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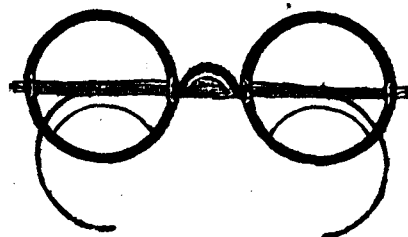
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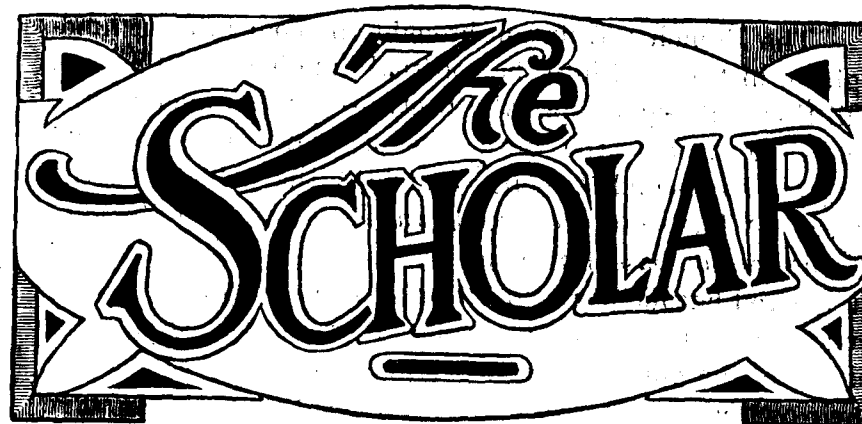
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VOL. VI

AUGUST 1931

No. 11

THE ART OF THE PRESENT POET-LAUREATE

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



ROBERT Bridges carried forward the great Victorian tradition and was also in touch with the classical forms and spirit. He was mainly a lyrical poet. He was retired in disposition and contemplative by temperament. But the present Poet-Laureate is modern in every sense—and especially in the best sense—of the word. He does not care for the Victorian tradition or spirit. He is primarily a narrative poet. He is in the vortex of the higher thought-life of the day. He does not care like Bridges for sweetness and grace and dignity of diction. His style is unconventional and realistic, though it is full of vigour and power. He does not care for Greek myths and remote themes, but goes into the heart of the present for sources and inspiration. But he brings to his work, if not the enchantments of distance and of mystery, the equally wonderful enchantments of sympathetic interpretation and the gentle touch divine. The romance of spiritual sympathy is not less attractive than the romance of classic grace or of mediaeval mystery.

The French Revolution brought the poor into the limelight of history and into the spiritual illumination of poetry. Till then art—and especially poetry—was chronicling the deeds—or rather the misdeeds—of crowned heads and sceptred hands and of their myrmidons, the wielders of the sword. "The short and simple annals of the poor" were scorned as too base for a poet's thought. The classical idyllic and bucolic poetry dealt only with imaginary names and themes in a mythical Arcadia. It was in the Occidental poetry of the nineteenth century that the poor came into their own poetic art. Masfield carries forward this new spirit. He is never weary of singing the heroisms and tragedies of the poor and the humble, the lowly and the meek. He has not the grand epic note. The epic note is gone for ever, because the rush and complexity, the greyness and drowsiness of modern life has dispelled the spacious times and ideals of the ancient past. He has the rare power of revealing the human heart and bringing it into touch with Nature, Man and God. He says in his early poem called "Consecration":—

The men of the tattered battalion which fights till it dies,
Dazed with the dust of the battle, the din and the cries,
The sailor, the stoker of steamers, the man with the clout,
The chantyman bent at the halliards putting a tune to the
... .. [shout.
Of the maimed and the halt and the blind in the rain and
... .. [the cold-
Of these shall my songs be fashioned, my tales be told.

In another poem he says:—

Not the ruler for me but the ranker, the tramp of the road,
The slave with the sack on his shoulders, pricked on with
... .. [the goad,
The man with too mighty a burden, too weary a load.

Quite recently, Dr. Masfield pointed out in an address at Edinburgh his conception of the function of poetry in modern life. He said that modern poetry is the product of the modern industrial age, that poets must face facts, and deal with the real world, and that he would rather have poetry which was ugly but which reflected the industrial age than poetry which expressed something beautiful

but which was unreal. From this theory of poetry come the strength and weakness of Dr. Masfield's achievement. His poetry is astonishingly vivid and real, but at the same time we find often strange crudity of thought and even infelicity and uncouthness of expression alternating with masterful ideas and forceful style.

We have a clue to Dr. Masfield's mind in his poem called "Biography". It is a song of zest for life. It is full of vibrant energy and a keen love of beauty. It shows his delight in a strenuous life and his rejoicing in a life of struggle with wind and wave. In his "Feweakesbury Road" he sings:

O, to feel the beat of the rain, and the homely smell of the earth,
Is a tune for the blood to jig to, a joy past power of words;
And the blessed green comely meadows are all a-ripple with mirth
At the noise of the lambs at play and the dear wild cry of the birds.

In "The Everlasting Mercy" he speaks of "brain divinely knit to limb" and decries those who have not.

Felt the whole live body go
One tingling health from top to toe.
The men who don't know to the root,
The joy of being swift of foot,
Have never known divine and fresh,
The glory of the gift of flesh,
Nor felt the feet exult, nor gone
Along a dim road, on and on.

O, if you want to know delight,
Run naked in an autumn night,
And laugh, as I laughed then.

The buoyancy of Masfield's nature is clear from the following lines:—

Laugh and be merry, remember, better the world with a song,
Better the world with a blow in the teeth of a wrong,
Laugh, for the time is brief, a thread the length of a spin,
Laugh and be proud to belong to the old proud pageant of man.
To him life is of value only as a quest and an adventure:

Not for us are content and quiet and peace of mind,
For we go seeking a city that we shall never find.
There is no solace on earth for us—for such as we—
Who search for a hidden city that we shall never see.

That he is English to his finger-tips is seen also in his poetry of the sea—"God's eternal never tamed by shore". He sings of its magic and mystery, its toils and terrors, its mingled reality and romance.

I must go down to the seas again, for the call of the running tide

Is a wild and a clear call that may not be denied;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume and the sea-gulls crying.

Its blueness and its stillness were trembling as it lay
In the old un-autumned beauty that never goes away.

His "Dauber" is full of autobiographic touches and is an epic of the sea. Dauber wants to paint the sea from the inside and express the glimpse of beauty "that brightened the darkness with a torch of flame". Dauber goes through a storm at Cape Horn. He slips from the mast-head and dies a futile death.

Blind pieces in a mighty game we swing;
Life's battle is a conquest for the strong.
Its meaning shows in the defeated thing.

In spite of Dauber's apparent outward defeat in his life, the poem reveals the triumph of his spirit over the grim destructive battles of life.

He dipped his brush and tried to fix a line,
And then came peace, and gentle beauty came,
Turning his spirit's water into wine,
Lightening his darkness with a touch of flame.

Though Masfield has not written any set and formal Nature poetry so-called, his poems contain many brief but lovely descriptions of Nature. He delights in Nature's beauty for its own sake and not for the sake of its subtle and delicate revelatory hints of some sweet supernal glory—"the light that never was on sea or land, the consecration and the poet's dream". Here are a few bright bits:-

All early in the April, when daylight comes at five,
I went into the garden most glad to be alive;
The thrushes and the blackbirds were singing in the thorn,
The April flowers were singing for joy of being born.
And thought of her delight in the flowers that I brought her,
Bright like sunlight, sweet like singing, cool like running of the water.

We, in this earth, are the servants of the sun;
Out of the sun comes all the quick in me,
His golden touch is life to every one.
His power it is that makes us spin through space;
His youth is April and his manhood bread;
Beauty is but a looking on his face;
He clears the mind; he makes the roses red.
What he may be, who knows? But we are his.

Masfield is equally quiveringly alive to woman's beauty and children's loveliness as well. These along with Nature's beauty are what thrill the minds and hearts of poets generally, though there is yet a higher order of poets, especially in India, who perceive the trans-terrestrial splendour of the divine in yogic vision and render it in palpitating verse and song.

I have heard of the song of the blossoms, and the old chant of the sea
And seen strange lands, from under the arched white sails of ships;
But the loveliest things of beauty God ever has showed to me
Are her voice and her hair and her eyes, and the dear red curve of her lips.

O, white violet of a woman with the April in your face.
Brood upon beauty, till the grace
Of beauty with the holy face
Brings peace into the bitter place.
Beauty that is more wisdom than the wise
Lived in this woman for a little while.
Give me a light that I may see her,
Give me a grace that I may be her,
Give me a clue that I may find her
Whose beauty shows the brain behind her.

Stars and women and running rivers,
And sunny water where a shadow shivers,
And the little brooks that lift the grasses,
And April flowers are where she passes.
And all things good and all things kind
Are glimmerings coming from her mind,
And in the way a blackbird sings
Against her very heart's springs.

It must not be taken that the finer, subtler and baffling mysteries of life and the pitifulness and the emptiness of

our terrestrial being and the possibilities of eternal glory and gladness beyond and above have not struck sympathetic chords in Masfield's heart and evoked symphonic vibrations in his being.

Who knows the hidden things within our being
That prompt our brain to safety without seeing?

Hear the unheard, and save us without sense?

What fingers touch our strings when we are tense? (*Enslaved*)

From these characteristics of his genius flow the excellences of his poetry. He is immensely popular because his grip and love of fundamental humanity of all is in consonance with the awakening social sense of the day. He is not "the idle singer of an empty day," but the earnest singer of an earnest day. He moves with pity as well as power amidst the bitter and even ugly experiences of lowly life. That is why he excels in narrative poems, and even these are fired by a dramatic spirit. He is full of realism and objectivity and self-effacement from his work. At the same time we must not be blind to the limitations of his art. He belongs to a scientific age and has not found a way to reconcile science with the deepest and truest things in life. He says that Nature

Has no eyes to see,
It has no ears,
It is a red hour's war
Followed by tears.

His faith in Nature, Man and God is not of an assured quality, of triumphant certitude. The brooding spirit of Wordsworth, which saw the "central peace subsisting at the heart of endless agitation" is alien to his genius. Thus his possession of "the vision and faculty divine" cannot be said to be of the highest order at all. His spiritual, imaginative vision and intuition has not a piercing perceptiveness. His lyrical note also has not the wonderful melody and haunting suggestiveness of Shelley or the care-free breeziness of Elizabethan song. In recent times, lyric poetry has suffered under the weary weight of the sense of a harsh and unintelligible world, and melody and mystery are crushed out by the oppressive complexities of life.

Thus Masfield has released romance from its ancient bondage to kings in purple and faery queens and round table

knights and other creatures of old world fancy and brought it into the crowded thoroughfares of modern life. His romance is romance at the cross-roads. In "The Everlasting Mercy" he describes a village wastrel and boozier having a glimpse of the glory of the soul during a brief sane interval in the course of a drunken orgy. He has a higher mood kindled within him, when Miss Boumy tells him:

"Saul Kane," she said, "When next you drink,
Do me the gentleness to think
That every drop of drink accursed
Makes Christ within you die of thirst,
That every dirty word you say
Is one more flint upon His way,
Another thorn about His head,
Another mock by where He tread
Another nail, another cross.
All that you are is that Christ's loss."

Saul Kane says that then "something broke inside my brain". He speaks of "the glory of the lighted mind and soul," and the "blessed gift of inner sight". He cries:

O Christ, who holds the open gate,
O Christ, who drives the furrow straight,
O Christ, the plough, O Christ the laughter
Of holy white birds flying after,
Lo, all my heart's field red and torn,
And Thou wilt bring the young green corn,
The young green corn divinely springing,
The young green corn for ever singing;
And when the field is fresh and fair,
Thy blessed feet shall glitter there.
And we will walk the weeded field,
And tell the golden harvest's yield,
The corn that makes the holy bread
By which the soul of man is fed,
The holy bread, the food unpriced,
Thy everlasting mercy, Christ.

Of the other longer poems, special mention may be made of "The Widow of Bye Street," which is not a mere story of lust and murder but is fundamentally a story of mother love ready to do and suffer anything for the sake of the child. In "Daffodil Fields" we have the pitiful yet powerful story of romantic passion. In "Reynard the Fox"

we have yet another note. The Englishman has got two master passions—love of empire in his serious moments and love of sport during his idle moments. We are presented the picture of the squire

With small brain, great courage, mulish will,

Two things he failed to understand,

The foreigner and what was new.

In "Enslaved" we have a graphic picture of a man voluntarily seeking slavery along with his beloved who was carried off by pirates. Both were old to a Sultan and were caught when trying to escape. Their courage and love of freedom appealed to the chivalry latent in the Sultan and he sets them free.

O beautiful is love, and to be free

Is beautiful, and beautiful are friends.

Love, freedom, comrades surely make amends

For all these thorns through which we walk to death!

God let us breathe your beauty with our breath.

In the "Hounds of Hell" we have an almost uncanny imaginative presentation of the work of death in life.

And in men's minds a fear began

That hell had over-hurled

The guardians of the soul of man,

And come to rule the world

With bitterness of heart by day

And terror in the night.

And the blindness of a barren way.

And withering of delight.

His latest poem, which was published only the other day in 1930 is "The Wanderer of Liverpool". In it he gives a narrative in prose and verse of one of the last of the English sailing ships of old, which was launched at Liverpool in 1891, when the steamer was already driving out the ancient sailer. The prose in the work describes the ship and its crew and its voyages. The poetry is often unrhymed, uneven and rugged, and is more prose poetry than poetry proper. Suddenly, however, the work blossoms into pure poetry when it utters the unexpected beauty of things:

Of life so lovely and intense

It lingers when we wander hence.

Though Masfield's strength is not his religious feelings or spiritual intuitions, we find in him wistful ideas and

fancies in regard to the future life of man, for; no true poet, however engrossed by to-day, can ignore yesterday or forget to-morrow.

I hold that when a person dies

His soul returns again to earth

Arrayed in some new flesh-disguise

Another mother gives him birth.

With sturdier limbs and brighter brain

The old soul takes the road again.

This looks almost like a leaf out of the *Gita* or Sri Sankara's famous song, *Bajagovindam*. The poet sings again:

So shall I fight, so shall I tread,

In this long war beneath the stars;

So shall a glory wreath my head,

So shall I faint and show the scars,

Until this case, this clogging mould,

Be smithied all to kingly gold.

Dust went to dust, and flesh had time for sleeping,

And soul the stag escaped the hound desire.

We have at the same time a sublimation of science into religion in the following passage.

If I could get within this changing I,

This ever altering thing which yet persists,

Keeping the features it is reckoned by,

While each component atom breaks or twists,

If, wandering past strange groups of shifting forms

Cells at their hidden marvels hard at work,

Pale from much toil, or red from sudden storms,

I might attain to where the rulers lurk.

O, little self, within whose smallness lies

All that man was, and is, and will become,

Atom unseen that comprehends the skies

And tells the tracks by which the planets roam;

That, without moving, knows the joy of wings,

The tiger's strength, the eagle's secrecy,

And in the hovel can consort with kings,

Or clothe a God with his own mystery.

O, with what darkness do we cloak thy light,

What dusty folly gather thee for food,

Thou who alone art knowledge and delight,

The heavenly bread, the beautiful, the good.

O, living self, O, God, O, morning star,

Give us thy light, forgive us what we are.

under the Montagu Reforms, the main reason (apart from the illiteracy and the low economic status of the workers) has been the grossly unfair arrangement, whereby not only was the worker deprived of the right to vote, but the employers and the capitalist class generally were given heavy weightage in the Provincial and Central Legislatures.

The question of greatest importance for us, at the present moment, is how far these handicaps will be removed and these inequalities levelled up. I observe with gratitude that the Whitley Commission has recommended the system of elections for Labour, if special constituencies are to be maintained, through registered Trade Unions. There is also to be adequate representation of Labour in the local bodies and in the Legislatures. With regard to the question as to Labour legislation being a central or federal subject, the recommendation is such as to commend itself to us. The Federal Structure Committee committed the great error of omitting it from the provisional list of federal subjects. This omission I trust will now be made good on the basis of the Commission's recommendation. The institution of an Industrial Council on the lines suggested by the Commission is of extreme interest and should, in my opinion, if carried out in the spirit in which it is made, do an enormous amount of good by bringing together representatives of Labour and the employers for joint consultation and the formulation of an agreed policy. So far as the future is concerned, one cannot consider the Whitley Commission's Report without reference to the resolution passed by the Karachi Congress elaborating Swaraj in terms intelligible to the masses. That resolution was recently amended by the Fundamental Rights Committee, whose labours have won the approval of the Working Committee of the Congress. Even that resolution is not entirely satisfactory from the point of view of the Indian workers. But many of the items contained therein will find direct or indirect support from the Report of the Whitley Commission. The translation of the economic and Labour programme of the Congress into actual practice under a Swaraj Government will, I am confident, become easier because of the preliminary work of the Whitley Commission

and also the further enquiries in certain directions which have been recommended.

What is of immediate interest, however, is the attitude of the Government of India and the Provincial Governments towards the recommendations. Some of them will cost financially little or nothing, but, at the same time, mean an appreciable improvement in working class conditions. Action on these cannot be postponed on the plea of financial difficulties. I hope also that the usual circumlocutory process of appointing a special officer and consulting provincial Governments will not be adopted in this case. Such *interim* action, if adopted immediately, will convince the workers that the British Government, before handing over the responsibility for the administration to Indian hands, is anxious to do justice to the workers. With regard to these recommendations which may involve a certain amount of expenditure, legislation should be ready for introduction at the latest at the next Delhi session of the Central Legislature.

Let me, however, make one last observation. Assuming for the sake of argument complete self-government and a perfect code of Labour legislation, will the Indian workers find a new heaven and a new earth opening before them as a consequence of these ideal conditions? Personally, I believe that the possibilities of legislation in India, under existing circumstances, in effecting improvements are not large. In order to benefit to the full extent from legislation, two conditions are necessary; education and organisation. So long as our workers remain illiterate and are in an unorganised condition, no radical improvements need be looked for. Exploitation, whether from outside or from within, will only cease with the growth of an enlightened outlook and the spread of organisation.

The Whitley Commission's Report, apart from its comprehensive survey of Labour conditions, indicates the immediate reforms that are necessary. Their introduction will serve as the foundation for further action on the part of a Swaraj Government. But whether it be Swaraj or foreign rule, the workers must rely mainly on education and organisation for the improvement of their conditions.

WHAT I THINK OF*

II Hanging—Should it be abolished?

BY 'VAS'



CAPITAL punishment is thought to be the most vindictive of the punishments, applied by law for the sake of keeping society in peace. Imprisonment of two sorts, transportation, fines (light, exemplary and heavy) penal servitude—these are the most vivid deterrent punishments, barring death, which society enables law to inflict on various kinds of offenders. These penalties are in use and will continue to be; but punishment by death, which by the mere fact that it means the final exit of a man, is reserved for offence of the highest criminality, though in olden days, it was other-wise. Punishment by death is now the subject of a keen dispute in the world. Society is divided into two schools of thought, the one wishing to adhere to it, and the other to abolish it.

The retaining school (we shall so call the former in this essay) says that such a punishment is the most deterrent, as capital offences deserve; that man is ordinarily most afraid of death as a penalty, and so he will shun such acts whose result will be his death. It is certainly this idea which explains the fact that in former times even petty offences, say of larceny and trespass into the King's Forest, were visited with death penalty. As times changed, men became more humane and advanced in views, and society abolished the death penalty for all but the offences of murder and high treason. In the former, various legal distinctions have come into vogue, with the result that it is not in all murder cases that the accused is hanged. Such advancement in human treatment was made in the mode

* The opinions expressed by our contributors in the pages of *The Scholar* are not shared by us always. We stress this common place reminder in this case in order to make our position clear. We are, as we have been all along, whole-hearted abolitionists of capital punishment.

--Editor.

of inflicting the punishment also, making it the aim that the condemned should not suffer a long death, but must be made to die as quickly as possible. Hence the method of electrocution and the method of killing the convict by one stroke in the guillotine. Thus the tendency of the world, as it has grown, has distinctly been first to limit the application of the death penalty to the higher offences and then to adopt such methods of executing the death sentence as would minimise the sufferings of the convicted before being put to death, even though the convicted had brutally murdered a man. To this advance of humane treatment, the 'retainers' cry halt, for they fear that the next step in the advance will be the very extinction of the death sentence (not any alteration in it) as is only too clear from preachings of the abolition school.

The theory of the retainers is this: punishment there must be for such capital offences as cold-blooded murder; and such punishment, in order to be effective, in order that it may send a thrill of fear into would-be offenders of a like nature, must undoubtedly be capital. To us it appears that the strength of this school of thought is diminishing, but their reasoning is still capable of argument and perhaps even conviction, sound as it is. What of the opposite side? The opposite side says that the death penalty is one in which you take away a life, which you have no right to take away. This argument has a two-fold basis; that God has given life, and is to take it away; and that a man, whatever his contracts with Society, cannot end another's life, whatever his crime, for that would be taking away one extra life by human agency. This school says, further, that the act of thus punishing a man is an abhorrent one, one that is totally opposed to all merciful, sympathetic notions of human society. An example in practice of this is seen in the not very infrequent exercise of the Royal Pardon. Moreover, they say, if such a punishment can be inflicted for an offence of taking away the life of a man, why not apply it to the offence of killing a dog or a crow, which is as much taking a life as in the other case. The whole idea, to this school, is not only unsound, but absurd. Then they

say that man has nowadays lost fear of death, and the object of the extreme punishment is frustrated. This seems entirely true, for he who murders seldom cares for his own life, owing to various causes.

But when all is said, one wonders whither one is led. The average man is supposed to be law-abiding and peaceful; and that means that he is fearful of the penalties of a breach of the law. Thus, the average man does need that kind of incubus to put him on the right and safe path. Further, if you take away this penalty of the law, the little fear that the arch-criminals in all climes have, will vanish in no time, and high offences will be more frequently committed with even greater impunity. For the punishment will be, in case of abolition, only a long term imprisonment, and it is common knowledge that prisoners are made even to feel happy (and at home?) in jails, as a result of the various (and necessary) jail reforms and humane rules for the treatment of offenders in jail. In the case of the death penalty, no such question arises, and the person guilty of a capital offence ought to have the capital punishment. Otherwise, his offence dwindles into a lower order.

Then again, as to the merciful attitude we must take, our answers are two—(1) Mercy is indeed shown in all cases where what the law calls extenuating circumstances exist (i. e. in all but cold-blooded, premeditated murders); and (2) that mercy is what can and must be applied in all cases of punishment taking all circumstances into consideration; and if it has no place in the case of a light punishment, it can have no place in this case, where the punishment is proportionate to the gravity of the crime. So, if you say here, mercy, you look only at one side, and seem to forget the other. Law must, sometimes be strict, and even rigorous, but it must be law, true law and equal law. That is where its dignity lies, and by no considerations, should it be brought down.

PILLARS OF LAW*

BY P. S. N.

Act II

Scene I

A Coffee Club. In a corner are seated two villagers, drinking coffee, with a bundle of records by their side. In another corner is Velu Pillai, a law-tout, with a boy by his side, similarly engaged. He is closely scrutinising the villagers.

1st. Villager. I don't know what to do. The date of trial has approached, and we have not engaged a Vakil. In this wilderness, where every other house is a Vakil's house, we do not know who is clever and who is not, and we know none to recommend us to a proper Vakil.

2nd. Villager. You committed a folly in not bringing Karuppanan. He knows every Vakil in this place, and he could have settled one for a very low fee.

1st. Vil. No. No. Don't mention his name in my presence hereafter. He it is that spoiled the case in the Lower Court. Do you know what he did? He asked me to pay Rs. 500, saying he would settle the Vakil himself. Accordingly I paid him the amount. He brings to the Court a blinking old fellow, who can't see, who can't hear and who can't speak. When the Magistrate raises his voice, he trembles from head to foot. But for that Vakil, our case would never have come to the Sessions Court.

2nd. Vil. There is no use in blaming Karuppanan or any other body, if we are so unlucky.

Velu Pillai (accosting the villagers). Brothers, where do you come from?

1st. Vil. We belong to Bommanpatti.

Velu. Your business here?

1st. Vil. There is a case in the Sessions Court tomorrow.

Velu. Have you engaged a Vakil?

1st. Vil. Not yet.

* The first Act of this farce appeared in our last issue.

Velu. Not yet. Not yet. Please excuse my frankness if I say you are a couple of idiots.

1st. Vil. What is to be done, Sir? We don't know anybody here.

Velu. Boy, is the Dorai Sahib at home?

Boy. No, he has gone to the Sessions Judge's bungalow. It seems the Sessions Judge sent for him to dictate the judgment in yesterday's murder case. From there he goes to the Collector and will return home at about 10 O' clock.

1st. Vil. Who is Dorai Sahib?

Velu. What! You don't know Dorai Sahib! Then you don't belong to this world at all. You don't know Barrister Ayres? Dorai Sahib is his pet name, and a child of even yesterday knows him.

1st. Vil. Is he such a great Vakil?

Velu. Great Vakil! Greatness is not the word for it. He is a genius, a super-man. Your Bashyam Iyengar and Muthusami Iyer are nothing before him. Only yesterday, he argued a murder case for full three hours. The whole ceiling shook and big pieces of mortar fell on the Judge's head. The Judge wakes up with a start and says, "Mr. Ayres, if I sleep is this the way of punishing me?" The whole Court laughs. "I don't mind if a few pieces fall on my head. But take care that you do not drag down the whole roof on your own blessed head with your thunderous eloquence." There is another shout of laughter.

1st. Vil. What is the result of the case?

Velu. It will end in acquittal. Did you not hear the boy say that Dorai Sahib has gone to the Judge's bungalow to dictate the judgment?

1st. Vil. Can you take us to Dorai Sahib?

Velu. Take you! What an idea! Don't think of him unless you have a thousand rupees with you.

1st. Vil. A thousand rupees! Where to go for such a large sum? With great difficulty we could scrape together only a five hundred.

Boy. (*Aside to the villagers*) He usually says like that. But if you entreat him with persistence, he at last yields. Prostrate at his feet and beg him.

1st. Vil. (*Prostrating to Velu Pillai*) We beg of you to speak on our behalf to Dorai Sahib. You must save us at any cost.

Velu. Get up! Get up! Why do you worry me? Do you want me to be rebuked by Dorai Sahib for your sake?

1st. Vil. Oh, save us. You are our Guardian Angel. Providence placed you in our way that we might be saved. Don't desert us.

Velu. Alright. Where is the money?

2nd. Vil. We will pay it in the Vakil's house.

Velu. What! Be off. I shall have nothing to do with you.

1st. Vil. Don't be angry, master. He did not mean any offence. His ignorance is to blame. Here is the money. (*Hands over a bag of money*) This is all that we have. (*Velu takes it*).

Velu. Look here! I will brook no further nonsense. You must do whatever I ask you to do. I shall go in advance and speak to Dorai Sahib about your case. My boy will take you there in half an hour. (*Velu Pillai departs*).

2nd. Vil. (*Aside*). We have paid our all to a man whom we never knew. God alone must take care of us. Boy, shall we start for Dorai's house?

Boy. Come on. (*All go out*).

Scene II.

Mr. Ayres seated in a revolving Chair, in front of a table in his chamber. On a book-shelf some books are neatly arranged. Mr. Ayres, clean-shaven and neatly dressed, with nothing better to do is biting his nails. The noise of a motor car is heard.

Ayres. Sakuntala, Sakuntala!

Saku. (*Comes in*) What, Pa?

Ayres. I heard the noise of a motor car outside. See who it is. (*Sakuntala goes out and returns*).

Saku. None for us. It is somebody visiting Mani Iyer; he looks like a client of his, judging from the bundle of papers that the servant carried.

Ayres. Client, in a car, for Mani Iyer? This should never be. The fellow who was starving all these days has

grown to be a positive menace. I must crush the reptile before it can do more harm.

Saku. What is the use of being jealous? You tried all sorts of tricks to get clients, and now everyone has found you out. Mani Iyer cannot be blamed if you don't get any income.

Ayres. You impertinent imp. Where did you learn your catechism from? Is it from your mother?

Saku. Look here, if you drag in M—l will report every word of what you say. Shall I?

Ayres. (Imploringly) Don't. Don't.

Saku. No, I am going to tell her. You require some snubbing. (Sakuntala pretends to go out. Ayres runs after her and catches her).

Ayres. Saku, please don't. Do you wish your father to be abused?

Saku. I won't tell, if you give me a rupee.

Ayres. Alright, have it. (Gives her a rupee) Remember, not one word. (Sakuntala departs. Ayres pondering. Enter Vimala, Ayres' wife.)

Vimala. What is Dorai Sahib doing? Biting nails? A very pleasant occupation indeed for a Barrister?

Ayres. No, Vimala. I have bitten off every bit of it. I must hereafter bite only the flesh.

Vima. Were you and Saku quarrelling here just now? I heard some noise.

Ayres. No. I did not meet her at all.

Vima. No—you didn't. Do you think I am one of your clients that you want to cheat me too? The girl has told me all. (Laughing).

Ayres. (Laughing). The rogue after taking a rupee from me for keeping silent has behaved like this.

Vima. Just like you and no worse. But let that pass. I want a hundred rupees and that—immediately.

Ayres. Hundred rupees? What for?

Vima. (With a grimace). You want to know the purpose. Supposing I want to throw it in the street, dare you refuse it? (Bites her teeth and looks haughtily at her husband).

Ayres. (Cringing). No, never. But, what shall I do now? I have not got a single pie with me.

Vima. Then borrow.

Ayres. My resources in that direction are at an end. I have tapped almost everybody in this place, and I don't think that anybody will trust me for a pie more.

Vima. You penniless pauper, calling yourself a Barrister! What do you want a wife and children for if you cannot make them live with decency and comfort?

Ayres. Vimala, don't abuse me. Have I ever before denied you anything you desired?

Vima. Ah! For the plenty that you have been showering upon me! (Enter Velu Pillai).

Velu. Hush! Some clients are coming.

Vima. The d—l take them.

Velu. Not so loud. They are not the usual type of clients. They have paid amply. Look at this bag. (Shows her a bag).

Vima. All for us?

Velu. Every pie of it.

Vima. Give it here. Let him not lay his loathsome fingers on it. (Snatches the bag from Velu Pillai).

Velu. Half of it belongs to me.

Ayres. How much is it?

Velu. Five hundred.

Ayres. Five hundred!

Velu. Ah! For the damnable lies that I had to utter to get at it. There is a murder case for to-morrow, for which they want you. I have told them that you are on the best of terms with the Sessions Judge.

Vima. Oh! The usual story. I am sick of it.

Velu. What is to be done? There is a Belly-God to be appeased.

Vima. Go to hell all of you. I have the money, which is all that I want. (Vimala departs).

Ayres. For God's sake don't allow them to discuss the case with me.

Velu. Don't be afraid. I have warned them sufficiently. Shall I bring them in?

Ayres. Yes. (*Velu goes out and brings the two villagers*).

Enter the villagers with Velu Pillai.

Ayres. Who are these people?

Velu. They are the clients in tomorrow's murder case.

Ayres. Oh, is it so? If the case is for to-morrow, what do they want me to do now?

Velu. Nothing. They wanted just to have a look at you.

Ayres. Yes, you can come to-morrow. I will talk about the case this evening to the Sessions Judge in the Club.

1st Vil. Is the case hopeful?

Ayres. Don't bother me with such questions. All that you want is that your man should be acquitted, which I will manage.

1st Vil. It is all a false case. The accused is an orphan. He has just been married to my daughter—(*Weeps*).

Ayres. No scenes here. Velu Pillai, take them out.

1st Vil. We gave away everything that we had. Can you give us a rupee for purchasing food?

Ayres. Not a pie. I was just now finding fault with this man (*pointing to Velu*) for settling half my usual fee.

1st Vil. You are just like a God to us. We don't mind to go starving. Only save the poor boy. (*Ayres rises and goes in*).

1st Vil. Our fears are at an end.

2nd Vil. I am not so sure.

1st Vil. What do you mean?

2nd Vil. I don't want to stay all that is in my mind. But that Vakil does not impress me.

1st Vil. You are always like this with your ill-omened words, when we are hoping for the best.

2nd Vil. Let us have no quarrel about it now. Let us first of all see what we can do for our grub.

(*Exit Villagers.*)

(*To be Continued.*)

MAKERS OF MODERN INDIA

2. Jagadis Chandra Bose.

BY K. SUBBAROYAN

India must become efficient in every way, through the spread of education, through the performance of civic duties and responsibilities and through activities both industrial and commercial. Not competition and hatred but mutual help and co-operation is the theme of life.



HIS is one of the two ideals that always stood before the mind of this eminent man of modern times. The other ideal, which he so manfully points to us, is the ideal of giving, the ideal of self-renunciation in response to the highest call of humanity. Bose seems to have had a divine hand to guide him through life. The whole of his life has been devoted to the strengthening of character, and above all, to the cultivation of a patient but persevering will to see Truth face to face. The conclusion towards which his whole life-work seems to point is that even the so-called "dead matter" is pregnant with life and that a "Single Life" pervades the whole universe.

Bose was born in the year 1858, in Vikrampur, which has been, since very ancient days, a seat of learning. Only a fortunate few have had such a romantic and thrilling boyhood as his. The early environments, the childhood of one, goes to make a man of the future. A released convict became his faithful guardian and his tales about the daring exploits and invasions of dacoits filled young Jagadis with awe and wonder. Here was an impetus for romance and beauty and dangers and adventures of life. He found, besides, in his father, "a friend, guide and philosopher".

Bose was wont to cross the flooded tributary of the Padma. As he took a leap, he would critically observe the motion of the water. "Water moving—moving water." This childish observation led the young man in after life to a deep study of matter and its motion. Again, the epics

came his way. The character of Rama, much more, the character of the soldierly, single-hearted, devoted Lakshmana, left a lasting impression upon the growing boy. But his hero was the Dharma-deva Karna, the hero of heroes. Bose indeed lives a Karna's life in modern days.

Young Bose was well up in the vernacular by the time he was nine years old, when he was sent to an English School. School-life was to him full of adventures. Surely, Tom Brown's school days were not more dramatic. The little stock of money, which had been given by the worthy parents for his tiffin, would most lovingly be spent on his pet animals on the way home from school.

His father gave him a sound education. He wished his son to become a scholar, utilising scientific aptitude and training for the advancement of Indian culture. His mother's jewels were sold and Bose was sent to England. But, as ill-luck would have it, Bose, owing to ill-health, was not able to use his latent powers at once. But his genius got the chance soon and after four years of vigorous study, he won the genuine admiration of Lord Kelvin, Lord Raleigh, Michal Foster and Vines, who were deeply impressed by his researches in Physics and Physiology.

Young Bose was, with great difficulty, appointed Professor in the Calcutta University, but with reduced pay. With personal pride mingled with loyalty to his countrymen, and his colleagues, he decided on a new form of protest and for three years stoutly refused to accept a pie of the pay. Generous to a fault, he was all the time helping his poor relatives. The mind of the debtor quails before the approach of the creditors. Bose determined to dispose of the ancestral property to clear off his debts. The mother was no less heroic in parting with her precious jewels. But when his influence was felt at College, when people began to realise that he was a man of action, the Government saw the blunder and remitted to him the full amount of his pay for the three years, with which Bose almost cleaned off the debts. Frugality and patience and nine years of hard and simple life made Bose known to the world as a man of

principles. He now turned a new page in his life. His mind was free from anxiety or domestic worry, and his whole life could henceforth be given to the service of science.

Of the researches of Bose, it is best we leave him to speak for himself:

I have resolved that as far as the whole-hearted devotion and faith of one man counted, that would not be wanting, and within six months it came about that some of the most difficult problems connected with electric waves, found their solution in my laboratory, and received high appreciation from Lord Kelvin, Lord Raleigh and other leading Physicists..... That day the closed doors suddenly opened, and I hoped that the torch was then lighted and would continue to burn brighter and brighter..... My scientific deputation in 1904, from the Government of India, gave the opportunity of giving demonstrations of my discoveries before the leading scientific societies of the world..... On looking over the different lines of investigation carried on during the last twenty five years, I now discover in them a natural sequence. The study of electric waves led to the devising of methods for the production of the shortest electric waves, and these bridged the gulf between visible and invisible light; from this followed an accurate investigation into the optical properties of invisible waves, the determination of the refractive powers of the various substances opaque to light, the discovery of the effect of air film on total reflection and the polarising properties of strained rocks and of electric tourmalones. The invention of a new type of self-recovering electric receiver made of galena was the forerunner of the application of crystal detectors for extending the ranges of wireless signals. In Physical Chemistry, the detection of molecular change in matter under electric stimulation led to a new theory of photographic action. The fruitful theory of Steno-Chemistry was strengthened by the production of two kinds of sugar. Again the "fatigue" of my receivers led to the discovery of universal sensitiveness inherent in matter as shown by its electric response. It was next possible to study this response in its modification under changing environment, of which its exaltation under stimulants and its abolition under poison are among the most astonishing outward manifestations. And as a single example of the many applications of this fruitful discovery, the characteristics of an artificial retina gave a clue to the unexpected discovery of "binocular alternative vision" in man... In natural sequence to the investigations of the response in "inorganic" matter has followed a prolonged study of plant life as compared with animal life... The secret of plant life was thus for the first time

revealed by the autograph of the plant itself. This evidence of the plant's own script removed the long-standing error which divided the vegetable world into sensitive and insensitive... This series of investigations has completely established the fundamental unity of life—reactions in plant and animal as seen in a similar periodic insensibility in both, corresponding to what we call sleep... This unity in organic life is so exhibited in that spontaneous pulsation, which in the animal is heart-beat; it appears in the identical effects of stimulants, anaesthetics and of poisons in vegetable and animal tissues. This physiological identity in the drugs is regarded by leading physicians as a great significance in the scientific advance of medicine. Growth of plants, and its variations under different treatment is instantly recorded by my Crescograph... Returning to pure science, no phenomena in plant life are so extremely varied or have been more incapable of generalisation than the torpid movements... My latest investigations have established a single fundamental reaction which underlies effects so extremely diverse... Thus the lines of Physics, of Physiology and of Psychology converge and meet.

(From Bose's Dedication Address.)

The whole secret of plant-life had been discovered through the most loving comradeship of his early companion, Mrs. Ananda Mohan Bose. The latter's husband, one of the most eminent sons of India, had much to do to mould his life. Another helper for Bose was his beloved wife who came to him as a God-send. A cheerful disposition, serenity both in joy and sorrow, readiness to share his successes and defeats, and a crowning self-denial, are the outstanding characteristics of Mrs. Bose. "No biographer," says Geddes, "could fail to recognise the greatness of her share in his life, productivity and success." Then comes Margaret Noble, whose friendship lasted till her death. Tagore was his companion all the while. "In Bose's fully developed Indian personality, yet with the best world-culture, fully incorporated in his own—and his high humanistic views, one can wish for no better link between East and West, of interchange and of ever increasing understanding."

Honours came on him thick and fast. His service was extended till November 1915. He was then gazetted as Emritus Professor, with full pay instead of pension—an unique distinction indeed. Knighthood and the title K. C.

S. I. followed. The Aberdeen University conferred on him the honorary degree of LL. D. for his contribution in plant life, and he became an F. R. S. in 1920. But the greatness of the man lies in his indifference to titles; he was the same simple, holy and sincere man always.

Both Mr. and Mrs. Bose were intensely religious. They pilgrimaged from Himalayas to the Cape Comorin, which incidentally helped Bose to understand the real India. The simple cottage homes of India fascinated him, and in their service he found the precious jewel of immortality. Another trip to Nalanda and Taxila filled him with great reverence and admiration for the ancestors and their achievements. They awoke and strengthened in Bose the need for the revival of the ancient culture, and its adaptation in the light of Western Science. Thus these travels served only to bring out his love for the country. "India has made me and kept me her son. I feel her life and unity in all things, below all. The West has something to learn of Indian culture."

Bose's Laboratory marks an event in Indian scientific renaissance. He has given the lie to the false notion that Indians turn away from the study of nature to metaphysical speculation. Like the ancient Universities of Nalanda and Taxila, the doors of this institution are open to all the scholars of the world. It is to-day a beacon light, because it is due to it that science has become a living subject of study.

Bose, in spite of warning, visited England in 1920. "It was as if all doors were flung wide open." He lectured in the India Office. *The Times* at once wrote:

Bose is a fine example of the fertile union between the immemorial mysticism of Indian Philosophy and experimental methods of Western Science.

His greatness has reached the illiterate and the poor in the cottage. Tagore's songs are to-day sung by cart-drivers. Of Bose's garden, they say, "That is where at night the plants talk to him." To-day he is one of the greatest citizens of the world and a treasure to us.

THE INTERNATIONAL LABOUR ORGANISATION

BY S. RADHAKRISHNAN, B. A., B. ED.



IMPERFECT and distorted reports printed occasionally in the columns of the newspapers give us neither an accurate nor an adequate idea of the nature and functions of the International Labour Organisation. Misunderstandings regarding this organisation are not only confined to India and other countries of the Far East, but are prevalent in the very heart of the country where it meets. There is recorded a story of a hotel keeper in Geneva who demurred to lodge the delegates of the International Labour Conference for fear that their hob-nail boots might damage his floor. Imagine his surprise when through the key-hole he saw them top-hatted, of noble bearing and engaging manners. Be this as it may, the I. L. O. has come to stay and be a power for immeasurable good.

The need for an organisation of this type became pronounced as a result of the Industrial Revolution, which first swept over England and subsequently over the other countries of Europe. The use of machinery for the fabrication of raw materials depleted the country-side of labourers necessary for agricultural operations, and in the place of the comradeship between the master and his workmen, a social cleavage arose between the capitalist and his employees. These captains of industry cared little for the hundreds working under them, and slums grew up as a necessary corollary of the factory system. Young children paid less were found better than old people in certain industrial processes, and a peculiar situation of unemployed parents living on the wages of their boys arose. The Government was indifferent to these appalling conditions and took shelter under the prevailing economic doctrine of *Laissez Faire*. Thus a conspiracy of circumstances gave rise to long hours, insanitary dwellings, child labour and

low wages—a record which stains the initial stages of the industrial revolution.

Later on, the lead given to reforms and Labour legislation by men like Lord Shaftesbury was taken up by persons of light and leading who have persistently endeavoured to improve the condition of labourers. Coupled with these humane reforms, the application of scientific inventions to the well-being of the workers have made their life happier than ever it was, and industrialisation, far from being evil and inhuman, as it is generally supposed to be, has proved a blessing to the toiling millions. There can be nothing inherently wrong in the use of machinery which now-a-days is essential for the creation of utilities to the over-populated countries of the world. As a direct result of mass production cheapening the cost of articles, luxuries which once none but the rich could afford to have are now-a-days things of every day enjoyment.

A policy of economic segregation is likely to be disastrous in the face of forces knitting up the countries of the world into a union transcending all physical demarcations. A half-baked Nationalism may for an instant blind us to the economic inter-dependence of one nation upon another and counsel us to go back to the land and be in the rear-guard of civilisation, but it cannot in the long run prevent us from taking our share of the responsibilities and privileges in the world union. An economist some years ago might have pronounced without fear of contradiction that the failure of the monsoons in India would result in untold suffering to the people of Lancashire, but the same truth cannot pass muster at present. Self-Determination without proper reservations is a political fallacy, for there are very few acts of administrative concern not bearing upon world interests. One can hardly imagine how thousands of women in China who made a living by making coiffeurs for ladies became destitute for lack of employment when the Western ladies bobbed their hair. These are but a few examples of the unity of civilisation. To give a homely illustration, the cloth we wear may be from Lancashire, the glass ware we use from Austria, buttons from Czecho-Slovakia and the

numberless cars that crowd our streets from America. Our contribution in return for these benefits may be in the shape of raw materials, which creates a cycle of exchanges binding us in a net-work of give and take of the goods of life.

The inter-dependence of nations being what it is, the security and peace of the world cannot be guaranteed by the mere negation of war as long as social injustice and inhuman labour conditions are permitted to survive. The people of the East who live little above subsistence level have outgrown their national resources and are thereby driven to new lands for a living. The disparity of social conditions and standards of living give rise to a vital problem which, if it is not successfully handled, may even lead to war. The whole question is easily understood if one remembers that national distempers are determined more by economic than political causes.

Social maladjustment and Labour inequalities being universal, nothing short of a world-wide endeavour can remedy these evils. International co-operation is best secured by an organisation associating not only different Governments but the employers and the employed also in the common endeavour. To give an example, the use of white phosphorous for making matches cost many lives and the only remedy was to cease using white phosphorous and use red. But red phosphorous is dearer than the white one and action taken by any Government individually would condemn its workers to starvation. To even up the chances of competition, international agreement is essential and thanks to the I. L. O. white phosphorous is no longer used. This is the *raison d'être* of the International Labour Organisation.

In the Preamble to the Treaty of Versailles, 1919, we read these words :

Whereas conditions of Labour exist involving such injustice, hardship and privation to large numbers of people as to produce unrest so great, that the peace and harmony of the world are imperilled, and an improvement of those conditions is urgently required as, for example, by the regulation of the work, including the establishment of a maximum working day and week, the

regulation of the labour supply, the prevention of unemployment, the provision of an adequate living wage, the protection of the worker against sickness, injury and disease, protection of the interests of workers when employed in countries other than their own, recognition of the principle of freedom of association, the organisation of vocational and technical education

Whereas also the failure of any nation to adopt humane conditions of labour is an obstacle in the way of other nations which desire to improve the conditions in their own countries

The High Contracting Parties, actuated by philanthropic motives and in the interests of world peace, give their assent to what is called the 'Charter of Labour,' comprising nine points based on the principle that Labour should not be regarded as a commodity or an article of commerce.

The nine points are important and repay careful perusal. The first reiterates the basic proposition that Labour should not be regarded as an article of commerce. The right of employers and the employed to form associations for all lawful purposes, the payment of a living wage necessary for a reasonable standard of life, adoption of an eight hours' day and 48 hours' week, the need for a weekly rest of 24 hours, abolition of child labour to enable them to have some schooling and secure proper physical development, the provision that women and men should have equal remuneration for work of equal value and the establishment of an Inspectorate to ensure the enforcement of laws and regulations for the protection of the employed constitute the 'Charter of Labour' supported by international sanction.

Membership in the League of Nations carries with it membership in the I. L. O., which forms a section of the League. The Member States of the I. L. O. were at first 48, but they have increased to over 55, for the General Conference of the Body has the right to enrol States which are not members of the League. The expenses of the I. L. O. are defrayed by the League and controlled by the Assembly.

From each of the constituent Member States, 4 representatives are elected to form the General Conference. Of the 4 members, 2 represent the Government of the State, one the employers' organisation and one the workers'. The

last two are selected by the Government after consultation with the most representative organisation of their respective interests. This delegation is composite and eligible for four votes. Each of these delegates is permitted to take two technical advisers with him, and the cost of the whole delegation is borne by the Government which sends them.

The Conference meets at least once a year at a place determined by the previous Conference and an international platform is created where Governments, employers and workers' representatives come into direct contact with each other and discuss world Labour problems.

The Governing Body consists of 24 members, 12 representing the States, 6 the employers and 6 the workers and forms a Board of Management. It fixes the time and Agenda of the forthcoming meeting well nigh in advance to enable members and others concerned to carry out the necessary spade work. The delegates have the right to offer suggestions.

The discussions of the Conference may be put in the form of a Draft Convention or a Recommendation or a Resolution. The first two are of major importance and are authoritative expressions of the competence of the Conference to pass international Labour legislation. It is a document which takes the imperative form 'each member shall' or 'each member undertakes' and has either to be taken or rejected.

Each Government has to put the Draft Convention before its Representative Assembly for consideration. If the Convention wins assent it is registered by the Secretary General of the League. Then it becomes a solemn declaration binding the Government to observe the regulations of the Convention for a specific period of time, which is usually ten years.

THE ELIMALA

BY C. K. N.



THE word Elimala is derived from two Malayalam words, 'Ezhi' and 'Mala'. The former is considered by some to be a corruption of 'Azhi' meaning 'sea'. The latter means a hill. Thus the entire word means 'a hill near the sea'.

This hill forms one of the many beauty spots of picturesque Malabar. It is situated along the coast itself of the Arabian Sea in the north-western most corner of the district. This lovely, long hill is easily reached by rail, being only a little less than a mile from Elimala, a railway station, nearly twenty miles to the North of Cannanore. To a tourist on the West Coast this hill will not fail to offer peculiar fascination; for it is the only one that lies prominent to the west of the railway line between Tirur and Mangalore.

This is about four miles and a quarter long and about a mile broad, thus covering an area of about four and a quarter square miles. It lies in a south-westerly direction. The northern extremity which is near the Kavvayi river, the boundary between South Canara and Malabar, is a mile away from the sea. The hill is lowest here and this end is the easiest to negotiate. The southern extremity is on the Coast itself and is the highest. Here is the historic Mount Deli, rising to a height of nearly 850 ft. above the sea level.

History records that Vasco Da Gama set sail to India on April 22nd. 1498, from Mozambique with the help of the Guzarati pilot, Melomo Khan. His pilot had foretold that the first sign of land would be "a great mountain which is on the Coast of India in the Kingdom of Cannanore, which the people of the country in their language call the Mountain Delielly". This highland of India was sighted on May 18th. and it is recorded that "four weather-beaten vessels of strange design running down the inhospitable Coast near Mount Deli, anchored two days later at Capua, which the

pilot mistook for Calicut". One of these vessels was "a store ship under the command of the Portuguese adventurer, Vasco Da Gama."

The network of backwaters formed by the rivers, Kavayi in the north, the Mount Deli in the centre, the Taliparamba in the south, with the Sultan's Canal, the connecting link between the two last named rivers, is very prominent. Backwaters form a characteristic of Malabar. These are caused by the short rivers of the District shut out from the sea by the littoral sand. They form a long line of almost continuous inland communication by water from the extreme north of the district to Trivandrum. These backwaters, short rivers and the inevitable surrounding swampy tracts are so considerable in number as to make the construction of the railway extremely expensive and even difficult.

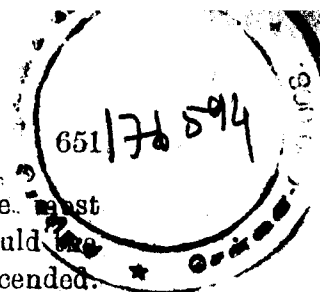
These pretty broad sheets of water with the beautiful and fruitful cocoanut gardens on either side of their banks and running in all directions around the Elimala Hill, not only add to the picturesque nature of the place but also serve as the easiest means of communication from place to place.

To reach the base of the hill at the Northern extremity where it is easiest to ascend, a pedestrian takes only half an hour of ordinary walking from the Railway Station, through cocoanut gardens and white sandy fields. At the bottom of the hill there are beautiful gardens growing Jack, Mango, Cashew-nut and Silk Cotton trees, in the midst of which there are a few houses here and there. The moment the slope is reached, the white sandy loam changes to light-red laterite, the sandy, soft and level path changes to the hard, pebbly foot-path, rising gradually through small gradients. Many deep quarries from where stones are hewn lie to the right and left of the path. Quarries become fewer as one ascends higher and higher. Both sides of the path are covered with over-grown shrubberies of *Lantana* and *Crysanthemum*. There are no trees at all worth the name either on the slope or the top which is reached within twenty minutes.

Looking round from this hill-top one of the most enchanting of sights meets the eye. Much more would be enchantment be if the higher tops to the south are ascended. The mild evening sun shedding yellow rays on his way to kiss the dark blue waters of the deep on the western horizon, the luxuriant green vegetation extending many miles on the north, east and south-east relieved by long narrow sheets of water on whom with widened white sails boats glide like swans, the white square sandy fields like small white blanks to be filled in on a crossword puzzle, the soothing evening breeze blowing from the distant sea, the roaring of the waves, the birds hurrying back to their nests—these so much enrapture the looker-on as to make him almost lose consciousness of his mundane existence. The more he stops to contemplate nature, the more he forgets.

From the top the path turns directly south-west. First it descends to a glade from where it ascends another hill half as high as the one just descended. The path then penetrates Ramantali village, lying to the west of the hill. This village is rich in all timber trees characteristic of Malabar. A few scattered houses, some old and some new, show themselves here and there among these groves. Of all the buildings that which is interesting and impressive is the ancient temple dedicated to Sankara Narayana. The temple and the boundary walls have a very ancient appearance. Within the temple premises is a deep tank full of sparkling water. To the South-west of the temple there is another tank. To one standing on the steps of this ancient tank, the beach, the backwater, the paddy flats, the cocoanut groves, the roar of the sea, the evening breeze, provide another variety of feasting for the eyes and food for contemplation.

The adjoining compounds of the temple are named 'Kottara Parambas'. In Malayalam, 'Kottaram' means a King's palace and Paramba, a plot of ground. Thus one is reminded of the various Ruling Chiefs that once upon a time ruled this part of the country and the exact former location of the palaces, which have now gone out of existence.



History records that this part of Malabar was under the sway of Elibhupan descended from Cheraman Perummal. During his historic reign, two women, (one a Kshatriya woman and the other a Sudra) were stranded at Mount Deli. He married the Kshatriya lady, built a palace for her and conferred the title of Elibhupau on her offspring. History further records that even during the 13th century, the ruler of Eli was a powerful monarch, his Kingdom extending as far south as the modern Badagara. It is further recorded that the fortress near Mount Deli had played an important part in the frequent wars between the English and the French on the West Coast. The French with their headquarters at Mahe and the English at Tellicherry, sometimes backing up the cause of one or other of the various warring chiefs of North Malabar were always fighting for the monopoly of the pepper trade. This fort providing a strategic position for the French was finally captured and razed to the ground by Major Munro about 1760.

The sea is only two furlongs from the second tank, just referred to. The deserted appearance of the place, except for an occasional fisherman wandering on the sea-beach, the deep blue water to the west, the sandy beach, the sand hills, the majestic Mount Deli to the south, the sloping hill on the east, the roar of the waves,—all go to remind "There is society where none intrudes".

It has already been stated that the hills are devoid of big trees. Hence parts of the hills are utilised for Punam cultivation. "The term Punam is applied to cultivation on the forest clad hills at the foot of the ghats and on the ghat slopes themselves". A selected part of the forest is cleared and then burnt. The part cultivated in one year is left fallow for a number of succeeding years. Sowing takes place in April and reaping in September. Keeping away wild animals is the 'only attention' required. "The virgin soil is wonderfully rich and the small amount of seed that is sown yields bountiful harvest".

Besides providing plots for Punam cultivation the hills are a never failing and never ending source for all the

medicinal herbs of the Ayurvedic Pharmacopoeia. A tradition is attached to this.

Hanuman had been sent to the Himalayas to procure certain medicinal herbs to restore Sree Rama and Lakshmana to life, on the battlefield at Lanka. Being unable to identify the herbs required, he carried that part of the hill on which the herbs were growing. On his return to Lanka with this heavy burden, a piece of the hill dropped to earth and settled as the present Elimala. The hill accordingly abounds in a large variety of herbs.

Apart from the common and rare medicinal herbs, the hill affords big game. Sambhurs, wild boars and sometimes even panthers, are bagged. These are occasionally hunted by parties of local hunters with the aid of country hounds.

FROM THE TOMB OF AN UNKNOWN WOMAN

(Taken from a tomb on the Fu-Kui Mountain District of So-Chan in the Province of Kiangsu, China. The date of the poem is many centuries old.)

Mother of Pity, hear my prayer :
That in the endless round of birth
No more may break my heart on earth ;
Nor by the windless waters of the blest,
Weary of rest,
That drifting, drifting, I abide not anywhere.

Yet if by Karma's law I must
Resume this mantle of the dust,
Grant me, I pray,
One dewdrop from thy willow spray
And in the double lotus keep
My hidden heart asleep.

—Service.

EDUCATION FOR SOCIAL SERVICE

BY S. JAGANNADHAN.

Kindergarten Assistant, Teachers' College, Saidapet.

IT has been found that the present-day system of education has the seeds of materialism grafted into it. Even the most earnest student is a mere self-seeker; the numerous prizes in studies and sports are temptations to a selfish outlook on life. There is nothing in this system to remind man of the supreme object with which God created him, namely serving others. God has endowed Man with superior skill and wisdom, not that he may trample upon others, but that he may use his talent in the service of others and render in time a true account. Education in its true sense should be a means to fulfil such a mission.

To the educated youth the first field for such work is afforded by the remote, neglected Indian village where the common populace leads a miserable life in the darkest pit of ignorance. Is it not a sad thing then, that the educated youth, full of the pride of a "townsman and a gownsman," should scoff at the poor villager, and deny him the benefit of his own culture? The best way of getting over such a self-conscious pride is to believe in the divine mission of acting as torch-bearer to the "poorest, the lowliest and lost."

During the scholastic career, the spirit of social service can be inculcated by organisations like the Scout System. Such a system should form part of the school curriculum, for it is so gratifying to behold a band of young men all trained to be resourceful in any emergency, and dedicated to selfless exertion. The assignment of responsible work, graduated in point of difficulty according to the age of the pupils, and the enforcement of joint responsibility wherever possible, will make the scouts confident and 'prepared' enough to face any situation.

In high school classes and in colleges the grown-up boys may form themselves into Social Service Leagues.

These Leagues must meet frequently to take stock of the work done by them, and they may profitably run a journal too. Students hailing from the same village may, during vacations, group themselves into useful rural workers. Adult education too must be organised by these Leagues. There are several ways in which the illiterate adult may be benefited by the school-going lad and the undergraduate. I shall deal with some of them briefly and individually; but it must be clearly understood that these several ways should be correlated and made to fit into a single "Adult School Scheme".

It was not in vain that pioneers in education thought first of the three R's. Teaching is the first work of the educator in the adult school. It ought to be remembered that the developed brain of even the untrained adult has greater stock of intelligence than the plastic brain of the child. The teacher will have, therefore, to adopt a method to suit the experience and apperception-mass of the adult, especially in Arithmetic. Even during the reading and writing stage instruction must be through material which will interest them, such as Charts, Posters, Calendars etc. Later on, when reading and writing are known, they must be instructed in the transactions of everyday life, as for example, Letter-writing, Newspaper-reading, Document-reading etc. On the mathematical side, it is usually enough to teach simple methods of calculation, especially of interest, for the presumption is that the ordinary man has a practical knowledge of the simple rules. In cases of exceptional receptivity special attention should never be denied.

Sympathy is the balm that softens the misery of man. Show to the adults that your hand is capable of reaching them, and they will heartily respond to your call. Visiting their uncanny domiciles will make them trust you as their friend, and will have salutary reactions on their character and habits. Groups of students must, therefore, occasionally give these poor wretches the benefit of their company.

The revelation of the aesthetic side of life is probably too ambitious a scheme for the adult school, but at a certain

stage it may be possible to cultivate in them a sense of beauty by reading to them a few good poems. The hidden thrills of life may thus find vent in them. On the intellectual side also there are very many things which an unlettered adult would be eager to know. Explanation of some common natural phenomena and information regarding mechanical contrivances and inventions will impress them much. General knowledge is bound to widen their vision. Wherever possible popular lectures may be arranged and to evince interest, lantern slides must be used.

The spread of knowledge may be facilitated by the organisation of libraries. The adult desiring to be educated will usually be too poor to buy books, nor will he be able to pay any fee. A library should, therefore, be built up with the charitable aid of well-wishers and publishers. Lecturing tourists may take books with them and encourage the use of libraries.

Too much reliance on public munificence is unhealthy in the running of such institutions. Those interested can get up benefit performances to finance them, but the best way would be to make the adults themselves enact short dramas, or give variety entertainments, combining utility and education with the inculcation of self-reliance. Only plays of an ennobling type should be chosen, and loose farces may well be avoided.

It may be sarcastically remarked that almost super-human energy would be needed for fulfilling such a wide programme; but an easy solution is for the workers to organise themselves into groups of volunteers dividing work and taking turns. Besides, once we realise the sanctity of the task, no exertion however hard will seem too much to bear. Education that makes us for this holy mission of social service is of the true sort, and the day is not far when all the broad-minded educational experiments of to-day will bear fruit in the shape of an enlightened and cultured nation.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN

VI

Lala Lajpat Rai.

BY N. S. SRINIVASA IYER, Advocate.

[The next to be dealt with in this series will be

Mr. Pattabhi Sitharamiah].



HE name of Lala Lajpat Rai is one to conjure with for every patriotic Indian. From 1907 when he sprang into fame as a victim of Regulation III of 1818 down to the moment of his death caused or hastened by the ruffianly treatment accorded to him by a police official, his career has been one of continuous consecration at the altar of his Motherland. At the same time, he had a breadth of view and a sanity of outlook, undoubtedly largely fostered by his continuous travels in the West. I remember very well the excitement caused in the High School in which I was studying when Lajpat Rai was interned in Mandalay without a trial of any kind under the regime of a radical Secretary of State, John Morley. He was released about six months later, but he became one of India's foremost national leaders, taking his place side by side with Tilak. We had the familiar collocation of the names, Lal, Bal and Pal, the first standing for Lajpat Rai, the second for Bal Ganghadar Tilak and the third for Bepin Chandra Pal who for a brief period basked in the sunshine of popular favour. I also remember the anxiety which was felt for his safety and welfare about 1914 when Bai Paramanand and others were arraigned on charges of conspiracy against the State. Lajpat Rai then left for America and for over a period of five years was an exile from the land which he loved. He came back to India and entered Amritsar on the very day when news was received that the appeal to the Privy Council of the 22 persons convicted by the Martial Law Tribunal, the principal of whom were Bugga and Ratto had been rejected. The public procession in his honour was abandoned and Lajpat Rai truly entered the

land of sorrows which he had left before. As President of the Non-Co-operation Congress at Calcutta in 1920, Lajpat Rai had delivered a powerful address but he committed himself to no definite views regarding the Gandhian programme. But true to his creed, he could not abandon the country in the hour of its trial, and even though he may not have approved of the Non-Co-operation policy, he suffered imprisonment in 1921 until serious ill-health obliged the authorities to release him from jail. When Gandhi gave up his fighting programme and substituted the Bardoli plan of 1922, Lajpat Rai was one of those who rebelled against it, but his sense of discipline prevented his starting a camp of his own.

It was at Belgaum during the Congress session of 1928 presided over by Mahatma Gandhi that I realised my long cherished dream of making the personal acquaintance of Lala Lajpat Rai. Shortly before that, the tragic episode had happened at Kohat whereby the entire Hindu population was driven out of the city altogether. Lajpat Rai had always rebelled against the aggressive policy of Muslims in India, not merely in relation to their Hindu brethren but also in respect of the rights of their co-religionists in other parts of the world. He had also at that time the idea of starting a political organisation, wherein training could be given to those who wanted to participate in national work. I remember the vehement protest which he made in a private conversation seated on the Subjects Committee dais at Belgaum against the proposal to congratulate the Egyptians on their alleged achievement of Independence. In open session, he spoke in English on the resolution regarding Kohat, and strangely enough, Mr. Zaffar Ali Khan who came after him and was supposed to support the resolution delivered himself of a violent attack on Lala Lajpat Rai in Urdu. At the Belgaum Railway station, when Lajpat Rai left for Bangalore, a curious incident happened. The train from Poona was late in coming and there was a great rush of passengers as not only the Congress leaders and delegates but also those who came to attend the Non-Brahmin Confederation were returning by the same train. I was able to

persuade a Railway clerk to convert a first class compartment into a second class one to enable Lajpat Rai to travel in comfort as he had only a second class ticket. I thought that the Railway official should be paid for the services he had rendered and when I attempted to do so, he sternly reminded me that he did his work for the sake of Lajpat Rai and not for my filthy money. Abashed, I got into the compartment which was occupied by Lajpat Rai and Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar. During the long journey to Bangalore, there was an interesting conversation, especially regarding life in America and Japan. All of us got down at Bangalore. The next morning, Lajpat Rai's arrival attracted huge crowds. He was finally taken care of by the officials of the city and leaving him in charge of the Mysore Government and Mr. Bashyam, Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar and myself came back to Madras. A few days later, Lajpat Rai came to Madras and there was a very heavy programme of work for him which he got through with business-like regularity and despatch and without losing his temper, even though on some occasions his papers had been mixed up by his Private Secretary. I had a further opportunity of meeting Lajpat Rai in March 1926 at Delhi when the meeting of the All-India Congress Committee was held and the historic walk-out of the Swarajist members of the Indian Legislative Assembly took place. Lajpat Rai was then occupying rooms on the first floor of the Western Hostel. It soon became obvious that the relations between himself and Pundit Motilal were far from being cordial. Lajpat Rai had somehow a feeling that in public life Pundit Motilal was his junior and did not take him fully into the counsels of his party. On the walk-out day, Lajpat Rai had intimated to the Pundit that he also wanted to speak but permission had been refused. I remember the feeling of dissatisfaction he had when after quitting the Council Chamber (Metcalf House where the Assembly then met) which is at a considerable distance from the Western Hostel he took Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar and myself to his rooms. The next day he gave a dinner in his son's house in Old Delhi to which he invited Mr. Phookan of Assam, Mr. Srinivasa

Iyengar and myself. Plans for starting the Servants of the People Society had been fully laid, and he expressed the hope that I would be able to attend the opening function which was due a short time later. This however was not to be, and I left Delhi for Madras the next day.

The next occasion on which I met Lajpat Rai was in December 1926 in the house of Mr. T. C. Goswami at Calcutta, where we stayed for a short period enroute to Gauhati. Lala Lajpat Rai came there and declared that it might not be possible for him to attend the Gauhati Congress when requested to do so by Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar and then by myself. While the train was taking us from Santahar to Gauhati, a telegram was received by Mahatma Gandhi from Lajpat Rai announcing the news of the assassination of Swami Shradddhananda and asking him to let him know whether he should go to Delhi or come to Gauhati in view of the situation created thereby. The telegram was brought to Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar by Mr. Manilal Kothari. Immediately Mr. Srinivasa Iyengar met the Mahatma and a telegram was sent to Mr. Phookan to cancel the procession of elephants which had been announced in honour of the President.

I had thereafter no opportunity of meeting Lajpat Rai, but the Lala's work however continued with unabated vigour and zeal. He was given the honour of moving the resolution in the Indian Legislative Assembly refusing to co-operate with the Simon Commission. In 1928 came the news of the cowardly attack upon him by a big Police official when he was leading a procession on the date of the arrival of the Simon Commission at Lahore. A few days later, despite serious ill-health, he attended a meeting of the All-India Congress Committee at Delhi and exposed with characteristic vigour the pretensions of those who in the name of Independence wanted to divide the Congress and the country. But the wound once inflicted upon him at Lahore ultimately proved fatal and in a short time India mourned the loss of her foremost leader. Of Lajpat Rai it may be truly said that he has "joined the choir invisible of the immortal dead who live again in minds made better by their presence."

THE ANTICIPATORY HISTORY OF MAN

BY P. V. AGHORAM IYER



VERY one is really interested in his future. Even the merry-minded who lives for the sensations of the moment has moments when he desires to look anxiously into the future and scan it as accurately as he can, however stoutly he may swear against divination and prophecy in his lighter vein. A good many who are weak-hearted are content to solace themselves with the poet's saying, "where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise." But the study of man's future has been universal, both as to time and place. All ancient civilised peoples had made it their own; their knowledge and their system have been inherited by mankind, and at the present time the study of it is continued both in the Eastern and the Western spheres with the every-day application of its principles to practical life.

The two systems of knowledge with which this study is connected are palmistry and astrology. I know that the student of modern material sciences will pull himself up and show a hauteur and an intellectual impatience at the mention of these names. He will cite instances of palmists who have bamboozled and astrologers who have exaggerated. He will speak with fervour of the utter impossibility of planetary influences on human affairs and destiny, and ask you for cogent and convincing reasons to show how planets influence man. I ask the esteemed men of science to have enough earnestness to pursue this system of knowledge by its own standards and in a spirit of indefatigable research and see for themselves whether they have not learned from it something really worth while, something which will give useful guidance to life. I even venture to suggest that it is the accredited men of science who can more thoroughly explore this field of study, and get out of it results which will be helpful to mankind. I do not want to belittle the

possibility of much fraud and chicane being practised in the name of these studies by the professionals, who have deteriorated in moral fibre, here as everywhere else, because of the breathless race run by all men at the present time for more gold and silver.

I have no idea whether in the West palmistry and astrology are inter-related studies. I have not yet come by any work on palmistry. But I have read some of the books of the well-known writer, Alan Leo, on astrology. From the books I read, I found that astrology was studied by itself and apart from any relation to palmistry. I had read somewhat critically a few books in the Indian system, before I took up Alan Leo's books. Some differences between the two systems became apparent to me. There are 144 combinations of the sun and the moon contemplated by Alan Leo, pointing to the possibility of certain defined results in each case. In the Indian system, so far as I have seen, only three combinations of the sun and the moon are contemplated, which give rise to the three Yogas known as Adhama, Sama, and Varishta Yogas. The greatest possible emphasis is placed by Alan Leo on the influence of the planet who is the Lord of the Lagna and the planet who occupies the Lagna. The Indian system does not make that discrimination. Alan Leo notices the moral and spiritual values of a life with reference to the influences of the planets, Uranus and Neptune. These planets have apparently not come under the observation of the ancient thinkers of India, and their influences have not been noticed. The spiritual possibilities of a life are evaluated in the Indian system with reference to the influences of Jupiter and Saturn; not that Alan Leo does not notice the influences of Jupiter and Saturn. Uranus and Neptune are further away from us. They move round the Ellipse and complete the Zodiacal circle in a much longer period, the one in 84 years and the other in 360 years. Alan Leo states that the 120 degrees aspect of the planets is more powerful and beneficial than other aspects. No such emphasis is placed in the Indian system on the 120 degrees aspect; nor has every planet that aspect under the above system.

Each Lagna or ascendant points to certain human attributes and qualities, according to Alan Leo. Likewise the different attributes of each Lagna are stated by Satyacharya, one of the exponents of the Eastern school. The attributes or faculties of each house from the Lagna are more or less the same under both systems. Each native comes under the particular influence of one planet after another in a certain order. The influence lasts for certain stated periods, and the character of the influence, which may in many cases be complicated, is determined by an examination of the relative values of the planet from numerous points of view. A planet, which under such examination scores many points of strength and beneficence, from one single important point of view, may be seen to be of zero or little potency. This examination is done with reference to a mass of authoritative writing. Even a single native's planetary influences may not be fully and exhaustively read without a prolonged research for days certainly, if not a matter of months. Each house relates to many qualities, many properties of mind and body, and many things relating to the native. A comprehensive life reading, with reference to all periods of that life, and the possibilities of each Bhava or house, necessarily becomes a matter of complicated research. The exact longitudinal points at which the planets stand at the time of birth of a native have to be accurately noted. There are minute, detailed and fractional mathematical calculations to be made in respect of each planet in the sign in which it stands at the time of birth. Likewise, the length of life of a native is examined from a good many points of view in astrology. As a result of some amount of critical study, I may mention that you get the right clue or guidance as to length of life or any other matter concerning you, by examining the values of the planets for your life from as many points of view as possible.

It is easy to see from what has been said before, that the average intelligent man's dissatisfaction with astrological study is largely due to himself and to the present arrangements of society. No one generally thinks it worth

his while to spend money enough to get this work done for him by an expert, who will have to be kept engaged with one native's horoscope for days ; nor has the average man patience to understand the chart of life drawn for him in the mystical language of the planets, and to follow certain salutary rules for his guidance.

One remedy I do think of for this trouble is for every average intelligent man to pick up the elements of astrology, to become, in a small measure, his own astrologer. The alarmed flight we make to professional astrologers in time of trouble to have our fortune read or misread for us must end, and the sooner the better. I warn the eager and interested student against resting content with small morsels of knowledge. Let him have a great ambition. Let him learn intensively and extensively. As he goes on with the study and applies the principles learnt to practical cases, he will find the speculation fascinating and poetic. One thing which may encourage and facilitate astrological study among men of the present time is the preparation of accurate Digests and indexes of authoritative pronouncements from various text-writers. We are familiar enough with this process in the field of law. It is hard to memorise all these texts as our ancients did. If the various pronouncements are digested, properly grouped and analysed, a boon will be conferred upon the astrological world. That task is waiting to be done by modern educated Indians interested in the study of astrology collaborating for this common end.

With some mastery of the principles of astrology and an increasing application of them to practical life, we could see that astrology is the study of "tendencies and indications in the starry dialect". The best analogy I would think of using is that of the voyager out at sea getting weather indications etc. with the compass. Likewise, indications of the coming trouble or good fortune, of an impending crisis or of a sweeping triumph are obtained by us from our life-chart drawn in the language of the planets. Just as the theory of Karma has been more misunderstood than understood, as though it denied free will and the power of the

individual to counteract the workings of past Karma or Destiny, even so, the principles of astrology have been misunderstood and have been confused with an attempt to show that the planets have irrevocably fixed us to a certain position. The freedom of the individual to strive for material and moral betterment has not been denied in any system of Indian Thought. But just as certain growths in the natural world are peculiar to certain seasons and certain spheres, we are warned against trying a hot-house culture of certain kinds of excellences when the planetary influences are unfavourable to us.

I have so far told the reader that he could, by his study and reasoning, investigation and application, of the principles of astrology, get satisfactory indications of his changing fortunes, and make adjustments which may help him in lessening life's friction. But these indications he gets by his own assiduous research or that of an expert in the field. The indications I mention above are discovered by our own reasoning and observation, that is to say, by the reasoning of comparatively imperfect men, whom the senses still sway with greater or less power and whose minds have not the strength needed to plunge into depths of thought, to scan earth and Heaven, and to lay bare the heart of man.

But the India of the ancient times produced sages who had that "vision and faculty divine". Some of them have turned their attention to astrological research, and they have published for mankind the anticipatory history of man. I do not know in how many Indian languages they wrote, or who were the sages who did this research. A work of that class and character I have recently come upon, and I am glad to share my knowledge and experience with the reader. I came upon it in the adjoining town of Coimbatore, and it is in the hands of one M. V. Rangaswami Mudaliar, living in Chetty Street, Coimbatore, at the western end of the street, and near the turn of the street to the road leading to the distant shrine of Perur. Mudaliar is not the author of the writing. He is the possessor, perhaps the owner of the scroll containing the writing, and the reader thereof. The scroll leaves in his possession contain the life reading of

hundreds, if not thousands of individuals. But the writing is palmistry-cum-astrology. I would substitute for the word palmistry the science of Samudrika Lakshanam, which is the word used in the writing. Each individual's palm is read by him, and samudrika lakshanam of the man is determined by a process of calculation which the Mudaliar knows. After this, he searches among the palm leaves for your life reading; and when he comes upon the scroll-leaf, which in terms refers to your samudrika lakshanam already determined by him, he takes out the leaf, and reads the verses therein. In ninety-nine cases out of hundred, the reading proves to be wonderfully accurate.

The year, the month, the day, and the time of your birth come true to the accuratest detail. The fortune and the character of your parents are equally accurately stated. Your father's occupation, your brother's, are likewise stated. The number of brothers and sisters born with you, and those left behind by your parents are mentioned. Your marriage or marriages, if any, your education, your occupation or occupations, the number of your children, sons and daughters, born as well surviving, or if you have no children, your being issueless, are all mentioned with an accuracy over-reaching, I may say, the exactitude of science. Your Lagna or ascendant, and the different planets at the time of your birth are assigned their respective positions in the different signs of the Zodiac with equal exactitude. The periods or the time of death of your parents, if they have pre-deceased you are accurately stated. As to your changing fortunes, you could see that everything about your past stated therein is remarkably true; every land-mark in your career is pointedly mentioned, and its influence on you also considered. As it is pure intuition or television or whatever you may call it that has revealed these many points, it stands to reason to think that the reading of the indications for the future must come true in their time.

Striking traits in individual character are mentioned with emphasis. If you are a rogue or a charlatan, you are described as such. If you are truthful and virtuous you get your certificate of merit from the reading. You may blink

the Mudaliar, but the scroll is an arch-detective of your character. Your inmost heart is dissected. Your earnings and spendings are mentioned with considerable accuracy, and your savings likewise. The scroll must be read as such, and interpreted and its meaning made clear. The Mudaliar is not a past-master of the language, but he knows much. The language used is exquisite Tamil and the vehicle of expression is poetry in stanzas of eight lines. It is cheery and refreshing to hear it read even as poetry. *I know of nothing so assuring and so exact with regard to many points about the inner and outer life of man as this system of life-reading preserved for us in ancient cadjan scroll, rendering the thoughts in the purest and chastest Tamil, and possibly prepared centuries before we were born, thus constituting the most remarkable anticipatory history of man.*

I invite all intelligent, serious-minded, and right thinking men to approach this life-reading in the right spirit. I invite even the contemptuous indifferent men to try their hand at it, and if they find it good, to benefit by its lessons. This system of life-reading has a complicated scheme behind it, and not all who take the reading know of it. It is best that every body interested in it takes as many parts of the scheme as are essential to him. Masses of such scroll would appear to have scattered themselves in different places in South India and come into the possession of a dozen men. They are all giving the readings out of the scroll to hundreds of men who go to them. This concentration of this invaluable writing in the hands of a few individuals, however devout, is not as sure a means of preserving the study for the benefit of mankind, as its institutionalisation. Let the thinkers and scholars of South India who have a passion for this study and for the knowledge of the ancients work together and create the institution which will save the learning from decay.

AT THE GAMBUZ, SERINGAPATAM

The Tomb of Haidar & Tippu.

Time that antiquates antiquity and hath an art to make dust of all things,
still preserves these minor monuments.

— Sir T. B.

Stilled are the hearts that in these strong men beat,
Stirring to deeds of valour. All their strength
Forespent, they have attained to Peace at length
And sheiter here from Life's ambitious heat !

Their bodies dust, their kingdoms lost, their seat
A wandering ruin ! Their lives no longer inspire
Or love or dread, nor feed with ardent fire
The aspiring young. Wrapped in a silken sheet

And sad and solemn memory, they abide !
While stand the mosques, and in unfading splendour
*The Garden of the Sea,** a thing of wonder,
And delight. And time that sternly sets aside
Their valorous worth, to these for ever just,
To faith and love, preserves their previous dust !

— T. B. Krishnaswami.

* Daria Dahlat.

FROM THE WORLD'S TABLOID

BY A GALLOPPING GOSSIPER

Some World Problems.*

The unemployment menace, referred to in my previous article, has been to a certain extent accentuated by another outstanding social problem of our age, the problem of 'Sex War' or sex competition. 'Woman and the Home,' is the refrain of an antediluvian slogan, and with the progress of modern civilisation woman has come forward to compete with man in all walks of life. Man's monopoly has been ruthlessly shattered by this ever-growing encroachment on some of his exclusive domains, and no line of service or life is immune from this woman invasion. Most of the civilised nations have granted women franchise, and in countries like England, women voters predominate over men, the average feminine majority in most of the Parliamentary electorates being more than 4000. This grant of franchise, with the natural result of having an effective voice in the governance of the country, has enabled woman to take long strides in her progress and freedom. There are women Members of Parliament, women lawyers, journalists and magistrates. In America, we have women Mayors and Sheriffs, and Mrs. Fergusson was appointed as the Governor of Texas as early as 1926. In the present Labour Cabinet, Miss Bondfield has a portfolio, and the latest experiment in U. S. A. is women police. Even mechanical and engineering lines as well as lines of adventure, like expeditions and aviation, which were supposed to be capable of being manned exclusively by men only, have been invaded successfully by women, and we have the ascent of Kilimanjaro by Miss Sheila Macdonald, and air flight records by Miss Earhart and Miss Amy Johnson. How this ever increasing competition and gradual replacement of men by women in all walks of life is going to end and with what results, is an outstanding world problem. Some modern writers have

* The first two parts of this article appeared in our issues of June and July.

decried this sex-war as a world menace and some others, easy chair theorists, are speculating and strongly counting on the early natural death of this ephemeral outburst of energy by women, but facts have to be grappled with, especially when they are closely and intimately linked to economic and political questions.

Deeply inter-allied to the question of 'Sex War' is the problem of Marriage and Morals, the real crux of Society's welfare and the healthy well-being of the community. Modes and customs of marriage differ vastly with race, religion and country, but its fundamental basis and sanction is the same all over the world, viz., the free union of two souls in life by ties of love and affection. There is now a wide-spread revolt against ancient ideas on Marriage and sex relationship, and the ancient or Biblical Marriage of the prayer book type, has almost been given the go-by, for good or bad. Welfare workers and social reformers have been finding fresh solutions and panaceas, and various experiments are being made in some of the Western countries, such as, Companionate Marriage, Free Love, and Rationalistic Wedlock. This modern revolt against the prevailing type of marriage is clearly seen from the records and statistics of Divorce Courts in various countries. Divorces are increasing rapidly every day, and in America legislators have been trying to formulate the easiest type of divorce, i.e., the easiest type of breaking the marriage tie. The number of decrees that were made absolute in England during 1931 was 4018, being 828 in excess of that for the previous year and being the highest on record till now. One central fact, however, emerges from this—the failure of the old monogamic union. The modern monogamic marriage, however certified and sanctioned by Church and State, though honestly directed towards the ideal of married bliss and of perfect sexual union, has in practice fallen short of it. Thus the freedom of the present day woman has struck at the age-long basis of the monogamic type of marriage, and has led to disastrous marriages and the inordinate scandals of the Divorce Court.

(To be continued.)

NOTES

Mr. K. S. Venkataramani is an author whose name is very familiar to readers of *The Scholar*; he has been one of its contributors ever since its inception. The recognition

of his merit has been somewhat slow but it has been sure. On the 5th of this month a signal honour was done to him when Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar presided over a meeting which was held at Madras to present him

with a beautifully carved ivory Shield, the mark of appreciation by His Holiness Sri Shankaracharya of Kamakoti Peetam. The presentation of the Shield was rightly considered as a proof that the orthodox school of thought was in no way behind or unappreciative of the developments in modern literature or with modern thought. To Mr. Venkataramani himself, who claims His Holiness as his *Guru*, this appreciation is even more significant and valuable. Sir C. P. Ramaswami Aiyar pleaded for establishing what he called a literary artistic atmosphere in India. That even in its absence and the consequent handicaps, Mr. Venkataramani should have gone on on his self-imposed task of representing Indian ideals and aspirations in a familiar and modern garb and achieved such distinction and recognition in it, is all the more creditable to him. We hope this and similar appreciations from his countrymen will spur him on to bigger and greater attempts in this line.

For the first time in the history of the Madras University, the honour of delivering the Convocation address was given to a woman. Miss Eleanor McDougall is a veteran

educationist, the Principal of the Women's Christian College, Madras and Member of the Convocation Senate of the University. Her address, breathing as it does her intensely idealistic outlook on life and its problems, which is at the same time not divorced from considerations of practical utility, is a justification of the choice made by the University in selecting

her to deliver this address. There is much in it to ponder over not only for the graduates of the University who received their degrees but also for the University itself. We propose to summarise briefly the vital points and suggestions she has made in our next issue.

We in India who have been asking for the reform and betterment of conditions in prisons on the model of the improvements made in the West will be shocked at the revelations made in the Report presented to **Prisons in America.** President Hoover by a Commission which investigated the conditions in children's prisons in the United States. Interested propagandists have been telling us of prisons in these countries which, once half-way houses to the mad-house, were now half-way houses to respectability and a clean life. But this Report furnishes revolting details of barbaric cruelty; of frequent flogging of boys bound and mercilessly lashed to exhaustion; of torture by shacking and cross-fettering, drenchings with cold water; of solitary confinement on bread and water; and of prison hospitals almost always filled to over-flowing. Conditions are not so bad in India obviously, though floggings are not unknown here also. But we have no right to congratulate ourselves for the way we deal with our juvenile delinquents, when we remember that we have no separate prisons for children as yet, apart from the all too few Borstal institutions.

We are very much interested to learn that the Maharaja of Nepal has abolished capital punishment in his State, for a period of five years in the first instance. We hope that the result during this period will be such **Death Penalty.** as to justify making permanent the promulgation of this progressive reform. We congratulate the Maharaja on his action and only hope that his courageous example will be followed by other rulers in Indian States, if not by the authorities in British India.

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New Business completed in 1930	Rs. 1,13,55,069
Increase of Life Assurance Fund, 1930	11,51,818
Premium Income	30,81,936
Interest Income earned in 1930	7,47,608
Total Assets exceed	1,65,00,000
Total Life Assurance in force, 1930	6,55,70,916

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