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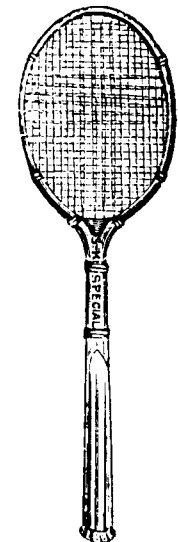
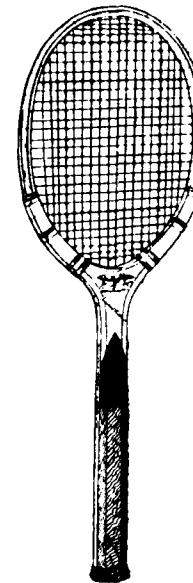
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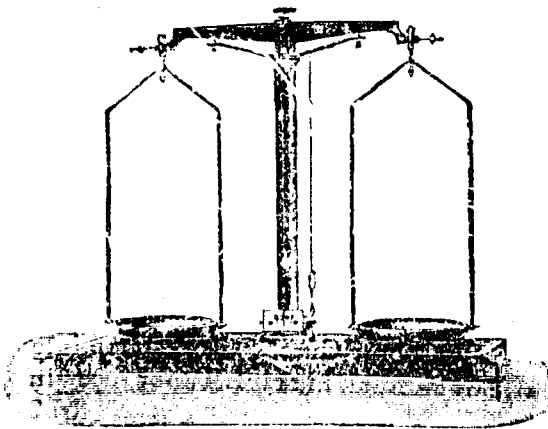
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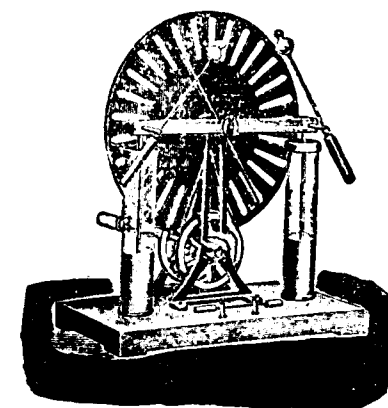
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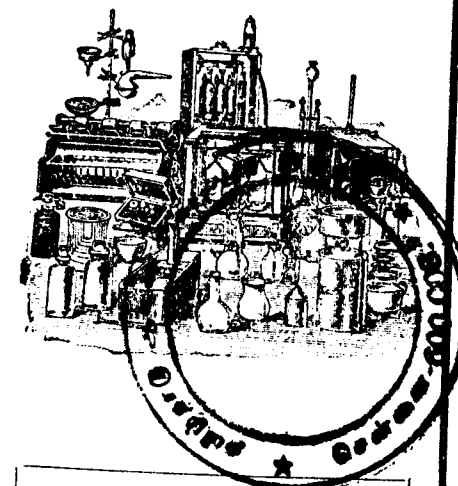
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Yours faithfully,

Left Hand Thumb Impression of
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INDIAN YOUTH: THEIR IDEALS AND ASPIRATIONS

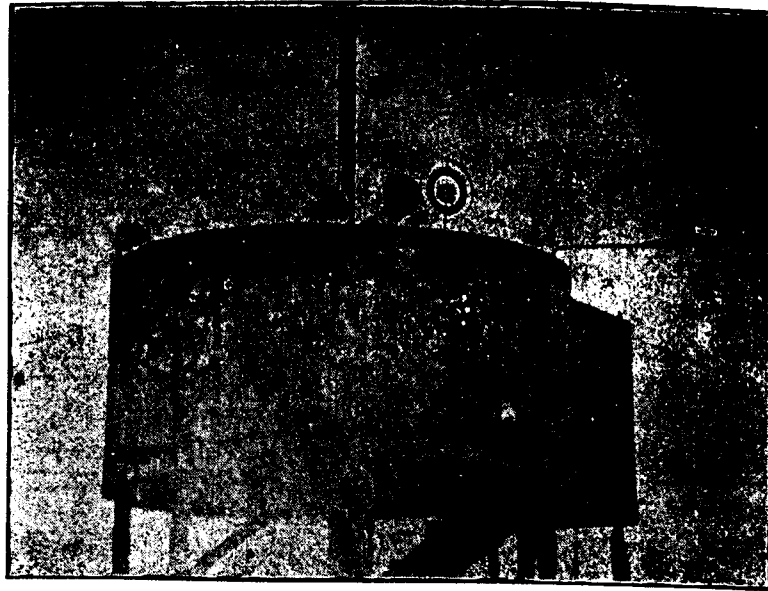
BY A. RANGASWAMI IYENGAR.

(Editor, "The Hindu.")



ONE of the preoccupations of my mind during the eventful days of the Karachi Congress was to try and obtain an idea of the manner in which the better mind of the youth of the country was moving in this period of rapid transition. Even an outside impression of all the activities of the youth organisations there sufficed to convince me that the surging flow of national feeling which animated them all alike and was overflowing here and there in speeches and actions of revolutionary import, was at the bottom based not merely on the profound economic changes that are overtaking the country, but also on the even more far-reaching changes in the mental outlook and moral principles that animated their activities. To dismiss them as arising from a development of irresponsibility, consequent upon the loosening of ancient ties, whether of law or of custom, would be most foolish and wrong on the part of any well-wisher of the country. The duty of guiding the flow of this national enthusiasm, and the abounding desire to serve and to sacrifice, to live for ideals and aspirations as noble as any that now fill the minds of the younger generation of the country, is a task which must tax all the

resources of sympathy and patience, firmness and restraint also, on the part of the elder generation, and it is in this respect that Mahatma Gandhi's gospel of non-violence has been most effective and valuable in controlling and guiding the minds and activities of the youth of the country in their proper channels for the achievement of national freedom and national amelioration. Perhaps the most promising aspect of the features that distinguish this growing youth movement is the extent to which it has succeeded in ridding them of all those communal passions and prejudices, differences and disputes, that are so prominently in the way of a national settlement at this juncture among the older generation. Nothing struck me as more hopeful in this respect than the manner in which Hindu and Muhammadan youth alike were prepared to ignore and to dismiss as trivial the objections and the difficulties, the dangers and the bogeys which have been repeatedly brought up in discussions of India's future progress by the older generation to oppose national plans and, by the more self-seeking among them, to inflame and invite mass opinion. I was told, for instance, by a responsible person that in the important Universities in Upper India, the real feeling among the younger professors and students alike was that the demand for special treatment and special claims on behalf of any community was derogatory to their self-respect and that the younger generation of all communities generally look with misgiving and apprehension at the prospect of their being brought up in the hot-houses of special privileges and of reserved seats and offices that their elders desire to be assigned to them under the new Swaraj Constitution. They feel, I was told, that the tutelage under which they will thereby be placed will only stunt and dwarf them, and prolong the day of their being able to stand upon their own legs and on a footing of equality with other communities in every walk of life. Would that this feeling permeate from the younger generation to the elder generation of all communities, majority and minority alike, and give the country a chance of national consolidation on the basis of equality of civic and political rights as well as duties.



The Rostrum. Sirdar Vallabhbhai speaking.



Gandhiji addressing a big meeting in the Congress grounds. A view of the huge gathering.

THE KARACHI CONGRESS

BY. N R. DEOBHANKAR



HE sun flooded the west with gold; a big melon-shaped moon was in mid-heaven. Forty thousand heads dotted a vast stadium beneath a blue sky. Festoons of electric bulbs flashed the national colours in the dazzling twilight. A moth-plane hovered above like a bird of ill-omen. The hum of human voices rose and fell like the murmur of the sea. Amidst such a setting did the Karachi Congress open its memorable session.

It will indeed live as the most momentous gathering in the annals of India. Sixty thousand patriots behind the prison bars and countless men and women all over the land had paid the price with open eyes. It was their voluntary suffering that had made it possible. The Gandhi-Irwin truce came like sunshine after a storm. One could read relief and joy wherever one turned during the short weeks of Congress preparations. It would indeed have been the happiest Congress but for the niggardly spirit of the bureaucracy, which fouled the atmosphere on the eve of the session. The Lahore executions, and the Cawnpore riots to which they led, plunged the country once more into gloom.

But Gandhiji proved surprisingly practical, and in fulfilling his part of the truce, lived up to his creed of Truth and Peace. The Congress met. The Delhi Settlement was ratified; invitation to the R. T. C. was accepted and the Mahatma was chosen the sole arbiter for communal negotiations and the London embassy. There was a protest from the Left Wing. Mr. Jamnadas Mehta made a vigorous indictment of the present policy. But the country was solid for Gandhiji, right or wrong. It was a great personal triumph.

Pandit Jawaharlal, the retiring President, was still the cynosure of all eyes, and the recipient of much mute sympathy and unabated admiration. With all that, however,

he seemed to be the unhappiest man going. Bowed with personal grief, torn between expediency and aspiration, feared by the elders and distrusted by the youths, he was indeed in a sad plight. He felt passionately about Bhagat Singh and his comrades, and shed tears over Ganesh Shanker Vidhyarthi's tragic end. The Socialistic resolution was his eleventh hour inspiration. He spoke throughout in his mellifluous Urdu. Once only did he have recourse to English. That condescension, as Mr. Satyamurthi termed it, was for the benefit of the ignorant Southerners in the Subjects Committee.

The vast majority of people were seeing the ruling President, the Sardar of Bardoli, for the first time. For, outside Gujarat, who had heard of him four years ago? He prided himself on being a plain, blunt farmer. He may be plain and he certainly was blunt, but one did not notice much of the farmer in him as he wielded the Congress sceptre. A bivouac, rather than a barn, seemed to be his appropriate back-ground—a prancing steed rather than a pair of oxen, as Mr. V. L. Sastri, Mr. Jamnadas Mehta and Maulana Zaffer Ali must have realised to their cost. Nature has fashioned him for command and not for debate. His forte is campaign, not subtle State-craft. If the country resumes the offensive again, the Gujarat hosts will be the first to mobilise, and their Sardar will be found in the vanguard of the fight, upholding the Congress banner.

The Congress had gone as far as it could, consistent with its avowed creed of non-violence, in placing on record its homage to the patriotism of Bhagat Singh and his fiery comrades. Some ultra patriots read in this resolution a slander of the dead martyrs and found in Mrs. Chattopadhyaya their Joan of Arc to avenge this insult and to repudiate the Mahatma. But, when the hour to strike the blow was at hand, the lady was to be seen nowhere. Her husband, too, was conspicuously in the back-ground.

To a nationalist, wedded to no party, there is no greater dilemma than the attitude of the youth leaguers. Instead of forging ahead with their own schemes and asserting



Sirdar Vallabhbhai Patel, President, talking to a group of Americans, one of whom is seen in the picture dressed in shorts and Gandhi cap. The lady in the picture is Mrs. Hansa Mehta, ex-President, Bombay 'War Council'.



Front View of the Congress Pandal, which was known as "Motilal Pandal".

their influence, they waste time in recriminations against the old leaders and in squabbles among themselves. In their chagrin at the triumph of Gandhiji, they were second only to the bureaucracy. As a troupe of artistes, their performances on the platform are admirable. But they seem to be burdened with no loyalties, bound by no team-work, encumbered with no achievements. There is as much resemblance between the Gandhian creed of service and theirs as between chalk and cheese. Dr. Mahomed Alam gave a brilliant reply to their bombastic statements, and made short work of their opposition.

Indian nationalism is indisputably in the melting pot to-day. Mahatmaji has said that though Gandhi may die, *Gandhism* will live. With all respect to him, it may be doubted whether true Gandhism had ever existed on a large scale and whether it has better chances now. The country has leapt two generations in one year. The prison has wiped out old shibboleths and changed values and angles of vision. There is a consciousness of individual power and disgust for hypocrisies. It should surprise no one then if youth takes the bit in its mouth before long and tries its mettle and chooses its road. No one will wish it luck more sincerely than the Mahatma himself, one may be certain. For no country has a future where youth is content to be in perpetual tutelage. Just as there is the innane shouting of *Inqulab*, there is also the spineless acquiescence in every *Jai*. The Karachi Congress witnessed both extremes. It also witnessed the third type here and there—the type that is to survive and be the saviour of the nation. May it soon take over charge and fulfil its role!

The Congress sittings carried us far into the night. Then came the rush for the exits. On bursting out of the enclosures with the force of the current, the crowd spread itself like cream upon a plate. It was like coming out into a dream-world, as one gained a safe retreat, and breathed with ease and met twinkling lights, gliding forms, muffled sounds, everywhere. The witchcraft of the Congress Nagar was most potent at night.

And yet, in the midst of all distraction, two figures kept haunting one's vision at every turn,—a tall, hawk-eyed Sikh and a frail, grief stricken widow—Bhagat Singh's father and Rajguru's mother—who had appeared at the rostrum to receive the nation's tribute. There had been a tense moment, and then the women had burst into sobs and the men had shed tears, and cries of *Zindabad* had thundered from every side. The scene cropped up before one's vision again and again. The nation had done its best, but

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or flattery soothe the dull cold ear of death?

SO SIMPLE

A little sun, a little rain,
A soft wind blowing from the west—
And woods and fields are sweet again,
And warmth within the mountain's breast.
So simple is the earth we tread,
So quick with love and life her frame;
Ten thousand years have dawned and fled,
And still her magic is the same.

A little love, a little trust,
A soft impulse, a sudden dream,
And life as dry as desert dust
Is fresher than a mountain stream.
So simple is the heart of man,
So ready for new hope and joy;
Ten thousand years since it began
Have left it younger than a boy.

Stopford A. Brooke.

Lady Volunteers giving the salute to one of their superior officers



SOME AILMENTS OF OUR BOYS

BY K. S. VENKATARAMANI



OUR Secondary Education suffers from three vital defects. The first touches the brain-centre, the second presses the heart, and the third paralyses the whole body. Hence the appalling waste of young lives strewn as mere wreckage along the waysides, high and low, in our country. Sterility is wide-spread, and the creative output is meagre. The seed is ill-dried and ill-stored, the sprout is denied proper sunlight and air, and the tender plant is ill-nourished and knows not the growing joy of freedom and movement, and of proper food.

The one object of secondary education is to develop the general ability of the pupil without impairing his special aptitudes and tendencies. This is cleanly ignored in our High Schools, and the whole work is seized with the spirit and the set purpose of preparing the students for a clerkship in the administration. No nobler view inspires our curricula of studies, and the text-books are as sweet as saw-dust. The most impressionable age is loaded with agonising sweat and labour of studies and acrobatic feats of memory, wholly unrelated to the genius of the growing mind.

The medium of instruction adds to the injury. Except for a few Eurasian-minded cranks, it is everywhere universally accepted that the mother-tongue is the proper medium of instruction in Secondary Schools. It is a soul-killing business, both to the teacher and to the taught, to grind the rules of gerund or of verbs in a foreign tongue, or to master the intricacies of syntax, grammar or idiom, not to talk of the nuances and the genius of the language, which is rarely acquired by mere teaching. Such a transportation to a foreign atmosphere is surely fatal to all growth. I know, it is a real and moving agony of the flesh, yawning and throbbing before the pale flicker of the lamp. It is the greatest curse that has befallen the phenomenal memory, the sweet receptiveness, and the rich and catholic talents of the precocious Brahmin lads of India.

The selection of text-books completes the intricate scheme of torture of the young. It has taken my breath away to see young minds eager for the nourishment of succulent food condemned to starve and live on saw-dust. The whole thing is artificial and unrelated to the actual life of the pupil. The mind is isolated from its environment and has to feed and grow in vaccum. The child in the womb is asked to draw its nourishment through a straw-pipe instead of Nature's own umbilical cord. No wonder the average Indian boy possesses no qualities racy of the soil. He carries the broken staff of his own body and mind, limping all through the highways and by-ways of life. Even the elementary knowledge to lead a clean, healthy and vigorous life is not his, not to speak of the general culture and ability that must be his, to seize and conquer even the most difficult and unforeseen situations.

Our educational policy needs a revolutionary re-orientation to make men of us. Glorified superintendents of stationery, with foot-rule in hand as the emblem of power and discipline, crowd now the high seats of office and learning. They must gracefully yield place to the real men who can think and initiate, and guide the destinies of a nascent nation.

But we are as a race clever in adumbrating high ideals, but pitifully slow in moving to action. That was our tragic unmaking in the past. Our impulses are now soaring very high. Our practical ability to reduce them to deeds and our ideals into habits of action is the real test of the generation.

SOME THOUGHTS ON CHILD TRAINING

BY P. N. CHARI, M. A., L. T.



WITH every advance made in the science of Psychology, the problem of child training acquires a fresh importance. In the very early years of childhood are formed the main character trends, and nothing that can be done in later life will ever undo the harm wrought in these plastic years. This makes the responsibility of the parents very great indeed. However unpalatable it might sound, the truth must be admitted that parents are generally unqualified for the job of training children. The fact that countless generations of parents have been at it offers no consolation, tradition in this matter acting as a brake on the wheel of progress.

First, it must be admitted that an ordinary parent has neither an adequate knowledge of child-psychology nor the time to acquire it. But it is not this alone that is in the way. In the pre-school years the child requires space to play in, right kind of toys to play with, and the company of other children, moving with whom he can acquire social habits. It is becoming very usual for many a family to restrict the progeny to an only child. Also in towns, exigencies of accommodation make it imperative that children restrict their activities, lest any inconvenience be caused to other tenants of the house. Even in the case of the children of the richer families, difficulties present themselves, requiring that their training be attended to by people other than the parents.

Truly, the training of the child requires great understanding and sympathy. Love is a redeeming quality, but by itself it will not be of much avail, unless it is backed by knowledge. It is this lack of knowledge of child nature that has led to disastrous results. Psychoanalysts point out that the *libido* or *life-energy* in every child expresses itself in various ways, mostly annoying and inconvenient to the

adults. When the child, true to its nature, seeks outlets for its power impulse, the adult, not understanding the child, sets about to curb it. Making noise on drums, tom-toms etc., indulged in by children, is for the gratification of this impulse. The child has an inborn resentment at having its desires thwarted. A conflict is set up between the child's love of freedom and the society's need for order and discipline, and the latter, being better organised, win in the struggle. As Dr. Crichton-Miller in *The Mind of the Growing Child* puts it:

The Child's life is one great complicated web of vetoes and prohibitions, among the mazes of which we expect his stumbling little feet to move without a falter or a false step. How can any mortal child live up to the impossible standards we set up for it?

Thus the pre-school years are years fraught with great possibilities for the child, and, with proper care and provision of the right environment, it may be possible for each child to make the beginnings of the later attainment of its individual uniqueness. This is the problem of the "under-fives". While it is true that most parents are unqualified for the task, it is also true that a new kind of teacher is necessary to tackle this problem. The teacher of the old type, who relied merely on chalk and talk, and with whom the cane was the symbol of discipline, can do more harm to the child than even the ignorant parent. Happily, however, the dawn of the new era has arrived, and the eastern sky is suffuse with the rosy splendour of the rising sun. In this new order of things, a different conception of discipline prevails; and the invigorating breath of freedom is putting new life into children.

In this movement for granting the "under-fives" their right, Nursery Schools are playing a significant part. These schools cater to the needs of the children. Abundance of good air and sunshine, hygienic structures, space for play, provision for food and sleep, education on kindergarten lines, enlightened teachers—these are some of the characteristics of a Nursery School. In America, a training section for the mothers is attached to the school, for, after all, it is to the

mothers that the children must return after it is evening and the school closes for the day. And it is not the intention of these schools to supplant the home altogether.

While in origin the Nursery School has been primarily intended for the children of the slums, it will do every one good to recognise that children of mental slums also require to be cared for. That will incidentally knock down any consciousness of class superiority.

And let us hear Miss MacMillan speak about these Nursery Schools:

What kind of education will you give in this place to your little ones? Well, to begin with, the new environment is an education in itself. It is stocked with nature's apparatus. Suppose you want to develop the touch sense. Lo! here are a score of leaves, hairy sunflower, crinkled primrose..... Do you want to compare colours, to note tints and shades; well, here is wealth aplenty. The herb garden will offer more scents than anyone can put into a box, and a very little thought will make of every pathway a riot of opportunities. Not, of course, that we do not use type apparatus. Not that we have not colour tablets here and also insets. But what are these if they are to be used only in class-rooms, and we are to be familiar only with cupboards? No, let us get out while we are little. For the greatest schools—the schools immortal of Syria, of Athens, too, and Venice, and even of Paris—these were roofed only by the sky.

I begin through the grass again once again, to be bound to the Lord;
 I can see, through a face that has faded, the face full of rest
 Of the earth, of the mother, my heart with her heart in accord,
 As I lie 'mid the cool green tresses that mantle her breast
 I begin with the grass once again to be bound to the Lord.

By the hand of a child I am led to the throne of the King
 For a touch that now fevers me not is forgotten and far,
 And his infinite sceptred hands that sway us can bring
 Me in dreams from the laugh of a child to the song of a star.
 On the laugh of a child I am borne to the joy of the King.

A. E.

THE NEW PSYCHOLOGY AND EDUCATION

BY T. K. VENKATRAMAN, M.A., L.T.

IT has long been recognised that the child has got its own individuality, and the primary aim of education is to develop and unfold this distinctive disposition. This view is amply supported by the conclusions of modern psychologists. It is a mistake to assume that they revealed to us things which we did not know before, for some of their conclusions only expressed in precise and scientific form certain vague notions already held. For instance, it was known generally that it was the most carefully supervised child which tended either to lose all initiative, or show persistent misbehaviour. The credit due to the New Psychology is that it offered rational, though sometimes far-fetched, explanations for most of the puzzling phenomena connected with human behaviour.

Ignoring the differences amongst the various schools of psychoanalysts, certain common assumptions can be gleaned. In every human being, there is an urge which strives after self-expression. This will may express itself in a desire for power, as Adler imagines, or in a desire to create, which need not necessarily be in the field of reproduction, in its narrowest sense, as Freud himself recognises, though he uses terms which lend themselves to a sexual significance. Both desires are essentially the same, as they express the individual's urge towards self-expression. If the desire for power, which expresses itself in the instinct of dominance or self-preservation, is checked, it may express itself in obscure physical ailments. The conventional picture of the timid, languid and weak Victorian maiden illustrates the chronic melancholy and invalidism which was often her lot, for from her birth it had been instilled into her that a woman's duty is to engage herself in religious devotion and self-sacrificing service at home, and those maidens who unconsciously rebelled against this ideal gave

expression to their unhappiness in a sort of general *malaise*, which would attract sympathy for them, and thus satisfy their unconscious desire. So peaceful is the influence of the mind over the body, that, if the sickness is laughed at as a pretence, at once a reaction takes place, which produces real symptoms of the ailment. In the same way, the teacher who ridicules a child when it desires to do something, often destroys its self-confidence for life. I know personally the case of a man who carried this kind of "inferiority complex" all through his years, because, as a child, his unwise uncle chafed at and criticised all his activities. In certain other cases, if this will to power is checked, the child is driven to dreamy phantasies as compensation, and now he is miscalled lazy, and punished. Sometimes the bar to his unconscious urge may drive the child to defiance. I have heard of a big boy who was constantly snubbed and reproved for his clumsiness and who turned out afterwards a bully towards his youngsters, thus "taking it out of them," and later on sank into a life of wild license.

The desire to create becomes insistent and dominant by adolescence. The whole emotional nature is stirred up, and very often, the adolescent child's fidgeting, clumsiness or moroseness is due to a constitutional shyness against an emotional display. If this urge to create is thwarted, it may sometimes lead to hysteria, or neurasthenia. In neurasthenia, the discordant elements which are repressed become *complexes*, and these are very troublesome to the mind as well as the body. The mechanism of Hysteria, just as in Hypnosis and Multiple Personality, is a dissociation of discordant ideas which remain separate in the mind as a result of the conflict. What in normal people is a simple repressed impulse, might become a troublesome complex in another, or lead to a split-up personality in yet another. In some cases, the conflict is so serious that adults may seek freedom from worry in *regression*, that is, in going back to out-grown forms of response, natural and pardonable only in children. It is recognised that all primitive peoples, like children, are hysterical, but under stress, even the steadiest of the civilised men might become

so. Dr. J. Putnam, in his *Human Motives*, points out how hidden forces can compel even the most staid of men to act abnormally at times.

But all this, however, does not support the plea that the child is to be left unregulated and free to develop its instincts as it likes. The essential aim of education is, while encouraging the individual to develop his or her distinctive disposition, to subdue or direct to desirable channels instincts which would otherwise unfit the individual for life in the society. Kindergarten, for instance, supplies the child all the opportunity of exercising its strength and ingenuity, and offers thus a safety valve for the outflow of the child's urges, which might impel it otherwise into the path of mischief. The present-day tendency to give children reasonable freedom and self-determination is justified, but care must be taken to see that only legitimate channels are opened. Responsible posts, like the monitor's, often afford legitimate vents for the impulse to self-expression. In the same way, the will to create may be sublimated into the exercise of creative art by careful and sympathetic regulation.

Besides, as Dr. J. B. Watson and his school have shown, the child's mind is, to a reasonable extent, plastic. The human mind has a smaller proportion of innate dispositions than that of any other creature, and human behaviour is largely fashioned by careful *education*. In civilised humanity, most instincts are so influenced by habit, tradition and the necessities of social life that they are not easily recognisable. It is interesting to notice in Mahatma Gandhi's character the sublimation of the urge after self-expression, which has resulted in a desire for continuous, self-sacrificing service for a cause.

Lastly I may refer to the problem of co-education, from the point of view of the New Psychology. A Western writer, who has in his mind only the conditions of his country, distinguishes three different stages in a child's mental growth. The first stage is the first seven years, when the child passes through the "Narcissistic" stage. In other words, the child's interest is centred in itself. Till fourteen, the child

is in the "Homo-Sexual" stage. Boys and girls tend to move in their own sets. With adolescence, roughly between fourteen and seventeen, begins the "Hetero-Sexual" stage. Boys and girls tend to seek the company of the opposite sex—a feeling biologically quite normal. Of course, it is possible that, in some abnormal cases, there might not be a progression to a further stage; the individual either refuses to take the next step forward in life which normal development demands, thus becoming a prey to what is called "Fixation"; or he might retreat to a stage already passed because of failure to face the particular situation, in which case he becomes a victim to "Regression". But these cases are exceptional, and we need not, for our present purpose, dwell on them.

This cycle of mental growth would be somewhat different, of course, in Indian conditions, and the nature of its development would be radically different. Possibly because of our quicker physical and mental growth, we may have to push back the age-limits. I believe that generally speaking, the first stage might last till the fifth year of the child. In this stage, co-education would do no harm, as the child would be hardly conscious of sex as such. The next stage might, in our country, be over by twelve. Since the general mental feeling would be unfavourable to a mixing of the sexes in common groups, this would serve as an argument against co-education at this stage. In our present stage of society, co-education in the third stage might conceivably have an unfavourable, and possibly deleterious, effect on our social organisation. Reformers should pause and study how far the experiment has been successful in other countries before advocating its wholesale introduction into a land which possesses a peculiar social frame-work, with different conventions and traditions. I gather that even in the West opinion is hardly unanimous, and there are critics as many as there are advocates.

Perhaps the greatest service done by the New Psychology is the light it has thrown on the obscure mental processes of the young delinquent. In some cases this might be due to social or economic circumstances at home, which

frustrate the individual's desire to be mentally and physically satisfied and thus impel him or her to defiance. It might be due to want of understanding or sympathy, or the tyranny of an elder or the teacher who thus satisfies his or her love of dominance. Sometimes it is the result of obscure morbid conditions. Healy in his *Mental Conflict and Misconduct* and *The Individual Delinquent* points out how petty thefts committed by children are traceable to morbid conditions produced by physical or mental shock, called "Trauma". An astonishing picture is thus presented of the human organism and its complexity, and all this only emphasises the stupendous responsibility of the persons who are in charge of and direct the growing plant in its early years.

AM I MY BROTHER'S KEEPER?

With aching arms and toil-worn hands,
 With work-bowed back and heavy tread,
 Deformed and dulled he midway stands
 Between the living and the dead.
 Through long, dark years of drudgery
 And hopelessness and ridicule,
 So comes my brother unto me
 From out the ages of misrule.
 And I who heedless saw them steal
 The light from out his eyes, and take
 His boyhood dreams, his faith, his zeal,
 What recompense is mine to make?
 Am I my brother's keeper? I,
 Who spurned this clod and mocked his pain?
 And from my heart comes the reply:
 The keeper of your kin—or Cain.
 And so tomorrow, when the fight
 Is joined, I ask the careless throng
 To give their aid to help me right
 My brother's and their brothers' wrong.

Oscar Walters in the "New Zealand Worker"

THE GITA IN DAILY LIFE

BY ERNEST WOOD



THE close connection between the teaching of the *Gita* and our ordinary daily life is not very often clearly seen. We have become accustomed to regard the words of that teaching as the technical terms of a special science, intended to be applied by specialists to the attainment of something at which the ordinary man need not aim. Such an attitude is surely disapproved in the opening chapter of the *Gita*, where we find the pupil, Arjuna, engaged in the daily duties of an ordinary man. Further on, without asking Arjuna to set aside those duties, Shri Krishna advises him to become a Yogin.

The explanation is that the teaching of the *Gita* is intended for those who are not satisfied with nature's law, but who are awake to their inner or spiritual needs, and so require something above that law. Men are in harmony with nature's law when they understand and accept the conditions of material life. For example, one knows that for health the body requires certain food, exercise and rest, and that there are natural enjoyments connected with all these, which never fail when they are taken in their proper measure. Again, the objects around us have their qualities or properties, and it is practical wisdom, leading to power, to accept them, without in the least wishing that they should be different. In this way an architect knows and accepts the properties of stone, bricks, wood, mortar, iron, glass and other things, and quite dispassionately uses them in his plans. All such harmony characterises the *sattwic* person, one who is orderly, intelligent. Inferior to him are the *rajasic*, or passionate, and the *tamasic*, or sluggish people, who respectively form the "careerists" and the "slaves" of our modern world.

Body and mind can both be very peaceful when there is obedience to the laws and acceptance of things as they are, and a man enjoys the fruit of his own good actions. But to

Arjuna this was not enough. Even though the prospective loss, and even death of the fighters around him, was deserved and according to law, he was not satisfied. His own soul was demanding a higher law, a spiritual law, the law of love. So, to put the matter briefly, he said, "I love these people, and, therefore, I will not fight."

Then Shri Krishna explained to him the whole philosophy of the relation between the finite forms of the so-called material world and the fruits of their use; because here was a man who did not want the enjoyment of the objects themselves, but their fruit, which is spiritual. The ultimate fruit of finite experience is something infinite—for example, if a man has learned to love his mother during the course of his childhood, he has awaked in him the capacity to love, and when he meets the mothers of other people, that love can flow. Though learnt through or with the aid of one object—one mother, the quality or fruit of that experience applies to any objects of the kind—any mothers.

This fruit of experience, or actions, is never in the objects, but always lies unawakened in the man, like the power in a seed. Thus an athlete may develop his muscles by using dumb-bells, but he obtains nothing at all from those objects. Or a little girl unfolds her emotional possibilities with the aid of a rag doll, which is in itself nothing but a bundle of rubbish.

Shri Krishna did not advise Arjuna to try to reach the infinite or unmanifest direct. He said that the path to the unmanifest was difficult, if not impossible, for the embodied to follow, and he, therefore, directed his pupil to the use of objects. In this, the teacher did not propound two paths; he said that you can obtain the infinite things by using the finite things. In fact, he asserted that nothing else remains after the finite things have had their day. When giving a list of best things, in the form of *yajnas* or offerings, he came at last to the best of all, and said that better than the offering of any wealth was the offering of *jnanam* or wisdom, because all use of objects ultimately resulted in wisdom. Yes, though myriads of cities and all their

contents are now buried in dust, the results of all the efforts put forth in building them remain in the men who made those efforts as qualities of character and elements of wisdom to-day. Men think they are building palaces and temples, when really they are building themselves.

Objects have utility because they assist our concentration of attention. Otherwise it would be sufficient to build our palaces and temples merely in imagination. If you want to play a game of chess, you can do so better with the board before you than blindfolded. Even the world's champion, Dr. Alekhine, who can play more than thirty games at once without seeing the boards, admits that he could play them better with the boards in view. Painters, sculptors, architects—all admit the value of the material expression as assistant to the perfecting of their realisation of beauty. There is, then, much error in that common supposition that material objects and spiritual pursuits have no connection.

But it is true that the fruits are never in the objects, but only in the man. The artist will be more capable tomorrow than he has been to-day, because of his effort to express the beauty he has already felt; but that result lies in the awakening of his own life in a perfectly natural way. The works are artificial but the result is natural, and that result cannot be obtained in an artificial way. The athlete cannot *make* muscles; he can make dumb-bells and use them, and muscles will be the fruit. No man can make himself wise, but he can use mothers and friends and material things to the best of his ability, and then he will become wise.

So Shri Krishna told Arjuna that his business was with the action only, never with its fruit. In other words, the fruit can be left to take care of itself. Thus, amidst all the turmoil of our present day, men may struggle with far greater peace and strength if they know that their effort must naturally result in eternal gain.

MY MOTHER

[This little poem is by a 17-year old girl]

When woods were green and world was new
Childish babbles were all I knew;
Words I then knew I softly lisped
L childish utterance often missed;
'Mong them all I know no other
As well as that dear word, Mother.

My dear Mother!

When after hours of vain prattle
I got vexed with my own rattle
And I did then try hard to learn
To whom for repose I may turn
Seemed it then I knew no other
Then my patient, loving mother.

My patient Mother!

When faces all were strange to me
Save the ones I did often see,
At them all I did sometimes smile
In childish greeting all the while;
Still they say I greeted no other
As then I did my sweet mother.

My sweet Mother!

Mother dear, at thy feet I place
A daughter's love with faith and grace
My life, my all, to thee I owe—
So let me wherever I go
As loving be and true to thee
As when I crawled around thy knee.

My loving Mother!

S. R. Rajammal.

"CHITRA"

BY SHRIMATI SAVITRI



HIS little, yet exquisite, play of Dr. Rabindranath Tagore is based on a small episode that occurs in the *Mahabharatha*. The original story is very simple. At the end of his vow of celibacy, Arjuna arrives, after long travelling, at the kingdom of Manipur, where, seeing the daughter of the King, he falls in love with her, and seeks her hand in marriage. The King is willing only on one condition, that the son born of the wedlock should be his heir, he having no son. Arjuna consents to this, and marries then and there the Princess Chitrangada.

The glowing, poetic fancy of Rabindranath Tagore has seized on this interesting episode, and has shed over it the rosy light of romance. Preserving the main outlines of the story, he has, however, by his skilful treatment shifted the centre of interest to the personality of Princess Chitra. The psychology of a woman, representing the noblest type of her sex, is revealed in this little play, indicating also the author's deep sympathy and rare gift of understanding human nature in all its aspects. The beauty of Chitra's mind, as Dr. Tagore has conceived it, will capture even the most unimpressible reader.

Humanity has ever placed its sense of value on nobility of character, and has set aside the bright charms of youth as no more lasting than the evanescent glory of the evening sky. But nowhere else is the truth better illustrated than in this Princess, who exhibits a mind singularly free from the least touch of woman's vanity and narrowness of heart. Even the great hero of Kurukshetra looks small beside this free, generous, and outspoken young maiden. His own lofty nature, indeed, seems scarcely flawless by the side of the unsullied purity and sincerity of Chitra's soul. Woman as she is, how she detests falsehood and all that has no permanent value in this world! The great fact that a woman can rise to nobler heights than a man at moments is beautifully brought out in Chitra's conduct.

Pining for the love of Arjuna, who disregards her for her want of beauty and attraction, she courts the favour of the Gods, Madana and Vasanta. The boon she craves from them is that she may be rendered perfectly beautiful for at least one day, and that is granted to her not for the space of one short day but for a whole year. It is evident that Chitra, till she is spurned by her lover, has never bestowed a single thought on her personal appearance. For, would she not rather be his comrade in arms than captivate him by her feminine wiles and graces? Endowed with all the blandishments of youth and beauty, she comes before Arjuna again, whose strength of mind at once gives way before the irresistible forces of the senses vanquishing him into a complete slave to her attractions. But Chitra, unlike the generality of her sex, can hardly rejoice at her good fortune. She is now sad that Arjuna is unfaithful to himself and all too ready to accept what after all is false and unreal.

"Oh, shame upon you!" she cries, "what have you seen in me that makes you false to yourself? Whom do you seek in these dark eyes, in these milk-white arms, if you are ready to pay for her the price of your probity? Not my true self, I know. Surely this cannot be love, this is not man's highest homage to woman! Alas, that this frail disguise, the body, should make one blind to the light of the deathless spirit!" And when Arjuna persists in his importunity, she says in genuine distress, "Alas, it is not I, not I, Arjuna! It is the deceit of a God. Go, go, my hero, go. Woo not falsehood, offer not your great heart to an illusion! Go!"

Her idealism of Arjuna is so intense that she is overtaken by the profoundest sorrow to see him sink into the level of ordinary, erring mankind. Though she has most earnestly solicited an incomparable loveliness of person to secure the stout heart of Arjuna, yet she begins to hate it the moment he is smitten by it and swears himself her slave. Her honourable nature, despising anything untrue, cannot bring itself to glory in that dire falsehood, although it has won for her, her most cherished object in life. Thus

the fact is borne to the reader's mind, that what the soul ultimately desires is the plain, unadorned truth, lying above all selfish considerations.

Her great hero, perhaps, has fallen from the high pedestal on which she has enthroned him, since he is content to offer himself at the altar of mere physical beauty. But she is too loyal and high-souled to see through the rents and discover the imperfections. Extreme sincerity, combined with a loftiness of spirit—a spirit that stands on a moral elevation too high for common mortals—explains the whole character of Chitra. This is why she is not understood by Arjuna. Were she less noble, our impression should itself become faded, and really worth nothing. The strong, inner anguish that she is not loved for her true self makes her indulge in a language which throws the veil of mystery over all she speaks. Arjuna sees her only as the most beautiful woman he has ever set eyes on, and as such wishes to possess her. But he is little conscious either of the equally wonderful beauty of her soul or its inmost workings. Indeed, how can any one know that there beats such a great glowing heart within that fragile human body? Even the Gods do not comprehend her, and her extraordinary sense of truth.

Arjuna, to be sure, feels that she is rather an enigma, and is unlike any other of her sex. But he is satisfied that she is only the more ravishing on that account. The mystery in which she chooses to wrap herself up is to him part of an exceeding beauty and rare charm. So he never troubles himself about the meaning of her words.

It is significant, however, that, united as they are by the closest tie of human relationship, Arjuna is yet sensible of the distance between them. For "after the hours of unthinking pleasure are over," to use Chitra's own words, he feels the want of a higher union which could fuse the souls into one. That a union is never real or perfect without the souls fully knowing each other, is the psychological fact that Dr. Rabindranath Tagore has gleaned from the unfailing fund of his observation and experience, and this he has

vividly set forth through Chitra and Arjuna. For, when he cools down from the height of intoxication, Arjuna awakes to find that, like a simple mortal, he has been pleased with the shadow, while the substance has lain beyond his grasp. He, then, gropes for the ultimate, the bare simplicity of truth.

The play clearly points out in an allegorical way how the human mind hardly seeks the real without accepting the illusion first. The real Chitra, with true magnanimity of heart, is now much more to Arjuna than what her former self ever was in its perfect loveliness. When she discloses herself to him in the end, "I am Chitra, the King's daughter. The gift that I proudly bring you is the heart of a woman", here have all pains and joys gathered, the hopes and fears and shames of a daughter of the dust; here love springs up, struggling toward an immortal life. Herein lies an imperfection which yet is noble and grand. "If the flower-service is finished, my master, accept *this* as your servant for the days to come!" Arjuna can only exclaim out of the depths of his heart, and very truly, "Beloved, my life is full!"

Step by Step.

Did He not place in my Mother's breasts
A Fountain of Milk at my birth?
Was he not guiding my every step.
Till I knew
I was His?
Beloved, You taught me to love You—
The birds and the flowers told me why.
The Hills and the Streams smiled Your message;
So I knew
I was Thine.
And now I have grown in Thy wisdom,
Thy image I see in each face,
And everything whispers around me;
And I know
I am Thou!

—Sanyasi Jnanananda.

CHARITY DEFINED!

BY K. CHANDRASEKHARAN M.A., B.L.



OTH Raghunathan and Balachandran got into a tram-car which was bound for the terminus of San Thome near Mylapore. From school-days they were together. The rest of their class-mates envied them their reciprocal confidence. Raghunathan was the son of a leader of the Bar at Madras, while his friend also came of a respectable family whose resources, though limited, yet contributed sufficiently to support his pursuit of higher studies in the metropolis. Raghu had always appealed to Balachandran as much above the rest, born with silver spoons in their mouths. With a sympathy for the extremely pliant nature of Raghu, his friend felt for him the strongest attachment. Rarely vaunting before others his hold on such a fine fellow, Balachandran would even resist believing in his own superior qualities which could have attracted Raghu so much towards him. And each was truly appreciative of the other. For, if Balachandran looked with pride on Raghu's higher talents, his friend was no less sanguine that academic distinctions and a pushful nature could always show one to advantage, more so in the lawyer's profession for which Balachandran was qualifying himself. Possessing a sensitive soul, which was only heightened by a singular lack of hard experiences of life, Raghu was never rough to others, and if any flippant remark should have escaped him, there was hardly a day which was not devoted to penitent reflections. He found in his friend a good listener. For Balachandran would never try to check his friend's outpourings, but watch the never-ending self-condemnation, with looks clearly indicative of his entire sympathy.

As soon as the tram-car started with a shrill noise, created by the friction of its wheels on the rails, there arose the more disturbing scream of a beggar, whose foot was squeezed by that of a passenger, who had rushed to secure

a seat in the car. Though not often stirred to a demonstration of his feelings, Balachandran, touched deeply by the piteous wail, felt in his pocket a rupee, which he threw at the beggar. With choking feelings of gratitude the poor blind fellow rubbed the silver coin again and again as if assuring himself of his good luck that day, and, with a face haggard even in joy, raised his hands to heaven and cried, "Dharmarajan! May you live long and well".

The car was now in motion. Raghu sat cogitating on the appropriateness of that philanthropic act. He began to feel—however much he tried to stifle it—that he must admonish his friend, that one ought to be very careful in a city like Madras, where every sort of beggary and every form of wretchedness prevailed in abundance. Any such spasmodic acts of charity would mean no real satisfaction even to the giver. He did not broach a discussion at once. As the car stopped, they got down and walked for some distance scarcely exchanging many words save a few remarks at the passing cars and their latest models.

Reaching the sands Raghu eyed Balachandran wistfully and began: "What on earth has that beggar suffered from to deserve such a valuable gift? I will not be surprised if that wretched man throws it away on the nearest toddy-shop and rolls after a heavy drink in the streets, only to be crushed again under the wheels of a passing vehicle."

Turning his head a little, Balachandran said, "My dear fellow, such trifles should not worry you too long."

This was too much to the poor nerves of Raghu. "I am sorry to have dragged you into a conversation which you so much dislike," he said.

"Certainly not. Rather I am unwilling to bestow too much of thought like you on small matters which are entirely dictated by an impulse of the moment. I believe strongly that giving alms to beggars and relieving them of their misery, add more substantially to one's satisfaction than all your well-considered charitable endowments. A kind word spoken, or a warm token given, would easily send

a glow hitherto unknown to a pallid face, and teach a callous heart to like the rest of humanity. We are responsible in a great degree for the baseness and bestiality of the street beggar. If we shrink at his shamelessness in pocketing our insults and attempting to follow us at our heels, in order to wrest a copper coin from us, it is because we stint him a silver piece."

"Pray, do not mistake me to be at all averse to a charitable disposition in you; but what I am unable to be reconciled to, is your giving away a rupee."

"What is in a rupee!" said Balachandran cut to the quick, "then you think I can't afford it?"

"Indeed no; you ought not to throw away money without a moment's hesitation. If it is your principle to be enriching every pauper you meet, there may not be many who would loath the beggar's trade."

"Why not?—While half the indigent world can live on the accumulations of the richer few, why should the rich be adding to their hoard, and denying the millions of poverty-stricken humanity their due share of God's munificence? Should we not strive to do away with differences in status among God's creatures, and aspire for the day when the wants of the thousands will vanish? What is our education if it does not awaken in us the great quality of pity? We are ignorant of the many sins committed in the name of poverty. We are more depraved than the miscreants of the streets, for seeking security in the snug thought, that some are born to be unfortunate and die obscure. To be calculating in my sympathies, to be measuring my pity by annas and pies, is to me abominable.....but I had no change then in my pocket, and I may tell you, I have no desire to postpone an act of kindness for the want of a coin which would adequately measure my pity for a forlorn creature."

"Do you mean to say then," began Raghu warming up, "that in case you have no smaller coin in your purse, you should lose all the money you possess, lest your noble

impulse should get thwarted? And what guarantee is there, sir, that the beggar will be at once relieved of chill penury, by such acts as yours, which may after all be few and far between?"

"I am not such an unreasonable fellow as you seem to take me for. I tried to answer your unwarranted remark at my liberality. And I never strengthened my argument with any such nonsense as that my charity would suffice to rid this world of its legacy of wretchedness. None-the-less, I consider, my avidity for doing good to others should not flag on that score. Is it not unhealthy to suppress a good impulse? Good impulses are momentary, and unless you act when you are just in their grasp, you may for ever forfeit a splendid opportunity for helping your fellow-creatures. Good impulses spring like bubbles and sparkle like laughing orbs for a moment only to burst without leaving any impression on the mind, which rolls on, eddying and dashing, foaming and falling down. And the heart, in its ceaseless pursuit of selfish desires, may not often feel the necessity for cherishing those stray glimpses of a purer life. I know how it used to be said of my father, that once when he was questioned by an acquaintance of his, why he had been liberal in his contribution to some cause, he gave an answer similar to this, that it is good to yield to such impulses lest you should change heart and lose a golden opportunity for doing an act of kindness."

Raghu looked discomfited, and felt the force in the words of his friend, especially when such an authority as his father was cited; for every one about the place knew well how Siddhanatha Iyer in the role of a Sanyasin had done much to the uplift of the down-trodden. He sat musing how always his friend's reasoning shattered the faith even in his own argument.

The moon had already risen, and the silvery light was spreading over sea and land. They both reclined on the sands, each wrapped up in his own thoughts while the breeze lulled them to a quieter repose.

Raghu looked at his watch and suddenly recollecting, as it were, an important business, gathered himself up and cast a glance at his companion who, being enveloped in a freshly earned glory, seemed to be indifferent to everything about him. Unwilling to rouse him up from his reveries, Raghu looked again at his wrist-watch and prepared for starting. Balachandran, though reticent all the while, was conscious of Raghu's impatience, and being disinclined to leave so soon the welcoming breeze and the glorious sands of the beach, kept on gazing at the sparkling sea heaving and rushing towards the sands. He murmured to himself: "Such a moon-light can heal the sorest of hearts and steal it away as gently as the eyes of Love."

Raghu was impatient. He stood up and said, "I believe it is already late for us to go home."

"Why so soon?" came the reply readily. "We can go at half-past-eight or even nine, unless there be any urgent business for you, in which case, I would not like to stand in your way."

Raghu betrayed his irritation when he blurted out: "What business have I? I simply reminded you of the time, as I feared you may be lingering long without knowing it is already past eight."

"Why do you feel so fidgety? Have you any work at home, or do you feel hungry? Then tell me so, and I shall at once start."

"Nothing at home in particular, though I do not see we have any here either. We have not been conversing as usual; there is quite a strange change come over you. Else you will not be enjoying yourself so much as you do to-day."

Raghu flared up, knowing hardly that he had been letting himself go without any justification. The sense of defeat clung to him, and the more he tried to rid himself of it, the worse he grew. Balachandran looked up amused at the sudden complaint, and felt he had been too self-indulgent. But as he recalled the words of his friend, he smarted. He felt he had not provided Raghu grave cause for any such

real displeasure, and yet his silence and attention had been misinterpreted. His senses felt the prick of a disproportionately heavy charge. His mind grew thoughtful, and severity of expression was the natural outcome.

"Why did you not tell me that you are wearied of the beach and want to go home soon to attend to better business? If you feel time hanging heavily on you, it is but proper you should mention it to me." His manner declared his enormous disgust. Raghu's heart sank within him.

They walked home without getting again into the tram-car which stood as they turned the corner. There was hardly a word passing between them. Each felt the awkwardness in which he was, and neither tried to diminish it by breaking silence. At the parting of their ways, Raghu, with an expression of profound sorrow, looked at his friend before wishing him good night. But the other scarcely lifted his eyes to get acquainted with those truly penitent looks. Each walked home without knowing what he had further noticed on the road. Raghu entered his bungalow and appeared extremely exhausted. Balachandran, lost in a contemplative mood, slowly reached the students' hostel. As he climbed up to his room, he was almost unheeding to the importunities of an acquaintance, who was eager to know, whether any placard on the street-walls, advertising a fresh role of Jackie-Coogan on the screen, had met his eyes.

II.

The next morning the sun was pouring liberally through the glass-panes of Balachandran's room. He was just rising up from his bed to find the hand of the opposite clock nearing eight. A room-mate of his, another student, looking mischievously at him, handed him a letter which was bearing a hand-writing familiar to both, and said, "Why Balchandra, I think I saw both of you on the sands last night. What is the reason for a letter from your friend in the early post? I suppose a quarrel between you, and perhaps a long apology from him—eh?"

Balachandran stared at the words "Personal" on the envelope, and, as if unaffected by it, got up to wash his teeth. The intruder, being disappointed in his endeavours to satisfy his own curiosity, left the room. When alone, Balachandran opened the cover carefully and read as follows:

"The Retreat"

My Dear Friend,

Excuse me for my unnecessary provocation to you last evening. It was one of those moments when the mind was off its hinges on account of other circumstances. Believe me, when I say, that owing to some domestic business, I was behaving impatiently. May I add my hope that you will be charitable to consider me as not otherwise?

Ever Yours,
Raghunath.

Expecting a long letter he found only a formal apology, and without caring to peruse it again, which could have shown him the scribbled words "in haste" on the top of the paper, he tore it to pieces and put it into a waste-paper basket. He stood looking outside the window and muttered low, "Yes, I knew this will be the result. If he had only told me the nature of the work, which even now he keeps from me, I could have excused him. And he now asks me to be charitable, and there again an insinuation!"

He attended the first hour of his class in the Law College. As soon as he answered the roll-call, he jumped out of the class along with a hundred others, who spend most of their time in visiting the newest lunch homes in Broadway, or in feasting their eyes on the fanciest goods in the China Bazaar. He managed to absent himself from the usual places of resort where he might be found out by Raghu. But Raghu was late to the class owing to some religious ceremony at home. He was quite eager to meet his companion in the class and laugh out the whole thing. But his expectations proved false. Balachandran, knowing that he might be found out, did not even return to his hostel room, but directed his steps to the beach before the usual hour. There, in an extremely bad mood, he was counting the days before his exam. while the breakers ceaselessly dashed themselves on the shore near him.

Raghunath sat in vain at the Law College portals for his friend, whom none seemed to have met that morning. He got into a bus and reached the hostel, wavering, whether he would be so lucky as to find him in his room. The doors were open. But there was none inside, and Raghunath looked about to learn whether there was any note for him. He was seized by a vague suspicion. He felt there must be some black motive for his sudden disappearance. As he turned with an agitated mind, his eyes fell on a piece of the letter-paper bearing his handwriting fallen down on the floor, perhaps after missing its safe place along with the rest in the bottom of the basket. He was now confirmed in his conjecture of his friend's real indignation. He came out disheartened at the turn things were taking. He walked to the sea-side and trudged along the marina hoping faintly to catch Balachandran somewhere. But Balachandran sat resolute in the shade of a solitary boat and revolved within himself whether to write a reply to the morning's letter. On further reflection, he decided not to do any such considerate act, but keep aloof for a couple of days avoiding the sight of Raghunath—indeed a good answer to the irreverent attitude of his impetuous friend. He was perfectly aware that such a suspense would be a strange experience to Raghunath. But the result he fondly hoped for was—a sufficiently reformed mind, quite submissive, and sensible of the magnitude of its own mistakes.

It was nearing nine, and Raghunath visited again the students' hostel only to be told in a half sarcastic tone by the room-mate of Balachandran, that there was absolutely no use searching for that obstinate fellow who scarcely knew what good behaviour ought to be like.

He traced his foot-steps to the sea-shore again. The moon had risen up once more in the sky. Everything was silent, save a few stragglers and some fishermen, walking home in groups singing loudly and in chorus, which indicated their vacant minds. For the simpler folk have not to pay very heavily for a night's enjoyment. He heard the sound of the waves beating on the land, and his own heart

palpitating within. He slowly neared the water-edge and watched the waves rising higher and higher only to fall down with a heavier splash. His mind was crossed by too many unnecessary fears. "Where is Balachandran? Oh! has he taken to heart my want of control? My God, I am prepared to fall at his feet, if only he can spare me further affliction." He was tossed about in his mind even as the catamaran on the throbbing sea before him. Should he abandon the search after all and go home to a restless bed?

He turned again and walked without looking at the crowd, along the bazaar road. As he went with a heavy heart, he came just near the many lighted rows of shops. It struck him suddenly that he met the face of Balachandran somewhere in the crowd. The face of his friend was peeping out of a hotel-door on the Pycrofts Road, and in an instant he flew towards him with a heart ready to throw itself out and a mind agitated in a hundred ways. A motor bus which was sounding vociferously, and which in its high speed could not stop effectively at the intruder, knocked him down. With a shriek he fell on the road to the horror and confusion of the passengers in the bus as well as the crowd outside. At the same time Balachandran, seeing a crowd on the road, also rushed to the spot thinking a beggar again, blind and lame, had met with a severe accident. But this time his purse and his charity were unavailing, for he found, to his bewilderment and agony, the body of Raghunath unconscious and lying in a pool of blood.

He prayeth well who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast,
He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

David Gow.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN

V

Right Honourable V. S. Srinivasa Sastri, P. C

BY N. S. SRINIVASA IYER. *Advocate*

*[The next to be dealt with in this series will be
Mr. S. Satyamurthi.]*

IT was a memorable day in the Imperial Legislative Council, the predecessor of the present Indian Legislative Assembly. Non-officials of all parties had combined together in strenuously resisting the passage of the legislation before the House. The Bill, which had given rise to this unexpected phenomenon, was the notorious piece of legislation called after the name of Rowlatt. The Rowlatt Bill was subtly devised as the immediate and most suitable reward for India for the services done during the Great War. A Committee presided over by Mr. Justice Rowlatt, of the King's Bench Division, had peregrinated across India and submitted a report regarding the best means of dealing with anarchical outrages. Their proposal to convert our courts into Star Chambers, by suspending rules of evidence and procedure, roused the country to indignation, and this feeling found pungent expression inside the Council. Most uncompromising among the opponents of the measure was Mr. V. S. Srinivasa Sastri. He made a



speech, the echoes of whose challenge reverberated across the country for many a day. In solemn tones, he warned the bureaucracy that there would be an agitation of unparalleled dimensions throughout the land, and he, for one, was bound to participate in it. It was all in vain. The standing official majority over-ruled the non-official opposition, and with the assent of Lord Chelmsford accorded, with incredible haste, the Rowlatt Bill became the Rowlatt Act.

The defiance of public opinion involved in the proceedings in the Council did not pass unheeded. Gandhiji had just before emerged on the stage of public life; and he took the challenge in right earnest. The campaign of Satyagraha was launched, and found a ready welcome throughout India. The Government of Sir Michael O'Dwyer resolved to crush the movement in the Panjab. An outburst of mob frenzy at Amritsar provided the pretext, and the shadow of Martial Law fell over the five districts of that Province. Over the scenes of woe enacted in those unhappy areas, commencing with the massacre of Jallianwala Bagh, a pall is best thrown. But what was Mr. Sastri doing all the time; where was the voice which announced the crack of doom within a measurable time of the passing of the Rowlatt Act? The roar of the fiery legislator in the Council Chamber became the whisper of the cautious Liberal at Madras; and Mr. Sastri was engaged in the task of nursing and evolving the Liberal League, which was till then in the throes of parturition. Day after day, the weary auditors in the Servants of India Society were told that unqualified support of the British connection, slow and steady progress, were among the essentials of the Liberal creed. Meanwhile, across the land, the smouldering fires of discontent had turned into a blaze; the placid, pathetic contentment of the masses had been rudely disturbed, and a situation beyond control had fast developed.

Herein lies the tragedy of Mr. Sastri's political career, and in a sense, of Indian Liberalism as well. In the days when India was in its political infancy, the work of guiding national evolution was in the hands of Liberals. The

scope of the task was limited, our aspirations modest, and the ferment confined entirely to the educated few. But there came a time when India burst the fetters, when the demand for Swaraj took the place of the agitation for a few reforms, when the gospel passed from the forum to the street, and became the key-note of exciting controversies. The Liberals felt disturbed by the new forces and could not adjust themselves to the changing conditions. With the death of Gokhale in 1915, the Liberal Party was left stranded on the political shore; and thereafter, their efforts were directed towards the recording of protests whenever any step was taken or proposed by the left-wingers, which appeared to savour of resort to direct action. When the Montford Reforms were brought into operation, some of the Liberals were swallowed in the great offices created thereunder; and the rest were left to plough the sands of an opportunist creed, now joining the onward march, and anon frightened at the swiftness of the pace.

No man was welcomed into the political field under more encouraging auspices than Mr. Srinivasa Sastri. When the Servants of India Society was formed, the arousing ideal of life's consecration, embodied in the person of Mr. Gokhale, had thrown a halo of its own around it. Next to Mr. Gokhale stood Mr. Sastri, who had given up all the prospects in the secure calling of the teacher and trusted himself to the uncertain chances of politics. When in 1913, Mr. Sastri was nominated as a member of the Madras Legislative Council, there was a wide-spread feeling of welcome at the selection, and everyone thought that they had in Mr. Sastri a patriot of the Brutus type, firm in his adherence to principles, unswerving in his devotion to work. The three years of work created a sense of intense disappointment. Most notable of Mr. Sastri's failures was his management of the resolution relating to the hill exodus. He had tabled a resolution in the House, and *The Hindu*, in its columns, had a fortnight previous, gathered all the materials relating to the case for the abolition of the exodus. At the Council, there were expectations of a lively

debate, and all were sure that the Government was bound to sustain a defeat. Lord Pentland, the presiding Governor, got up from his place and appealed to Mr. Sastri to withdraw his resolution. "I do not want it to be said that the appeal of the head of a provincial administration had fallen on deaf ears. I have, therefore, great pleasure in withdrawing the resolution," declared Mr. Sastri, and the chilling effect produced by the step could hardly be adequately described. Again and again, Mr. Sastri has demonstrated his inability to take occasions by hand, and, by a rigid adherence to his declared convictions, proceed from one step to another. When after the Surat imbroglio, the Congress passed into the hands of the Moderates, Mr. Sastri was the most fanatical among those opposed to the readmission of the Extremists, and yet nobody could deny that, during the nine years between Surat and Lucknow, the National Congress had an isolated existence, entirely unrelated to the rising surge of the national forces in the country. When at last the re-union took place and the Congress League Scheme of Reforms was evolved, in amplification of the memorandum of the 19 members of the Imperial Legislative Council, Mr. Sastri was the foremost in support of the Scheme. He presided over the Bombay Provincial Conference at Nasik, and declared that it was the biggest fight that India would have put up so far. He wrote a pamphlet explaining in luminous and incisive words the merits of the Scheme, but when the astute Montagu visited India, and within a few days of his arrival had created a party of his own composed mostly of Liberals, Mr. Sastri was the first to join it and subscribe to the scheme of reforms put forward by Mr. Montagu, which was in material respects entirely different from the Congress League Scheme.

In 1919 he went to England to give evidence before the Joint Parliamentary Committee, and so far forgot his responsibilities that he scarcely did anything for the Panjab, many of whose leaders, like Kalinath Roy, Manoharlal and Hari Kishenlal, men of the most moderate persuasion, had been spirited away in exile or imprisonment. Mr. Sastri also had a splendid opportunity for solving the problem of

the Brahmin and the Non-Brahmins at London, which, with his characteristic indecision, he let slip altogether. Some time before, Dr. Nair had arrived in London to prepare the field for Non-Brahmin propaganda, and by a stroke of illness had died. A deputation from Madras headed by Mr. Ramanarayanayengar (as he then was), which came later, found itself in a difficult predicament, and with the well-known antipathy of Mr. Montagu to their claims, was willing to come to terms on the question of seats. Mr. Montagu also had pointed out the need for a settlement at London itself, but Mr. Sastri would not move in the matter, and Mr. Ramanarayanayengar, after futile efforts, found it impossible to persuade Mr. Sastri to come to any sort of compromise. The aftermath of the Non-Brahmin agitation, with the disastrous orientation given to the Reforms at Madras under the regime of Lord Willingdon, constitutes a lurid commentary on this episode. Mr. Sastri could not escape a large share of responsibility for what had then happened.

By December 1919 Mr. Sastri was in India and attended both the Amritsar Congress and the Conference of the Liberals at Calcutta, who by that time had resolved to set up a camp of their own. At Amritsar, the Reforms were denounced as inadequate, unsatisfactory and disappointing. Mr. Sastri's heart was broken. He asked the country to consider the effect of such a resolution on Mr. Montagu and Lord Chelmsford, as if India's attitude should be regulated by what was palatable to the Secretary of State and the Viceroy. Mr. Sastri, by way of absolution of Lord Chelmsford's part in the horrors of the Panjab, declared that Lord Chelmsford had punished himself first by his own thoughts and next by relieving the wants of the widows and orphans of Jallianwalla in the sum of rupees twelve hundred. Thereafter, Mr. Sastri found that politics in India had taken a turn far removed from any kind of influence which he could bring to bear on it, and resigned himself to the inevitable task of remaining in his tent like a disgruntled Achilles. Then commenced that Imperial career of Mr. Sastri, wherein he had a more effective and useful role to play. He had first committed the blunder of

imagining that the jingoes in England meant well towards India. He even announced that he would go to America and fight the anti-British Hearst press. But Kenya soon disillusioned him, and he found that the threat of a handful of whites, headed by Lord Delamere, was more effective than all the paeans of praise sung by him with all the fervour of a religious creed in favour of the Empire. Soured by disappointment, his health shattered, his spirits broken, he exiled himself to Bangalore until "Time, the healer of all wounds and the avenger of all wrongs" restored him to vigour and health.

It was as India's Representative at various sessions of the League of Nations, at the Conference at Washington, in his tour through Australia, and finally as Agent-General of South Africa that Mr. Sastri had some opportunity of making up for his consistent record of failure in India. Nature has equipped him for his work by a commanding presence and the gift of a lucid and musical utterance. The effect produced by his mastery of pure English was everywhere great. It is no doubt true that India has never had much of an international status, and her original membership of the League of Nations almost amounts to an empty mockery, but wherever he went, Mr. Sastri was able to prove that in the realms of culture and religion India had a position of her own, despite the shackles of political servility. His work in South Africa, though it has been greatly whittled down by the unreasoning attitude of the Union Government, was of a solid and enduring type, and there is little doubt that whenever questions of difficulty arise regarding India's status in other countries, Mr. Sastri's services will be availed of on every occasion. Perhaps the most noticeable item of his work within the past twelve months in the sphere of domestic politics is the part played by him in bringing about a settlement between the Congress Working Committee and the Government. In 1920, Mr. Sastri toured the country denouncing in strong terms the programme of Non co-operation. It is good that in 1931 he has realised that it was imperative to secure the support of the Congress if the future Government of India

is to be laid on stable foundations. When in December 1929 Gandhiji refused to be satisfied by the declaration of the Viceroy and resolved to launch on a programme of Civil Disobedience, Mr. Sastri had plaintively pointed out the consequences of such a view with a sympathetic Viceroy in India and a radical Secretary of State in London at the head of affairs; but the whirligig of time brings its own revenges, and the stern logic of facts has compelled Mr. Sastri to recognise that the Congress is the one institution which is in a position to deliver the goods, to carry out its undertakings and to implement its decisions. This simple incident constitutes a striking proof of the futility of the school of politics to which Mr. Sastri belongs. It is not easy to foretell, with any approach to accuracy, the future of a politician who moves often-times in eccentric orbits, but India's international status, which is bound to be greatly improved as a result of the Round Table deliberations, is sure to give rise to problems of some magnitude. Mr. Sastri, by his training and experience, is in a peculiarly advantageous position to deal with them, and he is sure to vindicate himself in the larger and more exalted spheres of work such a position would involve.

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SCHOOL LIBRARIES

BY A. V. K. KRISHNA MENON, M.A., L. T.

It is chiefly through books that we enjoy intercourse with superior minds; and these invaluable means of communication are in the reach of all. In the best books great men talk to us, give us their most precious thoughts and pour their souls into ours. God be thanked for books! They are the voices of the distant and the dead, and make us heirs of the spiritual life of past ages. They give to all who will faithfully use them the society, the spiritual presence, of the best and greatest of our race.

Channing



THE fact that the school library has not been given the place it deserves in the school equipment and that its multifarious uses are not recognised as they ought to be, has to be recorded with regret. When we see the great improvements made in the provision for Science, when we see the excellent arrangements made in the present day school laboratory and remember that it has replaced the small science class room of the old penurious days, with one single almirah containing all the apparatuses which were then considered enough for the teaching of Elementary Science, we are not a little surprised that no corresponding advance has been made in most of our school libraries. When one visits a school and wants to see the library, there is very often a reluctance to show it, or at any rate, there is an expression of apology for its neglect, followed by an assurance of its immediate improvement. Nor is this all. It is a common experience to find large schools lacking even good dictionaries and other very important reference books. Let us hope that this state of things will soon disappear and that school libraries will receive the careful attention which, in the interests of true education, ought to be bestowed upon them.

The mere sight of a well-stocked library is by itself a very good incentive to study. It is very necessary to encourage the young to read books and thus to cultivate in

them a desire for reading. There is a bad tendency on the part of most of our students to learn too much from the notes dictated in the class room and too little from books. A little reflection will show that the habit of depending solely on notes has the baneful effect of destroying the faculty of thinking altogether; but that, on the other hand, a good use made of the books in a good library will soon develop in them the habit of discriminating and forming judgments of their own. There must, therefore, be a plentiful supply of books to choose from. Again, school life in the midst of a number of students makes it difficult for a boy to have some little time all to himself to be spent in calm meditation. A good library with its placid and quiet atmosphere will be a blessed retreat, a hallowed place, to such a boy. Apart from all this, it being well-nigh impossible for young teachers to buy all they ought to read in order to be quite up to date, the necessity of having a good library becomes obvious.

There is no doubt that in a school, where a good library exists, the quality of work obtainable from boys will be of a particularly high order, provided certain important points are paid special attention to. We shall consider here just a few of them.

Great care must be taken in the choice of books. It is always to be remembered that tastes change with time and that books which were popular in one generation will not satisfy the next. We have, therefore, to constantly feel the pulse of the children, as it were, and then make the proper selection.

Again, boys must be properly guided in their reading. A good teacher can tell them what to read and how to read. They must be made to understand that reading does not consist in merely skimming through books, and that they should "read, mark, learn and inwardly digest". In this connection, the admirable dictum of Bacon—"Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested"—is not to be forgotten. The teacher

must help them whenever and wherever necessary and find out whether they have done their work properly. He must also bear in mind that while reading they must be made to think for themselves. Towards this end, the system of having class libraries, under the control of class teachers, will be very helpful.

The extra reading of the boys must now and again be properly checked. They must be made to get into the habit of consulting dictionaries and other books of reference. It is incredible but true that, to most of our school boys, a dictionary is a perfect stranger.

Every facility should be given to the boys to make use of the library. A good librarian is, therefore, an absolute necessity. He must be a man of culture and a lover of books, having a real enthusiasm for his work and capable of helping the little folk in their voyages of discovery, and able to instil into their minds a reverence for books and a desire for reading. The habit of reading once cultivated will live on, and it will be a pleasure to spend one's time in the company of 'the mighty minds of old,'

And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

The library is in fact the most important part of school equipment. It is the intellectual, the cultural centre of the school, and should always be a place of beauty and dignity and repose. Every effort must be made to improve our school libraries and make them a useful adjunct to our educational institutions. Money spent on such improvements will not have been spent in vain. A school without a good library will suffer in a serious way educationally, however good the teaching imparted therein may be.

SPADES

BY R. SANKARASUBBAN

A survey of their general psychology, politics and philosophy, with several useful observations of a sundry character.

IT is an offence popularly, and in an airy, unthinking way, laid to the charge of Dr. Johnson that he invariably chose to describe a spade as "an agricultural, excavating implement". An erudite explanation of this sort that reads very much like a puzzle and which, when solved, helps us to no definite understanding of things, is in many respects, a nuisance. It is a deliberate boycott of sweet old Anglo-Saxon; ponderosity without a purpose, pitilessness without provocation. Against Johnson, however, it cannot be called a serious charge. The whale, as was once remarked of him, could never be brought to talk like the small fish; the lion must rouse the mountain echoes as often as it roared, and the big Samuel had never learned to speak in a lower key.

But the real mistake in the above definition, if we think about it, is not the wrong done to our sense of rhetoric, but the wrong done to the spade. It leaves out of account the fact—which, indeed, would have been quite clear to Johnson if his knowledge had not been so purely theoretical—that a spade, far from being a mere implement, a mere tool in the hand of him who uses it, has an individuality, and what is more important, will very often assert it. In other words, though, under ordinary circumstances, allowing itself to be guided by the hands of its oldest friends, a spade, the moment you come to handle it, will suddenly recollect that it has a Free Will and a Discretion of its own—a Discretion that it will not easily resign, and a Will which, unless you are uncommonly tenacious and have been taught to manage it with address, will at last prevail over yours. And a full-grown spade—I am not speaking of that

vulgar suspicious-looking type that seems never to have made up its mind whether to call itself a spade or a mattock or a trowel or even a ladle, but of a spade with a settled character, true and tried, one I mean in the very prime of spade-hood—will always be conscious of this fact.

I can remember a spade we had at home when I was of about its height. Spades, as a rule, were far more conservative at that time than they are to-day, sticking in fact to the most primitive standards, both of appearance and behaviour. And the one I am speaking of was of peculiarly antiquarian interest. It must have been a goody-goody spade in its younger days, for it had by dint of hard toil won many special marks of distinction. An industrious bend, the result of early discipline, was visible in it even in its infirmity; while a general unevenness, caused by the wrinkles that time had furrowed on its features, told you that you were facing one of the most venerable individuals in spade-dom. Just at that time, however, this spade was enjoying a period of well-earned rust. But what was most praiseworthy in it was that, instead of yielding itself up to the delights of ephemeral existence, it had wisely retired to a corner and had almost succeeded in developing a detachment from the greater part of its corporeal frame.

One of the most puzzling things about that spade was the way it used to leer at you. It invariably regarded you with a look that consisted 50 per cent. of a withering wooden indifference and the rest of a provoking ironical grin. I have, since, noted that this in varying proportions is the usual look of a spade, and have often wondered why spades as a class should be prone to irony in preference to other forms of expression. Perhaps it is in their very substance.

Poor old spade! I remember how one day, wishing to dig something with it near a well in our garden, I raised it and sought to bring it down with the utmost velocity that my strength at that time would allow. But the perverse old thing spoiled the whole game. I do not know how it

happened; either its Free Will came into play or something was wrong, but the spade, or all that it considered precious of itself, flew into the well, and I was left looking in blank amazement at the stump in my hand!

I ask the reader to put himself in my position. There I was, a small boy not quite nine, standing on the brink of that well, my guilty little heart torn with all the horrors of spadicide, and the uncanny headless trunk in my hand! It certainly would not do to be found with that piece of circumstantial evidence. Offences of this kind, if found out, were in the highest degree culpable. I had experience enough to know that. What was I to do? A sudden idea flashed across my mind. I threw the thing into the well and ran home with a sigh of relief and a general feeling of security.

Murder, they say, cannot be hid long; and in this case it was discovered in a surprisingly short time. It was soon clear to me that my way of 'burking the body' had been a very crude one. Somebody from the house going to draw water at that well found an object floating there. It was hauled up and immediately identified as the mutilated carcase of an old spade; and the whole truth—they always said they could read it in my face—leaked out. But the spade, being never seriously missed, I was only laughed at for days together and told that a thing does not rest until it is decently buried.

Now I call that a mean trick, unworthy of any spade and, *a fortiori*, of an old one. Your well-bred modern spade, I'll bet, would have behaved in an altogether different manner. A spade with a sense of propriety, that had been taught to hold itself together in any difficulty, would no more have dreamed of leaving a part of its body behind and plunging madly into a well and bringing a small boy into disgrace at home than a thriving modern youth would have thought of dismembering himself and *then* committing suicide. It would have plunged into the well intact, trunk and head and all, if plunging had been what it had decided on. Or it would have cut your toes clean off, if that had

been the idea. A spade that had seen civilisation and taken a 'polish' in a Western city, say Sheffield or Birmingham, would have done the latter, of course, demonstrating thereby its ability to serve at a pinch as a lethal weapon. Any way, it would never have gone piece-meal and by instalments to its grave. Excavating implement indeed! Why, even a Self-Respecting spade, with its head full of all sorts of new-fangled nonsense, would no more have accepted that definition of thine, O learned Dr. Johnson, than it would have accepted the Ten Commandments!

That a spade is not exclusively excavatory in its outlook, that it has ultra-agricultural views, and that it has offensive ideals does not, however, necessarily take away from its lovable character. In fact, it is the only member of its family that you can take kindly to. The mattock, that stands in almost the same relation to it that an anthropoid ape does to the fully evolved man, has a blunt way of expressing itself that is very embarrassing at times. The plough, clownish and clumsy, can tread only the beaten path, and there it will allow itself to be easily led by any beast. It is exceedingly monotonous, and has not so much as a suspicion of originality. The crow, like the noisy bird of that name, has nothing characteristic about it, save a uniform blackness and a beak. You cannot 'cultivate' an acquaintance with it. Nay, you cannot cultivate anything with it at all. And lastly, the pick-axe—here I am sorry to have to use strong language, the subject demanding it—is a rowdy, a believer in mere brute force, all brawn and no brain, who will go on butting blindly for hours at a rock, and whose chief virtue, as Napoleon said of John Bull, is that he never knows when he is beaten. The spade, on the other hand, is every inch a gentleman. For graceful, elegant workmanship; for managing the tough sods with the easy air of a master; for coercing the dull clods just as much as and no more than they can bear, for causing a stir wherever he goes; for coaxing the coy, virgin soil; appealing to the stony-hearted, and moving the muddy-mettled; nay sometimes, even for striking sparks of living fire from the cold and the mute and the petrified; and, above all, for

keeping his temper all through, your spade, I'll wager, is the only finished artist.

These qualities, which would be the making of a first-rate politician of our times, have not, however, helped the spade to any position of eminence. An honest right-thinking spade, I believe, has no kind of political ambition. All the power of Government has, therefore, centred itself in a pack of Thirteen, who generally meet after dinner, a handful of mere painted figureheads with varying degrees of irresponsibility. A King, a limited monarch, whose royalty is proverbially nominal, so much so that people in this country invariably refer to a powerless king as a King of Spades, and a Queen, who does not always acknowledge the overlordship of her consort, are of the number. Of the remaining, the majority have so far lost their individual character as not to have even distinct names, and are called simply spade six, spade seven, and so on. [Let the Self-Respect Conference make a note of this; it will be useful when its members revise their names the next time.] And lastly there is, of course, a 'knave'. A cabinet, generally speaking, would be incomplete without one. But what is most worthy of remark—and in this respect, I claim that the Spade-Constitution compares very favourably with that of human nations throughout the world—there can be only one knave or, as he is better known, one low-bred, vulgar, jockey to every ten invertebrate, nameless nobodies.

But the supporters of Spade-archy are only a gang of unprincipled gamblers after all, most busy only in wasting their time. Nobody ever takes them seriously, and an honest spade, as we said, never bothers itself about them. The real genius of a spade is not for politics but for religion, for moral greatness and spiritual leadership. Its politics can be summed up in a few words: it has unquestioning faith in the Labour Movement. But to give you an idea of its philosophy, a volume will not suffice.

From the furnace to the factory, and from the factory to the field, and thence sometimes back again to the flaming forge and sounding anvil, the life of a spade is one long

story of fortitude, of trials nobly borne and hardships heroically endured. And yet it has never been recorded of it that it complained or uttered so much as a murmur. Indeed, except for the sharp shriek that it sometimes allows to escape its lips, which means that it has encountered an unusually rocky obstacle, it may be said that it never articulates at all, and is stoically indifferent, or even insensible to pain. Silent sufferance 'is the badge of its tribe.' And whether digging up a turnip in a farm or a trench in the battle-field, opening up Suez and Panama or helping to raise the dykes of Holland, whether mixing mortar for the Great Wall of China or the Pyramids, be it the Sextonic spade that makes the last habitation of man or the scientific one that brings to light a buried city, the Spade Patriarchal, the first of its race, with which Adam delved, or the humble Spade Sanitary that helps to keep big cities clean, a spade of any age, clime, creed, caste or colour, it always lives what it preaches, namely the lesson, that no life is so noble as that which wears itself out for the service of others. And remember with this that your spade of all sublunar things is the only one that can literally

Welcome each rebuff

That turns Earth's smoothness rough.

—a proof of robust optimistic heroism that would have gladdened the heart of a poet. And *then*, dear reader, you must be very obtuse indeed if you would not see that *it* was a spade and *its* experiences that another poet had in mind, and that it was *its* moral meaning, mission and message that he was singing in his words, that

Life is not an idle ore,
But iron dug from central gloom,
And heated hot with the burning fears,
And dipt in baths of hissing tears,
And battered on the shocks of doom,
To shape and use.

THE PRESENT ECONOMIC CRISIS

BY S. MUTHIA MUDALIAR, B. A., B. L.,

(Ex-Minister, Madras Government.)



FOR the last four or five years everybody has said everything under the caption, "The Present Political Situation". The Round Table Conference is now in the field, and it is not my object to discuss it here, though a passing reference is unavoidable. The Minto-Morley Reforms gave way to the Montford Scheme, and the Simon Commission came to replace it. It created a split, and the Round Table was invented to draw all parties together. Provincial Autonomy was a foregone conclusion, and Dominion Status and responsibility at the Centre are now agitating the public mind. The English cold drove British India and Indian India closer together, and Federation was forged by cunning craftsmen, who scooped out the contents and embellished the exterior, and we have "the shell without the kernel", which dazzles and even blinds. The Gandhi-Irwin pact was patched up and Mahatma Gandhi is to fill the shell, but the latest in the Lords leaves little hope of it. Mahatma Gandhi is sometimes a riddle even to his close associates, but of late the Government is a greater riddle, and he must be a bold man who says what would follow. Let high politicians indulge in surmises as to whether yet another Round Table, probably too big even for St. James, will be manufactured to accommodate them, but let humbler mortals think about the grim realities of the present situation, the world depression and economic crisis, with special reference to India.

There is widespread famine, with which most of us were unfamiliar till now. During the War, there was real famine. There was not enough grain, enough iron, enough coal, enough sugar, enough of everything, and transport had to be restricted and rationing had to be resorted to, but there was money to pay high prices. The present position is different. There is not dearth of any article,

either raw or manufactured. There is plenty all the world over, only the consumer has not the cash to pay for and purchase them. The situation demands solution, if Communism is not to be the alternative.

What is this due to? What is the remedy? These are perplexing questions which may not admit of any universal answer, applicable to every country, but it is yet possible to indicate generally the origin of the trouble. It is attributed to the fall in prices. Is it after all a real evil? If it is remembered that money is only a medium of exchange and a standard to indicate the relative values of commodities, an all round reduction cannot cause hardship. Only the taxes, rents, salaries and wages will have to be proportionately cut down, and it may be some time before necessary adjustments work out.

Again, it is attributed to the sterling-silver ratio. The 18d. ratio is said to be at the bottom of all ills we are having and a reversion to the 16d. is proclaimed as the panacea. This is a question on which economists differ. If it be 16d., it is true India will get more rupees for her exports if the prices be fixed in gold, but what is the good of having more of depreciated rupees when India is not self-sufficient and has to depend on the world markets for her necessities? Again, what certainty is there that the gold price is one and fixed and will not go down when the rupee goes down? It is said that the exports are greater than the imports, that the balance of trade is in favour of India and that, on the whole, India would be a gainer by the 16d. ratio. This may be good theory, but in what shape does this balance get into India? If in gold, and that is the only advantageous thing if the future Swaraj India is to compete with the other nations of the world, 18d. ratio gets us more of gold. Again, how long will this favourable balance of trade continue, and who will be India's chief consumers? With the present ratio the common man in the street feels that he has to pay less for his needs, and wonders why there should be so much wrangle over it if it be not to benefit the export merchant and the millowner. One decided disadvantage of

the 16d. ratio is patent. The Indian Exchequer will have to pay $12\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. more for Home Charges, which means considerably more taxation at a time when the people can least bear it.

It is not easy to diagnose the present crisis, but one thing seems to be the root cause, if not also the immediate one. The distress is acute in industrial countries like England and United States as well as in agricultural countries like India. India was exporting her raw goods to England and the Continent and importing manufactured goods extensively. Ceylon was the chief rice market for Southern India. The embargo on the export of rice to Ceylon during the War stimulated paddy growing in the island itself and the Burma rice has also established itself there, and the ryot in Tinnevely is not able to sell his paddy. India has to share her cotton market with Egypt and America. The cultivator of Guntur does not find a purchaser for his tobacco. Indian ground-nut and copra have ceased to be hot favourites in France and Austria. Soviet Russia is dumping her grains on France and Germany and India has to protect herself against foreign salt and wheat. The ryot in India is not able to sell his produce, and he is not able to invest in the purchase of French soaps or German machinery or Lancashire piecegoods or American motor cars. The manufacturer in England and America is not able to sell his goods, mills and factories have to be closed down, and unemployment is increasing.

All this seems to be the result of a country advancing in a particular direction depending upon others to purchase its goods or supply its needs in other lines. England is industrial. It depends for raw materials and even its food supply on others and expects them also to consume its manufactured goods. India was and is largely supplying raw materials and consuming the manufactured goods. But with Japan and other countries coming in for a larger share in the Indian market and Indians themselves beginning to realise the importance of industrial advance, coupled also with the diminished purchasing power, England feels the pinch, and India also which is unable to find outlets for her

produce. We are moving in a vicious circle. The manufacturer does not find a market for his products, he is not in a position to employ labour and consume raw materials; the agriculturist has his produce undisposed of, the merchant finds his occupation dwindling, and everybody is suffering. There is over-production and glut in every market. The War famine and high prices stimulated production, and we have transgressed the limits of perfect recovery, and hence the breakdown. The War has taught us that every country ought to be self sufficient. There must be a sort of rationing in production and international understanding about manufacture and commerce. If the present social fabric is to last, if we are not to fly at each other's throat and if the Kellogg Pact is not to break, the League of Nations must tackle the question. It is more important than the reduction of opium consumption or restriction of hours of labour, and may pave the way for all other reforms.

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NATIONALITY IN THE HOME

BY HILDA WOOD

I have just been to the movie, which is not unusual in itself, but on this particular occasion it was, for what I saw was an Indian movie called "Vasanthasena," and I was much impressed. First of all, I was impressed by the modernity of the old, old story; how splendidly it still captivated the imagination. Why, it might have been written yesterday, though I doubt if a modern dramatist could compose as well. Then I was impressed by the acting of these Indian dramatists, who had, many of them, never till then posed before a movie camera; I was impressed by the photography, the scenes, and the complete Indian atmosphere, without one taint of Western civilisation in the form of chairs, costumes or manners. And last but not least, I was impressed by the handling of the crowds and the soldiers, giving the lie to those who say that Indians cannot manage men *en mass* and have no large conceptions.

This film was Indian through and through, and though made primarily for the Western world, to give an idea of Indian beauty in costume, customs, buildings and homes, it yet had its message to give to India herself. What did it matter that the scenes jumped from Udaipur to Benares or Madura, Indian uniqueness breathed through the whole of it, a uniqueness that is quickly slipping away and will soon be beyond recall. I have travelled much in this land, and in every home I find Western furniture of the early Victorian period, probably German prints upon the walls, and the man of the house in a costume that clothes the upper part of his body in Western fashion and the lower in Eastern style. He is symbolic of the degeneration of the country. The glimpse we get of house, furniture and costumes in "Vasanthasena" brings back all the glory that was India's. I despair of India becoming really great again if she does not revolutionise her home. You may say:

"Why be so fussy over trifles, like an occasional chair and table, or an untidy room littered with coats, shirts and dhoties, or an almirah stuffed with musty, dirty things?" It has been proved that environment has a great deal of influence in the moulding of character. A child brought up in such environment cannot be a genuine Indian through and through. He may wear khaddar, but unless the home is changed, India loses her place in the family of nations.

Let the tables and chairs be replaced by low divans ("chowkies"), and mats or carpets upon a floor that is spotlessly clean. Let the rows of German prints be pulled down, and let at least one original Indian painting take their place; and I urge for at least one beautiful solid piece of art in the room, a brass tray, lamp or piece of carved work, ivory or wood. India was great in the past as much for her beautiful works of art as for her manufactures. There are still in this country skilled workmen in carving and brass work, and artists who are turning out beautiful pictures. But these are all starving, or they rely upon foreign patronage. What a disgrace that this country should fill its homes with antedeluvian Western furniture and allow her treasures to be sustained by foreigners. It may be that I have got a long way away from "Vasanthasena," but these are some of the thoughts that were aroused by witnessing a real Indian drama, acted and photographed and directed by Indians. If the Indian film land can produce more plays along these lines, educating her people to conserve and revive her truly Indian life, then a magnificent piece of work would have been accomplished which would, I believe, create an India even greater than the past. Indian people are quick to realise the spiritual significance of any piece of work. May they use this mighty weapon of the movie for the uplift of their country!

THE SEVEN PAGODAS OR MAHABALIPURAM

BY L. N. GUBIL

Their talk was of the city of the days
Of old Earth's wonder once and of the fame
Of Bali, its great founder.....
And on the sandy shore, besides the verge
Of ocean, here and there, a rock-hewn fame
Resisted in its strength the surf and surge
That on their deep foundations beat in vain
In solitude the Ancient Temples stood.

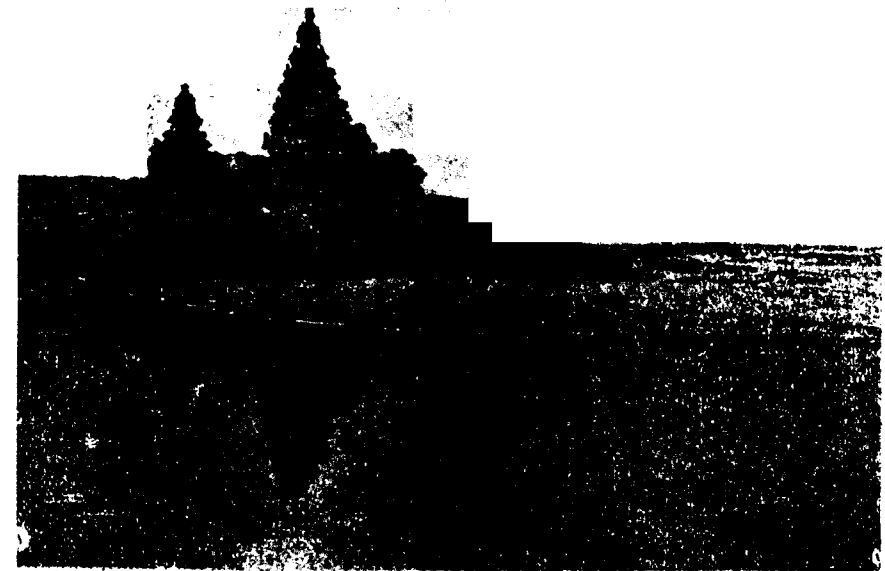


UCH is the description by Southey of Mahabali-
puram, known also as the "Seven Pagodas," a
name probably given by the early European
sailors on account of the seven copper covered pinnacles of
the Hindu temples which existed in those ancient days
when the *Mahabharatha* was written; but now all except
one of them have been submerged in the great sea. This
place of such great antiquity and of such architectural im-
portance is situated on the sea-shore 35 miles to the south
of Madras and 19 miles to the south-east of Chingleput.
Known by various names as Mallapuram, Mamallapuram,
Mavalipuram, Kadalimallai or Thirukkadamallai, it is a
place of great interest to epigraphists and tourists who can
see monolithic raths (*rathas*), rock-cut caves, carvings and
sculptures which can compare very favourably with those
in Ajanta or in Ellora.

The interesting sights of this place fall into three
groups; (1) The five Rathas popularly believed to have been
dedicated to the five Pandava Princes and their common
consort, Draupadi. (2) Cave temples, figures, carvings and
sculptures, and (3) The modern temple of Vishnu and Siva.

The Rathas are said to be copies of Buddhist viharas and
are five in number. Each of these is carved out of a single
rock, and of these the Ratha, known as Dharma Raja's

Ratha, is the most interesting. It consists of four storeys.
We have here Brahma, Vishnu and Siva "in forms more
subdued than is to be found elsewhere in India".



THE SEVENTH AND THE ONLY REMAINING PAGODA

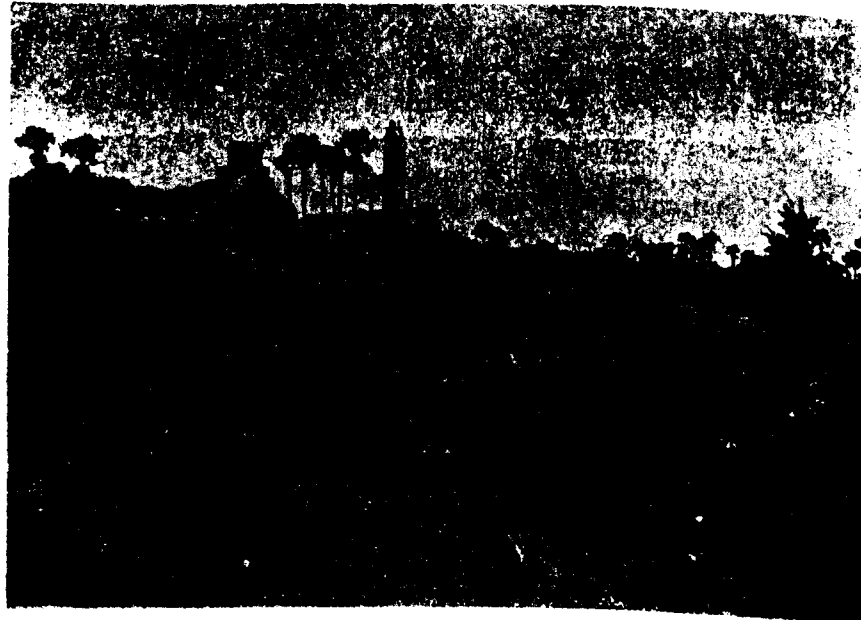
Going back from the Rathas one has to get up a hill
near the Lighthouse, where there is an excavated temple
known as the Yama Puri ("The City of Yama") or Mahisha-
mardhani Mantapam, in the middle of which there are
figures representing Mahadeva, Parvati and Subrahmanya.
Here is depicted the famous conflict between Durga and
Mahishasura.

The next sight of importance is the sculptured bas-
relief on two big rocks measuring 96 ft. by 43 ft., illustrat-
ing the story of the great penance of Arjuna who worshipped
Siva to get the Pasupata Asthra. "This magnificent bas-
relief commemorates," according to Mr. Fergusson, "the
attempt to engraft the tolerant religion of the Buddhists on
the faith of a nation of worshippers of the great Serpent
God." "No amount of preaching, nor any height of eloquence,
could possibly reach the sublime effect of this sermon in

stone, teaching peace and goodwill," says Mr. Coombes. The right hand rock is sculptured with a group of elephants treated very realistically, and the figure of a cat, doing penance in imitation of Arjuna after having eaten a part of Krishna's butter-ball, is very amusing.

Adjoining this, there is the Mantapam of the Pandavas, also of one rock. The capitals of the columns in this Mantapam "are not unlike those of some of the pillars at Ellora and of the cave-temples of Elephanta in Bombay".

To the south of this, facing west, is the famous Varah-swami temple. On the wall is a representation of the third incarnation of Vishnu, who, as a Boar, is supposed to have regained the Earth from Hiranyaksha, the brother of Hiranyakasipu, father of Prahlada. On the south wall is a representation of Trivikrama, the three-stepper—another incarnation of Vishnu taken for ridding the Devas from the tyranny of Bali. Mr. Havell, in drawing attention to this

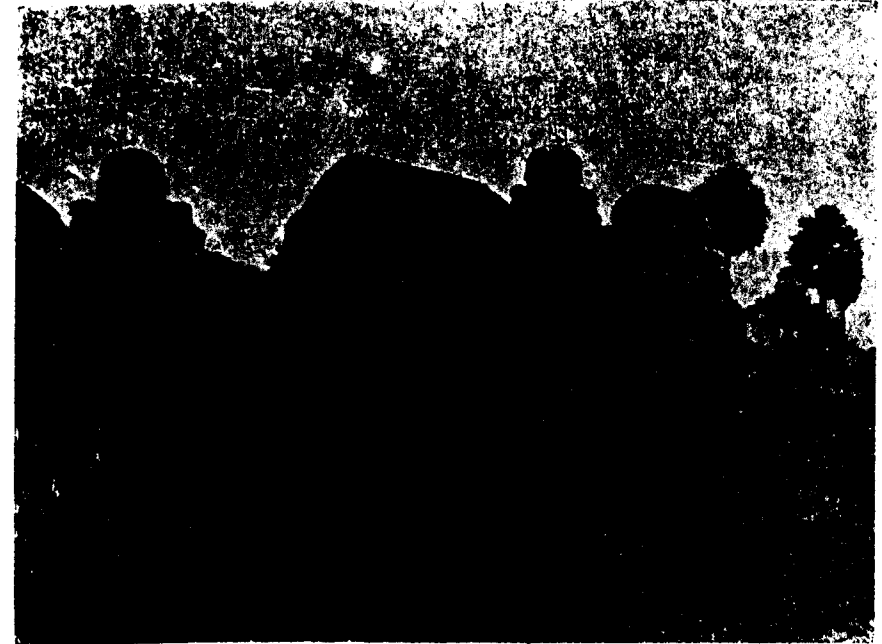


Lighthouse & Rock Temple

piece of sculpture says: "Notice the splendid vigour and imaginative power of the artist. The bold generalisation is free from over-elaboration. The stately uprightness of the

body of the deity is echoed by the mighty lines of the bow and sword."

Now the modern temple of the village, known as



SAHADEVA'S RATHA

Sayana temple comes into view. The deity is in a lying posture and numerous legends are current, as how God Vishnu, who is supposed to be reclining on Adishesha in the sea of milk, was made to leave his soft bed and lie on bare earth by the persevering effort and intense devotion of one Pundarika Rishi, who, in his desire to deck the God with the most beautiful lotus he found near that place, attempted to drain the ocean!

From this temple, about two furlongs to the east on the sea-shore, lashed by the waves of the sea, stands the old Dravidian temple—the only remains of the Seven Pagodas, known as the shore temple. It is of pure Dravidian style, and is supposed to have been built about the ninth century. Its loneliness and unique position have attracted the attention of many a traveller. Within the temple are figures of the Trimurthis—Brahma, Vishnu and Siva—the



FOUR PILLAR MANDAPAM

presence of Vishnu and Siva under the same roof explaining that it must have been built before the conflict between the Saivite and Vaishnavite faiths became acute and irreconcilable. As one goes round this shore temple, one realises in full the significance of the description of Southey:

Now as the weary ages pass along,
Hearing no voice save the ocean flood,
Which roars for ever on the restless shores;
Or visiting their solitary caves,
The lonely sound of winds, that moan around
Accordant to the melancholy waves.

This shore temple has to be visited not only by day but by night, specially when there is a full moon, to realise the wonderful serenity and the awful silence of the place.

Leaving the shore temple and getting inland, a huge round rock resting on a slope, known as Krishna's butter-ball is a sight one should not miss. It is not the apparent



DROUPADI'S RATHAS

unstable position of this round ball alone that is worth seeing here, for near this point a spectator looking southwards can see in the lengthening shadows of the evening,

formed by the ridges on which the caves are cut, the recumbent figure of a man believed to be that of the Demon King Bali in the attitude of prayer. On the way back to the dak-banglow, the visitor sees the unfinished Kayalu Gopuram, begun by the Kings of Vijianagar and the stone lion-throne of Dharmaraja, wondering at the marvellous pieces of sculpture he had seen in this deserted village which was once a flourishing town.

That such an interesting place has not till now been known so well as it deserves is due to the fact that till recently access to it was difficult. But now, the existence of good roads and motor traffic and the orderly way in which the monuments are preserved by the Archæological Department make the excursion to the place a pleasure, which no one passing Chingleput should miss. A trip to this place can also be made by boat from Madras along the Buckingham Canal or by train to Chingleput, from where motor buses may be engaged.

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IN MEMORIAM

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



N the passing away of Mr. L. A. Subba Rama Iyer, Advocate, at the age of sixty four at his residence in Palghat, the town loses one of its good citizens.

Nature had endowed him with a very powerful and penetrating intellect, and the gifts of his mind tended to versatility. He was also generous to a fault in matters affecting his personal relations as well as in matters affecting the common weal. He seemed to have the faculty of giving away his moneys for causes with which he sympathised as easily as he earned them.

Law flowed through his veins, as it were; and he proved an excellent continuator of the strong tradition built up by his father who, in his own time, was a lawyer of eminence. He very soon came to prominence at the Bar, and during the luckiest part of his time as a lawyer, he had the rare distinction of having had the widest range for his professional activity among West Coast moffusilites. He did not believe in paying attention to small details, but vigorously attacked main questions at the root with ease, and almost with cocksureness he could rest his whole case on one strong point. This habit of mind did not prove helpful for the acquisition of legal learning, and I have a shrewd suspicion that he may have belittled the value of learning. But fundamentals he had made his own, and it was an intellectual pleasure to listen to the exposition of some new theory he would evolve by putting a gloss upon a text or rule of law, or making his own comment upon a judicial interpretation. Persuasion was his greatest gift as an advocate. He walked with a sort of regal air into court halls as if he was going to take possession of them by right, and exercised his art of persuasion with considerable skill. He tried to please judges without self-abasement, and may seldom have irritated or displeased a judge by an attitude of quarrelsomeness with him. But he had a different code of

etiquette in dealing with his opponent at the Bar. He would effectively interrupt the opponent in argument and make light of his address by constant aside remarks made *sotto voce*, which often pin-pricked the opponent into losing his track. In cross-examination he was smart and brief, and believed in establishing his case by a frontal attack. It is believed that he was not an exacting student in the matter of the preparation of his brief, but there is no doubt that he could think deeply and rapidly on his feet, and sometimes the impressions made on judges' minds by his impromptu suggestions were very striking.

Earning, in the profession of law, generally involves some violence, and if the lawyer is a man of a delicate moral nature, he has the painful experience of a progressive coarsening of his fibre in the constant struggle with the clientele to get his dues. It was Mr. Subba Rama Iyer's good fortune that his professional earnings involved the least violence, but it is difficult for me to trace that phenomenon to its determining factors. He respected the code of professional honor and ethics. But I am tempted to think he might well have gone farther than the books that treat of that question, by boldly experimenting with certain vital spiritual ideas, specially as he had a strain of unselfishness in his blood.

He desired comfortable surroundings and even a certain amount of luxury to keep himself in a happy state of mind, but put even a sage at ease amidst such surroundings by simply and naturally entering into the deepest questions of life and by sharing the sage's mind treasures. The spirit of desire and the spirit of renunciation were continuously struggling in his mind; and himself being swayed by strong emotions, he was alternately controlled by the one spirit or the other. I do not think he consciously or seriously exercised his will to control the spirit of desire in order to free the spirit of renunciation.

He had his own humble part to play in public affairs. Strongly divergent views are held about his connection with them. Some will accuse him of having

been slippery. Others will say that he was ever young and jubilant at heart and kept in constant touch with the vital currents of national life; but all will agree that some of the troubles that over-took him, resulted from his having ventured beyond his depths. I thought he might have avoided some of them by submitting the aspirations of his heart to the judgment of his intellect. But whatever his faults or lapses, you could never say that he was disloyal. It is believed that in recognition of his merits as a lawyer, he was recommended by very high authority to a place on the Bench in the Travancore High Court, and he narrowly missed getting it. As his intellect tended to breadth, he had familiarity with more than one branch of knowledge, and he was equally at home with the principles of astrology as with the theory of relativity of Einstein. Knowledge of any kind found him an eager student except as to matters where his sympathies had contracted and his prejudices were deep-rooted. He believed devoutly in the Bhakti cult of Hinduism and nourished his mind for years upon the *Bhagavatham*, which was his favourite Samskrit book, even attempting a commentary on that book. With so powerful a bent of mind for higher thought in religion, he was withal, a traditionalist, I might almost say a bit of a fanatical traditionalist in religion, and upheld many of the crude decayed forms in popular religion.

Most people who are lawyers are absorbed by the profession they follow. - It is the signal merit of a man striving for super-humanity to absorb the profession into his self. I have no doubt that my friend was in his own way absorbing the occupation into his being. But he had yet great leeway to make up. His acts of instinctive generosity showed that giving up was a sterner trust than conquering and holding. In many things said and done by him he gave evidence of the truth that life was larger than living. Taken all in all, he will not sink into the forgetfulness which has been the lot of even more eminent lawyers than he who gained the world by losing their soul. May we profit by the good things he did!

"MY ELEPHANT"

BY V. NARAYANAN, M. A. B. L.

The unwieldy elephant.
To make them mirth, used all his might and wreathed
His little proboscis.



THESE lines of Milton, describing the elephant in Paradise gambolling before Adam and Eve are typical of the westerner's conception of the elephant. But to the Indian, especially to the South Indian, the elephant has not merely been an object of love, but a symbol of divinity. Two of the famous Alvars refer to the God at Tirupati as "my elephant".

மன்னு இம்மனிசப் பிறவியை நீக்கி
தன்னுக்கித் தன் இன்னருள்செய்யும் தலைவன்
மின்னார் முகில்சேர் திருவேங்கடம் மேய
என் ஆனை என் அப்பன் என் நெஞ்சிலுள்ளானே

—பேரிய திருமொழி 1—10—6.

சொன்னால் விரோதநிதி ஆகிலும் கராலுலவன் நென்படுநீ
என்னுளின் கனியானொருவர்க்கும் கொடுக்கிலைன்
தென்னு தெனுவென்று வண்டிமுால் திருவேங்கடத்து
என் ஆனை என் அப்பன் எம்பெருமான் உளனாகவே

—திருவாய் மொழி 3—9—1.

It was a common sight in the halcyon days of Tamil civilisation to find the elephant brought up by the rich nobles with all the loving care with which one would bring up one's own children. As a consequence, we find the Tamil literature of that period abounding with similes comparing children with young elephants. When a child learns to crawl along, with its tuft of hair pigtailed and hanging across its forehead, its slow undulating movements suggest to the poet the easy and graceful movement of an elephant. Perialwar, in a verse describing the Baby Lord Krishna walking on all fours with the anklets of gold tinkling about Him,

compares His gait with the slow movement of an elephant, the bells tied about whose body ring noisily as he passes along:

தொடர் சங்கிலை சலர் பிலாநெனத்
தூங்கு பொன மணியொலிப்ப
பெழும்கம்புனல் சொர வாரணம்
பைய சின்னாவதுபோல்
உடன் கூடிக் கிண்கணியார
வாசிப்பனெடமணிபறைநறங்க
தடந்தாவினைகொண்டசாங்க
பாணி தவர்கடை கடவாரேனா

—பேரியாழ் 1—7—1.

In another place the same Alvars compare the Divine Child smearing Himself with the dust of the street where He plays to an elephant throwing dust on itself on its return from a bath in the river:

வென்பழுதிசோல் பெய்துகொண்
டனைக்கதொர் லேபத்தின் கருங்கன்றுபோல்
தென்பழுதியாடித்திவிக்கிரமன்
கெழுகுர்பா ஸியர்த்த
ஒண்போதலர் கமலர்செயுக்கானு
வறத்த ஒன்மார் கொடைமே
தன் போதுகொண்ட தவசின்னீதே
தவர்கடை கடவாரேனா

—பேரியாழ் 1—7—9.

The appropriateness of comparing God with the elephant lay in the fact that the elephant in those days was worth everything to its owner; by working for its owner it helped him to maintain himself. But it was not the aspect of utility that appealed to the owner of an elephant in those days. He looked upon the animal as part of his household, and it was petted and fondled by all the inmates of the house. Therefore one could easily imagine the naturalness of the expression "my elephant" as a term of endearment.

NOTES

The outstanding event of this year of grace 1931 for this little town of Palghat will be the twenty-third session of the Provincial Educational Conference that is now being held here. The uniqueness of the event is

Greetings the occasion for the current number of *The Scholar* being issued as a Special Number. To all the members of the teaching fraternity who have come here to participate in the Conference proceedings from all parts of the Presidency—to several of them this is perhaps their first visit to Malabar—we extend our cordial greetings, and trust that they will be able to take back with them the solid achievements of the Conference as well as happy memories of their visit to Malabar, particularly this little town. It is a pity that neither the organisers of the Conference nor any outside authority have been able to provide a simple guide of what to see and where to go in Malabar, but it is to be hoped that what they have been unable to do by the medium of print, they will be able to make up by personal guidance. The value of such Conferences as these, as an aid to the proper understanding of the people and places who inhabit our wide continent, cannot be minimised. Those who have had, or have still, to live and move among the Tamilians and Andhras of even our own Province, could easily bear us out when we say that the false notions about Malabar, its customs and manners—to some extent these are peculiar to the place—which prevail even among the educated men of our Province is simply amazing. The enterprise of the Malabaris, who have made their way into all the nooks and corners of our country, is doing a great deal to knock on the head these silly notions, and such visits by the members of the teaching profession should go a long way in helping to remove such misconceptions. We shall be very happy if more teachers use such opportunities of adding to their knowledge by doing a bit of travelling. In countries more favourably situated than ours, the education of a young man is said to

be complete only when he has finished an educational tour. To most of our poverty-stricken people this is a financial impossibility, and even the few who can afford it apparently do not see the value of such education. It would, therefore, be a pity indeed if we do not try to make up for that deficiency when we are in a position to do so.

Writing on the eve of the Conference, we are, of course, unable to review its achievements. But a copy of the agenda is before us, which contains the resolutions that are tabled for discussion at the Conference. The

Problems before the Conference Teachers' Guild is not a body like a Trade Union, which is simply concerned with safeguarding and furthering the interests of its workers. The Guild has to do this function, of course, for who else if not its members will look after its interests, which are unsatisfactory and unstable in many ways? But the justification for its existence should ultimately and primarily rest on a higher basis—that of furthering the cause of Education. We are, therefore, glad to see that in the agenda important questions connected with education figure as much as their own needs.

One satisfactory feature in the formulation of their needs is the stress that seems to have been laid on organisation and propaganda, the lack of which have been partly responsible for the fact that most of their

Organisation and Propaganda resolutions have been paper resolutions. It is not enough to state the demands. It is necessary to create the sanction behind it—all which require proper organisation. The value of propaganda is hardly less. The specific demands put forward on behalf of teachers seem to us to be quite moderate, particularly those connected with the conditions of service.

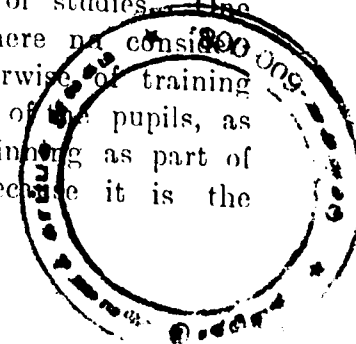
Among the educational topics due for discussion, those asking for the introduction of free and compulsory elementary education, compulsory physical education, and the introduction of the vernacularisation scheme deserve all support. The demand for freeing the S. S. L. C. Board from the domination of the University and that for the abolition of the

C. Group are also much needed reforms. We are also gratified to see that public examinations are slowly ceasing to be the obsession that it was some time ago. For ourselves we are not only against public examinations for middle schools but against all examinations as such and as they obtain now, because in practice they work out unfairly in the case of several boys. If middle school public examinations are "detrimental to the mental and physical growth of children", as the resolution in the agenda indicates, they are, in our opinion, much more so in the case of the higher classes where students realise only too well the consequences of failing to survive the ordeal, and so strain themselves accordingly. It is high time we devised a better and more satisfactory test for evaluating the proficiency of students.

But one would wish that the teachers had a wider grasp of the requirements of the situation. New forces are at work in the life of the nation, throwing up newer and tougher questions for consideration, some of

Problems which touch the work of the teachers. To
Left Out. take only one example, there is the question of a *lingua franca* for the whole of India, with

the case for Hindi put in the forefront. One should expect the teachers to be among the first to give their opinion on the matter. If they believe that the cry is preposterous and impracticable as some still do, they should have the courage to speak out and stand by this minority. But if they really believe that there is some force in the demand made, then their silence is inexplicable. If they only make a united demand and press for it sufficiently hard, it should only be a question of time when Hindi is added on to the other languages in the curriculum of studies. One other omission is glaring. Why is there no consideration of the question of the value or otherwise of training for the hand, instead of merely the brain, of the pupils, as for instance, the feasibility of making spinning as part of the study of handi-crafts—spinning because it is the biggest cottage industry in India?



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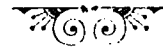
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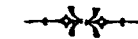
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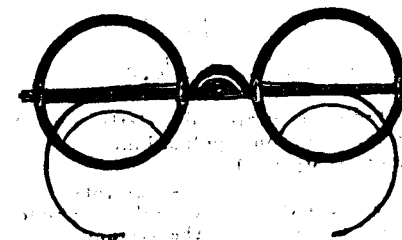
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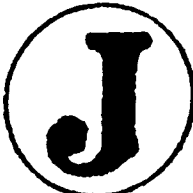
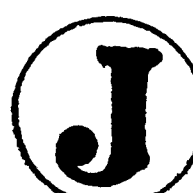
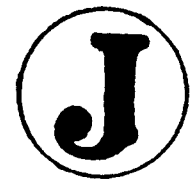
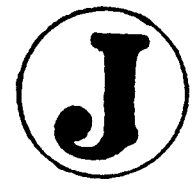
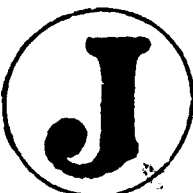
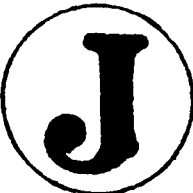
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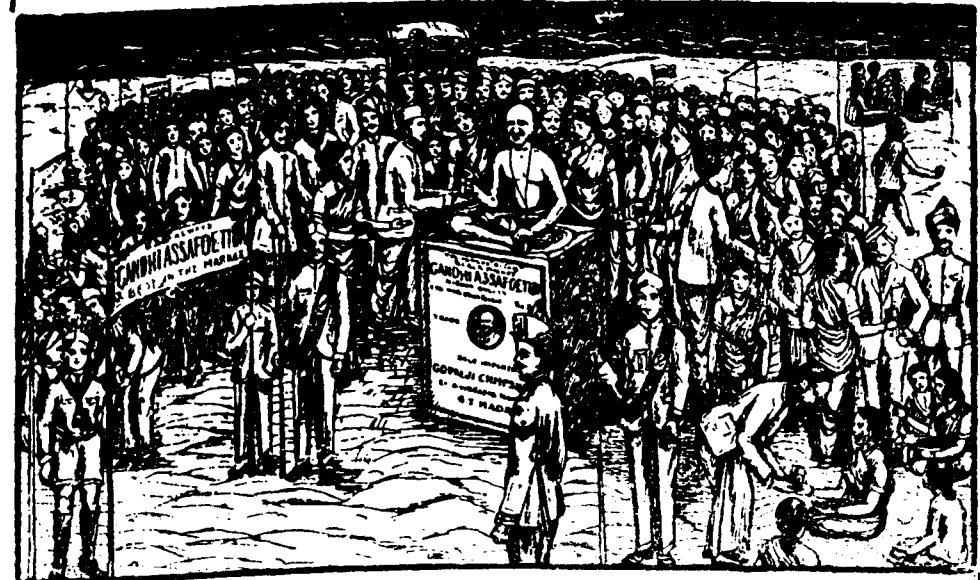
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