is stated that experiments with this process have proved its efficacy. The State diamond fields in Namaqualand are almost fabulously wealthy, and armed guards have failed to prevent a great deal of theft of the gems, which may be picked up on the surface of the ground.

HOSPITALS IN BALLOONS

Aerial hospitals, to be lifted thousands of feet above the earth by gaint balloons, in order that sick people may receive all the advantages of pure air and unclouded sunlight have been suggested by Dr. W. Oppel, Director of the Metchnikoff Hospital, of Leningrad. Dr. Oppel admits that his scheme is too fantastic for actual trial at the present moment but he urges that the undoubted benefits which such flying health centres would have on the patients' health should be sufficient reason why engineers and aviators should plan and experiment in this direction. Physicians have known for years, he points out, that the climate of high mountains is beneficial to many human diseases, such as tuberculosis. But even in countries like Switzerland, high enough to obtain the full benefits of lifting sick people where high mountains are available, the summits are rarely entirely above the cloud layer into sunlight unadulterated by dust or smoke. In addition, with mountains it is frequently extremely difficult for a strong and healthy person to reach the summit, and to the sick such a journey is impossible. Why not urge aircraft engineers, Dr. Oppel asks, to devise great metal structures, open on four sides to the air roofed with ray transparent glass, and lifted by great gasbags at the four corners, to provide aerial homes for scores or even hundreds of the sick?

Supplies and patients could be carried up or down by small captive balloons.

FROM THE WORLD'S TABLET ELECTRICITY IN PLANTS

According to an announcement by prof. E. J. Lund of Texas, minute but measurable amounts of electricity are generated by plants and animals. The unit of electrical generation is the cell and the voltage of each cell is added on to that of the one before it, in the direction in which the current is flowing. It has been possible to demonstrate the current in some trees like the Douglas Fir and the white fir. The current has an upward direction in the outward layers of the wood while in the inner layers of the bark it has an opposite direction. The intensity and amount of current influences the growth and other activities of the plant. The current can be made to disappear through the application of anaesthetics and poisons to the cells and the final forms of many varieties of plants have been modified by subjecting them to the influence of outside electric currents. Prof. Lund concludes "the experiments distinctly indicate that the existence of bio-electric currents will contribute to an explanation of how ordered growth and regeneration can occur in primitive and embryonic plant and animal tissues where no nervous or harmonic mechanism is known."

DISEASE AND AIR ROUTES

Owing to the rapidity of air transit the question of transmission of disease—human, animal and plant—assumes no mean importance. As explained in a recent note in *Nature* an individual in the incubation stage of Cholera might board an air liner in China, land at Los Angeles within two or three days, and develop the disease two or three days later, with the risk of spreading cholera far and wide. Then again, there is the danger of introducing yellow fever into Asia, where it is now practically unknown. The necessity of air boarding stations and quarantine officers is therefore being increasingly felt. The U. S. Public Health Service, it is reported, has detained quarantine officers for inspecting air craft at landing stations before passengers or crew disembark.

FROM THE WORLD'S TABLET

BY A GALLOPING GOSSIPER

Masaryk Czech President. It is a trite saying that the last war changed the whole map of Europe, obliterating its original contour and shape. Old landmarks, all the petty man made barriers and divisions, natural and sometimes geographical, were blotted out of existence and new nations, republics and dictatorships rose in the place of old monarchies and empires. Small minorities which had till then formed merely a part of a bigger and mightier neighbouring power, threw off the hurting alien yoke, conscious of a new national pride as separate and independent entities and emerged as small republics. Among them the history of the rise of the small republic of Czechoslovakia is very interesting and in some aspects, almost romantic. The history of the birth and evolution of this virile and powerful republic, is the history of the rise of one man, Thomas Garrigue Masaryk, the prophet and the preacher of the revolution which gave it birth and founder and first President of the Republic. This month, the Republic celebrates the eighteenth birth day of Masaryk, and the ootogenarian, without any trace of old age, fatigue or senility guides the nation still towards greater progress, peace and prosperity, defying the dictum that what a man does not do before 40, he will never do. A coach man's son, a blacksmith by profession, Masaryk, struggled his way to the forefront of public life by sheer character and ruthless determination and despite early impediments and political plots and manouevres, worked his way to leadership, calm, unruffled, with steady eyes, undimmed and unclouded. As John Cormac says 'This erstwhile blacksmith, who rules as spiritual successor to a score of splendid Bohemian kings, has lived to beat out a new nation on his anvil.' Sixty five years of his life were spent in preparation, five years in struggle and ten in fulfilments and now his eightieth birthday finds him still at his desk hammering away a roughness here and there with slow and measured strokes. Masaryk's life is a romance, a record of adventures, extenuations,

and calumnies, thus sending a halo and a colour to all his struggles and difficulties. In 1914, he fled from Austria, accused by powerful people of undermining religion and Papal authority and five years later, the refugee was to return as the head of a state which is 75 per cent Roman Catholic. His life and the history of the rise and growth of the small republic of Czechs, is full of lessons for those in Indian public life.

A Scrap of paper worth £ 100000/- According to the 'Sunday Despatch,' a scrap of yellow paper bound in an auction sale of heir looms at Stoker Poges, the Buckingham village in which Grey's elegy was written, is now valued at hundred thousand pounds in America, as its authenticity will mean a rewriting of the history of the U. S. A. The paper is said to be the original draft copy of the American Declaration of Independence and is penned not by Thomas Jefferson as history affirms but by John Pain, the first Governor of Pennyslavia. Experts state that a close study of the aged yellow sheets reveal the signatures of all members of the first American State and a proof of its authenticity and genuineness is expected to lead to sensational developments.

Wax Bath For Beauty. The latest cure for embonpoint in America, the land of up to the minute Beauty experiments, and parlours, is wax bath. The subject lies down in a bath covered with soft warm wax and bed clothes of waxed paper are deeply packed around the body, the victim looking just like a mummy in a museum. Half an hour of this bath is said to regain lost beauty and freshness and the American Eve is said to be rushing in numbers for this latest fad in beauty development. It is significant to note that in America five million dollars are spent a day, by women in powdering the nose alone and we can understand easily the popularity of the wax bath in a country where every woman's toilet equipment includes in the minimum salves, creams, powders, orange sticks, rouge, manicure sets, shampoos, curlers and scent sprayers.

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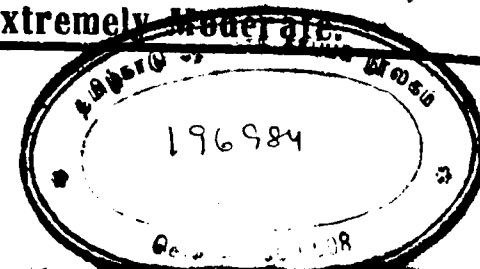
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