

176592 N31

THE SCHOLAR

VOL. VI JULY 1931 No. 10

MAKERS OF MODERN INDIA

Swami Vivekananda

BY K. SUBBAROYAN

IN INDIA the land of glorious heritage of the brush and bustle of Western civilisation in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries we were on the brink of becoming sceptical. Ideas of God, religion and time-honoured customs and manners of the land were thrown to the winds, and in their place irreligion and materialism became the order of the day. A flood of criticism swept all over the land. It was at such a crisis that the star of Ramakrishna Paramahansa rose in the spiritual firmament of India.

This saint lived in Dakshineswar having drunk deep of the love of God. His name is another word for God-consciousness. He was a God-intoxicated man to whom Mother Kali vouchsafed her divine form many a time, and with whom she played hide and seek. Humility, this "Younger brother of Christ", knew, was one of the steps to reach God. He would clean the backyards of the huts of the outcasts, sweeping the ground with his long hair. He would carry on his head the begplates after the poor had been fed in the

temple. All these may seem ludicrous and fantastic to modern minds. But the necessity of these "Sadanas" will be as clear as day to a votary of Truth. He regarded lust and lucre as the greatest enemies to a true life and overcame them by strenuous practices. He aimed at higher things then. He was so catholic in his views that not only Hinduism but Christianity and Muhammadanism as well claimed an equal share in his universal love. His wife was a boon to him, for, she was too wise to be blind to his conquest of the spirit. He had indeed realised that she was only a living image of the blissful Mother. Almost all the teachings of this saint are noted for their brevity, conveying at once the essences of our scriptures. According to him, there is no evil in the world. This Magician of Gods took a turn of the shuttle to weave the life of our hero, and his whole life was constructed by this spiritual carpenter.

The evening service in the temple of Dakshineswar began. The bells rang; the conch shells sent forth the divine note and the cymbals played. A melodious note vibrated. Ramakrishna climbed to the roof of the building in the garden, anguish at heart. He cried at the top of his voice, "Come, Boys, where are you, all ye, children of immortal bliss?"

Many came but few were chosen. The chief amongst the chosen disciples was Swami Vivekananda, known in the early days as Narendranath, or shortly Noren. Viswanandha Datta, his father, was a lawyer and because God Siva of Benares had vouchsafed his birth in answer to his mother's faith and prayer he was called Visweshwara. The boy was full of spirits and had a retentive memory. He possessed a beauty of form revealing the beauty of his soul.

He yearned to have a glimpse of truth, but nobody could show him the way. He went to Brahma Samaj for help but that failed to satisfy him. He could not resolve his doubts from any faith or religion. It was at this period of spiritual fervour that he was attracted unawares by the call of Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa.

Verily, the meeting brought about a revolution in Noren's life, for the magnetic influence of this Master was felt keenly by the pupil.

The touch at once gave rise to a novel experience within me. With my eyes open I saw the walls and everything in the room withering rapidly and vanishing into nought. I was terribly frightened and thought I was facing death. Unable to control myself, I cried out, "What is this you are doing to me? I have parents at home." He laughed at this and passing his hand over my chest said, "All right, let it rest now. Everything will come in time." I was myself again and found everything as it had been before.

At the request of the sage, Noren sang from time to time, and the melody moved Ramakrishna to deep contemplation.

As ill-luck would have it, Norendra lost his parents during this time and poverty stared him in the face. In these straightened circumstances he had to seek a job to support the family. Misfortune never comes in single. The unemployment problem faced him even at that time, in spite of the fact that the Universities had not begun to pump out as many graduates as they do to-day. Nothing daunted, he paid flying visits to his Master, for he had already won his love and begun to think of nothing else save serving him. When the saint told him about his end in this world, Noren sat by his side and nursed him with all sincerity and love. "Carry the lamp across the oceans," said the saint as he laid his body away, "and shed spiritual light all over the world."

Vivekananda, the enlightened disciple of Ramakrishna, with the Message of his Master set out on foot to travel all over India to study the country at first hand. He spent some time in the Himalayas, the dream of his childhood, meditated upon the Almighty in the depths of its caves, and on the banks of the rushing torrents and took the one lesson it teaches us all, "Renunciation," and reached in triumph Tibet and China, where he studied Buddhism. He arrived at the conclusion that Buddhism is only a fulfilment of Hinduism. The Government suspected him and

mothers of great deeds. Onward for ever. Sympathy with the poor even unto death is our motto. Elevating the masses without injuring the religion." The secret of making India greater is by organisation, accumulation, co-ordination of powers of will. He wished to carry along with religion secular education from door to door, so that all may reach the stage of Brahminhood, which is the ideal which is to be hoped for in this world. "Him I call a Mahatma" he says "whose heart bleeds for the poor."

Sustained and continued exertion began to tell upon his health. He then returned to silent work diffusing the learning and knowledge he had learnt at the feet of the Master. He built monasteries to train men in the national ideals of service and renunciation. During famine time, he organised Ramakrishna relief works. His health broke down and his doctors advised him a sea-voyage. He went to America and was received with open arms. During his stay he founded two Vedanta centres to keep the flame of service burning for ever and ever. Soon after, he was invited to the Congress of Religions held in Paris in 1900. As usual, he carried the palm, and when he returned to India he flung his life fearlessly to the service of his countrymen. He drafted rules for the Ramakrishna Mission and built free Hospitals. Before long, he was called by the Japanese to honour their country with his visit, but he was obliged to put it off owing to his ill-health. His appeal to Modern India still rings in our ears, "*Oh India forget not—Make me a man.*"

He was called away unfortunately from the earth and was barely forty when he left this world to take his place among the Mighty in Heaven.

MY PUNDIT

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



BORN in the line of his fore-fathers, my pundit claims a rich heritage of learning. But with the decay of the beautiful Indian village, his power and pride have waned. Reconciled as he is to his vocation in life, he is not at all for his innocent progeny following him. He would rather have his son educated in an English school than see him learn his first lessons in Sanskrit in the time-honoured way. He is prepared for any number of compromises if ultimately they would lead to personal profit. Though a champion of orthodoxy himself, he has a lurking fear that his own son or grandson may prove faithless. His fascination for the urban life has bred in him the craving for more wealth. His exodus from the peaceful resorts of his river-side to the feverish bustle of the city has brought on him this discontent.

My pundit has a personality which very few among his kind possess. His tall form and stout frame leave nothing to be desired in his appearance. And the red shawl, bordered with embroidered gold hanging from his high shoulders, adds prestige to his presence. Conscious of his own physical advantages, he is unsparing in his remarks of those who are poorly equipped by nature. His posing before the mirror in my house has convinced him of his just pride. Fresh with the white beaming stripes of ashes on his forehead, chest and arms, and with the well-sized *Rudraksha* beads encircling his neck, he is armed to the teeth against the whole world. No amount of withering contempt can frighten him away from a decisive victory.

True to the habits of his great ancestors, he bathes in the cold water at the first call of the crows, and performs his *Sandhya* prayers. But if he is disturbed often in his meditations by the wholesome flavour of his morning coffee, it is his fine tastes that stand the test. He does not, of course, believe in prolonged Pujas or ablutions when a

spicy repast is in store for him. Left to himself he is not for eschewing everything that is modern.

My pundit is much more fortunate in the good things of life than many others of his forlorn race. Either the careful management of his parents or his own prudent economy has preserved him and his family from the wayward blasts of chill penury. Owning a house and a few *Velis* of the best lands in his village, my pundit is well-nigh desirous of being termed a *Mirasdar*. But practical sense and unsated desire counsel him against forsaking the qualities of the needy and the helpless. Because, status is a grave disqualification for success in his profession. He considers no remuneration sufficient for his superior talents. In reciting the *Sama Veda* he is perhaps unparalleled. Distinct of voice, he is articulate and effortless, and with his long arms lifted by degrees in accompaniment to the increasing cascades of melodious chanting with which he fills the air, he cannot be missed in the drowning chorus of a vast concourse. Unlike the snail-like slowness of his compeers, he has push and punctuality, which easily recommend him to recognition. Being an adept in the art of flattery, he can safely sail on the rough seas. His subtle methods, even when they are discovered, fail not to keep hearts bound in submission. But with the reverses in his expectations of bounties from his patrons he is as severe, sometimes, in his open resentment, as the beggar with his prophecies.

On a fine, auspicious morning, my pundit visited my town, imagining only a dearth of all ancient ideals in the capital city, where inroads into the fold of orthodoxy are but inevitable. But to his agreeable surprise, he found a ready market for all his wares. His appeal met with a sympathetic response. His round of visits to the richer quarters encouraged him in his far-reaching hopes. With his deep insight into human frailties, he knows the potency which praise of men in the superlative degree can achieve. His ambitions find a sure path when to his native tact is added his knowledge of Sanskrit lore. His brain is ever alert in devising new avenues for tapping the real sources

of income to his purse. He can ably give discourses from the *Ramayana*, *Bhagavata* and other *Puranas*, and make them occasions for receiving rare presents both in cash and in kind. He is much more regular and exacting than even a bill collector.

It is an interesting sight to see my pundit seated majestically on the street pial and begin his lectures to the crowds that have assembled after their night meals. The book is laid on a wooden stand before him for him to follow the text whenever necessary. He dilates on the original, with a wealth of arresting details. Generally, my pundit chooses another who can sing the verses tunefully to him. Occasionally he mixes his deep, resonant voice with that of the singer and floods the atmosphere with a rich clamour. As the sound ceases he speaks in such a rapid way that the audience listen and feel that he must be inordinately learned. He can capture the popular imagination by wise saws and modern instances. His culture is limited, but his confidence unbounded. He challenges anyone to equal him in his easy flow of words. He is quite as much a fast speaker in the classic tongue also, though the discerning critic traces distinct passages in some of the speeches to earlier harangues at other places.

The striking feature of my pundit is his business capacity. He considers even the acquisition of the highest title that a man versed in the *Shastras* can secure from an economic basis of pure advertisement. For, he believes in the magic of those long sounding prefixes to a name. He is very hopeful of succeeding in his labours for winning such honours. He has gauged the value of an extra dose of unmerited eulogy of men in power. He bides his fair opportunity to take his kith and kin by surprise.

He does not repose much faith in the efficacy of fasting. He has a good appetite and likes variety and plenty in the choice of dishes. His preference of heavy feasts to a homely diet does him no harm. Healthier for all his frequent dinners at others' expense, his heart rarely acknowledges them, save for a parting silver coin from the host.

Ever watchful of his own interests, he does not lag behind, after once the rich man's gaze has fallen full on him. He rises to the occasion by doing everything in his power to earn an unfailing patronage. Man or woman feels his words irresistible, and his arch-cleverness lies in his satisfying all equally well. He surveys any situation within the wink of an eye and adjusts himself to the demands of opulence or individual obsession, without impairing in the least his own safety. As an uninvited guest at a dinner party, my pundit once found all the seats occupied except one which was left vacant for the host. Realising his plight, he skillfully managed to give no inkling of it to the other assembled guests by squatting right on the vacant place and exclaiming to the host "Oh! I am so sorry for being late and keeping you waiting; I have just now liberated myself from the entreaties of another friend in order to keep my promise to you." He knows the world too well to mistake the host's real intentions in the matter.

It is his misfortune that he cannot understand much of English, in spite of his frantic efforts to cope with modern times. But that need not necessarily handicap him; with his assiduity in perusing the Tamil daily from cover to cover, he can speak with certainty on all topics ranging from the high politics of the Round Table Conference at London to the latest star on the popular stage. He is so proud of his own achievements that he cares not to avoid even a little of self-adulation. He is ready to utilise any chance to expose the want of adaptability that characterises the world of pundits, who only know their books by heart.

Perhaps it is his innate hardness of feelings, or a feigning on his part to enlist the support of the callous rich, that he indulges in sneers at the poor and the wretched. He loves to enjoy the caresses of prosperity, especially at others' cost. The impulse to give is alien to his nature, and he cannot dispassionately view generosity in others. Having neither lethargy nor lingering affections, my pundit is swift in abandoning those whom fortune has forsaken. Not being home-sick, he wanders about from place to place

where wealth is manifest. As soon as his eagle ken spies from a distance the chances of success, he swoops down on the object with all the speed and strenuousness at his command.

Music has indeed occasional allurements to him. But it occupies a secondary place in the scheme of his avocations. Though he attempts to sing now and then, he feels he is not on sure grounds. Yet he is sure that with a little amount of training he can excel the best singer.

In an age of all-round decadence of our best traditions, my pundit has also lost his place in the fine fabric of our ancient polity. But for the stray instances where he is still honoured, he has become a by-word for convention-ridden narrowness. He himself has lost his robust optimism and is willing to be borne along the currents of the day. He no longer feels it sanguine to expect the diadems of kings to roll in the dust before learned poverty in the land. Power and place have a different significance for him with the change in the outlook of our whole national life. His only hope is to keep from starvation, both intellectual and moral, despite the many failings and follies attendant on his keen struggle for existence. May he rise again with the courage of his vision and the conviction of his religion!

THE ENCHANTED STREAM

There is a gentle music haunts the little flowing stream
Remote and eerie, softly played the echo of a dream.
Sometimes it is a Song of Joy that moves the magic strings,
Sometimes a plaintive low refrain bewails all mortal things.
It is the Fairy Minstrels who devote their Life of Joy
With pity look on human woe and all their powers employ
In calling us to turn aside from chasing shadows vain,
And seek the land of Happiness where is no doubt or pain.
We live immersed in shadows, and with shadows blindly strive
We drift and turn as shadows flit we scarcely are alive.
And so the Elîa Music calls, if we would only heed
The Life of Beauty may be ours and that is life indeed.

—F. H. Aldhouse.

MR. CHURCHILL AS A HISTORIAN

BY M. CHALAPATHI RAU, B. A., (HONS.)



R. Winston Churchill is a 'double-first' and, indeed, more. Lord Morley was a great writer but not a powerful politician. Lord Curzon was too stiff-necked and grandiloquent to bend the bow at will. Lord Birkenhead was logical and lucid, and usually a master of his material, but not a master of English prose. The Webbs are masters of facts but not of rhythm. Mr. Philip Guedalla is brilliant, witty, and original, but he has not yet made his debut in active politics. Beside Lloyd George's random shots and Ramsay MacDonald's reminiscent moods, Mr. Churchill alone has succeeded equally well as politician and writer. Let alone his novel, let alone his books and articles and letters as a war correspondent and free-lance journalist, he has secured a permanent place as a brilliant historian by his monumental work, *The World Crisis*.

Mr. Churchill is a master of his material. As a member of the Cabinet during the Great War, as a thudding war-horse, the brain and bullet of the party in power, he had the key to the inmost cliques and cabals. He thought and wrought among them, and moved among them like Napoleon on the morning of the crisis of the 18th Brumaire. He has an easy grasp and eloquent expression. An intellectual acrobat, subtle logician, and wizard of words, he wields his pen with the grandiloquence of Gibbon and the metallic ring and intensity of Macaulay. He frequently takes part and controverts; he does not avoid combats and conclusions; he stays to debate and prove his point with the acumen of a great lawyer, whether it is a case against Lord Jellicoe or the cut-throat Communist. But he dissolves his war drums and the rally of arguments as quickly as he can and presents facts. He is primarily a historian splashing colours red, blue, and green vividly, but not gaudily, on a big white canvas, screening the European horizon reel by reel, the Western Front, the Ypres Salient, the Gallipoli

base. He solves riddles; he erects memorials; he writes eloquent epitaphs. In a way, he is the Oedipus to the post-War Sphinx.

The visionary nature of Wilson, the tigerish temper of Clemenceau, the subtlety, the driving force, and the adaptability of Lloyd George—how he feinted, fought, compromised and contended—the significance and solemnity of the Peace Conference, what the 'Big Four' could have done and what they did, are so faithfully mirrored. The ambition of America, the agony of Germany, the revengeful spite of France, the anarchy in Russia and its possible annihilation, the muffled march of Turkey, the night-mare of Ireland in insurrection are so well lit up and shadowed, the events explained, the heroes dissected. We murder to dissect. Mr. Churchill enlivens to dissect, and dissects thoroughly. He does it by instinct, by intuition, by rapid strokes; he annihilates the twilight of transitions and hops from height to height surveying with a telescope and a microscope. His portrait of Lenin is a master-piece; sure, vivid, lightning-like, and sympathetic. Lord Birkenhead would have made Lenin a monster; Mr. Churchill makes him a human being with abnormal sympathies and antipathies. His sketch of the Irish crisis and Irish leaders is superb and true; Mr. Guedalla would have made of these vacillations and agonies a screaming farce. Post-War Europe is a picture that lives in his pages for ever. The narrative is always thrilling with a trumpet's tenor. It holds the breath with memories of the hurried hum of dying hearts, the blood-cemented mass of broken bones and battered flesh, the oceans crooning with elemental emotion, the heroic hardihood, the thousands spiked and shot and strewn to the boom and thunder of the guns—in all a Hell of Heaven, their heroism, their martyrdom, their crucifixion, flat on the earth face upwards and face downwards, and Christ-like self-sacrifice dicing with death. Mr. Edmund Blunden is not more poetic; Mr. Siegfried Sassoon not more realistic. The ebb and tide of human emotion are symphonised in a prose epic; the epilogue written in letters of flaming gold.

It is sustained throughout. It never lacks vigour and never lies for rest. He takes rest in restlessness. He presents the grim tragedy of Gallipoli, the comedy of Jutland, the bullet-showers that seemed a marriage of Heaven and Hell, the trench warfare that opened crimson canals all over Europe, heroes on earth and sea and mid-world air—it is all a brilliant epic with a dramatic climax, tragic episodes and comic asides. He does not swerve from the truth and present war as cowardice tempered to necessity, or mere unrelieved beastliness, which has of late become the fashion among pseudo-poets. The main impression is that the spirit of the battlefield was the spirit of Cavalry. He makes war more terrible than in reality it is; he makes it detestable, a show without sacrifice, a giant greed without gain, but does not over-stress or falsify for the sake of a moral. The War that heaved on to its tidal top Wilson, Lloyd George and Clemenceau, Foch and Haig, Balfour, Bismarck, Law and Birkenhead, Curzon, Chamberlain and Churchill, has found the last as the best of its historians. There are other histories like *The Times History of the War*, which are authoritative and more complete, but they lack the sure and vital touch which a great writer alone can give. Mr. Churchill has all the equipment of a specialist. He is all round; good in state-craft or strategy, the battlefield or the Cabinet, war or peace, destruction or construction. He unravels the mystery of post-War negotiations, lights up the tunnels of subterranean diplomacy, and paces up and down the altitudes and abysses of European politics like a professional correspondent. He portrays with grim humour the exultant cry, the expectant hush, the reluctant will of the world after a long-drawn agony, the *de facto* dictators in secret conclave like so many oracles re-marking the map of Europe, the world till wet with blood, and humanity at the cross-roads between two worlds, one dead and the other powerless to be born.

He writes with authority and conscious craftsmanship. The canvas is big, the view is large, and Mr. Churchill like the best of Royal Academicians displays his art. He is an artist. He grinds and mints and polishes phrases, moulds

periods, shapes stately sentences, regiments, drills, and marshals them. He is the supreme rhetorician in an age which neglects rhetoric. He is the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhetoric as Byron is that of the realms of rhyme. Byron does as much in 'Childe Harold' and Mr. Churchill repeats it for a better purpose. He is more solid. Byron deals with romance, Mr. Churchill deals with grim facts; Byron deals with human emotions, Mr. Churchill with human history; Byron deals with a light heart, Mr. Churchill deals with a heavy pen. He is master of a prose rhythm, stately, solemn, sometimes sepulchral in its tread over tombs, symphonic amidst the fierce boom of guns, muffled amidst the howls of hungry men. He annihilates vast distances; he analyses each atom. Under his eye the politicians become mediaeval knights, the kingdoms seem enchanted castles, and history reads like a romance. The Great War becomes a Homeric fight; Mr. Churchill assumes the God and affects to nod like Homer.

It is impossible to think of Mr. Churchill's prose except in terms of the hurricane, so breezy and firm. He has cast his periods into massive pyramids of logic and learning, of compressed anecdote and interesting reminiscence. His phrases scintillate, stir and sweep with the fragrance of the 'sweet south that breathes upon a bank of violets stealing and giving odour'. He writes so well because he has been a life-long apprentice; a life-long pugilist hammering policies and coining phrases, moulding fluency and building rhetoric. Mr. Lytton Strachey is not so powerful; Mr. Guedalla has too many oddities of style; Mr. Trevelyan is not so brilliant. None of them has his dash, his sweep, his gallop, his gusto. He is the Colossus, ^{viewing} from China to Peru. He has the imagination and sympathy of the poet, the reason and logic of the historian. He blends sympathy with accuracy, it is a rare blend. He makes his history as readable as a story, as gripping as a novel, as serious and stately and harmonious as an epic. He is a subtle weaver of harmonies; he weaves and unweaves them as in his speeches. He is pungent; he is eloquent. But he is not the slave of words; he is their master. They march like pygmies to a

Titan's call. Lord Birkenhead seemed to tilt against wind-mills. Lord Rosebery was brilliant but nervous and delicate. Mr. Churchill is the supreme artist. He has an ear.

He has the luck of a great theme and the bliss of living in a new dawn. Gibbon had luck, the fairies wafted him to Rome. Belloc has built a name on Danton; Strachey has Elizabeths and Essexes, Guedalla his Palmerstons; Trevelyan his Garibaldis. Mr. Churchill is luckier than them all. He builds from the bottom and reaches the top. He is free from the slab and drab indistinctness of some ultra-modern historians who prefer their history unreadable and their reward monetary. He is not modern like Guedalla or Strachey, not old-fashioned like Hume or Robertson, not monotonous like Gibbon. He would have startled Macaulay and Macaulay would have walked in his company. He is more than Macaulay. He is himself. Mr. Churchill is Churchillian as Milton is Miltonic.

His rhetoric is flexible, not rigid. He never wearies or over-rides it. It is a chariot of many wheels, the horses caparisoned, not tight-laced, treading in all directions. Mr. Churchill is the masterful charioteer. He never tramps and never way-lays. He reins as he likes; he wanders at will. He is the grand Napoleon of the realms of rhetoric.

ON SILENCE

Silence is the heart of all things; sound the fluttering
of its pulse,
Which the fever and spasm of the universe convulse.
Every sound that breaks the silence only makes it more
profound,
Like the crash of deafening thunder in the sweet blue
stillness drowned;
Let the soul walk softly in thee, as a saint in heaven unshod;
For to be alone with silence, is to be alone with God.

—Beyond the Sunrise.

POOLS

BY T. R. A. NARAYANAN



NE of those beautiful evenings which close extremely hot days in Bombay. The sea rolled pillows for the Sun going to rest. That spoilt child was red with crying and sinking into the Mother's lap exhausted.

Some children were digging tanks in the beach. There was a Hindu boy in 'langosi,' who clawed his fingers into the sand with avidity. A Muhammadan 'Saheb' in tight pantaloons stood smiling approval. A wee Parsi lady screamed in sheer delight as the water was sighted. Two smart little white men were working vigorously with spades assisted by a small Goanese Miss, all curls. A forlorn-looking Chinaman ran here and there dangling his monstrously wide pyjamas, critically examining the work through his sleepy eyes. To complete this motley group of enthusiastic diggers was an incredibly black South African settler watching the proceedings from a distance, his face aglow with ludicrous glee.

All were digging—dig-dig-dig. No mean pastime, judging by the pleasure it afforded the diggers—a pleasure well depicted on the innocent faces of the young ones.

There were pools and pools. Some deep; some shallow; some small, some large. In quality too as in measurements, there was variety. A few bore witness to the taste of their makers. Others were less methodical. Art and durability stood foremost in many.

Digging, like laughter, is contagious. The number of the diggers increased every moment; so also the number of the tanks; so too the mirth of the diggers. The merry revel in sand and water went on in continuously rising spirits, and as a result of the enthusiastic work put in by the vivacious little ones, a very considerable portion of the sands was converted, within a short time, into a field of pools. Pools of all possible and impossible shapes and

sizes lay scattered throughout. Their water reflected the joyous faces of the gratified work-men as the latter stood around admiring the evening's splendid work.

All the time the tiny diggers were spending their precious energy making pools, the sea had been rising steadily. Wave after wave ran up the slanting sands, each one further than its immediate predecessor. A foot, two, still one more, a yard and another, and still the merry waves came on over the white sands. Now one wetted the canvas shoe of a careless dandy walker. A stray drama notice was drifted off.

The water which was fairly far off at four was now very near the loungers on the shore at six. The waves flicked the feet of the gentlemen washing at their beloved pools. They rose and rose until they came to the pools and then, one by one, the latter submerged into the sea and lost their identity in the vast eternity.

Half an hour later, where once were pools of various shapes, sizes and designs, there were waves and waves that beat against one another and fell, only to rise up again and fight.

* * * *

Even so do all pass into the Eternal.

OPTIMISM.

There was never a sunbeam lost and never a drop of rain;
There was never a carol sweet that was sung, and sung in vain;
There was never a noble thought but through endless year
it lives;

And never a blacksmith's blow, but an endless use it gives.
There was never a child's full laugh, or a woman's cheerful
word,

That did not exalt the State where its tones were felt and
heard.

Know, then, that it still holds true from the skies to the
humblest soil,

That there is no wasted love, and there is no wasted toil!

—Marguerite Ogden Bigelow.

PILLARS OF LAW

BY P. S. N.

Act I.

Scene I.

Maniyan, the lawyer, seated in a dark low-roofed room, with scanty and rude furniture. A few books with covers off adorn a shelf on the wall. Maniyan himself is in a sad pensive mood, fitting with his surroundings.

Maniyan (to himself): Really, has it come to this? That I, a lawyer, has to starve—actually to go without food, till my next pie is earned. The fools that have plenty of tears to shed for the unreal and sentimental griefs of the heroes and heroines of tragedies have none to shed for me. But it is not tears that I want. What I want is food, the barest necessities of existence which are now beyond my reach. Unless a miracle happens, I shall have to starve out this already meagre frame unto death. But, how can I help it? *(Enter Ramu, his son)* What is the matter, my boy?

Ramu. The Head Master says that I should not enter the class till my fees are paid.

Mani. Well then, keep at home.

Ramu. Do you really mean it, Pa?

Mani. I do. *(Tears gush forth).*

Ramu. What is the matter with you, Pa?

Mani. Nothing. Who is there with your mother? I hear some voice.

Ramu. The milk-woman is worrying mother for her arrears. She says she will not serve milk any more until her dues are paid.

Mani. Tell your mother that we do not require milk in the future and that she should not purchase any.

Ramu. How can that be, Pa? Are the babies to go starving? You are not in proper mood; otherwise, you won't talk like this. Has mother offended you?

Mani. Ramu, I am not in a mood to be talkative. Have you had your food?

Ramu. Not yet.

Mani. Then go and eat away till your belly bursts.

Ramu. Anything very savoury prepared to-day? Pa, what is the matter? You are not talking as usual.

Mani. Don't worry me. Just leave me to myself for a while. (*Stifles a sob. Exit Ramu after staring at his father. Enter Kamala, Maniyan's wife.*)

Kamala. Ramu says you are not well. What ails you? (*Maniyan with head lowered does not look up.*) Is there no answer? (*Maniyan looks up and stares at his wife, but does not speak.*) Why do you stare at me? Speak out. You make me weep looking like that.

Mani. Weep we must, weep we shall and weeping we shall die. (*Gets up and tries to evade his wife.*)

Kamala. (*Obstructing his passage.*) You shall unbosom your heart to me. I shall not stir till you have told all.

Mani. There is nothing to tell. I have not a pie with me, and to-morrow shall have to take care of itself.

Kamala. Is that all? This thought never worried me for a moment. There is a God above. The man who planted the tree will see that it is watered.

Mani. Yes. You are going to discover a treasure in your backyard.

Kamala. Believe me. Better days are in store for us. I am having lucky dreams almost every day for the past few days. I know your worth; and if misfortune afflicts you for the present, don't think that Lakshmi has for ever forsaken you. The day will come when we shall be the happiest on earth.

Mani. You have the knack of hoping, which I have not. But, what about to-morrow?

Kamala. To-morrow is with God. Who knows, some client may turn up even now, and thrust a hundred rupees into your hands. Look there, already some one is coming. Let me retire. (*Kamala goes out.*)

Mani. Who is that?

Stranger. Is this Vakil Mani Iyer's house?

Mani. Yes, you can come in. (*The stranger enters.*) May I know your business?

Stranger. Mine is a very urgent one. Can you appear for me in a forgery case that comes up for hearing to-day?

Mani. To-day? I don't think I can do much at such short notice. But I will see your papers first.

Stranger. Here are the papers. (*Mani Iyer goes through them.*)

Mani. Yours is not such a bad affair after all. They have not obtained the necessary sanction for your prosecution, which will save you if nothing else will.

Stranger. Your words are cooler than a draught of milk. Please accept these hundred rupees. I will pay you more as the case proceeds. (*Mani Iyer starts but receives the money.*)

Scene II.

Seated on the chair, on a dais, is a Muhammadan gentleman, yawning every other minute, exclaiming "Allah-ho-Akbar" after each yawn. His turban is on the table. Occasionally he is stroking his beard.

Enter a man with his head all bandaged and a piece of paper in his hand.

Sub-Magistrate. Who are you?

Litigant. I have a complaint to present.

S. M. What about?

Lit. I was beaten very severely on the head.

S. M. How many blows did you receive?

Lit. Eight blows.

S. M. Is that all? I wish it were more. The fools that allowed you to escape with your life that you may trouble me. Did you go to the Police Station?

Lit. I went there, but the Sub-Inspector told me that they don't come to a man's rescue until he is dead.

S. M. Then why did you not die?

Lit. If I die how can I present this complaint?

S. M. Then, do you think, you live only to present complaints? Give that paper to me (*The S. M. after scrawling something reads out*). The complainant admits that the purpose of his existence is only to present complaints. Such a man cannot be believed. Complaint dismissed. You may go now. (*Exit litigant.*)

Enter a Police Sub-Inspector dragging an urchin in each hand. The S. M. hastily puts on his turban. He is very much inclined to stand up to show his respects to the Sub-Inspector, but recollects that the dignity of his office does not permit it, and so sits on the edge of his chair as a compromise, to show that he sits with great reluctance.

S. M. Good Morning, Sir, I am so glad to see you. Are these your children? How nice looking they are!

Sub-Inspector. My children! Good God! They are two criminals in embryo. I do not know what they will be up to when they grow up. They had the impudence to commit nuisance under my very nose opposite the Police Station.

S. M. Under your very nose? Ah, Under your very nose.

S. I. Quite so. I shall damn them for it.

S. M. Boys, what do you say? Guilty or no.

Boys. We did it unwittingly. We pray for pardon.

S. I. Pardon to such rascals as you? I want the Court to pass a deterrent sentence. Our D. S. P. is very particular about these nuisance cases.

S. M. Oh, Is he? *(The S. M. writes the judgment which he reads out).* 'This is a nuisance charge in which two criminals in embryo—to use the words of the Sub-Inspector—are the accused. This nuisance is said to have been committed under very extraordinary circumstances, the receptacle chosen for committing the nuisance being situate under the very nose of the Sub-Inspector. From a sense of delicacy, the S. I. does not wish to specify the part concerned, nor do I wish to injure his feelings by specifying it in this judgment. But this I am at liberty to state, that he should have endured agonies unimaginable when the nuisance was being committed. As such, a deterrent punishment is necessary, and the S. I. also presses for the same. I sentence the two accused to a week's R. I., the sentences to run concurrently under Section 377, I. P. C.'

S. I. Concurrently. How is that?

S. M. Because both have been sentenced at one and the same time.

S. I. Where is the applicability of Sec. 377, I.P.C.?

S. M. Sec. 377 deals with unnatural offences. What can be more unnatural than committing a nuisance under the very nose of the Sub-Inspector. **Warder,** take these two fellows to jail.

S. I. Thank you, Sir. Good-bye. *(Goes away).*

Enter Mr. Ayres in his Barrister robes, and hat in hand. Behind him a man, half clerk, half servant, carrying a leather brief bag, which is deposited on the table.

Ayres. Good morning, Your Honour.

S. M. Good morning. Have you got any case to day?

Ayres. I am appearing for the prosecution in to-day's forgery case.

S. M. I am so glad. I wonder why all Vakils should not be like you.

Ayres. I wonder why all Sub-Magistrates should not be like you. *(In a lowered tone of voice).* There are indeed some who are not quite so accomodating as yourself.

S. M. *(Whispers.)* Is your complainant well-to-do?

Ayres. *(Whispers.)* Oh, yes. Here is an urgent letter for you, which contains very welcome news. *(Hands a cover, which the S. M. without opening puts into his pocket.)*

S. M. *(Whispers.)* How much?

Ayres. *(Whispers.)* As usual.

S. M. That is alright. You may go away if you like. I will look after the case.

Ayres. The accused is defended by one Mr. Mani Iyer. I am told that he is a troublesome Vakils.

S. M. No body shall wag his tail before me. *(Mani Iyer enters).* Who are you?

Mani. I am a member of the bar. I am appearing for the defence in to-day's forgery case.

S. M. Will you please tell your client that he is a fool?

Mani. How so?

S. M. For throwing away money on Vakils.

Mani. Can I have an idea where else it should be thrown with profit to him.

S. M. If you want really to save your client, you have set about it in the wrong way. But I say this only for your future guidance.

Mani. Thanks for the hint, which I will bear in mind.

S. M. Mr. Ayres, you can begin the case.

Mani. Before taking evidence, I have to raise a preliminary objection as to the maintainability of the complaint as there has been no sanction as required by Section 195. (*Opens the Criminal Procedure Code*).

S. M. What is that book?

Mani. The Code of Criminal Procedure.

S. M. Throw it into the gutters.

Mani. The authors of the Code did not intend such a use for it.

S. M. No use arguing with me.

Mani. The Court cannot shut my mouth when I have a point to make.

S. M. I can. There is the all-powerful Section 144, under which I have shut the mouths of ever so many.

Mani. If the Court should persist in this attitude, I fear I shall have to take the case to some other Court.

S. M. Take it to the d—l.

Mani. Yes, I will. Meanwhile, let me be granted stay of proceedings, which the Court has no power to refuse.

S. M. Are you bent upon giving me trouble?

Mani. I am bent upon getting justice.

(*Seeing the determined attitude of Mani Iyer, the S. M. thinks it discreet to yield.*)

S. M. Tell me in brief what your point is.

Mani. This prosecution requires sanction under Sec. 145, which has not been obtained.

S. M. What do you say to that, Mr. Ayres?

Ayres. (*After looking through the Section*) I fear the objection is valid. I wonder how I came to overlook it.

S. M. What should be done now?

Mani. To dismiss the complaint.

S. M. Is it so, Mr. Ayres? I will do whatever you want me to do.

Ayres. I fear that consequence follows.

S. M. Alright. I have dismissed the complaint. (*To Mani Iyer*). You and your blessed client may go away for the present. Let him take care that he does not come here once again.

Mani. Even if he comes fully equipped.

S. M. Yes. Quite so. You have caught my point.

Mani. Thank you. I have appeared for the last time in your Court. (*Mani Iyer walks out*).

Ayres. What is to be done now?

S. M. This is not your only case. There are other cases of yours.

Ayres. But the clients are different. I am answerable to this client.

S. M. I do not know how you will manage it.

Ayres. (*Much puzzled as to what to do or say runs his hand over his coat. Suddenly feels in his pocket a cover, which he takes out. His face brightens up immediately.*) Very well. I don't mind. I shall take leave.

S. M. (*suspecting the contents of the cover which he had received.*) Wait on, Mr. Ayres. Let me see (*Takes out the cover in his pocket, and on opening it, finds a printed invitation for a marriage party*) What! You have cheated me?

Ayres. No. It is God's will. I am sorry I delivered the wrong cover.

S. M. Then give the right one.

Ayres. No. No. It is too late. (*Walks out*).

S. M. (*In a loud voice, pursuing*) You shall not stir out of the Court without satisfying me.

Ayres. (*Walks fast*) Not so loud. The Sub-Inspector is watching us.

S. M. (*Muttering.*) The whole lot of you be da—d. Look here, I am going to remand your complainant.

Ayres. (*As he goes along*) It is a pity that he has gone away as soon as you pronounced the order.

The S. M. in fury runs out of Court.

(*Curtain drops*).

(*To be Continued*).

RATIONALISATION

BY C. V. H. RAO, M. A.

THE phenomenon of world-wide depression in trade and the consequent intensification of unemployment has given an impetus to the pushing forward of schemes of Rationalisation in many countries. One of the outstanding causes of depression mentioned above is admittedly the over-production of commodities, transcending the bounds of demand for them; and unemployment is the inevitable consequence of the slackening of the export trade in the various countries, both industrial and agricultural. For, while industry is not producing the profits it has been doing hitherto and industrial produce is unable to find a market, it needs must send the workmen into the streets.

Rationalisation aims at increased efficiency of production, the reduction of over-head charges, the curtailment of the cost of production owing to the co-ordination of efforts between the competing industries and the amalgamation and the pooling of resources. While all this will drastically help to weed out inefficiency, there is also the danger that they may lead to an intensification of the unemployment figures. And the paradox is likely to ensue of increased industrial efficiency existing side by side with growing unemployment, of starvation in the midst of plenty.

But unemployment resulting from Rationalisation is a lesser evil than unemployment resulting from relative inefficiency. For, though the immediate effect of Rationalisation may appear to be an increase in unemployment, still in the long run, when industrial labourers have adjusted themselves to the new conditions, and when new industries are started for the production of commodities for which there has arisen a demand, the evil results will automatically get adjusted. The present over-production of certain kinds of commodities by the world's industries is due to the failure

of industrialists to study the new wants and requirements of the people. Rationalisation is a double remedy, in so far as it reduces on the one hand, inefficient over-production of articles for which there is a reduced demand, and, on the other, directs the attention of manufacturers to the production of commodities for which there is a real demand. Till such adjustment takes place, the spell of unemployment will continue unbroken. The restriction of over-production which Rationalisation will bring about is one of its greatest recommendations; and it is this programme that is being pursued in many Western countries, and that is also suggested in the case of India, as a means of getting over the prevailing world depression.

Another good effect of Rationalisation is that the unemployment resulting from a lowering of real costs will encourage the growth of new and competing industries, which would afford occupation to the unemployed hands. These newly established industries may not be of the large scale type but small cottage industries, which will be capable of absorbing the workers who have special aptitude for them. This change from one occupation to another necessarily involves a period of transition, during which there may be a temporary maladjustment, but in the long run such a change will be only in the interests of the workers.

Now, coming to the defects of Rationalisation, for one thing it tends, to a certain degree, to the establishment and encouragement of monopoly in industry. Rationalisation is a definitely advantageous procedure, so long as it is concerned with the elimination of wastage in production and with the introduction of a systematised efficiency. And for this purpose some degree of amalgamation of existing concerns is necessary as well as inevitable. But amalgamations may result in the springing into life of giant combinations, which may become uncontrollable in course of time and threaten the very foundations of the social and economic order. So proper safeguards against this tendency towards monopolistic combination of industries is necessary in any scheme of Rationalisation.

Another danger to be guarded against is the possible and potential reactions on the consuming public. Rationalisation, with its dogma of "efficiency in production" may lead to a rise in the price of the products manufactured by the rationalised industry; and the rise may not be always in the interests of the community. A special guarantee is, therefore, necessary that schemes of Rationalisation, whenever undertaken, are not prejudicial to the general public; and this has to be scrutinised beforehand with a view to the State undertaking legislation for safeguarding the public interests. The aim of Rationalisation must be to gain for the community greater stability in price-levels and a higher standard of living.

The process of industrial Rationalisation will not adequately serve the purpose unless it is followed by the Rationalisation of the present methods of transportation and marketing. So much waste is now being occasioned by the absence of scientific and systematised marketing schemes for important commercial commodities. The production and marketing of supplies of raw materials, like cotton, rubber, jute, coffee, sugar, etc., must be organised on a scientific basis, their production being regulated according to the needs of the different countries and restriction being brought into operation whenever there appears a danger of over-production.

So far as India is concerned, we need the help that Rationalisation has to give us more than any other country in the world. India which is desirous of advancing industrially needs to practise the lessons of Rationalisation in the organisation of fresh industries and the management of old ones. It is for us to steer clear of the evils of monopoly and powerful extra-legal organisations, like the Cartels and the Trusts, and of the dangers of having an army of unemployed. Above all, our agricultural industry, which is very backward but which provides the means of livelihood to seventy per cent. of the population, has got to be Rationalised in the sense that it has to be put on a footing of scientific management and made to produce more than before.

At the present time, when the world is faced with an economic crisis of the first magnitude, there is need for a supreme effort for restoring the balance by resorting to drastic methods of industrial reconstruction; and Rationalisation offers the fittest and the most effective instrument for effecting this change. The interests of Labour are not prejudicially affected by Rationalisation, provided the necessary safeguards are imposed; on the other hand, if its dangers are properly guarded against, it will enable Labour to secure a higher wage and, therefore, attain a higher standard of living. It can be said that modern industrial organisation has discovered in Rationalisation an effective weapon of success and that the world has a bright industrial future before it if it resorts to it.

TO-DAY

Let me to-day do something that shall take
A little sadness from the world's vast store;
And may I be so favoured as to make
Of joy's too scanty sum a little more.

Let me not hurt by any selfish deed,
Or thoughtless word, the heart of foe or friend;
Nor would I pass, unseeing, worthy need,
Or sin by silence where I should defend.

However meagre be my worldly wealth,
Let me give something that shall aid my kind.
A word of courage, or a thought of health,
Dropped as I pass troubled hearts to find.

Let me to-night look back across the span
'Twixt dawn and dark, and to my conscience say,
"Because of some good act to beast or man
The world is better that I lived to-day."

SCENERY OF SOUTH KANARA

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



FIVE furlongs to the north of the Travellers' Bungalow at Byndore, is one vast level upland of hard laterite over-grown with sherry-brown thatching grass. The land gradually tapers towards the sea and ends sharply like a dolphin's nose. Seated there, about sun-set time, the eye swims over a vast field of gently rippling waves. Then from out the horizon, right under the sun, a small patch of the sea glows with dazzling, blinding brilliance. The molten mass of light spreads wider, reaches nearer and ever nearer as the racing hours run past, then disappears in an amethystine glow, and at sunset hour, as the sun drops suddenly behind flecked bars of dark blue clouds, the whole horizon turns crimson, the sea grows a deeper and darker blue, and later the sky all round becomes soft with the turquoise tints of evening. Turn to the east. There framed in the sombre darkness of dense bushes on the mountain-side is a column of light, a radiant pillar of adamant, a stately and splendid water-fall which day in, day out, year in, year out, keeps falling, and though its multitudinous particles change, preserves its unchanging identity through all time. It is the one thing visible, white in the gathering gloom of night, and when the moonlight falls on it and irradiates it, it is a thing to dream on.

Paduware Hill, where a Catholic Church lifts up its spire and where the sound of a toiling bell echoes and re-echoes reverberating from ridge to ridge of mountain ranges, is another place from which the same beautiful view of the sunset and view of the water-fall may be gained.

From Byndore, we travel south, cross the crocodile infested river, put the car on an improvised platform of three boats and after crossing a second and smaller stream, reach Trasi, where as in the Madras Marina, we suddenly come upon the exquisite delights of an ocean drive. For

over a mile, the road runs between a river and the surf, and the sea-gulls like lotus buds float on the waves and

Their hearts upon the heart of ocean

Lie learning all its mystic motion.

The cool breeze fans your face, and you turn sharply into the interior where the hedges are thick with *Ketaki* blossom (*Pandanus odoratissimus*) and so you reach Gangoli river where 'jankal' awaits you to carry you and your car across a mile and a half of river-width, which is among the loveliest of sights in South Kanara. On the other shore is Coondapur.

Three rivers (tradition refer to five) pour their waters into the Gangoli, on the northern bank of which is a prosperous port of the name. Sail-ships of various tonnage anchor in the river and carry loads of cocoanut chiefly into far off parts. On the southern bank was once a fort, ruins of which remain still. The Sub-Collector's bungalow at Coondapur, much admired for its beauty of situation, is built on old ramparts. So is the bungalow occupied by the District Munsiff, who digging in his gardens occasionally comes upon cannon balls, "as small as a cricket ball and as big as a foot-ball". The old monument in the High School compound is a noteworthy sight. It is built all of laterite, so easily quarried throughout the district, with domes and niches and the pathetic memory of a far off time that shall return no more. The great centre of attraction, however, is the estuary, with its varying tides and varying tones of colour-scheme at dawn, noon, sunset, and moonlight, with its craft of various sizes and descriptions, its wealth of fish and facilities offered as a waterway communicating with inland towns like Vandse, Hemmadi, Thollur, Hattayangadi and Haladi.

From Coondapur the Haladi-Someshwar road takes one through much picturesque country, the car rolling often over grass-grown pathways amidst vegetation, rank and varied. Basrur was the capital of Sir Thomas Munro. A fort in ruins and a wall with nothing remarkable about it still bear memories of that far-off time. Near Haladi, the

road branches off Sankaranarayana. At Someshwar, the Mysore boundary is reached, and a formidable wall of mountain ranges marks the boundary line.

The Padhav at Mangalore, known as Kadri-Padhav, presents the same lovely scenery as Puduvare Hill, except that chimney stacks stand up in the air and belch out smoke in quite a formidable fashion. St. Aloysius on Edyah Hill is a conspicuous land-mark. Also the many churches that shoot up their tall spires to the sky.

II

Forts abound in South Kanara and forts well-preserved or in a state of ruins exist at Coondapur, Baerur, Barkur, Jamalabad, Mangalore, Nandavar, Kasargod, Chandragiri, Kumbha, Bekal and Hosdrug. They were built in the olden days of piracy as a protection as much against pirates as against foreign invasion. The land forts like Jamalabad were built by Tippu to maintain possession of the country. Far the finest of the forts and in the best state of preservation is that of *Bekal* built on a beetling crag that overhangs the sea. Bastions and watch-towers and batteries, built of laterite and in the rifts grown thick with grass, still stand to testify to the strength of the fortifications. Four octagonal towers command the entire range of the visible country and visible water, and only one of them is slightly touched by age and the ravages of wind and weather. To the west of the Fort, built on the very surf and reached by a flight of ninety steps is another battery which in times of peace might serve as a band-stand. The sea-beach affords a splendid promenade and the view from the Fort on whatever side is magnificent. Towards the east are the blue ranges of the Western Ghats turning all manner of colours in the course of a single sun-shiny day. Between them and the surf are gravel mounds and cocoanut plantations so thickly studded that they form a belt of verdure set in strong relief between the white sands of the beach and the brown hillocks of gravel and framed between the blue of the mountains and the blue of the sea with the over-arching cerulean blue of the heavens above. West and south are the ever-surging

waves of the ocean, which with their swell, glut twice ten thousand caverns. White sails like Christ walking on the waters occasionally appear and fade and the wheeling sea-gulls, kites and vultures make ships of the air that cast their shadows on the water and produce shrill sounds that fill the startled air. To the north skirted by the sea is one mass of vegetation over-shadowing the prosperous homes of the hard-working children of the soil. The front gate of the Fort is most impressive, and it only needs a little imagination to reconstruct the past—the bugle-blast, the challenge and the response, the clanking porticullis, the heavy dropping draw-bridge, the clatter of horses' hoofs and the waving crest-feather on a shining helmet of steel, the lances and the pennon floating free, the gleaming of swords and the glinting of bayonets. But Ichabod! All vanished now into the mist of years long past, lingering but as a pathetic memory of past grandeur, reminder of the rapid transience of all things sublunary.

Waterfalls in South Kanara are rather unimpressive, being merely perennial sources of water made to flow through lead or earthenware pipes, or often merely over-split sections of hollow trunks of the arecas or the toddy-palm. They exist in Bajpe and Bevanje and also in Kadri near the view point and at a place called Mundanna.

But to gain a vast panorama of South Kanara scenery one should camp at the Traveller's Bungalow, Gurpur. Along three sides of it, covering a range of over 270° is one vast valley bounded at the horizon by a blue range of hills, covered with mist and glimmering at times with amethystine hue; within nearer view and still forming the background of the landscape are huge gravel mounds thickly wooded; in the foreground is a level plain cut up into paddy fields with clump of palmyra and banyan and the ubiquitous cashew variegating the scenery. In the immediate foreground at the foot of the hill like a blown bubble is the dome of a mutt.

Amid and across these, winding its long and lazy length like a huge boa-constrictor, run the *Pulani* river.

At certain places, the windings are literally serpentine, zig-zag, the wavelets gleaming like scales on the sides. In other places, there are large sheets of sluggish water bearing small country craft of varying tonnage with sails that lend life and movement to an otherwise torpid stream with its tardy and meandering course.

As I sit and write, the hooting of the motor-horn is heard, and a tiny motor-car of the nursery type comes up winding along the long ribbon of a deep brown road. As it scrambles up, the sound becomes more grating and the car grows to full and normal size and then with a rumbling sound that recedes farther and farther disappears beyond the next hills. The boats in the wide reaches of the river to the far west, become more numerous as the day declines, thronging thick with their sails bellied with the wind and sailing with stately dignity. Though the day is warm, the breeze keeps vigorously blowing. The golden eagle as it comes up floating high has to rise through at least three wide-sweeping gyrations before it lifts itself to the level of the bungalow. Then it goes up higher and higher until it dazzles the eyes to gaze on it. The "human mortals" at the foot, swarm like black-ants in knots and cluster, gather and depart, and the whole landscape oblivious of such petty concerns basks in the sun, the majestic river rolls on its bed and the everlasting hills look on.

A sailing cloud occasionally casts a shade on a patch of green; it passes by and ceases to be. The sharp sun-shine turns to liquid silver a sheet of water that glows with dazzling brightness. The brightness disappears as the sun grows ruddy and slips behind the range of hills, leaving a flush of crimson or a haze of violet with all the colours of the rainbow washed in at the verge of the far horizon. Thin sheets of water stand out distinct white patches on an otherwise undistinguishable mass of darkness, growing darker and ever darker in the deepening gloom.

At night, when the moon growing from shield to sickle and sickle to shield sheds its silvery gleam on tree-top and mountain-height, on the pearl-dome of the mutt and the

many sheets of water, the waves of silence come surging forward and lap and lave the mound whereon we sit and gaze. The white sails have disappeared like ghosts before an enchanter fleeing. The few lamps that glinted like glow-worms have grown pale and twinkle but feebly. A deep air of awe and mystery broods over the earth as once over all the Universe ere creation caused the sun and moon to appear.

Sunrise through the morning mist touches the hill-tops into flowery brilliance; the mist lies long in the dip of the gowns, and in the hollows of the mountains like a lake, and the world waking into existence, sends forth its multitudinous noises from cock-crow and song of birds to the motor-hooting and the music of wind instruments in the Hindu temples below.

And so goes the round of daily duties and daily existence, betwixt the twin-gates of sunrise and sunset following so the ever-running day with profitable labour to the grave.

STATISTICS PROVE

'Statistics prove' so many things
The size of towns, the height of kings
The age of children in the schools,
The skull development of fools,
The salaries that parsons get,
The number of abodes to let,
The wealth of lucky millionaires,
The price of hens and mining shares—
All things below and things above,
It seems to me, 'statistics prove.'

'But no! statistics never yet
Appraised a single violet,
Measured the glances of an eye,
Or probed the sorrow of a sigh.
Statistics never caught the gleam
That dances on a meadow stream,
Or weighed the anthem of a bird
In forest aisles devoutly heard.
Statistics never proved a soul,
In high or low, in part or whole,
Sin, beauty, passion, honour, love—
How much statistics cannot prove!' —Scots Observer.

WHAT I THINK OF

I. The Brahmin.

BY "VAS"

I believe that the allegation is true that the Brahmin is part of an ancient established institution in the country. For, do we not find him mentioned in the history of our land—at present always attacked; in the early English administration; in the Mahratta administration; in the Moghul administration; in the wild history prior to that; in the writings of Manu; nay, in the years of the Vedas three thousand years ago?

In the early history of the world, the Brahmin was a force among the Hindus—a moral, and a spiritual force. The Hindus were divided into four castes, and the first and foremost of them were the Brahmins. They were a class by themselves, and devoted their lives wholly to religion, to the study of the Vedas, to the observance of the edicts and commands in the Vedas, and to the teaching of the Vedic doctrines to their pupils. They were held in high esteem, for they (surely most of them) cared not for the pleasures and pains of mundane existence, and led a purely ecclesiastic life. In all matters of religion, they were the guiding stars, and in all religious questions the ultimate court of appeal.

I should think that the Brahmin of those days had nothing to do with the political history of the land. He confined himself to religion and to teaching; and the very basis of the caste system appears to be that the Brahmin should be outside of politics. In this connection, we should not forget that politics in the modern sense was then unknown. The ancients were concerned only with the governing of men—an autocratic form of it. The Brahmins were thus in those days part of a social system, to which apparently they were supposed or expected to cling with all the ardour of religion; for that system itself was based on principles

of religion. Then religious and social doctrines were one and the same thing in practical life.

As time passed, and as the History of the World underwent changes throughout, the effects failed not to fall upon the Hindus, especially the Brahmins. The Brahmins, the whilom ecclesiastical lords of the land, began to interest themselves actively in the management of the affairs of the State. Their position, their knowledge, their intelligence, their capacities to handle schemes of import, tended to place them at once in as high a position in the affairs of the State as they had held in the affairs of religion. Henceforward, you see Brahmin Ministers, Brahmin advisers, Brahmin Secretaries, Brahmin Collectors, and even Brahmin soldiers, captains and rulers.

The huge tide of Change wrought by Time throughout the world altered radically not only the outlook of men in regard to their political position in the State, but in regard to their social position as well. There have been marked upheavals of Society; and in some countries the very foundations of the social fabric have given way. Indeed, in all the world, social and political existence of men is considered to be almost one and the same. Political theories have reference to the social status of a people, and their social status necessarily react upon their political life.

In common with the rest of the world, the outlook of the Brahmin has undergone vast changes in regard to their social and political life. But the point of difference is this: that to the Brahmin, political life is a distinct entity from the social life, which is, in his eyes, mixed with religious life. He will not, at least for some time to come, see the close inter-dependence of political and social principles and theories which the Westerner does. He sees only the close inter dependence of social and religious theories, which the Westerner does not do.

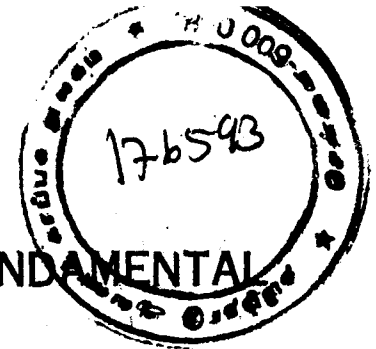
But all the same, we see the present day Brahmin considerably altered, a totally different being from the Brahmin known to even the last century. Firstly, except for a few rural villagers, the Brahmins to-day view the

religious cords binding their social (and even political) life as worrying, out of date, and meaningless. Secondly, they look upon the strict injunctions of the scriptures, dealing with the performance and observance of religious rites, ceremonies and ordeals as out of taste and even a nuisance, and coolly disregard them as much as they can. Thirdly, many of the Brahmins are 'educated'—in the Western sense and method, to the detriment (be it bad or good) of their own native culture. Their ideas have undergone a change, the magnitude of which it is impossible to exaggerate. They think in English, they sleep in English, they dream in English and even eat in English—out and out English methods are adopted by many; and not a minute is devoted to their own old ways. Fourthly, the Brahmins of to-day are thinking of themselves as superior persons as the Pharisees and Sadducees—probably because they think that they represent a happy combination of the old cult with the new. Oh! but the result is that he is held in scorn both by the people of the old type and by those of the new—the one for desertion and the other for imitation. That is the Social Brahmin of to-day.

Politically, the Brahmins have become a force—a position which they began to acquire some centuries ago—so much so, that the Brahmins are as a class held in hatred. The chief reason for this is, probably, that the Brahmins, though only a minority community, yet manage to hold a large and important portion of the political arena. The causes for this result have been variously stated, but chief of them are their early and eager grasp of the Western methods of education, and the fact that in their own way they have been developing for a long time to rise politically. That is the Political Brahmin of to-day.

Thus one thing that stands beyond doubt in regard to Brahmins, is that the present day Brahmin, be he political or social (or religious) is quite a different person from the ancient Brahmin, as known to the Vedic or even later times up to the 19th century. And the Brahmins are as a class vilified, and all but persecuted in the name of politics.

DECLARATION OF FUNDAMENTAL RIGHTS



Declaration of Fundamental Rights has formed part of many Constitutions, and the most well-known Declaration is that which is embodied in the American Constitution. It is only natural that we in India should be thinking of a similar Declaration at a time when a new Constitution is being forged for our Motherland. Of those that have been suggested the most noteworthy is the one formulated by the Congress. The last Congress at Karachi passed a resolution embodying such a Declaration, which has now been revised and gone into thoroughly by a Sub-Committee appointed by the Congress Working Committee, whose report has now been published. The revised Declaration is as follows:

I. The Swaraj Constitution should provide or enable the Swaraj Government to provide for the following fundamental rights and duties and economic, social and administrative reforms:

1. Every citizen of India has the right of free expression of opinion, the right of free association and combination and the right to assemble peaceably and without arms for purposes not opposed to law or morality.

2. Every citizen of India shall enjoy freedom of conscience and the right freely to profess and practise his religion, subject to public order and morality.

3. The culture, language and scripts of the minorities and of different linguistic areas shall be protected.

4. All citizens of India are equal before the law, irrespective of religion, caste or creed or sect.

5. No disability attaches to any citizen by reason of his or her religion, caste, creed or sex in regard to public employment, offices of power or honour and in the exercise of any trade or calling.

6. All citizens have equal rights and duties in regard to wells, roads, schools and places of public resort maintained out of State or local funds, or dedicated by private persons for the use of the general public.

7. Every citizen has the right and obligation to keep and bear arms in accordance with regulations and reservations made in that behalf.

8. No person shall be deprived of his liberty, nor shall his dwelling or property be entered, sequestered or confiscated save in accordance with law.

9. The State shall observe neutrality in regard to all religions.

10. Franchise shall be on the basis of universal adult suffrage.

11. The State shall provide for free and compulsory education. The aim of educational institutions shall be good moral training, cultivation of public spirit, personal and vocational efficiency and the development of the spirit of Indian nationality and international friendliness. In giving instruction in public educational institutions, care shall be taken not to wound the susceptibilities of those holding different opinions.

12. The State shall confer no titles.

13. Every citizen of India is free to move throughout India and to stay and settle in any part thereof, to acquire property and to follow any trade or calling.

14. No person shall be punished for any act which was not punishable under the law at the time it was committed.

15. The privacy of correspondence of postal, telegraphic and telephone service shall not be infringed, except in accordance with law.

16. Every citizen has the right of complaint or petition to competent authorities or representatives of the people. This right may be exercised by individuals or several persons in common.

17. There shall be no capital punishment.

11. The State shall safeguard the interests of industrial workers, and shall secure for them by suitable legislation and in other ways adequate wages, healthy conditions of work, limited hours of labour, suitable machinery for the settlement of disputes between employers and workmen, and protection against the economic consequences of old age, sickness and unemployment.

3. No person shall be compelled to labour against his will and without due compensation, except when such labor is imposed by law.

4. Attention shall be paid to the special needs of women workers, including care of infants when their mothers are at work and adequate provision during the maternity period.

5. Children of tender age shall not be employed in factories and mines.

6. Workers have the right to form Unions to protect their interests.

7. The system of land taxation shall be reformed and an equitable adjustment made of the burden, immediately giving relief to the smaller peasantry by a substantial reduction in agricultural rent and revenue now paid by them, and in cases of uneconomic holdings totally exempting them from rent or revenue, with such relief as may be just and necessary to holders of estates affected by such exemption or reduction in rent, and to the same end, imposing a graded tax on net incomes from land above a reasonable minimum.

8. A graduated scale of death duties on property above a fixed minimum.

9. A policy of peace with neighbouring countries will be pursued, and there shall be a drastic reduction of military expenditure, so as to bring it down to at least one-half of the present scale.

10. Expenditure and salaries in civil departments shall be largely reduced. No servant of the State, other than specially employed experts and the like, shall be paid above a certain fixed figure, which should not ordinarily exceed Rs. 1,000 per month.

11. No duty shall be levied on salt manufactured in India.

12. The State shall protect indigenous cloth; and for this purpose pursue the policy of exclusion of foreign cloth and foreign yarn from the country and adopt such other measures as may be found necessary.

13. Intoxicating drinks and drugs shall be totally prohibited.

14. Currency and exchange shall be regulated in the national interests.

15. The State shall own or control key industries, mineral resources, railways, shipping and other means of public transport.

16. Adequate steps shall be taken for the relief of agricultural indebtedness and the prohibition of usury.

17. The State shall take steps, directly or through local bodies, to improve the condition of people in rural areas by providing healthy amusements, facilities for adult education, the extension and improvement of agriculture, revival and development of hand spinning and hand weaving and other indigenous arts and crafts, and the adoption of an effective programme of village sanitation, drinking water supply and medical relief.

18. The State shall provide for the military training of citizens so as to organise a means of national defence, apart from the regular military forces.

VALLATHOL'S LATEST

A Review.

BY KAVASSERI SHIVARAMAKRISHNAN



re-assuring sign of the soundness of Indian culture and the promise of its continued life with undiminished vigour in the future is the rise of the regional sub-cultures when Sanskrit withdrew from the people to be cultivated by the learned *elite*. The provincial dialects soon developed into vehicles of literary expression, and master minds rose in all parts of the land to use them and create books that will never die. The vivifying contact with the outside that took place in the last century enabled the literature in these languages to put forth branches in new directions.

This beautiful strip of land in the southwest, Kerala that gave the world of Sanskrit thought and letters men like Shri Sankara and Narayana Bhatta and produced for her own children poets like Tujan and Kunjan, Cherusseri and Unnayi Varyar, did not lag behind the other provinces. Poetry of all kinds flourished here as never before. There has been some good prose writing also, though much remains yet to be done in this field. And the high priest of this new age in Kerala is Mr. Vallathol Narayana Menon.

Vallathol sums up in himself the achievement of the past and the hope of the future. He became a classic when he turned Valmiki's *Ramayana* into excellent Malayalam verse, in the same metre as the original, and wrote his own *Maha Kavya*, the *Chitra-yogam*, besides a few shorter poems of great power and beauty like the *Balhiru Vilapam*. But more was in him of a kind, as it appeared, that was not expected at all. The present is an age which specialises in vignettes, although it is devoutly to be hoped that the day of bigger things is not past. The short story and the short poem hold the field. In the hands of masters they are things which one would not miss, as is evidenced by the results in which Vallathol's mastery of the latter has been

fruitful. And he has mastered not merely the form but the substance, as he has caught the modern spirit in its higher workings.

Vallathol has been giving us choice selections from his smaller poems under the general title of *Sahitya Manjari*—pollen from the garden of literature. The book before us is the seventh of the series*, which well maintains the high level of its predecessors. Its arrangement is such that there is no monotony of theme or metre, but we shall for convenience group the poems according to the theme. The book opens with a grand hymn to *Wisdom*, philosophical indeed, but distinctly poetic as being charged with the soul's feeling and yearning and clothed in the poet's vivid imagery:

നിർഭരമൗനമല്ലോ നാക്കേകി
ചിന്തിതാവിഷ്കൃതിയ്ക്കുള്ള ഭാഷയെ;
എന്തുകൊണ്ടെന്നിയ്ക്കേകീല വാക്കൊന്നും
ബന്ധം താ രൂപം വിചരിപ്പാൻ!

It is thy sacred silence that gave men the language that uncovers their thoughts. Why then is it that thou hast not given me any word to describe the grandeur of thy form?

—asks this favourite of the muses, speaking as he is of the transcendent *Wisdom* which is beyond mind and speech. *My Little Daughter* is a delightful and very touching poem, in which, incidentally, this poet of more than thirty years' standing apostrophises his 'infant muse' (കുടിയെഴുത്തുകാരി)! A lesson to young hopefuls, if only they will take it! *Onam* is in praise of the most important festival of Kerala, fragrant with the memory of Mahabali's golden reign. A subject which can be adequately dealt with only by a great poet is *Indra and Mahabali*, an episode from the *Mahabharata*, in which Vallathol, needless to say, has been successful. But one doubts whether his patriotism has not gone a bit too far when Mahabali's reply to Indra is described as one which cannot come from the mouth of any but an Indian! We are not so sure; and it were well if it only inculcated the desirability of the possession by all Indians (by all men) of

* *Sahitya Manjari*, Part Seven, Re. 1. (A. R. P. Press, Kunnankulam.)

the inner peace which gives an unruffled mind under all circumstances. At any rate, the poem carries its own lesson: a warning against pride! *The Time Changel*, with which the selection suggestively ends, is a play of beautiful fancy out of which we refrain from quoting lest we should be tempted to reproduce the whole poem.

Of a melancholy cast is *The Almighty's Intention*. Night was working strenuously to give new life to the tired world, while we slept all unconscious; she was trying to learn something from the golden letters on the dark scroll of the sky, but just when fulfilment comes, she is no more, and the light of Dawn comes only to be her funeral shroud!

സുവിശ്രമം നമുക്കുതന്നെ നാഡം—
അദ്വൈതമേതെന്തെന്തെന്നു കൂടി
കഴിഞ്ഞുപോയല്ലോ മായ മോളി
കടകത്തിൽക്കണ്ണു തുടപ്പായ തിരുമുഖം!

Where is Night who gave us the blessing of sweet rest? Even her body's cremation has been duly accomplished by the red fire that burns in the valley of the eastern mountain!

Is God's intention, the poet asks, merely that his creatures should water his play-garden of the world with their tears? —Along with this may be read *Hare', Krishna!* in which the poet paints the picture of a *sati* with terrible effect. *Excessive Rain* deplores the havoc done by the monsoon in a metre which has been fixed by Kalidasa as the one for lamentations.

So far for the themes admitting of an exclusively poetic interest and treatment. But Vallathol has long been known as an out-and-out patriot, and we turn to the reflections of this side of his genius in the present volume. In the beginning of *Our Reply*, mindful of the past glories of his country, his intensely spiritual outlook brings before his vision the ancestral sages, calm, great; the *Gita* and the *Upanishads*, source of the soul's enlightenment; and the eternal haven of integral liberation, the only goal in the three worlds. At once he is caught in a whirl of inspiration which shows forth the poet with his creative or prophetic vision as the pioneer, the conquering hero of the cause of

freedom. We make no apology for quoting the passage in full :

ഏതെന്നതാമിടത്തെയിയാലും ശരി,
മധ്യ മരണം വിഴുങ്ങിയാലും ശരി,
മുന്നോട്ടുതന്നെ നടക്കും വഴിയിലേ
മുള്ളകളൊക്കെച്ചുവട്ടി മെതിച്ചുതാൻ ;
പിന്നാലെ വന്നിടും പിഞ്ചു പാദങ്ങൾക്കു
വിശ്വാസവേളയിൽ വേദനതോന്നാല.
അല്ലെടൻ വന്നു മറച്ചാൽ മറക്കട്ടെ,
മല്ലതൻ പൂക്കൾ വിരികതാൻ ചെറുക്കിടും;
അന്തരീക്ഷത്തിലണയ്ക്കയും ചെറുക്കിടും-
മന്തിക്കളർക്കാറാവാനിൻ പരിമളം.

I may attain the goal to be reached or Death may swallow me on the way, it is all one. I have trodden under foot all the thorns that are on the ever onward path, so that the tender feet that follow may not be injured. Let Night come on and swallow all if it will, but the *mulla* flowers will surely blow and the cool twilight zephyr waft their sweet odour into the sky.*

We have then a poetic interpretation of current problems :

എൻകാൽകളിലനാചാരകാളായസ-
ശൃംഖലകളൊന്നു കെട്ടിയിട്ടുള്ളതോ,
നേരേ വലിഞ്ഞു മുറിഞ്ഞു പോയിക്കൊള്ളമി-
ങ്ങാഴ്ത്തി നീട്ടി നിട്ടി ചെച്ചാൽ മരി.

As for the dark iron chains of evil customs that bind my feet, it is enough that I lengthen my strides, and they will stretch and break off in the first six or seven paces.

With which it is interesting to compare the lines of his glorious *Worship the Mother*, the national anthem of Kerala written so many years ago :

മാതാവിൻ മഹാഗുഹം തുണ്ടു തുണ്ടാക്കിത്തീർത്തു
വേർതിപ്പതീവരം മാറാലമരകളോ?
ഇവയെപ്പറിപ്പിപ്പാനുണർന്നു നമ്മൾ മുരി-
നിവിൻ നേരേവിടും നെടുവീർപ്പാനേ പോരും!
—വന്ദിപ്പിൻ മാതാവിനെ, വന്ദിപ്പിൻ മാതാവിനെ,
വന്ദിപ്പിനഭൈതസിദ്ധാന്താധ്യാപികയാളെ!

* The poet identifies himself with the Motherland, as is evident from the next stanza. I have italicised some words in the translation, which but feebly indicates the power of the original.

'Are these mere cobweb curtains to divide off the Mother's great mansion into tiny, tiny compartments? Let us awake, and the first long breath of parting sleepiness will be enough to pluck them off!—Worship the Mother, worship the Mother who taught the world the Doctrine of Unity.*

He does not stop short at such an easy generality, however. 'Will the wrangle between castes and creeds unfit a land for freedom?' he asks. 'The quarrel between brothers is not a quarrel but the boisterous embroilment of close friendliness. The ocean waves in their different phases clash together; true, but they at once laugh with white foam. Or witness further :

ഗോഹത്യ നിന്താൻ നരഹത്യചെയ്തതു
സാഹസാൽ സാഹസമെന്നു നണ്ണാതെയും
ഗീതസ്വരൂപനാമല്ലാമിന്നു വാദ്യ-
ഗീതസ്വരൂപം പ്രിയമല്ലെന്നിരിക്കിലോ,
പാശാതിധികൾ പടമമടിക്കുമോ,
പാടുമോ പൂക്കുചിലന്നിതോക്കാതെയും
ഉന്മത്തർപോലീവലമിടും കയ്യുകൾ
തമ്മിൽപ്പൊരുതിയൊഴുകും നിണത്തിലും
മൽപ്രിയരാജ്യത്തിനാസന്നമാകിയ
സുപ്രഭാതത്തിൽ തുടുപ്പുകാണുന്നു ഞാൻ.

Forgetting it is silly of all things to kill men to stop the killing of cows; forgetting that if the sound of music were hateful to Allah who is of the very form of Music, the seas would cease the drumming of the waves and the sweet cuckoo refuse to sing, these right and left hands fight like mad till the blood flows. Even in that blood I see the red of the glorious dawn that has approached my dear land.

See how the *jnani* is blended in the poet who describes God as 'of the very form of Music'! He would next refer even to the removal of drink—by hand spinning—and then to the suitability of non-violence alone to India's genius. There is also a separate exhortation to *Take to Khadi Clothes*, *All of You*, with a discussion of the various ills that such a step will remove. *Dependence* is a wail of despondency caused by the murder of Swami Shradhdhanandji. It shows a phase

* 'വന്ദിപ്പിൻ മാതാവിനെ' with which *Sahitya Manjari* Part I opens. The *Advaita* philosophy was taught by Shri Shankara, a son of Kerala.

of Vallathol's art at its acme, and, incidentally, contains a jewel of bitter irony, as savoury as it is rare, and showing a masterful restraint:

കടന്നു "കാഫി"യെ വധിച്ചു, വിജ്ഞാൻ
നെടുമംകോണിലെച്ചു മുസൽമാൻ ഭ്രാതാവേ,
കൊലപാതകത്താൽക്കിടച്ചിട്ടും സ്വർഗ്ഗം
കൊടും പിശാചിന്റെ വക്രതയിരിക്കും!

My Muslim brother, who stretched a long ladder to climb up to heaven by killing a 'Kaffir' audaciously, the heaven that is gained by murder will be of the sort that the fell devil reserves for his henchmen!

The dainty poem *My Language* is beyond praise indeed. It is only want of space which forbids our making any extract from it.

There is another group of poems in which the patriotic feeling flows as a transparent undercurrent. *Auspicious Day* is a homage to the Godavari, sung of by Valmiki and Bhavabhuti, and made sacred by association with Rama and Sita. *An Old Banian Tree* in a Calcutta park is playfully, yet seriously, asked to evoke its memories of the reformers, saints and patriots of Bengal since the beginning of British rule. (These two are among the results of the poet's northern tour). One which purports to be a *Farmers' Song* should be taken as a projection of the poetic vision into the future, when the Indian cultivator will be in a position to discuss disarmament and other international problems and realise that the mission of a Free India is not self-aggrandisement but service of humanity. *The Master's Guerdon* recalls a golden event in the lives of Shivaji and his guru, Saint Ramdas.

In the last group we find the patriot-poet preoccupied with social problems. When the famous Vaikom Satyagraha culminated in the opening of the temple roads to a section of the 'depressed classes,' *Fruition* was written for them to sing in their victorious march. It is at once a hymn of praise to the Lord Who loves all His creatures impartially and a triumphant song worthy of the epoch-making event. *The Power of Caste* is a touching story, exemplifying how

a blind custom can make brutes of men. The annual (not to speak of the occasional) slaughter of thousands of cocks and goats to 'propitiate' the Goddess Kali has evoked the *Satanic Sacrifice*, which might have been written by the tenderest Buddhist or Jaina poet. This insane and revolting custom was prohibited by Governmental order in Travancore some years ago—another achievement of the Spirit of Humanity during the enlightened reign of Her Highness the Maharani Regent—and it is high time that the rest of India followed suit.

It is not for us to speak now about Vallathol's mastery of diction and rhythm. But may we plead for a few more specimens of Samskrit metres of which he was an early master? They have not been ignored, but two out of nineteen pieces is surely a small proportion. It is unnecessary to say anything about the charm of Vallathol's handling of Dravidian metres, beyond adding that it was largely his example which has rendered them so popular. Finally, we won't be descending into a banality if we notice that Vallathol has a partiality for getting good literature presented in a worthy form. A pioneer in this too! Even valuable works in Malayalam are often seen produced in a very flimsy fashion. It has to be remarked, however, that the binder's art in our province is much behind what it is in certain other parts of India.

Where civilisation fails is in not providing men and women with sufficient work. In the Stone Age man was, one imagines, kept busy. When he was not looking for his dinner, or eating his dinner, or sleeping off the effects of his dinner, he was hard at work with a club, clearing the neighbourhood of what one doubts not he would have described as aliens.

JEROME K. JEROME

FROM THE WORLD'S TABLOID

BY A. GALLOPPING GOSSIPER
Some World Problems.*

Closely inter-allied with the problem of unemployment, and forming one of its chief contributory causes, is the question of population. Over-population incommensurate with the world's production produces unemployment, and each nation has been trying to solve this in its own way, consistent with its sentiment and traditions. In Great Britain, over-population was the all-absorbing topic of the various political parties during the election campaign of 1928, and till now the Government there have relied on increased production and emigration as antidotes for increased population. In spite of Dr. Stopes and social propagandists, birth control is still legally prohibited and how long the former will remain adequate antidotes remains to be seen. In Japan, on the other hand, where there is no over-fondness for emigration and colonisation, and where increased production has become ineffective in a period of universal depression, the question of population is becoming very grave and birth control is being seriously reconsidered. According to the *International Statistical Year Book*, the population in Japan is increasing at the rate of 900,000 per annum, and on a rough estimate, the population in China and Japan have doubled during the past fifty years, since the birth-rate there has risen from 25 per thousand in 1872 to 44 in 1926. Our own country has a population of 340,000,000, and is increasing at the rate of 2,500,000, per annum, while China which has a population of 465,000,000, has its increase at the rate of 3,000,000 per annum. Owing to legalised birth control, the birth-rate in France, Germany and U. S. A. and certain other countries, has fallen in an amazing fashion and probably before many years have passed, births and deaths will tend to an equilibrium. But the future of Asia, with its teeming millions,

* The first part of this article appeared in our issue of June 1931.

will be a grave one if the population continues to increase at the rate of 7,000,000, per annum or 70,000,000, in ten years i. e. 350,000,000 in fifty years! Whether emigration, over-production or birth-control, some of the solutions till now offered, or Sir Arthur Keith's latest antidote, given in his recent controversial Rectorial Address, as war being the true leveller, will prove effective, it will be interesting to watch.

* * * * *

Immigration, one of the chief solutions for the problems of over-population and unemployment, in the last decade, has unexpected obstacles at the present day and every nation, except the weak and helpless like ours, has restricted it strictly. "Ring-Fencing" has become a modern institution and most countries demand that emigrants shall pass certain tests regarding health, finance, and education. In some cases, we Indians know it to our cost, as in Africa and Kenya, that these tests are extended to race and morals. The racial question is one of its offshoots, and is proving already a thorny problem for all statesmen, and is probably one of the out-standing obstacles to international amity and smoothness. The sooner the Negro problem in America, the Indian problem in Africa and Canada is solved, the better it would be for world's peace and progress.

* * * * *

(To be Continued)

All the great countries of the West are preparing for war, for some great work of desolation that will spread poison all over the world. This poison is within their own selves. They try to find some solution, but they do not succeed, because they have lost their faith in the personality of man. They do not believe in the wisdom of the soul. They try to invent some machinery which will solve the difficulties.

—Rabindranath Tagore.

NOTES

With the summoning of the Federal Structure Sub-Committee again which meets in September, another important step has been taken in the forging of a Constitution for India. This Committee in its personnel is truly representative of all-India by reason of the fact that the National Congress which stood aloof last time is now participating in it, and therefore its deliberations are certain to be more real and more weighty than were those of the previous Committee. Gandhiji is, of course, in it and there is no other official representative of the Congress by the latter's own choosing. We are glad to notice, however, that tried and experienced politicians like Pandit Madan Mohan Malaviya, and Mr. A. Rangaswami Iyengar are in it, as also important sectional interests like those of commerce and labour, which are represented respectively by Mr. N. M. Joshi and Sir Purshothamdas Thakurdas. We wish every success to the labours of this Committee and hope that its members will succeed in fashioning a definite scheme at the end of their deliberations instead of merely drawing a tentative outline as they did last time.

The prospect of Gandhiji going to England is yet not definitely decided. But the chances are that he will go. In any case, it seems certain that if he does go, he is sure of becoming the cynosure of all eyes in London.

Gandhiji in London. where the people are vying with one another for making his stay as comfortable as possible.

Gandhiji has decided to stay at the humblest of quarters in East End, in a settlement for the poor under the charge of a lady welfare worker, Miss Muriel Lester—a decision quite characteristic of Gandhiji, whose regard for the poor is well-known. Another evidence of the public interest he has created is the report that Miss Lester is receiving numerous applications from farmers throughout the country offering to supply live goats and goats' milk daily during Gandhiji's sojourn in London. One hopes

that Gandhiji will be able to break down the barrier of misunderstanding and prejudice that has undoubtedly grown within recent times in the minds of the British public, largely as a result of the freedom movements that are in progress in India. If he does that, as given a proper hearing he will certainly do, his trip to the West would not have been in vain.

The Karachi Congress passed several resolutions of importance relating to the Constitution, the policy and programme of a future Swaraj Government, the public debts etc. They were much criticised then as being

The Congress at Work.

too hasty and ill-thought out. But the critics did not know that the intention of the Congress was to follow up those suggestions in outline by a more thorough investigation of the questions at issue. Elsewhere will be found the revised text of the Declaration of Fundamental Rights to be embodied in the Constitution of India as suggested by a Sub-Committee of the Congress. One may or may not agree with all the provisions in that revised Declaration, but few could bring forward the charge again that they are not well thought out. For ourselves we feel that they are in accord generally with enlightened public opinion in India. The Report of the Sub-Committee which enquired into the question of public debts, which has now been published, is another document which is, in some respects, even more important. Ever since the Gaya Congress in 1922, when the ill-fated suggestion of repudiation of public debts was first mooted, the Congress has come in for a good deal of misrepresentation at the hands of its critics. But this suggestion, though brought up at some subsequent sessions also as in Lahore, had not the support of older heads in the Congress, as may be seen from the fact that the Nehru Report, with which the name of the late Pandit Motilal is associated, virtually ignored this suggestion and accepted responsibility for the debts incurred by the Government of India on that date. The Report of this Committee has made the Congress position crystal clear by bringing out the fact that what the Congress intends is not repudiation

but only an impartial examination of India's liabilities at the time when she proposes to take over the reins of Government. This point is expressly stated in the Report.

We shall summarise here briefly the conclusions of the Committee. It accepts full responsibility for most of the productive debt of India, to the extent of Rs. 586 crores.

incurred in connection with Railways and

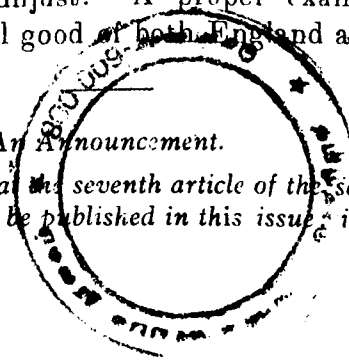
The Irrigation, the exception that has been made
Committee's being in the case of the strategic lines. It
Conclusions makes out claims against that British Govern-
ment in respect of several items, the total

aggregating to the huge sum of Rs. 729 crores. These items include the cost of external wars both under the Company and the British Crown, including the European War gifts, the losses on account of the sale of Reverse Council Bills, strategic railways, etc. The Committee suggests finally that India should be relieved of her Public Debts entirely, which amounts now to over Rs. 1,100 crores, and cites the analogy of Ireland which was exempted from her share of the national debt of the United Kingdom, when she became a Free State.

We do not think that the justice of all the items in the claims will be conceded by all. Others may consider that it is neither good manners nor statesmanship to harp upon wrongs long past which ought to be forgotten generously and gracefully. But obviously the Committee has endeavoured to put only a point of view, which, however high-pitched, establishes a *prima facie* case for examination by an impartial tribunal whose function it would be to go into the specific claims advanced, and reject such of them as are unreasonable or unjust. A proper examination can only be to the eventual good of both England and India.

An Announcement.

The Editor regrets that the seventh article of the series, "Men I Have Known" could not be published in this issue; it will appear in the next.



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[Please see next page.

(Continued from the previous page.)

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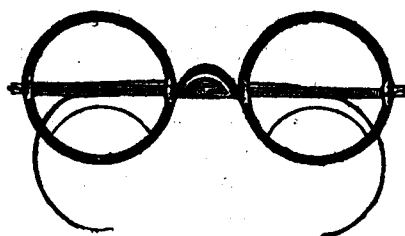
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