

THE SCHOLAR

JANUARY 1931



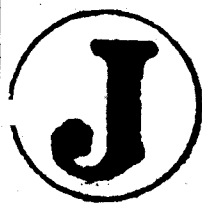
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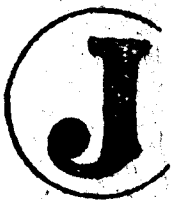
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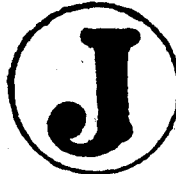
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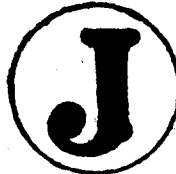
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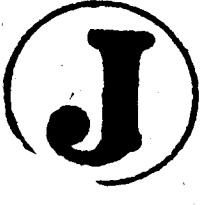
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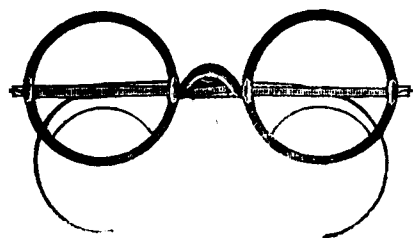
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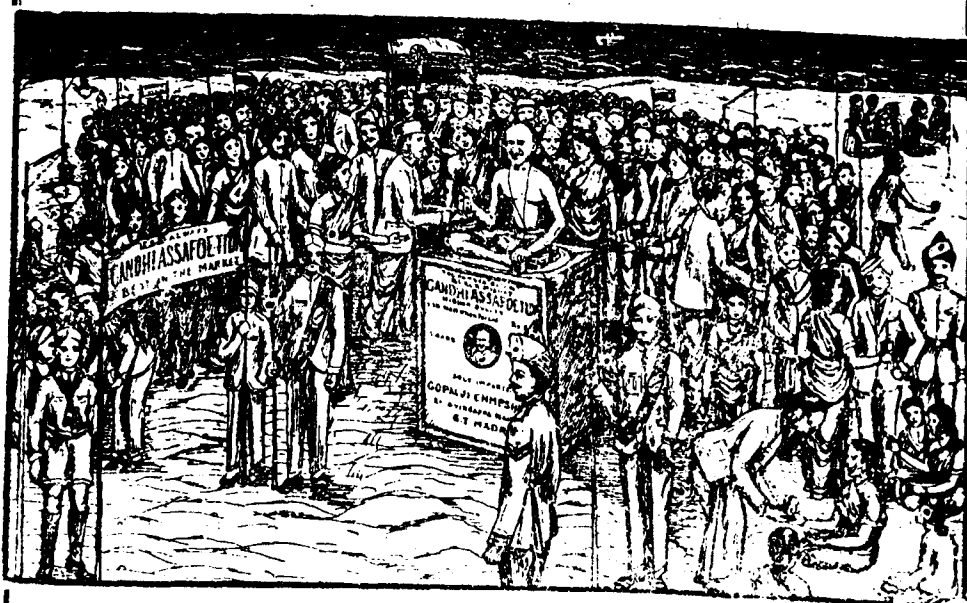
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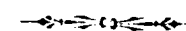


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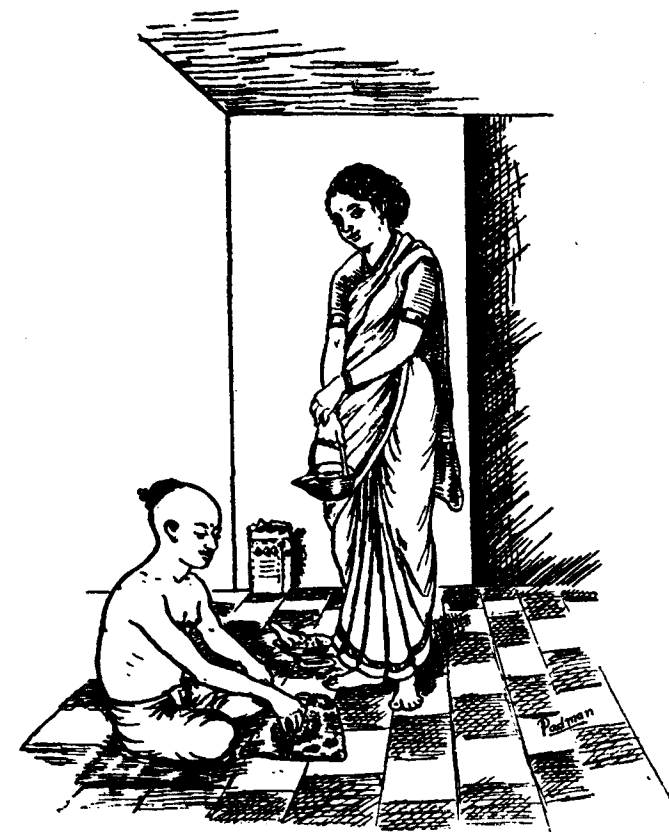
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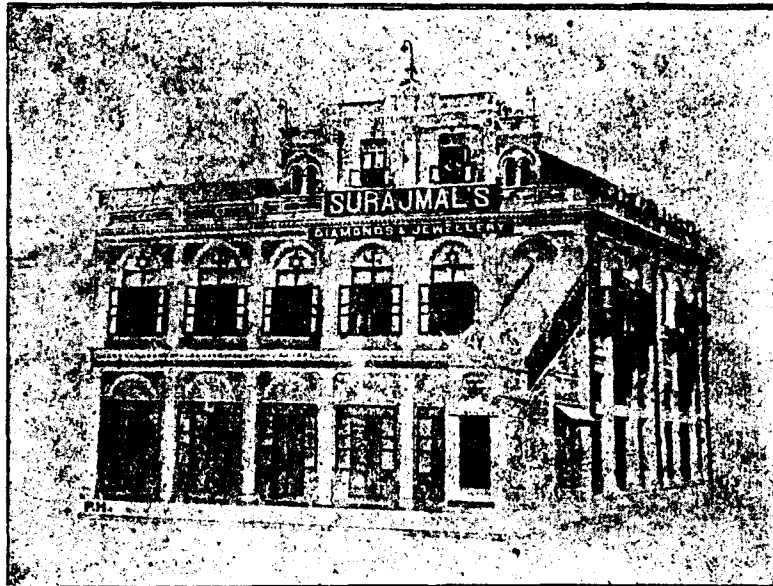
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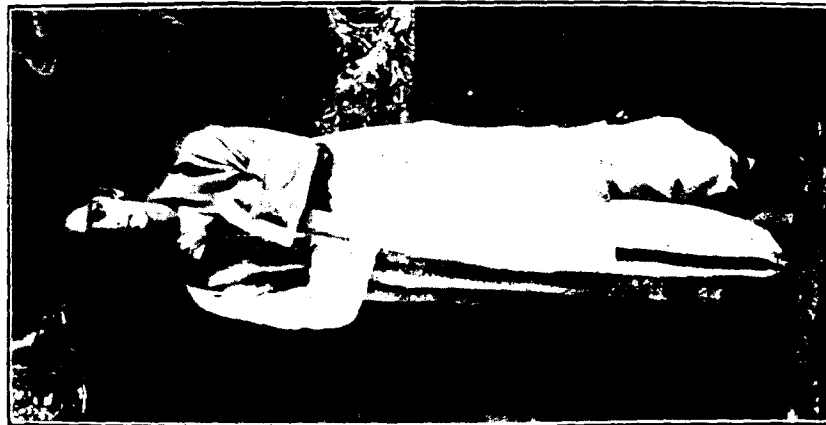
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THE NOBLE LIFE

BY J. KRISHNAMURTI



HE happiness I desire to establish is serenity, which is the outcome of great experience, of continued discontentment, of great revolt, of affectionate detachment, of perfect poise of the mind and the emotions, of absolute control of the physical body. This again is the outcome of continually obeying that voice of intuition, which is the cry of experience, the essence of all intelligence.

I mean by intelligence, not the knowledge acquired from books only, but intelligence which is the accumulated experience of life. I mean by revolt that attitude of mind and of emotion which will not be satisfied by the authority of another, by the urge to conform, by all the barricades which civilisations create to keep out those who do not conform, by all the moulds that religions, philosophies, laws, set for each individual. Revolt means the continual longing to discover the truth for oneself, that divine discontent which will only be satisfied by discovering that which lasts through eternity. That discontent is like the river which dances down to the sea, creating music on its

way and satisfying thousands, until it loses itself in the vast waters of the ocean. The more one grows the less need is there for conformity, and the more one is experienced the less likelihood is there of self-satisfaction.

Intelligent revolt is the refusal to repeat the experiences which have brought unhappiness. Truth is never still; it is always changing, always in motion, always presenting different aspects, different facets, to the beholder. Hence, there should always be a continual change in our ideas of truth. Like a man climbing a mountain, who, at various stages of his ascent, has different views of the same valley and, even when he reaches the summit of the mountain, still higher peaks remain for him to climb, so is the truth which varies from stage to stage, which is at one moment in the shadow and in the next in the full glare of the sunlight. Correspondingly must there be in us a continual change from dark to light, in order to keep up the understanding of truth. Conformity is a sin, and revolt a virtue. Conformity means remaining satisfied with a limited vision, however beautiful, whereas revolt means a constant climbing to obtain a larger vision. In this climb from one peak to another, we may pass through the valley of the shadow of death, but it is nevertheless an ascent.

With the understanding of this idea clearly in mind—that the objective of life is the establishment of the Kingdom of Happiness through intelligent revolt—we come to the natural realisation that you cannot be happy if you are ignoble. All religions, all philosophies, all sects, hold out the hope of reward and the fear of punishment in order to induce men to noble living. They say: "Be good and you will be happy; do evil and you will be miserable." It is like inducing a donkey to move in the direction you want by dangling a carrot in front of his nose. This is again appealing to the desire to conform, which is inherent in every human being. If you are miserable you *will* be ignoble, and if you are happy you *must* be good, because happiness can only come through noble thinking, noble feeling and noble living.

What is noble living? In order to live nobly you must have gone through the experiences and sorrows and sufferings and pleasures of ignoble living. Noble living is the product of ignoble living. You must have passed through the shadows of ignoble living in order to appreciate living in the sunlight of nobility, like the lotus that comes out into the clear sunlight through the mire and slime. We appreciate the lotus more because of its contrast with the mire from which it comes forth. The beauty of the stars is increased by the darkness of the night. Likewise, to understand the beauty of nobility, we must have arisen from the mire of ignoble and ugly things. To live in conformity is ignoble. Nobility is the fruit of experiences, whereas the mere enjoyment of those experiences shows a lack of nobility.

It is no good expecting a child or a child-man to be noble. His growth consists in acquiring and accumulating, whereas the matured man grows by eliminating and discarding. Many people are in the stage of trying to find happiness in the accumulation of outside things. They are still in the full throes of finding satisfaction in the sensations of their desires—physical, emotional and mental. They are ignoble so long as they are content to remain in that condition, whereas the moment they begin to doubt, they are passing out of the shadows into the sunlight. Most of us desire to find happiness, whether it be impermanent or permanent. In search of that happiness, we go through those stages which are usually qualified as evil or sinful. There is, in reality, no such thing as either good or evil. There is only ignorance and knowledge. All selfish action is ignorance and creates *Karma*. The average person, in search of his happiness, plunges into those pleasures which are transient, the indulgence of those desires which pass away the moment they are satisfied; he mistakes the passing shadows for the true happiness, and so continuously lives in them until another experience—the result of that indulgence—takes hold of him and breaks up his fancied happiness.

The intelligent understanding of all experiences means that it is not necessary to go over the same experiences again.

All ignoble action creates a barrier, either mental, emotional or physical, between us and that true happiness which we are all seeking. Every action brings with it its corresponding reaction, and whether that action creates a barrier or not depends on whether it is ignoble or noble. You can only escape from the domination of transient things, which bring in their train pains, pleasures and sorrows, by conquering them and being their master. Like fish they are caught in an evil net, we are entangled in our ignoble actions. The lack of nobility entangles and binds and perverts our vision of happiness, whereas nobility sets us free from the fetters of ignorance—physical oftentimes, but certainly emotional and mental—and sweeps away all barriers so that we have a clear perception of that Kingdom of Happiness.

Most of us are inclined to think that limitations exist only on the physical plane, whereas limitations start with the mental. Noble thinking, which is the freedom from mental limitation, must precede noble feeling and noble action. Prejudice, whether it be individual, family, national or religious, is a form of mental selfishness, and therefore a limitation which cannot produce happiness. The man who looks upon the world from a narrow point of view will naturally have a distorted vision.

Intelligent revolt, which, as I have already said, is the first step towards the attainment of happiness, must take place in the mental outlook on life and must be applied to religious, national, social and individual problems.

The same thing applies to the emotions. All emotions which are selfish and personal are binding and limiting in their effects, and we must apply intelligent revolt to our own emotions in order to be free from their binding influence.

Finally, the physical part of us, subservient to the mind and the emotions will naturally find its freedom the moment that the mind and the emotions are free.

The three divisions of our being are like three windows set at different angles, that must be brought into proper

alignment in order for light to come through. Too often the physical body may be beautiful, but the emotions are uncontrolled or the mind is so prejudiced and narrow that the window is unclean and the view distorted. Happiness cannot exist if one of these vehicles of expression is wrongly adjusted. A phonograph requires a musical record, a needle on its sounding box, and a motor to supply movement, in order to produce music, and if any one of the three is lacking, the result is disharmony. So the three beings within us are needed, and must be harmonised in order to produce the music of happiness. Noble thoughts acting through noble emotions are bound to produce noble actions. The three windows have been brought into line and the vision will be perfect.

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WHAT CONSTITUTES A STATE ?

What constitutes State ?

Not high-raised battlement or labored mound,
Thick walled or moated gate —
Not cities proud with spires and turrets crowned —
Not bays and broad-armed ports,
Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride —
Not starred and spangled courts,
Where low browed baseness wafts perfume to pride.
No ; men, high-minded men,
With powers as far above dull brutes endued
In forest, brake or den,
As beasts excel cold rocks and brambles rude ;
Men who their duties know,
But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain ;
Prevent the long-aimed blow,
And crush the tyrant while they rend the chain —
These constitute a State.

—Sir William Jones.

DR. RABINDRANATH TAGORE'S POETRY OF CHILDREN

BY S. SIVRAMAN, M.A., L.T.



THE English poets have sung about a rich variety of themes. Spenser has sung of amorous love; Shakespeare of youth and age and time and eternity; Milton of sweet friends and cruel tyrants; Gray of colleges and country churchyards; Shelley of clouds and skylarks; Keats of nightingales in enchanted nights; Coleridge of mariners in weird seas; Tennyson of princes and princesses; Browning of grammarians and pipers; Fitz-gerald of wines and revels, so on and so on. But few, few indeed have approached the Child-world for their theme. Only two stand out in solitary distinction as singers of children—Wordsworth and Longfellow. The Ode on the Intimations of Immortality claims the innermost niche in our hearts because of its dwelling on the sweet, sweet years of infancy and childhood which every man looks back to with wistful pride and pleasure. When he begins with

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparel'd in celestial light,

The glory and the freshness of a dream.

the heart thrills with the memory of old delights. But too soon does the poet lay down the magic wand which conjured up the sweet old memories, and weaves a chain of pensive reflections on the dullness and darkness of life, though he concludes with words that bring a serene twilight peace. For in the very next line, he begins repining,

It is not now as it hath been of yore :—
Turn where so e'er I may.

By night or day,

The things which I have seen I now can see no more

Longfellow has a sweet and short poem, among others, on children, beginning with

'Come to me O ye children'
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

The children open the windows that look towards the Sun. In their hearts are the birds and the sunshine. They are to the world as the leaves are to the forest. The poet begs them to whisper in his ear what the birds and the winds are singing in their Sunny atmosphere. And he ends with the praise,

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said :
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

If then, children are living poems, it is regrettable that very few of the poets have sought them in order to light their tapers; and those few poets are all the more endearing for the scarcity.

King of such a thin and choice group, towering head and shoulders above the rest, stands Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. The collection of his poems on children entitled *The Crescent Moon* forms a unique contribution to the literature of the world. The forty poems in it fill the reader with the most profound delight and make him feel as if the kingdom of God were on earth. Taken together perhaps they constitute the greatest poetry ever sung about children.

In order that any kind of objective poetry may be great, the poet has to be in perfect sympathy with the object. As Carlyle says, the poet must penetrate into the very hearts of things. Such penetration requires understanding, and understanding is born of sympathy. Rabindranath's love of children is evident in all his life and all his works. In his life, his solicitude for the Shantiniketan School, of the young pupils of which he says, "I am far happier with them than anywhere else," bears ample testimony to his love of children. In his works, the *Post Office* stands out in Himalayan grandeur in respect of its insight into the heart of the child. In his short stories, "The Home-coming", "My Lord the Baby" and "The Cabuliwallah" owe their

immortality to the sweet beauty of child-life that they bring out. Thus Rabindranath has been eminently gifted to sing of the thoughts and feelings and the joys and sorrows of children. Into Rabindranath's sympathetic ears the children whisper whatever disturbs their little clods.

What is the baby's world? The poet gives a beautiful answer, humorous and metaphorical. The baby's is a world which has "stars that talk to him and a sky that stoops down to his face to amuse him with its silly clouds and rain-bows". It is a world "where messengers run errands for no cause between the kingdoms of Kings of no history, where Reason makes kites of her laws and flies them, and Truth sets Fact free from its fetters".

The grown-up folk who are too obtuse to see eye to eye with children are struck down by the poet with missiles of bold and original imagery:—

You have stained your fingers and face with ink while writing—is that why they call you dirty?

O fie! Would they dare to call the full moon dirty because it has smudged its face with ink?

You tore your clothes while playing—is that why they call you untidy?

O fie! What would they call an autumn morning that smiles through its ragged clouds?

How absurd the occupations of the grown-up folk seem to the children forms the theme of another naively humorous poem entitled "Authorship". The child says to his mother,

If I take only one sheet to make a boat with, you say, 'Child, how troublesome you are!'

What do you think of father's spoiling sheets and sheets of paper with black marks all over on both sides?

With a wistful eye the poet watches the child at play and laments over his own loss of the bliss of childhood. Says he with infinite pathos,

Child, I have forgotten the art of being absorbed in sticks and mud-pies.

I seek out costly play-things, and gather lumps of gold and silver.

With whatever you find you create your glad games, I spend both my time and my strength over things I never can obtain.

In my frail canoe I struggle to cross the sea of desire, and forget that I too am playing a game.

The illusions of little children seem stupid before the uncompromising reason of the grown-up person. But all the while, he forgets that the illusions are as reasonable to the child as anything which he himself believes in. Only the tyrants of time and space are banished from the child's world:—

The child only said, "When in the evening the round full moon gets entangled among the branches of that kadam tree, couldnt somebody catch it?"

But Dada laughed at him and said, "Baby, you are the silliest child I have ever known. The moon is ever so far from us, how could anybody catch it?"

The Child said, "Dada, how foolish you are! When mother looks out of her window and smiles down at us playing, would you call her far away?"

The play of little children, in which they claim kinship with the earth and the sea and the sky and draw no borderline between man and Nature, is described with the poet's characteristic imagery and humour. Says the child,

Mother, the folk who live up in the clouds call out to me—

"We play from the time we wake till the day ends,

We play with the golden dawn, we play with the silver moon"

.....
The folk who live in the waves call out to me—

"We sing from morning till night; on and on we travel and know not where we pass"

..... [pp. 27, 28].

The reality of all fairy princes and giant monsters to the child is brought out upon the most effective background of rain and cloud and thunder. The child has left all his books and sat by the window with his mother, and he exclaims,

"I can imagine how on just such a cloudy day, the young son of the king is riding alone on a grey horse through the desert, in search of the princess who lies imprisoned in the Giant's palace across that unknown water....." [pp. 33-35]

The child despises the dull toil of the grown up folk and wonders why they do not seek the sweet fairy lands and

minge with their denizens. The boat of the boatman Madhu is uselessly laden with jute and lying idle at the wharf. If he would only lend the boat to the child, he would sail the seven seas and the thirteen rivers of fairyland. He would cross the ford of Tirpurni, and the desert of Tepantar and come back at night-fall.

The children take delight in all created things, the smallest as well as the greatest in the flocks of wild ducks and the thick reeds where water-birds lay their eggs, in the snipes with their dancing tails and the tall grasses crested with white flowers, inviting the moonbeam to float upon their waves.

An instance of the winged imagination of the child, which enables him to fill all things with life and emotion, which strikes us as strange and yet amazes us with its wonderful originality and aptness, occurs in "The flower-school".

Mother, I really think the flowers go to school underground...
When the rains come they have their holidays.

.....pp. 45. 46

The child's eagerness to experience life in all its variety, his vision of romance in the most hum-drum calling of man, his love of activity and adventure, his freedom from self-interest, his dreams of heroism and glory and exploration in fairylands are portrayed with unique sympathy in *The Crescent Moon* as in *The Post Office*.

The child would be a hawker spending his day in the road, crying "Bangles, crystal bangles". Again, he would be a gardener digging away at the garden with nobody to stop him from digging. Again, he would be a watchman walking the streets all night, chasing the shadows with his lantern. All this romance man grows so blind to, that Wordsworth asks plaintively,

Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now the glory and the dream?

The child would be a hero, too. He would be travelling with his mother, she in a palanquin and he on a red horse, through a strange and dangerous country. Suddenly there

would burst a fearful yell, and figures come running towards them. But the boy would shout, "Have a care, you villains. One step more and you are dead men." And they would all be slain. Then the boy would come back all stained with blood and say, "Mother, the fight is over now"; and his mother would kiss him and say to herself, "I don't know what I should do if I hadnt my boy to escort me!"

The ability to burst the prison of age and go back to the elfland of childhood is so difficult and demands such a strong, self-forgetful sympathy that Dr. Rabindranath may be said to have realised, as it were, the impossible. For, try as one may, the sadness and soreness of age will creep in against the will. There are but very few poems in all literature which are so free from the least sign of sorrowful age as, Rabindranath's.

Not that he has no poems that mourn over the dear loss of childhood. Here is one overflowing with sweetness:-

Ah, these jasmines, these white jasmines! I seem to remember the first day when I filled my hands with these jasmines, these white jasmines.

I have loved the sun-light, the sky and the green earth;

I have heard the liquid murmur of the river through the darkness of midnight;

Autumn sunsets have come to me at the bend of a road in the lonely waste, like a bride raising her veil to accept her lover.

Yet my memory is still sweet with the first white jasmines that I held in my hand when I was a child."

But Rabindranath never mars the joyous harmony of the rills of childhood on the hills of the rising sun by heavy notes from a sorrow-laden pipe.

Playing like moonshine upon the ripples of a softly gliding river are the poet's similes. It has been said of Shakespeare that he could not write a line without a simile or metaphor. With equal truth can the remark be made of Rabindranath; his imagination is so prolific.

Tagore's similes are not only of the greatest variety but are also in perfect harmony with the themes. His metaphors in the *Gitanjali* change as quickly as the colours

of sunset with the change of mood or subject. The similes in the *Crescent Moon* have attuned themselves to the harmonies of the child-world. Strange, startling, and beautiful as children's thoughts have they become. Here is one instance to illustrate the very daring yet apt imagery of the *Crescent Moon*.

The smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps—does anybody know where it was born? Yes, there is a rumour that a young pale beam of crescent moon touched the edge of a vanishing autumn cloud, and there the smile was first born in the dream of a dew-washed morning—the smile that flickers on baby's lips when he sleeps.

To sum up, the *Crescent Moon* stands among the very greatest poetry on childhood. With unsurpassed sympathy Dr. Rabindranath sings of the little world of children, of their thoughts and fancies, of their longings and aspirations, and of their pleasures and revels. There is not the least jarring note in the harmony. The bright spring sky is not clouded with the faintest fleece of an autumn cloud. Reading the *Crescent Moon*, we feel again the bliss of our infancy; and we would fain make our last bargain as the poet did.

The King came in his chariot and said; "I will hire you with my power"; an old man came out with his bag of gold and said, "I will hire you with my money"; the fair maid came and said, "I will hire you with a smile"; but they went back alone into the dark, rejected.

The sun glistened on the sand, and the sea waves broke waywardly.

A child sat playing with shells.

He raised his head and seemed to know me, and said, "I hire you with nothing."

From thenceforward that bargain struck in child's play made me a free man.

HOW I WON HER

BY K. S. ANANTHASUBRAMANIAN, B. A. (HONS).

"**Y**OU shan't have my girl, you unfeeling, unpatriotic dog, and you need not haunt this house to corrupt the child", almost shouted my uncle Satyendra. He had paused from busily plying the Charkha and now resumed his work with a vigorous turn of the handle.

Bimala, the idol of my heart, was carding some cotton. As soon as uncle Satyendra began to spin, she raised her beautiful, laughing eyes towards me, with such a merry mischievous sparkle in them as was positively bewitching. But it was only for a moment. Her slender fingers began to busy themselves once more, with the white flakes of cotton.

Uncle Satyendra certainly must have deemed himself within his rights, when he condemned me to the canine species with the two unflattering epithets. He had been six times to jail for political offences and three times on hunger-strike while inside it. Such a verteran patriot surely had a right to abuse me who had nothing to his credit.

Uncle Satyendra's yarn snapped twice. On such unhappy occasions it was always his practice to attribute the broken thread to my malicious eyes. But this time I was saved from the imputation by some body calling upon uncle. And I was only too pleased to hail the opportunity.

"Why, Bimal, uncle appears to be obstinate. How on earth am I to propitiate him", I began.

Bimala smiled a charming smile. "Father is after all right, isn't he Janardan? You *are* unfeeling. To see this grim fight raging about you and yet to remain unaffected! What a callous heart you must have!"

"Callous heart, Bimal!", I protested "Indeed you are cruel and yet you know this heart is daily racked for love of you. Won't you relent?"

"Your love is a selfish love and I have no sympathy for you", broke out Bimal. "Show that your heart is more capacious, has greater love and generosity, and I will consider your case", she added with pretty decision.

She took to her cotton. I mused for a while, gazing upon her carding so gently and so nicely.

But she would not let me have the luxury of that indulgence. "Now Janardan, I don't want you to stare at me so. It's ill manners," and she ordered me out with scant ceremony. And as I turned to go I heard her mischievous chuckle behind.

Outside on the verandah uncle Satyendra was talking to a patriot friend of his. My gloomy face must have caught his attention. For I heard him say in a loud voice, "Serve the fellow right. The girl's sound enough." And the two men joined in a hearty laugh at my expense.

Was there sorrier mediaeval knight than I, ordered about by capricious mistress?

However much I might try, I could not work myself up to the pitch of patriotic enthusiasm that would win my uncle's approbation or my beloved's consent. I cursed my fate for giving an undue share of phlegm and denying me my due share of enthusiasm. How easily Bimala would have been mine if the condition had been the reverse!

But one thing was, at any rate, clear to me from the first. If I sat indifferent, there was no near prospect of my ever succeeding in my pursuit.

So I resolved to make up for what enthusiasm I lacked in my temper by external habiliments. And it was a surprise to my friends in the nationalist camp, who had given me up as irredeemably lost, when I appeared in Khadar clothes and Gandhi Cap. And when I began to attend their meetings too, at many of which uncle Satyendra uttered violent speeches, they assured me in chorus that I had done no blisser thing in all my life.

After attending about half-a-dozen of these meetings, one day I had the temerity to put in my appearance at uncle's.

"So you have taken to hypocrisy," he sneered almost as soon as he caught sight of me. "It is such as you who have discredited that noble passion of patriotism and caused it to be called 'the last refuge of a scoundrel'."

"Uncle," I tried to interrupt "Here am I endeavouring to reform according to your own views and yet"

"Enough, enough, we'll see your real stuff by and bye," my uncle rasped and effectively shut my mouth.

I met Bimala with her laughing eyes. "So you are trying to be good. Do persevere," she said encouragingly.

I was feeling a glow and dilation of heart when almost immediately she added, "But don't think it such a big affair to wear Khadar and go to meetings."

"Oh! Bimal," I cried in dismay, "What on earth am I to do then? For God's sake will you tell me?"

"How do I know?" she laughed at my distress.

I was present at all the meetings. I was on the maidan on Tilak Day, on Gandhi Day, on Independence Day, on this day, that day, and every other day. But every time I met Bimal the laughing eyes had no tenderer shade.

I was returning after one of the meetings in a mood of gloomy despair when suddenly I was greeted by Sub-Inspector Hameed Khan. "Hallo! Mr. Janardan, the world is indeed turning topsy-turvy. Who would have dreamt to see you in this trim?"

Hameed Khan had often commended me for my remarkable coolness of head while the rest, according to him, were running amok.

"Ha! Inspector, it may be I am waxing a bit hot," I replied, "But I must congratulate you and your men for rivalling Socrates in patience, in spite of the dung water daily poured upon you."

"Ha! ha! that's the secret of my policy," Hameed Khan chuckled. "You know indifference and neglect spell

death. Interference gives this movement only a weedy growth. I tell you, nothing short of actual violence shall provoke us."

"I devoutly pray violence may not disgrace our ranks," I said, at which the Sub-Inspector smiled sardonically, and bade me good-bye.

I was growing desperate. And despair you know often sharpens one's wits. At least it did so in my case.

One fine morning uncle Satyendra's patriot friend, the same who had joined in the laugh at my expense, was arrested for one of his fire-eating speeches full of sedition. And a huge protest meeting was to be held on the Maidan.

It was really a monster gathering. And the police too were there in large numbers. I went to the maidan with a vehement feeling that a tide in my affairs had come, which made my heart go pit-a-pat. And as usual, I stationed myself on the out skirts of the audience. Little interest had I in their fine orations.

Uncle Satyendra was delivering a speech full of dynamite, and the audience were all attention. My heart rocked with an internal vibration it had never before experienced, as I put my right hand into my pocket and drew out a well-sized stone. Then praying to all the Gods to rush to my aid, I flung it far into the midst of the police. Ah me, it hit the Sub-Inspector right on the forehead and I'm afraid has drawn a little blood!

None had noticed what I did, and I stood trembling with excitement, watching what would happen next. Ah! it was even as I had anticipated.

The infuriated police chief gave the order to charge and a terrible confusion followed. My heart's desire was fulfilled!

Quick as lightning I rushed and pushed my way through the melee and in no time was near the dais where the ladies were seated. It was the work of a second to seize Bimal by the hand. How gratified I was to feel her clinging to me! I prayed that the lathis might come my

way. Indeed they came. And I gladly received half a dozen blows on my shoulders and head. And a miracle happened there for I felt no pain at all.

"Let's get out of this. Oh! your bones will be crushed," Bimala whispered frightened. I needed no second request. I carried my fair burden out of that crowd, and along the road into her house.

But I wanted to strike while the iron was hot. I caught Bimal's trembling hands in mine. Oh! Bimal have I deserved you? Say you are mine".

"I am yours, yes", came the panting reply as the beautiful hands surrendered themselves into mine.

The next morning uncle Satyendra examined my bare body and counted the contusions. One, two, three—he ran up to eight. "Bravo, Janardan", he exclaimed smiling approval. The girl's yours".

A BUSINESS GIRL'S CREED

I believe in myself, the business girl of today, and that by the grace of God I can be a force for good in the world, making the way easier for the business girl of tomorrow.

I believe in my work, and will try to bring to it a singleness of purpose, and an enthusiasm that will make it a joy to me and a help to others.

I believe in my fellow workers, and will, to the best of my ability, prove a friend to the friendless and an inspiration to all.

I believe in my country, and will devote myself to her best interests, following intelligently the trend of affairs and hoping, by a spirit of Christian helpfulness, to make the world a little better by my presence therein.

I believe in my Maker, and by constant prayer with an ever-increasing sense of His nearness may my life show one unchanging purpose, a desire to do His will.

Association Monthly.

A DAUGHTER OF JAPAN

BY HILDA WOOD



LET me introduce to you little O San. She has permitted me to give you a picture of her day, for she feels that it will help the *entente cordial* of Asian peoples.

She is a little oldfashioned in her ways, for she lives in a Japanese village away from the busy cosmopolitan cities like Yokohama and Tokio.

Although her house has no furniture in it and everybody who enters takes off his shoes, still O San has to be up early in the morning dusting and polishing the woodwork, for it must shine and be as bright and fresh as it can possibly be. So O San ties up her head in a beautifully printed handkerchief so as to keep her hair free from dust, and is busy every morning cleaning. And today she is especially busy, for she is giving a very thorough cleaning to the rooms, taking out the thick mats (they are an inch and a half thick, and eight of them make a fair sized room) and putting away the beds. The big quilted silk bed cloths are all folded up every morning and put into cupboards, along with the cushion that she uses to sit upon during the day, and the precious vases and pictures. Only one special picture and vase for the week are in the little shrine of beauty. But as soon as the cleaning is over the vase must be changed today and the picture also and fresh flowers must be arranged in the new vase. This takes her a long time, for, though there are only two flowers and a spray of leaves, these must be arranged in exactly the right way to harmonise with the picture and the vase. O San has had a three years' course in flower arrangement and she is an expert at the art. Her handiwork is a dream of beauty, natural and yet artificial. But I have got her out of bed too soon. Long before her cleaning and cooking of the breakfast, she has had her hot water bath, which, like all true Japanese, she never misses. She has washed her teeth

and powdered her face and blackened her eye-brows and painted her cheeks.

Even before she is ready, the assistant hairdresser comes. O San has to be very careful of her hair, for it takes at least three hours to do up and so must stay up for about three days. So she sleeps on a little wooden neck-rest instead of a pillow, which keeps her beautiful hair from being disarranged. And the final production of the hairdresser's art is really a wonderful erection. The hair is washed, and oiled and then brushed over loops and basket works, and wonderful hairpins are stuck into it, till the final shape really does look like the name it is called by, the "butterfly" way of doing the hair. But there are more than a hundred ways of hair arrangement, each dedicated to a certain period of her life. When she was quite a little girl and wore her hair "bobbed" as we say in the West, there it was called "poppy head," a much better name; and really the heads of little Japanese children just look like little poppy heads, that is to say, the heads of poppies that have gone to seed.

In the afternoon she puts on her best kimono and visits some of her friends. There she is most polite. She is met at the gate by her friends and they bow so many times to each other that you wonder when they are going to stop. Finally they enter the house and drink tea from very little cups with no handles. The tea is a pale green colour and has no sugar or milk added to it. As O San is somewhat old-fashioned she also smokes a pipe. This pipe is a wonderful affair, for the bowl of it is so small that it is not much bigger than a thimble and one puff from her lips and it is finished and has to be filled again.

But little O San cannot stay long. She has a small baby girl at home who is wanting her. And she is especially careful of this little one for her last was very weak and died soon after it was born. So, to be quite sure that this little child would grow up well and strong she has called her by a boy's name to confuse the evil spirits. And they do seem to have been confused for baby is becoming so strong that she is trying to walk before she is a year old.

This must never be allowed. So O San, only this morning, made a little bag that would hold about a pint of rice. She filled it with the rice and fastened it on her back, so that the next time baby tries to stand up on her little legs the rice bag will tipple her over.

Her mother has not yet forgotten the great festival time when baby was taken on her first visit, when she was very young. Then she was taken to the shrine and dedicated to her particular patron saint. And it was on that day also that she received her first presents which, as tradition has ordered, included a little toy dog, with a bow round its neck and lovely black spots. He is always put at the head of her bed when she goes to sleep at night. For one never knows when those evil spirits are prowling round.

So little O San's day is taken up with humble housework, and simple loving tasks, like all women all over the world. But she is perhaps able to offer her special contribution to the human family, that which has made her nation so famous all over the world, a special sensitiveness to beauty, a delicate perception of lovely things that I think none of her sisters can fully understand, unless they also be Japanese. What other nation in the world has a public holiday to view the cherry blossom? What other nation, from the Ruler down to the lowest coolie, sets itself the task of composing four line poems and the prize goes to the best, irrespective of rank? What nation follows politeness and unselfishness (they always go together) to such a height that even the bereaved mother will not cry in your presence, for it would be passing on her sorrow to you and that would be wrong? What other nation has such a Spartan tradition behind it?

Little O San, we take our hats off to you in respect for your great gifts to our world brotherhood

THE SUEZ CANAL

Where East Meets West

BY C. V. H. RAO, M. A. B. ED. F. R. ECON. S.



It is recorded that when, after vicissitudes and anxieties of years, Ferdinand de Lesseps was overwhelmed with congratulations from all parts of the world upon his brilliant achievement of constructing the Suez Canal, he modestly replied, "In essentials it was so easy; a child might have thought of it." And, indeed, when once he had established the basic fact that there was no difference between the levels of the Red Sea and the Mediterranean, it was no more difficult in principle, than cutting out the body of a butterfly and leaving the two wings (representing Africa and Asia) with a clear space between them.

It was sixty years ago that the practical application of this principle was conclusively demonstrated by the opening of the Suez Canal to the maritime commerce of the world. This shortened the routes from London to Bombay, Calcutta and Melbourne by 4,563, 366, and 645 miles respectively. It accelerated and multiplied tenfold the trading of England with the Far East; it made the fortune of the ports of Marseilles, Brindisi and Trieste; it may be said to have created the export trade of Australia; it assured Egypt of a barrier of defence against attack from the East; and it provided England with a strategic highway to India which she cannot afford to lose.

All this was done by a man whose calling in life was diplomacy, and who never gave his attention to engineering problems until he was 50 years of age. For Ferdinand de Lesseps was born in the French Consular service in 1805 and remained in it until 1849, when he retired with the rank of Minister. One day in 1854, when he was mending some tiles on the roof of his house in the country, he received a telegram from his old friend, Mohamad Said—he had been French Consul in Cairo many years before—informing him that he, Mohamad Said, had become Viceroy of

Egypt, and asking him to go there on a visit. It was characteristic of the man, of his powers of vision and swift decision and inflexibility of purpose, that he accepted this invitation immediately, and started for Egypt within a fortnight. We know now that, ever since his apprenticeship in Cairo, his imagination had been arrested by the idea of piercing the Isthmus of Suez and so developing the Canal which existed in the time of King Set I (1380 B.C) and is referred to by Herodotus, the Greek historian. Such a scheme had been considered before by Kings Louis XIV, Louis XV and Louis XVI, but had baffled them as it finally baffled Napoleon.

There was no idea of territorial aggrandisement or military domination in the mind of Lesseps. From the outset he made it clear that he was captured by the ambition to create here an international water way that should be open to the commerce of the world and should be governed under international law. If only that brave old British statesman, Lord Palmerston, could have believed him and could have rid himself of the obsession that this was an effort on the part of France to reconquer Egypt for herself, a world of anxiety and trouble would have been spared to Lesseps. But although Lord Palmerston fulminated in Parliament and instructed his diplomatic agents all through Europe, and especially in Constantinople, to use their strongest endeavours to put obstacles in the way of constructing the Canal, Lesseps was nothing daunted, and confident in his cause, went on silently with his work. His first territorial concession was granted to him by the Viceroy in 1854, and for the next two years he concentrated upon two objects—mastering and overcoming engineering difficulties and persuading foreign powers to show their confidence in the scheme by giving him their moral support. In attaining both these objects, he was completely successful and the British Government had the unenviable distinction of being isolated in its opposition to the Canal scheme.

In 1859, with his own hands, M. de Lesseps turned the first sod of sand at the barren and desolate point on the

shore of the Mediterranean which has now become Port Said, a city of more than 100,000 inhabitants. The following year, as the work progressed southward through the desert, he began to build simultaneously the Fresh Water Canal from the Nile to the Lake Timsah, the future centre point of the greater design. Without this regular and copious supply of drinking water, which he afterwards extended to north and south to Port Said and to Suez, it is doubtful if the Suez Canal could have attained completion. To this day the protection of the Fresh Water Canal is as essential to the maintainance of life and traffic on the maritime highway as the protection of the Suez Canal itself. By the beginning of 1862, the Fresh Water Canal had reached Lake Timsah, and a great load of responsibility was lifted from the shoulders of Lesseps. By the end of the same year, in the presence of a mighty concourse of people, he was able to "Command the waters of the Mediterranean to flow into Lake Timsah". The barrage was broken down and the sea-water rushed in. Now half the Canal was constructed, and the rest of it presented no obstacles to "le grand Français"; for, as he said, the Pharaohs had already done it before him. It was merely a question of time and waiting.

These repeated evidences of practicability and success had no effect upon the mind of Lord Palmerston and his friends, who redoubled their hostility to Lesseps and his fellows whom they accused of being swindlers and adventurers, of cruelty to the natives, of seducing the Viceroy from his true allegiance to Turkey, of being in a state of bankruptcy. But their voices were crying in another wilderness. The Chambers of Commerce and the people of England, led by Gladstone and Disraeli took the opposite view, as, of course, did the French, whose Emperor was now one of the warmest supporters of the Canal idea. In France this new enterprise was very popular. One old priest went to the offices of the Canal in Paris to buy a share "in revenge for Waterloo". That was the general attitude in France where the people took 220,000 shares.

And now it only remained to finish the Canal, which Lesseps prophesied would be opened, but for mischances, by the end of 1868. But mischances there were; intrigue, shortage of labour, cholera, arbitration cases, all appeared to conspire to hinder the final achievement. One by one they were overcome, including the opposition of Lord Palmerston and of the principal organs of the London Press; the Canal was completed and the opening took place at Port Said on November 17, 1869.

According to a contemporary account, the scene at the opening was brilliant, a glittering pageant of ships gathering outside Port Said to enter the Canal in single file and steam slowly southward. The flags of all nations were flown; reigning sovereigns, members of Royal Families, Ambassadors, soldiers, sailors and a world wide "intelligentsia" were present on board the 67 vessels which followed the French Royal yacht, *Aigle*, bearing the Empress Eugenie and M. De Lesseps to Lake Timsah. Crowds everywhere, bands everywhere, flags everywhere, guns everywhere, and frantic enthusiasm over all the desert. With appropriate ceremonies, the whole journey to Suez and back passed off with brilliant *eclat* and without an accident. The dream of Lesseps' life had been fulfilled.

Honours were showered upon him thick and fast; the Grand Cross of the Legion of Honour from the Empress; the Grand Cross of the Order of Osmania from the Khedive; the Grand Cross of the Star of India from Queen Victoria; and the Freedom of the City from the Lord Mayor of London. The last two did something to provide Great Britain's *emende honorable* for past mistakes; and the *Times* on the day of his triumphal progress through the City of London in June 1870, published an appreciative leading article which pleased M. De Lesseps very much. Said the paper: "He has arrived in a country which has done nothing to bring about the Suez Canal, but which, since its opening, has sent through it more ships than all the rest of the world. This country will furnish the dividends which the shareholders will receive. May they be the compensation for our Error".

But the "*Times*" knew as little as did M. De Lesseps that within five years Great Britain would be the greatest shareholder in the Company, through the purchase from the Khedive of 176,602 shares (7.16 of the total issue) at the price of £4,000,000. These shares are now worth £72,000,000 on the market, and they have brought into the British treasury, by way of annual dividend and interest, the enormous total sum of £38,618,918.

The rest of the story is shortly told. The purchase just referred to led to the appointment of three nominees of the British Government to represent it on the Board and all went well until after the military operations of 1882 which ended in Arabis' downfall, and which had to be conducted (in spite of the vigorous protests of Lesseps) from Lake Timsah. In the following year, the British ship owners became restive and claimed a reduction of dues, hinting that a new Canal would be built if these were not conceded. The "London programme" was the result; an amicable settlement was come to, the dues were reduced; and seven representatives of British trade and commerce were added to the Board. It is an arrangement that has worked satisfactorily; and there has been no shade of difference on the subject of the Canal since that long distant date.

Information on the ever-increasing size of the Canal and the traffic through it is common property and is accessible to any student of commercial statistics. What is not so well-known, but is quite as satisfactory, is the excellent moral which has since permeated every class and grade of man who worked for the Company.

The present concession expires in 1968; it has but 38 years to run. Negotiations for a new concession must be undertaken before long. It is not known what the British Government intend to do; but it is pretty certain that, in the light of past mistakes and also evidence of 1882 and 1914, the British Government will strive to strengthen its hold on the Suez which is of such great importance to them both from the commercial and the military stand points.

VAIRAGYA

I have builded up many a temple and adored in many a shrine,
And the Earth is all covered with Altars where I poured
my tears like a wine;
But now at the last I weary of the dreary oft-played game,
For worship is no more real than the soulless search for fame,
And God is above all our offering, His Will is beyond all
our prayer;
We never shall find Him in Temple till we seek for Him
everywhere.
I have builded up many a temple when my heart was all
in a flame
With the myriad-petted sweet lotus of love for the Holiest
Name;
But He whom I often petitioned turned away from me
listening ear
And cruelly silent cold heavens echoed my clamourings clear.
For out in the shelterless market I passed by a motherless
child,
Cold, hungry, and naked, and crying, alone in the hurricane
wild;
My heart that called out in its anguish to the merciless Ruler
above
Was dead to the hearing of Heaven because it was barren
of love.
I am weary of all of the temples, no comfort they tender to me;
I am weary of all of the rituals priests mumble traditionally;
And my heart aspires to the dawning of a new and a happier day
When the tenderest of God's little children are the Gods unto
whom we shall pray.
For they are Incarnate Divinity, and silently then shall we bow
At the Cradle of Christ manifested in the forms of Terrestrial
New.
In their gentle and innocent laughter we shall hark to the
Song of the Lord;
In the dance of their rapture-led footsteps we shall find the
Eternal Adored.

VAIRAGYA

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I have broken down all of my temples; I am free of their
tempting at last;
I have scattered the forms I had gathered so toilfully far
in the past;
I am free of the chains that once bound me, so I turn to the
glorious Sky
Like the Sun when he smiles in the morning, as I utter a
rapturous cry.
And my heart overflows with its Oneness with all of the
World that I see,
While the meadows re-echo in silence my paean of sweet
victory.
And I speed to the Heart Well-Beloved of Him who is Rock
and the Tree,
Who is born in the Deer and the Maiden aspiring celestially,
Till the First and the Last are one cycle of timeless and
infinite Light,
And the Stars and the Oceans of Being are blended in
soaring Delight.

— *Duncan Greenlees.*

LIFE

Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood ;
 'Tis a great spirit and a busy heart.
 We live in deeds not years ; in thoughts, not breaths ;
 In feelings not in figures on a dial.
 We should count time by heart-throbs,
 He most lives
 Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

— *Bailey.*

CORIOLANUS

BY K. R. SRINIVASA YENGAR



Of all the major plays of Shakespeare, 'Coriolanus' occupies a singularly paradoxical position. The lay reader and the easy-going theatre-goer look upon this play with a markedly sullen indifference. But our Universities, true to their hoary traditions of placid impartiality, prescribe it periodically as the Shakespeare specimen to be pored over and assimilated as best as students and professors can manage. For, after all, one knows it for certain that if ever there was a Shakespeare who wrote 'Hamlet' and 'King Lear' and 'Antony and Cleopatra', he wrote also the ill-starred 'Coriolanus'. That also is the reason why Shakespearean critics, faithful as ever to their vocation, have directed their critical batteries towards this last of the much-discussed Roman plays, though they have as usual only managed to produce an unwholesome and heterogeneous volume of rhetorical smoke. A Johnson, a Coleridge, and a Lytton Strachey may be exceptions: but such brilliant exceptions only prove the rule.

The pity with most of these critics is that one among them exactly strangles another's throat: and so on with the entire motley crowd. Some have called 'Coriolanus' a prose treatise in Political Science: some have charged the Dramatist of having unproportionately glorified the Aristocracy at the expense of the Proletariat (in the most modern usage of the term): some, again, have affirmed that even 'Julius Caesar' sinks into insignificance by the side of this edifying dissertation. And they are all fanatically serious. And, of course, one can catalogue the superfluous ramifications of the critic's ingenuity to any indefinite length. I have tried in the past few weeks to fathom the conclusions of some of these supremely speculative minds with a view to a fuller understanding of this strangely disturbing play: but I have had almost always to come out in utter dejection by the same door as I went in.

Disturbing, I have called the play: and so to an astonishing degree it is. It is disturbing not because, as some of my students naively pointed out, the hero dies in the end: that is an altogether secondary affair. The disturbing element in this play is the 'violentest contrariety' in the two states of Coriolanus's mind, the one before and the other after his banishment. On the one hand we have the picture of a man who though proud, yet typifies in himself, pushed indeed to their logical conclusion, the true aristocratic virtues of patriotism, courage, filial obedience and a candid sense of duty. On the other hand when the unhappy man is banished and reappears, a broken and a dejected man, (Act IV Sc. 4), there is a hideous desperation in his mad endeavour to join sides with the Volscies: and his character itself has already undergone an undecipherable transformation. This sudden and violent transmutation (the stages of the conflict are not traced by the Dramatist but conveniently left to the reader's imagination) of his character, from one of noble gold to basest metal, is at once the puzzle and the tragedy of 'Coriolanus'. Similarly, too, the tragedy of Macbeth, as also Othello, is not the actual death, but rather the degeneration, the slow, sure, steady disintegration of the sterling qualities that originally constituted their character and which in the end in their new perverse grouping culminate in their deaths. In 'Coriolanus' however, the degeneration and disintegration, above referred to, are neither slow, nor steady, but certainly sure, and sure with an unbridgeable mysteriousness. They come upon us with a devastating suddenness, and Shakespeare provides us with not even a single soliloquy by way of preparing us for the bombshell. This circumstance is what has always made me—and perhaps others as well—close this otherwise enthralling play with a perturbed and gloomy air.

Let me explain this point further. In Act IV Scene 1, as Coriolanus takes tender leave of his friends, mother and wife, there is not the least hint that in any manner foreshadows the subsequent developments. He but says with pathos too deep for tears:

While I remain above the ground you shall
Hear from me still; and never of me aught
But what is like me formerly (Italics mine)

So his promise to his mother is in effect an affirmation that in future he would as scrupulously keep before his vision those ideals of conduct that till then had so wonderfully marked him out among his fellow-men. And yet, scarce three scenes pass, and these are among the shortest, and Coriolanus, the same Coriolanus, is discovered in a repulsively new light. How was this? This thirsting for a vulgar revenge—of a type whose very mention would be an outrage on human thought even in its least developed stages—is maliciously exhibited when to Cominius, his esteemed friend, he disdainfully states that

He was a kind of nothing, titleless,
Till he had forg'd himself a name o' the fire
Of burn'ng Rome.

Coriolanus, then, is no more the greatest patriot of his time but is now metamorphosed into a furious God of Revenge who would burn all Rome ere he turned to think of more mundane things. Who, I ask, will not quake at a deflection in Ideal, so monstrous, so inhuman, so impossible of comprehension?

This phenomenon has harassed me ever since I made the acquaintance of this play. With avidity I have ransacked my Ulrici and Dowden, Levin Schucking and Professor Stoll: I have questioned my masters, conferred with my friends. And yet has my difficulty been left worse confounded than ever. Perhaps Professor A. C. Bradley, in his British Academy Lecture in 1912, offered by far the most sensible view of the psychological upheaval in Coriolanus. Prof. Bradley would have us believe that when Coriolanus promises to his friends before parting, he does so in no hypocritical frame of mind. Far from it: but subconsciously he expects that his banishment would be annulled very soon and that he could return to his beloved city. But days pass, (how many, we do not know) his latent hopes shrink and disappear, and "his heart hardens,

his pride swells to mountainous bulk, and the wound in it becomes a fire". He feels poignantly that he is "whoop'd out of Rome" by "the voice of slaves". The very, Aristocracy of Rome—the object of his former pride and the inspiration of his former sacrifices—now is composed, in Coriolanus's view, of 'bastard nobles'. His mother, wife and son: Cominius and Menenius: all are of the same deceitful cast. Thus, says Bradley, "the blind intolerable chaos of resentment conceives and gives birth to a vision of the whole city one tower of flame. To see that with his bodily eyes would satisfy him." Possibly Professor Bradley is right: when Cominius says:

I tell you he does sit in gold, his eye
Red as 'twould burn Rome.

and when as comment the second guard in the next scene adds:

You'll see your Rome embraced with fire before
You'll speak with Coriolanus.

one is almost tempted to agree with the Oxford Professor. But on second thoughts one ventures to add that though Prof. Bradley's is a plausible view, and even a warranted one, it is not exactly what one could call a satisfying explanation. For his reasoning at last boils down to this: that Coriolanus was so enraged with the Romans that he wanted to burn the city itself, his child, his wife and not even "the most noble mother in the world" excluded. This only establishes with greater clarity the colossal aberration in Coriolanus' mind. It does not certainly account for it: much less does it justify it, (without at least a partial justification one could not understand and sympathise with the tragic hero and without this, again, the primary purpose of Tragedy would be frustrated) according to normal human standards.

I am content with having merely stated my difficulty with 'Coriolanus'. Let me, however add, rather dogmatically, that so long as this riddle in the character of the hero persists and is not properly explained away, 'Coriolanus' will never find a place along with the other supreme edifices of Shakespeare's Tragic Drama.

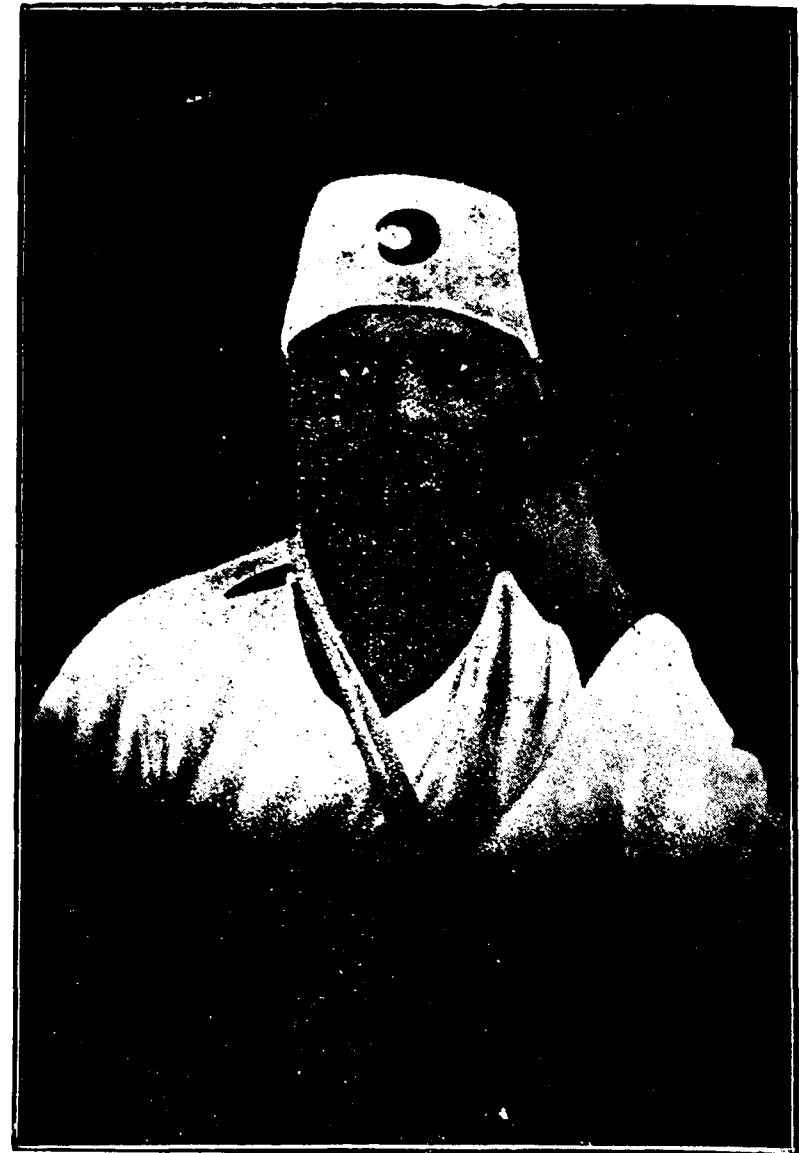
MAULANA MAHOMED ALI

BY C. H. V. PATHY

IT is with melancholy pleasure that I pay the last tribute of my affection to a friendship which I hold as one of the most precious in my life. For I knew Maulana Mahomed Ali, whose pathetic exit in a forlorn land has smeared a blood-red streak of tragedy across the history of the Round Table Conference, rather intimately since the days when I was a struggling sub-editor in a Lucknow daily, and circumstances brought us together on several occasions during the last seven years.

Born in Rampur where his father held a high office, Maulana Mahomed Ali had his early education at Aligarh, later on going to Oxford. On returning to India, he entered the Baroda Civil Service which he left to start the *Comrade*, a weekly journal at Calcutta. It is rather a curious coincidence that some of India's greatest sons started their life at Baroda. Sjt. Arabinda Ghose, Maulana Mahomed Ali, Mr. C. R. Reddy, not to mention others, had their early training in Baroda. From journalism Mr. Mahomed Ali made a jump to politics and he was the prime mover in the organisation of the Muslim League which was ushered into existence in 1906. Mr. Mahomed Ali soon added a second string to his journalistic bow by starting the *Hamdard*, an Urdu daily.

The Cawnpore Mosque incident of 1913 brought him to the front, and along with Syed Wazir Hasan he went to England. When the great European War broke out the attitude adopted by Maulana Mahomed Ali and some of his writings in the *Comrade* and *Hamdard* were considered dangerous by the Government and the securities of the two journals were forfeited. On the top of this came the internment of the Ali brothers. The Royal Proclamation of 1919 secured their release. It is after this that Maulana Mahomed Ali threw in his lot with Mahatma Gandhi and in the cause of Khilafat and Non-cooperation toured the



THE LATE MAULANA MAHOMED ALI

length and breadth of India. In September 1921 he was arrested at Vizagapatam and taken to Karachi where he stood his historic trial. After serving his two years in jail he came out in 1923 and his services in the cause of the Motherland were recognised when he was elected to preside at the Cocanada Congress. Since then he had been in the forefront of extreme politics till the publication of the Nehru Report to some of the provisions of which he took objection. Waiving all considerations of health, he went to the Round Table Conference and made a last bold fight for Indian Independence.

The present writer had the privilege of spending some pleasant hours with Maulana Mahomed Ali at Bhopal just on the eve of his departure to England. We were both staying as the guests of His Highness the Nawab. It was a lovely evening when I met him after a long interval and the air was fragrant with gentle autumn winds. Above was a pale blue sky traversed by brisk fleets of clouds. Though the atmosphere was filled with sunshine and the stir of autumn breeze, there was a look of melancholy in the Maulana's eyes. He was semi-blind and could not even read my visiting card. His brow was furrowed and his usual bright face a little faded. Fiftyfour years of storm and stress had left their marks even on his iron physique. He conversed with me on several topics but his conversation somehow revealed the misgivings of a tragic soul moving about in a world of physical and mental agony. He who could be simple, childish and intense was somehow frozen with the chill cares of life and his familiar natural fancy and mirth, which even a term in jail could not choke, was somewhat absent. He told me with all his usual fervour that the talk about his aspiring for the Presidentship of the Assembly was "the mischievous invention of a malicious brain". He also said that he was optimistic about the outcome of the Round Table Conference. Alas, I never knew then that I was talking with him then for the last time.

The history of his life has been the record of a strenuous political activity animated by a grand unity of purpose and

ennobled by one consistent ideal, a capacity for sacrifice. He flung his personality into everything he did. Ardent, tempestuous, eloquent, he was a kind of Oriental Sultan. His gorgeous satisfaction with life impregnated the whole company like ozone where he was. Patriotism with him became a spiritual stimulus, a vision and an ideal lit by a light that never was in sea or land. He was the cynosure of cameras wherever he went, the theme of journalists, the god-send of gossips, the centre of a legend.

More than fifteen years ago he went on the political sky like a rocket. Never was there such a dazzling spectacle. In the stormy days of noise and rush which preceded the Bardoli halt, next to Mahatma's, the Maulana's was the most outstanding personality. The rocket that rose at Calcutta has now completed its ark at Jerusalem. He added to the soul of nationalism the wings of rhetoric. Politics dealt harshly with this great man. Though in the last stages the fanatic conquered the politician, politics had broken the heart of Mahomed Ali. As Mahatma is the soul of Indian nationalism, Mahomed Ali was its mystic.

His speeches and writings had the flashy flickering quality of a cinema performance. He was a peppy journalist who could write 18 carat stuff both in English and Urdu. He could lash his opponents with irony, mockery and raillery. I recollect one smart retort which he administered to President Patel. Maulana Mahomed Ali was sitting up on the press gallery of the Assembly. The President turned towards him and said, "Now that you have come so far, why not come down?" "No", came the swift retort, "I prefer to look down on you". His speeches diffused both heat and light, and he sometimes used rhetoric for its toxic effect. There was something theological in his hatred of mediocrity. It is a tribute to the charm of his character and the equanimity of his temper that his most ardent admirers are those who vigorously combated his opinions. In the realm of Indian politics he was the artist who elbowed and pushed. If he did not shout his wares, he knew that he would not be heard.

What struck me most in Maulana Mahomed Ali is the resistless torrent of his inexhaustible energy. In spite of adversity, loss of health, wealth and popular support, he retained till the last his buoyancy of temper. There was not any diminution on his crusading blast and his sacred passion to live a free life is evidenced in his last speech at the Round Table Conference where he prophetically said that he will not return to a slave India. He was a good friend, a true Moslem, a devoted brother and a great prophet of humanity. His affection for his Big Brother "whose very size was an offence against 144 section" is well known to all. His death is a great personal wrench to me, and a loss to India and the world. May Allah grant Peace to his departed soul!

THE STRUGGLE

Shun thou not the struggle
Now the battle's on!
Lift the burden,
Bear it bravely,
Till the day is won.

—Jean Oliphant.

ALL ASIA EDUCATIONAL CONFERENCE

BY PROF. S. K. YEGNANARAYANA AIYAR, M. A.



DURING the last Christmas week, that is, from the 26th up to the 30th of December, both inclusive, Benares was the scene of great educational activity. The first All-Asia Conference, held under the auspices of the World Federation of Education Associations had its five days' session. At the last meeting of the World Confederation at Geneva in July 1929, the Asiatic Representatives assembled there under the leadership of Dr. Kuo of China approached the authorities of the World Federation and got from them permission to hold a sectional Conference in Asia. Pundit Ram Narayan Misra, the indefatigable Headmaster of the Central High School, Benares, who was one of the Indian delegates at the Geneva Conference, had to bear the brunt of the whole task of running the show at Benares, as he was elected Secretary of the Reception Committee.

The Conference was held in a spacious shamiana put up for the purpose in the open space within the premises of the Central Hindu High School. Among the delegates assembled, there was just a sprinkling of Chinese and Japanese, Burmese and Ceylonese, and the rest were almost exclusively Indian. One noticed the conspicuous omission of delegates from the Islamic countries of Asia, Turkey, Arabia, Persia, Afganistan or Central Asia.

The Conference opened on the 26th, and in the unavoidable absence of Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, the Chairman of the Working Committee, the Hon. Raja Sir Motichand, C. I. E. welcomed the delegates. Prof. Seshadri, as the President of the All India Federation of Teachers' Associations also welcomed the delegates. The Maharajah Sahib of Benares H. H. Prabhu Narain Singh Bahadur was pleased to declare the Conference open and Prof. Radhakrishnan of Calcutta then delivered his Presidential

Address. The first day's session closed with a garden party given for all the delegates by Raja Sir Motichand.

The number of people assembled, including visitors, was so large that no business could be transacted. The authorities of the Conference had arranged to have a number of sectional meetings and even some of these sectional meetings, especially those held in the Congress pandal, became so unwieldy that very little effective business was done. Meetings of the secondary education and of the adult and rural education were held in the pandal and the latter was presided over by the enlightened Mussalman lady, Mrs. Atiya Begum.

Through the four days of the Conference, these sectional meetings were carried on. The authorities had taken very good care not to overcrowd the programme and had allowed a considerable laxity in the matter of details to sectional secretaries. At each of these meetings papers were read, subjects were discussed and sometimes resolutions were passed. The next plenary session was in the afternoon of the last day, and this attracted more than the usual crowd because of the announcement made early in the morning of the expected arrival of Pandit Malaviyaji. The old veteran put in his appearance at 4 o'clock punctually and was given an ovation, the like of which few heroes would have received. He was very weak and came to the Conference in spite of his medical advisers' specific instructions. Even then he was pleased to speak a few words to the thousands of people assembled and fortunately on this occasion the loud speaker did not fail as it did on many another occasion during the session. He pleaded in the words of the poet for "the ringing out of false pride in place and blood" and for ringing in the "common love of good".

The Congress authorities had made arrangements for excursions of the delegates to various places of importance like the Hindu University, the Budhistic remains at Sarnath and a journey up and down the Ganges in boats. There was an Education Exhibition which was opened by the Director of Public Instruction, U. P., and which was

valuable in its own way. Many of the dramatic companies of the city availed themselves of this opportunity and some of them gave free performances to the delegates assembled from far and near. Every evening there were some general lectures on important topics by persons of great international reputation; lectures by Dr. Besant, Dr. Ziauddin of the Aligarh University and by Babu Bhagavandas deserve special mention.

The whole High School compound hummed with life during all the five days. The inner man was well looked after. There were many hotels and restaurants inside the compound where delegates could refresh themselves. The various activities were so bewildering that one felt thankful to the Reception Committee for issuing every day official bulletins giving a brief account of the previous day's work and the revised programme for the day. There were various amenities, like an efficient postal service, volunteers and first aid; a bank run for the occasion was found very useful by many of the delegates.

One night during the five days there was a business meeting of the Asiatic delegates at which the Indian section was constituted and Mr. Khatri, the Secretary of the All India Federation of Teachers' Association was appointed Secretary of the Asiatic delegation and authorised to carry on correspondence with representatives of other countries in Asia. Dr. Sir C. V. Raman was elected as the Representative of India on the Asiatic Committee.

I may perhaps conclude this hasty sketch with a few general impressions. The number of delegates and visitors was so large and unwieldy that no business could possibly be done. The whole thing was a big demonstration having a good deal of educative value but of very little business and practical value. The Conference as a whole did not express any definite opinion on fundamental problems of education. Secondly, one felt a certain amount of dissatisfaction due to the fact that even the various provinces of India were not assigned definite places inside the Congress pandal which would have given the people assembled a rough

idea of the various Provinces that sent up delegates and their number of representatives. As it was, the whole thing was in utter confusion and people did not know who had come from other provinces. South Indians had mustered in large numbers, some bent upon an educational mission, some looking upon the trip as a pilgrimage and some treating it as a holiday merriment. But most of them became conscious of one defect in our education; our boasted knowledge of English was of practically no use to us. Beyond Raichur and until we came back to Rajahmundry all through our tour in Northern India we felt that owing to our ignorance of Hindustani we could not open out our hearts to our brethren in the North who somehow or other were not so fond of English as we have become here. I know of many South Indians who formed pious resolutions on the spot of taking to the study of Hindi so that by the time another North Indian trip is organised they may be free from this handicap.

I cannot conclude this sketch better than in the words of the concluding portion of the tenth and the last bulletin published by the Conference authorities, under the caption "AU REVOIR".

The All Asia Education Conference has met and is now nearing completion. The great YAGNA has been performed, celestial light has burnt and burnt brightly as we see from the glow on the face of every delegate. We have been purified and sanctified by the holy fire, and now that we depart we carry with us new ideals and new light and a new spirit of unity.

ASIA IN CONFERENCE

The Real and the Sham.



CHRISTMAS at Benares has come and gone with its First All-Asia Educational Conference. And amid the clouds of vapid talk that surged around us in those eventful days perhaps three unforgettable incidents stand out as revelations of the Real among the shadows of illusion. Let me sketch these three.

The National Flag flying for many weeks over the buildings of the Central Hindu School was removed in the morning so as not to vex the eyes of the Maharaja when he came to open the Conference. He arrived with all the futile, childish panoplies of royalty and sat on his silver throne. Suddenly the familiar songs of the Nation's fight for freedom were heard, and a procession of volunteers marched past the shamiana, climbed the exhibition buildings, and there solemnly planted two large Tri-colour Flags, and offered them worship with flowers and the song, *Jhanda uncha rahe hamara*, familiar today in every Indian village. All eyes in the mighty crowd turned to this symbol of the national protest,—reality breaking in upon the pretence of an Asian Union under British imperialistic patronage,—and many responded to the call of the volunteers to salute the flag, by standing silently. Thus the foreign delegates were swiftly initiated to the world of India today.

The second great moment was when Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, Father of the Hindu University, arrived on his release from prison, and all the vast throng rose and cheered him. The President had called for one more of the usual meaningless resolutions of flattery and thanks, and the mover was about to speak when the sound of songs and drums again drew the audience, and all eyes were turned towards the entrance. Malaviyaji had come as he had promised, despite his weakness, before the Conference concluded. Scouts swiftly escorted him into the shamiana,

those on the platform had to cease their empty speeches while the veteran Leader entered in state. The audience rose as a man to its feet, most stood on the chairs and shouted and clapped. Everywhere were cries of "Paudit Malaviyaki Jai!" and even of "Inquilad Zindabad!", the more revolutionary cry of our day. Thus a wonderful proof was given to our visitors of the reality of this movement for the freedom without which real education is impossible.

The little speech the Pandit made was characteristic of the spirit of the time. Picture him, the frail old man, and in his eyes the shadow of great sufferings, hardly freed from gaol, and speaking of his love for Asia and of the need, not for Nationalism but for Internationalism, of friendship not of hate, of love and understanding. How small, and petty, and futile, are the lathis and guns and ordinances before such a man!

The third moment was when Principal Wong, of China, rose in the Chair to close the Conference, and in his final words spoke of the real union of India and China in the persons of their great men, of Gandhiji and of Sunyatsen, whose portraits met on the exhibition walls, and when he assured the people present that China's friendship was with India, for they struggled alike for the same cause, and he wore the colours of India on his breast.

There was the real Pan-Asiatic Conference, not in the airy speeches of starving and frightened teachers, of municipal chairmen or of Government officials. Not in the theories of rural education, or in endless plans for fighting illiteracy that can never come to birth in a free land, but in a common struggle against the outworn tyrannies of the past, lies the future union of Asiatic peoples.

If any single thing was clear in all the committee meetings and the lectures of those days it surely was this. No real work for Education can be done except on a national scale, with the enthusiastic support of Government. This demands a Government whose interest it is to educate the masses and not to keep them in ignorance.

of Presidentship of the Congress, he has no further use for a political life. As a statement of mere fact this is inaccurate. The Congress at Gauhati over which he presided was held in 1926. Far from leaving politics alone, he immediately thereafter commenced a self-imposed task of tackling the Hindu-Muslim question, made an extensive tour of the Maharashtra, brought about the advocacy of joint electorates at the Bombay meeting of the A. I. C. C., and organised the Independence movement right up to the end of 1928; but apart from this, the accusation betrays a gross misconception of his personality and character.

Sometime in 1921, at the Vakils' Association I made the acquaintance of Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar, and the acquaintance brought me into intimate relationship up to 1927—a period during which the bulk of his political work was done. In 1921, the country knew him as a very eminent lawyer who had filled with distinction the post of Advocate General of Madras and had resigned it for the sake of an active political career. The resignation took place early in 1920, and the Presidentship of the Tinnevely Provincial Conference was conferred on him during May of that year. By that time Gandhiji had commenced expounding the gospel of Non-Co-operation, which was viewed somewhat critically by the leaders. The death of Tilak in August left the field clear, and, at the Special Session of the Congress in September, the programme was put through and carried by a large majority at Calcutta. Despite the prohibition of Council entry, Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar stood for election to the Madras Council and was returned thereto by the graduates of the University. By 1921 he got dissatisfied with the Council work, and without subscribing himself fully to the Non-Co-operation programme, he renounced both his membership of Council and his title of C. I. E. I believe that at this period he came somewhat under the influence of Gandhism and by 1922, he had resolved to dedicate himself whole-heartedly to the work of the country.

The most outstanding characteristic of Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar is his single minded, whole-hearted pursuit of any

work that he set himself to. As a lawyer, he had mastered the entire range of case law, and his knowledge of statutes was equally vast and accurate. Never slipshod, never unprepared, he attended to every aspect of a case thoroughly and minutely. In sheer intellectual power I have seen few equals of his; and in driving force and energy, certainly, he has no peers. He brought these characteristics into full play in his political work also. Rarely troubled by rules and chafing against organisations, he formed a personal party of his own and moved up and down the country rousing the people, organising and consolidating the Congress. By December 1922 he had become an active force and at Gaya, sought a *via media* between the orthodox Gandhi gospel and the Das programme. He would contest the elections but would not enter the Councils. But his Seinn Feinn programme was not adopted, and the country was left to continue to plough the arid sands of the constructive programme. By the end of 1923 he gave his adherence to the Swarajist creed and by 1925, he had become in the full sense an All-India leader. The Mahajana Sabha was brought under his control and the Congress Committee became his organisation. In 1925 he started his Municipal programme and was rapidly capturing the Corporation. 1926 witnessed the memorable fight with the Justice Party at the polls and the crushing defeat of the latter under his leadership. Meanwhile the country recognised his services and chose him for the Presidential chair at Gauhati. He was also returned the same year to the Indian Legislative Assembly by the City of Madras.

I am not personally acquainted with his work thereafter, but I believe that in the Assembly the Leader of the Congress Party and the Deputy Leader could not get on amicably together. They met together—as flint and steel. Sir Alexander Muddiman referred to the danger of putting two lions into one cage. I am also reminded of the apocryphal story of John Simon and F. E. Smith at Oxford, tossing a coin as to which party each should belong, since the same party cannot contain both.

The story of his efforts at Hindu-Muslim Unity is an instance in point. When at Gauhati, he formulated his plans, they were viewed with scorn and incredulity. Nothing daunted, Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar threw himself heart and soul into the task, and on the third day of the meeting of the All-India Congress Committee at Bombay, in May 1927, he was able to bring about the consent of the Muslims to the scheme of joint electorates. The Madras Congress witnessed the further development of his plans. But when the Nehru Report was prepared, the agreed solution at Madras was vetoed, with the result that Muslim leaders, notably the Ali Brothers, broke away from the Congress altogether. One is not sure that much of the communal trouble in the country is not the result of the unhappy Nehru Report and the circumstances in which it was made to supersede the Madras resolutions.

Despite adverse circumstances, Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar did good work in the Assembly; and the testimony of Mr. Arnold Ward who sat in the gallery day by day, is of great value. To me the most important achievement of his is that relating to the Sarda Act. He supported it in a great speech—a masterly exposition of the subject from every stand-point. When at Madras some of us set about popularising the Bill, we invariably either read the speech or used the arguments therein to silence the orthodox opponents.

On the platform he is never offensive and lifts every subject to a high plane of discussion. In marked contrast to the license he indulges in in private conversation, he scrupulously avoids personalities in his speeches. During the whole period of his election campaign from 1924 to 1926, when his opponents indulged in "one continuous web of defamation and lies" he scorned to take notice of them and descend to their level. Nor was he in the least affected by the effusions in a section of the local press, which for vituperation and disregard of truth were hardly, if ever, excelled. In private talk, he could discuss and denounce personalities with the zest of a Clemeanceau, but when any

other subject is under consideration it would be a most instructive discourse. Points of view never thought of before, aspects never before suggested, he would bring into play. He would illumine, as if by a flash of lightning, every crevice and corner of a subject. It would be an intellectual red letter day for the man who meets him first.

His powers of organisation are great and his energy is unbounded. No piece of work, however small, would escape his attention, and to the man who does his work in slovenly fashion, he has no mercy. He brooks little opposition, and his methods are far from being democratic. Hence his inability to accomodate himself to those above him and a tendency, like Disraeli's, which latterly became more pronounced, to surround himself with men of inferior attainments, to ensure their loyalty. He is a difficult man to work with, but it is well to remember that most people who achieve anything useful have a similar failing.

He has a genius for making compromises, bringing about reconciliations, smoothening the acerbities of political life. In the whole course of the acrimonious controversy between the Responsivists and the Swarajists, between Mr. Kelkar and Mr. Jayakar on the one hand and Pandit Motilal on the other, his influence was thrown in the direction of a peaceful settlement. Before their differences became publicly known, he ran to Bombay, and at Malabar Hill persuaded the contending parties to arrive at an amicable solution. When the inner history of the Congress movement during these years is published, even more interesting instances of similar efforts in this direction will become revealed.

As president of meetings, specially Committees, he used to get through his work with incredible speed. With a grip over the business before him, the items in the agenda will literally melt in his hands. His rulings will be given promptly and, at the same time, correctly. The manner in which he conducted the meetings of the Subjects Committee at Gauhati and the A. I. C. C., throughout the year evoked

the admiration of all. Some very distinguished Congress leaders suffered by his rulings, but they had only to thank themselves for it.

I remember as if it happened yesterday a curious incident which took place in 1926. The Presidential Address of the Gauhati Congress was being prepared and a letter was delivered in the meanwhile. It was a communication from Mahatma Gandhi who was staying then at Wardha. Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar had written to him to attend the Congress session. Gandhiji replied querying why he should do so. "No one listens to me, no one accepts my programme, the country is not behind me, why should I come?"—this was the substance of the letter. "I hope this fate will never befall me," said Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar, after I had perused the letter. The events that have happened since constitute a striking comment on this little episode.

But if any one thinks that Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar is played out, I am afraid he commits a mistake. For the moment he has rested from his task, owing to a sense of irritation at the way he has been treated. But given appropriate environment, it is difficult to believe that he will keep quiet. "The wind bloweth where it listeth and no one can say where it goeth, whither it cometh;" and some day, I am sure, he will come back to his work with undiminished vigour.

L I F E

Life is a leaf of paper white,
Whereon each one of us may write
His word or two, and then comes night.
Greatly begin! Thou thou have time
But for a line, be that sublime—
Not failure, but low aim is crime.

— Lowell.

BOOK REVIEWS

ULSTERS IN INDIA ?

BY B. V.

The problem of the Indian States is the problem of Princes the age-long problem of autocracy in authority, clutching tenaciously to the last vestige of its powers and prestige in the inevitable struggle amidst the onrush of progressive ideas and democratic ideals. Politically it is a formidable problem; socially an anachronism, the only living relics of medieval despotism and pageantry in the post-war world. The great war sounded the death knell of the last lingering signs of monarchy in all parts of the world, as the French revolution saw the downfall of Aristocracy in Continental Europe. Aristocracy and Monarchy have practically disappeared from the modern political world, and where the latter remains as in England and in Japan, they are merely a sort of "Punch puppets who cannot move until his Prime Minister's fingers are in his sleeves" But thanks to the standing British army and the assurance of John Bull Autocracy remains strongly entrenched in all its prestine power and glory in the Indian States and signs are not wanting from a gleaning of the Round Table Conference that it may be assured of a long lease of life Col. Powell well calls them "the Last home of mystery" for here alone in the modern world—movies and novels excepted we see all the glitter, romance and mystery usually associated with medieval splendour, despotism and tyranny. Socially, it may be a world problem, a menace to modern social progress and ideals but here we are concerned, not so much with that as, with its political aspect where it bids fare to prove a menace and a standing obstacle to the growth of India to its fullest stature and freedom. In short, to put it in the words of Kanhayalal Gauba the brilliant author of "H. H. or The Pathology of Princes" it may become an 'Ulster' in India—a handy weapon and catspaw in the hands of British Imperialism to stem the progress of Indian freedom and Self Government. "The Butler Committee" says Gauba, "followed by the Simon Commission have between them raised not one Ulster, but five-hundred and sixty two Ulsters. Round Table or no Round table, the calendar has been put back for half a century" Mr. Gauba

"H. H. or Pathology of Princes" by K. Gauba (Rs. 7-8).

has rendered a great and valuable service to both British India and the Indian States by bringing out this excellent book at this juncture in India's political history when its fate is on the anvil of British Parliament. The book fulfils the long felt need of an authoritative and candid exposition of the subject of the Indian States and is a brilliant piece of close analysis and clear political thinking. Readers of 'Uncle Sham'—probably the first sensational best seller in the world's market by an Indian author—are familiar with his trenchant pen and pungent satire and in this book we find him in the same form, candid, daring, but withal authoritative and weighty, only a little more restrained, probably because of the delicacy of the subject wherein he has to deal with his own country and countrymen. Marshalling amazing and almost incredible facts about these strange kingdoms "the author, in mordent satire combined with a withering oronsic skill and analysis, has torn the Humbug of the propaganda of the chamber of princes to shreds and framed one of the most staggering indictments ever published". The titles are satirically suggestive and his treatment of the constitutional questions as Paramountcy and Federation are well reasoned and documented by authoritative and weighty pronouncements. The whole book is a master piece of clear political analysis and literary flavour and deserves to be in the hands of all interested in Indian Political problems.

ARITHMETIC For High Schools by Govind Balwant Karnic, S. T. C., Mathematics Teacher, Shri Pratap High School, Bansda, Surat.

The book under review is a very useful aid for all High School Students. It is specially adapted to suit the needs of any Indian University. The get up of the book is quite good. It is priced at only Rs. 2.

NOTES

Elsewhere we print two interesting articles on the first All-Asian Educational Conference that was held in Benares in the last week of December. From the

The accounts therein given and from other ac-
All-Asian counts that we have seen and heard from
Conference. other sources it would appear that both in the matter of arrangement and in making the most of the obvious advantages of such a gathering, the actual results did not justify the expectations widely held. But that is no reason why we should take a pessimistic view of the deliberations or decry the Conference as a whole. The defects, such as they are, are curable by experience and when the next Conference is held, the organisers will, no doubt, profit by the experience already gained and enable the Conference to subserve the interests of education and All-Asian Unity much better. Even as it is, the full propagandist and cultural value of the Conference should not be lost sight of. If our Asian visitors were few, those who attended made up for the lack of numbers and gave their Indian brethren the benefit of their experience and knowledge. Such exchange of knowledge must necessarily help the cause of education as also that of International Unity. It was a pity, however, that the Conference did not give any practical lead in furtherance of educational progress by either drafting or demanding any cut and dried programme. We hope the subsequent Conferences that may be held in future will not only remedy this defect but also set up an agency whose duty it should be to see that the resolutions of the Conference are properly broadcasted and given effect to.

Almost immediately after the conclusion of this Conference came the All-India Women's Conference which was held at Lahore under the Presidency of Mrs. (Dr.) Muthulakshmi Reddi of Madras. The session was extremely business-like and the resolutions that were passed reflect the level headed and practical out look of the women of

India today. An All-India Maternity Benefits Act for women factory workers, centres of training for women social workers, Children's Courts, stricter enforcement of the provisions of the Sarda Act and representation for women in Legislatures, other public bodies and in medical and public health services—these were among the many resolutions passed. The awakening of Indian women has been comparatively recent, and though their entry into public life and activities has been somewhat belated, they bid fair to make up for all these by an effort which is as laudable as it is encouraging.

Yet one more Conference is sitting and deliberating as we write—the All-Asian Women's Conference which began on the 19th at Lahore. When the delegates' meeting elected Srimati Sarojini Devi, who is undergoing sentence in the Yerrowada Jail for serving the cause of the country according to her own lights, they paid a handsome tribute not only to the gifted poetess but also to the cause she represented. The Conference itself was more representative of Asia than the Benares one, being represented by ten foreign countries, including Jerusalem, Syria, Damascus, Basra, Persia, Java, and Afghanistan. The Rani of Mandi who opened the Conference succinctly and happily summarised the object of the Conference in these words:

This is the first gathering of its kind in Asia. We meet to promote cultural unity among the women of Asia to place at the service of humanity these qualities which are peculiar to our Oriental civilisation, to stamp out those evils which have crept into our civilisation, to pick out and adapt those qualities of civilisation and culture which have elevated the West to the high pinnacle of social and material prosperity to benefit ourselves by exchange of experience in our respective countries and lastly to advance the cause of world peace. It is our desire not merely to regenerate ourselves, but through us, regenerate and promote human progress and happiness at large.

We await with interest the resolutions that they may put through.

Universities in India are un-enterprising, and show a marked tendency to move only in the old Indian and American grooves. American Universities, on the other hand, are always on the look-out for innovations and ever ready to experiment with new ideas and plans. Indian Universities make a fetish of standard and examination; American Universities, apparently, do not set much value on either. Obviously there is nothing to choose between the two and the true interests of education and the interests of the country will be served only when we are able to strike a balance between the two extremes. We are prone to admire the Western Universities because they have got just those things that we lack. It would be, therefore, worth while to enquire what Americans themselves think of their own productions. Dr. Abraham Flexner, who was formerly Director of the Rockefeller Foundation's General Education Board, has in his admirable treatise, *Universities* examined critically the tendencies in higher education that he has observed in Germany, England and the U. S. In his view American Universities lack a sound sense of values and are "bargain counters for training which is neither intelligent, selective nor thorough". And he gives several instances in support of his statement. The Columbia University, he says, is granting degrees for the completion of courses including "food etiquette and hospitality," "elementary stenography," "practical poultry-raising" and "wrestling, judo and self-defence". The University of Wisconsin awards Bachelor of Science degrees to students passing courses in drug-store practice, elementary costume designing and first aid to the injured. Correspondence Schools, which form another characteristic feature of American education, Dr. Flexner calls "service stations" and describes with withering sarcasm their methods of attracting students, and ridicules their courses in "janitor service, fire-insurance and bee-keeping". His plea is, therefore, for the creation of a modern university of higher learning which would spare both the scholars and the scientists the pressure of undergraduate and vocational activities.

It should not be supposed, however that there are no exceptions to this general picture painted by the Doctor.

There are many others which set before them-

News ways: selves a far higher and better ideal and strive

A five to attain it by exploring by developing and

Year plan. perfecting new and better ways of learning and teaching. The *Outlook and Independent*

(an American magazine) gives a very interesting account of a "Five year plan" attempted by the University of Chicago. Robert Maynard Hutchins (he is only 31 years old), the President of the University has developed a plan according to which a student would be graduated whenever he could pass a comprehensive examination. It is to be put into force from this year. President Hutchins' plan is to merge all non-professional departments into five large sections—the physical sciences, the social sciences, the humanities etc. The student is allowed to work in these as he chooses and may take his comprehensive examination as and when he is ready for it. Thus it would be possible for a genius to finish his course in two or three months even, while a bright boy may take a longer time and a very average boy the full term of five years. The plan has obvious advantages, one of which is that the bright students need not be unduly detained and repressed by the more dense or indifferent boys. It thus rewards industry without making it compulsory. Some such plan may be well tried in India also.



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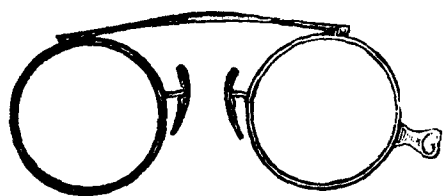
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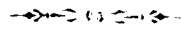
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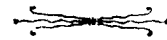
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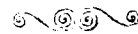
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