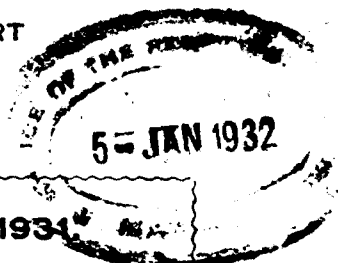


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Stars and Atoms.

By Kavasseri Shivarama Krishnan.

(From the French of Camille Flammarion)



AST night, in the calm and silence of midnight, when the whole of Nature was asleep, I was observing with the telescope a small star lost in the multitude of the celestial splendours, a pale star of the seventh magnitude at an almost immeasurable distance from us.

My thought was transported to it. I considered that the star was invisible to the naked eye; that one could count nineteen stars of the first magnitude, sixty of the second, hundred and eighty-two of the third, five-hundred and thirty of the fourth, thousand six hundred of the fifth and four thousand eight hundred of the sixth—giving a first total of about seven thousand stars visible to the naked eye; but that those of the seventh magnitude, to which the star I was observing belonged, would count to thirteen thousand, and those of the eighth to forty thousand, the number growing progressively as we penetrate further beyond the natural vision. Thus the stars of the first ten magnitudes would add up to 560,000, those of the first twelve to more than 4,000,000 and those of the first fifteen to more than 40,000,000.

Without losing myself in the depth of such infinite perspectives, however, I fixed my thought as I had done my eye on that

simple star of the seventh magnitude in the constellation of the Great Bear, which almost never descends below the horizon of Paris. We can observe it all the nights of the year, and I remembered that it shines at eighty-five *trillions* of leagues from here: a distance which an express rushing at a constant speed of a hundred and twenty kilometres an hour would take not less than three hundred and twentyfive millions of years to accomplish.

Carried to that distance, the dazzling sun which gives us light would have lost all its splendour and glory. Not only would it be invisible to the naked eye and contribute nothing to the brilliance of a starry night, it would be much dimmer than even the seventh order star I am speaking of, and could be discovered only by a minute telescopic research. This little star, which is only a point of light pricked on the black midnight sky, is in reality an immense sun, colossal, bigger than the one in the rays of which the life of our planet is suspended. Our sun itself is 324,000 times heavier and 1,280,000 times bigger than the earth: admitting for the small star a weight a million times the earth's and a volume equalling that of many millions of earths rolled into one, we shall certainly be below the actuality.

These details of a simple star forgotten in the multitude of her sisters bring us face to face with the most formidable facts of the constitution of the universe, but they do not represent the most interesting aspect of our contemplation. It is a singular fact undreamt of by the ancient philosophers, fantastic and hardly conceivable to the seeking intellect which carefully tries to appreciate it in its actuality, that these suns of the infinitudes of space, far from being fixed as they appear on account of their infinite distance, are launched in the ether with unimaginable velocities. The star under discussion*, like the others, rushes—flies—precipitates itself across immensity with a speed of *thirty million kilometres per day*!

Yes, more than seven million leagues a day! Two milliard five-hundred and ninety million leagues a year! And yet, in ten years, in fifty, hundred years, the star is as if hardly displaced in the sky! The speed of a bullet, of a ball shot by a powerful cannon being only 700 metres a second, while that of this star is as much as 320,000, one can see that the star is faster than the bullet in the proportion of 457 to 1! Can the most audacious imagination conceive such a flight? In five days and a few hours the star will cover the thirty-seven million leagues separating us from the sun, for which the bullet would take nearly seven years.

* This star has no name. It is shown in the star catalogues as No. 1830 Groombridge.

Such a speed would be called prodigious; it exists nevertheless, and has been measured by delicate and accurate methods. It cannot be less than the figure we have described.

This speed is a symbol, and it is as such that I want to present it here. All the stars move similarly, more rapidly or less, and not only all stars—each of which is a sun and most of which should be centres of planetary systems, sources of light, heat and harmony round which habitable earths revolve: actual, past or future abodes of things and beings different from those here—not only are the stars launched thus into immensity, but all the planets, all the satellites, all the worlds, all the systems, all that exists in creation.

The earth courses round the sun with a velocity of 643,000 leagues a day, at the same time turning round about its own axis of rotation, animated by eleven different kinds of movements, lighter and more mobile than a child's little balloon floating in the air, attracted variously by the nearest stars, a veritable toy of the cosmic forces which carry us all in their immense whirl. The moon turns round the earth, constantly disturbing us from our march and subjecting us to perpetual undulations. The sun drags us off with all his entourage towards the constellation of Hercules, so that our earth, ever since its existence, has never passed twice over the same path, describing in space not closed ellipses but spirals which wind on without end. The suns neighbouring ours dash off with their own systems in various directions. The constellations displace themselves century by century, each star having its proper motion by which the changing figure of the heavens is ever modified. And thus does everything derange, rush, revolve, dash with dizzy speed, towards an aim unknown and never attained.

This is not a romance, a dream of pure contemplation: it is our own history, fatal and unescapable. An hour since, each one of us—reader or writer, rich or poor, learned or ignorant, young or old, whether we sleep or work—has run in the heavenly paths an invisible journey of more than a hundred thousand kilometers, for our planet describes not less than 232,000,000 leagues per year by its revolution round the sun alone. Now it happens that these velocities are *the very condition* of the stability of the universe: the stars, the earth, planets, suns, stellar systems, milky ways, distant universes, all support one another on the equilibrium of their mutual attractions. They are poised in empty space and keep to their ideal orbits because they revolve quick enough to produce a centrifugal force equal and opposed to the attraction

on them, so that they remain in unstable but perpetual equilibrium.

In olden times they were anxious—not without reason—about the solidity of the foundations of the world; it seemed indispensable to accord it an unshakeable base and place it on indefinitely long roots. For, the isolation of our planet in space and its movement round the sun had not yet been demonstrated. But now we know that the material universe, visible and palpable, rests on the invisible, the immaterial, on imponderable force. This is a fact against which the apparent and deceptive testimony of our senses can never hope to prevail. Emptiness surrounds the earth infinitely in all directions, so too all worlds and stars, everything that constitutes the universe, in the interior build-up of bodies as well as in the stellar whole. From the infinitely large let us descend for an instant to the infinitely small. The substances which seem to us the hardest and most solid are composed of *molecules* which do not touch one another. Each molecule is invisible to the naked eye, and is itself formed of *atoms* smaller still and which do not also touch one another. A bar of iron, for instance, is made up of molecules which do not touch, and are in perpetual vibration, receding farther from one another under the influence of heat and approaching under that of cold. Exposed to the sun, the temperature of this bar rises to 60°; getting cold under the ice of winter it goes down many degrees below zero. The length of the bar would vary from 7 to 8 mm. between the first condition and the second, and you can separate its molecules further by heating. This can be done to such an extent that the molecules cease to influence one another, flowing out as a liquid and then a gas.

The molecules are smaller than can be imagined. Gold can be beaten out into leaves such that 10,000 of them together will be only 1 mm. thick. But even the thinness of such a leaf will hold a multitude of molecules not one touching another. In the experiments for calming the waves of the Lake of Geneva under the action of oil, it has been possible to cover 400 sq. m. of its surface with 20 c. c. of oil. Here the film of oil would be only 1/200,000 mm. thick, and so a molecule of oil cannot have, certainly, greater dimensions than this. Art has so advanced that it is possible by mechanical means to divide a space of 1 mm. on a glass plate into 1000 equal parts. There are microbes so small that one of them placed between two of these divisions will not touch them. So its body must measure less than 1/1000 mm. But it has organs, muscles, nerves, etc. These organs and tissues are built of cellules, which are made up of molecules. Conceive then how small a molecule must be!

Atoms are smaller still: we might consider them as infinitely small*. Thus there is no shadow of a doubt that the visible universe is composed of invisible bodies; what we see is made up of what we don't see.

In the sky, each star of the milky way, being dimmer than a seventh magnitude star, is invisible to our eye. But we see the milky way. On the earth, we see and touch assemblages of molecules of which each element is neither visible to our eye nor sensible to our touch.

The speed of light has been determined in many ways to be 300,000 kilometres per second. Also, it has been found that in a ray of red light 1666 light-waves placed end to end make up 1 mm. Hence each of these waves measures 6 ten-thousandths of 1 mm. Blue light-waves measure 5 ten-thousandths each; violet, 4 ten-thousandths. Expressed in millionths of 1 mm. as in Spectroscopy, these lengths will be:—

Extreme (i. e. 'infra') red	...	...	768 and above.
Red	...	...	700.
Orange	...	...	590.
Yellow	...	...	580.
Green	...	...	535.
Blue	...	...	480.
Indigo	...	...	450.
Violet	...	...	430.
Ultra-violet	...	...	300 and below.

These are the lengths of waves in ether. A wave is a whole undulation, from one crest to another; hence the particle constituting ether must have much smaller dimensions. 300,000 km. multiplied by 1666 will give 520 trillion mm. This is the number of waves that enter our eye when we look at red light. 2330 waves of violet light fill 1 mm., so that the retina of our eye must receive 699,000,000,000,000 shocks per second in order to experience the sensation of violet colour.

All the other colours come between red and violet. The vibrations giving the red impression are the slowest, and their waves are the longest.

This substance called ether, so subtle, penetrates all bodies. It surrounds the ultimate atoms of beings and objects, solid or liquid.

Researches in molecular physics show that in 1 c. c. of air, the molecules which compose it occupy only $\frac{1}{3}$ cub. mm., which

* The argument may be continued for the magnitudes of the nucleus and electrons which compose an atom. (Tr.)

is just 1/3000 of the apparent total volume. All these molecules, and all their atoms, are in *perpetual movement* like the worlds in space, and the structure of the bodies is organised by invisible force. In hydrogen, under the ordinary temperature and pressure, each molecule has a velocity of translation, vibration and circulation of 2 km. per second!

The analysis of bodies, organic as well as inorganic, thus brings to our ken movements of atoms governed by forces, and the infinitely small speaks the same language as the infinitely great.

The molecule, intangible, invisible, hardly amenable to our thought accustomed to superficial judgments, is the real matter, and what we call 'matter' is, singularly enough, only the effect produced on our senses by the movements of molecules, or, as has been said, an incessant possibility of sensations. It follows that matter, like manifestations of energy, is only a mode of movement. At the temperature of absolute zero (*i. e.* -273° C.) matter as we know it would cease to exist.

* * *

The name of 'materialist,' borne even to-day by men who see no further than the common appearance of things, can, therefore, be considered only a superannuated expression without any significance. The visible universe is not at all what it appears to our senses: it is the invisible universe which forms the essence and the support of creation. In fact *the visible universe is composed of invisible atoms* which do not touch one another; *it is placed in the void*, and the forces which govern it are themselves immaterial and invisible. Search for matter, and you won't find it: it is a mirage which recedes as you advance; it is a spectre which disappears each time you think you have laid your hand on it. The same is not the case with *force*, the dynamic element. It is invisible and imponderable force which we find in the ultimate analysis, it is that which represents the base, support and very essence of the universe.

In the profound and silent night, everything moves, carried by a divine breath. It is in these tranquil hours that we hear the voices of the infinite. Night is the state of immense space; we have day during a semi-revolution of the earth only because we live in the immediate vicinity of a star. Night fills everything, but it is not darkness, it is the soft light proceeding from millions of stars. There we can feel better how everything is in vibration. The movements of each atom, on the earth or in the heavens, are the mathematical resultant of all the ethereal influences which reach

it in time from the abysses of infinite space. The moons and planets, suns and stars, thus influence one another and move in the bosom of the void without bounds or bottom, like the grains of dust we see palpitating in a ray of light.

A geometer has boldly said that in stretching his arm he was disturbing the moon from her course. This is an imaginative description of the extreme mobility of things and means that the slightest displacement of a centre of gravity is felt afar. When the moon passes overhead she tilts up the whole earth, displaces the waters of the sea, and each of us weighs a little more than when she was at the horizon (the difference being some 18 mgm). When Venus passes at 40,000,000 km. from us or Jupiter at 600,000,000 km., they displace our whole planet from its normal position.

Have you ever taken a piece of iron near a magnetized needle hanging freely? What a wonderful sight is this mobility, these palpitations, these madnesses of the needle under the influence of an apparently inert object which acts on it at a distance! Why, it is affected by the bayonets of the soldiers marching on yonder road, by the aurora borealis, which breaks out in Sweden by the spots and eruptions on the sun! The new physics is the proclamation of the invisible universe.

* * *

It is under this aspect that it has seemed to me here interesting to contemplate the visible universe, inviting to it those of my readers who love to think sometimes of profound verities. Stars and atoms place us in the presence of an immense symphony. Those who only see the orchestra without hearing anything are deaf. Through the visible universe our mind should feel the presence of the invisible one on which we are placed. Whatever we see is only appearance: *the real is the invisible*, the force, the energy, which moves everything, carries everything in the infinite and in the eternal.

And indeed we exist only in the infinite and the eternal. The small star we were speaking of above, colossal sun exceeding the volume of a million earths, gravitates at such a distance that a lightning train would take not less than 325,000,000 years to reach it. But that is one of our neighbouring stars. We can go still further, march always with some velocity, for some number of centuries, in some one direction, without ever reaching any end, *without advancing one single step*, the centre being everywhere, the circumference nowhere, and eternity itself not sufficing to conquer infinity!

The Black Doctor.

By F. H. Aldhouse, M. A.



O anyone coming from the country, London must exercise a fascination, by its immensity, its strident life, and its seemingly inexhaustible energy. Day and night equally that life goes on, and the crowds of people encountered in the day produce a sense of smallness in the individual, a feeling of being a drop of water in a vast ocean.

The energy is shown in the many works, buildings, manufactures, amusements, and trophies of achievement. And there are also the alien religions of the great Metropolis. The Fire-worshipper has his shrine in the very centre of shopping enterprise—Regent Street. The Muzzim calls the devout of Islam to prayer close to the Notting Hill tube station; there are many other cults, bizarre and mystical, as well as the commercialized seers of Piccadilly, who for a consideration will look for the future of their clients in the crystal or sand, aye even in tea leaves. The spirits of the departed may be also summoned by the credulous, through a medium, whose fee is 30/- a standardized honorarium.

All tastes are catered for. The pleasure lover, sightseer, seeker for the marvellous, have their Mecca here.

The religious have a hundred faiths, and countless churches, as well as old grey Cathedrals and modern Conventicles. Yet one can be very lonely in London, an isolated onlooker, none of its countless inhabitants or myriad activities providing a real home of rest. Personally I go to London to forget myself for a while, and I never fail to do so; all day long I can find occupation in the many sights or places of entertainment. And at times the call of the Muzzim is a not unwelcome reminder of the East, where I once lived during the War, or the ceremonies of strange worships a restful foil to the common-place things of every day.

I never feel lonely, and I sometimes think I could wish for nothing better than these contrasts, daily repeated. Dr. Samuel Johnson, the great author of the famous dictionary, and literary celebrity, said that he who did not love London, did not love life, and he stated a fact. None the less some cannot, by this standard, love life, for they find no answer in all the myriad creeds, miraculous or otherwise, to their sorrows or their needs; they are alone and sorrowful, amidst the hurrying crowds enjoying themselves in this vast Vanity Fair.

I had several times noticed the old lady, and seen her sitting by herself in the lounge of the Hotel, before she spoke to me. I came back in time for table d'hôte in the evening, write or read a little afterwards, and generally go early to bed, as I am early afoot. She was reading or writing, I seldom saw her talking to anyone. Except that she looked very sad and was dressed in a more complete mourning than is customary now-a-days, she looked like the many old women one sees in such places, and as uninteresting.

As I go to the same hotel every year, I have several acquaintances there, and one evening I, half in sport, told the fortunes of a couple of girls, in the Irish mode by a certain arrangement of cards, at the request of their aunt. Several things I said turned out to be true, the seance was remarkably successful. The old woman must have been closely following it all, though she was sitting a good distance away and the click-click of her knitting needles covered a keener observation of our doings than anyone would have suspected.

On the following evening it was wet, and returning by the Underground instead of walking, I was in the lounge a full hour before dinner; after writing a few picture post-cards, I looked round for a paper to occupy myself till the first dinner-gong should sound. And then the old lady began a conversation; she remarked about the darkness and wetness of the day, asked me had I been to a play she had heard recommended, and finally she got on to the subject of occultism; she talked with much diffidence about it, but it was evidently the subject on which she desired to converse.

"You are a Clergyman, Mr. A.," she said, "most of your brethren appear (excuse me for saying so) to rely largely on platitudes or banalities when talking about such things. But when they try to be funny it is difficult to have patience with them. They are rather deficient in the sense of humour, and I do not think the subject lends itself to such treatment. But what do you think?"

I agreed, that there is a side of things the average person knows nothing of, and feels an instinctive, and probably healthy, aversion to. I agreed with the old lady that it was no subject for jesting, and the ignorance and clumsy cock-sureness such clowning displays, be it lay or clerical, makes it particularly distasteful. The old lady, relieved by acquiescence, became more confidential.

She asked me point-blank. "Do you believe in evil spirits, Mr. A.? Do you think they are actively busy in human

affairs?" And she added in a somewhat lower tone: "Do you think it possible they are in special places, and in touch with special people and can be visible at times?"

For a second I hesitated for an answer, and she added with a kind of restrained loathing, "I *know* they are."

"I do believe, Madam," I said, "in 'spiritual wickedness in high places,' as the scriptures plainly tell us; I am convinced that there are beings hostile to good, and to God. In fact, sometimes the existence of Evil, is, I fear, as prominent as that of Good. That a will and mind direct the lesser agents of evil, is I think evident in events. As to what you say, if you wish to advise with me, I will, you may be certain, treat with the utmost seriousness anything you tell me."

"Very well, Sir," was the reply, "I will take you at your word, as you are an Anglican Clergyman, and as I am a member of that church, I shall be glad to consult with one on whose sympathy and counsel I may perhaps make some claim. You see I am in deep mourning, it is for my husband, and also for my sister Edith, she was twelve years younger than myself, and they died within a few weeks of each other. For my late husband, and no better or more honourable man ever lived, I mourn; with him my happiness lies buried. But I look forward to a reunion with him when it shall please a merciful Providence to grant me release. For my sister, to whom I had the love of both a mother and a sister, since our mother died at her birth, I also mourn with a heart-felt sorrow. And I am now about to ask you pity and compassion both for her and myself. I also want your considered advice and opinion. Dear Edith was a sweet girl and a most affectionate child; she had considerable charm and was a good musician, but she was only possibly pretty, and such looks as she possessed were largely the freshness of her youth. This she knew, and desired, as most girls do, Sir, if the truth were told, a home and a husband. Some relatives who lived in the little-known Negro Republic of San Domingo—a former Spanish Colony—invited her to live with them for a time. I and my husband, thinking that her chances of finding a partner were much better abroad than at home, forwarded her own wishes in that matter to the best of our ability, and she went. We missed her, I especially, but were cheered by her letters which were full of the pleasures of her new existence. And finally we rejoiced to hear she had met her affinity, a Spanish Doctor, she informed us, a Doctor del Riago.

I should have told you that the relatives, cousins, were very old people, with whom she was living, and the husband was bedridden

as the result of a fall from a horse. His wife suffered from rheumatism; the letters they wrote us were always written by Edith, after she settled there. The marriage finally came off. Edith was passionately fond of her Spanish physician, and we hoped for her a most happy married life, and that we might meet both her and her husband. Then Mr. A., I got the greatest shock, up to then, I have ever had. I found from a letter which our cousins wrote, after she had left them, that letters we believed Edith had written on their behalf (as the letters themselves professed) were entirely her own, and designed to prevent us learning of her intentions.

That our relatives had done everything in their power to prevent her unhappy alliance, and had finally made her leave their roof. She had been married—from an Hotel—to a Doctor Francisco del Riago. This so-called Spanish physician, a Doctor indeed he was, was a full-blooded Negro. Yes, Sir, I am not surprised you look disgusted—a Negro. But though you may be unable to believe me that worse than that could be, there was worse. He was a Doctor of medicine properly qualified, but he was also, though people with good meaning pretended ignorance, an Obi-man or Papaloi, a practiser of Voodoo, a priest of the cult of darkness.

I believe this discovery shortened my dear husband's life; it broke my heart. My husband at once ended all communications with my unhappy sister. While outwardly appearing to acquiesce in his decision, I continued in secret to correspond with her. And soon to the misery I felt in her degraded union was the added misery of knowing that the wretch who had glamourised her (for wizardry I believe it to have been) into marrying him was rendering her utterly wretched, and that she feared him exceedingly. I suppose, Mr. A., I have sung dozens of times as a girl and since the hymn in which occurs

Let no ill dreams disturb my rest
Or powers of darkness me molest.

How little we know the awful reality of those Powers, how earnestly we should pray our Heavenly Father for his protection.

At last news came which seemed good to me. The wretched girl was at length free from her black master, some flagrant sorceries had raised even his coloured fellows against him, and he had been shot dead, with a silver bullet, the only effective one against a witch—male or female.

Edith returned to England, I found lodgings for her, sufficiently near that I might visit her and her half-caste child, without my husband's knowledge.

Now the darkest part of my story begins.

Her husband, as I have told you, was killed by a silver bullet which shattered his skull, and in spite of his horrible associations, had been given Christian burial, by a priest who did not know his reputation. And I will appeal to your understanding and knowledge of what other people are ignorant of, when I say that he was not at rest. No, sir, his wife and child, and I myself soon became conscious of that. His one good point was he was fond of his snuff-and-butter baby—an affection which the child returned. It was that which first drew our attention to the visitor; the little boy would dance in his mother's embrace, hold out his arms and cry to go to "Dada," uncanny no doubt, but at first no more than that. Then we saw also, Edith did so first, and faded day by day with a knowledge she feared to impart lest it would drive me from her. Then when the child was sitting in my lap, he called out, "Dada, Dada"; he held out his arms to a shadow, and as I looked fascinated, gradually a black face bandaged about the forehead where the silver bullet struck, with large luminous eyes, and glittering white teeth grew out of the air; it was smiling at the excited child, and then it looked at me. Mr. A., if ever hellish malignity and a pair of eyes that were those of an adder were embodied in a creature of human birth, I saw them then. I called out on Christ and God, and the face disappeared. The child burst into angry yelling, and Edith came from the next room. She just looked at me and said, "Well, Julia, I suppose I can't expect you to come now. For I see you know."

But I did not leave her to her fate, sir. She misjudged me in that; she had been both child and sister to me you know. I tried to help her bear her cross. It was no light weight. Sometimes we could see him plainly, sometimes a hissing like a large serpent's would fill the room, sometimes an appalling odour, the smell of the Negroes was all through the rooms. But whatever it was, the child was delighted; "Dada" he would cry "Fader". I do not know, Mr. A., how I bore the strain; I suppose it was my love for Edith which gave me the strength. And when she finally failed and was removed to the nursing home where she died, I collapsed. My husband, whose health had been failing for some years, also left me; heart failure. What I want to ask you about is the child Juano. He is my sister's, and she loved him, but I do not know what to do. I dare not send him back to his father's people; he is a Mulatto, and their dark God, would claim "the goat without horns," white or mixed blood is what he prefers. I am unable to get him looked after by others, his father's presence is sensed by them sooner or later, and the boy is returned on one excuse or another.

I might even reconcile myself to Juano in time, but the black spirit that attends him I fear with a horror which will kill me. He means the child no harm, but me he hates, I know. He comes now only at night time. Can you help me or advise me? I have come here to this Hotel for a rest, Juano is at present in Scotland. I am paying a large weekly stipend to a lady for him, but she has written to me to take him home "as her nerves are troubling her and she is unwell" as I can easily understand."

I sat meditating so long that Mrs. Goring said to me: "I suppose you cannot do anything, Sir, but at least I can thank you for a patient hearing."

I held up my hand. "I will come with you when Juano returns, Mrs. Goring, perhaps del Riago will listen to me, if not, there are other ways."

She thanked me, and we were in time for dinner, though long past the usual hour.

Three days later, I was in a flat not far from the Hotel, and alone with Juano who was about seven and who agreeably surprised me, for he was polite, good-looking by Mulatto standards, and willing to be friendly; he accepted some small gifts I had brought him, and sat upon my knee unasked.

"Father come," he said, "when I go bed, me berry glad to see Dada, he got white towel round head. Hurt there; it no better yet."

Later, his aunt and a maid having bathed him, and arrayed him in orange pyjamas, Juano was personally conducted to bed by myself, who he appeared to have taken rather a fancy to. His aunt's manner of carefully studied affection I expect he rather saw through, and perhaps regarded me as more genuine. Then the moment of ordeal came. Suddenly, Juano sat up in bed and cried: "There is Father, me berry happy now, there you look, see Father. I lub fader ever so."

I looked; for a moment I saw only a shadow by the frieze and a white overall hanging there: then out of the shadow grew a dark face with a bandage about its brow. I saw the eyes were fixed on the little yellow boy, they were not the eyes of a demon. I have seen the same look in many a father's eyes; they were admiring, proud and fond: after all, he was a parent, and even tigers are affectionate to their offspring.

I spoke. "A charming child, Dr. del Riago, you may well be proud of him; I and Juano are great friends, he let me put him to bed."

The great luminous eyes were turned to me. Would my spell of the commonplace work? By heaven it did: Dr. del Riago, with conventions to which he had no doubt laboriously accustomed himself, replied in a somewhat hollow but ceremoniously civil voice! "I am honoured, *Senor el Padre*, in your friendly interest in my little boy; you will forgive a father's feelings if I express my complete agreement in your opinion, all too favourable as it is. Juano will, I trust, enjoy your patronage and friendship"—hardly a trace of the Negro in the polished sentences.

Then suddenly the Doctor recollected he was a spectre, his face became rigid, his manner ghostly, and in a hissing manner he added: "Are you aware, oh man, that I am a Revenant, a *Jumbe*; are the cold shadows of the grave not chilling?"

"Unfortunately no, Doctor del Riago," I replied, "the evening is most uncomfortably warm. As to your having, I regret, lost your body, I know it, it is (excuse me) quite obvious. But though at some other more convenient opportunity I should like to discuss the matter with you, if entirely agreeable, I took the liberty of coming here this evening knowing you are in the habit of visiting our young friend at this time. I have something of the utmost importance to say to you about his future. Will you wish him good night and honour me with your company in the next room?"

Dr. del Riago was completely spell bound by the old manner, the Ancient conventions. "*Senor el Padre*," he said, "finding you, my *sympathico*, as we say, I can refuse you nothing; in addition, the dear interest in which you appear commands my entire devotion."

Juano having embraced me and thrown a kiss to his father, we withdrew. I have never come to business with a more reasonable person. I suppose Dr. del Riago was a very bad man, but he was an ultra-sentimental father. He admitted he liked scaring Mrs. Goring, "poor white trash" he called her; he complained his wife had never understood him, being influenced thereto, by her relations. He shed tears at the thought that his apparitions might injure Juano's prospects, and readily undertook to discontinue them.

He explained a wish that I would personally look after Juano, as his aunt was "treacherous and a heretic". I believe he would have shaken hands with me if that were feasible.

Finally when he melted into the darkness, with blessings on myself and his child, though there remained a most repellent atmosphere of Negro, I did not feel any profound hatred towards the ex-witch-doctor. May he find peace! Later Mrs. Goring entered: "You have encountered that Fiend, Sir?" she asked. "Thank Heaven he has not injured or destroyed you."

"I am none the worse, Mrs. Goring," I answered. "In future, with your permission, I will help you in your charge of Juano. If you agree, I am certain what has annoyed will never recur."

"Most joyfully will I accept your help." I was answered.

Indeed all has gone well, and Juano, a most hopeful lad, has deservedly won my affection.

And the Black Doctor? I do not know; do not refuse of your charity to say a prayer for him! He who can love is not wholly evil.

What Young India Thinks About Marriage.

By Prof. Diwan Chand Sharma, M. A.



WHAT is the future of marriage in India? I think Indian young men are in the same plight at this time in which Cicely, described by George Moore in one of his stories, found herself. Cicely, the only daughter of her parents, had grown up in a store in the midst of cabbages, cucumbers, carrots, turnips, potatoes, bacon and cheese. She was engaged to a young man, who owned a rival store in that very place, and it was the dream of her parents that, by her marriage, they would be able to make one home and one store. She was about to be married when a tuner came to their house to tune their piano. The tuner told the girl about the beauties of the forest and the nightingales that sang there. He told her also about his own life, which was full of excitement and movement. All this was a revelation to her, and after this she went to the forest many a time to hear the nightingales' song. This novel experience made her sick of her life as well as of her impending marriage, which she thought would be nothing else, but her single life over again. She, therefore, tried to break off her marriage within three days of her wedding; but since her parents did not permit her to do that, she ended her life with her own hands. Like Cicely, Indian young men also have got tired of the old form of marriage, which spells sameness and monotony, and are hankering after that kind of marriage, which can alone satisfy their love of adventure and romance.

Consequently, they insist on widening the freedom of their choice. They hate to be bound down by their caste, nay even by their religion, and they wish to make light of the geographical barriers, which stand in the way of their union. Already a movement is afoot, which seeks to pull down the barriers of caste. It is, therefore, not surprising to hear of a Brahmin marrying the daughter of a Sood, nor does it shock many people to hear that a Muhammadan girl has married a Hindu gentleman or *vice versa*. Similarly, people are not content to marry within a radius of seven miles of their homes, as the case used to be, but some of them go far afield. The Punjabis have gone to Bengal for their marriage, and the inhabitants of the Bombay Presidency have come to the United Provinces for the same purpose.

Another wholesome tendency noticeable is that the would-be bride and the bridegroom insist on making an acquaintance, however slight it may be, with each other before their marriage. Formerly, marriage was one of the "reserved subjects," and elderly parents were in complete charge of it. The bride and the bridegroom were at the mercy and bidding of their parents, and had no voice of their own in the matter, but now marriage has become a "transferred subject," and young men and young girls insist on their rights and demand freedom in the choice of their mates. It is, therefore, that the bride is no longer to the bridegroom like the cuckoo of Wordsworth, "A hope, a love, still longed for but never seen." An attempt is now-a-days made to bring the two together before they are formally engaged. For this purpose, curious devices are made use of. I know the Zoological Gardens and the Excelsior Theatre have provided many a would-be couple with a convenient meeting-place. In this way the youth of the country are having self-determination in this vital matter.

Divorce is another matter upon which the attention of the people is being focussed. It has been discussed at the Annual Sessions of the Social Conference, and many of the ardent social reformers are in favour of its introduction even among the Hindus. Recently a member of the Servants of India Society published a novel, which has more value as a book of propaganda than as a work of art. In this novel are described the woes of an educated Hindu girl, who finds it impossible to pull on with her husband. Ill-treated by him, she has no other course left open to her but to run back to her father's home. During her absence her husband re-marries; and she, poor thing, is left in the cold. In the meantime, she feels drawn towards a young man, who is also willing to marry her. They, however, cannot be united in wedlock, because of the orthodoxy of their parents and the iniquity of law. The novel, I think, interprets the times, and voices the feelings and thoughts of many an educated person; and the time is not far off, when exception will not be taken to divorce.

One can notice another change in the views of young men about the joint family. There was a time when the joint family was thought to be a blessing, but now young men despise it. They believe that a family should be among human corporations what a lyric is among the different forms of verse. A lyric is brief; it possesses unity of impression; it has melody, and deals with a single feeling, thought, or situation. People believe that the family also should be like a lyric and should possess harmony and unity of interest and should be of manageable size. Thus

the old view that the joint family should be like the long Ruskinian sentence full of parenthesis and brackets, is disappearing. Now the people think that as the modern English sentence is neat, short and compact, so the family should be small, self-contained and compact.

This is what has convinced many people of the efficacy of birth-control. There was a time, when children were thought to be God-send, and large families were thought to be a blessing. Now the economic stress has led people to think that too many children bring misery. It is, therefore, that the books of Mary Stopes and others are eagerly devoured by young men.

In short, the modern tendency is to free marriage from the domination of the priest, caste and parents.

Marriage is, therefore, now an adventure, a romantic dash into uncharted seas. Young men and young girls are no longer to be dictated to by their parents. They want to choose for themselves. In marriage a woman is no longer a serf, chosen at random as wife by the masterful male without her own views being consulted. She no longer walks behind her lord as of old. She takes her place at his side. Marriage is now a partnership.

Dharbha Marriage Fructifies.

By "Aaren"

I.



hand on the table, the other on his hips, Vijaya stood gazing down upon the pictured face of Lalita Bai, the fearless leader of the Youth of India, of whose selfless sacrifices in the cause of her Motherland the papers were so full of, in spite of the gag.

The inspiration of her country, she had come to be his inspiration too!

True, he had never seen her with physical eyes, yet could he visualise her in every detail. He had fallen head over heels in love with her, was consumed by that love. He loved her to distraction, with an infinite, undying love, a love that had come to be the one moving force in his life, a love that had purified, ennobled, uplifted him, that had instilled into him the spirit of sacrifice for the well-being of others—yet, he realised, a hopeless love.

The very intensity of the love rendered it all the more hopeless. Its very purity removed the object of worship farther away. She became to him more and more the "Unattainable". He dared not love her but from a distance, dared not open out his heart to her. Only hidden in his heart could he revel in that love. He could but find joy in tasting the bitterness of unrequited love!

For, he was a married man!

As he stood now, intently regarding the face of his 'angel', his mind flew back ten years to the times of his dramatic marriage, which he had refused to recognize so far.

Rebelling against loveless money-marriages, he had fled the country of his birth, tearing himself from dear parents on the very day of the marriage they had arranged for him. To stand by a principle, he had sacrificed his all, sacrificed his sweet, sweet home, to face penury and hardships. But the obstinacy of the contracting parties, combined with the all-solving cunning of the village priests, had prevented a break-down of the ceremony—the sacred Dharbha grass had taken his place, had symbolised him!

Of course, he could totally have repudiated the marriage. But the sense of justice and fairness that possessed him made him

think of the girl, the poor girl whom society held his wife, though married only to the Dharbha grass! Her pitiful plight—her life would be a miserable blank if he did not return to her—her misery, forced upon her for no fault of hers! The thought made him shudder! And his dear parents! How they loved him, relied upon him, had centered on him all their hopes and dreams! Their entire happiness was woven around him! And he had been so callous to all these so far! He had been selfish, and his selfishness ill became the love for man-kind that lighted his soul.

And, to be worthy of that love, he should sacrifice it, and by sacrificing it he would lose her! Was ever a man in a more heart-rending plight?

But he was determined. He had fought and conquered material obstacles before. Ten years back, he had been a dextrous, penniless youth—now he was a prince amongst journalists, the one man who could and did interpret India rightly to all the world. So would he fight and conquer obstacles of the mind. He would return to his wife and parents, would henceforth be a grateful, loving son, a true husband, and, God willing, an ideal father.

He would have returned the year before, and been in the front ranks in the country's fight for freedom, would have shared immolation behind the prison bars with the heroine of his heart, but for the Government's refusal to let him leave the shores of England. Now things were changed. The Delhi Pact had been signed, and he had secured his passport.

At last he stood ready for the journey. Everything was packed and sent off in advance, and still there were ten minutes left. The call of home was on him strong, helping him in his great determination. With difficulty he checked the last lingering rebellious sigh that rose to his throat, and with one more wistful glance at the sweet face that was smiling up at him, he folded up the picture and gently deposited it in the inner breast-pocket of his pyjama.

Half-eagerly he stepped on to the waiting taxi.

II

A far-away look crept into her eyes. From one hand the cotton dropped, from the other she held on the handle. The soft humming of the Charka ceased, the song died away on her lips. Sad retrospection had overtaken her.

What a fate had been hers! How quickly she had grown! In her, the transition from happy, irresponsible girlhood to sad, burdened womanhood had been so sudden!

She was married, yet not married; she had a husband, yet no husband; she had jewels, yet not *the jewel*; she had children (she was a mother to all), yet no children!

Like a dream it all was—a vivid painful dream!—Her marriage to the bridegroom's symbol, the death of her parents, the sneers of her brother, the gibes of the village girls!

But for the shelter of her husband's home, and the purifying influence of Nirmala Devi, she, young and inexperienced as she was, might have done something extremely rash.

Like an Angel, Nirmala had entered her life, had rescued her from the thralldom of slavery, lifting her clear of the vicious village circle, educating and training her for a life of service.

And when the call for action came, she had been one of the first to respond. By her whole-hearted devotion, undaunted enthusiasm and cheerful confidence, she had spread courage and conviction all around her, under the most trying circumstances. Patiently and heroically she had faced and braved all, from the Inspector's insolent stare to the lathi and the prison. And now she was the woman of the hour.

Happy and contented? By no means! There was still that big void in her heart—the yearning for the fulfillment of womanhood!

The banging of the street door called her back to her surroundings. She rose to open it.

III

An elegant young man stood on the threshold. Beyond him could be seen the faint outlines of a car, with headlights on, the rain beating down on it, as though to crush and collapse it.

"At last!" he exclaimed, as the door opened inwards, and stepping forward, he encircled his arms around her who had opened the door, and imprinted a hot kiss on her lips before she was aware of the happenings.

The discipline of her life, the control she always exercised over herself, helped her to refrain from shrieking.

Gently, yet firmly she freed herself from his embrace, and calmly, collectedly, yet proudly asked:

"What do you mean? Who are you?"

"Who am I? Who other than your husband?"

"My husband!" She fainted—into his arms.

The young man carried her in. As the light from the lamp in the hall fell on her face, he started, nearly dropping her.

Hastily, but with an infinite gentleness, he laid her down, and quickly, noiselessly retreated towards the street.

He was startled, puzzled, seized with shame, as of one who had committed a sacrilege.

In the light he had recognized the face—the face that was stamped so deeply in the canvas of his mind—the face of Lalita Bai.

IV

Lalita sat there on the doorsteps, elbows on knees and chin on hands, looking out vacantly into the street.

A meteoric flash of happiness that dazzled in its brilliance and made her shut her eyes, only to find on reopening, a darkness greater than before!

Just when the fruit had seemed quite within her grasp, almost between her teeth, it had rolled away again. The taste had but increased the appetite! The burning kiss was still on her lips, setting her heart all aflame! The craving of the Woman in her grew all the more pressing and painful.

Poor Nirmala! If only she could have foreseen! She would have prepared her for his home-coming—shown her his telegram she had kept close about, in order to make his return more of an agreeable surprise—and thus would have averted this contre-temps.

For a week they were searching for him here, there and everywhere, in an ever-widening circle. Lots of people, only too ready to do anything for her, big or small, were scouring the country all around, but beyond the railway station they totally lost all traces of him.

But yet they refused to give up hope—they could not dare to—too vital an issue hung upon their search: the very life of their 'queen' depended on its success: her tearless grief was driving her to a premature grave—and so they continued their quest with renewed vigour.

Lalita reflected over all these, as she sat there, on the doorsteps, a picture of gloomy despair! Her acute mental agony broke out in a silent prayer:

"Oh, God! Almighty Lord! Merciful Ruler of the Universe! Controller of mankind's fate! Deliver him back to me! Take away everything else I possess, only do send him back to me!"

It seems the Good Lord heard, for, the postman came up a little later, handed her a letter which she tore open—and read with growing excitement:

Will you please excuse my seeming audacity that night?

I wanted to clear right out, without a word. But I simply can't; I must explain. For, to be thought of as a cold-blooded villain - a ruthless ruffian - by the one person in all the world one adores most - yes, I adore you; to me you are Heaven's own Angel, descended upon this earth for the emancipation of the erring human race! I have read so much of you, heard you spoken of in the highest terms, seen so many action pictures of you - that is how I recognised your face the moment the light fell upon it. It is too unbearable a weight, too dead for my heart to carry! So, I crave your indulgence to hear me out patiently.

Only your silhouette was visible to me - your back was towards the light of the lamp - and I mistook you for my wife, the wife I had never seen!

I did not know they were no longer there, and I was returning to them - to the wife I never married, to the parents I ran away from, ten years ago. I presume you know all that, seeing you have bought or rented the house. That is all. I hope you understand.

Will you try to forget, and in forgetting, forgive, thus easing this aching heart? For without the surety of having been pardoned, my heart shall know no peace - it is so racked and torn, over-whelmed by shame, weighed down by a sense of guilt, though committed in the dark.

May I hope to be forgiven, or is it that I have wounded you beyond redemption? If so, Mother Earth shall bear my burden no more!

Vijaya.

"Oh, God! He wants me to forget, but how can I? And that my first taste of that endless joy! And, heard ye the like, he wants me to forgive him for giving me that! God in the Heavens, how he speaks of his audacity, and of his having wounded me! Yes, my lord, you have wounded me in that you left me so suddenly—even when I was in a swoon. There, there, I must not complain! He adores me! Can you beat that? He adores me—me, his slave!

Flourishing the letter, Lalita literally ran into the house. It is an abiding wonder, she did not knock her head down, or stumbling, fall! For a time it well-nigh appeared as if she would permanently lose the balance of her mind—she was so mad with wild, delirious joy, and with anticipated happiness. With glowing face and rapturous eyes, she danced about here and there, singing out for sheer joy—embracing a thousand times, over and over again, turn by turn, Nirmala, her staunch friend and champion, and the aged couple whose lives were to be blessed at last.

It was Nirmala who had to collect sense enough to despatch the urgent telegram that read:

Please Do Return Immediately Stop Wife Awaits Eagerly Stop So Do Fond Parents And Old Friend Nirmala

LALITA

The Future of America *

By Rabindranath Tagore.



HE discovery of America was followed by the discovery of Europe in a new soil and surroundings. Such an access of new experiences is necessary for all old cultures for their own rejuvenation. It was a fortunate accident which helped the Western civilisation through this transmigration to win a new term of life and further explore its possibilities under an unaccustomed stimulus.

During the Middle Ages the restless spirit of adventure in Europe went out seeking fortune in foreign lands. In America it built up a new habitation and produced its own wealth with the resources of a virgin continent and resourcefulness of a heroic inheritance. Through this process of creation strenuously followed, it found back its youth and, severing its political connection with the mother-race, began its independent career of nation-building.

The first impulse of growth in this new national life went to the development of its material body.

That structure grew fast, inexhaustible sources of wealth were opened up, and material prosperity took a magnitude unequalled in the whole world. But the inner spirit naturally takes a much longer time to mature its personality, and thus for a considerable period of time, the American mind appeared like a repetition of European mentality.

But life enriches and maintains itself in vigour not through repetition but through its renewal by variation, and I feel certain that such a course of life's variation is evolving a new personality in American civilisation. Being young she still has faith in the eternal reality of ideals and that faith is creative. Disillusionment is the fatal malady produced by the self-poisoning that grows on in old civilisations from their decaying tissues. Though occasionally a display of cynicism, which is a sure sign of senility, is met with in American literature, one feels that it is merely an imitation, and not a genuine expression of negation of faith, in this youthful and energetic people. I have no doubt about the independent individuality of the great continent of America, which is not a mere cultural annex of Europe, but a civilisation with a truly distinctive and progressive character of its own.

* A birthday message to the Hindustan Association of America.

America, due to its ocean-barriers and its vast self-contained continent, rich in natural resources and its possibilities of intensive expansion, has started on a career unbound by any narrow limitations. Secure on the foundation of a solidated State it can perfect its freedom to the furthest degree. The high standard of living naturally fits in with the richness of the country's resources and its inventive genius, but this very super-saturation of wealth produces in the American mind a yearning for the riches that belong to the inner realm of Spirit. Spiritual ends of life are pursued with a keenness in America not found anywhere else in the modern world, and the production of wealth, instead of hampering her inner vision, has emancipated America's imagination of a creative democracy, which will offer true freedom to the human spirit.

One cannot but feel that this spiritual adventure of the American civilisation will find ever-renewing avenues of self-expression, that she will exploit her material resources for the well-being of humanity, conquering disease and spreading scientific habits of living, and offer, by her directive control of scientific knowledge, benefits which will spread far beyond her own geographical limits. The quest of spiritual realisation, which distinguishes America to-day and therefore attracts true prophets from other countries to her shores, is sure to reveal itself in a new civilisation in which Europe will be reborn, freed of its discordant inhibitions and its heritage of dead past, and the vitality of a forward-marching idealism will find its growing perfection, assimilating the true gifts of the East as well as the West in the unity of the human spirit.

A Visit to a Madras Studio.

By R. Narayanaswami, M.A.



BUSINESS took me thither. The studio is situated at the northern end of the city on a highway leading to a mofussil station. The grounds do not indeed look spacious and the first impression you get after a glance is that they have been improvised as best as possible for the Company's studio and attached offices. You could see the English and the American Studios and be wondering at their huge sizes and their most thorough equipment. But India suffers from lack of public patronage, and the few enthusiasts left in the field have to make superhuman efforts in order to find funds for their enterprise. This is perhaps the reason why studios on the gigantic scale of the Western ones are so rare in India.

Entering the office—which by the way was no more than the narrow portico improvised for the purpose with bamboo screens, and after spending therein some time of a rather hot afternoon, made hotter by the small table-fan, I slowly wended my steps to the adjoining studio. I had hardly begun looking around me when a fellow came running after me and said that he was not to allow strangers in, and when I answered by a smile, he went back to his post of duty.

As I looked about me, I felt as if the whole thing was cramped into a small space—the unattractive arena in the middle, surrounded on all sides by small ill-looking thatched sheds, packed with all sorts of things. The sheds seemed each to be intended for a specific purpose mentioned in the loosely-hanging sign-board. The ill-assortment and the want of order both in men and things struck me quick. Small trees and plants were planted about the circuit of the ground and the presence of a small dirty pond full of rubbish on one side was a repellent sight. I ruminated: "The men and things were there. Could not there easily be order and plan in them?"; and wondered whether really the westerners were the monopolists of the sense of decorum and arrangement, of art and discipline?

The workers were slowly plying their tasks, seemingly unmindful, like automatons, of fleeting time. The little boy was half-sleepingly rolling a big circular wooden frame, intended, as I was told, for "drying the films". The two carpenters seemed to be feeling the sun while they were chipping wood and doing

sundry other work. The art section people were silently attending to the "title boards". A look at the actors' shed on the other side of the pond showed it also to be somewhat busy. Some were sitting before big mirrors and applying deep paints to their hands and faces and others, while chatting, were slowly donning their costumes. "L—" appeared to be a gipsy-play, for they were all dressing themselves in fantastic and worn-out clothes of all hues and sizes. The actors and the few actresses were soon seen going hither and thither evidently with no intent. The patient photographer and his companion were waiting without complaint for them to be ready. It was becoming late in the afternoon and the task-men at the studio were being whipped up to construct the scenes. Slowly and through repeated calls the actors were being assembled.

In the midst of all these preparations, the Managing Director came out of his tiny cell of a room, had a good peep at his workmen and went back again (dreaming perhaps of his impending Talkie installation!)

As I witnessed all this a multitude of impressions got into me. I thought: "Punctuality and method in doing things is not only a great virtue but is also a 'paying' principle. Keeping to the schedule certainly leads on to disciplined action and successful results. When, when shall we outgrow the proverbial "Indian punctuality"—the unbusiness-like, leisurely way of doing things?"

The less said about the actors the better. They are far from the type of persons that will really build up the profession. Recruited from the lowest and the illiterate classes they are naturally incapable of bringing into play finer feelings and sentiments born of culture and education. The various subtle feelings, moods and modes of action can be rendered with grace and refinement only by cultured people trained for the purpose. And out of the many whom I saw there very few answered to the description needed.

Purity of private character again is another desideratum and can it not be best assured by enlisting the services of persons with higher standards of conduct? Till recently, the cinema stage was being condemned as the resort of persons with no other chances in life. Thanks to the splendid efforts and the personal zeal of a few eminent cultured artistes, like Mrs. Enakshi Ram Rao, M. A., and Mrs. K. Chattopadhyaya, educated men and women are being attracted to the cinema stage. South India

especially teems with graduates, eager young men out for employment. It should be eminently easy to secure the services of some of them at least.

With regard to dress and appearance, a great deal of unnecessary pomp, pedantry and gorgeousness is being indulged in in our shows. I suggest that if there be simplicity and naturalness, the appeal of the film will be nearer the realistic.

The last point is that relating to scenery. Selection of background and scenery should be the best possible. It may be necessary to go miles away to get a scene enacted in natural surroundings, but it will have to be done. South India abounds in beautiful mountain and temple scenery, and notwithstanding the question of cost, the success that attended "Vasantasena" should be a spur to get the brightest scenery for our film plays.

Above all, public patronage, especially from the richer classes, is the most needed momentum for our film industry. When capital is adequately forthcoming, the best talent available in the country can be easily mobilised and having regard to present tendencies not only the best movie studios but Talkie studios on most modern lines should become very successful ventures in our country.

A Pujari's Trick.

By S. Varadarajulu Naidu, B.A., B. L.



O begin with the beginning of this story, I must tell you who Murugan, Karuppan and Sadayan were and why they became suddenly and extraordinarily pious. These three men were the hereditary Pujaris (priests) of Goddess Kali in the hamlet of Manivalam, where a Pujari from time immemorial had been held to be synonymous with a heartless atheist. What wonder, if the people in and around Manivalam village held a Pujari in such disrepute, when the daily proximity of these three men to their Goddess who thirsted for flesh and blood could not help inspiring in them any feeling but that the idols in their temples are no more Gods than the stones on which they daily trod. The first article of their faith was extremely worthy of them. A God is a God only when through Him one goat, two fowls, and four annas can be procured daily.

Why should such men suddenly become Sadhus? Theories as to this were legion, spun by the busy village gossip. But none of them seemed sufficiently incontrovertible to convince even the easy credulity of the villagers. May be from the womb of the future would be born a truer explanation.

It was a full moon night in the Manivalam village. The myriads of *deepatees* (crude oil torches) were vieing with the moon in their blazing light. It was the *jatharaday*. All sorts of humanity, the nude children and the half-nude men and women of this primitive village, were enjoying themselves in barbarous mirth. The higher castes were watching all this tumult of festival from an arrogant distance from the crowd. The noise and din reached a tension. But soon there prevailed a dead silence. Murugan, the pious Pujarai, was rushing towards the Karagam, (a pot bedecked with *margosa* leaves and flower garlands) as if he were mad, with hands outstretched, and with hair dishevelled. His friends, Karuppan and Sadayan, who had been scrupulously keeping themselves near him, placed burning camphor in Murugan's hands. For Murugan was in a trance!

"You, villagers of Manivalam," burst forth Murugan in a cunningly affected stentorian voice, "know that I am your Goddess Kali. The Gods above me are pleased with your sacrifices. They wish in turn to confer a blessing on you and on your children's children."

"Amen-- the Gods be praised!" cried the crowd with one voice.

"Know then, the Gods have resolved to be born from under the earth very near your hamlet to its west. On the coming new moon day, the divine spouses, Parvathi and Siva, will spout out from the earth. On the succeeding new moon day, their divine children, Ganesa and Subrahmanya, will likewise do so." Here Murugan paused. His friends Karuppan and Sadayan placed in his outstretched palm a larger quantity of burning camphor which he instantly swallowed. "My sons," continued Murugan, "in the worship of these Gods consists your future happiness."

"Amen—" cried the crowd once again.

The mob soon dispersed, surprised but expectant and looking forward to the coming of the new moon. The sober part of the village merely said, in the Asquithian manner, "wait and see".

A furlong from the village there was a maidan, which was a sort of sandy soil, unfriendly to any kind of vegetation. It was 7 A. M. on the new moon day. A large concourse of people, polyglot in language and inter-rural in composition—for the news of the birth of the Gods had spread like wild-fire in the Manivalam neighbourhood—was seen. As the sun was rising high on the sky, the village seemed to be rising into a respectable country town. Country carts of all descriptions, carrying men and sacerdotal goods like camphor and incense, flowers and cocoanuts were pouring in. Streams of pilgrims were flocking to the place. Petty shop-keepers were jubilantly spreading their wares.

The sun neared the meridian. The Police bandobast came. With it came that pest of the villagers, the Sanitary Inspectors with their antiseptic lotions. You would have guessed by now, why these thousands of people had gathered to this erst-while obscure hamlet. Two beautiful idols of the divine spouses, Parvathi and Siva, were to be seen in the midst of the maidan. Was it not a miracle that these two idols should spring up from the bowels of the earth during a single night in that place where the day before there was nothing but sand? Yes. The Gods spoke through Murugan. He spoke the truth, the whole truth, nothing but the truth. Poor pious Murugan is now killed by his appallingly increasing fame. He is already canonised by the pilgrims, having elected him as the first High Priest of the new Gods, for was he not also their mystic priest-elect? But it would be an insult to call Murugan as the priest only. Far truer to say that he was the Kubera (the richest among the Devas in Heaven) of the village-world, for had he not before him piles of money, the huge offerings of an over-credulous pilgrim public to kick with, if he liked? Where were Karuppan and Sadayan, the comrades

of Murugan, but by his side playing the part of parasitic *chelas*! For had they not the right to share with Murugan, when blind Fortune so strangely befriended him?

The next new moon day was fast approaching. Twenty-five days had elapsed as if they were twenty-five minutes in the Manivalam village. Two more Gods were yet to spout out from the bowels of mother earth. The sea of pilgrims showed no signs of abatement. On the other hand, it swelled to gigantic proportions, for Murugan began to appear also in the role of a divine physician, effecting miraculous cures of stubbornly incurable diseases.

On the 26th night, however to convert Murugan's divine comedy into a tragedy, a stranger appeared in the form of Mr. S. Ramakrishnan, M.Sc., in Mechanical Engineering (Leeds), the only son of Panchangam Ayya Sastrigal, who was returning that night, accompanied by his friend and relative, Raghunathan, and by his servant, Govindan, from the railway station to his native village after an absence of five years abroad.

"Ragu, what can it be at this dead of night? I hear the sound of a hammer from this direction," said Ramakrishnan to his friend, pointing to a pitifully ruined temple, which was shrouded in rubbish and prickly pear.

"Yes, I too hear. That seems to be a sound produced from the impact of one rock upon another," replied Ragu pensively.

Both the young men placed their ears to the ground for a few minutes.

"Ragu, the sound is intermittent. Just hear now. Absolutely no sound!" Hardly had Ramakrishnan said this, when Ragu and Govindan exclaimed: "We hear it, we hear it now!"

"Old chap, fie on us if we don't find out from where this strange sound comes," put in the England-retained enthusiast bravely, simply egged on by dogged curiosity.

"Capital idea. Nice work for a dark night!" agreed Ragu. So saying Ragu began to explore every nook and corner, while Ramakrishnan, followed by Govindan, made for the ruins of the temple close by.

Scarcely had they walked a few paces when they heard a more distinct hammering sound.

Slowly, with cat-like paces, master and servant made their way through the prickly pear into the pillared-hall of the temple. Little doubt there was that the sound proceeded from within the inner recesses of the temple. Ramakrishnan felt for his rifle and

satisfied himself that it was fully loaded. No caution was needed to be given to Govindan, who was already on his guard flourishing his big bamboo stick. The electric torch in a flash discovered to them three men at work near the idols in the interior.

"What the devil are you fishing here, you rogues? Come out. Else I will blow your brains out!" thundered forth Ramakrishnan, holding up his rifle towards the men. They were no doubt armed; but what were their nefarious instruments before the rifle? Needless to say that the guilty consciences of these men dictated to them nothing but abject surrender to the young man.

"Thieves, what are you here? Explain or else I will send you to your forefathers!" demanded Ramakrishnan.

"Master, these three men are no other than the village Pujaris, Murugan, Sadayan and Karuppan!" exclaimed the simple Govindan.

In the meanwhile, Ragu came to the scene and in a minute comprehended all. The sight of the place, where the missing idols, Siva and Parvathi, were standing twenty six days back and of the idols, Ganesa and Subrahmanya, at whose removal these men were laboriously at work at the time, unravelled to him the twenty-six days' history of Murugan, the pious Pujari.

"One of the most daring rogueries ever perpetrated by religious charlatans in the history of the world!" exclaimed Ramakrishnan when told of the Manivalam wonder.

So you now know why our Pujari trio became suddenly and extraordinarily pious!

Pillars of Law.*

By P. S. N.

Act IV.

Scene I.

Mani Iyer seated in his library, reading some papers. Enter Kamala, his wife.

Kama. Again at your papers?

Mani. (*Laying down the papers*). My papers will wait, till your further pleasure. It is so very rarely that you deign me the pleasure of your company that I should be a fool to miss it, when it offers.

Kama. Don't blame me for that. You are not aware that I used to peep into this sanctuary of yours, near a hundred times a day, and finding you all absorbed in your papers, I used to steal away without your ever noticing it.

Mani. But, why didn't you come in?

Kama. Why should I? Were you not at your work?

Mani. But my work can wait.

Kama. It shall not. In times past, you spent many sleepless nights, and shed many bitter tears, for want of this very work, that nothing would induce me to make you neglect it. It is a thing that I have been so long praying for.

Mani. Do you attribute all my good fortune to your prayers?

Kama. Do you know that a virtuous wife can force the hand of God?

Mani. Bravo! Well said! But let me ask you frankly, whether you are any bit happier for all the money that I have earned.

Kama. I am happy, but not happier for the possession of money. Happiness and misery are things so deep, that no ripple caused by the possession of money can possibly disturb it. It is just like a draught of wine to the drunkard. When the fume ascends his brains, he thinks he is transcendently happy. But we all know that there is merely a suspension of the faculties which makes him, for the time being, forgetful of everything. Wealth is like that draught of wine. It can at the most supply the brief spells of forgetfulness, and the rich man who thinks that he is enjoying himself immensely is in a manner intoxicated."

* For the previous three Acts, see issues of July, August & September.

Mani. Really Kamala, where did you pick up all these wisdom from? Have you been reading much of late?

Kama. Do you require books to teach these homely truths? Very sorry I am not book learned as you imagine.

Mani. But why should we be merely discussing happiness, when we can enjoy it?

Kama. I am enjoying it ever and always. When I have a loving husband and a brood of lovely children, I want nothing else. These make up the full sum of my happiness.

Mani. I hope nothing will occur to mar it.

Kama. God is great. I never desired happiness at the expense of another. I never gave the least pain to any one in thought, word or deed for him to wish us an evil turn; if, in spite of it, it should please Providence to send us any affliction and put us on our trial, I shall simply bow to it and accept my fate with resignation as being His Will. My dear, what is the matter? Your face looks a little troubled. May I not share in your confidence?

Mani. Nothing certain to speak of. Only the air is thick with rumours that I will be arrested shortly and placed on trial.

Kama. What! What! What have you done to deserve it?

Mani. I am told it is for the sin of wearing Khaddar.

Kama. What else do they expect you to wear?

Mani. Anything but that. Some are of opinion that Khaddar is inconsistent with the stability of the British Dominion in India.

Kama. Then is the Doomsday near! I should prefer that you go to prison clad in Khaddar than remain outside it, with the costliest robes on. If my husband should go to prison for the sin of loving his country, I am not going to shed a single tear over it. On the other hand, it will be a festive day with me.

Mani. Your words are a steel-armour to my heart. Let them do their worst; the business of the present moment is how to extract the greatest pleasure out of it.

Kama. Then set about wooing me as lovers do in novels.

Mani. The lover woos, because the object of his love is not fully his. But you are wholly and entirely mine, as the result of many years of wooing.

Kama. But supposing I play the part of a coy maiden?

Mani. It will be like the stage fight in which there is only the show of resistance.

Kama. Then do you mean to say, that, because a couple are fully assured of each other's love, there is no need for demonstration?

Mani. When it has become too deep, demonstrations such as you imagine, are impossible. Deep waters are always still. A man, who is wholly immersed in God, does not allot a special time for prayers. His whole life is a worship. So it is with love.

Scene II

Mani Iyer, in his Office Room. Enter Velu Pillai.

Velu. This man wants to file a suit against Mr. Ayres and requests you to act for him.

Mani. Against Mr. Ayres? Are you not one of his supporters?

Velu. I was, but now I am not; and the reasons for breaking off my connections with him, I shall unfold, after this business is over.

Mani. What is the nature of the claim?

Velu. This man entrusted a thousand rupees to Mr. Ayres for the purpose of filing a suit, which was misappropriated by Mr. Ayres. Here is the receipt for the amount. (*Hands the receipt*).

Mani. Is it so? Did you ask Mr. Ayres why he did not file the suit?

Velu. When the client goes and asks him, he comes down upon him in all his wrath and fury.

Mani. You may come again to-morrow. Meanwhile, I shall speak to Mr. Ayres, and see if the matter could be settled amicably without going to Court.

Velu. Thank you. (*Departs*)

Mani. Clerk!

Clerk. (*Coming in*) Sir.

Mani. Please tell Mr. Ayres, if he is unengaged, that I would like to see him for a minute. Tell him that the matter is urgent.

Clerk. Yes, sir. (*Goes out. After sometime Mr. Ayres appears*).

Mani. Come in, Mr. Ayres. Have I called you in the midst of any important business?

Ayres. I am always busy. You know as lawyers none of us can call our time our own. But tell me in brief what it is you wanted me for. (*A little put out*).

Mani. It is not so much my business as yours. That is my only excuse for dragging you here. You see this receipt. (*Showing the receipt*). This man says that you never filed the suit for which he paid you the money. Is it so?

Ayres. May be. But how does it concern you?

Mani. It concerns me only in this way. If the money was not really utilised for the purpose for which it was given, I have been authorised to file a suit against you for recovering it.

Ayres. Is the client really serious about it?

Mani. I believe so. It would be better that you settle it beforehand.

Ayres. Can you not delay the matter for some months?

Mani. Not without the authority of the client.

Ayres. Then I am a doomed man.

Mani. I fear this would mean trouble to you in more ways than one. Action may be taken against you for professional misconduct.

Ayres. Yes. I fully realise the gravity of the situation, and I look to you to help me out of this. The plain fact is I have not a single pie with me now.

Mani. It is indeed a pity. You wanted to delay the matter for some time. What time do you want?

Ayres. Three months will suffice.

Mani. Do you hope to make out the amount in that time?

Ayres. I am sure I can.

Mani. In which case, I don't mind satisfying this man's claim from my own pocket. Please try to recoup me in the course of three months.

Ayres. I feel extremely thankful to you for this help, which you have so readily volunteered.

Mani. Don't mention it. It is our duty to help each other in difficulties.

Ayres. Do you want any document to be executed?

Mani. Not at all. Your word of mouth will do for me.

Ayres. Thank you once again. Good-bye. (Exit).

Scene III

Mani Iyer's Office Room. Enter Velu Pillai.

Velu. Did you meet Mr. Ayres?

Mani. Yes. You can have the money now. (Mani Iyer takes out a thousand rupees and pays the client).

Velu. I have my own doubts as regards the source from which this amount came.

Mani. You seem to make it a business of doubting everything and everybody.

Velu. If my doubt should prove correct, that you have paid this amount from your own pocket on behalf of Mr. Ayres, I shall have to say something about it.

Mani. What is it?

Velu. That Mr. Ayres is most unworthy of any help, at least from your hands.

Mani. Why do you say so?

Velu. Because, I know he has been doing his utmost to ruin you. In fact, not three days ago, when he and I were moving on the usual cordial terms, he solicited my help for bringing you

into trouble, which I refused, and that is the cause of our present misunderstanding. He told me that he was going to meet the Collector and represent you to him as a staunch non-co-operator and a sedition-monger, and thus bring you into trouble with the authorities.

Mani. Do you really mean it?

Velu. I do. You can call in Mr. Ayres and confront me with him. He dare not deny what he said.

Mani. Clerk, bring Mr. Ayres here.

Clerk. Yes, sir.

Mr. Ayres appears, and on seeing Mr. Velu Pillai, hesitates to advance further.

Velu. Sir, (addressing Mr. Ayres) Mr. Mani Iyer has paid the money which you owe this man from his own pocket.

Ayres. Yes. I am thankful to him for it.

Velu. Mr. Mani Iyer is also thankful to you for what you proposed to tell the Collector.

Ayres. (Much confused) Mr. Mani Iyer, why don't you send him away? I will explain to you everything at leisure.

Mani. I am not going to detain any of you long. Velu Pillai told me that you were discussing with him as to the most convenient way of ruining me, and that you finally hit upon the idea of representing to the Collector that I am a non-co-operator and a sedition-monger. I wish to know if there is any basis of truth in it. (Ayres is silent). Is there no answer?

Ayres. Really, Mr. Mani Iyer, I did not know that you were so good a man. It is only after you lent me this thousand rupees that I learnt you had a kind heart.

Mani. Did I give you occasion to think otherwise of me, at any time before?

Ayres. Let us forget the past. Why do you rake it up? Now that you have helped me in a crisis, I shall prove myself to be one of your most faithful friends.

Mani. Mr. Ayres, your friendship I despise. As regards the money, which brought about this change of heart in you, keep it with you, lest by parting with it your heart should revert to its former self. I have nothing more to do with you. You may go. (Exit Ayres. Addressing Mr. Velu Pillai and the client). I pity him. There is no other word for it. If the dog bites the man, shall the man bite the dog in return? Thank you, Velu Pillai.

(Velu Pillai and client depart).

Scene IV.

Mani Iyer's House. He is talking with his wife. Enter Sub-Inspector of Police.

Mani. Come in, sir. I have been expecting you.

S. I. It is a very unpleasant duty, but I have been ordered to arrest you.

Mani. I don't blame you for it. Will you give me ten minutes' respite for taking leave of my wife and children?

S. I. Certainly. I would be the last to refuse it. I shall wait outside. *(The Sub-Inspector goes out. Mani Iyer's children come.)*

Ramu. Ma, what for has the Police Sub-Inspector come here?

Kama. They are going to take your father to prison.

Ramu. Why should they? What has Papa done?

Kama. Does he not wear Khaddar?

Ramu. Is it wrong to wear Khaddar, Ma?

Kama. Some people think so.

Ramu. But you and I wear Khaddar, Ma. Shall I tell the Sub-Inspector to take us also to prison?

Mani. You are not yet old enough for that, Ramu.

Kama. Ramu! Don't be uneasy. Your father will return this very evening.

Ramu. I will be quiet, since you are quiet. Pa, promise me that you will return this very evening.

Mani. Don't fear. I will. I do not wish to make the Sub-Inspector wait long. Good-bye.

Ramu. Remember. I must see you this evening.

(Exit).

(To be continued).

The Motor Car.

By K. Krishnamurthi.



HE motor-car is a characteristic product of our times. It is the modern man's substitute for that placid, obedient, not to say very silent, transporter of human freight, viz., the horse. When some of our veterans are led into this train of thought, their thoughts invariably run in this strain: "Oh! for the days when there was no dust, no hooting, no roaring, and no broken legs".

I, for one, am not prepared to swear that this change is for the better. Whatever the motor-car enthusiast may say in defence, as for instance the thrill, the comfort, the speed and what-not, there is no gainsaying the truth of that last remark of the representative of the older generation—broken legs. Now, let me make this thing clear. I do not definitely commit myself to legs all the way, and the damage might extend to other parts of the anatomy, too.

But in fairness to the modern motor-car, it must be said that it can do most of the tricks of its animate predecessor. The car of to-day, with a man at the wheel, has a whole lot of amazing feats to its credit. It can run, it can leap, it can jump, it can slide, and it can do many things besides. It is so obliging that it will even turn over and lie on its back for you—perhaps it may go to the length of standing on its head, too. And on certain momentous occasions, and, let me hope, rare ones, the motor-car attempts a new trick, at the mere thought of which some of our Victorian horses would probably expire. It ventures with pardonable diffidence to ascend wayside trees. Whether it succeeds or not, that it has the moral courage and enterprise to sometimes repeat with renewed vigour its rehearsals of an art of which it is a pioneer, is sufficient proof that the motor-car is undoubtedly of the stuff of which heroes are made.

Which naturally leads me on to the heroic nature of the gentlemen who undertake the hazardous task of piloting these machines through "unknown waters". Mind you, I don't say it is in every case an exhibition of conscious heroism. The pioneering instinct, so to speak, may have its origin in various places. It may come straight from the heart, or it may come straight from the Bottle. I cannot, naturally, vouch for its source. In some exceptional cases, that "climbing-up" instinct may also be due to what is colloquially termed a "yellow streak".

The motor-car makes no secret of the fact that it is not a philanthropist by any means. It is, on the other hand, frankly open on the subject. It demands food, drink and clothing. It cannot, of course, do without its bi-weekly wash and brush-up. Occasionally, it sheds some limb or other, or wants to have it shed, and demands it to be replaced by a new one! Once in a while, too, for your motor-car is a creature of whims, it requires that you get down and push it for some distance. After all, it has been carrying you all over the world, and it is but right and proper that you should do something by way of return. What if it is eccentric in its choice of time and place for the act of reciprocation? You must allow for the fact that it is a hard-working, industrious servant and that, therefore, it deserves a fund of loyalty on your part.

Our Guests.

By S. R.



O be plain, most of our guests are our disgusts. We are often and even daily pestered by them. Without giving us previous intimation or information, they, like locusts on harvest fields, suddenly come down upon us at untimely hours, causing not a little inconvenience and confusion. Of course, it must be said to the credit of some of them that they do come in time, just in time, to taste those fresh, hot and delicious dishes, almost the first persons to enjoy the preparations, while the regular members of the family have to wait for their food till another course of dishes is made ready. Relatives and friends, cousins and aunts, brothers and sisters, children and widows, kith and kin, skin and flesh, bag and baggage, trunks and baskets,—all pour in pell-mell at any hour of day or night.

Despite hotels and restaurants, despite convenient boarding and lodging establishments, it is almost an anathema to some of our Adam's descendants to pay for their food. Not that they dislike hotels and such things. They are only too ready to try these places at another's expense. Gratis refreshments and dinners are pleasant, indeed, because there is not the anxiety of payment. Only the wearer knows where the shoe pinches. Many like to be invited, and few are willing to invite. Half the world lives upon the weakness of the other half.

Things were better before the introduction of railways, difficulty of locomotion largely preventing such vexing visitations. Woe unto you if you are living near a railway station, (worse if it is an important station or junction), or if you are in a big city or place of pilgrimage. Every train will bring in its train its due share of such uninvited visitors. They do not spare you even if you are in nooks and corners. They will find you out somehow, those distant cousins or indirect brothers, who roam about in quest of relatives and gratis food.

There are a set of people who will not very easily leave a place. They go there with the express purpose of lingering there as far and as long as possible, casting to the four winds of heaven all sense of decorum, decency, etiquette and shame, and creating extremely delicate and difficult situations for their hosts. They haunt about like ghosts; the more you give, the more they stay; better the food, the surer and longer the stay. And will they be

any benefit to you? Yes, undoubtedly. When they take leave of you—one day or other they must do that—they may also approach you for some loan in kind or money. Give them something if you can, to avoid their vexing presence further, following the principle and policy of Dr. Primrose, the Vicar of Wakefield.

A proverb says fools make feasts and wise men eat them. That we have too many feasts among us (all our ceremonies, we have a lot of them, from birth to death and even beyond death, are accompanied by feasts) is an undoubted fact, though it may not be safe to conclude that we are all fools. These frequent feastings, especially during marriage occasions, are a great economic drain on us, much more so in these hard days of retrenchment and unemployment. That we borrow and spend for these purposes is the worst of it. No wonder 'I. Ps. follow marriages. Half a dozen marriages in a family are enough and more to ruin the life and wealth of any decently rich man. The poor imitate the rich, and they are consequently the worst victims. One marriage celebration means guests, wanted, and un-wanted for days together, many days before and after the event. Our lives are unnecessarily punctuated with rituals and feasts, mighty mischiefs of cunning priestcraft.

I do not wish to be misunderstood as an unsocial or inhospitable being. India is rightly and pre-eminently a land of hospitality, the land that so cordially received Fa-Hian and Heuen-Tsang, and hospitality is indeed one of the sublimest of virtues. We have to entertain guests, our friends and relatives, and we must continue to do so. It expands our soul, it warms our hearts and hearths. All religions speak highly of hospitality, of duly honouring guests. But I strongly urge a little use of circumspection in the matter on the part of the host and a greater sense of discretion and a sense of the difficulties of others on the part of the guests, which will easily transform all unpleasantness and misunderstanding into pure pleasure and joy. Then our guests will be no longer our disgusts.

All people talk about the meritorious act of giving, about the divine aspect of charity and hospitality, but few about the sterling independent spirit underlying the laudable attitude of not receiving, of dignity and independence heroically struggling against stern poverty. Dr. Johnson was made of such stuff. Bernard Shaw declined to receive the Nobel Prize money, not a small amount. (Of course, he is rich enough, having earned a lot by his writings.) This is the real sagely spirit in man, and sages have always preferred voluntary poverty to worldly fame and wealth.

In 1502 when Vasco Da Gama set out from Portugal with the avowed object of establishing Portuguese commercial supremacy on the Indian waters by extinguishing that of the Muslims, he visited the palace and made the then Raja agree to his trade proposals. The Ali Raja was the High Admiral of the navy maintained by Hyder Ali, "the only Indian prince of his time who organised and maintained a navy for the defence of his coast-line." During his Malabar invasion in 1766, Hyder Ali honoured his Naval Commander by a visit to his palace, when he interviewed the Dutch Commandant at Fort St. Angelo and divulged his intention of ever remaining hostile to the East India Company. Before he returned to his kingdom, the Ali Raja was nominated by him to be the Civil Governor of his territories in Kerala.

After Hyder's death, the Ali Raja always espoused the cause of Tippu Sultan. When he campaigned in Malabar during 1788 to restore the shaken prestige of the Mysore throne, by quelling the rebellious, he also honoured the Ali Raja by a visit, when the preliminary ceremonies of a marriage between one of the Sultan's sons and a princess of the Ali Raja's family were solemnised.

The 'Cantonment' has its own unique attractions. The long, rocky, jutting seashore, the two extensive plains, deserve mention. One of the plains is by the side of the fort and serves as the play and parade ground for the troops stationed in the barracks. The other is to the east of the railway station. A long line of 'mouldering barracks,' relics of the time when the Malabar and Canarese regiments were stationed here, and most of the public offices of the town are located around this plain. A posse of Reserve Constables, stationed here, at present occupy these barracks. This plain serves as the extensive play and parade ground for the Reserve police. The local, ancient High School, the *alma mater* of such illustrious personages as Sir C. Sankaran Nair and the late Sir C. Krishnan, is located on the northern side of the plain.

When the Dutch had to abandon many of their smaller factories, Fort St. Angelo was sold to the Ali Raja in 1772.

During the Mysore wars, Fort St. Angelo and its surroundings had nearly 8,000 troops under the Mysore flag. To the East India Company it was always "a nest of enemies". The fort was attacked and stormed and taken by the English in 1783. When peace was subsequently concluded in 1784, it was restored to the Ali Raja. When hostilities again broke out between Tippu Sultan and the English, Fort St. Angelo was finally captured by General Abercromby in December 1789.

Cannanore is one of the most charming places on the Malabar Coast, presenting many interesting features. The climate is salubrious and particularly during summer it is far cooler than most other towns in Malabar. The principal industry of the town is weaving, and of the several weaving works, the largest and the most ancient are those of the Basel Mission.

Low-lying hills surround the town, causing a number of small gradients on the roads and the railroad that reach the town. The long masonry-protected railway cuttings between Cannanore and its adjacent stations are too prominent to escape the notice of even the most absent-minded looker on. The town is composed of two detached portions, known locally as the 'Old Town' and the 'Cantonment'.

The 'Old Town,' crammed with shops and huge warehouses, is the business centre. The crooked and narrow roads often mystify the pedestrians, cars, buses and other vehicles alike. This is thickly populated by Muhammadans who control almost the entire business of the place. Its importance as a prosperous commercial centre dates back to the flourishing days of Cheraman Perumal, who encouraged Muhammadans to settle on the Malabar Coast to promote commerce. During the palmy days of the Vijayanagar Empire, this was one of the chief ports of the kingdom.

The chief attraction here is the small, curving bay of the sea. Groves of cocoanut palm fringe picturesquely the shore of this little bay. The Arakkal Palace, the residence of the Ali Raja of Cannanore, is on the shore of this bay. The history of this ancient royal family, according to the *Keralolpathy* is traced to Cheraman Perumal, who, it is stated, while welcoming Muhammadans to the Coast, installed one of their chiefs as the 'Azhi Raja,' i. e., 'lord of the deep' at Cannanore. In the older days these Ali Rajas were often hostile to the Kollattiris, the then ruling chiefs of this part of Kerala.

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K. Sh. K.

മുഹമ്മദ് നബി (**The Prophet Muhammad**) by T. K. Muhammad, 80 pp., 4 as. (T. K. Muhammad & Bros., Veliyangode P. O., S. Malabar).

It does us good to see the increase of books written by our educated Muslim brethren on their religion. As such we welcome this book, of which, however, only a fourth part deals with the life of the Prophet, the remainder being devoted to other aspects of Islam. It is written in a readable style on which we congratulate the author, but clumsy combinations like 'ബാധിച്ചിട്ടുണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ലാത്ത' (p. 3 for 'ബാധിച്ചിട്ടില്ലായിരുന്ന') and 'ഉണ്ടായിരുന്നില്ലാത്ത' (p. 12, for 'ഇല്ലായിരുന്ന'), bad spellings like 'അനുഷ്ടുപ', 'അഭേദ്യം' and wrong compounds like 'മഹൽഗുണം' should be avoided. The ending of the last sentence on p. 54 is grammatically wrong (say 'എന്നമുള്ളവാനുപം'). Lastly, the statement that the scriptures of other religions have been altered at the whim of their adherents is quite unfounded.

പഴഞ്ചൊൽ കഥകൾ (**Proverbial Tales**) Pt. I, by V. T. Sankunni Menon, iv+84 pp., 8 as. (Salkatha Publishing House, Chalappuram, Calicut).

This is a collection of good old stories brimming over with the peculiar Malabar humour, illustrating our proverbs and told in a simple, charming style. We wish the author all success in his endeavours to preserve them.

K. Sh. K.

William Cowper--An Appreciation.

By P. S. Raman, B.A.



ENGLAND will celebrate the bicentenary of the pious poet Cowper's birth on the 25th November 1931. More than a century and a half has elapsed after his muse played on the harp of Truth and Righteousness. A materialistic age has trampled on his effusions, but his writings will still linger in the memories of many English knowing youths.

Few men saw in the timid shy child born in 1731 at Great Berkhamstead, Hertfordshire, the poet that was to be. No happy augury or precocious genius characterised the thoughtful boy at Dr. Pitman's School. In the periods of the youth's mental gloom his mind wandered in airy regions of poetic fancy. And when he settled again to his normal self, he sat with his pen working at his rhymes!

A keen observer of Nature, Cowper, escaped from literary care, would wander by the Ouse's silent tide with his favourite Beau, or retire to a poplar field to rejoice in the 'whispering sound of the cool colonnades'. The fate of the poplars remind him of his fugitive years hasting away and when he reflects,

Streams never flow in vain, where streams abound
How laughs the land with various plenty crowned,
But time that should enrich the nobler mind
Neglected leaves a dreary waste behind.

the poet is only taking his little lessons at his vast observatory. His is an admiration of Nature, not the adoration or the pagan worship that leads Wordsworth often astray into realms of imagination and fancy. With greater accuracy it may be said of Cowper, than the other great Nature poet, that he approaches Nature, 'as a friend, philosopher and guide'.

Cowper lived in an era of new industrialism. The eighteenth century inaugurated the Industrial Revolution and with Walpole politics became the pursuit of vain ingenuity. Diplomacy and statesmanship were built on the bases of untruth and corruption. The saintly poet saw the evil around him when he said,

Pride falls unpitied never more to rise, and, glory built
On selfish principles is shame and guilt.

Table Talk.

Every line of his longer poems breathes a moral, not a mere condemnation of the times, but the moralist's kindly advice.

The poet may deny his prophetic vein, 'no prophetic fires to me belong,' but it is the prophet who speaks through the lines:

Fit men are raised to station and command
When Providence means mercy to a land.

At a time when England and France were constantly at war against each other, and the whole continent was divided in petty rivalry and jealousy, Cowper was an apostle of peace who would not see

The people scattered as a flock,
Some royal mastiff panting at their heels.

Table Talk.

The Negro forms his subject in more than three of his poems, *The Negro's Complaint*, *Pity for Poor Africans* and *The Morning Dream*. With a stirring appeal, he champions their cause:

What are England's rights I ask
Me from my delights to sever,
Me to torture, me to task,
Fleecy locks and black complexion,
Cannot forfeit Nature's claim,
Skins may differ but affection
Dwells in black and white the same.

The Negro's Complaint.

and who does not lend a tear to 'the backs that have smarted for the sweets the cane affords?'

Cowper's acquaintance with John Newton, Curate of Olney, introduced him into deeper religious thoughts and his Olney Hymns are his humble homage to the Great Lord. He never forgets

There lives and works
A soul in all things and that soul is God.

The Task

Religion! what treasure untold
Resides in that heavenly word

Solitude.

Cowper did not suffer for a subject. His easy facile pen ran from *Table Talk* to *Conversation*, not hesitating to touch even on the abstract themes of Charity, Truth, Expostulation and Retirement. Once, it is said, he lacked a subject when Lady Austin said, 'You can write on anything. Write on this sofa,' and he produced *The Task*—his masterpiece.

Cowper lived a saintly life amid the vice and din of a corrupt world.

Heaven from above and conscience from within,
Cried in his startled ears 'Abstain from sin'.

Book Reviews

Topics of Indian History: Hindu Period. By Mr. T. R. Sundram, M. A., Rochouse College Manual Series. Price not mentioned.

This is the first volume of the College Manuals of Indian History brought out by the enterprising firm of Rochouse & Sons, Madras. This series is intended for the use of the undergraduates of Indian Universities. Mr. T. R. Sundaram, M. A., the author, justifiably claims that the work is "accurate and up to date". Opinions on topics of interest in the ancient History of India, expressed as recently as April last, have been referred to in the work. The last topic dealt with is the growth of a "Greater India beyond the seas". It is useful to students preparing for the University Examinations as it contains details not to be found in ordinary text-books. But we feel the author would have been well advised if he had also discussed the sources for each era in greater detail. A discussion of some of the important dates, especially of that of the Buddha, would have been a welcome addition to the "topics". The get-up of the book is fairly good, and we congratulate the publishers on their production.

P. K. P.

The Christ of the Indian Road. by E. Stanley Jones, D. D., Sitapur, U. P. 254 pp. (Hodder & Stoughton Ltd., London.)

Gandhiji's pronouncements about the future of mission work in India and the visit of the American laymen's committee of investigation have drawn public attention to a question of some importance. Dr. Jones is a missionary, but his book differs from the usual run of missionary and some other western works on India, as the author himself points out, in that it does not feature the child-widows, the caste system, "the sixty million sadhus roaming through India finding little and contributing less," the purdah, "the appalling illiteracy amounting to ninety-three per cent." and other unspeakable things. Still the book has not been wanting in popularity, as we gather that besides twenty-four reprints in England there have been a good number of American editions and translations of the work into a dozen or more languages.

Dr. Jones has left out such features for pretty obvious reasons. His aim is primarily to present his Master as he has found Him, whose bounty and guidance, he declares, are at the bottom of his missionary enterprise. Christianity to him is simply

Christ, and is not the same thing as western civilisation or the Old Testament or perhaps even the Church, though, of course, his partiality for his Church is evident. India cannot have too many of such missionaries, whether they profess Christianity or Islam or Buddhism or Taoism. They will not adopt the old method of "defeating" their "opponents" in a religious disputation, which would end more often than not in disaster. They will, like Dr. Jones, confine themselves to a correct representation of the truths they have experienced, while trying to study other faiths with an honestly open mind. Our author has thus been able to get at the heart of some Hindu doctrines, although we have to note that his grasp of some others is rather superficial as yet. His sincerity and fervour are easily visible through the engaging style of the book. Though it is intended apparently for western readers, our countrymen will find in it a good deal to interest them. For in their land in an ancient epoch did a sage rise to the supreme realisation of *Ekam sad vipra bahudha vadanti* (Rig Veda, I clxiv.), and surely they will not be offended if you call God Jehovah or Allah or by any other name.

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Notes.

A hopeful feature of the times is the evident interest that is being taken in the elevation of the untouchables and in the removal of the disabilities they suffer from. If untouchability is to be removed ultimately, the proper way to set about it is to remove first the inferiority-complex under which the untouchables suffer now, or which they are made to feel owing to the pernicious inhibitions imposed by custom, tradition or law. The untouchables, at least the younger generation of them, ought have no reason or evidence to remember that their forefathers or elders have ever been in a stage of citizenship lower than that of their Hindu brethren. We are, therefore, immensely glad to learn that the go-ahead State of Baroda, which has made itself famous by its legislative enactments in the direction of social reform, has creditably taken the lead in abolishing all special schools in the State for untouchables from the 23rd of November. Untouchable children will hereafter attend the common schools without let or hindrance and backed by all the prestige and authority of the State. It is also the perception of this fundamental principle that led Gandhiji to oppose so emphatically, and with such persuasive eloquence, any special representation for the depressed classes which was claimed by their representative in the Minorities' Committee of the Round Table Conference. He rightly felt that any such step will be suicidal to the interests of the depressed classes themselves because it will be perpetuating for all time the stigma of inferiority that attaches to the depressed classes now, and he would rather see Hinduism die than see this curse of untouchability live. "We do not want untouchables to be classified as a separate class," he said. "Sikhs may remain such in perpetuity. So may the Muslims and Europeans. Will the untouchables remain untouchables in perpetuity?"

A campaign against Purda, we learn from the papers, has been started in Berar, which we are told is supported even by conservative old ladies. It is very heartening indeed to find that the movement is led by women themselves without any initiative from the men. In the India of the future, when a self-governing Constitution is inevitable and only a question of time, our women-folk who form roughly one half of the population will exert a powerful influence and necessarily play a prominent part. They have done well, therefore, in hastening to free themselves from

the shackles that now bind them and keep themselves ready in order to exercise the privilege of citizenship to the fullest extent.

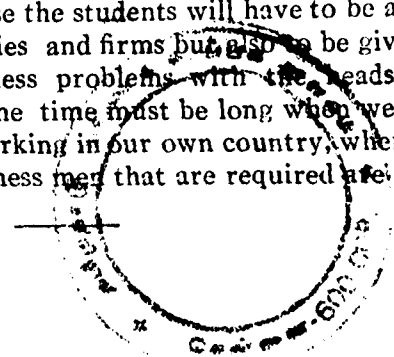
The Institute of Science at Bangalore owes its existence to the munificence, patriotism and far-sightedness of the pioneer of Indian industry, the late Mr. J. N. Tata. The working of the Institute is reviewed every quinquennium by a **Indian Institute Committee** appointed by His Excellency the **Vice-of Science**, roy, as the Visitor of the Institute. The **Committee Bangalore**. has reported and the report is now published. It constitutes a rather damning indictment of the way in which the Institute is now organised, controlled and run. The object of the foundation is to provide an institution for Indian students "with facilities for work and training as would enable India to compete on equal terms with other countries as a producer of new knowledge, and to aid Indian students to serve India in Science and Technology". Apparently, this end has not been subserved so far by the activities of the Institute, and the Committee is of opinion that in the future "more attention should be paid to those lines of research that have or might be expected to open up fresh industries at present undeveloped in this country".

Towards this end, the Committee stresses the need for closer contact with industrial organisations with specific suggestions therefor. It suggests that greater attention should be paid towards the industrial side of research by establishing **Committee's Suggestions**. closer liaison and collaboration between the various Departments of the Institute and industrial bodies, like the Chambers of Commerce, the Railway Board, the Posts and Telegraphs Department, the Agricultural Research Council and the Surveys of India. It is suggested that these bodies should find greater representation on the Council or Court of the Institute, the Directors of Industries throughout India also being made members of the same. But this proposal, as well as the other one of constituting Provincial Standing Committees of the Court with the Director of Industries as Chairman to advise the Institute on the lines of research that should be undertaken for the benefit of the industry or industries of the Province presupposes capacity on the part of the Directors and the members of the Standing Committee to give the necessary advice. But even as it is, the closer co-operation which is implied in the Committee's proposals is worth striving for and the proposal may as well be tried.

Most people will agree with the opinion so emphatically expressed by the Committee that the Institute "will not fulfil

the original intention of the founder unless it is regarded as an All-India Institute" and that "with the resources at its disposal, the Institute ought always to be in a position to supply such opportunities for training as cannot be obtained elsewhere in India". If this is to be secured, it is necessary that a well informed public opinion concerning the functions of the Institute should be created, as was pointed out by an earlier reviewing Committee. The latest Committee also finds that such a well-informed public opinion does not exist, and it speaks somewhat strongly of the ignorance of the work of the Institute which prevails, for instance, among the members of the Court and the Directors. All these explain why the Institute has not so far justified the expectations to realise which the late Mr. Tata founded it. It remains to be seen what effect the suggestions of the Committee regarding the personnel of the staff and its recruitment, the extension of the work and activities of the Institute, by the institution of a Chair of Applied Physics and extension of the Departments of Organic Chemistry and Electrical Technology are going to have. In any case, a radical remedy seems to be necessary for a complaint so serious and alarming as is revealed by the elaborate diagnosis of the Committee.

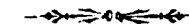
That education and culture are useful and even necessary for Business is not sufficiently realised in our country, and that is one of the reasons why Commerce in India has not developed as it should. No training worth the name or even facilities for such training are available in our country. America, as usual, has taken the lead in this direction, where, for instance, the Graduate School of Business Administration in Harvard has successfully worked out plans for training out young men for business with the whole-hearted co-operation of the heads of business firms of repute and vast organisation. In Canada also the University of Western Ontario is stated to conduct such a school successfully, and the latest attempt to be made is the London School of Economics which has established a Department of Business Administration. The success of an enterprise of this kind depends upon the active support given by the heads of big business firms, because the students will have to be allowed not only to visit the factories and firms but also to be given the facility of discussing business problems with the heads of the institutions they visit. The time must be long when we could have such an institution working in our own country, where both the money and the big business men that are required are scarce.



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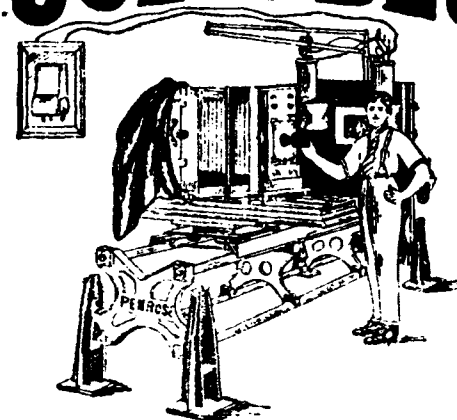
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