

Newest Machinery, *sent*
Latest Types,
Up-to-date designs &
Combinations of colours,
Moderate Charges,
Neat Execution
&
Prompt Delivery

Characterise

THE SCHOLAR PRESS,
PALGHAT

All moffusil orders are
carried out with prompt
and special attention.

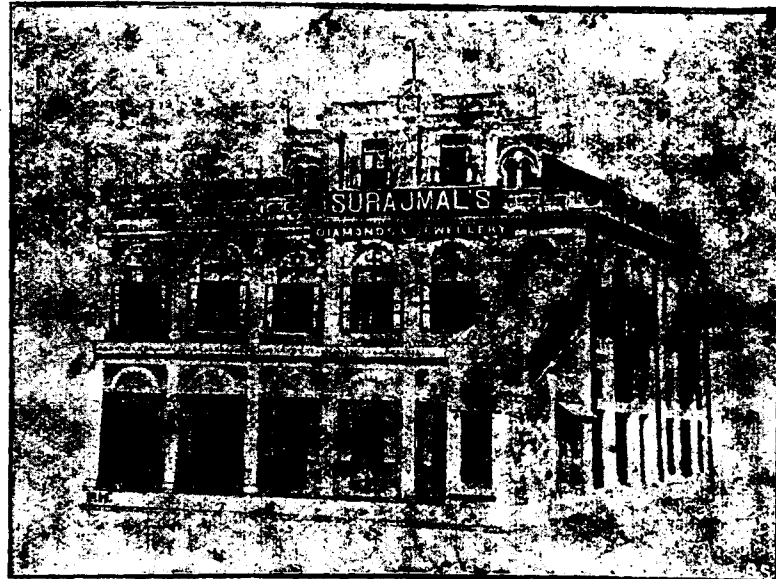
Do try us once
by sending an order

196985
82
m2, n255E n255.4

K. P. Unnikrishna Menon, Managing Director.

ESTABLISHED 1895

THE HOME OF HONEST SERVICE,



For over a third of a century we have been rendering honest service to the public by supplying Diamonds of the best quality at our ONE RATE prices which are the lowest and under our Guarantee which gives the buyer the option to return us such of our goods as are not approved by him for either exchange or refund.

It is to your advantage and benefit that you should utilise such expert and honest service.

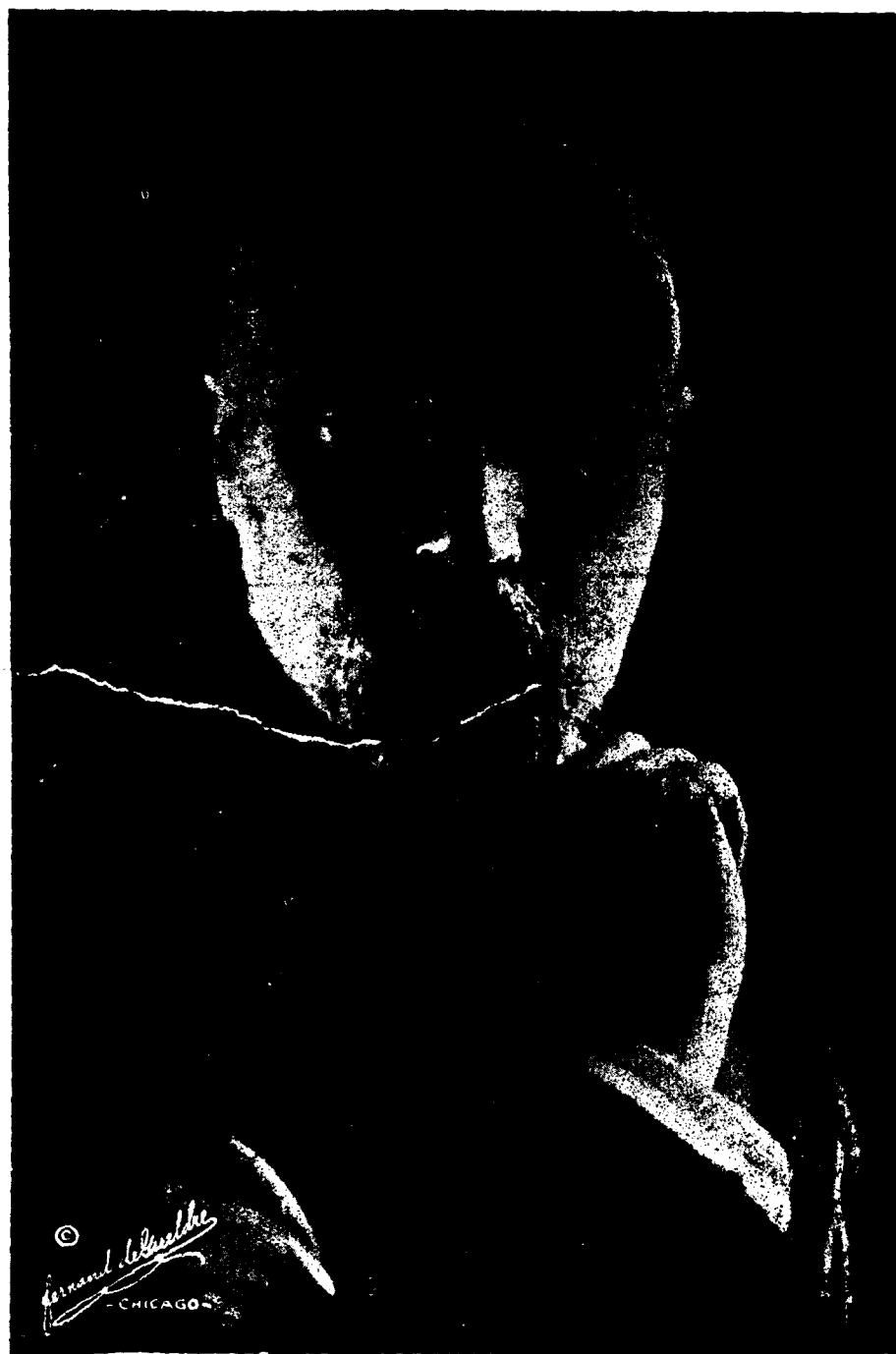
SURAJMAL LALUBHAI & CO.,

DIAMOND MERCHANTS & JEWELLERS AND

MANUFACTURERS OF SILVER ART WARE.

313, ESPLANADE,

MADRAS



NICHOLAS ROERICH



VOL. V

JUNE

No. 9

EARL OF BALFOUR

BY B. V.

A witty member of the House of Commons of 1880, describing the rise of the celebrated 'Fourth Party', the short-lived quartet under the leadership of Lord Randolph Churchill, likened them to the deadly D'Artagnan and his Three Musketeers, as pictured in the immortal pages of the elder Dumas and its fourth member, an unobtrusive figure, to the sleek, subtle Aramis, who as readers of Dumas will remember kept high company but always had his own little private affairs distinct from the general interests of the quartet. This fourth member, an irregular auxilliary, even in a party of four, was Arthur James Balfour, the greatest parliamentary figure of his time, who dominated or rather adorned the British Political stage for two decades and more. The short picture of Balfour as the subtle Aramis, charming, exquisite and polished gives a clue to the character of one of the most baffling personalities of British Public life. To students of human nature, some personalities are perfect riddles, difficult to understand, elusive of grasp and too baffling to estimate and assess at a correct perspective and Balfour is assuredly one of them, a living enigma, the despair of his friends and foes alike. An acute French critic

spoke of him as a problem "a personality of irreconcilable elements all compact, a Tory preaching democracy, a sceptic with a mania for theology, a politician profoundly disgusted with politics. If he were sincere what a riddle! And if he were not what a comedy!" To politicians he was primarily a philosopher and to philosophers, he was essentially a politician and any critical estimate of this strange and elusive personality, at once so familiar and yet so remote, cannot but present vague outlines, blurred by indistinct and almost contradictory contours.

Arthur James Balfour was born at Wittinghame on the twenty-first of July, in the revolutionary *Annus Mirabilis* 1848, of a high and ancient family enriched by royal and aristocratic connections. This blue blood in his veins and his early Cecilian associations and environments, accounts much for his general outlook on life and things in his later career and explains the aristocratic exclusiveness and detachment from life's realities which marked and in a way marred his career throughout. Entering Parliament at the instance of his uncle Lord Salisbury, he attracted little political attention until the formation of the 'Fourth Party' in 1880, where though the least obtrusive of the famous quartet his cleverness and debating skill became clearly discernible and Gladstone very early complimented him as a man of great ability who may look to a brilliant future in the councils of the Empire. Though he did not make his mark in the political field, till late, he had already acquired a considerable reputation in the philosophical field as a deep thinker and brilliant scholar by the publication of his 'Defence of Philosophical Doubt' a masterpiece of intellectual dialectics inspired by a graceful and easy scepticism. The Irish Secretaryship, the first memorable event in Balfour's political career, was an unenviable and thankless task in those perilous days of Parnell and Dillon, and his acceptance of the offer, denoted political courage of the highest order. Balfour's tenure of office marks perhaps the blackest chapter in the history of the Irish National struggle, characterised as it was by ruthless repression, indiscriminate arrests and deportations, and relentless coercion, earning for him the sobriquet of 'Bloody Balfour' but all this he did without any bitterness or any trace of malice, in the sincere belief of what he conceived to be his duty and of the

good of those entrusted to his 'paternal' care. Salisbury wanted a strong man, he knew Mr. Balfour well and the choice was more than justified; only his nephew would not have escaped the evil consequences of the Nemesis he had himself created but for the revelations of the O'Shea Divorce case and the consequent downfall of Parnell's power and prestige. Anyhow the regime was a political success, justified by circumstances, and to Balfour personally it was a greater success since it paved for him an easy and a sure way to his future position and power. Affording him splendid opportunities for the exercise of his great intellectual gifts, mental agility and debating skill, it built for him and around his name a halo and reputation which led him on easily and successively to be a power in public life, to leadership of the great conservative Party and finally on to Premiership.

It is not necessary for me, in an attempt to portray the man, his character and political philosophy, to follow him in all the several phases of his interesting political career, the party polemics, the conflicts, the manoeuvres and all the incidents inevitable in public life. In all the several aspects or rather episodes of his career, and manifold political activities, one thing stands out prominently that Balfour was not made for active politics, neither did he feel at home in all the rough and tumble of political warfare. Essentially a man of literary, scholarly and even retiring tastes, gifted with a highly speculative mind, his whole demeanour strikes us to be rather that of one who felt power and position thrust on him and unwillingly devoted himself to a career not quite congenial. A sceptic and a philosopher for whom the world was an illusion and all human effort a fruitless waste, he looks on life with mingled scorn and pity, scorn for all its endless strivings, and pity for its meanness and squalor. With such temperament and outlook, it is not to be wondered at, if his attitude in politics was largely academical, suggestive rather of the snug, cosy room and an armchair than the din and strife of battlefield. And if he himself comes or rather descends into the world of affairs and takes part in its mad and mundane strife, it was more for a free play of his brilliant intellectual gifts and debating powers. He strikes us blind with his

brilliance and intellectual flashes. He was the most accomplished intellectual gymnast of his time.

Endowed with the choicest gifts of Nature, a massive intellect, a subtle brain, prodigious memory, boundless resourcefulness, and mental agility and great debating powers, Balfour would have carved out a name for himself, higher than that of a Pitt or Gladstone, as one of the greatest political leaders and statesmen in British Political history but for the accident of his birth and early environment which withheld from him the essentially human qualities so necessary to great leadership. Born and bred up amidst wealth, luxury and ease, worshipped in his youth as 'pretty Fanny' and admired in his college days for his brilliance and intellectual flashes, by his mates and equals, he began to live in an atmosphere of his own, "far from the madding crowd," which necessarily forbid him from sympathising with or even realising the common man's lot, his struggles and sufferings. He could not understand or enter into the mind of the inferior castes and any resentment or righteous indignation on their part filled him with sincere amazement. Hence his treatment of the Irish question, his attitude to Armenian massacres or the Russian oppression of the Jews. Not that he was wanting in sympathy or bore any malice towards the oppressed or the rebellious; only he believed in aristocratic rule and had to stand by it and its authority. If people rebelled, they must be punished; they were the underdog and should suffer and in all his career there was not one instance where he lifted his hand on behalf of an oppressed people nor stood for them.

It was this lack of sensibility coupled with a stern faith in intellectual aristocracy, that was at the root of all his mistakes and prevented him from being a popular figure or a great leader of men. Intellect without heart is an abnormality and can leave only an arid, barren waste. He had charm, a winning smile for all that disarmed all opposition and was a great asset to his party but the smile was of the sphinx from the top, superficial and condescending, but he was not capable of the finer human emotions, of deep affection, sincere feeling or friendship. George Wyndham was his most loyal follower and devoted friend but

when the time came, he sacrificed himself wholly and without a word for the Ulster Gang and Sir Edward Carson. He saw his own cousin Lord Cecil hounded from the party, and the honest Sir Edward Clarke driven from the city but remained darkly silently and never attempted to save them. But in all this he was honest and his motives were beyond reproach, only he was jealous of his honour and stood by what he believed to be right and his duty. This transparent honesty and a rigid regard for truth and honour, made his record of public life unblemished, without a blot or a stain, and it was this again which raised him far above his countrymen, invested his name and personality with a sacrosanct glow and facination, leaving behind, at his death, a great and hallowed memory.

Balfour's was a great and versatile mind. His tastes were varied, his interest in Arts, Science and Philosophy was deep, and his knowledge of the latest developments in Science or philosophical research was immense and comprehensive. The principal books of his on Philosophy, 'Foundations of Belief,' 'Theism and Humanism,' his Romanes Lecture on Aesthetics, his famous economic pamphlet on "Insular Free Trade" show us the bewildering range of his interests and knowledge and in all of them we see essentially the critical mind, prone to subtle analysis and metaphysical disquisition. A great thinker and writer, his works abound with a wealth of stimulating thought and expression that some of its passages are almost classical for their profundity as well as for their beautiful language and felicity of style.

By his death, the world has lost a great thinker and a brilliant philosopher, and England a charming and distinguished gentleman rather than a great political leader. To us, in India, his life and career, are full of lessons for those in public life, for both the governors and the governed in these trying times and a discerning student may be pardoned if he detects a close parallel between the present critical days in India and the Irish regime under Balfour and pauses to think how and why in the long run Ireland won and not Balfourism.

THE DIGGER AND HIS METHODS

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

The Methods.— Let us suppose that, inspired with eagerness to delve into Earth's hidden mysteries, we choose the life of the Archaeologist. What will be our training to fit us for the work? For Archaeology is today a science and an art; no longer are the amateur and dilettante welcome in its fields. The work is skilled and strenuous, and years will pass before perfection may be in sight.

Preliminaries.— Suppose we apprentice ourselves to a scientific expedition in this work, for we may only "learn by doing," and travel out with it to the country of its choice, let us say to Egypt, the land of pyramids and sphinx. The first thing to be done is the choosing of a site which shall repay the wealth and labour spent in exploration. There are a number of considerations which will come into play in this.

Firstly, the surface indications, for it is rare indeed that the earth gives no sign of what she conceals below the surface to tell her story to the keen and practised eye of the observer. Perhaps the ground is slightly undulating, with mounds rising to the height of a man or more, and here and there a pit in part filled in with tumbled debris, with stones and sand and broken pottery; here we may seek a city underground. Perhaps there is a sprinkling of sherds or flints over the surface which may be pockmarked with little irregularities of level, and these may contain an early field cemetery wherein the treasures of the dead are stored away, a few of them still waiting our discovery. Perhaps at early sunrise or from an aeroplane such signs as are too faint for unaided eyes may show, for the long shadows of the dawn exaggerate each roughness, and from a height much may be seen which is invisible on the level, even as the airman's eagle eye may spy the lurking submarine. Perhaps some ancient record or tradition may witness here of some long-buried and forgotten site, or villagers working in their fields turn up with unexpected spade antiquities that betray their hidden comrades

in the soil, or the shops of Cairo may receive a hint from such lucky villagers as bring their finds for surreptitious sale. Thus we may be guided in our search.

Then we consider whether the site we have proposed may easily be worked with the means at our disposal, whether cheap labour may be found in the vicinity, whether the soil is light to dig and carry and may be easily dumped in a place that will never need itself to be excavated, and whether the flood waters of the Nile, found everywhere a little below the cultivated land, are likely to interfere with for pumping is a laborious and costly addition to the work.

Lastly we, who most of us depend on generous rich men or on the scanty resources of museums and universities, consider whether the results of our work will be in any way equal to its cost, which must be very great. Shall we be able after a winter's digging to add a page to the history of mankind or fill a gap in the tale of his tedious progress from tree and cave to city and splendid temple, and on to the science of today? Shall we restore the works of forgotten masters of artistry to the world or fill the rooms of our museums with relics of value from the days of old? For unless some tangible results are seen, few, alas will give their wealth to aid us in our search.

Having thus found a site which can fulfil our demands and give a reasonable hope of repaying our exertions, we next turn to the owner of the land for leave to dig. In Egypt all areas declared antiquity sites, and all the desert land (where digging is most practicable), are the property of Government, and the head of our party must apply for permit from the Department of Antiquities in the Ministry of Public Works. He must satisfy the Director General about the efficiency of his Staff and equipment, and give an undertaking for adequate records being kept, and sign a contract agreeing to Government supervision and right to claim all treasures found as property of the Egyptian people. A selection will later be made by the Department of things it wants, the rest being given by the Expedition to its donors. If the *Mudir* agrees to these somewhat onerous terms, for they are only just and necessary in the cause of good work

then the area required is granted for excavation year by year, and a daily rent is paid on this for as many days as work continues.

The party now goes to the chosen place and at once puts up the tents or house, or clears some convenient empty rock-cut tomb or cave, where the scientists may live. Meanwhile a message has perhaps been sent to the village of Quft in Upper Egypt, where almost every man is a trained digger, and families follow the trade in successive generations, and a party of perhaps a score or more of these eager, worthy men has already arrived and put up its own huts or shelters. The library of needed books of reference,—histories, accounts of earlier excavations, plans and corpuses, text-books of anatomy, geology, etc.,—is now unpacked and arranged in improvised almiras of piled-up packing-cases. Theodolites and level-finders for the surveying experts, cameras for the photographer, drawing instruments, rolls of mapping and tracing paper, innumerable record books of various kinds, and such foods as cannot be found more cheaply in the nearest villages, are then brought out and stacked in their own places:

Straw baskets and the useful digger's tool, a combination of pick and hoe which is wielded with remarkable skill and power by the Qufti workmen, are provided by the men themselves, and ropes and pulleys for negotiating heavy weights or for descending deep pits within the ground, may perhaps be supplemented by a little trolley railway where the dumping-place is far from the excavation.

Having changed into his roughest field clothes, the digger is now ready to plan out his campaign. He photographs the site in various aspects, and describes its original condition. He decides on the approximate area to be covered in that season, though this of course is modified from time to time and changed as events develop. He groups his men into little gangs of four or six, each under its own *reis*, or headmen; he places the whole in the disciplinary charge of the tried and experienced *bashreis*, his right-hand help and stay. In this preliminary arrangement he pays close heed to the family loyalties and friendships of the

men, taking care that no man, however good, is made *reis* over others who do not respect him.

Then on the morning when digging is to start, the *bashreis* summons from the local villages all the unemployed, and from this miscellaneous, excited, chattering crowd selects the most likely men and boys for carrying and emptying baskets, filled with the sand and dust of ages as the work proceeds. As a rule this coolie labour is employed strictly on a time basis, to prevent the work from hurrying into carelessness; the *reises* are responsible for seeing that a steady pace is maintained. But when unusual finds fall by chance to such a worker, an extra reward is given to encourage them all in the search. The trained Quftis, who are the digger's hand and arm, receive a percentage of the value of all they find, this *bakhshish* usually being shared alike among the members of the lucky gang.

Excavating.—So one early dawn the work begins, a long row of Quftis in the front with active hoes pecking at the hardened soil and showelling it into the baskets for the eager boys to run away with, laughing, racing and chaffing with each other. Every now and then a village song, perhaps on the adventures of the half-mythic Derwish Yusuf, or on the tireless theme of love and romance and beauty, is started by some perspiring workman, and all his comrades join in the melody of the refrain. Ever and anon a general laugh breaks out as the hissing cane of the *bashreis* dashes bluffingly on the vast and flowing robes of some laggard worker, amid cries of "*Yallah, cawam! igri ala tul!*" (O God, quickly! go on to the end!), or the ceaseless "*Ella!*," best translated by the soldier's "Jump to it!"

And now a long wall of dust rises across the level desert, like the coming of a cloud of poison gas in war, and a sudden spiteful gust blows ounces of it into our throats and eyes and faces as we wait for the first call of discovery. Usually this announces some ill-kempt grave containing little but a broken skeleton and perhaps a pot or two; yet it must be drawn and mapped to scale before the work can proceed below it. If the digging is on the slope of Egypt's rosy cliffs, the ceaseless clatter of the limestone chips sliding downwards to the plain is added to the cries and singing of the happy workers.

Layer by layer until at last the virgin, unworked "rock" is everywhere revealed, the work goes on. Incessant are the reports of graves uncovered, and active indeed is the surveyor who can draw and map and perhaps photograph as well the whole of these so quickly that they may be covered by the advancing wave of dumps. Many tombs are at the bottom of deep wells or pits, down which the Qutbis plunge with ill-concealed joy at their shelter from the sun and dusty winds, like foxes diving to their "earths". Here the baskets are raised by ropes or pulleys to the surface, then flung back empty with cheerful carelessness of where they may land or strike; the men go down to their work in these by straddling the pits with their legs or standing in a basket and being lowered by others with a pulley. Every old thing found (perhaps a hundred in a day), even, chips of a common pot, must be recorded, drawn to scale, and its depth and the nature of the debris wherein it lay are noted down. Every thing unusual, and everything apparently undisturbed since the beginning is photographed as well.

In the dark chambers of some rock-cut tomb the men work by candle-light, and photograph and survey by the sunlight reflected in mirrors, and room after room must thus be triangulated and mapped to scale by the same men as are busy in ten other ways at that one time. Finds from each source (whether house, room, tomb or grave) are placed together in their respective baskets for fuller recording later in the Camp, and enough of the condition and environment of each at the moment of discovery is observed and noted down to enable the history of every fragment to be deduced. For such evidences, if not recorded at the time, are lost, and on them may hang the history of a dynasty, or the restoration of a damaged gem of art.

(To be continued)



He who sets his foot firmly upon the path of self-conquest, who walks, aided by the staff of faith, the highway of self-sacrifice, will assuredly achieve the highest prosperity, and will reap abounding and enduring joy and bliss.

James Allen.

A TRIP TO COORG

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

The Coorgs are quite enthusiastic about their Home and make others curious to visit their country.

"Coorg is a string of pearls
Loveliest among the kingdoms
Live in it, my friend and prosper"

So sings the poet whose song has floated to us down the tide of tradition.

To one who travels as I did from Mangalore, the change of roadside vegetation from wild-cashew to Forest Fern and bamboo is not more characteristic than the national dress of Coorg so different from that worn by the working classes of South Kanara. The unaesthetic areca-nut bark hat, useful as head-dress and as drinking cup disappears altogether and beyond Sampaje, which stands on the borderland between South Kanara and Coorg and which is in fact the West Gate of Coorg, the women appear in a sort of Arab dress, black-bodice of cloth or velvet and white mantle drawn over the head, the richer classes with graceful gold lace border. There is also in passing along the ghat road the refreshing fragrance of forest flowers sniffing which and drawing your breath deep, you fill your lungs with health and strength and your face with glow of joy and beauty. At the ninth mile from Sampaje is a clay-pipe fountain at which cars usually change water in their radiators.

The roads are very narrow and the trees old and high, meeting often in a stately arch overhead. Bright crocuses burst into bloom, whole fields of them meeting your eye as the daffodils burst on Wordsworth's view. These you pass and about the third mile from Mercara turn into the Bhagamandala Road, for here at the end of your journey is the foot of the hillock from the top of which the sacred Cauveri takes its rise and scatters plenty over the smiling plains.

Many of the bridges are crude and rattle under your motor-wheels. But when you have travelled 103 miles from Mangalore you are in the very heart of Bhagamandala, the most sacred city of Coorg. Talakaveri at the very summit of the hillock is really more sacred, but there is no possibility of making a town flourish all round it and hence, the spot where Cauveri meets the Kanika and both of them blend with the Sujothi, the place where three rivers meet, has been chosen the rather for rituals and worship.

Bhagamandala has a small Elementary School whose Headmaster, Mr. Thimmapayya Vaidya is also a purohit, descended of a long line of distinguished purohita. It has a small post office, part of Mr. Sripathi Rao's buildings; it has a police out-post; a forest-ranger has his quarters here on a magnificent height. But otherwise, the whole place exists for pilgrims who flock in large numbers at the Jatra time in October. Choultries where the pious and charitably minded distribute rice, salt and chilli to the poor, abound. The choultries of Mrs. Nanjappa widow of Dr. Nanjappa of Mysore Medical Service and of Mrs. Thimmayya, winner of Second Class Kaiser-i-Hind medal are the most notable.

Tradition has it that a pious Brahmin who was in the habit of receiving all pilgrims most hospitably was once tried and put to the test by the three Lords of Creation, Protection, and Extinction and the lords pleased with his many devices to feed them, gave him their blessings and granted him his boon that the granaries of Bhagamandala should always be full and no man, woman or child should ever starve within its limits. To make this good, the natural resources of Bhagamandala are supplemented by the rich produce of other parts of Coorg. A tribute of one *para* (10 seers) on every three acres of arable land is paid so that the pious pilgrims may not starve for want of hospitality. What Triguni of those days did, Mr. Sripathi Rao of this day does, and few people go to Bhagamandala without seeing and sharing the hospitality of this sage of the Bhagamandala Valley.

Now for the temple. One bathes at the junction of the three rivers below and beyond the rude rustic bridge, performs

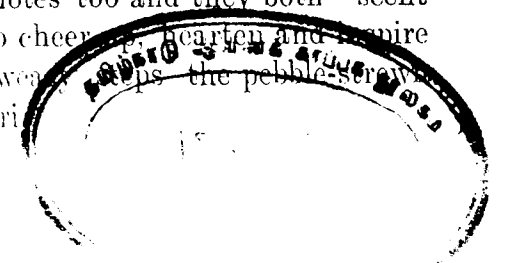
sraddha or offerings to the manes or the shades of one's ancestors on the Pitruvana and steps into the temple. The West gate of the temple has two columns mounted on four lions each and passing these we come upon a quadrangle which constitutes the outer court of the temple. The inner court is another quadrangle completely roofed over with plates of copper; within this inner court are shrines dedicated to Maheshwara, Subramanyam and Mahavishnu. Also one to Maha Ganapathi the warder of all evils. The abishekhams or ablutions are most impressive and the rituals elaborate. The prasadhams are dropped into the hands of the devotees in silver cups which are returned to the temple servants. A *sahasranama* worship at all the shrines is charged for at five Rupees.

Twenty-seven seers of rice are given every day by Government to be offered to the deities and to be distributed as the perquisites of office of temple priests, drummers and servants generally. One seer is thrown into the Cauveri to feed the fish which are not to be caught by anybody within the limit of a mile from Bhagamandala. It is strange how a similar practice obtains at Papanasam in the Tinnevely District where the fish are likewise cared for and protected.

The priests are Shivalli Brahmins, chanters of the Rig-Veda and they take up service for two months at a time during which period they keep away from their homes and perform all manner of austerities to keep themselves pure and worthy of officiating as priests.

The Rain-God is propitiated by the Coorgs offering *Rudrabishkekam* at Bhagamandala.

The climb to the Talakaveri is up a broad bridle path and is best undertaken in the early morning, if one can manage it even before sunrise. The road goes winding on. The sacred Champak or *Sampige* scatters its fragrance on the morning air and birds scatter their sweet notes too and they both—scent and song—come floating down to cheer, hearten and inspire the pilgrim who mounts with weariness the pebble-strewn slopes of Kal-Kaveri or Talakaveri.



The mist is slowly rolling off the hill-tops and vast fields of snow and ice loom on the vision of the pilgrim, but these are illusions and when returning from the Talakaveri later in the morning the same valley will be seen wooded down to its depths without the least trace of water, snow or ice.

Four priests live at Talakaveri and their houses "like eagles' nests, hang on the crest", of the purple western ghats.

Passing them and rising higher, we come upon the bubbling spring which is the ascertainable source of the mighty Cauveri. The spring has an arch of gold round it and worship is offered. Kunkumam, red saffron powder is flung into this. The overflow of the spring is a square basin and thence the Cauveri goes forth down hill to Bhagamandala and out into the world beyond. Very little of it really benefits Coorg, but the veneration in which the Coorgs hold the Sacred river, raises the river to the status of a goddess and the cult of the Cauveri is the Religion of the Coorgs. Family worship in the house of the distinguished author of *Pattolai Palamai* or the Tradition of Coorg is offered to this day by the singing of a Lyric sung in honour of the Cauveri.

Higher up the basin—evidently to avoid pollution—is a shrine dedicated to Siva who in this spot needs no shrine for the beauty of the scenery all round offers that altar by the side of which all else of worship or ritual pales into insignificance, melts into the mist of the mountains. At Jatra times, people bathe and worship and dance in joy around the spring and the sacred Ganges herself is said by tradition to come and bathe in the Cauveri to be purified. A strange seething and bubbling of the spring with live music and melody of nature, is one of the rarest, loveliest sights, let down from heaven to leaven with a feel of it, what were all Earth else.

(To be continued)



NICHOLAS ROERICH

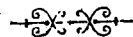
Nicholas Roerich, the great Russian painter of international fame, whose portrait and paintings appear in this issue, is a painter with a distinct individuality. His paintings are remarkable for their spiritual perception of things rather than of their outward forms. "There is a magic glow brightening the images of the artist, more from within than from without" says a writer, and it "imparts to them a fairy like phantom character." Beauty and Knowledge are the twin Gods he worshipped. "Only



The Signs of Christ

on the basis of true Beauty and of true knowledge", he observes in his book *Adamant*, "can a sincere understanding between Nations be achieved." And yet he was master of and established "a colour scheme of intense quality harmoniously related to a colour key-note, and expressed through forms that cross the line from realism to decoration, and ultimately to a natural symbolism." (Dr Cousins). As Roerich himself puts it, three phases of beauty were blended in his works: "The beauty of town and nature, and the beauty of the unknown"

seeking rather than the end of the search, these were the things that kept the spirit of man alive and related him to God. For who is God and what is he? He is the eternal seeker whose work is never done for this creation. It was not a thing of six days, nor of six years, nor of six million ones, but still through us, his creation, his seeking for high and higher perfection that will make all of the stars no more than the dust under the feet of the seekers. But after all not to us but to you is the end of the search. We are those who set foot on that path of pilgrimage early in time, ours was the privilege. But we were the pioneers on the path of pilgrimage, we who kindled the torch, who passed it on, and after age until to-day, looking forward into the distance we find the torch is best in your hands and you to-day are the torch-bearers of the pilgrimage; you are to-day the seekers and the dreamers. Men have come to you from India, from China, from Europe yet from even England, and said to you, looking down their noses to you: "We are the spiritual people, you are the materialists who have not understood the throb and the thrill of ideals as yet. And one more person comes to you out of the East, out of the mystic East, out of the East of the dreamers and the Prophets and the Rishis and the seekers and those who have died for the sake of that knowledge "Tat Twam Asi": "I am Brahma."



BE —

Be the fast runner that does not stop till he has achieved his goal

Be the great helpers themselves but not merely the receivers of help

Be happy but never content

Be the creators but not merely the created

Be the main current of Life but not merely the straw that floats aimlessly

Be the dweller of the mountains where there is strength

And not stagnate in the dark valley where there is weakness and misery.

J. Krishnamurti.

WORLD'S MILITARY EXPENDITURE

SOME FIGURES

THERE has been a great deal of talk on the subject of disarmament latterly, and just at the present moment a Conference is being held in London for the limitation and reduction of the naval strength of the chief sea-Powers. The figures given in the following table, showing the expenditure on Defence of various countries are, therefore, of particular interest. The figures given are not the latest, but they are sufficiently approximate to the latest figures for comparisons to be made and to ensure the validity of any deductions that might be drawn. We have been complaining in India that the percentage of our military expenditure to the total expenditure is exorbitantly high. The table shows that India stands highest in that respect, with China immediately following her.

I COUNTRY	II EXPENDITURE in Pounds	III PERCENTAGE to Total EXPENDITURE
India	42,617,535	45.29
China	20,592,188	43.13
Poland	13,848,888	31.58
Portugal	4,437,146	27.39
Japan	47,235,960	26.57
Spain	25,589,770	25.97
Switzerland	3,383,758	25.83
Italy	45,895,740	23.46
Mexico	7,536,271	23.02
Greece	5,017,784	21.92
France	63,368,655	19.75
Jugoslavia	8,742,753	19.29
Sweden	7,597,027	18.79
Czecho-Slovakia	10,274,390	17.36
United States of America	120,178,130	16.09
Union of Soviet Socialist Republic }	64,427,055	16.01

Great Britain and Northern Ireland }	120,695,000	14.75
Denmark	2,225,275	12.79
Norway	2,214,137	10.31
Hungary	3,989,935	9.706
Germany	33,137,384	7.16
Belgium	3,480,080	7.67
Irish Free State	2,480,000	7.69
Australia	5,556,000	6.52
Austria	2,318,081	6.37
New Zealand	958,321	3.91
Union of South Africa	1,125,900	3.61

WANTED AN EDITOR

George Newnes published in *Tit-Bits* long ago an advertisement describing, in his own witty way, the sort of man he wanted to become Editor of *Tit-Bits*. Thus he wrote:—

A vacancy occurs in these offices for a journalist. Must be a highly-educated and accomplished gentleman. Have a thorough knowledge of all foreign languages, together with the dialects in the various countries. Have a complete mastery of science, natural history, botany, biology, medicine, trigonometry, physics, ethics, and humanitarianism, as well as shorthand, typewriting and proof-reading. Must never make a mistake, or if he does must be prepared to reply to one thousand letters in such a way that everybody is satisfied. Height, six feet; chest measurement, forty-two inches. Must sleep in his right side, and always go home to tea. Proficient in cycling, rowing, cricket and other sports. Boxing not required, as a Fighting Editor is kept on the premises who attends to that important branch of the business. Absolute perfection not objected to. Must be able to answer at a moment's notice any question on any subject in the world or out of it. N. B.—In the event of no gentleman applying who possesses all these qualifications, we shall engage the nearest to sample).

THE WINNING STROKE

BY DIALS

Keshub, Doctor of Medicine, medalist in surgery and the crack bowler of his late college team sat in his consulting room, in the out of the way town of Navapet. A young man of twenty eight, of athletic build, dressed in European fashion, Keshub sat at a table, brooding. His brow was barred with furrows of trouble and his face declared that he was deep in thought. A pile of letters lay unopened by his side. Outside, the noisy traffic of the road mingled with the bustle of the neighbouring bazaar, droned continuously. The Surgery clock ticked away the monotonous minutes relentlessly. He retrieved a cheap cigarette from his battered cigarette case and lighted it with more bravado than enjoyment and puffed out the smoke vigorously only to stare at the lighted end in a sort of vacuum. Anguish filled his heart and he was taking stock of his position.

It was only a year since he had set up practice in the not too wealthy town of Navapet. He had tried to get into Government service but competition had balked his desire. Finding that medical practitioners were too many in big cities, he had to select Navapet as the centre of his activities. He got on well at first. The simple folk of the town and the villages round about had flocked to him and his practice had grown considerably, till Dutt, a new practitioner had come to the scene and set up a big pharmacy.

Dutt, with his garish reckless abandon and winning ways had collared most of the practice in a very short time, not that he was any the cleverer than Keshub but because the poor villagers were given free consultation and medicine at very cheap rates. It was again competition and Keshub had gone under.

To Keshub's consulting room the usual stream of patients did not pour in. The meagre trickle was so thin that Keshub could not make sufficient money even to keep body and soul together. To keep up appearances he had begun to borrow

money heavily. Just now even his credit was low and he knew it for a dead cert, that unless he looked up and made some arrangement, he would soon be an insolvent and a dishonoured man. As it is, most of his creditors had pressed for payment and even threatened to sue him. Every tomorrow loomed big with catastrophic possibilities to the overwrought nerves of Keshub. His assets, except for his degree and the little stock in trade of his profession, were as last year's rains.

He threw the half-smoked cigarette out of the window and opened the letters by his side. They were all bills and demands for payment of money's due. Keshub scraped his chair back and tossed the letters into the tray on the table. "Oh, God", he said, "Life which looked so full of magical possibilities has after all proved to be a failure. I do not know how to scuffle out of this" and he sat brooding again.

A tap at the door stopped his reverie and a servant entered with coffee and rolls. Without exchanging a word with his master he set the coffee on the table and stood by. As Keshub gulped down his first morning draught, the servant with menial insolence said, "Master, I am going home this evening. Please pay all the arrears of my wages".

"But Rama, you cannot go. You know there is none else to cook for me" rejoined Keshub much perturbed.

"No master I must go. My sister's marriage is all fixed up and I have to reach my house in two days. So my father writes. Master will have to engage some other cook".

"If it be so urgent, certainly you can go" said Keshub indifferently.

"Is there anyone downstairs?"

"Yes sir, the landlord is waiting out. He wants all his dues to be paid."

"The Landlord! Call him up. I shall speak to him".

Rama went down and the landlord entered. He greeted Keshub with a smile which suggested the frog in its toothless expansiveness. He drew a chair with a sort of proprietary air and sat down. After a preliminary grunt as if to show that he meant business, he said rather roughly "Sir, you have not paid the

rent for your house and hospital for over six months. I have waited long enough. You must pay up immediately, Sir".

"I have told your Mudaliar, I shall pay you up by the end of this month".

"So you have been saying all along, Sir. I am sorry. Unless all the dues are paid in a week I shall go to my lawyer. What Sir, annual revenue falling due next week and crops being bad I must get the money".

"So it shall be" replied Keshub and moved towards the window in a sort of dreamy restlessness.

"Salaam, Sir and thank you" croaked the old man and went down into the street.

Keshub paced up and down the room analysing within himself the harrowing details of his impecunious position and the imminent fall. After a while, he stopped short before the table and brought his fist down with a thump on the table.

"I must find a way out. Dutt cannot flout me and rob me of my practice in this manner for long" mourned Keshub. "All is fair in love and war". He lighted another cigarette and lay himself down on his easy chair.

"Yes. Dutt must be made to appear incompetent in his profession in the eyes of his patients. A scheme towards this object must be worked out. He is not playing the game. It is not fair to undersell. He deserves any sort of punishment."

Keshub's well trained mind worked in circles hatching out a plan fair or foul. He stared into space and appeared to be studying the pattern of the cloth that covered his table. After a while he thumped the table again. Yes he had got it. The plot was already hatched. It had only to be put into execution and success will be his. He would on the sly introduce small quantities of arsenic into the stock mixtures and the filtered water in Dutt's pharmacy. While not proving fatal, the poisonous drug would make Dutt's patients sick and in a day or two his rival's professional repute will be blasted. Practice would then come back to him and he could get on. No doubt, it was a dirty mean trick and Keshub knew that. But in life's bitter

struggle for self-preservation he could stoop to do it. So Keshub argued and made up his mind accordingly. To get into Dutt's dispensary was as easy as tumbling of the proverbial apple tree. And once inside, to introduce the poison was not difficult.

Though he made up his mind, he gave himself up to reverie once again. He thought of the callousness of his deep laid plot and his face was white and drawn. The bitterness of frustrated ambition had galled him and he had only to set his jaw and do it. As he sat trying to smother down his conscience, unusual tumult downstairs brought him back to himself.

Immediately a few men rushed upstairs and in their wake a body was brought up. Keshub saw the pale white face of the man lying on the stretcher and he gasped for breath. It was Dutt, his rival. "What is the matter?" Keshub rasped as he felt the pulse of his patient.

To this Dutt's servant replied. "Master wanted to buy a motor byke and he tried it today. He had a toss and when I went to help him I found him in this state. Is master in a serious state, Sir?" Keshub was examining Dutt. He did not reply but was lost in his professional diagnosis.

"Did he fall on his head?" He asked. "Yes. He was coming down the hill fairly fast when a cow dashed across and the doctor was thrown out landing on his head."

Keshub got up and sat on the chair. He had diagnosed the case. It was concussion of the brain. If immediately operated upon and the injured part of the skull trepanned Dutt would recover. A difficult operation it was but Keshub the medalist in surgery could do it. If he refused on the ground of inability none could blame him, for without the help of an assistant not many could perform this. If Dutt is sent to a distant hospital at Golapur a hundred miles away he would surely die on the way. If so his rival would be wiped out and he would have his way with his former patients. To refuse to operate was easy. The temptation was great. His heart beat a wild tattoo in his breast but the sporting instinct in him, that anxiety for playing the game rubbed into his nature by his constant activities in the playing fields from his boyhood, cried out from within. An

overwhelming desire to be straight and save a life whatever the consequence flayed his soul with relentless vigour and he made the quick decision that he would operate and save the life of his brother practitioner though a rival in life.

The operation was successful. In a week Dutt was convalescent in Keshub's surgery. During the time Dutt was laid up Keshub had attended to all patients of Dutt and kept aside all the collections that were rightly Dutt's. One morning as Dutt lay in bed Keshub went up to him and said "Look here doctor, you are alright now. In a week or so you can attend to your work again. Meanwhile all the money which has come from your patients I shall hand over to you".

Dutt thanked Keshub effusively and added, "No doctor, all that money is yours. You attended them. I am your debtor for all your services. You saved my life and I do not know how to repay you. I am really deep in debt".

"Certainly not. I have only done my duty. Of a brother practitioner I shall never ~~accept~~ for professional work nor would I accept anything for looking after you all these days. It is our professional etiquette."

"Professional etiquette! Oh! God! Have I kept it up? Did I not act against you by underselling and competition? Have I not poached on your preserves and won away from you all your old patients? I do not deserve this kindness from you. You are too good. Your good nature is hurting me in my blackness of heart." Dutt in his weakness and abashed at the kindness he received at the hands of him whom he had tried to oust from his work covered his face and wept.

"Be a man, dear doctor, you have done nothing against me. You have only succeeded where I failed. It is only common." Dutt would not be consoled. His heart in the bitterness of his feelings leapt out in love and admiration towards Keshub. "Doctor Keshub," he said, "I know I have wronged you and I do not deserve this kindness from you. I am a rich man. I had made up my mind to set up practice at Madras even before the accident. After all it was not worth while to have patients who paid you nothing in return. I leave for

Madras next week and my pharmacy and all the accoutrements are yours as a very humble token of my gratitude for your kindness.

In reply Keshub could only stretch out his hands and clasp with a warm feeling the hand of Dutt.

A week later it was a happy Keshub who stepped into his pharmacy to see how the combined accoutrements of his and Dutt's pharmacies would look as a well equipped consulting room and surgery. He had no debts now for the grateful father of Doctor Dutt had forced upon him a cheque for Rupees Two-thousand for saving his dear son's life.

(Copy rights reserved.)

COURAGE

—*—*—

"Courage should not be confused with the fearlessness of a soldier or of a hunter who is habituated to danger. True courage can be displayed only in redress of wrong. The truly brave are those who stand firm and behave patiently under ills and hardships; their patience is only for God and not to display bravery."

"True courage does not lie in the insolent ostentation of bravery, but in patience and steadfastness in resisting passions and standing fearlessly to support good and avert evil. It is not the daring dash of a savage, but the unbreakable courage of a virtuous man."



ADULT EDUCATION

BY RAO BAHADUR P. V. SESHU IYER, I. E. S. (RETD.)

(Continued from our previous issue)

Methods of adult education:—After having indicated the scheme and the nature of the curriculum for adult education, I proceed to consider in brief the nature of the books to be used in the evening classes and the methods to be followed in imparting instruction in them. First of all it must be realised that adult psychology is different from child psychology and consequently the methods of instruction usually adopted in elementary schools cannot in the nature of things suit the adult. Further most of the adults are day labourers who return to their homes late at night and to make them interested in the study of the three R's and that too after a day's hard labour, is no easy task. Hence an insistence on regular hours of work, a rigid time-table and a cut and dry curriculum cannot at all be successful. Sufficient latitude should be given to suit the conditions of the locality. The drafting of the adult will be for something that will appeal to his imagination, will make him forget the irksomeness of his day's work and provide him some sort of recreation. Therefore any system of education devised for the adult should be one that will strike his imagination, sustain his interest, provide a change of environment and a stimulus to understand and learn something which would not impose any additional strain on his tired nerves and impart knowledge while affording recreation. And we should formulate a scheme which takes into account all these factors and try to work it satisfactorily. Of course this is no easy task; experience alone will guide us properly, but it must be realised that unless this is done evening classes or night schools will be a failure. The adult will like to have variety, his life has been a monotonous existence; therefore the greater the variety provided in the methods followed and the subjects taught, the greater will be his response. To meet all the points mentioned above the following arrangement may be suggested for the evening classes or night schools.

1. Begin the class with music, instrumental or vocal in which all take part. This will serve as a warning to

late-comers that the school work has begun. If a religious turn be given to it by converting it into a sort of Bhajana, a large number of men and women will be attracted. This should not occupy more than 20 minutes.

2. Next, the teacher may engage the whole school in story telling or in giving interesting news of men and things. Stories chosen must be of an absorbing interest. Magic lantern shows may be held. Adult scholars should be encouraged in narrating stories and dramatisation should be freely employed.

3. Then the regular teaching of the three R's may be begun lasting for 45 minutes or so.

The school work may end with a common prayer or National Anthem in which all the scholars take part as in chorus singing.

The text books used for reading are generally intended to serve two purposes, viz. (1) to enable the scholars to become acquainted and familiar with the letters of the alphabet with ease and (2) to impart instruction on useful topics. As such, the books to be used for adult education should be different from those used in elementary schools. For, the adults being advanced in age and experience are already in possession of the knowledge imparted in the elementary school books and the matter contained in these books will appear trivial and uninteresting to the adults. Instead, they should be served with matter which would be instructive and interesting to them. For instance, instead of a lesson giving the description of a cow, as found in a first reader, they may well be given a lesson on the kind of diseases which may affect a cow or a lesson on how a model cow shed is to be constructed and maintained etc.

Again in teaching Arithmetic instead of giving them bald exercises on multiplication or division they may well be given interesting questions taken from real life whose solution requires multiplication and division.

These have been cited by me as mere samples to show how the books used and the methods employed in the elementary schools will not do for adult school.

Organisation and Control:—Having considered the curriculum and the methods to be adopted in adult education

I next pass on to organisation and control of adult education. If private agencies with State aid will come forward to organise adult education in any locality, certainly that will be the best arrangement and the ideal to be aimed at. But as conditions stand in this country, the people always depending upon and calling on the State to take the initiative and start and manage all institutions, it is idle to expect such private bodies to come forward in large numbers. Also education being regarded as primarily a concern of the State and adult education as shown above, being an essential part of education, the State must regard the organisation of adult education as a primary duty of the State and take the necessary initiative to start it in different centres. After starting it in different localities, it may indent upon and utilise whatever voluntary and honorary service that may be available for the spread and maintenance of adult education. So much for the organisation.

Since the organisation has to rest mainly on the initiative of the State it is but fair and proper that the control should also be ultimately vested in the State. The State may form local Boards of visitors to supervise the institutions and advise the government on all matters connected with the adult education in the locality.

Teachers' part in the scheme of adult education:—I shall conclude my address by pointing out what the teachers of the State might do in connection with the adult education. Firstly, they can speak to the people about the advantages of adult education and see that large numbers of people avail themselves of the opportunities for adult education. Secondly, they can help in the organisation and maintenance of adult education by offering to take part in such work by way of delivering lectures or holding classes on subjects in which they have specialised. A Science teacher for instance can conduct chats on scientific subjects as is given in Slosson's book 'Chats on every day science'. Thirdly, they can, working quietly at home or in combination, write suitable stories or prepare suitable books for use in connection with adult education. Fourthly, they can take the adult scholars to places of interest and explain to them what obtains there. There are in fact thousand and one

ways in which the teachers can help the spread and efficient maintenance of adult education. This is really the kind of filtering down of knowledge from the educated to the uneducated that was contemplated by Lord Macaulay and others when in the 19th century they laid down the educational policy of British India. And the teachers too, if they do such work, will have the satisfaction of utilising their leisure time not in cards play on street verandahs but in some useful and humanitarian work.

To sum up, we must recognise adult education as playing an important part in rural reconstruction work, understand its possibilities if well organised and maintained clearly grasp the aim and purpose of adult education and prepare the curriculum and text books and devise methods of instruction according to the needs of the adults and suited to adult psychology, and ultimately press on the State to take the initiative and organise centres for adult education with libraries and reading rooms attached and we teachers interested in education in general should willingly render all the help that we can to enable adult education centres work efficiently and successfully.

FIRE

"O Who are you?" the infant asked
The leaping flames whose red caress
Caught his dead mother, and unmasked
Life in its lonely nakedness.

Then came an answer from the fire,
Sudden and sharp across the gloom,
"I am the terrible desire
That shaped you in the mother's womb."

Harindranath Chattopadhyay.

EXPERIMENTS WITH STONES

BY R. S. RAMAKRISHNAN

My friends and I craved for a kind of placid achievement and my two associates joined with me in a solemn conspiracy. The still night lent us all the dignity of real conspirators. We seated ourselves down with much imagined importance and resembled then a tripod. I suggested and one of my two impatient friends voiced an emphatic disagreement. "That is cruel enough, and will rob innocence out of our diversion." Quick shot I with another and it was agreed upon. We lacked in no sense of practice and therefore bestirred ourselves with the execution.

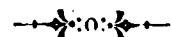
Our other friends were roaring in the theatre from benches and boxes. Humour occupied them then as we calmly prepared for our jest upon them. A long, strong, black chord lay near by. It seemed it was providentially reserved for our use. Up went my nimble friend, the most mischievous of us three and as he traversed with light grace the intermittent rafters, I was struck with the force and dignity of the Darwinian theory. Our agile friend was also the gift of Providence. He accomplished his task in a wink of the eye and alighting on the floor, surveyed the work with enough solace. Our candle showed the black chord passed in over the rafters and worked smoothly enough, as if the whole thing worked on a well greased pulley. Such absence of friction and such effect! We tied a big stone piece whose rugged surface will itself frighten anybody to handle it. We lifted and suspended the weight and hoisted it well over the place where two of our theatre lovers were expected to lie down.

In the meantime we craved for another profitable diversion. There it was. Three dozen oranges, what people rightly call 'Loose jackets'. We advanced and disclosed the packet. The oranges lay staring at us and we could not stand the temptation. To peel off 'Loose-jackets' is well nigh very light work. Our Olympian friend gulped whole oranges and reckoned with nine at a stretch. My nimble friend and I did justice to seventeen. As we silently sat and competed for this Orange Race, we anticipated

the owner would raise a cry and haul us up before the nearest magistrate. But we would not care, for sure, the oranges were in our bellies. Yet we wanted to spare his choler, though it be only for the time. We gathered the coats and wrapped inside them stones of the size of oranges. This was my lot and I accomplished it with enough artistic taste that the owner may not know it but carry them home for real oranges and earn laborious epithets at youngsters' hands.

The theatrical show concluded at twelve night, and our weary friends returned to greet us. But we pretended fast asleep. An hour passed by and the clock said one. Sure, the fellows were asleep. We three turned to each other as Satan turned to Beelzebub from the Asphaltic marshes. The pulley went down slowly. The stone grated on the ankle of Mr. "Shu...Shu...." He worked my sympathy and with a laughter suppressed on the verges of my lip, I queried him with seeming earnestness, "Rats? Do they worry you?" By this time, the plumb once more grated his knee and Mr. with a timorous heart walked up to where we were. But could he discover the black chord in Erubus darkness? He was not a cat for that, for he was afraid of even imaginary rats. Now the stone, instead of resting on human body fell on the wooden floor. The thud was great enough and the second victim of ours jumped out crying "Aiyho-Aiyho—" I will leave you to imagine the rest.

But the victim of the oranges was even worse served. I saw him off early by the morning train. He was carrying his orange bag. "Good God! How will he curse me when he finds out—" thought I within myself. He reached home and placed the oranges in the youngsters' hands. What surprise sprang on him when the whole band of these recipients shouted in Unisar "Stone-hearted uncle's stoney oranges?" As I am penning this account of our adventures, my associates inform me that our rich friend is not so much worried at our costly experiment, but grieves he should have been burdened all the way with the luggage.



THE SPIRIT OF CULTURE

BY T. L. VASWANI

What is culture? Matthew Arnold says:—"Culture is contact with the best that has been said and thought in the world." And by this he means the best in European literature, and noblest classics and philosophy and art of Europe. But, surely civilization has not exhausted itself on the shores of the Mediterranean; and the scholar is not always a cultured man. I have seen more culture in some peasants' cottages than in many a college club. Culture must not be confounded with scholarship nor specialisation, nor criticism, nor the reading of European classics.

The English word "culture," it is true, is given us by Bacon. But for a philosophy of it you must go beyond Bacon to Krishna and Buddha and Rishis of humanity like Yagnavalkya and Kapila, Shankara and Nagrunj, Averroes and Al Ghazal,—Kant and Goethe. Bacon did not live up to his vision of culture. For true culture is rooted in a life of the spirit. Bacon's mind, alas! was rotted in a life of desires. His greatest book, "The Advancement of Learning" fashions an interesting "globe of knowledge," but it lacks the larger light of the inner independent life.

"Culture" is a term of "agriculture." To 'culture' is 'to cultivate'—the ground, the *Kshetra*, as the Gita calls it. The soul's *Kshetra* must be cultivated. How? By disciplining desires and emotions. I would connect the word "Krishna" with 'Krish' (to plough), *Krishi* (cultivation). Krishna is to me the very incarnation of the soul of culture; and the Gita the world's greatest text-book of culture. In the second *adhyaya* of the Gita a fine pen-picture is given us of the model man of culture. He is the *sthitha pragna*, the man of Balance, 'stable of mind,' 'steadfast,' 'loosed from passion, fear and anger,' yet full of love in his heart, the man of self-mastery and sweetness, of light and love. The word "Buddha," too, I interpret to mean the "man of culture." And Buddha expresses the philosophy of culture in the following significant words:—

"I plough and sow; and from my ploughing and sowing I reap immortal fruit. My field is Religion. The weeds I pluck up are passions. My plough is wisdom. My seed is purity."

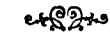
That there is a seed of the spirit in every man is a thought emphasised at once by the Stoics of Rome and the sages of India. Culture, then, is a thing of the spirit.

May I not say, also, that culture-consciousness is a movement towards the Light? I recall the wonderful prayer of the Vedic Rishi:—"Tamiaso ma jyotir gamaya"; "from Darkness lead me to the Light!" With the Rishis this prayer was not merely an aspiration but dynamic of daily life. What a difference between Bacon and Yagnavalkya! The one was a scholar, the other a seer. The one had scholarship, the other creative understanding. Bacon's mind was rich; but his life was poor. The Rishis' minds reflected the light of a rich luminous life. The Rishis are the flowers of this earth—evolution. In them man shows the beauty of a better than he, the glory of a greater than he—the beauty and glory of the "superman". The Rishis are the saints of culture. To them belong history—to them and to the heroes of action. To none else! To none else!

Scholarship may be proud: culture is always humble. *Vidyaa dadati vinayam*:—"Culture's gift is humility." For the man of culture understands that knowledge is infinite and that none may boast of being in complete possession of what is by its very nature, *ananta*, Endless. Culture is rich and humble. Culture gazes at the Beautiful and is simple. A prayer in the Rig Veda says:—"Thou Gracious One giveth wisdom to the simple." Culture worships Truth; and in the temple of Truth there is room for both "sva" (one's own) and the "stranger." Beyond the communal, beyond the national, beyond the regional, beyond the racial, rises the Vision of Culture. She welcomes Truth from all quarters. With joy the Rishis sat at the feet of Greek astronomers to learn of their new astronomical truths. They borrowed, too, some astronomical terms, but put upon them the Aryan stamp. For culture does not imitate. Imitation is slavishness. There was also a chair of Yavana (Greek) philosophy in an Indian University and

thither from far and near foreign students and teachers came and found a hospitable home. Slavishness, imitation, intolerance, aggressiveness, narrowness, coarseness are sins against culture. Inner independence, simplicity, refinement, large-mindedness, humility, free activity, rich vital idealism, are marks of the man of culture.

FLOWERETS



- 1) In the garden Universe our world is a tree,
And God the gardener, we birds there free.
- 2) In the ignorance of night shine bright the stars,
In her radiance the morn their beauty mars.
- 3) The sun the lilies gaze and see him not,
He languoring 'neath their bosom sighs, 'I rot.'
- 4) Sun strips the sea and sheets of clouds are thrown on the
wind,
But ah in vain! She holds like Draupad of ancient Ind!
- 5) Sea shouted her waves to the thirst of the sun,
Who had drunk from the dew-stilled rose and done!
- 6) The world's Great Book aviation brings to a Span
And man doth yearn for yet more worlds of Pan.
- 7) The sea her bosom heaves, soar high the trees,
Still higher mounts, all for God and man with these.

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

BARRISTER RAJU

How he allowed himself to be called to the Bar!

BY "SATYA-KANTHA"

V.

" 'Orders at Three this afternoon' were they not the words of the Sub-Magistrate? What order is he going to pass? I have obeyed father's command but what is it that I did and what is the Magistrate going to do? It is more than three now. No news" sat cogitating Barrister Raju at home.

Magistrate Sasibushan was in a fix. He had not known anything about Raju except he had known that a Rao Bahadur fathered him. "Possibly Raju might be a close friend of the District Badeh Sahib the Collector. Suppose this England-returned-man whispers to him about the vagaries of the Sundarapuri Magistrate if bail is not granted. Will it not mean a reversion as a Head-accountant at Muthupet Taluk Office? It is bad enough for me that a Barrister is in the case. Worse still he is the son of a Rao Bahadur reputed to have the ear of the Collector. Between the son and the father--still worse with a wife always swearing for the honours of a liveried servant by her, what am I to do? 'Bail—I am Barrister Raju', those are the only words of the bail-motion. What an excellent case-statement for bail in a non-bailable offence? Pulipandian is the terror of the locality, 102 is glorying in his triumph. Granting of bail means the wrath of the District Superintendent of Police. Yes, what about the relationship between the D. S. P. and D. M.? We ought to know. Alright, we shall enquire and "deliver" orders tomorrow." Resolving thus the Sub Magistrate took his seat at 3. P. M. after lunch. "Where is Barrister Raju?", the S. M. questioned the Bench Clerk. "He might be in his Chambers." "Alright inform him that orders will be passed tomorrow at 3. P. M." The anxious crowd received the translation of this majisterial pronouncement with suspended animation and retired. As in such cases they went to their counsel and informed him of the news.

Raju received the information with absolute silence—though the critical among the crowd put it as idiocy.

It was 6. P. M. Sasibushan had taken his evening drink and was slowly loitering on the verandah of his house. Suddenly he called 'Palanivelu' his duffador and asked him to fetch the Bench Clerk immediately. "Bench Clerk, keep this confidential. I am now in a fix. I am not able to write any order on the motion. There is no application stating the facts, nor an argument detailing the circumstances of the case. I fear the Barrister and his Rao Bahadur father.—I fear the D. S. P.'s whispers to the Collector too if I grant bail. One thing you ought to do. Run up to our good friend Krishnaswami Somayagi the Huzur Sheristadar and get from him exact particulars of the relationship between the D. M. and D. S. P. Everything depends upon it." The clerk took to his errand and he could not be expected before next morning from the district headquarters.

Pulipandian's arrest had set the area ablaze with indignation against the police. The fury would overpower the S. M. if the bail motion were to fail. Wild statements went round that the S. M. was a Dharma Praboo and he would release him. Others stated he was a coward and he would think thousand times of Pulipandian before he should reject the motion. Still a few said "Oh he cannot go against the Police in this sensational case! he will lose his job." All these were only conveyed by the loyal Palanivelu to his master's vain mistress, in time. Was Palanivelu paid to do it? Or was he one of those who enjoyed the bounty of Pulipandian? We shall not worry.

The clerk returned at 12 noon. The Sub Magistrate usually took his seat at 11. a. m. That day too he did, but no bench clerk! He was receiving complaints and taking sworn statements. The clerk entered post-haste without meal, and without proper head-dress except a thundu (towel) improvised as a turban. Sasibushan was all anxiety, entered chambers immediately and called for the clerk and his message from the Collector's confidant. "Yes your honour. Mr. Somayagi requests you to give notice to the Police on the motion today and pass orders

this evening granting bail. The rest he would see.....He told me his grand daughter's marriage was coming off this month twentieth! Probably he expects us with...."

Hurriedly the S. M. took his seat and sent for the P. I. in charge of the case. Notice of the bail motion was given to him. "I should like to know the grounds" said the P. I. "Yes I too, but the counsel is a Barrister. You may talk to him and be ready for arguments by 1. P. M." retorted the S. M. The Barrister was informed officially that notice had gone to the P. I. To what purpose the Barrister failed to understand. Anyway at 1. o' clock the clients pressed him to attend court and he came. The P. I. stood up and said to the court: "Your Honour, I should like to know the grounds for the application. I don't see any application. Besides I have to get instructions from the investigating officer. It may stand over for a week hence." "What do you say Mr. Raju?" interrogated the S. M. Raju was feeling worried. He knew as much about the case as the mouse in S. M. records room. In a spirit of disgust he said "I have nothing to add to what I said yesterday. I cannot be worried for several hearings over this bail-matter. I strongly resent the postponing the pronouncement of the orders." The S. M. took this as a Barrister's threat, though Raju knew there was anything but of a Barrister in it.

The S. M. made up his mind to write the order as he felt from the message that D. M. and D. S. P. were not getting on well together. After a few minutes he read out "Heard the arguments of the learned counsel for the accused and the P. I. The P. I. has not stated why the bail should not be granted and why the discretion given under the new code to the trying Magistrate should be withheld. All accused are taken as innocent till charge is proved or at least till reasonable suspicion is thrown against them. I grant bail under the circumstances. In view of the seriousness of the case I order the bail on condition that two sureties of Rs. 5000 each should undertake to produce the accused as and when the court orders them to do."

This order was received with acclamation of course not accompanied by applause. Barrister Raju doffed off his gown

out of sheer exhaustion and an anxious admirer of Pulipandan volunteered to carry the gown home along with Raju.

The news reached Rao Bahadur. Pulipandian was out before 5. P. M. from the Sub Jail. Garlands for Rajamanna Naidu, Rao Bahadur and Raju were swelling in numbers. Soon Raju's house was besieged and Raju was literally smothered with garlands. Pulipandian prostrated and said "You have served me. I shall be at your command throughout my life. I am grateful to Rajamannar Praboo and your beloved father for their kindly introducing me to you when I was in Jail."

"Raju of Pulipandian's case" were the words of repute that spread over the criminal field of litigation. Engagements out of number were flooding the home of Raju who could not understand, much less digest all. But Rao Bahadur like the shrewd villager kept the show of the Barrister on. As would be expected Sasibushan was not disturbed and his wife's vanity too had its days. So also Raju for a time. Heavy fees marked his appearance and his engagements before the Sundarapuri S. M. were getting on the increase. As fortune had it, Sasibushan got transferred to Muthupet as S. M. and with him followed the repute of Raju as the favourite counsel of the court. Raju's days of motoring to Muthupet had to begin. But what to do at Muthupet *without* a Rao Bahadur there? Is there not one Balaram Naidu, another Barrister, son of a Diwan Bahadur there? Should there be a competition? Muthupet Bar and Raju's laurels there, will they be otherwise than at Sundarapuri?

Whatever it is Raju had been literally called to the Bar. In fact it is his father that *called* him and asked him to appear first as a lawyer! Of his Inn he never thought, nor did the world care to remember!



FROM THE WORLD OF SCIENCE

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

Readers must have by now become very familiar with the news of the discovery of a new planet beyond Neptune, which was hitherto supposed to be the outermost member of the solar system. We have not yet received definite information regarding the details of the new object. Observations must accumulate before its path, period, dimensions &c. can be worked out. A trans-Neptunian planet has been conjectured by several astronomers from the discrepancies in the observed and calculated positions of the planet Uranus and Lowell spent a long time and gave great care to the theoretical determination of the position of the body. The observers at Lowell's observatory had great faith in Lowell's prediction and have spent a very long time in doing their very best to verify the prediction. Their patient work has at last been rewarded.

Meanwhile it is announced from Harvard that, from an examination of the photographic plates of 1924, another object has been found which is also believed to be trans-Neptunian. It is a different object from the one discovered by the Lowell Observatory. Prof. W. H. Pickering has predicted not only one but three trans-Neptunian planets and the announcement from Harvard of the second object is therefore of considerable significance.

Before a meeting of the British Astronomical Association, Dr. Carroll delivered a speech on the Interpretation of Spectra. He began as follows:—"In the stars we have a celestial laboratory in which experiments are made for us that we cannot make in terrestrial laboratories on account of the high temperatures and low pressures needed; the story of the atom is unfolded to us by the stars under the most diverse conditions, have we but the wit to interpret it."

"A drop of water contains several thousand million million atoms. Each atom is about one hundred-millionth of an inch in diameter. Here we marvel at the minute delicacy of the workmanship. But this is not the limit. Within the atom are the much smaller electrons pursuing orbits, like planets round the sun, in a space which relatively to their size is no less roomy than the solar system," says Professor Eddington.

So an atom consists of a nucleus round which revolve one or more free electrons. By suitable means we can continually batter an atom so that we can knock off the free electrons. And Prof. Eddington says, "an atom which has lost an electron is like a friend who has shaved off his moustache; his old acquaintances do not recognize him."

A paper was read by L. Kober before the Academy of Sciences, Vienna, on the distribution of masses on the earth's surface. He pointed out the following interesting relationships. The ratio of the surfaces of continents to oceans is about 1 to $2\frac{1}{2}$ and the ratio of the densities of land to sea is about $2\frac{1}{2}$ to 1, so that surface and density of continents and oceans are reciprocally proportional. Assuming the heights of continents to be equal to the depths of the oceans, the weight of the continents is equal to the weight of the oceans. If the continental shelf is taken into account along with the continent, then the ratios are not true.

It is well known that radium continually emits three kinds of invisible radiation, known as the alpha, beta and gamma rays, the last possessing the greatest penetrative quality. A method has been devised for the application of gamma rays to deep-seated tumours. The tumour is first explored and located by means of X-ray examination and two beams of gamma rays are directed at such an angle that they intersect and form a pseudo-focus at the tumour. The whole apparatus can be worn by the patient without inconvenience.

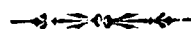
Sir James Jeans, the great authority on cosmogony, is of opinion that the earth began as a globe of intensely hot gas about 2,000,000,000 years ago and gradually cooled down, became first a liquid and then plastic and finally an outer crust formed. Life began about 300,000,000 years ago. But the geologist is not satisfied with this antiquity for our globe. He says that some of the rock formations are nearly as old as 2,000,000,000 years and therefore, if the earth formed out of a hot cloud of gas, long, long time must be allowed for the gas to cool and form the solid earth.

For the last ten years or over, scientists have been busy perfecting an apparatus which could project on to the screen moving and talking pictures as much from the phonobioscope as from the wireless apparatus. This has been now achieved. On 31st March last the wireless artists were seen as well as heard in London for the first time in any country. An official of the Baird International Television began the programme. His features were clearly seen. Lips moved as his voice was heard from the loud speaker.

An aeroplane has been built for the special purpose of photographing an area of 63,000 square miles in Northern Rhodesia.

The machine is literally an aerial photographic studio. It can be flown to a height of 20,000 feet and remain at this altitude for seven and a half hours while its pilot and photographer map the country below.

The aeroplane has two engines; and should one fail the other is sufficiently powerful to enable the machine to continue in safety. As most of the flights will be over wild country, this is an important point.



BOOK REVIEWS

Chosen Poems of Thomas Hardy. (Macmillans: 1929. 3/6 & 5/-)

The book under review is a reprint with certain additions of 'Selected Poems' issued by the same publishers in 1916. Since that date Hardy had given us a few more volumes of poetry---particularly 'Late Lyrics and Earlier' written perhaps when more than eighty years old---and soon after his death in 1928 Messrs. Macmillans probably thought it their duty to re-edit the previous anthology so as to make it thoroughly representative of the later Hardy who tapped the barrel of poetry only late in life, yet lived long enough to see himself acclaimed as one of our really great poets. It is good to have the best of Thomas Hardy's poems collected in one volume: one feels after having moved agitatedly and perplexed in this enchanted though often sombre looking realm of verses that here there is the work of a poet in whose veins were ever propagated the subtle waves of an untranslatable melody, in whose ripe mind was stored an infinity of human dreams awaiting instant poetic birth. While reading his poems no less than his novels one realizes how his ear is always unerringly true, how securely his expansive soul imparts a wondrous permanence to the minutest touches, how beautifully and how courageously his art transcends the cramping restrictions of form and substance. Work like Thomas Hardy's, for careful craftsmanship, for the individual felicity of rhythm, for the unrivalled vigour of imagination and the diffusion of a strange feeling of the sense of the inevitableness of the goings-off in this world, that is at once separate and altogether different from either morbid pessimism or its antithesis, cheery optimism,---for such rare qualities Hardy's work is not to be excelled by the work of any other poet in the present century. This book is indeed an inestimable literary treasure.

The contents are divided into three parts. Part I which consists of 'Poems Chiefly Lyrical' is also by far the most important. The depression and gloom pervading some of the poems are unbearable. Hardy would seem uninterruptedly to brood over the dubious He,

"by whose strange laws,

That which mattered most could not be."

He says in 'Yell'ham-wood's Story' that "Life would signify

A thwarted purposing:

That we come to live, and are called to die."

In 'The Darkling Thrush,' written on the eve of the new century, he speaks in thrillingly vibrant accents of the aged thrush that breathed and tuned ecstatically of

"Some blessed hope, whereof he knew
And I was unaware."

In this poem Hardy rises majestically to great heights and in so doing gives us the true measure of his genius. The next poem 'The Temporary and the All' is an uncomfortable nevertheless moving piece of writing. The poem on 'Shelley's Skylark' written in the neighbourhood of Leghorn is marvellously significant as a glimpse of real beauty. Indeed, it is impossible to pick up poems from an anthology wherein each poem justifies its presence by unchallengeable marks of greatness. So austere an author with so complete an awareness of life, Hardy in whatever he wrote looked straight at the diverse manifestations of human misery and here we have his impressions set down with a severe actuality. It would be gross effrontery of course to suggest that his writing and his philosophy was all an unrelieved gloom. In the words of Mr. Bensuasan it is rather Love and 'pity for unpitied human beings' that "give the keynote to his life and work, that even the sardonic humour has its roots in an abiding sympathy."

Part II contains 'Poems, Narrative and Reflective.' Such well-known poems as 'Friends Beyond' 'George Meredith' 'The Oxen' 'The Dead Squire' and 'In Death Divided' enrich this part of the book. In the third Part are included "War Poems, and Lyrics from 'The Dynasts.'" The most wonderful poem in this part---perhaps the best that ever Hardy wrote---is the 'Last Chorus.' One ventures to think that in this poem Hardy has given his life message to ailing humanity. The last stanza especially is all pure gold.

K. R. S.

Moonbeams: By V. N. Bhushan. Published by the Youth of Asia Society, Madulipatam. (Pages 34).

This is a pretty booklet of small verses. The author has the temperament and fervour of a poet, and the ability to express himself in English language. The book promises a good future to the author.

P. M. H.

A Text Book of Elementary Mathematics: Book I for Form IV. by V. P. Viswanatha Iyer B. A., L. T. Municipal High School, Dindigul (Price As. 14).

We have great pleasure in recommending this book to teachers and pupils. The rationale of each topic has been very well explained and a sufficiently large number of examples are given under each topic.

The Meher Message. Editor: K. J. Dastur, M.A., L.L.B., Near Sarosh Motor Works, Nasik. (Annual Subscription Rs. 3 only).

The Meher Message is a monthly Magazine intended mainly for the dissemination of the religious teachings of Sri Meher Baba of Ahmadnagar. The Babaji is an adept in spirituality. His teachings are enlightening and practical. The saint is no sectarian.

The periodical usually contains in addition to the great saint's invaluable teachings and sayings, interesting and instructive articles on religious and philosophical subjects, and poems on and appreciations of the great Master by persons who have had the good fortune to come in contact with him. Through this journal the saint also gives practical hints and lessons in the field of religion and spirituality. The magazine contains reports of the movements of the saint. It keeps the world well-informed of the saint, his teachings and his activities. We hope it will bring in many people to the banner of Divinity and help many devout souls to reach their goal through the help and grace of the great Religious Teacher.

The Babaji is a pure religious teacher--a spiritual preceptor. Soul and God are his only concern in life. Some social reformers think it more to their purpose to carry on their reform propaganda in the name of the great saint. It would be better if the periodical does not open its pages to social and political controversies, or discussion of such controversial subjects, as its purpose is only the exposition and dissemination of the purely religious teachings of the great Babaji and the uplift of man by awakening his soul.

P. M. H.

My Philosophy of Life. By Herbert Porter. Published by The Cranemoor Divine Science College, Highcliff-on-sea; Hants. England. Price 1s. 6d. Pages 27.

This is a collection of stray thoughts of the author on different subjects and aspects of life. It contains some good and valuable thoughts. But it is regrettable that the author does not make any effort at sustained or continuous thought on any subject. Thoughts can be appreciated and evaluated only in their proper context in the process of ratiocination in the elaboration and development of the subject and its application to life. The value of stray thoughts is little, and belittled when occurring separately. It would do well to the author, and the public, if he fixes his attention on any particular subject or aspect of life and think and reason connectedly and continuously on it, and develop it, and produce useful essays on it.

P. M. H.

Report of Khadi Work in Tamil Nad. (From 1—10—'28 to 30—9—'29.)

We invite those who are still sceptic about the usefulness of Khadi work in the economic regeneration of the country to go through this report published by the A. I. S. A., Tiruppur. The Khadi seed requiring careful and tender nursing at one time, has now grown into a stable and healthy plant,—in Mahatmaji's words "Khadi has come to stay." The year under review is a period of all round progress as will be seen from the figures given in the report.

The two other noteworthy features are that production has come to the highest figure so far reached in Tamil Nad and that this is the first year when this branch of the A. I. S. A. is financially self-supporting. The hope expressed towards the close of the report that there is every prospect of the production and sale of Khadi recording good increases in the ensuing year has amply been justified by later events—only the all of a sudden demand is far far greater than the supply that the stock of Khadi has almost run to nil. Given breathing time the A. I. S. A. may make headway in meeting the needs of a much larger number of people. But, whatever might be the capacity of the A. I. S. A. it is high time that Khadi work is taken to as a supplementary occupation by the villagers in general and the agricultural population in particular, thus supplying the local needs. It is only then that the end and aim of the Khadi movement may be said to have been fully achieved.

M. S. K.

Malayalam Elementary Mathematics (മലയാള പ്രാഥമിക) for Lower Secondary forms: Part I, II, and III. by Messrs. K. R. Venkiteswara Iyer, and K. V. Sivarama Iyer. Price: Parts I & II As. 12 each; Part III As. 14.

We have received the three parts of Malayalam Elementary Mathematics for the Lower Secondary classes and congratulate the authors on supplying a real want of a suitable text-book for Elementary Mathematics for the lower forms of Secondary schools in Malabar. The authors have bestowed much pains and thought in the preparation of the books. The books are written on the concentric system and strictly follow the departmental syllabus on the subject. The authors have experienced some difficulty in finding appropriate Malayalam Equivalents for technical terms in Geometry and Algebra but have tided over the same by using Sanskrit words. The list of Vernacular equivalents used in the book is given at the beginning. Examples in Geometry have been illustrated by diagrams and the printing and get up of the book leave nothing to be desired. We hope the books will be used in the schools of Malabar.

P. VARADACHARY & Co.,

(Established 1892)
PUBLISHERS AND BOOKSELLERS
for the sale of Government Publications.
8, LINGA CHETTY ST., MADRAS.

BOOKS ALREADY PUBLISHED.

1. **ELEMENTARY SCIENCE**—Part I for Form IV. Simple Physical Measurements (Prepared according to new syllabus)
By Mr. A. Varadachariar B. A. L. T. 0 12 0
 2. " Parts II and III (Mechanics, Heat & Chemistry) 1 0 0
 3. **LESSONS IN BIOLOGY—PLANT LIFE**—By Dewan Bahadur K. Rangachariar M. A., L. T., I. E. S., (Retired) 0 12 0
 4. **LESSONS IN BIOLOGY—ANIMAL LIFE**—By Dr. K. S. Padmanabha Ayyar D. S. C., M. A. 0 12 0
 5. **INDIAN HISTORY**—For Form I. Edited by Prof. G. S. Srinivasachariar M. A., 0 7 6
 6. " For Form II. " 0 10 0
 7. " For Form III. " in preparation
 8. **A Text Book of Algebra** by V. Venkatasubbiah, B. A., L. T. Headmaster, Pachappa's High School, Madras. 2 4 0
 9. **School Geometry—Parts I and II** 2 8 0
Part I. 1 0 0; Part II. 1 12 0
- Elementary Science Series** (in Tamil or Telugu) by Dewan Bahadur K. Rangachariar M. A., L. T., I. E. S. (Retd.)
- | | | | | |
|----------|-----|-----|-----|--------|
| Form I | ... | ... | ... | 0 10 0 |
| Form II | ... | ... | ... | 0 12 0 |
| Form III | ... | ... | ... | 0 12 0 |

1. **Katha Ratnakaram in Tamil** by Ghelvakesa Mudaliar Esq., M. A. Book I. for class V. 5 annas.
2. " II for Form I. 6 annas.

Books under Preparation

1. **HISTORY OF INDIA**—For the Higher Forms, in English and Tamil by Prof. C. S. Srinivasachariar, M. A.
2. **LESSONS IN BIOLOGY**—Human physiology, Hygiene etc. by Dr. K. S. Padmanabha Ayyar D. S. C., M. A.
3. **Physics in Everyday Life.**
4. **Geography for the Higher Forms.**

ARITHMETIC in Tamil and English for Forms I—VI by S. Radhakrishna Ayyar and K. Vaidyanathaswami Ayyar can be had with us.

All Nelson & Co's publications are stocked by us and for complete catalogue kindly apply to us.



Cures Primary, Secondary and Tertiary Syphilis, ulcerated sores, black pimples on the face, glandular swelling, scurvy sores, blood and skin diseases and is a marvellous remedy, for impoverished blood, nervous debility, premature decay or want of strength and energy and the fearful complaints. And one who has used it will not deny the fact that "AMRITA SARSA" is the best Blood Purifier and a charm that infuses fresh vigour into the system.

The mixture is pleasant to taste and is free from any injurious ingredient. It is perfectly harmless in its action and is equally efficacious to the healthy and the diseased.

Price: 1 phial Rs. 1. 3 phials Rs. 2-8. Per dozen phials Rs. 9.
Postage As. 7, 13 and Rs. 2-1 respectively.

MAHA SASARISTA.

The great remedy for all kinds of Cough and Asthma. There is no other disease so painful and intolerable as that of Cough. Victims of these diseases never get peace of mind in any stage when at sleep or awake. When the diseases are severe the body is bedewed with sweat, the face becoming pale, expression impossible, the respiratory efforts become violent and the patient is in a paroxysm of the most intense dysphonia. When the patient is in such a stage he feels the world whirl round him, let him take one dose of our Maha Sasarista and he is sure to feel immense relief. Our Maha Sasarista is the specific for the constitutional cure of Cough and Asthma. We generally advise our patients to use this medicine first of all. 3 bottles are quite sufficient to destroy the disease to its very germ and to give great relief and peace of mind.

Price: 8 oz. Phial Rs. 1-8. 3 Phials Rs. 3-12. Postage 0-10-0 & 1-4 0.

SRI GOPAL TAILA

THE WONDERFUL INVIGORATOR OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

Sri Gopal Taila is the best nervine Tonic. It invigorates the brain, cheers the mind, removes all seminal weakness and acts as a sovereign remedy for sexual incapacity. It has the most exhilarating effect after use. It infuses a fresh vigour into the worn-out and infirm constitution.

Price: Per Phial Re. 1. 3 Phials Rs. 2-8. Postage 0-7-0 and 0-13-0.

The Mahat Ayurvedic Pharmacy,

Kaviraj Rajendra Nath Sen Gupta Kabiratna,

1423, Upper Calcutta Road, Calcutta.

COFFEE EMPIRE FRENCH BRAND

IS A BLEND OF PURE COFFEE

with the finest Chicory packed and sold enormously
in various size tins from 1/8 lb to 28 lbs.

**THIS IS A HOUSEHOLD COFFEE
AT CHEAP RATE
AND MUCH IN USE IN COFFEE HOTELS**

Insist upon your dealer supplying this brand and refuse
others which are spurious imitations.

**T. STANES & Co., Ltd.,
COIMBATORE**

EVERY POOR MAN'S FAMILY UP-LIFTED

BY

**THE MUTUAL BENEFIT CORPORATION, LIMITED,
TRICHUR**

**THE BEST HOUSE FOR THE POOR
MONTHLY PREMIUM ONE RUPEE ONLY
Dividends paid while alive.**

AND

Death-benefit up to Rs. 500 on death

**KUNHAPPU BROS.,
MANAGING AGENTS**

**V. K. HARIHARA IYER, B. A.,
GENERAL SECRETARY**

For particulars apply for a Copy of the prospectus.

THE SCHOLAR AND THE AUTHOR (SCRATCHING HIS HEAD) :-

HALLO, ANYTHING FRESH?

THE MORNING ADVERTISER:- HALLO GOOD MORNING

Fresh with fragrance
Bright and sparkling
Glitt'ring with grandeur
And shining with splendour

{ VIOLET'S best perfume,
the BLUE Sapphire,
the Emerald Green,
the Ruby RED

To put your sacred thoughts in BLACK and WHITE
Can always get in primary Rainbow Hues
The blushing bloom from FAN'S famous INKS
For Youth may fade, but the fan will never
A Facile Pen and a resourceful brain must always need a
flowing ink.

Fan Inks in All Colours.

Best for All Nibs and Pens.

Write to:-

LAKSHMI & Co.,

Sole Distributors, SRIRANGAM (S. India)

Telegrams: "CARPAPCOM"

Codes

Telephone: No. 3729.

BENTLEYS A. B. C. 6th Edn.

FOR YOUR REQUIREMENTS

IN

PAPER OF ALL KINDS,
PRINTING INKS, POST CARDS,
STRAW BOARDS

&

OTHER STATIONERY Etc.

THE CARNATIC PAPER Co.,

PAPER & STATIONERY MERCHANTS,

1-D, ANDERSON STREET,

MADRAS

SWARAJ IS A BUSINESS PROPOSITION

DO WE MEAN BUSINESS?

THEN

TAKE A VOW TO BOYCOTT FOREIGN CLOTHES

AND TO ENCOURAGE

THE GREAT SWADESHI MOVEMENT

BY PATRONISING

PUDIYANGAM SILKS,

PUDIYANGAM,

PALGHAT

Manufacturers of:

GENUINE AND HIGH CLASS HAND-SPUN

AND

HAND-WOVEN SILK SHIRTINGS,

ANGAVASTRAMS, DHOTIES, SAREES,

Etc., Etc.

ASK FOR PRICE LIST AND OTHER PARTICULARS

MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS

No Club, Scout,
Student or Students'

READING ROOM SHOULD GO
WITHOUT A COPY OF

"THE BOMBAY SCOUT."

The Official Journal of the
Bombay Provincial Boy Scouts'
Association.

For particulars kindly apply to
The Manager,

The Bombay Scout,
Sir G. V. Mehta Hut, Fort, Bombay.

THE INDIAN LABOUR REVIEW

An All-India monthly devoted
to the Interests of all workers.
The only journal of its kind in
India and the best informed.

Annual Subscription Rs. 5.

Edited by

EARNEST KIRK, COIMBATORE

The Indian Ladies' Magazine.

Edited solely in the interests of
the women of India.

by Mrs. K. Sathianadhan, M. A.
Cannanore.

Subscription (including postage).

	Rs. a. p.
Inland ...	5 0 0
Foreign ...	5 8 0

(Subscribers and contributions
urgently needed).

TRIVENI.

Journal of Indian Renaissance.
Editor:

K. Ramakotiswara Rao, B. A., B. L.

PUBLISHED 6 TIMES A YEAR

The Manager,

TRIVENI OFFICE,

X. M. I. A. Building, Armenian St.,

MADRAS

The Vedanta Kesari

Started May 1914.

A high-class religious and
philosophical monthly in English
devoted to practical and popular
exposition of the Vedanta, inter-
prets religion in the light of the
universal teaching of Sri Rama-
krishna and Swami Vivekananda
deals with the most momentous
questions of the day.

Apply to:

THE MANAGER, VEDANTA KESARI.
Sri Ramakrishna Math, Mylapore.
MADRAS

"RURAL INDIA"

EDITORIAL AND PUBLISHING OFFICE.

Broadies Road, Mylapore, Madras

The only journal of its kind
in India devoted to discussion of
Rural matters.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

Inland	...	Rs. 3 -0-0
Single copy	As.	0-6-0
Foreign	...	Rs. 4-8-0
"	...	As. 0-8-0

Sample copies will be sent on
application.

'HINDI PRACHARAK'

Anglo-Hindi monthly organ of
the Hindi movement

Among other things

IT TEACHES YOU HINDI

Through the Correspondence

Course (English Medium)

Yearly Subscription Rs. 2 o. ly.

Manager, "HINDI PRACHARAK"

Triplicane, MADRAS.

You Can Enjoy Life

If anaemia is undermining your health Jeevamrutham will enrich and invigorate your body with new red blood and well-rounded flesh. It will help you to feel well and strong from the first dose. If you are tired and exhausted Jeevamrutham will give you power and energy to keep you fit. A complete course of this marvellous tonic will feed the nerves, build up strength and bring back the joy of life. Rs. 3-4-0 a bottle.

Ask your Chemist for a bottle to-day.

Vaidyaratna Pandit D. GOPALACHARLU'S

JEEVAMRUTHAM

THE PERFECT HEALTH-RESTORER

AYURVEDASRAMAM,

P. B. 287 Madras.

FREE! FREE! FREE!

You need not think for your
Ophthalmia and accompanying eye troubles;
use "NETROBANDHU" and be cured.

Guaranteed relief in 24 hours!

As. 6 each. Dozen Rs. 3.

Agents wanted Sample free.

Sole Manufacturer:

Dr. M. M. Mukherji M. R. A. S.

(LONDON)

P. O. ITINDA DT. "24 PARGNS.

PLANTING SEASON

COMMENCED

Best plants, Fresh Seeds, Mango
Grafts, Fruit Plants.

All varieties available to grow
in all climates.

Free catalogue. Apply

S. K. I. ABDUL RAHMAN SAHIB.

Nursery Garden,

SALEM

NADAVANNOOR BANK

NADAVANNOOR

(Near Quilandy)

N. Malabar

Gives money on gold jewels on all days
including Sundays.

V. P. Kuttiarishnan Kidavu

Manager

AMERICAN DENTISTRY

S. CORREYA.

DENTAL SURGEON, CALICUT (S. MALABAR)

FOLLOWING WORKS UNDERTAKEN

Teeth permanently stopped with Platinum, Gold, silver or porcelain, Artificial dentures made in gold, or vulcanite.

Crown and Bridge work, fixed or removable and

Pivoting a speciality

Painless extractions under the latest methods.

Pyorrhea and other Dental ailments treated.

ALL VARIETIES OF BEST NILGIRI COFFEE SEEDS AND TEAS

OF

KANAN DEVAN HILLS PRODUCE CO., LTD.

available at wholesale & retail quantities

at competitive prices.

Enquiries and mofussil orders promptly attended to.

A TRIAL ORDER IS EARNESTLY SOLICITED

S. V. ANANTHASUBRAMANIA IYER.

Coffee & Tea Merchant,

Kalpathi--Palghat.

A Boon to Victims of Tooth Disease !!

A Skilled Hand in Dental Surgery!!!

AMAT C. WALSON,

DENTAL SURGEON.

Evan's Road, CALICUT

Extraction painless. Artificial teeth fitted just like natural ones

Pyorrhea and other ailments cured marvellously.

Crown and bridge works etc., etc., done most competently.

CHARGES EXTREMELY MODERATE

FOR GENUINE AYURVEDIC PREPARATIONS

GO TO

E. T. M. VAIDYASALA, OLLUR (Cochin State)

Strict Veracity to the rules laid down in the Sastras.

Careful Supervision by the celebrated VAIDYARATNAM E. T. NARAYANAN MOOSE AVI.

Unique curatives for all chronic and acute attacks of Malaria, Dysentery and such other common complaints. A blessing to patients suffering from Anaemia, Chronic Rheumatism and for all diseases coming under the category of insanity

AN INSTITUTION THAT HAS STOOD THE TEST OF TIME AND WON THE CONFIDENCE AND GOOD WILL OF ALL

For particulars apply to:-

THE MANAGER.

S. NATHAM & Co.,

SULTANPET,

PALGHAT

DEALERS IN

Drugs, Chemicals, Patent &
Proprietary Medicines, Medi-
cated Wines, Infants & Invalids
foods, Oilmanstores,
Surgical Instruments

AND

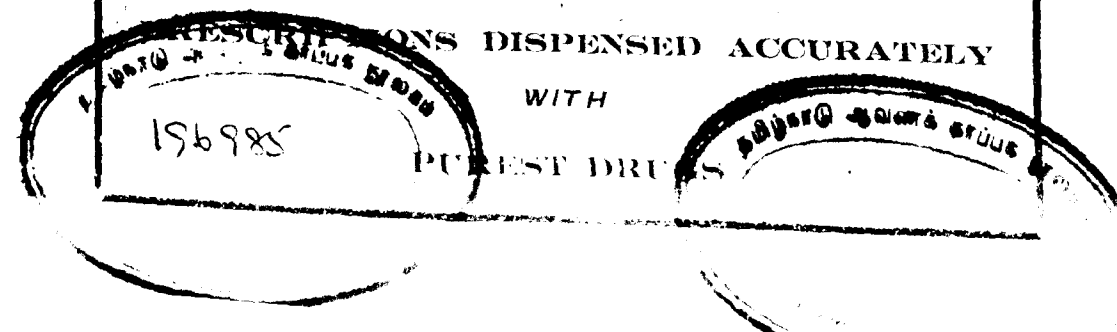
ZANDU'S AYURVEDIC MEDICINES

FRESH GOODS AT

NO. 2, N 255C

N 255C

MODERATE PRICES



**THE STUDENT,
CHINGLEPUT, S.I.**

(The only All-India Magazine
for High School Students)
Annual Subscription Rs. 2.
Single Copy against 3 annas
in stamps.

**THE
YOUNG LIBERATOR**

A fearless champion of India's
youth. A magazine which pro-
pagates the progressive thoughts
and ideas and inculcates in the
mind of youth real patriotism
for their country.

Annual Subscription Rs. 2 only.

Apply to: **The Manager,**
The Young Liberator Office,
BOMBAY 21.

**THE INDIAN EDUCATOR,
MADURA.**

EDITED BY

V. Aravamudan Iyengar, B.A., L.T.

A cheap popular Educative
monthly.

Annual Subscription Rs. 2.

THE BHARATHA DHARMA

A Magazine of Liberal Hinduism
The official organ of the Bharat
Samaj. Published monthly every
Full-Moon day.

Editor: **MR. RAJA RAM**

Re. 1/8 a year. As 3 a copy.
Apply to:

The Managing Editor,
The Bharatha Dharma,
Adyar, MADRAS

FEDERATED INDIA .
AN ALL-INDIA WEEKLY

Published Every Wednesday
Evening

Annual Subscription Rs. 5.

Apply to:
FEDERATED INDIA OFFICE,
Tondiarpet, Madras.

"THE HERALD"

The only Catholic English
monthly from Travancore.

Park Road, Trivandrum Post,
Travancore State,
South India.

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION

(Payable in advance).

Rs. 4 INDIA. SH. 8 EUROPE.

\$ 2 AMERICA.

**THE SANATHANA
DHARMA**

ALLEPPEY,

TRAVANCORE STATE.

The oldest and the best illus-
trated Malayalam Monthly.

Annual Subscription Rs. 2.

THE SOUTH INDIAN TEACHER

The official journal of the
South India Teachers' Union.
The only Educational Journal
devoted to the teacher and his
problems. Best medium for
advertisements. Rates can be
had on application.

Annual Subscription Rs. 3.

Apply to: **The Manager,**
41. Singarachary St.,
TRIPPLICANE, MADRAS.

TEXT-BOOKS

FOR THE S. S. L. C., INTERMEDIATE
AND B. A. CLASSES
IN

English, History & Economics,
Mathematics, Physics and
Chemistry, Natural Science,
Philosophy and General
Literature.

ALSO

STUDY HELPS AND NOTES

BY EXPERIENCED EDITORS

LIKE

Prof. R. Krishnamurthi, M. A. & P. Mahadevan, M. A.
S. Krishna Sastry, M. A., L. T., G. Varadachari, M. A.

Etc., Etc.

ASK FOR PRICE LIST

ROCHOUSE & SONS,

PUBLISHERS & BOOKSELLERS.

Post Box 160, Madras.

Branch: 583, Pycroft's Road, Triplicane P. O.

THE MERZ TYPE-WRITER CO.,

PALGHAT

THE WORLD CONQUERING TYPE-WRITER

COMBINES THE ADVANTAGES

BIG STANDARD MACHINE

EXCELLENCE OF A PORTABLE MACHINE

FOR OFFICE, HOME OR TRAVEL



"MERZ"

IS THE MACHINE FOR YOU

SMOOTH RUNNING & STRONG BUILT

APPROVED BY THE GOVERNMENT OF MADRAS.

We also stock Merz copying pencils,
Obelha Type-writer Ribbons & Carbon
papers.

WANTED DISTRICT AGENTS

K. S. KESAVA IYER

GENERAL MERCHANT & COMMISSION AGENT,
SULTANPET, PALGHAT

STUDENTS' REQUISITIES:—Note Books, Fountain Pens and all Stationery Articles. A large variety. Best and cheapest.

OFFICE STATIONERY. Papers, Letter Papers, Envelopes, Pen, Pencils and Inks. Writing pads and all articles meant for an Ideal Office.

SPORTING MATERIALS:—Foot ball, Badminton, Hockey, Tennis, Volley-ball, Cricket materials and all materials for out door games.

TOILET REQUISITIES. Best and cheapest. Electric torches of all kinds and varieties.

DRY BATTERY MAKING

We teach by post dry battery making for flash lights and furnish students with hand machine and tools, Battery testers, Battery guide and special process, chemicals and materials for experiments or practice—All for Rs. 15/- payable with enrolment. Success guaranteed or money back—Free helps for 6 months to those who will start a factory.

GLOBE ELECTRIC COY.,

K. 63, Ludiana.

ANDHRA AYURVEDIC PHARMCY LTD.,

19 Harris Road, MADRAS

The most reliable house for genuine Sastric Ayurvedic Remedies.
Awarded First Class Gold Medals and Certificates everywhere from

COLOMBO TO HARIDWAR

Founded by Dr. A. LAKSHMIPATHI, B.A. M.B.C.M., Bishagratna
TRY OUR

CHYAVANAPRASH: Stimulating expectorant, respiratory antiseptic, general tonic and tissue-builder in wasting diseases. 4 OZ. RE. 1. 1 LB. RS. 3.

SIDDHA MAKARADHWAJA: General tonic, aphrodisiac, antisyphilitic and cardiac 1 BOTTLE RS. 5.

BRINGAMALAKA THAILAM: Most effective remedy for excessive heat, head-ache eye diseases and brainfag. 4 OZ. RE. 1. 1 LB. RS. 3.

Catalogue free on application.

V. KRISHNASWAMY, B.A., Manager.

Wanted Candidates for IMMEDIATE Rail Service.
Fare PAID. Apply ATONCE for Rules and Railfare
Certificate enclosing 2 annas stamps.

ROYAL TELEGRAPH COLLEGE,

Clock Tower, DELHI

SADHANA

AUSADHALAYA

DACCA (Bengal)

—ADITYA—

Joges Chandra Ghose, M. A. F. C. S. (London)

Formerly Professor of Chemistry Bhagalpur College.

Guaranteed absolutely Pure and Genuine Medicines prepared strictly according to the Ayurvedic Sastras. Catalogues are sent free on Application

MAKAR DHWAJ (SWARNA SINDUR)

Pure and with Gold Rs. 4 per Tola.

A wonderful specific for all Diseases. It regulates the nerves, bile and phlegm, increases vitality, mental and physical vigour and tones up the system.

SARBADI SARASA.

A wonderful infallible medicine for Syphilis, Mercurial Poisoning, Gonorrhœa, Urinary troubles and all sorts of blood impurities

SUKRA SANJIBAN

Rs. 3 per seer.

It is a very powerful medicine for sexual debility. Rs. 16 per seer.

ABALA BANDHAB JOG.

A great remedy for all female diseases leucorrhœa, white, yellow or dark discharge, pain in the waist, back or womb, irregular monthly courses, sterility etc. 16 dozes Rs. 2. 50 dozes Rs. 5.

OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS

THE ARAVIDU DYNASTY OF VIJAYANAGARA Vol. I. 1542-1614

By The Rev. Henry Heras S. J. M. A., Professor, Indian History St Xavier's College, Bombay, with a preface by Sir Richard Carnac Temple, Bt. Rs. 10

THE LAW AND THEORY OF RAILWAY FREIGHT RATES

By K. C. Sririvasan M. A., F. C. S. Rs. 10

THE POLITICAL PHILOSOPHIES SINCE 1905

By Prof Benoy Kumar Sarkar, M. A. Rs. 4

ECONOMIC DEVELOPMENT by Prof Benoy Kumar Sarkar Rs. 8

LIFE OF BARRISTER SAVARKAR by Chitra Gupta Rs. 1-8

HINDU-PAD-PADASHAHI or a Critical Review of the Hindu Empire of Maharashtra by Vinayak Damodar Savarkar with an introduction by R. C. Mazumdar, M. A. Ph. D., Dacca. Rs. 3

ENGLAND'S EDUCATIONAL POLICY IN INDIA

by V. V. Oak, B. A., S. T. C. Pp. 1 to 24 x 168. Rs. 2

LOK TILAK'S GITHA RAHASYA or the PHILOSOPHY of ACTION

by Mangalvedkar. Third revised edition. Rs. 2

DIALOGUE DIVINE & DRAMATIC by Gitananda Brahmachari Re. 1

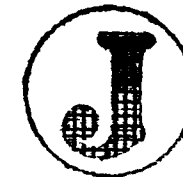
B. G. Paul & Co., Publishers, G. T., Madras.

NEW ERA IN "ASAFOETIDA"

before being led away by unscrupulous advertiser we request to try with us once for your requirements of miski Asafoetida. We do not boast ourselves but we assure you that our

per lb.
Re.1-10-0
 $\frac{1}{2}$ lb.
0-13-6

SUPERIOR



MISKY

Postage
Extra.

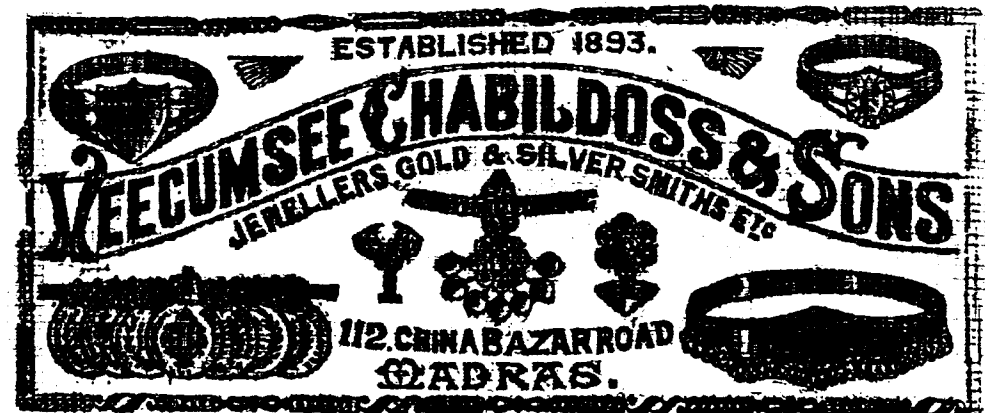
REGD. TRADE MARK

Asafoetida will give perfect satisfaction and give the pleasure of real healthy life. Also it is excellent remedy to be relieved from indigestion; also best saffron, Patchakar-pooram, Musk etc. are available.

MESSRS. GOPALJEE & Co.,
203, GOVINDAPPA NAICK ST., G. T., MADRAS

FAMOUS FOR MORE THAN 36 YEARS
FOR

SOVEREIGN GOLD, PURE SILVER—GENUINENESS OF
PRECIOUS STONES AND EXCELLENT WORKMANSHIP



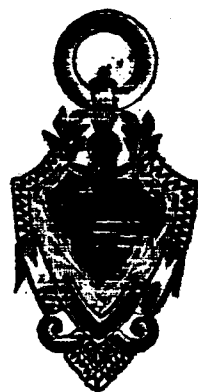
ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE FREE

REG. No. M. 2105

V. Subramania Iyer, JEWELLER,

DIAMOND MERCHANT, GOLD & SILVER-SMITH,
POST BOX 423,
TRIPLICANE, MADRAS

GEMSET JEWELS
GOLD & SILVER
ARTICLES
IN
HIGH-CLASS
WORK



MEDALS,
CASKETS, CUPS,
TROPHIES, Etc.
A SPECIALITY



CATALOGUE OF CUPS & MEDALS
FREE ON ENQUIRY

Printed at the Scholar Press, Palghat and Published by
E. H. Parameswaran at Palghat.