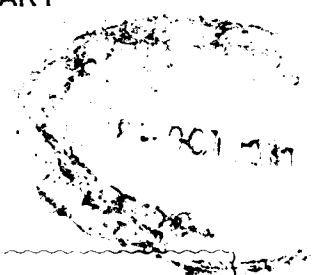


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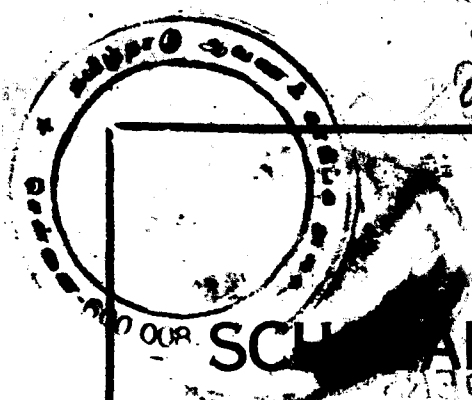
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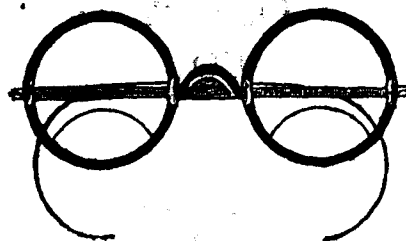
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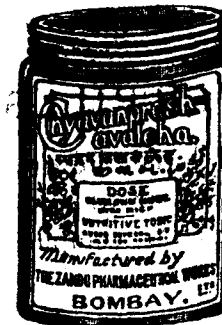
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SUNSPOTS IN TAGORE

A Critical Survey

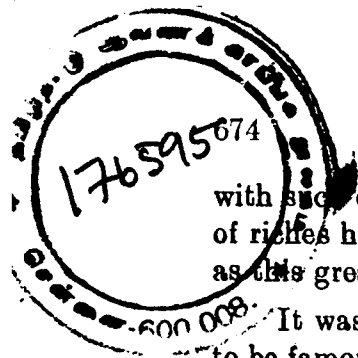
BY P. NARAYANA KURUP, M. A., B. L.



ANY years ago at a social function in Bengal, the great Bankim Chandra Chatterjee was garlanded by his admirers—and they were in thousands. From off his neck Bankim took the garland; and with it, he adorned the shoulders of a fair young boy, whose profile, roughly of that decade, is more or less represented in the drawing, (by Joytindranath Tagore) that is popular as the frontispiece of *The Gardener*. It was the young Rabindranath Tagore that Bankim thus honoured.

This popular story, fact or fiction, points out one thing, that Tagore was great in promise even as he is considered great in performance.

Very few men of letters have enjoyed such international reputation in their life-time; very few had such supreme luck to live to see their works translated into sixty languages and more; very few had the personality so dynamic in myriad ways, to be lover and dandy during youth, to be seer, saint, philosopher and prophet during old age, all in the most supreme degree; and very few still were gifted



THE SCHOLAR

with such combination of the virtue of brains with the virtue of riches harnessed for the sole purpose of winning fame, as this great Bengalee in modern times.

It was the proud destiny, the great Karma of Tagore to be famous as a poet. Hence it was easy for him to climb the heights. No adverse criticism chequered his career; no malicious journalistic foe mutilated his work; and no one, at home or abroad, ever dared to think of him and his works other than in terms of reverence which only the scriptures enjoy. If all this is not luck, we do not know where to look for it.

If success is the criterion of merit, Tagore's coronation as the King of all poets of the world must soon take place. For, no living poet is so well known as he is; none so successful as he has been.

But is he really a poet of the first class? There, perhaps, can be no doubt on this score. Well, are his works sufficiently great to claim place along with the great masterpieces of the world? The question is not easily answered. It perhaps cannot be, during Tagore's life-time; because, his personality has much to do with the shaping of the good opinion of the public about him.

Frankly, Tagore has not yet found his true and impartial critic. Ramananda Chatterjee and the *Modern Review* and the host of Bengalee writers are over there only to sing his praise. Pearson and Andrews were dazzled by the glamour of the high aestheticism, solemnity of air, sacerdotal demeanour, and the foamless calm of his exterior, and they were hardly fit to be critics of Tagore's poetry. The Nobel Committee decided in his favour; firstly because he was Eastern, and secondly because he was unquestionably, the most high-thinking amongst a group of unthinking second-rate poets that aspired to get nine thousand pounds sterling. And the Nobel Committee did not assume the role of the critic of pure reason. The moment Tagore was offered the Nobel Prize the whole world looked up to him, in amaze. India admired him, partly because India could understand him; and partly, and perhaps chiefly, because

SUNSPOTS IN TAGORE

675

he won the Nobel Prize. But the Western world looked at him in wonder only from the curious standpoint. Europe and America saw him even as they saw a Tutenkhaman tapestry or Manichaeon miniature or a Quara Dagh Runner or some *Zenifro* find. Mysticism was understood to be the specific differentia of Tagore's poetry; and all and sundry in India went in imitations and spoiled the indigenous charms of vernacular genius. Prose-poem was understood to be his medium of art in English; and all of us began writing rubbish in the garb of the Tagorean medium. All this, because Tagore was infectious. Infectious, because he became the glass of fashion in poetry. All this means a huge interrogation of what is he in the realm of art.

Whether it was Sylvian Levi, Winternitz or Romain Rolland, the orientalists of Europe one and all but found in him the proverbial spiritual awakening of the East, lending enchantment to the West. But the fact remains that to Bengal and to India at large, Tagore is a modern thinker after the West, thinking in terms more of Aristotelian logic and Hegelian metaphysics than of the Vedas and the Upanishads. He has released the Bengalee lyric and drama from the shackles of classicism; and the method of release is but an adherence to the masterly tenets of European poetry and play of the eighties and nineties. In fact, Tagore's genius blossomed only when the wind of the West blew over it. Yet we found critics shouting that he, Tagore, was the spirit of the East, and the Western thinkers had a great lesson to learn from him.

To have a love of peacocks, velvet caps and long robes is not to be oriental or spiritual. Even a Don Juan may have it; did not Oscar Wilde decorate his rooms at Magdalene with peacock feathers? To talk of the love of man for God is so cheap in India that to us Tagore the Godlover is not a whit greater than the ashbesmeared human figures moving about in incomprehensible silence, in Reshikesh and Gaya. For, there is no other country in the world as India where there is such stupendous recognition of the philosophy which Robert Burns sings, namely, that "rank is but the guinea stamp, and man is the gold for all that". India

has not yet dared to make a pronouncement on Tagore the man. To me Tagore the poet or Tagore the man is neither Eastern nor Western ; but only human ; only mortal and even he would die away.

To have thoroughly read and enjoyed him for some time, criticised him at other times and finally rejected him, be a black sin, I confess I am a black sinner. But to remember lines and passages of his be a white sin, I am a white sinner too. Rejecting him I once dared to say that he be crowned with the laurel and then banished from the poet's world. Yet whenever I see his works, with eager hands I take them ; and if casually I open *The Gardner* and chance upon the song whose burden is,

The name of our village is Khanjana,
And Anjana they call our river,
My name is known through all the village
And her name is Ranjana

if chance takes me on to this glittering romance, this sparkling rhythm, I feel overpowered and reconquered. All this self-contradiction is baffling. Baffling, because Tagore is a charmer, a great literary tempter. Loving him I seem to disliking him yet disliking him I still love him.

After Wordsworth, I do not know whether any really great writer has written so much trash as Tagore has done. Ninety per cent. of Tagore's works would not have seen the light of day but for their author winning the Nobel Prize ; and no one has yet got the Nobel Prize with such a small output of really great things commingled in such a great output of really small stuff.

The world calls him mystic, finding (really ?) in him and his art what is termed as mysticism. Along with him, his country is termed mystic too. The pity of it. Because, India is not, and never was mystic in arts or science or philosophy. If Bhakti or cosmic and transcendental devotion is mysticism, it is not the separate property of India ; it is common all the world over. From David's Psalms to the works of ordinary priests and poetasters one finds the sentiment of Bhakti pervading the works of many Western

religious writers in prose and verse, in the same degree as in our own Kabir, Chaitanya or Jaya Deva. But it has been India's destiny to be specially called mystic ; and it has been Tagore's destiny to be specially called the chief of an appointed race as it were, to interpret this mysticism to the wide world. Strangely, people feel that Tagore's very looks speak laws of mysticism. There was more faith in the honest doubt of some Americans finding in him the profile of Christ. All this is luck of the first class.

The religious element in Tagore's poetry, rightly or wrongly termed as mysticism, is nothing extraordinary to us in India. Those of us in the South, who enjoy the privilege of understanding Thirukurul or the songs of Gnanasambandhar, or Manikyavachakar or Thunjan and Poonthanam have no hesitation to say that those marvellous souls combined philosophy and religion with poetry (not by the fact of choosing the medium of the verse) in a manner incomparable in every sense. The Almighty alone knows when another marvellous boy like Gnanasambadhar would come to the world to out-miracle the miracle of poetry, epitomising human genius, working wonders that even Gods and Angels witness and enjoy.

The Gitanjali, *The Gardner*, *The Crescent Moon*, a dozen plays, many dozens of short stories and a few novels and stray prose-writings have all their own value ; but value only with reference to particular contents, in the myriad notions of art-manifestations. But from the highest standards of art these works of Tagore cannot be judged ; and if judged they will not come up to the mark.

The Post Office and *King of the Dark Chamber*, and all the other plays together cannot show where the senses meet and the passions mix. But a great master drops a handkerchief ; and it stirs the flood of hearts of a million audience ; the flood surges, ebbs and flows and the waves dash in roarings. That is art of the highest kind.

Even the delicate workmanship of *Chitra* falls short of the ordinary demands of dramatic art. *Chitra* is a little above a short story ; but far below the play.

there for a Mahomedan orphan to be initiated into the fold of a Hindu Seer. Kabir, therefore, adopted an ingenious plan, and one night hid upon the steps of the river Ganges where Ramanand would come at dawn to bathe. As the Swami came early the next morning, he unknowingly trod upon Kabir's back. Suddenly he withdrew his legs exclaiming "Ram, Ram". This divine word was to Kabir the manthra of initiation presented unto him by the Master.

Kabir's fame as a mystic and a devotee spread slowly far and wide. He declared that he was a disciple of Ramanand, but it was known that he was a Mahomedan. In that age it was rare for one to praise Allah and Ram in the same breath. But Kabir was a worshipper of both Ram and Rahim. How could he would chide his audience, God, "the breath of all breath," be of the Koran or of the Muslims merely, or of the Vedas and of the Hindus exclusively? He was a skilled musician as well as a poet, and with his sweet and musical voice he sang the glory of Ram. Large multitudes thronged to his doors to hear these divine songs. His teachings were trite and simple, full of homely imagery that would easily appeal to the common people.

Innumerable legends and folk-tales have been spun round the wonderful life of this mystic poet. They may not be true in their entirety but confirm the tradition that he was a good and loving husband and an ideal *Grihastha*. The story of his dutiful wife, Bibi, and only son, Kamal—both ardent devotees of Ram—is a rich theme for the popular bard and the dramatist. Bibi was very handsome and a rich merchant of the city wished to entice her from her home. This youthful aristocrat set his heart upon the poor woman the moment he first beheld her on the banks of the river Ganges. To gain his end he intrigued with a band of sadhus and one day sent them to Kabir's cottage. The hospitable weaver invited them to dinner, but his poor hearth contained nothing with which a feast for so many could be served. He, therefore, approached the merchant for his necessities. As Kabir possessed no wealth, the merchant agreed to supply him with his requirements if Kabir would pledge his wife. Kabir agreed to this condition—

strange as it seemed to him—and the sadhus got their promised feast. Folk-tale further runs that the same evening Kabir took his wife to the merchant's house. Without one word of remonstrance the chaste wife consented to what was more painful to her than death to fulfil her husband's pledged word and to protect his *Dharma*. The wicked merchant, however, failed to damn Chastity. Before he could touch her sacred body, he beheld all round him ghost-like phantoms and awful sounds until he fell at her feet and besought forgiveness.

The story of Kamal is equally thrilling. When still young, the boy is believed to have visited all the sacred Hindu shrines in the company of a group of wandering pilgrims. On one occasion he almost lost his life in the service of a band of sanyasins who visited their cottage. There was as usual not a morsel of grain or flour to provide food to the ascetics, and Kabir and Kamal set out to the market to get the same by borrowing or begging. It was late in the night and the bazaar had closed. But the mystics, father and son, approached the godown of a rich merchant, and boring a hole through the wall forced themselves in and quietly collected their requirements. Kabir stealthily came out with his booty and Kamal had just put his head out through the little aperture when a dozing sentinel discovered the theft! A loud warning followed, and servants hastening to the scene caught hold of poor Kamal's legs before he could effect an escape. That the sadhus may get their feast Kamal requested his father to run home; but lest he should be discovered the brave boy entreated his father to sever his head and carry it away. Unmindful of his great affection for the little lad, Kabir cut off his dear child's head and wrapping it in a towel hastened home. The sadhus had a hearty feast and blessed the father and son in their contentment! The tragic tale concludes that when the sadhus afterwards learnt the truth they took the lifeless head which, to their amazement was uttering 'Ram Ram,' and placed it on the body of the boy which had been fixed near the river bank for identification. In great sorrow

they offered their prayer to God, and life was ultimately restored to dead Kamal by divine grace.

Like all great souls from the beginning of time down to these days, Kabir was not to live in peace and fulfil the mission of his life without struggle. That a *mlecha* should utter the sacred 'Ram Nam' was unbearable to the orthodox Hindu, while the monotheistic Muslim could hardly tolerate his kith and kin singing the glory of the god of the idolaters. But Kabir's *Bhakthi* transcended all these persecutions. Even in sleep he repeated the name of God. Often he lost complete consciousness to the external world, singing the glory of Shri Ram.

The orthodox church was, however, resolved to torture the man into silence. A beautiful courtesan was hired by the Brahmins and sent to Kabir to tempt his virtue. But the mystic invited the low woman to his home; treated her with fatherly care and tenderness. At such childlike innocence and this sudden encounter with the initiate of a Love higher and more supreme than she had ever felt or imagined, the maiden's heart melted, her evil thoughts vanished, and she spent the rest of her days in repentance and service.

Once his enemies charged Kabir before Emperor Sikandar Lodi, saying that he was corrupting the minds of both Muslims and Hindus by his mongrel faith and that he was a swindler pretending to possess divine powers. In the presence of the august king and his Council, Kabir is said to have behaved impolitely and Royalty judged him to be a mischievous lunatic and promptly banished him from the city of Benares.

Exiled from his home and town, Kabir travelled throughout India spreading the faith of love and devotion. Some believed that he went outside India as far as Balk and Bokhara which were in those days strongholds of Islam and centres of Muslim culture. His last days were spent at Maghar near Gorakhpur. Up to the ripe age of seventy eight he lived a strenuous life, and though by then he had become weak and unfit to travel, he spoke and sang to the delight of the multitude that always surrounded him. Kabir

died in the year 1518 A. D. The popular legend about his death is truly characteristic of the man. The body of Kabir, it is said, was claimed both by the Muslims and the Hindus. The Muslims wanted to bury it and the Hindus wanted to burn it. When this dispute was about to take a serious turn, Kabir appeared before them and bade them look for his body beneath the shroud. When lo! they raised it, they beheld not the dead decaying human corpse but a pile of most fragrant flowers? The Muslims took half of this and buried them at Maghar, while the Hindus took the other half to Holy Benares and burnt them over the sacred pyre.

Such was the wonderful life of Kabir, the devotee of Ram. *Bhakthi* of the type preached by Kabir is indigenous to Hinduism. Arjuna received this religion from the sacred lips of his Divine Charioteer on the plains of the Kurukshetra. "Place thy mind," commanded the Lord, "in Me, into Me let your reason enter; then without doubt thou shalt abide in Me hereafter." "However men approach Me, even so do I welcome them, for the path men take from every side is Mine." The syncretistic tendencies of this religion of Love reached their fullest development in Kabir's life and teachings. The influence of Ramanand was indeed great upon his life and thought, but Islam in its pristine purity is discernible in some of his mystical utterances. It is even believed that he was also a disciple of the famous Mahomedan Sufi, Shaih Taqui, who lived about this time at Jhansi. In his denunciation of priest-craft, blind ritual and dogma, both Muslim and Brahminic, he was extremely fearless—well-nigh a fanatic—and rejected alike the Vedas and the Koran. What will it avail a man who pilgrimaged to Benares or Kaba and muttered Ram or Allah when God was beside him? Shutting the Lord in the recess of the heart, foolish men worshipped idols made of wood and stone. "The whole apparatus of piety, Hindu and Muslim alike—the temple and mosque, idol and holy water, scriptures and priests—were denounced by this inconveniently clear-sighted poet as mere substitutes for reality; dead things intervening between soul and its love."

The images are all lifeless, they cannot speak
 I know, for I have cried aloud to them.
 The purana and the koran are mere words lifting up the
 curtain I have seen.

Instead of these dead things he saw the Universe built
 of Love and held by the cords of that same powerful force.
 The whole creation is *Ram Lila*, the Play of the Eternal
 Lover.

How could love between Thee and me sever?
 As the leaf of the lotus abides on the water: so Thou art
 my Lord and I am Thy servant.
 As the night-bird Chakor gazes all night at the moon: so
 Thou art my Lord and I am thy servant.
 From the beginning until the ending of time there is love
 between Thee and me and how shall such love be
 extinguished.

Says Kabir: "As the river entered into the ocean, so my
 heart touches Thee."

THE EDITOR'S PARADISE

A Medina editor died, and was of course directed to ascend
 the abode of the just. But during the ascent the editor's jour-
 nalist's curiosity asserted itself, and he said: "Is it permitted for
 one to have a look at-er-the other place?" "Certainly," was the
 gracious reply; and accordingly a descent was made to the other
 place. Here the editor found much to interest him. He scurried
 about, and was soon lost to view.

His angelic escort got worried at last and began a systematic
 search for his charge. He found him at last seated before a fur-
 nace, fanning himself and gazing at the people in the fire. On
 the door of the furnace was a plate saying: "**Delinquent
 Subscribers**".

"Come," said the angel to the editor. "We must be going".
 "You go on", the editor answered without lifting his eyes. "I
 am not coming. This is heaven enough for me."

PILLARS OF LAW*

BY P. S. N.

Act III.

Scene I.

*Mr. Edward Cave, Collector of Puthur, at tea with his
 wife and Miss. Violet Cave. Mr. Charles Firebrand, a
 young Civilian, just learning work under Mr. Cave, is of
 the company.*

Cave. Charlie, it is three weeks since you came here,
 isn't it?

Fire. Yes. To be more exact, twenty one days and
 five hours.

Cave. Let us have an idea as to how much you have
 learnt of your work.

Fire. My father used very often to repeat the
 rhymes:—

One thing at a time and that done well,
 Is a very good rule as many can tell.

I am inclined to agree with him, that no disturbing
 thought should enter, when one is at his tea.

Cave. It is only a pleasant discussion that I invite.
 I am not holding an examination *viva-voce*.

Fire. Then out with it. What is it you want to know?

Cave. You know, you are an Assistant Collector. But
 do you know the scope of your duties?

Fire. As a Collector, my duty is to collect. That is
 plain.

Cave. Quite right. But collect what?

Fire. I forgot that. Let me collect my thoughts first.
 (After pondering for a minute) Yes. I have it. We have
 to collect all possessions and resources.

Cave. Eh. What for? (With gapping eyes).

Fire. For shipment to England.

Cave. Really you are a marvel, Charlie.

Fire. I would value the compliments more, if it had
 come from the mouth of Miss Violet.

* The first two Acts appeared in our issues of July and August.

Viol. He is making fun of you, Pa. I think you are rather boring him too much.

Cave. I won't trouble you further, if you answer this one more question. How are you expected to behave towards the people of this country?

Fire. As a member of the Civil Service, I am expected to be Civil.

Cave. Tut, Tut. (*After a pause*). There is no hope for you.

Fire. All the better for India and Indians.

Cave. How so?

Fire. Because our hope is their despair.

Mrs. Cave. Ned, why do you worry Charlie like that? In course of time, Charlie will pick up work, without being taught like a school boy. What say you to it, Violet?

Viol. I entirely agree. Papa can't keep quiet for a moment, without talking shop. His head is always full of his Jamabandis, Local Boards and Municipalities and every other abomination on the face of the earth. The sight of the records piled up mountain-high, in front of him, every day, gives me the shivers. I hope Mr. Firebrand will not imitate such a bad example.

Fire. You may rest assured, I am not a great believer in red-tapism. Real sympathy and a kind heart is quite enough to carry me through without involving a lot of pen and paper to express them. I suppose we are not paid to turn out piles and piles of useless correspondence.

Cave. Charlie, I sincerely hope that you do not mean what you say. If you ventilate such views more openly, I fear, you will get into trouble.

Fire. What for? What is wrong with my views?

Mrs. Cave. Don't irritate Charlie. You may depend upon Violet setting him up right when they are married.

Cave. That cannot be. I must make sure about the sanity of my future son-in-law, before I can entrust to him the fortunes of my daughter.

Fire. I fear there has been some misapprehension somewhere. Beyond a mutual regard, which similarity of

tastes and nearness of years has engendered, nothing has passed between us to encourage any of you into the belief that I entertain any other than purely friendly feelings towards Miss. Violet.

Mrs. Cave. What, Violet? Did you hear what Charlie said? Tell me for a truth whether he has not been making love to you.

Viol. How can you put such an absurd question, Ma? Mr. Firebrand is a young man with very advanced views. So I naturally liked his company and relished his talks. Beyond that nothing has transpired.

Mrs. Cave. Then what is the meaning of your "tete-a-tetes" for hours and hours every day? I thought you were dying of love for each other.

Viol. There is nothing to wonder at if I preferred the company of Mr. Firebrand to yours and Pa's. Pa has no other interest in the world besides his Collectorship, and as for you, you are too old-fashioned to interest me.

Cave. You silly, impertinent creature, flee from my presence immediately. What a viper I have been nurturing in my bosom all these days!

Mrs. Cave. She has the impudence to call me old-fashioned! What a scandal it would create if any one should hear of it? Oh! What shall I do? My days are over. (*Goes in hysterics. Mr. Cave rushes out to bring restoratives.*)

Fire to Violet. Miss Violet, now that we are alone, let me tell you frankly, you are a girl after my own heart. I think I should love you henceforth, if I have not begun it earlier.

Violet. Then, you are three weeks behind me.

Fire. How?

Viol. Is it not three weeks since you arrived here? I began to love you from the moment that I cast my eyes on you.

Fire. You are a darling then. (*Flies and embraces Violet. Mr. Cave comes and looks on the scene with astonishment and fury.*)

Cave. "Oh! You couple of abominable wretches! Can you not choose a better time and place for your hideous love-making? There is your mother lying down half-dead, and you are not ashamed of this scene at this juncture?"

Viol. There is nothing wrong with Ma, except a bit of wounded vanity. She will come round very soon.

Cave. This is more than I can tolerate. Take your departure both of you immediately. I shall not set eyes again on you if my name is Mr. Cave.

Viol. Nor shall I, if my name is Violet. Come away, my dear. *(Takes hold of Mr. Firebrand and drags him out).*

Fire. All because of me, as I am a firebrand. But Miss Violet, where are we to go?

Viol. To the Church first, and then anywhere.
(They walk out).

Scene II.

A room in Mr. Firebrand's house. Mr. & Mrs. Firebrand in conversation.

Mrs. Fire. Charlie, dear, here is a letter from Pa which I received an hour ago. He says he is dying to see us, and begs that we should forget and forgive the past; and what is worse he says that he and Ma would visit us at 5 O'clock this evening. We have barely 15 minutes to discuss our line of action.

Mr. Fire. As Violet's father, I am ready to forgive him anything.

Mrs. Fire. But then, what about the insult? To ask us to quit the house, so peremptorily, is more than what I can tolerate even on the part of a father.

Mr. Fire. But, you forget, my dear, that but for this display of temper, we would never have been what we are. It was only then that I found you out to be a spirited girl whom it was worth while to marry. In fact, it was a blessing in disguise.

Mrs. Fire. No. I am not for yielding so very readily. I am going to make the Collector Sahib and his Lady eat humble-pie for once in their life.

Mrs. Fire. Boy! Boy!

Boy. Madam.

Mrs. Fire. Tell visitors that may come to see me that I am not at home.

Boy. Very-well, Madam.

Mr. Fire. Well, my dear, so far as I am concerned, I am going to keep out of the joke.

[Exit.]

Scene III.

Portico of Mr. Firebrand's house. Mr. Charles Firebrand, seated reading a newspaper. Enter Mrs. and Mr. Cave.

Mr. Fire. Hallo! Come in. It is such a long time since we saw you, and meanwhile great things have taken place. Do you know that Miss. Violet Cave has become Mrs. Firebrand? Your blessings.

Mrs. Cave. God bless you both. Where is Violet? I am dying to see her.

Mr. Fire. She is donning her wedding robes, that you may see how she looks in it. It is a pity you were not present at the wedding.

Cave. I hope Violet is not angry with me. I am sorry I was a little hard upon her.

Mr. Fire. Make yourself easy. She owes you her apology for the abrupt way in which she left the house, which you must demand of her. Will you excuse me if I am absent for a few minutes? Mr. Baker wanted to see me on some urgent matter, which he says won't brook delay. Meanwhile, you can make yourself at home with Violet. *(Exit Mr. Firebrand and hides himself.)*

(Mrs. Firebrand's butler-boy comes out and sees Mr. and Mrs. Cave. They attempt to go in. The boy bars passage to them.)

Boy. No go in. Missus not at home.

Mr. Cave. Where is she?

Boy. Inside.

Mr. Cave. Let us go in. *(Again attempts to go in.)*

Boy. (Again barring the passage). Sorry.

Mr. Cave. What? Take care. Do you know who I am?

Boy. Don't know. Missus order strict.

Mr. Cave. Let go, otherwise, I will arrest you.

Boy. Our Dorai, Assistant Collector. He sent you jail.

Mrs. Cave. (Helpless) Violet! Violet! Come here.

Mrs. Fire. (From within) Boy! What is that noise? Who is there? (Sound of music within).

Boy. (Without moving) Madam, two people come. Say arrest me.

Mrs. Cave. Violet! Violet!

Boy. No Violet here. Only Missus.

Mrs. Cave. Tip him something.

Mr. Cave. (Giving him a rupee) Take this.

Boy. To Master or Missus?

Mr. Cave. To you. Let us go in.

Boy. (Throwing out) I very honest. No use.

Mr. Cave. (Perspiring all over) What is to be done? He seems to be a regular bull-dog.

(Enter Mr. Firebrand).

Mr. Fire. Still here?

Mrs. Cave. You have a very nice servant indeed. He would not let us in, although we threatened, begged and even attempted to bribe him.

Mr. Fire. What, boy?

Boy. Missus order. (Mr. Firebrand bursts into laughter).

Mrs. Fire. (From within) Boy, Who is laughing there?

Mr. Fire. Dearie. Come here.

Violet. (From within) Is that you Charlie? Papa and Mamma have not arrived yet, although it is ten minutes past time. Go and see what is the matter.

Mr. Fire. They are here, Violet. Your boy would not let them in.

Mrs. Fire. What rot are you talking? (Comes out. After staring at her parents for sometime). Are my eyes

deceiving me? Or, am I really seeing my fond parents? (Rubs her eyes again and again). Yes. They are here in flesh and blood. How I was dying to see you both! I tell you, Pa, if your letter had been a day too late, you could not have seen me alive. Yes. (Emphatic) That is the fact. Oh! Give me a thousand kisses, each of you. (Both Mrs. and Mr. Cave fall to kissing Mrs. Firebrand). Boy! Get the tea things ready.

Boy. Yes, Madam. (Goes in).

Mrs. Cave. Violet, how could you be so cruel towards us? If we showed a bit of temper, at an unguarded moment, should you run away from us altogether?

Mr. Fire. Don't beg in that strain, my dear Mother-in-law. First, demand Mrs. Firebrand's apology for running away and marrying me without her parents' consent or knowledge.

Mr. Cave. If so, you are equally guilty as her abettor.

Mr. Fire. No. I was utterly helpless. I was a mere lump of clay in her hands. She dragged me by main force to the Church, straight from your house and there got me married to her. I was not a free agent, and I doubt very much the validity of our marriage. My mind was in a whirl, like one who had drunk deep of a most potent wine.

Mrs. Fire. I am the wine.

Mr. Cave. Has the intoxication subsided?

Mr. Fire. No, nor is it ever likely to subside.

Mr. Cave. Then all is well that ends well. Let us adjourn to tea. (All go in).

Scene IV.

A room in Barrister Ayre's house. Enter Velu Pillai.

Ayres. Come in, Velu Pillai. I want you very badly.

Velu. Have you no work to-day?

Ayres. No. Nor for some days to come. You know that three of my paying clients have taken back their papers and have engaged Mani Iyer.

Velu. I suppose you have received your fees in full.

Ayres. That is poor consolation. A few more such instances and I am ruined.

Velu. But how can we help it? Neither can the clients be blamed, if they prefer Mani Iyer to you, since he takes immense pains on their behalf.

Ayres (*Considerably put out*) You may reserve your comments about our comparative merits for a future occasion. Let us now concert measures as to how to combat this menace.

Velu. That is what I meant to tell you. You can never succeed in dislodging Mani Iyer from his eminence. He is quite secure.

Ayres. I never thought that your resources were so poor. I have a scheme in my head.

Velu. What is it?

Ayres. Don't you know that Mani Iyer is a staunch Non-co-operator and a devotee of Khadder?

Velu. I understand the rest. You want to get him into trouble with the authorities on account of his politics. Have you considered the odium you will incur thereby? The whole town will cry fie upon you and make your position in this place very hot for you.

Ayres. I am reckless of consequences.

Velu. Please yourself.

Ayres. What about yourself?

Velu. A stranger to you and your schemes henceforth.

Ayres. Oh! Is that how the wind blows? I congratulate you on your new Master.

Velu. No sarcasms of you please. Mani Iyer never solicited my help; nor does he need it. It is only people without a back-bone, that require propping up. To spare further unpleasantness, it is better that I quit. Good-bye, and for ever.

Scene V.

(*Collector's bungalow. Mr. Cave in his Office room. Enter servant with a visiting card. Mr. Cave receives it and scrutinises.*)

Mr. Cave. (*To himself*) *Ayres.* This must be the fellow, the subject matter of so many petitions. Let me see what the bearer of the name looks like. Ask him to come in. (*Servant departs.*)

(*Ayres enters*)

Ayres. Good-morning, Sir.

Cave. Good-morning. You are Mr. Ayres? It is lucky that you came. As a matter of fact I wanted very much to have a talk with you.

Ayres. It is a great honour, about which I feel highly flattered. You may reckon me, as one of your most obedient servants ready to do your pleasure at all hazards.

Cave. Thank you for the assurance. But you need not feel so easily elated, about my wishing to see you. You seem to have created quite a stir in your profession, and not a day passes without somebody or other sending a petition against you, containing very damaging allegations about your professional morality. How do you account for it?

Ayres. They are all absolutely false, and the outcome of jealousy. I am positive that these petitions have been inspired by Mani Iyer.

Cave. Who is this Mani Iyer?

Ayres. I thought his name would have already reached your ears. He is the leading Non-co-operator of the place, and an ardent disciple of Gandhi.

Cave. Is it so? I had not the least notion of his existence. But is he really such an important man, worth taking any trouble about?

Ayres. He is at the bottom of all the political agitation in this place.

Cave. Besides being at the bottom of things, is there any more tangible evidence of his activities?

Ayres. He wears Khadder always, and spins it too.

Cave. That will do. The word Khadder makes me shudder. It is the epitome of the whole man. I would rather be shot dead from the mouth of a Krupp Gun rather than be broken on a spinning-wheel. The Government will value your services all the more, if you offer yourself as a witness against him.

Ayres. Am I to understand that you have made up your mind to take action against him?

Cave. To-morrow he will be arrested and brought to trial.

Ayres. Thank you. Of course, I am quite ready to depose at the trial. May I take it that you are not going to take serious notice of the petitions against me?

Cave. Go away in peace. Your loyalty amply compensates for all your deficiencies.

Scene VI.

Mr. Cave, in conference with his subordinates. Seated round a table, are some Magistrates, and Police Officers.

Mr. Cave. Gentlemen! I hear persistent rumours that all is not well with the town of Puthur. It appears that of late the vicious doctrines of Gandhi, have penetrated into this peaceful corner of India, and the people full of the Gandhi spirit have converted their homes into manufactories and magazine stores, not of guns or bombs, but of things deadlier still, namely Khadder. Implements of warfare have their evolution. Crude stone bludgeons of the savages gave place to bows and arrows, which have in their turn been displaced by guns of every shape and form and power. But I reckon Khadder among the deadliest weapons of warfare ever invented by man, not for the destruction of a battalion here or an army there, but for exterminating a whole race, by a slow process of torture, which is none other than starvation. The British Government are determined to crush out of existence this new foe, and you, as the Ministers appointed for the execution of its commands, should spare no pains to hunt out and punish, with your might and main, all these enemies of the Government. I am informed that Khadder is being manufactured on an extensive scale, in our town of Puthur and prominence is given to the name of one Mani Iyer, a Vakil, as the local Apostle of the Gandhian gospel. It is my desire to make an example of him, by arresting and bringing him to trial without delay, and the severity of punishment meted to him shall make his ardent followers stagger and retreat.

(There is a bustle among his hearers, which catches the attention of Mr. Cave.)

Cave. What is the matter? I heard some voices. *(None answers).* Will none dare speak?

Mr. Fire. Probably it is the inaudible chorus of disapproval.

Cave. Is it so? Speak out.

All Magistrates together. We entirely agree. We entirely agree.

Cave. *(Noticing one of the Magistrates wearing a Khadder coat.)* Hallo! What is that coat? Khadder? Eh?

Magistrate. It came by a mistake on my back.

Cave. Then throw it out, without delay. *(The Magistrate runs out and leaving his coat outside comes in)* It is better to be coatless than wear a Khadder coat. *(Notices another Magistrate with a Khadder turban.)* Hallo! Your turban, please. *(The Magistrate throws off his turban outside.)* A third Magistrate with a Khadder Dhoti runs out and comes back wearing a towel. Gentlemen, don't be ashamed, because you are not in full paraphernalia. The day may come when you may not be able to purchase in the Bazaars anything except Khadder. Then you shall have to sit in your Judgment seats stark naked, and administer justice (in a sense it would be savage justice) on Khadder wearing humanity. But, we need not anticipate the evil day too soon. I think I have unburdened myself of all that I wished to say in connection with Khadder. And now we will disperse.

(All get up and go away).

(To be continued).

FROM A BISHOP TO HIS CLERGY

We who have assumed the labour, the responsibilities and the joy of the Priesthood have done so because we aspire to serve. Serve what—a Church organization, or humanity as a whole? Do we want to build an institution which will eventually enslave men and limit life, or do we plan to erect a bridge between heaven and earth over which men may walk to kneel at the feet of Incarnate Love, and thus experience Life in its fullness? If we are building an organization which will forge new chains to bind mankind, let us quickly destroy it before it adds to the sum-total of the sorrow of an unhappy world; but if we are erecting a structure over which the Christ may cross that He may walk in freedom among men, then we have nothing to fear when His messenger raises the voice of challenge. —I. S. C.

"DON'TS" FOR AMATEUR THEATRICALS

BY N. R. DEOBHANKAR



ON'T go in for an entertainment unless you have really entertainment to offer. To paint the face, wear a false beard or stand behind foot-lights does not by itself constitute dramatic success. Plot and intelligent acting are also required.

Don't stage anything which could be construed as a caricature of a class, community or institution which is not your own. There is plenty of amusement besides satire.

Don't have men for women's parts—if it can be helped. The best of men-actors cannot but look grotesque in a woman's role, all the magic of the green-room notwithstanding.

Don't go into a huff if you can't have the hero's part, or don't get the dress you fancy. A drama does not consist of kings and queens only and histrionic triumph does not depend on diamonds or cloth of gold.

Don't stage an item, however small, without rehearsal, even if you fancy yourself a Garrick or a Raghavachari. Clumsiness on the stage is not only a discredit to yourself—which perhaps you deserve, but an insult to the audience which is gratuitous.

Don't violate the privacy of the rehearsals. Admit a discerning critic or two but remember that the finest show loses its thrill when familiarised.

Don't upset rehearsals by your delay. When people respect a common engagement and attend at great inconvenience, it is annoying to be held up by one defaulter.

Don't interfere with stage arrangements. Once duties are divided, don't poach. Make suggestions to the man in

"DON'TS" FOR AMATEUR THEATRICALS 697

charge but don't remove a pin or shift a chair without his approval. Too many cooks spoil the broth.

Don't let the passages in the auditorium get blocked. Volunteers themselves are more often guilty of this than the public. Don't let there be wasteful gaps in the lines of the audience.

Don't forget the team spirit. Success depends upon each actor fulfilling his or her part at the right time and place. "They also serve who stand and wait".

Don't dawdle on the stage, nor behind the scenes. Let one item follow another in quick succession. Where you want a little time for scene-shifting, fill the gap with music. Don't let the audience yawn.

Don't imagine that cap and bells, vulgar jokes, a free-fight and a bout of eating and drinking comprise wit and humour. Comic is the most difficult part and the would-be clown requires the strictest control. Beware of your Charlie Chaplins and Harold Lloyds.

Don't crush the novice with perpetual fault-finding. Correction, to be effective, has to be diluted with praise. You can flog a donkey or dangle a carrot before it, to spur it on. A judicious combination of the two methods is what a good coach employs.

Don't be too Bohemian in your Dramatic Clubs if you desire the co-operation of ladies and the renaissance of the stage. There is a prejudice against women appearing behind the foot-lights, and the best way to conquer it is not to exasperate Mrs. Grundy.

Don't spend the funds of the Dramatic Association as if they were inexhaustible—or your own. Don't count free joy-rides and frequent refreshments as legitimate privileges of actors and organisers. Don't fail to render account of every pie collected and spent.

Don't clamour for complimentary tickets and fill the theatre with your cousins and friends. Leave a few seats for the paying audience also.

Don't shirk the drudgery of the winding up. The majority of amateurs come to the end of their enthusiasm by the time the curtain falls on the last scene. Don't leave the general tidying up, making over charge of the theatre, returning borrowed articles, settling accounts and a host of other uninteresting but essential things to one or two good-natured, uncomplaining workers.

Don't forget to render thanks in public to the institutions or individuals who have given the loan of the hall or of articles or have helped in any other way.

Don't carry the tiffs of the green-room and the stage beyond the theatre. In moments of bustle and tension we all tread on one another's toes without malice. It is generous to forgive and forget and part friends.

The vicar of a certain parish fell ill, and being a believer in quietness wished to avoid the rush of inquiries from his parishioners. So he had a board put up, where, friends inquiring could read—

5 P. M. Vicar ill.

6 P. M. Vicar worse.

7-30 P. M. Vicar in most dangerous condition.

8 P. M. Vicar dead.

Next morning the servant reported to the vicar, now really improving, a subsequent addition made without his knowledge:—

8 A. M. Consternation in heaven. Vicar not yet arrived. Worst feared.

ADVICE TO GRADUATES

BY MISS ELEANOR MC DOUGALL

Not endowments or equipments or buildings, not wise regulations or efficient administration, secure the vitality of a University or the happiness of a State, but the spirit of the privileged and educated men and women on whom the University has laid its kindling and restraining influence arousing them to hopes and aims far beyond self-interest and self-regard.



THE duty of the University is two fold ; to increase knowledge in itself and to increase the number of those who can receive and make fruitful use of knowledge. Some of the work of our University has in past years lacked depth and height because the first of these two functions was unduly neglected, and we must all rejoice that a better day has begun to dawn. That it is the duty of the University to increase the sum of human knowledge, to extend yet wider the shores of light, to drive ignorance and obscurity away from all the regions of human interest within its province, few will deny. Knowledge is in itself a divine and beautiful thing, a positive good in itself and one which we are bound to impart as well as possess. To every nation has been given a contribution of its own to make to the mental wealth of the world, a contribution which no other nation can make. In this richly endowed land and people of South India there are vast possibilities of knowledge and enlightenment still unexplored, and not yet made available for the benefit of mankind. The University is the natural and appointed channel for these streams of new truth, and though it has hardly entered yet on its great task, still an encouraging start has been made in these last years, and we can begin to see more clearly the outlines of that goodly land which it will one day invade and possess. Moreover, if a teacher who has ceased to learn is a guide whose lantern has

* Substance of the Convocation Address delivered on August 6, at the Senate House, Madras.

gone out, a University which has ceased to add to knowledge is no longer a garden but a flower-shop.

To give oneself to such work and to enable the University to serve humanity in this great and disinterested way is indeed a noble ambition, and we may hope that some in this gathering will hear and obey the call to such a life. But this call can come to only a few. Exceptional powers of mind are needed and there must be a detachment from personal aims and ambitions such as most men cannot attain, and many do not desire to attain. To most of you the University is rather an *Alma Mater* than a heroic leader in a life long service of knowledge, and your part has been rather to receive than to give. But on you also the University makes a claim through the other part of its function—the training of men and women to serve their country in the path of action rather than of study. By imparting relevant knowledge indeed, but much more by inducing a certain attitude of mind, by instilling a certain habit of intellectual activity, the University strives to train its alumni to a distinctive way of doing things. The State must be governed and administered, public life must be guided, the liberal professions must be carried on, the higher forms of trade and commerce must be maintained. For all these purposes technical knowledge is needed which the University provides, but her higher duty is to see that the way in which that knowledge is used and applied should be the very best possible. There is no surer test of the healthy or unhealthy condition of a State than the tone and temper of its professional classes and as the University claims the responsibility of the training of these she looks with eager concern and hope upon her graduates whose fidelity to her training must so soon be tried.

A liberal profession is one worthy of a free man, a profession which no slave could or would adopt, the occupation of a person who is free from bondage to absorbing personal desires and ambitions. Renown is not its objective, and money still less so. The man of liberal education is "at leisure from himself" and free to give his best thoughts and efforts to the tasks of a disinterested service. One who has

mental resources of his own does not need wealth to provide him with enjoyments. The great aim of a liberal profession is not to make use of other men, or to dominate them, but to serve them, in the way which that profession has made its own. We make a false antithesis when we contrast liberty and service. There is no slavery so abject as bondage to one's own undisciplined passions and caprices, and if the object which we serve is high enough, "service is perfect freedom."

From that bondage the University has sought to free you, in that service she seeks to enlist you. By opening to you many regions of absorbing interest, by teaching you to find a pure and lasting pleasure in books, by giving you access to at least two great literatures, by bringing you into stimulating contact with older and more learned people, your teachers and professors, by affording you intimacy with fellow-students in many delightful friendships, above all, by the mental and intellectual training of hard and exacting study, she has sought to set you free from crippling self-regard, from stultifying pride and prejudice, from vague miseries of mental vacuity, from the ineffectiveness of a desultory habit of mind, from a craven fear of criticism or blame, from subjection to the tyranny of custom, and from all the pettiness which brings about more pain and distress than the grave deep tragedies of life. If the University has had its will with you, if it can look on you as you leave this assembly with the assurance that its discipline has borne fruit, then the country may hope much from the host of graduates at this stirring time of hope and opportunity. For what India needs, and what all countries need in these perilous and momentous days of ours, is not only or chiefly the leadership of men endowed with genius, but much more the faithful and willing service of great hosts of men and women citizens, endowed with well-trained minds and inspired by self-disciplined patriotism, who will carry on the public life of the nation with integrity and efficiency, maintain and improve the high traditions of the liberal professions and form wisely and express worthily the public opinion which is the ultimate ruler of all modern states.

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Every graduate will be called on for such service, but there are some whose responsibility will have a special as well as a general significance. To you who have been trained for the legal profession the country will commit the sacred charge of her laws, and her honour at home and abroad, trusting that you will render justice accessible to the lowliest and most helpless, that you will maintain every man in his right, that you will defend the cause of the widow and the fatherless, that no thought of personal gain will tempt you to foster strife and multiply litigation, nor any yearning for fame induce you to make the worse appear the better cause. Your indispensable service to your country is to keep pure the sources of justice and to hand down to those who shall follow you the tradition of a legal profession, without fear and without reproach.

To the medical men and women about to enter on their compassionate ministry of reducing the sum of human pain and anguish there is little to say. The medical tradition is so beautiful and high, that the doctor has with justice been called "the fine flower of our modern civilisation." It is a great advantage that unselfishness, courage and compassion will always be expected of you. Some of you will be engaged in the prevention as well as in the cure of disease, a far more rewarding effort. For, disease must be cured in the individual, but it may be prevented in the multitude, and the discoverer of a new prophylaxis may avert suffering from millions. Before you all gleams the guiding light, the glowing hope that by brilliant conjecture and patient toil of experiment, you may light upon the secret magic which shall meet and overthrow some hideous enemy of man, leprosy, cancer, cholera. But the more splendid the tradition, the greater is the ignominy and reproach of any who may dim or soil the glory of "that profession which has at all times and in all lands been held in honour by men."

Many of you also will enter upon a yet more sacred vocation, the training of children and young people in school and college education. It is the intractable uselessness of ill-educated human nature that causes most of our social and economic ills. The secret of welfare in any State is

that each citizen should have his suitable and recognised function and be able and willing to fulfil it, and such is the aim of the educational system of a country. But systems, curricula, and examinations, however ably devised, buildings, equipment, and text-books, however lavishly provided, are useless and futile without the one essential of education, the teacher with the divine spark of inspiration and devotion. This is work on which no man or woman should enter without vocation. The performing of it is in itself delightful, for we are dealing with the hopeful and charming part of the human race, we are preparing good rather than combating evil, we renew our youth in sympathetic intercourse with our pupils, and every teacher worth the name has a present reward in their affection and confidence. But teaching is rightly classed among dangerous occupations—dangerous to the teacher if his power over the children renders him a despot, and dangerous to the taught if the spirit which permeates the class-room is sordid, shallow or false. In education, we have to handle the most costly and sensitive material known to man—the mind and soul of a child.

Some of you will enter upon the difficult work of educating older people through authorship. Books and newspapers, and, to some extent, plays and cinema films, are the school of the adult population, and the production of these is largely the province of University graduates. A country looks to its University men and women to create literature which shall add to the beauty and glory of its language,—which may indeed avert the death of that language. For in these days of rapid human intercourse and of interests and enterprises which involve the whole world, the barriers set by diversity of speech must inevitably be lowered and rendered less separating. The demand for a common language for the human race, whether it be Hindi, Chinese, English, Spanish, or some other tongue, is sure to become more, and more insistent, and this will inevitably lead to the gradual disappearance of many languages now in wide use. The one thing that will save a language is the creation in it of literature so beautiful that men will be ready to go through

the toil of learning to read it. A language earns length of days by the literature it produces.

May it be granted to some of you to ennoble your mother-tongue by writing deathless poetry; but the power and inspiration for this can be given to few. It is true that the University cannot make poets but the University prepares an audience for the poet, imparts the literary taste that can understand and enjoy his work, gives him the circle of friendly readers without which the best poetry does not come into being, and the trained and disciplined criticism which will inspire him to put forth his very best. This service the University should do both to its poets and their readers. It has been said that the test of education is its power to impart delight in reading good literature. Few of us can ourselves create great literature, but all the sons and daughters of the University should be able to serve their country by demanding and encouraging good books.

This responsibility will in a special degree lie on those of you who make journalism your field of service. The daily Press is nowadays almost the most potent influence for good and evil that we know. It insensibly moulds the habit of thought of its daily readers to generosity or meanness, self-interest or patriotism, a love of truth or a thirst for excitement, self-flattery or self-criticism. This subtle influence is far more momentous than the newspapers' advocacy of particular views. Yet this too is very important and an irresponsible Press is almost the most baneful curse that a country can suffer under. Yet the responsibility is not with the journalist alone. Every nation gets the Press it deserves. Newspapers deeply influence the taste and opinions of their readers, but on the other hand, they supply what the public asks for, and are sensitive to every fluctuation of the popular demand. University graduates can render service to both these reciprocal influences. As journalists they can use the balance of judgment, freedom from prejudice, and exactness of expression which the University has sought to teach them, and as readers of newspapers they can demand a worthy treatment of subjects worthy of record, and

discourage sensational exaggeration, trivial silliness and vindictive bitterness.

Many of you will enter the service of Government or some public body, and pass your life in working some part of the great machine of our civilisation. On the uprightness of the administration depend the safety, honour and welfare of the people, on the efficiency of the administration depend their comfort, ease and leisure. It is wonderful to note how much avoidable misery can be caused by mere slackness and inefficiency in the public services by procrastination and delay, by disorder and muddle, not to speak of graver failings. If the true patriot is he who pays the income-tax promptly and cheerfully, rejoicing to do his share in bearing the public burden of his country, so the true servant of the public is he who administers his office with the same interest, care and solicitude that he devotes to the management of his family concerns.

Into most of these professions and occupations, though not yet into all, women graduates as well as men will find entrance, and it is with great satisfaction that the University sees from year to year an ever larger band of women taking part in the ceremony of graduation. The feelings which stir the men graduates are shared by the women, but I think that we are moved by a yet deeper sense of gratitude to the University. For we have entered on the fruits of the labours of men in which we had little share, and further we have been treated by the University with greater generosity than any public body has accorded to women—the generosity of impartial justice. Not by special treatment has the University helped us, nor by humiliating and weakening privileges, but by a frank welcome to meet its ordeals and stand its tests. Opportunity has been the great gift of the University to women, and now that so many have turned it to good effect we trust that the larger world without will deal with us as the University has dealt. The service which the women graduates will render to their country will be the reward of the University. All will gain by it, but there is a special service to their own sex which only they can give. This is the devising of a suitable education

for the women of this land, a problem of especial urgency now that the demand for the education of girls has in this last year taken a new strength and insistency. It cannot be solved with complete success by men or by foreigners, but awaits its solution by Indian women. By treating them for the time being as if you were men, the University has given you the mental training of which women have stood so greatly in need—strengthening the will and clearing the mind, teaching lucidity, candour and courage, and conferring a wide outlook and a balanced judgment. The time will come when women will not only receive from the University, but will give gifts in return, attaining to a full share in its teaching, and administration, but that time is not yet. In the meantime, it is better that women should for the most part be educated in Colleges of their own, where their own ideas can take shape and come to fruition rather than in institutions which were devised for the needs of men, where women must be passive recipients and cannot mould or modify the education which they are receiving.

All of us are citizens and members of a nation. It is not for University men and women to stand apart from the national life for which their education has been preparing them, nor would any wish to do so. All graduates should take an earnest and active interest in politics and form independent and reasoned judgments on public events; they should bring knowledge and intelligence to the help of all parties. It is certainly not the aim or duty of the University to produce men and women who by reason of their education will all belong to the same political party. There should not and indeed there cannot be, a University party in politics. University training will be worse than a failure if it turns out alumni all of one pattern, or seeks to impress on the minds of its graduates one set of opinions in a region where diversity of view is the salt of life. Every political party, unless it be hopelessly insincere and unscrupulous, ought to find recruits among the young people who are just now pouring forth from their colleges and bringing with them the characteristics which may lift politics to the level of a high public service. All parties need men

and women who possess the ability to see both sides of a question and yet hold steadily the view which seems to them the truest, who can discriminate between important and trivial issues and discern what is the real heart of a problem, who can balance the good and evil of a measure or movement, and who are willing to give the adversary credit for a worthy motive. The presence and influence of such in each of our parties would go far to solve the painful problems which India and many other countries are facing to day. What troubles our world so deeply at this time is the shortage in all parties of the qualities of the statesman and the prevalence in all parties of ignorance and prejudice. It is true that every party contains some exalted and noble spirits, but every party needs a strong recruitment of such, and it is to the University that they naturally and hopefully turn in order to find them. University men and women have learnt to require evidence before they accept reports and rumours: they ask for a foundation for their beliefs; they can listen with concentrated attention to a detailed statement and grasp a complex policy; they can hear with respect and courtesy the expression of views distasteful to them; they have a sense of proportion. They have passed beyond the blind patriotism which can see no good in another nation, beyond the weak patriotism which cannot endure to recognise any lack of perfection in the Motherland, and have come to the faith, hope and love which belong to the true patriotism.

University graduates are often called to leadership in the public life of their country, but our main thought today should be of the nobler call to service. He who desires to lead is by that desire rendered less fit to lead. One of the great gains of our modern times is the changed concept of public leadership. It is no longer regarded as a glittering prize, but as a type of service so arduous and so heavily weighted with responsibility that even a brave man will hesitate to accept it. Service may include leadership or may bring a man to a place where he cannot refuse it, but leadership and power are best if they come unsolicited and unstained by personal ambition.

TOO STUPID FOR A JOKE

BY V. N. CHARI

I

SAMINATHA Sastri was perturbed. His mind was violently agitated by the waters of domestic turbulence and turmoil. The mental equipoise was dislocated. The little peace of mind that was his was gone.

What was it that troubled this man whom nothing in the world could shake? It was this. His eldest son, Krishnamurthi whom he had educated at a great cost in the hope of increasing through him his already large patrimony had demanded a partition—a partition when his brothers were yet but boys and his father was in the full flush of youth! Whoever had heard of such a partition? This is not all. This hot-headed fellow of a graduate, basking under the smiles of his wife and at her instance, perhaps, had forgotten his filial duty and had called him names, had asked him to swear, and had threatened him with a civil suit. Whoever had heard of such things and at such a place as Mamanoor, where the Goddess of Wealth represents the twin virtues, of Miserliness and Heartlessness? Far better would it have been, thought the unhappy father, if such a son as this one had proved to be had not been born at all! Far better to be sonless and enter the gates of the *Naraga* or *Puth* if necessary than have a treacherous son who would call upon his father to produce accounts, and question the validity and appropriateness of the entries therein! Perhaps, his son was not to blame. It may be all due to the mischievous suggestion of Krishnamurthi's wife, the effect of her curtain lectures. True he had told his wife even at the time of the marriage that to marry her brother's daughter to their son would mean marrying trouble. But his wife, Krishnamurthi's mother had stuck to her guns and he had to yield to her wishes. And now his son does what he himself did and what all the world is doing—wife-worshipping. Further did he—Saminatha

Sastri—not himself demand a partition under similar circumstances from his father? How history repeats itself! But then Saminatha Sastri did not want his son to be another edition of himself, with all his foibles and faults intensified. Anyhow, the boy ought to have shown some respect for paternal feelings, some discretion and individuality even in pleasing his wife.

Such were the thoughts that surged through Saminatha Sastri's feverish brain, as he lay on the pial of the house, reviewing the events of the morning, when after hot words between father and son, the latter left home with his wife to Rampur, the place of his employment, without taking any food and without bidding good-bye to his parents.

Saminatha Sastri, as the reader might have guessed by now, is a rich mirasdar of Mamanoor on the banks of Pennar, a village notorious for its Shylocks. Though outwardly orthodox, that is, to the extent that orthodoxy did not involve spending money or using brains, Saminatha Sastri had not much scruples in the ways pursued regarding the acquisition of wealth in all its forms. All sorts of social reform were opposed to his sentiments, but he made one generous exception, to the uplift of widows. A short man, bony and brawny with a face in which hypocrisy was writ large, he passed for a gentleman by his smooth and polished manners among those people who did not or could not understand all the wiles and machinations that lay engulfed in his heart. But with his son it was a case of Diamonds cutting Diamonds. Hence the trouble.

II

Krishnamurthi too was agitated in his humble home at Rampur. His father had flown into a passion, had heaped upon him—a graduate of the Madras University and a respectable teacher to boot—all sorts of vile and filthy abuses, and had thrown obloquy on his beloved. And yet not a word from his mother! Unfatherly and unmotherly! And all this for simply asking what was his legal right. True he had not studied for law even though his father had pressed him once to take to that profession. But he knew

this much that a joint family member acquires in the coparcenary property a right by birth. He simply chooses to exercise this right now and go off with his share of the property. What harm could befall his father? And then the words that his father said kept on ringing in his ears. 'God will smite you dead!' Well, Krishnamurthi must do something to avert a repetition of the unpleasant events alluded to. No question of postponing.

III

The *Daily News* of 15th May 1920 flashed forth the following account:

News is to hand of the sudden and tragic death of M. R. Ry. S. Krishnamurti Aiyer, B. A., Teacher, Edward School, Rampur. The deceased was run over by a taxi at a turning where the road was very narrow, the wheels passing right through his neck, and life forsook him before any medical aid could be got. It is learnt that he leaves behind him a number of relations and friends to lament over his death.

The paper reached Rampur also and the first to read it was none else than Krishnamurthi himself! Here he was in flesh and blood, in the enjoyment of sound health, reading the paper in which is represented in gloomy colours the story of his death. The age of miracles is not past yet, he thought. His face was a picture in which a conflict of emotions was visible. But what was the predominant note? No one could say.

The news reached far and wide into distant streets and hamlets among his students, friends and collaborators. Some were stunned, but all were surprised and startled. And they came from all sides with their sad-looking faces and condolences. And they were startled again to see the hero of the obituary himself standing in his house to receive them. Was it he or his ghost? It was only a momentary doubt dispelled as soon as it arose.

There must have been some mistake, somewhere, they thought. The Editor must be sounded and the author of the mischievous letter found and arraigned before a court of law. Steps must be taken immediately, for such things, if left undetected and unpunished, have got a tendency to

get repeated, perhaps with greater virulence, with deadlier force.

Krishnamurthi sits quiet, nods philosophically but is not in a mood to act; or to spend money. And so his friends act for him. The Manager of the School sends in a contradiction to the press which is duly published and commented upon in a sub-leader. Here is the extract:

It is only given to a few people to read their own obituary notice and see the effect that it produces on the public. The product of a strange whim or a mischievous curiosity, it evokes in the mind of different individuals totally different feelings except with that unanimity of opinion which finally follows, 'Let Peace be with the Dead'. Modern newspaper world has nothing to boast of better than its obituary columns when they represent true facts. But when living persons are arraigned and maligned by an obituary notice, as in the case of Mr. Krishnamurthi Iyer, Edward School, Rampur, it is the duty of those in custody of law to detect the offender who was responsible for the mischief and bring him to book. Our sincere regrets and apologies to all those whose feelings have been wounded by our mistake in publishing the obituary notice.

IV

The *Daily News* carried the sad message to Mamanoor also. Letters and telegrams also came pouring in asking Saminatha Sastri about the truth of the news. Some came forth with their condolences and commented on the irony of fate in snatching away one as young and clever as Krishnamurthi. But Saminatha Sastri sits adamant. 'The news is too bad to be true'. Some suggested the giving of an express pre-paid reply telegram to Rampur. Others said it would be better if Saminatha Sastri took the next train to Rampur. But our Sastri nods his head and says: 'What good can come of it? It will be a sheer waste of money. Dead or alive, we can't do anything. Can we? Let us wait and see'. Wait he did. And two days after a relation of his sent him a wire saying that he had himself been to Rampur on seeing the obituary notice and that it was all false. "I know it would be so," said the Shylock Sastri.

V

Krishnamurthi's trick—if ever trick it was—to touch the tender chord of paternal and maternal feelings by

sending such a news and make them come in all haste to see him, I need not say, failed. Not even a letter about the occurrence came, though he knew quite well from a number of sources that the message had reached his parents. Instead, a score of letters came from his friends on their seeing the editorial note about the falsity of the message. And Krishnamurthi consoled himself with the thought that after all the bluff had not cost him much, though it had cost others more. Well, his father knew more of life than he. But did he suspect the secret? I can't say, nor you for the matter of that.

COME !

In Thy search I wander still,
And still the longing grows ;
Unquenched, unconquered is
The Flame which burns within.

And oft I ask if o'er this quest
May touch Thy lotus-feet ;
Come Thou in quest of me, O King !
Come Thou to bless and heal !

Come Thou, nor starve the hope within my heart !
Come Thou that I may turn
From these my wander-years,
And greet Thee as my Lord and Love !

—T. L. Vaswani

CHILDISH IMPRESSIONS

The Ghost

BY E. A. VENKATALAKSHMI BAI



VERY child is imaginative and impressive at the age of five, and I was not an exception. One of the inevitable childish impressions is that of the ghost, and the idea of the ghost was firmly implanted in my head. It was in vain that my mother tried to rid my head of this idea. There it was, and there it remained.

There was a back room in our house and it was there I imagined that my ghost dwelt. As this room was never used, the sky-lights remained always closed, and as a result, the room was in perpetual darkness. I had always heard that ghosts went about only at night, and so, I concluded that a dark room would be the most likely place in which a ghost might dwell.

I imagined my ghost to wear a long white veil and move about the house quite noiselessly during the night. One night—it was about ten o'clock—the family had finished dinner and were preparing for bed. We children were altogether four, in number, and we had a big room all by ourselves. Our beds were spread on the floor. I had a dreadful fascination for the dark back-room, and it was a daily practice with me to have a long look at the closed door of it, every night before I went to bed.

So it happened that on that particular night I was staring with large fascinated eyes at something which I saw through the half-closed door of the back-room. I was standing in the middle of the large kitchen which was directly opposite the ghost room. I had a good view of the back-room from where I stood, and thus it was that I saw that fearful something which froze my blood. My hair stood on end and large beads of perspiration broke out on my forehead. I was numb with fear and my limbs were like lead. I could not move them. There was nobody in the kitchen,—and then,—Oh, horror !—I found that fearful something

gliding slowly towards the kitchen where I stood.—My God! it was the ghost in a flowing white garb, and it gazed at me with sparkling eyes, through the white veil. Words could hardly describe the terror I felt. Yet I could not flee, for my feet seemed to be glued to the floor. I stood petrified at the terrible object which was nearing me with noiseless and measured steps.—The next moment a gruff voice called me by name.—That was all—the spell was broken. I uttered a loud piercing shriek, turned round, and fled from the room. Peals of laughter rang out behind me; but I never turned round. I ran madly and fell into a dead faint in my mother's arms as she was coming out of the bed-room to see what was the matter.

* * * *

All through the night I was delirious and raved like a mad thing. The next morning my temperature rose high, and our family doctor was summoned. He examined me carefully and pronounced the fever to be the result of a severe mental shock. He prescribed some pills and potions and left. I was in a precarious condition for several days, and it took all my mother's energy and care, to nurse me out of my dangerous condition.

About a fortnight later, I was pronounced to be out of danger; but I was reduced to a mere shadow of my former self. A month passed, and I was once again the jolly plump child of five. One night—it was summer—we children were sitting on the large terrace enjoying the cool breeze. My mischievous elder brother Shankar, who had been going about the house in a very down-hearted manner since my illness, got up from his seat near me, and went across to my father and talked to him in a nervous manner for a few minutes. At last father spoke and said: "Never mind this once, my boy, I forgive you. But mind you never repeat these dangerous jokes again. For all you know, the child might have gone mad!" He beckoned me to him and spoke to me for five minutes, and at the end of it I knew that it was Shankar who acted the ghost and frightened me out of my wits.

OUR MODERN CONVENIENCES

BY K. KRISHNAMURTHY



It is my intention to discuss in this article some of the so-called "time and trouble saving" inventions of modern times. No one can argue that the many different machines which we are seeing around us are all great savers of either time or trouble. On the contrary, I have serious doubts as to whether it is true in the case.

Take the case of the electric light. Its original inventor no doubt intended it to be a charitable institution which is to provide the lazy presser of a button with a flood of brilliant light. Let us console ourselves that after all ideals are seldom realised in full. I will stretch a point further; the electric light *does* under normal circumstances function properly, in the sense that it actually emits a great deal of powerful light at the mere touch of a switch. Whether this light does also, as some well-intentioned doctors opine, harm the human eye, let us leave out for the present. But that is not all. The button-pressing business is not so easy as it sounds.

On some occasions the lighting apparatus loses its customary benevolence, and assumes an air of resolute hostility. You press the button, 'click' the switch, all to no purpose. You press and click it both ways, gently at first, and then, I am afraid, a trifle inconsiderately. There is no flood of white light, or any kind of light whatever. You rage, you fume, you dance; but the switch is calm, it is even contemptuously silent. You lose your temper and say some very harsh things about it, and seek the help of your old comrade, the oil lamp. A little later, you feel penitent and approach the thing gingerly. You try it, and lo! there is a click, and a flood of pure light. The electric light is, you will admit, something of a sportsman.

On some other occasions, the light goes out in the middle of the night. You may have perhaps noticed that the electric light has an unpleasant habit of going out just as you get to some interesting stage of your novel.

Immensely curious as to whether The Avenger is the detective, or the family lawyer, you resolve to try some homely methods of correcting the switch. Accordingly, you take hold of the brass cover and unscrew it. The only light in the room is the faint moonlight coming in through the window. Nothing daunted, you poke your finger inside and prise the contents one way and another. Suddenly you give out a short, sharp, shrill sound and embark upon a game of "leap-frog," such as would delight the heart of any male child between the ages of five and nine. The circuit of the room having been completed with your hands between your knees, you come back to the switch and willingly conclude in indelicate haste your lesson in electrical engineering.

Another common instrument is the wire-ful telephone. Let me state, at the very outset, that I am referring to the rather ancient form of the instrument which is in vogue in our smaller towns, where a human individual is necessary to connect callers up. The procedure regular users adopt is very interesting.

Whenever they want to ring up anybody, they take up the receiver, crank the machine, and shout to the operator to put them through to the desired number. Apparently the man or the girl at the Exchange fails to catch the number. "Hello", they say for the third time, "twenty-three ninety-five..... Twen-ty thr-ee nine-ty fi-ve". Suddenly an inspiration dawns in the mind of the operator, and he or she valiantly connects them to number 2309. They next apologise to the unfortunate person with whom they have been connected, and try again. This time they are put through nearer home. Again a hasty apology, and a tactical retreat follows. If they are extraordinarily lucky, if they have got up on to the right side that morning, and if their stars are in the ascendant at the particular moment, they get connected to the right person at the very next attempt. Otherwise, it takes a good fifteen minutes more for them to reach their objective. When they have finished the call, they have the leisure to reflect that a messenger could have been sent and a reply obtained more easily.

MEN I HAVE KNOWN

VII.

Dr. Pattabhi Sitharamiah.

BY N. S. SRINIVASA IYER, *Advocate.*

“**THE** Swarajists have betrayed the country,” declared Dr. Pattabhi Sitharamiah, with shrill acerbity at a meeting of the All-India Congress Committee held at Patna in September 1925. “I care a jot for you,” retorted Pundit Motilal Nehru immediately. At the end of the proceedings, which went far into the night, Gandhiji, who was presiding over the meeting of the Committee, called upon them to apologise to each other. Pundit Motilal expressed his regret very briefly, while Dr. Pattabhi enumerated at length the circumstances which led him to make this statement, and prayed that he may be forgiven. This episode is only one of the numerous tussles that took place between the Pundit and the Doctor in various Congress meetings. “If there is any one who doubts my motives, I treat him with contempt,” said the Punditji at another meeting of the A. I. C. C. in May 1927. “You are treating this Committee with contempt,” replied the Doctor, and further acrimonious developments were averted by the timely intervention of the Chairman, Mr. S. Srinivasa Iyengar. When Pundit Motilal was for a second time called upon to fill the Presidential Chair of the National Congress in 1928, he gave a place in the Congress Cabinet to his erstwhile opponent, the Doctor; and he, who for years had been in opposition and had adopted all the tactics of a freelance, found the mantle of responsibility and power thrown upon him.

No man has been more violently condemned by his opponents or run down more mercilessly than Dr. Pattabhi Sitharamiah. Years ago, a portentous pamphlet, entitled

'Bogus Patriot,' was published and circulated in large numbers. It was a strange, ill-assorted, ill-written collection of charges against the Doctor, covering every phase of his public and his private life, but Dr. Pattabhi has survived this campaign of calumny and vilification; and by dint of a steady adherence to political principles and his creed, he has succeeded in earning the confidence of his countrymen in his integrity and character. He always throws an air of mystery and reserve about him, which helped his enemies in their mendacious task, but if you run him down to earth the intangible, dreadful man is soon perceived to be one of the simplest of human beings, utterly frank in his views, though often pungent in the expression of them. The cardinal feature about the Doctor is that he detests the limelight and loathes the arts of advertisement whereby the average politician seeks to foist himself upon the public. He has an almost aristocratic detachment, which makes it impossible for him to play the role of the demagogue, or appeal to the passions of the public. He has no liking for the sensational or the meretricious. Years back he was offered the Editorship of a well-known Daily Newspaper in Bombay with a handsome salary attached to it, but he declined it, and preferred to pursue the even tenor of his way, true to the traditions he has built up for himself and the atmosphere in which he liked to move. Week after week, through his paper, the *Janmabhumi*, he expressed himself in disconcerting terms of men and events. There was no compromise, no equivocation, no desire to please or placate any one. Rarely does it fall to the lot of any Editor to be so faithfully mirrored in the paper which he edits, and Dr. Pattabhi's Weekly, until by forces of circumstances he was compelled to close it, kept the traditions of Indian weekly journalism at an exalted level. By an irony of fate, it was reserved for Dr. Pattabhi to question the leadership in Indian politics of Gandhiji. This happened nearly twelve years ago, just prior to the Amritsar Congress. The leading personalities in the political field then were Tilak, Gandhi and Mrs. Besant, but within a year, the Doctor changed his views, and his allegiance to Gandhiji

since then has been firm and enduring. He gave his whole-hearted support to the programme of non-violent Non-Cooperation in 1920-21, and through the varying phases of Gandhi's career he has stood by him. He supported the Bardoli surrender of February 1922. A man of daring and sceptical temperament, he is as enthusiastic about the spinning wheel as the Saint of Sabarmati, and can descant at length on its manifold virtues. He did not suffer for his convictions in the movement of 1921, but when the second call came and the civil disobedience campaign was started, he soon found himself within the prison walls.

It is not as a powerful organiser or a leader with much following that Dr. Pattabhi will be remembered. He is in the main an intellectual force, who has perceived in the Gandhian gospel the only sure method of realising Swaraj. Critics have ignorantly questioned his integrity and assailed his character. His patriotism, however, has stood the test of suffering and sacrifice, and though he might be a puzzle to many of those who speak his own language, his part in the Indian renaissance cannot be gainsaid or overlooked by any impartial person. No one could explain the significance of the national movement more lucidly than Dr. Pattabhi, or illumine, as if by a flash of lightning, all its aspects. If, as it sometimes happens to others, the prophet is not always honoured in his own land, one can easily find an explanation for such a phenomenon in the fickleness of the public and their readiness to condemn those whom they cannot understand.

A man's heart is a firework that once in its time flashes heavenwards. Then the night of our sordid common-place life closes in around it, and the burnt-out case, falling back to earth, lies useless and uncared for, slowly smouldering into ashes.

Jerome K. Jerome.

BOOK REVIEWS

A Short History of India by P. T. Srinivasa Iyengar, M. A.
Oxford University Press. Price not mentioned.

Indian history with the late Mr. P. T. S. as he was commonly known, was a consuming passion. Many years of his life were spent in research and in the reconstruction of some of the lost chapters of our early history. He is famous for some original views on the subject. He has not, for example, accepted the popular theory of the Aryan invasion of India. To him the term 'Arya' represents only an evolution in the nature of worship, the evolution from fireless rites to fire rites. This new way of worshipping gods was invented 5000 years ago in Northern India. It consisted in offering sacrifice to God not directly but in dropping it on a fire lighted for the purpose. The burning fire was the god Agni. 'This mode of worship in which the visible fire god acted as the mouth of the invisible Devas, was called the Arya mode. Those who followed it called themselves Aryas, and those who followed the older fireless rites were called Dasyus.' Again another pet view of his is that in early India in the New Stone Age man spoke Tamil and languages allied to Tamil, and it is only because that these languages have been influenced very much by Sanskrit that their connection with Tamil is difficult to establish. With regard to the question of the origin of the Pallavas—a question which is even to-day a standing riddle to students of Indian history—he holds that the Pallavas of Kanchi, who had become Hinduised, belonged originally to the stock of the Sak-Pallavas, the Indo-Cythians as they were called. He rejects the theory of their indigenous origin in spite of the evidence unearthed by Dr. Krishnaswami Aiyengar, from Rajah Sekhara's *Bhuvanakosa*. The Vikramaditya of the legends to P. T. S. is Yasodharman of Malwa and not the Gupta monarch, Chandragupta II, and in the court of Yasodharma dwelt Kalidasa and other gems of literature. All these views find representation in the *Short History*.

On page 31 of the book we read: 'The grand public three-fire rites are quite dead and the simpler one-fire rites have become unpopular and a few of them are now performed in a half-hearted manner in the houses of Brahmanas.' To a rational mind, ceremonies and sacrifices are merely mechanical, and have little or no value. It cannot, however, be disputed that there are

several people in India who honestly believe in them and also perform them in a whole-hearted manner. Another observation which is likely to meet with some objection is found on page 191. 'Very little of high class literature has been produced by Indian authors in English or in the Indian languages, Rabindranath Tagore being one notable exception.'

The book, though printed in England, is not entirely free from errors. The following are a few we have come across. We read Kaviri for Kaveri on pages 13 and 14; Kamavas for Kauravas on page 35, Vishnuvardhama for Vishnuvardhana on page 19 and Vidembha for Vidarbha on page 33.

These criticisms do not in any manner take away the solid merits of the book. Within the compass of less than 200 pages the story of India, from the paleolithic age to the present time, is narrated. The traditional method of telling Indian history dynasty by dynasty is not followed for its obvious defects, and the story is presented century by century. This enables the reader to have a connected idea of contemporary events. Greater emphasis is laid on the progress of Indian thought and the development of Indian culture than on the rise and fall of various dynasties. The language of the book is simple and lucid. The time charts at the end of the book enhance its value considerably. But for a short index, the get up of the book leaves nothing to be desired. We have no hesitation in recommending 'A short History of India' as an eminently suitable text-book for high school classes.

History of India by E. W. Thomson, M. A., Christian Literature Society. Price Rs. 2-4-0

When the first edition of this book was published in 1908, 'the book was sent forth,' the author says in his preface, 'in the hope that it may help towards the better teaching of Indian history in our Schools and Colleges.' We are not in a position to estimate to what degree the book helped towards this end; perhaps teachers of the subject in our schools and colleges will be. Of one thing we are aware: Indian history has been introduced as a compulsory subject for students doing history in some Indian Universities. A general knowledge of the subject is among the requirements of S. S. L. C. students from 1932 onwards. How it is taught, we have no knowledge. The book under review is the twelfth edition. No material changes have been made in the body of the text except in the chapter on the Pre-historic Age, a paragraph has been added about the recent archaeological discoveries made by Sir John Marshall and his men on the sites of the Indus valley, at Harappa in the Panjab

and Mohenjo-Daro in Sindh. Pictures of the remains of the Indus-civilisation which is said to have existed for thousands of years before 3000 B. C. are also included. Another change is that the story of India has been brought down to the year 1930. Towards the end of Chapter XVII and in Chapter XVIII, the events of the last decade, political, social and economic are described. The rise of Mahatma Gandhi to prominence, his views on modern civilisation, his loss of faith in the British Government and his inauguration of non-violent Non-Co-operation, as a protest against the Rowlatt Act, the Punjab atrocities and the Khilafat wrong, his arrest and incarceration after 'a hearing characterised by singular patience and courtesy,' the Moplah rebellion, 'the most serious rising in India since the mutiny,' are all chronicled. The remark on page 424 that 'when Gandhiji had a serious attack of appendicitis, he was removed to the Poona hospital, where the British surgeon and nurse, by means of that modern science and art which he had maligned, saved and prolonged his life' comes with ill-grace from a Christian missionary. On the author's remarks that it was difficult for Gandhiji to recover, after his release, his position as the nationalist leader because in his absence, Mr. C. R. Das had stepped into his place, that the policy of 'Non-Cooperation had been 'discredited and that ridicule was poured upon the idea that India could be saved by the use of the spinning wheel,' comment is needless. Gandhiji's historic fast for 21 days as a penance for communal strife is referred to, and the Hindu-Muslim contention is described as a scandal to the world and as a grave anxiety to the Indian Government; but the author forgets that many in this country believe that this contention is engineered and fostered by some evil geniuses in the Government itself. The stabilisation of the rupee at 1 sh. 6 d. by an Act of 1927 on the recommendations of the Hilton Young Commission is described. But the post-War history of Indian currency, the 2 sh. ratio, the sale of *reverse councils*, characterised by some as 'organised loot and legalised plunder' are not mentioned at all. According to the author, the outstanding political event of Lord Irwin's term of office is the appointment of the Simon Commission. He does not seem to approve of the refusal to co-operate with the Commission. But events have sufficiently justified the wisdom of the policy of boycott.

On page 434, after making a reference to Lord Irwin's speech in November 1929, where the phrase Responsible Government was explained to mean nothing other than Dominion Status, the author observes: "Here one history has been brought down to our own day. This chapter has reached a point of enthralling interest; but none the less it must close." But the chapter does not really

close. It further runs into 20 pages and more and a review of the principles on which British administration is based, is attempted. The author's dictum that 'the business of the historian is to narrate facts' is interpreted so as to include that the historian may also be a judge, and he could describe the motives and inner life of those who appear on the scene of history. The judgment, so far as they apply to the motives of the Britisher in India, seems to be rather one-sided. The judge takes the role of an advocate and sings the glories of British administration in India, looks upon the British advent as a divine event and considers "the British dominion as the gentlest and at the same time the most powerful influence to which India has ever been subjected." The famous Fardipur speech of the late Mr. Das is quoted for entering into a plea for India remaining within the Empire, "India is now an integral part of the British Empire," says the author and adds, "Under ordinary conditions, the benefits of the connection of England and India are mutual, and both gain by it. Sometimes it is just to require a part to make a sacrifice for the benefit of the whole." The sacrifice on the part of India, for the benefit of Britain has been too long and too large, and she cannot afford and is also not prepared to do so any longer. "It would be easy for England," observes Thomson, "to withdraw, in a fit of faint-hearted despair or vindictive resentment; but that would also be an act of great cruelty and impiety." This is sheer bunk, to use an American expression.

The author would have done well if he had contented himself with the mere narration of events as they have occurred in recent years and resisted the temptation of trying to 'adorn the tale and point a moral'. The book otherwise is excellent and would be found greatly helpful to students in high school and college classes. The book is neatly got up and priced low.

Articles on R. T. C. and other Addresses. Published by the Modern Book Mart, Madras. Price Re. 1.

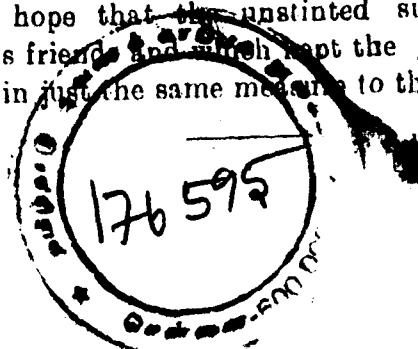
The Modern Book Mart of Madras deserves to be congratulated for publishing in book form the articles and addresses of Mr. C. R. Reddi on the R. T. C. and the Gandhian movement. Mr. Reddi's capacity to wield his pen and tongue is second to none in our country and whatever he writes or speaks is of more than passing interest. As rightly pointed out by Sir P. C. Ray in his foreword to this book, the addresses of Mr. Reddi are not mere verbiage or empty platitudes but are the result of deep thinking on the burning problems of the day and deserve to be read, marked and digested. We are sure the book would be immensely popular.

E. N. S.

OUR EDITOR



It is our duty to convey to our readers the happy news that our Editor, Mr. E. H. Parameswaran, has been offered and has accepted the Headmastership of the Tirthapati High School, Ambasamudram. Two conflicting emotions are aroused in our minds in connection with this event. We cannot help rejoicing over the new opportunity for service in a wider sphere that has been presented to him, but it is a sad wrench for him and us to break away from ties which have been forged for ten long years. To *The Scholar* also, of which he has been the editor and manager ever since its inception, the sudden deprivation of his services is no small loss. The early life of a journal is as trying and troublesome as are the early years of an infant, but with a steadfastness and courage worthy of the cause, he went on striving manfully against discouraging odds and has to-day lived to see its position established, beyond any fear of sudden collapse. To give up active participation in the actual conduct of the journal month after month and be content with the work of supervision and direction would hardly satisfy him, but his consolation must be that he has brought it to such a stage of organisation as to make no one indispensable for its proper functioning. The journal will continue to be printed and published at Palghat as before, and those who have been called upon to take the place vacated by him, will continue to be guided and controlled by him. And it is his earnest hope that the unstinted support so loyally offered by his friends and which kept the journal going will be rendered in just the same measure to them also.



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3. If no competitor's effort agrees precisely with the sealed solution, the prizes will be awarded to the next best decided in the following manner; one mark will be awarded to each clue solved (16 in all) and one additional mark for each square constructed (4 in all), identical with the sealed solution. 20 marks would, of course, be an all-correct solution.

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9. Square words will not accept responsibility for any entry lost, delayed, undelivered or mislaid.

The Family Competition: Four persons can solve the puzzle at the same time by taking one square each, as each square has no connection with any of the other three, and it is not compulsory to do the puzzle in its entirety in order to qualify for Prize.

CLUES.

Example Square.
3 letters

A cleft
To exclude
To sink

A knock

1st Square.
5 letters

A vassal
Marine
A Novalty

Active

2nd Square.
7 letters

To communicate
A fish
Wrinkled

A maker of
horse furniture

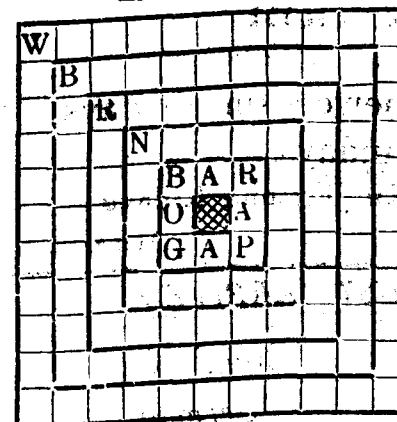
3rd Square.
9 letters

The Bible
Brood of children
First milk of cow
after calving
Generation

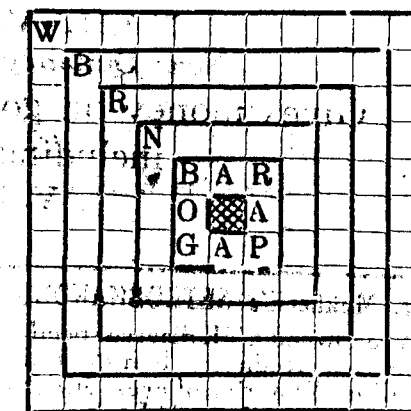
4th Square
11 letters

History of Martyrs
A swingle tree
The witch-hazel
Desirableness

ENTRY FORM



ENTRY FORM



In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the above conditions, and to accept the decision of the Editor as final in all respects.

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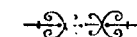
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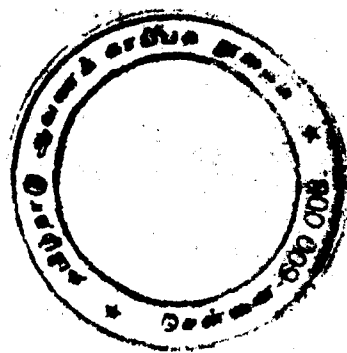
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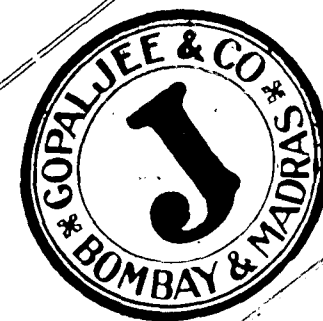


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