



VOL. VII

DECEMBER

NO. 3

Self-Government in Schools.

By T. S. Venkatarama Iyer, B. A., L. T.



OR the past three decades the conviction has been borne in upon educationists that the authoritarian methods of ordinary school government are hardly in keeping with the democratic ideals of modern society. Children should be prepared at school for the social life awaiting them in the community, but the actual training that is given them, as Prof. Dewey points out, is far from working towards that end. For, as a matter of fact, except in the play-ground, very little collective and group work is allowed to the children. They are hardly encouraged to sit together and work unitedly at the same job; free intercourse is denied them in the class-room; and rarely are they permitted even to converse with one another. The discipline that reigns in most of our schools is a relic of mediaevalism; it bears the impress of the monastic out-look on education; it is rigorous, compulsory, full of restriction and taboos. In fact, as Mr. Edmond Holmes observes, it 'takes for granted that the child is a potential rebel and criminal' and 'therefore does its best to crush his spirit and mechanicalize his life.'¹

¹ Edmond Holmes: "Laying in Our Schools the Foundations of Democracy"
--- W. E. A. Year-Book, 1918.

The realization that such a rigoristic discipline can scarcely promote the growth and diffusion of the democratic spirit among children to enable them to play a useful part in modern communities is at the bottom of the movement towards self-government in schools. The first experiment in this direction was undertaken in America, when Mr. W. R. George,² the founder of the George Junior Republic, at Freeville, New York, found it hard to govern the delinquent adolescents placed under his charge with the rigorous methods of traditional school discipline. He modelled the system of administration more or less on the lines of the United States Government and gave his boys full freedom to enact and administer their own laws. The result was gratifying to a degree. And his intractable community of adolescents, who had been before scarcely amenable to any order or discipline, now subsided into perfect law-abiding citizens of a small republic, earning their keep by honest labour.

The success that came in the wake of this transfer of control from the hands of Mr. George to the boys themselves was an eye-opener, and it has made educationists realise that children obey the laws and regulations enacted by them more readily than those imposed from without, because the latter code fails to carry with it the ethical sanction which is attached to the former. The code prescribed for the conduct of the children by the teacher or any other outside authority lacks the consciousness of common purposes which provides the incentive for obedience and which they find in their own self-made laws. So, however useful and beneficent the school regulations may be in themselves, these do not bear the hall-mark of common good in the eyes of the children, unless they frame or help to frame the laws. The ultimate source of authority and discipline, therefore, does not lie in the teacher's will but in that of the child. And if this principle is recognized and acted upon, most of the baffling problems of discipline in schools will instantly disappear. For, questions of discipline arise only when there is a conflict with the pupil's will. The teacher should, therefore, cultivate "the habit of getting behind the will of the child instead of confronting it" which, according to Mr. Thistleton Mark, the 'typical American teacher' seems to have done.*

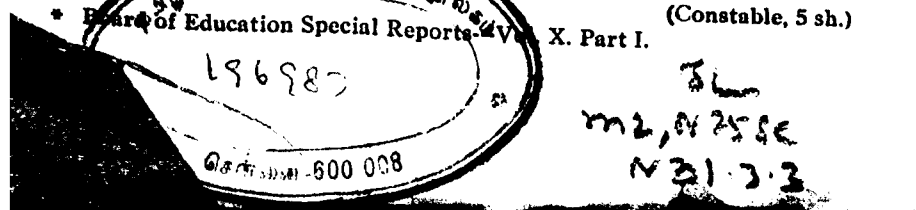
Self-government in schools should not be introduced by stages or in instalments; if it is to be a live force, if it is to be a reality, children should be given complete freedom in the management of all administrative functions, without the teacher retaining

2 W. R. George and L. B. Stoway: 'Citizens Made and Remade.' (Constable, 5 sh.)
 * Board of Education Special Reports, Vol. X. Part I.

for himself any measure of control. Any system of government that makes it possible for the school authorities to exercise control over the children without allowing them a free hand in managing their own affairs is not entitled to the name of educational self-government. No half-way house there is between ordinary school government and real self-government by pupils. Either you entrust them with full power to determine the whole or part of their school life, or they have no self-government at all worth the name. For instance, neither the prefect system nor the house system can be dignified with the appellation of self-government.

True self-government must be based on a democratic organization, the members of which should possess the right to elect their representatives to an executive endowed with legislative and administrative functions. But the prefect system is to a great extent oligarchical. Under it power is transferred from the teacher to only a handful of children, so that the group of pupils in a class as a whole do not exercise any responsibility. The pupils who are appointed as prefects scarcely command the confidence of the whole community of children; for, they are not elected by their fellows but nominated by the teacher or the headmaster. The rules they administer are not those of their own creation but mainly the rules imposed from above. So their functions are largely administrative, and "they have not," as Mr. Osborne rightly observes, "much more power of choice than non-commissioned officers in a regiment".* Under prefect government, in so far as the school regulations are not the expression of the common will of the children, they meet with opposition from the pupils, just the same opposition that is experienced in schools where the headmaster and the staff keep all power in their own hands. The smooth working of the school and the prompt obedience to its regulations on the part of the children, which constitute a very predominant and valuable feature of the pupils' own government, are rarely to be found in schools where the prefectorial system is in force, for the motive of obedience does not lie in the child's will. Often in such schools the pernicious habit of espionage prevails, and the relationship that subsists between pupil and pupil is decidedly far from being wholesome. "Occasionally under prefect government there is a marked absence of *esprit de corps*, of the feeling of responsibility, of self-control, of 'tone' generally".⁴

* Adams' "Educational Movements and Methods" to which Mr. C. H. C. Osborne makes a contribution on 'Experiments in Self-Government in Secondary Schools'—Pp. 177-189 (Harrap.)
 4 W. G. Speight: 'The Organization and Curricula of Schools,' P. 217.



Even in schools where the system worked well, as in the Public School at Rugby under Dr. Arnold, the great mass of children had no share in the training in civil responsibility which it gave to the prefects. So unless the prefectorial system is considerably modified, unless the prefects are constitutionally elected, unless opportunities for social training are vouchsafed to the community of children as a whole, it is idle to hold that it makes any approach to real self-government.

In certain schools in England, especially in the boarding schools, side by side with the prefectorial system, there is what is called the house system, according to which pupils are so classified that each house consists of children of all ages. Each house is regarded as an independent unit, the members that constitute it being answerable to its own welfare. But in actual practice, this does not tend to cultivate all the high virtues which are claimed to be the outcome of a real measure of self-government. The one inherent defect in the system is that it is apt to produce a spirit of rivalry and competition, one house vying with another to show better progress. And so among the children of the school there springs up an attitude of mind which is prejudicial to the development of co-operative unity and the genuine social atmosphere where each works for all and all for each.

In England and elsewhere, in consequence of the great urge for freedom in education, there are, however, forward-looking institutions which secure for their children a good measure of self-government in reality. Some twenty per cent. of the members in a class constitute a managing committee, the members of which are elected by their fellow-pupils, the members being obliged to vacate their seats in case they fail to carry out the mandate of the class in respect of the task entrusted them. This committee generally transacts all the work that falls to a teacher in the ordinary school, except of course, that part of it which pertains to actual teaching. Besides, from time to time it enacts rules and measures which, in its opinion, are necessary for a proper administration of the internal affairs of a school in so far as they relate to the welfare of the pupils.

What now are the advantages that are likely to accrue from such a system of school government? In the first place, it gives an excellent training to all the children of the school in the improvement of the social and moral side of their character. Gradually, the child is made to realise that his interests are closely linked up with those of the community; and the pupil gets to know, that in a highly intricate and complex system of modern society, the member who solely subserves his own narrow

and selfish ends very often finds himself thwarted, at almost every turn and comes to grief. The spirit of service is fostered, and the child receives that training in social co-operation which makes him responsive to the aims of society when he grows up.

Secondly, it provides a proper outlet for the pupils' energy and activity, which, when offered no desirable scope, often breaks out into the various forms of naughtiness with which we are all familiar at school. "The naughty boys are those," says Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, "who have a special gift of energy which the whole spirit of discipline in respectable society could not wholly still into absolute passivity."¹ The introduction of self-government is, therefore, calculated to eliminate the naughty element and give a right direction to the child's energy.

Another aim of self-government is to secure for the child practical experience in citizenship. Though, in America, such a training is sought to be given by the inclusion of social subjects, especially in the curriculum of secondary schools, the device by itself cannot touch even the fringe of the problem, unless it is supplemented by practical training in administration through self-government. The machinery of administration can best be learnt only by practice, not from books on civics or theoretical lessons on citizenship.

Fourthly, self-government is conducive to the development of a genuine sense of responsibility to a degree which is scarcely ever reached in the ordinary forms of school administration; and the value of it cannot be over-estimated, if we remember that the influence which it brings to bear on the perfection of the pupils' character is enormously great.

Again, problems of juvenile delinquency may easily be solved if the children themselves are entrusted with the administration of their own affairs. There are children who by constant repression are turned into refractory pupils; and these really find it easy to pull on in a self-governing school, for they have no longer any conflict with authority: they may pursue their old ways but, when they find that it meets with no encouragement from their comrades, they fall into line along with the rest. They learn by experience that law is not an arbitrary thing, but a means of securing the interests and aims of the society of which they are members and in which they are themselves interested.

Above all, self-government offers that free and unfettered scope which is essential to the development of the child's character in its highest sense and fits him to take his place in the community as an efficient and capable member and to make his

¹ "Modern Review"--October 1924.

contribution to the difficult task of governing the community in the light of the valuable experience he has gained at school.

In our land, where the large mass of teachers are conservative in outlook and by training, it will take a good long while to have this admirable system of school government introduced in a large measure, albeit the fact that experiments in this direction are made in certain 'look-ahead' schools, such as the famous school of Dr. Tagore at Bolpur and the Modern School at Delhi founded by Lala Raghbir Singh.

What Shall I Think To-day?

By Prof. Ernest Wood.



IT is always interesting to study the ways of the young and the animals and plants. They have a way with them that is very clear and direct, free from the complications which beset the mind of the average man, and therefore in their specific forms and activities they show remarkable perfection, and form perhaps the very best subjects for contemplation. Every movement in the body of a wild animal is the very manifestation of a particular perfection, and thereby a window to the infinite.

But man, alas, has complicated his life and mind so much that everywhere there is ugliness, and nothing is finished—neither work nor thought. Speaking of the human mind, we may parody the motto in the Hall of Audience at Delhi, and say, "If there is a jungle on earth, it is here, it is here, it is here." Usually, there is no clear purpose, no clear idea, but only a mass of confused purposes and ideas. This leaves the average person very negative, and quite unable to amuse and entertain himself. I can perhaps illustrate this by comparing two kinds of little children with which most people are familiar. There is the child who can entertain himself under almost any circumstances, with whatever may be at hand. He will take his barrow, fill it with potatoes, and wheel them about the house, crying out, "Coal, coal for sale!" if he happens to have a barrow, and if potatoes are lying about in the kitchen; if they are not, he will inevitably find something else to play with. Another child will mope unless he is given personal attention almost constantly. He needs all the time to be amused, which is only another way of saying that his mind is not active, that he is negative in character, and requires outside stimulus to wake him up—otherwise he remains gloomy, discontented and petulant. One can almost predict what the men and women growing out of such children will be like.

Most people are in the negative condition. They must be perpetually pleased or amused. When the pressure of necessity to work is withdrawn, they draw a breath of relief and satisfaction, but a moment later they look round for something to amuse them. The lower type of such people stand at street corners, idly watching for something to happen, to look at some person dressed a little strangely, to enjoy any trifling accident that may occur. At a higher stage of evolution they pick up a magazine,

and if they are going on a short journey, they do not know what to do with themselves unless they have a friend to talk to or some papers to read. And generally the reading is quite unprofitable. Its subject matter is not only likely to be almost useless, but even when it is useful it is forgotten within a few days. The same kind of people crowd to see anything new. They will break all barriers and swarm over the cricket field; they will crowd round a celebrated man; they form the band of what in America are graphically, though unbeautifully, called "rubber-necks". And all of this for the simple reason (for which, of course, most of them are not at all to blame) that their minds are so shallow that the few thoughts of which they are capable, with reference to what is before their eyes, are rapidly exhausted, and they must have something new to reawaken them, and preferably something with a "kick" in it. On the whole, these are a very discontented and unhappy section of the population.

When the mind has awakened a little, we find that it is usually in service of this lower self which lives upon amusement, which at the same time dislikes anything uncomfortable. A simple, though ungraceful, way of summing up the matter is to say that the object in life for very many people is simply to be tickled, in the ear, in the nostril, in the mouth, and emotionally and mentally also, in their vanity, and in those pleasures which the mind gets by running only on familiar roads—for the mind is something like a horse which has been in the habit of going along certain streets and stopping at certain places; it is somewhat of a trouble to change the direction, and also there is an element of fear, that one may not be quite so comfortable in one's thoughts or feelings after the change as one was before.

The mind then, in its early development, is used to promote his tickling, and between whiles to ensure as far as possible the undisturbed physical, emotional and mental comfort of its master—the deluded man. In this way the undisciplined mind is the slayer of the real. It spoils the true, direct life which might be ours. The man living in the unreal does not know the difference between the pleasure of being tickled and the bounding happiness of positive human life of thought and love and will, the happiness of living "on the wing".

I have sometimes thought that the term that is often used in India for a very wise man, the Hamsa, may indicate not only his ability to separate the milk from the water of life's experience, as the fabular allusion goes, but also that he lives on the wing. He is like an eagle that stands upon a height, and when he swoops

down into the valley of ordinary days it is as one visiting the lower spaces with a power that does not belong to them.

He who bestrides the bird of life knows the real, the inner man, whose very existence is painted over with foolish pleasure by most people, but who is nevertheless ever ready to feed us with his divine intuitions when we carefully listen to his voice. It is impossible to describe in this brief article the enrichment and strength that come in every way (even materially) into our lives when we respond to intuition. But it is the difference between the life of the negative child and that of the positive child whom I have described—and this shows itself in physical health, mental vigour, in acuteness of the senses, in that sense of power which comes with intuitive knowledge of the right direction of our lives. Life in response to the intuitions is the real life for man; the life of ill-regulated or unregulated amusement is the unreal.

There are a thousand ways in which people use their minds as the slayer of the real. I have noticed it in boys in school. One, who is fond of games, and excels on the playing field, feels a little sad, perhaps even envious, when he contemplates another who is successful in study. Very often he is scarcely conscious of this, because he says to himself: "Oh well, it is a healthy manly life that is most important and I am a success in that line." Exactly the reverse argument appears in the mind of the close student, though deep down he admires the sportsman and envies him a little. People seeking to be comfortable in their social positions argue accordingly. A young man living in the midst of the poor and suffering, and thinking that the stability of society is not of vital importance since it can produce nothing better than this for the majority of civilised mankind, would have Socialism as soon as possible, through an upheaval if necessary; but later, when he has himself become prosperous, he holds perfectly sincere conservative opinions. It is the same in religion; quite often men gather into a list in their minds all the good things in their own religion and all the bad things in their neighbours' faith, and obtain much satisfaction from the contemplation of their comparison.

This tendency of the mind shuts out the real. I remember on one occasion I addressed the students at a college on the subject of thought-power, and I told them that what they pictured in their minds would have a great influence upon their future and that they would unconsciously grow like that upon which their minds were fixed. After the talk was over I found that some people had partially misunderstood the idea, for the Principal

said: "I have known many boys who thought that they were clever, but that did not make them clever." The trouble with those boys lay in the fact that they did not know what cleverness was. They thought they were clever, but they were utterly ignorant of the meaning of cleverness. They had the satisfaction which their minds gave them, but they had not the reality; they did not know what the reality was, or even that it existed. So much is the mind the slayer of the real, so much is it an obstacle on the path of progress and a barrier across the gate of happiness, when it is used, as it nearly always is, for tickling and comforting purposes.

You may say: "Granted all this, what must we do to save ourselves for the future, and come nearer to the true, clear life which should be ours?" The answer is that a little self-discipline is necessary in the beginning. We must decide at all times what we will think about, so that the mind will become a smiling garden, and cease to be a heap of rubbish. Now and again we must put to ourselves the question: "What shall I think to-day?" The mind must not be a mere playground for the senses. It may be very agreeable, for example, to lie abed for a while before going to sleep, and allow the mind to turn round some light problem. It is rare that under those semi-somnolent conditions it does solve any problem, but it is easy and pleasant to lie awake and let the mind run in its well-worn channels. That is really what it is trying to do whenever a man studied some subject that is new and difficult for him. There are few, if any, difficult subjects of study, but it is difficult to make the mind run in unfamiliar paths. So it shirks the new road again and again, and has even a sort of pleasure in mild worrying. But the aspirant will forego that pleasure, and he will make the occasion of going to sleep an opportunity for practice of control of the mind. He will say to himself: "I have come to bed to sleep, soundly if possible; not to think about anything". And when he finds himself thinking he stops it. This is likely to happen several times, but if he persists, within a few days he may expect to go to sleep almost instantly. Besides getting good sleep, he has acquired considerable mind control. Of course he must not think about sleeping, or try to watch himself going to sleep.

I remember reading an account, written by some distinguished man, of the causes to which he attributed his phenomenal success in life. Among these was one he seemed to prize above all the rest—the habit of making a list early each morning of the things which he wanted to do during the day. He said that with the aid of this practice he was able to do ten times as much as he could

before he adopted it: not because he really worked very much harder, but because he had ceased to waste his time in idle and irritating speculations as to what he should do next, and whether he should do it now or leave it until after lunch or until to-morrow. He discovered that these troublesome questions, utterly unimportant as they were, had the power to sap his strength and resolution, so as to leave him unfit to enjoy his work. Their effect was such that he found himself constantly turning aside to some trifling dissipation that would for the moment divert his mind, such as that of picking up a casual magazine to fill in an "odd half hour". Many people have tried that method of making in the morning a list of what they ought to do during the day, and have found their lives considerably toned up thereby. I could advocate a rule of still greater importance—that of making a list of what we shall think to-day. Make a list, and look at it now and then. There must be many questions which have arisen. Jot them down and consider them when you have time. Thus we shall particularise: "While bathing, what shall I think about? While dressing? While going to town? In the morning? In the evening?" All this should be gently done, without strain, with force. It may well be the beginning of the "new life kept for him who false puts by".

Mrs. Henry Wood.

By P. S. Raman, B. A.



AUTHORS have their affections with their themes. Charles Dickens gulps down the choking sorrows of the slums; Thackeray laughs amid the revelry of the higher classes; Sir Walter Scott plays in the deserted mediaeval castles and the Highlands. Thomas Hardy roams in the cool country-side. Mrs. Henry Wood, the kind housewife she is, weaves her yarn from and around the hearth. She narrates the stories of pure domestic life with its many sorrows and rare pleasures. Her plots are simple, her characters real, her language easy and flowing, and yet her works have not secured a place beside Dickens, Thackeray and Hardy. Perhaps to the hair-splitting critics her novels lack something which they have not explained, or perhaps they consider that a woman cannot be a great writer.

Mrs. Henry Wood invests her works with a reality which is so rare in fiction. The characters are true, the facts are but the tender episodes of our daily life, and we muse, "how true, but alas, how sad!" A mother under the throes of child-birth, the father greeting the first happy news of the baby, the couple fondling the new member, their pleasant talks about the future of one who has just seen the light—how common in our own homes! The under current of romance is there, but it is neither bizarre nor untrue. There is an ailing patient with the anxious doctor by the bed-side; a child is wasting away of consumption before our eyes, but it is not noticed; the elder members of the family slowly close their eyes in sleep shifting the burden of their homes to the little heirs; what common and intimate biographies, we feel, of our own lives!

The mistakes we commit in our weak moments and their consequences are narrated as simple truths. Richard Hare, the timid boy, runs away at the sight of a ghastly murder, lest the suspicion should fall on him. The Coroners putting two and two together pronounce him guilty of wilful murder. There are men of his type in this wicked world, timid, cowardly and shy, whose very weakness is some villain's advantage. The working at cross-purposes under a mistake in *Channings* is at once humorous and pathetic. Each brother thinks the other guilty; Arthur nobly bears the blot just to save his brother and when the veil is removed a sudden surprise springs, and an entirely different person—William Yorke—is found to be the culprit.

Mrs. Henry Wood gives her works a pathetic touch that softens even the hardest heart of the reader. Who is there who can withhold his or her sympathy with poor, simple Isabel? She loves Carlyle ardently, but Captain Levison poisons her mind against the one dearest to her and goads her on to revenge and take the fatal false step that is to be her ruin. The innocent victim is landed in a misery that has few parallels in life—a woman divorced from her husband, unclaimed and deserted by the evil genius who enticed her, working in disguises for wages in the employ of the husband she had so cruelly wronged, watching her own child die before her but still unable to reveal herself even to her dying child. *East Lynne* is verily Mrs. Wood's masterpiece and moves the reader beyond control.

The pathos in *Oswald Cray* is no less moving. The blunders of Cray, who implicitly follows her husband, a vain, unthinking, speculative person, causes her the loss of all her wealth. Tossed about the two shores of the Channel she returns home a miserable pale creature dying of disease. Mark Cray returns just in time to comfort his dying wife. There is a grim irony in his consoling words about the new project, probably a fresh Wheel Bhang.

Mrs. Wood stands supreme as a grey-haired moralist philosophising on the ruins of domestic misery. The fate of Isabel, poor erring lady, is a lesson to hasty suspicion. "There was no passion in this world, there never will be one so fantastic, so delusive and so powerful as jealousy." Which mother, after reading *Halliburton's Troubles*, will not envy the proud Jane Halliburton? Who will then forget the sacred duties of a mother? Is not the end of Mrs. Dare and her children a terrible warning to the indifferent? The temperance tale, *Danesbury House*, if it ever fails to convince a drunkard of the horrors of drink, we can only say of him, 'God made him, let him pass for a man.'

Mrs. Henry Wood presents her story in a way that makes the moral plain, though she does not actually say it out. The story of the Dares and their downfall offers a sad contrast to the pleasant finishes to Halliburton's troubles. *Danesbury House* narrates the history of two homes, one brought up on water and the other on wine. The *Channings* too has its two sides, the Yorkes vain, proud, ill-mannered, brought up without being taught the responsibilities of life, the Channings cultured and noble-bearing.

Some might feel that there is too much of death in her works—but which house has not its deaths?

Elementary Education in U. S. A.

By K. Appasamy, M.A., (Boston), B.D., (Hartford)



LEMENTARY Education is compulsory on all children between the ages of eight to sixteen years. All elementary education is free. Books, note-books, pencils, etc. are supplied to the children free of charge. The books are merely loaned, and the children are expected to keep them in good condition. The schools are all co-educational. Most of the grade school teachers are women. Two per cent. of the State's income is spent on education.

The first eight classes, or grades as they are called, are usually housed in one set of buildings. The maximum number in each class is forty. If the classes get to be bigger than that then there are divisions. The promotions are annual. In some of the town schools the divisions A and B are arranged according to progress, and promotions are half yearly, that is, one goes from 4 A to 5 B at the end of one half year and at the end of the next half a year from 5 A to 6 B, and so on.

Drawing, sewing and manual training are handled by specialised teachers. All the other subjects are handled by one teacher. The teachers are mostly women. At one time they took women who had passed their High School, but now they insist on all their teachers being B. A.s or having undergone a four year normal course. Some States insist that all the teachers have a B. A. degree. When they made a transition from the old to the new standard they allowed the teachers who were matriculates to continue teaching, provided they attended college every summer vacation for eight years and covered an entire college course. Yearly Conferences are held by the State, and all the teachers are expected to be present. Attendance is taken at every session. The travelling allowance and daily batta are paid from the schools. The average pay of a teacher is about 100 dollars per month with ten dollar increments going up to two hundred dollars. The Principal gets about 250 dollars. They work on yearly contract system. If the teacher is absent for a month or so owing to her inability she has to make it up during the summer vacation. If she is unable to make it up, somebody is appointed to make up the lost time. The pay is calculated on a ten month basis, and they get no salary during vacation. Men teachers in the grade schools are few and far between, because the pay is insufficient and those who work usually have either some other source of income, or they work during summers in factories to make up for the amount they require for living.

The school building is owned mostly by the county. The school supervisor is an elected man; under him usually are trained inspectors. The tone and uniformity of the schools is looked after by the Superintendent of Schools (who corresponds to our D. E. O.). Every little township has its own school. Bigger towns have several schools, practically one to every ward. In very sparsely populated parts there may be one school for a radius of ten miles. The teacher goes out driving a bus and collects all her pupils, and in the evening she takes them all back home. The school building is used as the Civic Educational Centre. There is usually a lecture room in which frequent educational lectures (sometimes accompanied by lantern slides) are given to the public at large. Frequent school plays and functions bring the parents and guardians into the school area.

In order to educate the youngsters for future citizenship a mock election is held from among the students and all the public offices are filled for one day by the students. There is another special day called the arbour day in which every school going child has to plant a tree. They have similar campaign days for cleaning the town, kindness for animals and so on. A large amount of education and civic consciousness is thus pumped into the child through play.

Parents are held responsible if their children do not go to school. There are certain officers appointed, who are called Truant Officers, whose duty it is to see that every school going child is in school. If the child is playing "hookey" of its own accord, then it is brought to the school authorities to be punished. But if the parents connive at it, then they are reported, and for the first offence they are fined 2 dollars and costs, and for every subsequent offence 5 dollars and costs. If they refuse to pay, they are jailed for five days or more.

Since the law is very strict about all children of school going age that they should be educated, rich people sometimes use private tutors or governesses in case they do not want their children to mingle with the rabble. In very many towns there are parochial schools maintained by the Roman Catholic Church. Either their standard is not very high or the State as a whole wants to discourage these schools. Pupils from the 6th grade are always admitted into the 5th grade.

In some country schools where reaching the top grade of the school is the end of most students' educational career, they have graduation exercises. It is a combination of a convocation and the annual prize distribution.

The Triumph of Human Will.

By "Aaren".

I.



WAKENING from the trance the Holy Presence had thrown him into, Rao Bahadur Doraiswamy Iyengar, retired Subordinate Judge, opened his eyes to stare right into the face of a 'Depressed Class' barrister acquaintance of his standing in reverential attitude with the words of God on his lips.

Utterly flabbergasted, the usually sedate judge forthwith commenced to vent forth all sorts of incoherent and incongruous expressions of ire and dismay; nor did he in his flurry pause to explain to the gaping audience that leaving the worship of God in the middle had collected around him, wide question marks writ large on every face.

One moment, flourishing his plumpy hands, stamping, ejaculating, cursing, shrieking and flashing anger through distended eyes—the next, closing them and hiding them beneath his palms, groaning under the horror of it all, the Rao Bahadur looked quite a picture that Hollywood has truly missed.

Pandemonium from Pluto's Palace right down was the order of the succeeding moments, and there descended the tortures of Hades on the poor 'low-born' mortal.

For, as at last the half-clad 'High Castes' came to realise that the smart, decent-looking chap in their midst was an 'untouchable,' the sacrilegiousness of his presence there in the Holy Temple of God assumed such hideous proportions before their mental vision as to stagger them and drive them fury-mad.

Hundreds of throats in ever-increasing numbers raised their discordant voices in horrified protest, and eager, maddened hands seized him and, pulling him by the hair, punching his nose, slapping him on his cheeks and the nape of his neck and kicking him all over, dragged him towards the door.

They bore him when he fainted, revived him by spitting on his face only to force him back into unconsciousness with unabated fury, satanic laughter convulsing them all the while for, at sight of blood, the lust for more gripped 'Brahma's own sons' all the more tighter.

"The sanctity of the temple is broken," they cried, and truly was it evidenced thus by their own act.

Only one soul revolted at the sight, sickening with shame; only one heart bled for the bleeding victim; only one pair of eyes shed bitter tears at this callous exhibition of pharisaical cruelty. Raghunath, the son of the retired sub-judge, made frantic efforts to pierce the mob and reach the tortured man, to save him or share the torments with him, but in vain. And, as soon as the futility of his attempts dawned upon him, he rushed out into the street to seek the aid of Dr. Govindram, the captain of the Congress volunteers.

Soon, a contingent of young men in spotless white arrived on the scene. Regardless of personal pain or ruination of uniforms, they worked their way into the centre of the seething crowd. Forming themselves into a circular cordon of rapidly lengthening radius round the by-now half-dead wretch, they protected him from further molestation at the hands of the ruthless fanatics who, baulked of their prey, fretted and fumed to no avail, for the chain formation of these disciplined volunteers, trained even to stand a shower of lathi blows, was not to be broken by them.

Between them, Govindram and Raghu rendered the unconscious barrister what immediate first-aid they could, bandaging his wounds with the shirts on their backs. The young men then carried him away on an improvised stretcher to the Doctor's home.

II.

The infuriated Iyengar stood towering and glaring before Govindram, who kept to his seat on the bedstead with nonchalant ease.

Cooling a bit, he ordained: "Young man, don't be so rash! Don't harbour him—an untouchable—in your house any longer. You cannot, without prejudice—without the gravest injury—to the enlightened memory of your revered father than whom a purer Brahmin never was! Think twice, nay, a hundred times, before you decide on your obdurate course. Do not lightly cast overboard the noble traditions of your family!"

"I have to doctor him and will do so, untouchable or no untouchable. And please know, to be dictated to by such as you is a thing I can never stand."

"No, no, you are not going to let him continue here any more. You are going to send him away now, right now, to some hospital if so be your desire, but you cannot have him here. I shall even place my car at your disposal for his immediate removal. Do, do pack him off, bag and bandage, from this village."

"No use; I can't! As a doctor I ought not, his state is too perilous; the nearest hospital is far away, the journey is sure to

kill him. As a man, a humanitarian, I simply will not; his plight is so heart-rending! As a Congressman, I must not; he is an 'untouchable' brother, needing most sympathetic attention. No, he remains here whatever you have to say!"

"You dare refuse, foolhardy man! Consider you will be put under social ostracism!"

"Very well, I do not care. I am ashamed to belong to this society, where such a miserable state of things prevails! Look, Sir, look! See what you have brought about, O once most excellent dispenser of justice! Haven't you a heart, I ask, that you can see this terrible sight, and yet speak thus? And the perpetrators of this most heinous crime are to go scot-free!"

Apparently unmoved, the leader of society in the village and roundabouts proceeded to elucidate and enlarge upon his point.

"The priests will not minister to your religious wants—"

"So much *Dakshina* lost to them! The fanatics, fie upon them! They, who could sanctimoniously commit such ferocious atrocities, they claim to be the time-honoured descendants of Vasishtha, the apostle of non-violence! Oh! the bitter irony of it!"

Regardless of the interruptions, the judge continued:

"The village barber will not attend on you—"

"So that I need not submit to his harassment any more!" broke in Govindram.

"The village *dhobi* will not wash your clothes—"

"And so at least they could be kept spotless, untainted by contact with all the foreign stuff you wear," again broke in the irrepressible Congressite.

"You will not be allowed to bathe in the village tank—"

"And thus you will conquer my indolence for me. A vigorous morning walk, a dip in the fresh cool waters of the limpid stream! Ah! most enchanting prospect!" exclaimed Dr. Govindram.

Ignoring it, the Iyengar continued:

"None of us will attend any functions at your house—"

"Thanks, for thus you will help me to economize in these stringent times."

"And," finished the irate judge, "no one will invite you to his house on any occasion."

"Freedom from indigestion! Really, thanks!"

Govindram laughed. The ex-official lost all patience and flared up. "So you would persist in this madness, in this flagrant

violation of all the canons of Religion, of the tenets of generations! You think you are wiser than your forebears, O, silly fool! What self-conceit! What obdurate audacity! I curse you, man, and my curse—a Brahmin's curse—shall pursue you to everlasting perdition! We shall expunge you from our society, excommunicate you from our religion and boycott you in every way." "And as for you," the irate judge turned towards his son who was standing with fire in his eyes beside the pillows, one hand resting on the feverish brow of the prostrate 'low-caste,' "you black-sheep of a noble family, I disown you, ungrateful wretch! Not a penny more shall you have of me. You need never return to me, for I refuse ever again to set eyes on your thrice-cursed face, even if you be starving of want like any stray street-wandering cur!"

"And right you are, dad!" returned the son very sorrowfully. "But, oh! how could you act so? Educated and cultured as you are and a judge, how could you fail to perceive things in their true proportions? How could you be so fanatical, so one-sided, so much behind the spirit of the age? How could your cultured mind entertain such spurious and unreasonable thoughts? How could you be a human iceberg in this one respect? Dad, it is not possible; it is so unnatural; it is a thing I can never understand! The others, well! they are ignorant, uncultured, slaves to customs and conventions! But they are liable to persuasion, and we undertake to teach them and make them understand, if only you, the intelligentsia, cease to be so wilfully blind! Dad, why don't you exercise your powers of Trustee and throw open the doors of the temple? If you do it, no one will demur! But alas! I see you won't! The man and the father lie dead within you; it is the priest with his prestige that is master now!"

"But please let me remind you that the will of man will not easily be put down! Penury and hardships cannot conquer my soul of which I am and shall ever remain the captain. If you refuse to realise things, you will be made to, not by coercion, but by suffering! If you refuse to respond to the formal negotiations that will soon be opened, Satyagraha in its most virulent form will be offered against you, and when it starts, I shall be in the very front ranks to immolate my life on the altar of self-sacrifice for the betterment of our society!"

Rooted, spell-bound by the words of his son, flustered and chagrined beyond all measure, the Rao Bahadur wavered for an instant, but quickly regaining his usual mental poise, he strode out in great indignation, exclaiming the while: "God in the heavens! What is this world coming to? Beardless boys proceed

to flout openly and with impunity all the sacred saws of silver-haired sages! A boy in his teens dares to preach to his father of sixty summers in such veiled ungodly language! Children of the soil, slaves of the dust, slaves of the very mud and mire, claim equal status with even the highest 'twice-born'! Truly is this Kali Yuga, the reign of Wickedness!"

III.

With lusty cheers and shouts of 'Jais,' on the bare ground the mixed band of 'high-castes' and 'low-castes' sat in front of the wire fence that barred further approach to the temple, close to which but within the fenced enclosure the leading orthodox section had collected.

Nearby a posse of Police constables stood watching developments, ready to intervene on the merest hint at violence, or the slightest attempt at the forcible removal of the barbed-wire fence.

All around, countryfolk, women and children inclusive, stood following proceedings, some with keen sympathetic interest, others prompted by curiosity; still others merely for the fun of it.

The day had far advanced; the crowd had dispersed, unable to stand the extreme heat of the noon-day sun, whose scorching rays beat down mercilessly upon the ill-protected volunteers. With reeling brains that whirled, with glowing eyes that started from their sockets, straining to fall right out, with panting nostrils, red and dilated, with parched lips on which the inspiring war-cry of the Indian does not find utterance, with hunger gnawing at their stomachs, fierce thirst ravaging their throats, the hot earth and arid atmosphere positively burning through their clothes, with flaming limbs, cramped and aching, the whole body a huge agony of pain, yet unflinchingly refusing to budge an inch, sat on the determined young men!

But, after all, the human body is frail—mortally weak. Unbacked by a really master will, physical power of endurance cannot hold against the rigour of the elements for ever so long. It could only be a wonder that none of them fell struck by a sun-stroke.

Fighting hard for all they were worth against the sense of giddiness that slowly but surely was overpowering them, one by one they fell swooning in sheer exhaustion, to be carried away by friends and relatives who still remained watching from verandahs.

With the advent of evening-time the crowd returned and were thrilled to witness two indomitable souls who, by strenuous exertion of all their will-power, still clung to their senses, refusing to be beaten.

Collecting what strength remained for one last appeal, the Captain rose to his feet, slowly and painfully, and said:

"Friends, in the name of God, in the name of all humanity, once again I demand that this here fence be removed and the temple of God thrown open to all!

"Caste Hindus! I beg you to accept the universal code of Equality and Fraternity! Brothers, be wise in time! Beware lest the Flood of Blood from our hearts and those of a thousand others waiting ready to be crucified on the Cross of Service, submerges you under its roaring torrents!"

Terribly done, he too falls back and is borne away.

Suppressing the sigh that chokes at his throat, indifferent to all entreaties, callous to all physical pain and discomfort, grim determination possessing him, Raghunath persists alone and as the shadows of night overspreads the land, is joined by others.

But untold suffering so bravely borne can hardly fail to produce its effect even in the hardened world of orthodoxy; nor was the Iyengar an exception to this. The undaunted fervour that lit up the suffering volunteers who unshrinkingly had stood the test of so severe an ordeal, shed light into the darkness engulfing him and eventually made him open his eyes to the Brotherhood of Man. Realisation for the first time had come home to him that from being merely Sanatanic he and his followers were proving themselves Satanic; and with realisation came shame and an ardent desire to make amends for the past.

He went around among the people who had gathered there, scanning their faces eagerly. In almost everyone of them could be read the most profound sympathy for the self-inflicted sufferers. Forgetting their usual pose of shyness and silence, the womenfolk, he saw, had even gone to the extent of becoming a bit clamorous, demanding that the ban should be lifted. Thus made confident of securing a backing, the Rao Bahadur called for a truce, which was promptly responded to.

Early next morning an emergent meeting of the leading villagers was convened under his auspices, when in spite of the crocodile tears of some proven humbugs, who made a theatrical display of deploring the 'degradation' and 'downfall' of Religion, a resolution declaring the temple open to all was passed by a thumping majority.

The Bark Spice of Ceylon.

By L. N. Gubil.



HE aromatic bark, known as cinnamon, which is used as spice, is got from an East Indian tree. It is used as a medicine in addition to its use as an invaluable agent in cookery. Different kinds of oil too are extracted from this plant, e.g., clove oil from the leaves of the trees, cinnamon oil and an yellow oil from the root.

Industries, like nations, have had their various vicissitudes and have passed from the height of fame to the depths of obscurity. To take but one instance, the coffee industry of Ceylon has disappeared almost totally, and the ravages of plant disease have resulted in the substitution of tea for coffee in that country. The cinnamon industry likewise has had its rise in the past and is experiencing a fall at the present day.

Traders from Western countries were attracted to the East at the close of the middle ages by the valuable cinnamon spice, but to-day the very low profit from this industry have prevented the nations of the West from investing their money in the enterprise. Though the cinnamon of Ceylon is recognised on all hands to be of the finest sort in the whole world, the cultivators are now in a position to secure only about a shilling for a pound weight, as against £ 8 a pound in the days of the Roman Emperors and £ 1 a pound in the middle ages. An inferior kind of cinnamon, known as cassia, was for some time imported from China as a rival to the Ceylon product. The cultivation of the plant by other countries, like Mauritius and Java, helped to drive the Chinese substitute from the market.

The early European settlers in Ceylon, the Dutch, in the middle of the 17th century, took drastic measures to safeguard their trading interests and to prevent the natives of the island from buying and selling this product or even growing this plant. Flogging and death penalty were common for the transgression of the Dutch laws.

Earlier than the Dutch the Portuguese settled in Colombo in preference to the natural harbour of Trincomale, with a view to acquiring a sort of monopoly in regard to this product. Certain low-caste peoples, known as the Chaliyas, were engaged by them to collect the cinnamon. Often in wretched surroundings these people had to work under military escort and at the sacrifice of their own usual income from the weaving industry. When

the British succeeded finally in occupying Ceylon, the monopoly passed into their hands. It was only at the close of the third decade of the 19th century that the trade was thrown open to all subject to an export duty, and it was in 1840 that the Government Department which still remained in existence was abolished. The duty also was reduced from 3 sh. to 2 sh. a pound. At present about 50,000 acres of land are under cinnamon cultivation, and private traders are in possession of those lands. The growing of the plant is chiefly confined to the West Coast where the rainfall is abundant and the conditions for the growth of the plant are also favourable.

The bark of the trees grown in the interior, such as the Kandyan Hills, is inferior both in flavour and in quality. The cultivated plant is in many ways superior to the tree growing wild. The former is about 10 ft. in height, while the latter sometimes reaches a height of 40 ft. After 5 years two or three branches of the tree can be cut, and after about 15 years the owner is in possession of a plant whose life extends sometimes to even 100 years. January is the blossoming month. In April the fruit ripens and the harvesting season is from May to October.

The Chaliyas (workers) are skilled in peeling the bark at the proper time with a blade of copper. The bark is left in the sun and after being allowed to ferment for about six hours, the skinning process takes place. While exporting, the finer variety should not be allowed to come in contact with the coarser one, as the former will lose its delicate aroma. Even the European traders of former days seem to have known this fact, and they used the fibre of the cocoanut tree or the hides of animals and sometimes packages of pepper to protect the finer variety from contamination by the coarser bark.

Retrenchment.

By Gajanan Jagirdar, B.A.

"**H**E will be great, this bounder!"

"And rich—"

"Sure. He will be a man among men!"

"And won't he have cars, and servants—this darling of mine!"

Thus idly we speculated and saw the fulfilment of our own cravings in the destiny of our child. How futile are these dreams; yet, is there a child that ever did come without the promise of a great future? But then everybody grows up, and most of us grow up into such ordinary people, the dreams of our parents notwithstanding.

There may be justice in heaven, but surely there is foul play on earth. Yes, I remember how the mother longed to see her dear child grow up into a big officer or something, how she started denying herself the little necessities of life in order to save up something for the child's education. Yet she did not live to see the boy grow bigger than a two year old kid..... After that I was the father and the mother—everything to the little boy, and he was everything in the world to me.

And life went on steadily for another two years. Life! Yes, to us clerks, who drudge at our desks from 10 A. M. to 6 P. M., life is nothing but a monotonous escape from death.....! One day follows another. I had seen my grand-mother telling beads, one dull bead followed another, and the thing went round and round, till at last the weary thread snapped and fell from her hands.....

But it was an unusual day for us. All of us at the office were hurrying through our day's work with a single preoccupation in our minds. There was to have been a meeting of the Directors of our firm to discuss 'Retrenchment'. We knew what it meant: one of us was sure to have been dismissed. With rich Havana cigars between their lips, our silk-suited bosses passed us by—to discuss 'Retrenchment'.

On my way back from the office I saw a crowd of people gathered. Someone was addressing the meeting. I listened. My God! Why do they talk so? To be told that we are men, that we have as much right to be happy as our masters, and then to return to our offices to be sworn at like so many filthy curs.....!

At home my boy was sick. He would be all right in the morning, I thought. Children do exert themselves, often. All they need is rest. Next day when I went to my office the little fellow was much better. He was a bit feverish, though. Another day of rest was bound to bring him round.

At the office we were all rummaging our papers, pretending to be busy, when our boss entered. He stood on the door-mat surveying the office room with its galley-slaves toiling at their oars. The door-mat seemed much too niggardly under his shining boots. Turning upon an apprehensive peon the boss thundered: "Chuck it!"

The boss may not be a master of idiom, but he prided himself on being a master of slang. The peon, having no such qualifications, could do nothing but salaam and wait for further illumination.

"Chuck it, I say—this bally stuff!" So saying the boss gave a masterly kick at the door mat. The peon, who understood the language of his master's boots better than his mother-tongue, knew at once what was wanted of him. He picked up the miserable door-mat and threw it on the pavement outside.

A few minutes later I was called into the room of my boss!

So, I was to be the victim of the day. Every one looked at me with sympathy as I came out of the room, crest-fallen. I could not endure their look. I rushed out and stood on the pavement outside. I was bewildered. I looked about me. I was standing beside the door-mat!

On going home I saw that my boy was still in bed. He had high fever. A doctor had to be called in.

Twenty days of hope and fear. The condition of the boy grew from bad to worse. I spent lavishly—if you can associate that word with my slender purse—I spent lavishly over medicines, fruits, milk and many other things that a typhoid patient demands; but I was acutely conscious that all this must end one day, and that day was approaching with long and fearful strides. I was out of job; to get a new one by merely writing applications was impossible. What then? Starvation—utter starvation, that was to be our end. The ship that lands upon an iceberg is swallowed up with all its burden by the hungry sea. I could see the waves leaping around me, mounting up hungrily, greedily.....

With the last copper that I had, I bought some milk for my child. He was lying, the shadow of his former self, mere bones and skin. It broke my heart to see him withering away like

that: my darling, my precious darling..... Wearily I sat down to light the oven. It was lying neglected for days and the grey ashes of a forgotten fire had choked it up.

The morning came. It always does. But why does it come to all, I often ask, when men like me have no use for it, when we cannot receive it with open arms? But it came, and with it began another day for me, worse than all the days of my unhappy life. I knew that my purse was empty and that my word did not count with any living soul. Yes, of course, there was just one person who had lent me some money a month or so ago. I still owed him that amount, but he was a sport, and might be of some use now.

"Milk, daddy, I am.....hungry," said my boy, still feverish. "I am just going out for it, darling," I told him.

I met my friend half-way. Fate, at last, seemed to be merciful to me. My friend was very cordial; before I spoke a word he remarked on my haggard appearance, and even before I could explain, added, "Look here, old chap, I was just coming over to you.....want the little amount just now, if you can possibly..... you know it's the birthday of our youngster and I have promised him a tricycle..... What, no?..... Ill-when?.....So sorry..... doesn't matter,.....see you again sometime.....Cherio!" He was gone.

I found myself walking away, past the many shops that seemed vaguely to me to be mocking me with their dressiness. I decided not to mind them. I walked on.....

But how far? Where, you idiot, where? A child lying on its death-bed at home and you wandering away where your legs carried you? Stop, in Heaven's name, and return to your home, your child, your fate!

But what for? To see your child die a slow death before your own eyes? Why do you go to your child, when you cannot give him even a sip of milk? Better wait here, wait and see, like a helpless doll that you are!

By now I had stopped by the roadside. I looked around. There was a toy shop on the other side of the road casting its shadow on a beggar woman. At my back, as I turned, I saw a chemist's shop. I entered it, vacantly. The courteous shop-keeper came over to me and asked what he could do for me. What could he not do for me, I thought. I surveyed him. His chin was well shaved, his nails were well manicured. He was alone in the shop.

"Could you give me.....well, could you give me a typhoid mixture?" I asked.

"Prescription?" He enquired.

I fumbled into my pockets. There was a crumpled bit of paper containing the prescription which I had long forgotten. I handed it over to him.

Even in that moment of extreme despair, I could not help being amused at the idea of the chemist adding up the chemicals for a penniless customer. I looked around. Certainly I had no use for that medicine. What is a dose of medicine to a starving patient? Yet I asked for the medicine. I was simply letting myself go. What could I do except that? A creature of fate, bitter fate.....My eyes fell upon a bottle labelled POISON. There was an idea in it, a ghastly message of relief in it. I and my boy might both together settle the question once for all!

I picked up the bottle, hugged it to my breast like a treasure, and rushed out. I was vaguely conscious of the chemist calling out for me, of passing men and women, just phantom figures,and then a sudden terrified horn of an automobile immediately to my right—and then.....nothing!!!

When I regained consciousness I found myself lying in a hospital. Near my bed they were discussing in a whisper:

"Feeling better now?"

"Looks like it."

"What made him attempt it, you think?"

"Attempt what?"

"Suicide. It was clear he wanted to commit suicide. They found a strichnine bottle in his pocket."

"And he preferred to be run over, finally, I suppose.....But, I wonder why at all!"

"May be, with a child lying dead at home he could think of nothing better!"

"Dead?"

"Absolutely. Poor fellow, typhoid and no nourishment..... Need'nt be so touchy about it, Miss Tanner. This is just another form of Retrenchment!"

—:O:—

Songs of Sri Ram Prasad.

By Swami Jagadiswarananda.

[We publish below the first instalment of a few devotional songs of Swami Ram Prasad (there are 250 of them), which are among the most popular of the devotional songs in Bengal, being very widely sung for their depth of thought and simplicity of language. It is said Sri Ramakrishna was very fond of these songs and used to sing them often; he passed into *Samadhi* either hearing or singing them. We are indebted to the translation to Swami Jagadiswarananda.]

I

O mind, dive deep into the fathom-less ocean of heart. If you don't find jewels there with one or two dips, don't think it is empty, as it is Ratnakar or mine of jewels. With one breath, go straight down to the root of Kulakundalini, for pearls of peace grow at the bottom of the ocean of Jnan. You can pick them up easily with devotion, according to Shiva's advice. There are six crocodiles [kama (lust), krodha (anger), lobha (greed), moha (ignorance), mada (egoism), and mathsarya (jealousy)] that wander about in greed of eatables, so besmear your body with the turmeric-paste of Viveka (discrimination) which when they scent will not touch you. Innumerable jewels and valuable stones lie buried in the womb of the ocean; if you jump into it you can pick up bunches of them.

II

O mind, you don't know the real art of agriculture. The vast fertile field of life that remains uncultivated might produce golden harvest with proper cultivation. Put around this the fence of Kali's name to safeguard

the crops. Even Yama, the God of Death, does not touch that strong fence of the mother Muktakeshi. Don't you know that to-day or after a century the land will be forfeited? So reap now as much harvest as you can with one-pointed devotion. Sow the seed given to you by the Guru and water it with the water of Bhakti. O mind, if you cannot do that alone, then take Ram Prasad with you.

III

O mind, let us have a walk under the soothing shade of the Kalpadaru of Kali, where you can pick up all the four fruits of life—Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha. Out of your two wives—Pravrithi and Nri-vrithi—take the latter with you and learn words of wisdom from her son, Viveka. If you can live in the Divine Bed-chamber with Shuchi (purity) and Ashuchi (impurity) and they come to good terms with each other you will get the mother Shyama. Drive away your father and mother—Ahankar (egoism) and Avidya (ignorance). But if they draw you into the slough of moha, catch hold of the peg of patience. Tie the two goats—Dharma and Adharma—with peg of straw and if they disobey you then immolate them by the sword of Jnana. Console the children of your first wife from a distance and when they disobey, drown them in the middle of the ocean of Jnana. Prasad says—If you be so, then you will not be accountable to Kala; O, my dear mind, then and then alone you are worthy of your name.

—:O:—

PILLARS OF LAW

Mr. Fire. Probably it is intended to make the Court hot for Public Prosecutors.

Pub Pro. Your Honour has succeeded in making it hotter.

Mr. Fire. Have I? Then you must have been quite warmed up by this time. Let us have your speech then.

Pub. Pro. May it please Your Honour! The accused has been charged with sedition. Sedition, as you all know, involves two things.

Mr. Fire. An arrest and then a trial. Is it not?

Pub. Pro. It is not that I mean. (*Ponders for some time*) I am sorry I have lost the thread of my speech.

Mr. Fire. You can't spin a long yarn without losing the thread every now and then. The accused has there the advantage over you.

Pub. Pro. I don't quite grasp what Your Honour means.

Mr. Fire. If you have not grasped my meaning, you have not grasped your case. Is it not the case against the accused that he is a spinner of yarns?

Pub. Pro. Quite so, Your Honour.

Mr. Fire. Then go on.

Pub. Pro. Yes. I was saying that the accused spins yarns. No, no. That is not it—." (*The Pub. Prosecutor tries to recollect his ideas and takes up five minutes of the Court's time*).

Mr. Fire. Go on.

Pub. Pro. I am very much confused, Your Honour.

Mr. Fire. There are the champions of law and order by your side, to make order out of confusion.

Pub. Pro. Now I am alright, Your Honour.

Mr. Fire. Thank God. I don't want to add to your confusion. Go on in your own strain.

Pub. Pro. I thank your Honour very much. I was saying that to bring home the offence of sedition against any person. You must prove—

Mr. Fire. That he was seditious.

Pub. Pro. Quite so. The evidence in this case will be the simplest imaginable. The accused is a systematic spinner and wearer of Khaddar. That single fact will suffice for my purpose. A man who spins and wears Khaddar is in himself a compendium of all political offences punishable under the laws of British India. You know what Khaddar stands for. You should not look upon Khaddar as a mere piece of cloth. It is an emblem. When a man wears Khaddar, his primary object is to signify his political leanings. Covering his nakedness is only a secondary object. A man can cover himself with anything. The savage in the forest

Pillars of Law*

By P. S. N.

Act V.

Scene I.

Sub-Divisional Magistrate's Court. Seated at one end of the bar is Mr. Krishnan Nambiar, the Public Prosecutor, with a number of Police Officers around him. At the other end is Mani Iyer. A crowd of spectators in the Court Hall.

Mr. Firebrand, the Sub-Divisional Magistrate, enters and assumes his seat on the bench.

Mr. Firebrand. (Addressing the Public Prosecutor) Are you the accused?

Pub. Pro. No, I am the Public Prosecutor.

Mr. Fire. Sorry for the mistake. I was misled by the number of Police people around you. Usually the attention of the Police is reserved only for the accused. Let me have an idea of the case.

Pub. Pro. The accused is a systematic maker and wearer of Khaddar

Mr. Fire. Well.

Pub. Pro. That is all.

Mr. Fire. Is not the accused charged under Sec. 124-A?

Pub. Pro. Yes.

Mr. Fire. So you infer hatred, contempt, disaffection and every other requirement of that Section from this single fact.

Pub. Pro. Yes.

Mr. Fire. You may begin the case.

Pub. Pro. The accused should go into the dock first.

Mr. Fire. Is it? For whom is the dock intended? •

Pub. Pro. For persons who are on their trial.

Mr. Fire. Then one of us two must go into the dock.

(The Public Prosecutor is taken aback, and much confused at the question. Perspiration runs down his head in torrents.)

Mr. Fire. Hallo! What is the matter with you? Your ideas seem to have burst the vessel, and are trying to escape in all directions, down your cheeks, your nose, your ears and down everywhere. Take care that they do not vanish into thin air. You seem to be much confused.

Pub. Pro. It is not that. The air is so suffocating. (Looking up). It is a pity that we do not have punkah.

* The earlier parts of this farce appeared in the issues of July, August, September & November.

Mr. Fire. Probably it is intended to make the Court hot for Public Prosecutors.

Pub. Pro. Your Honour has succeeded in making it hotter.

Mr. Fire. Have I? Then you must have been quite warmed up by this time. Let us have your speech then.

Pub. Pro. May it please Your Honour! The accused has been charged with sedition. Sedition, as you all know, involves two things.

Mr. Fire. An arrest and then a trial. Is it not?

Pub. Pro. It is not that I mean. (Ponders for some time) I am sorry I have lost the thread of my speech.

Mr. Fire. You can't spin a long yarn without losing the thread every now and then. The accused has there the advantage over you.

Pub. Pro. I don't quite grasp what Your Honour means.

Mr. Fire. If you have not grasped my meaning, you have not grasped your case. Is it not the case against the accused that he is a spinner of yarns?

Pub. Pro. Quite so, Your Honour.

Mr. Fire. Then go on.

Pub. Pro. Yes. I was saying that the accused spins yarns. No, no. That is not it—." (The Pub. Prosecutor tries to recollect his ideas and takes up five minutes of the Court's time).

Mr. Fire. Go on.

Pub. Pro. I am very much confused, Your Honour.

Mr. Fire. There are the champions of law and order by your side, to make order out of confusion.

Pub. Pro. Now I am alright, Your Honour.

Mr. Fire. Thank God. I don't want to add to your confusion. Go on in your own strain.

Pub. Pro. I thank your Honour very much. I was saying that to bring home the offence of sedition against any person. You must prove—

Mr. Fire. That he was seditious.

Pub. Pro. Quite so. The evidence in this case will be the simplest imaginable. The accused is a systematic spinner and wearer of Khaddar. That single fact will suffice for my purpose. A man who spins and wears Khaddar is in himself a compendium of all political offences punishable under the laws of British India. You know what Khaddar stands for. You should not look upon Khaddar as a mere piece of cloth. It is an emblem. When a man wears Khaddar, his primary object is to signify his political leanings. Covering his nakedness is only a secondary object. A man can cover himself with anything. The savage in the forest

covers himself with barks of trees. The Esquimos cover themselves with skins. Why, for the matter of that, you can cover yourself with dirt and filth, without giving anybody any offence thereby.

Mr. Fire. Hear! Hear! Quite a Ciceronian peroration.

Pub. Pro. (Continuing) When there is a choice of so many things, with which one may cover himself, a preference for Khaddar can only be with an ulterior and sinister motive. The question naturally arises, what does Khaddar stand for? For this I must dilate a little upon the process of its manufacture. For making Khaddar, you first of all pick the raw cotton (I mean berries) from the field; then you separate the cotton from the seeds; then you spin the cotton into yarn; and finally you weave the yarn into Khaddar. Each stage of the process has a distinct significance. The cotton in the field stands for the raw Indian manhood, which you pick up. When you gin it and separate the seeds from the cotton, you are separating the useless lumber from the martial elements. When you spin the cotton, you are training them in the arts of war, and finally when you weave the yarn, you are arranging your soldiers in battle array. Thus, you see, that every bit of Khaddar which to all seeming is inarticulate and inanimate, is really the clarion voice, proclaiming to the whole world, that India is prepared to do battle for her liberties. When a man wears Khaddar, not only does he proclaim this fact, but proclaims himself as one of the soldiers of India. The hostile attitude of the accused being thus patent, there is no difficulty in inferring, hatred, contempt and disaffection which Section 124-A demands.

I know the accused will not accept my interpretation of the significance of Khaddar. He will say that Khaddar stands for peace and non-violence, and that his Guru, Mr. Gandhi, who invented Khaddar is a non-violent man. But the Government thought otherwise. They could not tolerate Mr. Gandhi and his politics, and so it is they clapped him into prison. Can any disciple of his expect any different treatment?

I now propose to call Mr. Ayres, a barrister, as a witness for the prosecution.

Court Crier. "Mr. Ayres! Mr. Ayres! Mr. Ayres!" (No response) Absent, Sir.

Pub Pro Call again.

Court Crier. Mr. Ayres! Mr. Ayres! Mr. Ayres! Absent, Sir.

Mr. Fire. His name is Ayres. He has apparently vanished into air.

Pub. Pro. I suspect some foul play in this matter. The accused owes us an explanation for this.

Mani. The only explanation which I will offer is that even Mr. Ayres is ashamed to figure in this prosecution. Here is a letter which I received from him this morning. (Hands over the letter to Mr. Firebrand).

Mr. Fire. (Reads the letter).

Dear Mr. Mani Iyer--I am really responsible for your prosecution, and it is I that started it from no other motive except jealousy. I now fully realize what a mean and contemptible being I am, the more so when contrasted with the help which you volunteered so readily at a time of crisis. I do not want any longer to pollute the air which you breathe with my presence. Puthur has seen the last of me, and I am now going away, I know not where. Your ever grateful, Ayres.

Mr. Fire. (After some rumination). Then there is some bit of justice in this world after all, in spite of Judges and Public Prosecutors. What should be done now, Mr. Public Prosecutor? Your only witness has disappeared.

Pub. Pro. The prosecution has to be dropped and the accused acquitted. (Clapping of hands among the spectators.)

Mr. Fire. It is indeed a pity that so much eloquence on the part of the Public Prosecutor should have run to waste. By the way, Mr. Public Prosecutor, what is the gown that you wear on your shoulders made of?

Pub. Pro. Pure alpaca.

Mr. Fire. Pure alpaca! Very well, let me see, if I have the gift of eloquence such as you have. This piece of alpaca which the Public Prosecutor is wearing on his shoulders, what does it stand for? Let us consider how alpaca is made. You first fleece the innocent goats for the wool, then you spin and weave the wool, on the grinding machinery, and finally you wear it as a mark of your profession. When you fleece the wool from the backs of the innocent goats, which God meant for their protection, you—I mean, lawyers including the Public Prosecutor—are stripping many a poor innocent man, who are so many goats, of the very covering on his body. Then the wool is subjected to the grinding machinery of the Law Courts. But where is the spinning and weaving charges to come from? The owner of the machine is inexorable. The goat has nothing to offer except its life blood which is shed to the last drop. Out comes the shining alpaca at one end of the machine and from the other end an inanimate and formless corpse, the remains of the sacrifice of the goat to the lawyer's greed, and the voracity of the Law Courts. And this alpaca you wear, even as the savage who wears a necklace of the skulls to parade the number of his victims. The owner of the machinery, his thirst appeased with the deep draughts of the blood of the innocent goat pronounces that, though its body

be damned, its soul shall be saved, and flings the carcass away. Even this carcass is not spared; the vultures of the air, which are always hovering about the Law Courts, pounce upon and make a hearty meal of it. There you have my sentiments in brief on Lawyers and Law Courts. But I am making Mr. Mani Iyer wait too long. I am now going to read out the judgment.

JUDGMENT

Mr. Mani Iyer has been charged with sedition. No evidence is forthcoming to prove the charge. So, I acquit him. But though I acquit him of this charge, there are others that might be levelled against him, though not by a British Court of Justice. For one thing, he is a lawyer, and a flourishing one at that. I have already expressed my sentiments on the profession of law, and what it stands for. If, as the Public Prosecutor puts it, Mr. Mani Iyer is a soldier of India, he cannot at the same time follow the profession of law. One cannot serve God and Mammon at the same time. Therefore, I would advise Mr. Mani Iyer, nay order him, to lose no time in renouncing this calling. A battle if it is to be won must be fought with a singleness of purpose. In this connection, I cannot omit to pay my tribute and homage to that great Saint, Mahatma Gandhi, whose whole life has been an example of utter renunciation to an ideal. As for myself, as being one of the wheels of the grinding machinery of the Law Courts, I am ashamed of myself. The best that I can do is to resign, which I do herewith.

Charles Firebrand.

Mani. Before the Court rises, I must say a few words myself. It is fifteen years since I began the profession of law. For the first ten years, I was comparatively innocent. Not many goats stepped my way to get fleeced. But of late, as fate would have it, I became famous as a shearer. I began to cover myself with layer upon layer of their wool that now I have swollen to huge dimensions, and look a veritable monster. Their weight seemed to crush the very soul out of me. But through this thick layer of blackness, a beam of white light succeeded in penetrating and touched my very soul. This led to my taking to the Charka and Khaddar. My soul began to revive and expand. But there is this huge encumbrance, which I must get rid of before I can walk fully erect and free. I hereby renounce every bit of my worldly possessions, which are only so many impediments in the way of the realization of my ideal, and henceforth one thought and one desire shall take entire possession of my soul, namely, freedom—freedom for my soul, freedom for my country.

C. Rajagopalachariar.

By K. V. Muthusubramaniam, B.A.



RIJUT C. Rajagopalachariar, better known as C. R., is a prominent star in our political horizon. A tall, thin, khaddar-clad figure, with a haggard face, sunken cheeks and hollow eyes, the latter protected by a smoke-glass. No caste mark of the orthodox Iyengars mark his face; nor their conservatism his mind. Catholic in outlook, he is a puritan in morals. No wonder that India adores him.

A lucrative lawyer, he abandoned it at the call of the nation. Neither family affection nor the 'lust for pelf' stood in his way. Down he plunged into the vortex of politics, and he has emerged out of it as a prominent figure. The stormy non-co-operation days that followed disclosed him as a constructive nationalist. The Civil Disobedience Movement saw him at the front. Though arrested, his disciplined army which bespoke the able general held to the last.

C. R. was one of the no-changers of the old non-co-operation days along with Sardar Vallabhbhai Patel and Seth Jamanlal Bajaj. Gandhiji is his political Guru and Jawaharlal his model politician. Unlike some others who dabble in Indian politics, no view of his comes into conflict with those of Gandhiji. As a matter of fact, there is the utmost unity in their thoughts and aspirations. Not the least stain of communalism or caste superiority mark him. He strives his level best to elevate the depressed classes, and by his unreserved and free movement among them, he has won their admiration. Tiruchangode Asram, which he has built on the Sabarmati model, is a big step taken in the direction of the amelioration of their economic condition and the removal of their untouchability, and this has vouchsafed him a seat in the heart of all philanthropic men and women. All these, with his position as President of the Provincial Congress Committee, has made him one of the most popular men of the hour. In fact, he is our provincial Gandhi, and the prefix Chakravarthi is no meaningless attribute.

Economic relief of the poor is his motto and non-violence his creed. Charka is his formula for relief and khaddar the emblem of his victory. Temperance is his mission and Prohibition his goal. No stone does he leave unturned in achieving these, his life's objects.

A word about his style. Neither the full-mouthed expression of Mr. Satyamurthi, nor the volubility of the Rt. Hon. Sastri, nor the picturesqueness of Shrimati Sarojini Naidu, nor the thrill of Subash Babu characterize his oratory. But it has the supreme simplicity, straightforwardness and precision of Gandhiji. It goes straight to the heart and achieves its object. He writes equally simply and well. A Shavian humour lurks in it; a Churchillian satire at times characterise it. His reasoning is almost always unanswerable and his logic irrefutable, indicating as they do the secret of the great success as a lawyer which was within his grasp and which he sacrificed without a second thought for the cause of his Motherland.

As this is written comes the news that he might become the President of the forthcoming Congress Session. Who will not agree that the honour has come none too soon and that he richly deserves it, having earned it too!

—:o:—

Chanda: the Devotee.

By S. Kothandaraman.



CONJURE up in your imagination a plain mud hovel decked out as a shrine. Tastefully designed festoons decorate the entrance. Dim oil lamps are burning in front of an idol of Shiva gracing the apartment. The smell of flowers and incense is most inviting, and the tinkling of a bell falls softly on our ears. A wicker platter holding cocoanuts and fruits, vessels of milk and honey and other articles of worship, graces the altar. A middle-aged man of stalwart stature stands in front of the idol, wrapt in holy thoughts. He has bathed and put on clear garments, and on his forehead, breast and arms glisten the triple lines of the sacred ashes. His wife stands a few paces behind him in a devout attitude.

The man is a hunter by birth and lineage, and Chanda is his name. But his aspirations tower much above those of common men. His whole frame vibrates with intense joy when he is in the presence of his Deity. Joy he has none in common pleasures: his thoughts are always with God. His wife is a most exemplary woman, fondly attached to her husband. She has caught the 'pious fever' from him, and zealously participates in all his undertakings.

The persons whose history we are going to narrate now lived long, long ago in Northern India, during the reign of a King named Simha-Ketu. An account of how Chanda got his idol is very interesting and thereby hangs a tale.

Following his royal master on a hunting expedition one day, Chanda soon outstripped his companions, and went alone in pursuit of a wild boar. After leading him far astray, the animal disappeared behind a ruined temple in the heart of the forest. The romantic situation filled him with strange thoughts, and soon his enraptured eyes fell on an idol of Shiva in the temple. Pious thoughts suddenly rushed on him, and he was filled with a feeling of strange delight. Gathering the idol fondly to his arms with great fervour, he exclaimed, "What a pity that my Lord should remain here, deprived of his legitimate worship. Before him no censor swings, no priest chants his holy hymns; sweet fruits and flowers are offered not, and no band of holy worshippers kneel before him in prayer. I shall no longer leave Him here thus neglected, but shall carry Him home and worship Him in the meetest fashion."

But though Chanda was thus over-flowing with love towards his Maker, he was yet ignorant of the ceremonials to be observed in worshipping Him. So he approached the King, his master, and earnestly besought him to initiate him into the secrets of divine worship. Now, the King, unable to gauge the fervour in his heart, thought his enthusiasm a most unaccountable madness, and endeavoured to dissuade him from his purpose. But on seeing his determination unshaken, he thought it best to humour his whim (as he construed it), and in a careless, playful mood, detailed to him the manner of the worship, adding with a roguish twinkle in his eyes, that the ashes of men and animals were the favourite offerings of Shiva, and were on no account to be dispensed with in His worship.

Chanda, however, was wholly unconscious of the bitter sarcasm implied in the direction. He took the King at his word and set about to make the preliminary arrangements for the worship with the greatest zeal. By his assiduous labour he soon built a cosy little shrine and duly installed the idol there. No efforts were spared to make it as like a real shrine as possible; and Chanda continued to perform the worship strictly in accordance with the instructions given him by the King.

The idol may truly be said to have turned the tide of his whole career and to have heralded an era of intense spiritual life. To sit before it by the hour, to pour forth in lofty strains the great love and adoration surging in his bosom, and to make to it offerings of milk and honey, and fruits and choicest flowers—these were pleasures of which Chanda never tired.

Days flew uneventfully by, and Chanda's piety deepened, and his heart was drawn closer and closer to God. The Lord was pleased with his single-minded devotion, but wished to test his constancy before vouchsafing him any favours; for has it not been ever His invariable custom to test and try His devotees at the touchstone of suffering and tribulation before drawing them close to His heart?

So, one day, when, before commencing the worship, Chanda scrutinized the offerings to make sure that nothing had been forgotten, he found to his dismay that the ashes which he considered so very indispensable were missing. The omission was inexplicable; he himself remembered fully well to have procured the ashes, the first thing in the morning. But there was no time to be lost in vain deliberation: immediate action was necessary. So, off he ran forthwith, but search as he would no ashes were to be anywhere found. Here indeed, was a mighty trial! The Lord had ordained it so.

After a weary but futile search, he returned home dejected, and sat down in low spirits, quite at his wit's end. When his wife learnt what was amiss, she tried to console him, but no way out of the difficulty offered itself to her for a while. But at length her brow cleared, and she exclaimed, "Ha! I have it now! Do make a fire in front of our hovel; I shall leap into it, and the worship can be concluded with my ashes."

Chanda was deeply touched by his wife's devotion and lofty courage; and his love to her increased a thousand-fold; and so, though her plan offered a possible way out of the difficulty, he was very loth to follow it. His mind tossed wildly in uncertainty, between his love for his wife and his duty to God. But his wife saw clearly the need for the sacrifice, and redoubled her efforts to make him accept her proposal. "Grieve not for my loss," she said; "I meet my death quite willingly, and consider it a proud privilege to be of use to you and God. We have to die some day, and opportunities such as this may not occur twice."

Her philosophical discourse steadied his wavering spirits, and the feeling dawned on him that no personal considerations, however painful, ought to stand in the way of the divine service. He acquiesced in his wife's proposal, but, wishing for no happiness on earth after her death, set fire to the house which had so long sheltered him. The fire burned and crackled, and when it rose to a mighty blaze, his noble wife leapt into it, and was consumed to ashes. When the fire had burnt itself out, Chanda gathered his wife's remains with a feeling bordering on awe, and completed the worship with due decorum.

But so hard to overcome is attachment, that towards the end of the service, a strange yearning for his wife took possession of his heart. It has been her wont to receive the plate of offerings from him when the worship had concluded; and the blank caused by the day's happenings sent a chill into his heart. But God never forsakes his devotees, and a strange miracle came to pass. When the insupportable longing rose in Chanda's breast, Shiva brought his wife back to life and sent her in flesh and blood to receive the offerings. Chanda was puzzled, and could scarce believe his eyes: he even thought it might be the foul play of demons who wished to lead him astray. But his wife reassured him: "Doubt not my identity, my lord," she said; "I am your wife, come back to life through the grace of the Lord. He is ever kind to His devotees, and can accomplish the impossible."

Chanda's heart overflowed with gratitude to his Maker, and with tears in his eyes, he bade his wife join him in a hearty thanksgiving to Him for His Mercy.

Happiness True.

By K. V. Swaminathan.



HAPPINESS and perfect happiness means the attainment of the end for which we were created, the entire satisfaction of our instincts, cravings and intellectual aspirations. It is the feeling that we possess everything we can have—everything we were created for, coupled with the certainty that we shall never lose it.

Happiness is both absolute and relative. By absolute happiness we mean the complete satisfaction of all our wants. Relative happiness is that genuine feeling of satisfaction we experience in this life on performing deeds of virtue. Our cravings and aspirations consist of a higher and lower nature. Our noble instincts seek truth and virtue and our lower nature seeks vice and pleasure, and there goes on a continuous war between the one and the other. The choice of any one of these virtues depends upon our discretion and our future welfare will largely depend upon our selection.

God has implanted in the heart of man instincts, cravings and aspirations that cannot fully be satisfied by the things of the earth. Pleasure ends in disgust; money is the cause of many a crime and a source of anxiety; honours and high stations are often occasions of great misery and happiness, so that nobody can be said to be really happy in this world. On the other hand, poverty, sickness, and humble station in life are only blessings in disguise. They are as transient as the fleeting clouds of the air compared with the eternal reward that awaits us for having borne them bravely. "For that man," says Plato, "is never neglected by God whosoever exerts himself to the utmost to be just, and by practising virtue, tries to approach as nearly as a man may, to the likeness of God."

True happiness, therefore, consists in that contentment of heart, and joy of soul, which comes from within, and which has God alone for its foundation; all the rest is vanity, unrest and vexation of spirit. As has already been remarked, we do not enjoy real happiness on earth; our most fortunate successes are mingled with sadness. If we want to be truly happy we should make God the basis of our happiness. Riches, honours and pleasures are not at all true happiness. The only thing that can secure for us this true, perfect and ever-lasting happiness is a life of virtue. Our guiding stars in the pursuit of perfect happiness ought to be the light of Reason and the voice of Conscience.

Human Reason is the eye of the soul, which enables us to see into the realms of truth, not visible through our bodily senses. And "Conscience," says Swift, "signifies that knowledge which a man hath of his own thoughts and actions; and because if a man judgeth fairly of his actions, by comparing them with the laws of God, his mind will approve or condemn him; this knowledge or conscience may be both an accuser and a judge."

Obeys then the voice of Conscience through thick and thin, even if you have to suffer loss in your temporal and material interests, or detriment to your good name or reputation. The day will dawn when God will set right everything, square up differences and assign victory at last to the athlete who would not soil his soul by betraying his conscience.

Moreover, it is of the utmost importance that we should keep both body and soul clean: the former by scrupulously acquiring habits of cleanliness and purity and the latter by feeding it only with what is true, good and beautiful. If our bodily eye gets dim, it can see objects only imperfectly; if it is absolutely defiled, it can see nothing. So also with the eye of our soul; when tarnished by pride, injustice and impurity, it simply cannot see the things that are of God. The soul's power of insight fails and belief ceases—with dire consequences in its trail. The practice of virtue, therefore, is the only true and perfect happiness that we may possess in this world, and it is this which leads to God and to a happy eternity. Sin and vice are things that draw us away from Him. And so let our daily prayer be, "O God make us beautiful within."

—:o:—



3L

m 2, 0 1 5 5 5

N 3 1 7 3

A Shadow Sketch.

(From the Bengali of Probhat Ranjan Bishwas)

By Kavasseri Shivaramakrishnan.



ANY flowers bloom on the stalks of desires in the woods of our mind and then they wither, but it is the memory of those flowers that wither before time which gives the deepest wound.

It is this thought that occurs again and again to my mind on looking back into the far distant past. I saw Pavitra for the first time one colourless afternoon. That day still comes to my mind very vividly. Like the shadowy memory of a Spring full-moon! Faint, and yet bright!

The incoherent warblings of birds returning to their nests made soundful the reddening sky of that evening. It was like sweet music coming from afar, cruel and yet touching.

We two were seated side by side on a little hillock. The intoxicating odour of the mango buds of mid-Chaitra came to us from a neighbouring garden like a spontaneous love-offering.

He turned towards me with moist eyes.

"I am happy to be acquainted with you!"

These few words will remain in my mind for ever. Many say the same thing out of politeness. But I knew how much he had told me in those words.

I accepted in my inmost mind the heart that those moist eyes offered.

And then for long afterwards I became an involuntary exile, loaded with the nothings that I termed my 'business'. Pavitra would write to me now and then and I would reply. But two years thence I sent him five letters one upon another and got no answer. Then I fell to wondering.....

Three more years passed before I could return to my country, unable to bear the oppression of my 'business'. What changes had taken place by then!

Mother was no more.....old father, too, was preparing to follow her!

I learnt on enquiry that one dark night some three years back Pavitra had embraced life in the prison by irrevocable governmental command. His was not the fortune to return

there-from. Quite two years had passed since his soul was merged in the Unknown! This news, too, had duly reached his sickly mother!.....The mockery of fate!

His crime?—Service of his country!

The noblest crime of the down-trodden!

A question arose in my mind with the tears in my eyes on hearing everything that day—Was He indeed capable of such useless impersonality, such unprofitable cruelty?.....What an injustice!

But where is its end?

—:o:—

A Declaration of Rights for Labour*



RECOGNIZING that the well-being, physical, moral and intellectual, of the workers of India is of supreme importance in assuring the peace, progress and prosperity of the country, and recalling the solemn obligations of India as a member of the League of Nations and of the International establishment of social justice, the Commonwealth declares the following principles to be accepted as fundamental principles of the Constitution, and as regulating the exercise of the legislative, executive and judicial powers within the Commonwealth:

1. It is the duty of every citizen so to use his mental and bodily powers as to contribute to the welfare of the community, and correspondingly it is the duty of the community to secure, so far as lies in its power, that every citizen shall be given the training and opportunities necessary to enable him to maintain by his work a decent standard of living;
2. The Indian Parliament shall make suitable laws for the maintenance of health and fitness of work of all citizens, the securing of a living wage for every worker, and provision against the economic consequences of old age, infirmity and unemployment;
3. The protection of motherhood and the rearing of the rising generation to physical, mental and social efficiency are of special concern to the Commonwealth. Women, young persons and children shall, therefore, be protected against moral, spiritual or bodily injury or neglect, and against exploitation and excessive or unsuitable employment;
4. The welfare of those who labour shall be under the special protection of the Commonwealth and the conditions of labour shall be regulated, from time to time as may be necessary, with a view to their progressive improvement;
5. The right of workers to express their opinions freely by speech, writing or other means, and to meet in peaceful assembly and to form associations for the consideration and furtherance of their interests, shall be granted by the Commonwealth. Laws regulating the exercise of this right shall not discriminate against any individual or class of citizens on the grounds of religious faith, political opinion or social position;

* Suggested for incorporation in the new Indian Constitution by the representatives of Indian Labour at the Round Table Conference.

6. No breach of contract of service or abetment thereof shall be made a criminal offence;

7. The Commonwealth shall co-operate with other nations in action to secure the realization of the principles of social justice throughout the world;

8. All citizens in the Commonwealth have the right to free elementary education without any distinction of caste or creed in the matter of admission into any educational institutions, maintained or aided by the State, and such right shall be enforceable as soon as due arrangements shall have been made by competent authority;

9. All citizens are equal before the law and possess equal civic rights;

10. All citizens have an equal right of access to and use of public roads, public wells and all other places of public resort.

—:O:—

Comment and Criticism.

Kurup Guns in Tagore-Land.

Sir—Ravi is the sun and he has sun-spots. Every schoolboy knows this. Mr. P. Narayana Kurup, M. A., B. L., has, in the September issue of *The Scholar*, immortalised himself by perpetrating a literary Hijli. Imaginary "sun-spots" are made so big as to eclipse the sun. This kind of critical Dharma is by no means a new achievement for Mr. Kurup. So far as I know, he won his spurs in 1922 by writing for the now-defunct *Daily Express* of Madras. It was a direct attack on Tagorean Mysticism; even then it was a stale thing for South India, after the interesting Seshadri—Ramaswami Sastri controversy half a dozen years earlier. The present attack is based on a "flank" movement, powerful albeit oblique. After tear-gas comes the gun-fire. There is thus a method in the madness.

Let me hasten to discard the language of literary warfare and try to throw some light on Mr. Kurup's statements. He says: "The world calls him (Tagore) mystic." Is this a sun-spot in Tagore? We are also told: "Tagore lacks epic genius; but owns lyrical." Even if true, is this a sun-spot? Verily, Mr. Kurup is preaching without cause.

Mr. Kurup is obviously innocent of Bengali and, perhaps, he does not care to study the background of Rabindranath's life. This latter omission is serious, because it led to misunderstanding in the West and because Mr. Kurup is, strangely enough, repeating the process after a decade. Prof. Thomson's early volume on Rabindranath supplied the needed corrective, at least to some extent. The Professor says: "I remember finding the Poet, just after the publication of *The Gardener*, more vexed than pleased at an enthusiastic letter of praise from a distinguished English lady writer. 'You know, she insists on seeing mysticism in all I write.'" (Page 46). Mr. J. C. Squire wrote of 'fastidious people' coming to 'the hasty conclusion that the Indian writer's (Tagore's) reputation is founded on nothing more than a mystical bag of tricks and what has been described as a blue beard.'" (Page 48). Gandhiji says that Mr. Churchill has advertised "the loin cloth" and, similarly, Gurudeb Rabindra must know that one of his own critical countrymen in "palm-girt" South India has advertised his "love of peacocks, fez caps and flowing robes." Mr. Kurup has omitted the "blue beard," probably because Mr. Squire's countrymen had discovered it long ago!

Mr. Kurup has come to the hasty conclusion that the Nobel Committee, in awarding the Prize to Rabindranath did not assume the role of the critic of pure reason. I fail to see why Mr. Kurup is at pains to repeat this hoary fallacy at this hour of the day. The award, it is well-known, was due to a distinguished Swedish orientalist who had read the poems in Bengali before they appeared in English. The Swedish poets, Karfelt and Heidentlein, and the writer Hallstrom, who are all members of the Academy, have expressed their satisfaction with the award. (K. S. Ramaswami Sastri: *Sir Rabindranath Tagore*, Page 47.)

Mr. Kurup bids us believe that "Tagore the God-lover is not a whit greater than the ash-besmeared human figures moving about in incomprehensible silence, in Rishikesh and Gaya." This reminds me of Fluellen's comparison in *Henry V.* Apart from the propriety of instituting a comparison between an admittedly lyrical genius like Tagore and the Sadhus moving about in "incomprehensible silence," is it true that the religious element in Tagore's poetry is nothing extraordinary to us in India? A critic of the eminence of Aurobindo Ghose is of opinion that Tagore's religious lyrics are simply unique in literature. Of course, this judgment is not based on a perusal of the English *Gitanjali*. Mr. Kurup himself may be the first to demur to the popular belief that India has a monopoly of spiritual wisdom.

Discriminating critics have compared Tagore with Dante, Shakespeare and Goethe. When all is said and done, Poet Tagore does not care for contemporary fame and hence his appeal, in the last poem of *The Gardener*, to his reader reading his poems a hundred years hence. The true and enduring verdict is that of posterity.

N. Lakshmanan.

Mr. Kurup's Rejoinder.

Sir—I am much obliged to the Editor for having sent me Mr. N. Lakshmanan's comment on my article on Tagore. I do not think I shall say much by way of answer to it. Nor does it seem to me that it requires any. Nevertheless let me say a few things.

I do not know if the writer does justice to himself by saying those cheap things in his opening paragraph.

The writer mistakes the premise for the conclusion, and cutting off the former, he interrogates, "Is this a sun-spot?" I do not see the logic in his query. Nor do I know what is meant by "preaching without cause".

Frankly I do not consider Messrs. Thomson and Sastri authorities on Tagore's art; and, for that matter, the pronouncement of one critic is not binding on another. There is meaning

in a subordinate judicial tribunal being bound to follow the ruling of a higher tribunal. All that is in law. But we are now in the realm of literature where none can bind another with one's rulings or views or judgments. If this be true, is there any meaning in one's saying: "Mr. Thomson is of that opinion, and hence what you say is nonsense?"

What have Gandhi and Churchill and loin-cloth to do with my article on Tagore?

My acquaintance with Tagore's works is through English. But I presume my critic knows Bengali. If he does not, he is living in a glass house, and he should know the proverb.

Lastly, I quite appreciate the writer's article, in the sense that he too, like me, has taken pains to study the poet of Santiniketan. We but differ in our conclusions.

Perhaps ere long I may be able to bring out my larger work on Tagore, wherein I would give my detailed criticisms on Tagore's art. My short argument is only this much: Tagore undoubtedly is a poet of merits, but the merits have their defects. It was only this much I said in my article in *The Scholar* too. When I say this I know I am not in company, but I do not mind it. I do not bear any malice against the poet. Good Lord, who will? I still have somewhere the letter which Rev. Andrews wrote to me *on Tagore's behalf*, for my school-boy efforts at "Sonnet". I am not blind to Tagore's merits as a poet. But nothing prevents me from saying that the blind admiration which some, nay, many have for him, is not worth much. Some Bengali friends told me that there are greater poets in Bengali, but Tagore certainly has great influence over the literature of Bengal, which perhaps might be on account of the chance-coincidence of many things in him. I further remember to have heard that mysticism in Tagore's art is not favourably judged in Bengal too. "Well, what does it matter when the world at large worships him?" is the question put by his admirers. Thus from the standards of evaluation of art and fundamental values of Truth, beauty and goodness, a leap is taken by his admirers, and they land on what is known as blind admiration which, I reiterate, is not worth much.

We are perhaps too cultured to be discourteous, and that is why we choose to err on the side of appreciation or admiration when we find that a writer has transcended mediocrity. Hence popularity is of the day, and true fame is for ages to make, even as it takes aeons for a lump of earth to become a ruby.

P. Narayana Kurup.

—:o:—

Desire An Instrument of Attainment.

A Fragment from the Teachings of Mr. J. Krishnamurti.

By C. S. Trilokekar.



At a time in the history of the thought of the world—a thought which is struggling for emancipation and full expression, when old land-marks are vanishing and new standards are being set up, when the worn-out structure is crumbling down and a new edifice is being built, when an appraisal of everything concerning human life is taking place in the light of advanced speculation, when new values are being given to the affairs of men living in our midst, there cannot be any subject of greater importance to all of us than a new view, a fresh valuation, a novel outlook on that most natural, most fundamental and most lasting being of ourselves which has such a homely name as that of Desire.

At every moment life is demanding more of us, and we are demanding more of life. We hear ever and anon the frenzied cry of the age "Life, more Life." People have begun to talk about the gospel of life and are formulating a creed of the worshippers of life—a cult that is so fascinating to men and women who want to lead intensive lives, fuller and richer in content. The time spirit is speaking through many languages and diverse tongues, and is writ large in the annals of the history of our times, through such intellectually clear and extremely logical writers of no mean repute as Bertrand Russell, who envisage the cure of present-day humanity by the application of the issues that leap forth from a warm heart rather than by the speculations spun out of the cold logical machine of the mind. They are boldly and loudly declaring and giving to us the conception of life that it should be supremely human and happy. For the fulfilment and attainment of such a life, they improvise very simple and easily obtainable means. They say that it is the birth-right of man to be happy, that we all want to be happy, and that the goal of humanity is to be happy and to bring about that much desired consumation, we need only understand this, that "it is in such instinctive union with the stream of Life that the greatest joy is to be found". (*Conquest of Happiness. Bertrand Russell.*)

This time-old search for happiness—is the most ancient of man's efforts to solve the riddle of Life—its votaries being counted amongst the past glorious dead as well as in the present living f-w.

"Turning uneasily in her slumber sixteenth century France murmured: 'Man has a right to be self-interested, man has a right to be happy.' And it became a flame, and then a consuming fire, fierce in destruction, that transformed the face of France herself and then leapt forth to kindle the world." (*The Right to be Happy*. Dora Russel.)

It was Lamettrice, one of the French literary luminaries and a herald of the Dawn of the Kingdom of Happiness that summed up his philosophy of life in the following words: "There is only one life and one happiness and that here and now; and Happiness is love of Life. Apostles of the Freedom of Life have appeared again and again and our times do not suffer from any lack of them." Dora Russel exhorts mankind: "Men and women, you have not only a right to such happiness, but means to that happiness lie ready to your hand." (*The Right to be Happy*. Dora Russel).

Before this all-consuming, all-devouring vibrant call of Life, the spirit of asceticism is slowly losing its ground and is being driven step by step—inch by inch to the wall. Its complete rout and disappearance is only a matter of time. The incapacity to appreciate Life, many of the ills, mal-adjustments, uglinesses, warpings of human life are being traced and followed to the very foundations of the springs of human conduct, and are attributed to the partial, stifled, suffocated expression of this life. The play of life, the drama of life, the palpitating throb of life arrests our attention and demands our immediate consideration.

It would suffice for our present consideration and our immediate purpose to take as an example and a sample the philosophy of life so particularly and pertinently enunciated as that of Aldous Huxley. (*Do What You Will*). This exposition has a special importance and a double value for the reason that in connection with his speculation he develops a doctrine of Desire which has a peculiar and significant bearing on the topic under review.

He styles himself a votary of Life and as such wants to summarize for himself his creed of his worship of Life. To quote his own words: "Briefly then these are my notions of the life-worshipper into whose likeness I myself should be prepared to bovarize the diversity of my personality."

His fundamental assumption is that life on this planet is valuable in itself, without any reference to hypothetical higher worlds, eternities, future existences.

The life-worshipper's next assumption is that the end of life, if we leave out of account for the moment all the innumerable ends attributed to it by living individuals, is more life, that the

purpose of living is to live, God for the life-worshipper is, of course, life and manifests Himself in all vital processes, even those which, from our point of view, are most repulsive and evil.

He therefore asks of us: "Is it not better, then, to be alone and love Earth only for its earthly sake? It is, particularly if you have Blake's gift for seeing eternity in a flower and for making "the whole creation appear infinite and holy.....by an improvement of sensual enjoyment."

Quite in keeping with these fundamental propositions, he examines Desire—and tries to understand it in the light of his assumptions.

"God of Life demands that man shall live, and in order that he might live, they must have Desire; and in order that they may have desire, they must live in a world of desirable things. Not to desire, not to live, would be a blasphemy and a rebellion against the God of Life." He approvingly supports and strongly advocates the Ethics of Desire as are contained in such maxims of Blake's like these:

The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom. Those who restrain Desire, do so because theirs is weak enough to be restrained; the restrainer or Reason usurps its place and governs the unwilling.

And being restrained, it by degrees becomes passive till it is only the shadow of Desire. Sooner murder an infant in its cradle than nurse unacted desires.

He who desires and acts not, breeds pestilence.

The ascetic, therefore, is a sick soul who is a gall and poison to the life-worshipper—in his eyes his life is self-slaughter, self-mutilation, self-annihilation. Aldous Huxley has some very hard things to say about asceticism and ascetics. Ascetics are those who "starve their souls to death, or in more orthodox language, detach themselves completely from all earthly things, ceasing to perceive, to think, to feel, to desire, to act; the more mystical among them fall into that state of ecstatic coma when the blank and empty spirit is said to be united with the Infinite—in other words, when it has ceased to be alive."

"Ascetics are not, of course, the only people who commit self-murder. The money grubber, the hard-headed businessman, the routine worker, pass their existence no less suicidally. The professional Don Juan destroys his spirit as fatally as does the professional ascetic, whose looking-glass image he is. To live, the soul must be in intimate contact with the world, must assimilate it, through all the channels of sense and desire, thought

...eling, which nature has provided for the purpose. Anything which obstructs these channels injures the soul—any deadening routine, any dull habitual unawareness, any exclusive monomania, whether of vice or of that other vice which is excessive virtue. Close up enough of these channels, cut off enough of its nourishment, and the starved soul dies."

In what does this pursuit of Desire land us and where does it lead? In Blake's words again:

Abstinence sows sand all over
The ruddy limbs and flaming hair
But Desire gratified
Plants fruits of life and beauty there.

The credit goes to Mr. J. Krishnamurti of showing how the harvest of desires is to be gathered and the manner in which beauty is to be planted on earth. "Peace on earth and good-will towards men" once rang wide and true on earth; now the Master Singer of Life sings another tune:

Make of thy desire, the desire of the world, Desire is Life.

And the freedom of Life is the freedom from Desire.

That this should be so is at once clear when we try to understand the trend of modern thought and the direction in which it is driving mankind. The treatment of the problem of Desire, therefore, at the hands of Mr. J. Krishnamurti, assumes quite a unique significance, not only on account of the present-day problems that it tries to solve, but for the reason that the solution of this very tangled question which has occupied the minds and hearts of men so long is so simple and clear. Brilliant, fascinating, new and all-comprehensive as it is, it is enriched by the fact that the exposition is from one, who has for himself experienced the impetus, the rush and the flow of desire which is as free as the wind, as straight and direct as the arrow and as wide as the sky. Coming as it does from the heart and mind of a man who is living a humanly full, cultured and refined life, its understanding and application to ourselves is but that of man to that of a brother man, and is so natural because it is the fruit of a realisation by a man living like any one of us in this goodly earth of ours, and is the overwelling from a heart of love in deadly earnest. Its appeal lies in the strength of its humanity.

A student of the writings and utterances of Krishnamurti is at once struck by the importance that he attaches to Desire and notices that its treatment occupies a very significant place in his teachings. The whole question is very briefly put by him thus:

"Being is but the pure awareness of effortless existence. To arrive at this being you must look to the desire caused by

self-conscious existence. When you understand Desire, whence it springs, and whither it is going, Desire becomes a precious jewel to which you cling, which you are continually chiselling and refining. Such Desire is the source of true discipline that varies progressively until you arrive at pure being."

In the multiplicity of desires, amidst their babel voices, in their tug and pull, in this labyrinth and maze, in this continual diverse, multiplex going out of ourselves we lie panting, perplexed, confused. Hence Krishnamurti's caution at the very beginning, that we must be aware that we are slaves of our desires. Discrimination, therefore, is necessary to note this, to mark this, to be on our guard against it. To know that we are bound is the first step towards freedom, and this is equally true as regards our desires too.

The question of questions now is to be or not to be—to desire or not to desire that is the dilemma, in other words, to live or not to live, that is the problem. The answer that Mr. Krishnamurti gives to this is that do not kill desire—even if you wanted to kill it, you cannot do so.

He says: Please do not stop desires. You cannot stop desire; that is, if you try to stultify desire you are dead.

Then again: Do not be afraid of desires. You must develop your desires and not repress or throttle them. This point is made still clear in the question and answer form of an interview:—

Interviewer:— You say that we should not be afraid of desires, nor repress them and that the more desires we have the better.

Krishnamurti:— The better, yes.

Interviewer:— But how does that work out in practice?

Krishnamurti:— It does work out in practice. If you have great many desires, you will gradually eliminate them one by one, until you allow certain desires to dominate and the others to die away.

Now what is this Desire?

"Desire, contrary to general belief, is the most precious possession of man. It is the eternal flame of Life, it is Life itself."

This desire must be given right direction.

Questioner:— Desire must be directed, must it not? By what?

Krishnamurti:— By its own aim. It is by virtue of its aim that Desire becomes discipline.

What is the purpose of Desire?—It is the same as the purpose of Life.

What then is the purpose of Life? What is all the experience which knocks at your desire, continually working for? What is that you are continually seeking through experience? Desire is seeking freedom from limitation, seeking freedom with a purpose; not just licentiousness, which is as a weed thrown into the water and that is buffeted about. To break down limitation, desire is fulfilling itself in every experience. Desire is life, and that life which is in you as an individual, is struggling to break down barriers so that it shall be all inclusive instead of exclusive, because in exclusiveness lies corruption. If you include everything in that life, which is yourself, there will be no superstition and hence no strife."

This desire has a distinct aim and goal.

"Desire is constantly seeking an outlet. Desire is constantly striving against limitation. Desire can only fulfil itself in experience, can only grow through experience, can only be made vast, immense, unlimited, immeasurable through experience. That is the only law—and Life has no law, no philosophy."

Krishnaji further developing his doctrine of Desire states:

"In the heart of everyone is the desire for happiness and liberation. If you follow that desire, if when you have made up your mind, you steel your heart against all petty unessential things, you will attain your goal; that of which I speak is, I maintain, the desire of everyone.

That being so, he enquires of all of us what we are making of our desires—how far we are trying to find out our secret desire. Desire is the urge behind all change, all evolution—it is the greatest creative force. Hence:

"In order to discover what is the essential, one must look at desire. Desire is all the time trying to free itself from delusion. So Desire goes through various stages of experience in search of this balance, and can either become a cage or an open door, a prison house or an open way to liberation."

How does Desire lead to illusion? If you cling to the unreal—Desire will grow and overwhelm you. The illusion which Desire throws up in its efforts to grow are due to fear. "Once you have attained to fearlessness, then you will understand clearly what Desire is really seeking and how it may attain its end." Then in its growth towards liberation through the cessation of fear, we have to wear down the egoism in Desire by contact with Life itself. Only in this way can reality be reached, which is the true consummation of Desire.

PIECEGOODS!

PIECEGOODS!!

V. K. R. Venkuier & Bros.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL CLOTH MERCHANTS.

Big Bazaar, PALGHAT

A FIRM OF OVER 50 YEARS' STANDING

Wholesale Business a Speciality

Wholesale Rates for Retail Dealings

Terms Strictly Cash

Price Fixed and Cheap

Two of our junior partners have just returned from their tour to upper Indian textile markets such as Cawnpore, Karachi, Ahmedabad and Calcutta with a fresh stock of a good many varieties.

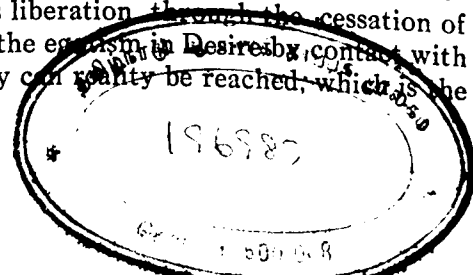
All kinds of Mulls Bleached and Unbleached, Dhories and Veshties, Cotton, Woollen and Silk Shirtings, Coatings and Banians, Silks, Imitation Silks, Fancies, Ties & Collars, Shawls & Mullers, Oilcloth Canvas Etc., Etc., Etc.

Offered at Cheap Rates

FRESH VARIETIES OF SUNPROOF,

CHOCOLATE & NAVY BLUE SERGES & BLAZERS,

WOOLLEN TWEEDS, POPLIN COATING Etc.



32
M. 197500
N 3131

15 Years' Affliction

Cured in Six Doses.

BUGUDA. GANJAM DT..

14th October 1929.

I am exceedingly gratified to inform you that the pain in the loin which afflicted my wife over the last 15 years at every menses has completely stopped in 6 doses only of your famous "LODHRA". She has not even the slightest trace of pain in the last occasion. You have every reason to be proud of your wonderful production which has indeed totally eclipsed all other cures known to the world of female ills.

J. D. David, Forest Ranger.

KESARI KUTEERAM,

INDIAN CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS.

EGMORE, MADRAS

At All Chemists'.

The Andhra Insurance Co., Ltd.

Head office: MASULIPATAM

MANAGING DIRECTOR:

DR. K. AHOBALAROW GARU

M. B. C. H. B. (EDIN) D. T. M. (LIVERPOOL)

A purely Indian life insurance company conducted on very economical and sound lines.

The Board of Directors are composed of some of the leading citizens who themselves command great respect.

The company has moved with the times and is in a position to quote for insurance based on the most up-to-date schemes.

Valuable Advice on Life Insurance generally will be given by the Company.

Wanted Influential Agents on Liberal Terms.

MALABAR COAST OFFICE,

TOWN BANK BUILDING, SULTANPET, PALGHAT

MAHARAJA BRAND
ASSAFOETIDA



HIGHEST QUALITY
Price Rs. 3 per lb.

Backed by the success and experience of half a century in wholesale supply of **MISKY ASSAFOETIDA** in this province, we dare recommend the general public to try these

L. G. BRAND
ASSAFOETIDA



POPULAR QUALITY
Price Re. 1-14 per lb.

suitable packets of ours. It is an undoubted fact that generations have used and millions are using daily with satisfaction. In them you get the fullest value.

LALJEE GODHOO & Co.,

NO. 8, PERUMAL MUDALI STREET,

SOWCARPET.

MADRAS

Branch:

KUMBAKONAM

Head Office:

BOMBAY 3.

SWASTIKA BRAND
ASSAFOETIDA



SPECIAL QUALITY
Price Rs. 2-4 per lb.

Available from all respectable grocers in Govindappa Naick Street, or direct from US.

ROLL KRISHNA
BRAND ASSAFOETIDA



SUPERIOR QUALITY
Price Re. 1-10 per lb.

JUST READY A NEW GEOMETRY FOR HIGH SCHOOLS

BY

A. A. KRISHNASWAMI AYYANGAR, M. A., L. T.,

Chief Lecturer in mathematics, Intermediate College, Mysore

WITH A FOREWORD

BY

DR. R. VAIDYANATHASWAMY, M. A., D. SC. F. R. S. E.

Reader in Mathematics, Madras University

OPINION

*The South Indian Teacher: Oct, 1929:—*We have great pleasure in reviewing this very useful book on High school Geometry printed and neatly got-up by the well-known Publishers, Messrs. Srinivasa Varadachari & Co. The price of Rs. 1—4—0 is within the easy reach of every High School boy.

Among the many commendable features of this book, we desire to point out the very practical nature of the introductory chapter, containing as it does, numerous examples of a varied and instructive character, which will help a candidate to become acquainted with the main principles of geometry.

The reference of historical background in the course of teaching adds a human element and helps to make the subject more interesting. The experimental work with solids will prove to be of great value to the teacher and the pupil alike. The large and varied number of exercises form a very commendable feature of this interesting book.

We have real pleasure in wishing for this book an honoured place among the text-books now in use.

Crown 8vo 658 pages and 405 diagrams. Price Rs. 2—8—0

Srinivasa Varadachari & Co.,

4, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

Established 1909

Tel: "GOKUL"

Awarded Medals and Diplomas at Various Exhibitions.

THE GRAND GOKUL'S PERFUMERY HALL,

THE UNRIVALLED HOUSE OF THE EAST FOR

SANDHANADHI

&

ARAIKEERAI VIDHAI THAILAMS

(The Best Brain Cooler and Hair Tonic.)

Try our 'Scented Cocoanut Hair Oil.'

(The flower queen of the dressing room.)

Our "OTTO GOKUL" (Queen of all scents.)

REGISTERED



Also Manufacturers of :

Scented Supari, Chunnam, Tooth-powder, Tobacco, Vegetables, Pickles, Rose Gulkhand, Bathing Powder, Scented Sticks, Sandal Powder, etc., etc., &c.

T. S. R. & CO.,

PERFUMERS, KUMBAKONAM

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Please note our Trade Mark "Banian Leaf Gokul."

1. **VAXOL** An unsurpassed Rheumatic pain killer. Effect will be seen within 30 minutes. Price per phial Re. 1.
2. **SARAVABHA.** An infallible remedy for Gonorrhoe and gleet. Effect will be seen with 21 days' use. Price Rs. 3.
3. **BALAMITRA.** A best tonic for children suffering from anæmia, Infantile Dyspepsia, loss of appetite, worms, Physical Debility etc. Price per phial Re. 1—8—0.
4. **KASTHOORIADI PILLS.** A necessity for every household. Protects from dangers. Gives instant relief to Asthma, cough, and hiccough etc. Price per 100 Rs. 5.
5. **SUKHABHADI PILLS.** A golden remedy for constipation and indigestion. This is also a very good laxative. Price per 100 Pills, Rs. 2—0—0. Price per 50 Pills, Rs. 1—2—0.

All reliable Ayurvedic medicines are stocked for sale at moderate rates. Consultation posted on enquiries by remitting one anna stamp. For further particulars and price list, *apply to:—*

Tele : Address :—
ARYA VAIDYASRAMAM,
 WEST HILL.

ARYA VAIDYASRAMAM,
 Puthur, Korapoya, P. O.
 (S. Malabar)

സുവർണദീപിക.

ബ്രഹ്മശ്രീ മേപ്പത്തൂർ ഭട്ടതിരിപ്പാട്ടിലെ "നാരായണീയം" പല വ്യാഖ്യാനങ്ങളും പരിശോധിച്ച് വിശേഷമായ ഒരു ഭാഷാധ്യാപ്തനാണെന്നുള്ളതിൽ 1104 തുലാം മുതൽ ആരംഭിച്ച് നടത്തിവരുന്നു. കുറച്ച് പ്രതികരം മാത്രമേ ബാക്കിയുള്ളൂ. ആവശ്യക്കാർ ഇക്കാര്യത്തിനിടയാകാതെ ഒരു കൊല്ലത്തേ വരിമ്പതു 3 ക. അയച്ച് മുൻപകുങ്ങൾ സഹിതം ആവശ്യപ്പെടുക.

MESSRS. RAMAVARMA & BROS.,
 Mavelikara P. O., Travancore.

മെസ്സേഴ്സ് രാമവർമ്മ & ബ്രദേഴ്സ്,
 മാവേലിക്കര P. O., തിരുവതാംകൂർ.

WAY TO SWARAJYA

SWARAJYA IS THE BIRTHRIGHT of every Indian.

Without strength and health, you cannot get Swarajya.

For strength and health, food must be tasteful.

For proper and tasteful food purchase only

OUR UNRIVALLED



"GANDHI" BRAND MISKY ASAFOETIDA

1 lb. packet Rs. 2—0—0

½ lb. packet Rs. 1—0—6.

POSTAGE EXTRA

Also can be had Best Saffron, Musk, Pachakarpur etc.

A SINGLE TRIAL IS SOLICITED

GOPALJI CHAMPSHI & Co.,

21. GOVINDAPPA NAICK STREET,

MADRAS

ZANDU'S CHYAVANPRASH

(THE BEST. BODY AND BRAIN BUILDER)



An Unrivalled Tonic of Ayurveda for Cough, Cold, Hoarseness of voice, Asthma, Phthisis and such other affections. It is an excellent tissue builder in all wasting diseases and therefore it is highly recommended by allopathic and ayurvedic physicians in so many complaints. It is suitable for males and females alike. It can be given to children with milk in various complaints.

Price 1 lb. phial Rs. 2-8; $\frac{1}{2}$ lb. phial Re. 1-5; $\frac{1}{4}$ lb. As. 13

Manufactured by

**THE ZANDU PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS LTD.,
BOMBAY 14.**

Sole Agents :—

DAMODER & CO.,

NO. 78, CHINA BAZAAR ROAD,

G. T., MADRAS.

Sub Agents in the Southern side :—

CALICUT :—N. S. Balan Brothers, Chemists & Druggists.

COCHIN :—Harakesandass & Co., New Road.

TRICHUR :—Messrs. Kuttan & Co., Chemists & Druggists.

ALLEPPEY :—Prabhu & Co.

TRIVANDRUM :—Mr. K. Sadasivam, Puthanchantha.

PALGHAT :—S. Natham & Co., Chemists & Druggists.

VADAKKANCHERRY :—K. R. Harihara Sastrigal Esq.

COIMBATORE :—Messrs. D. S. V. & Sons, Chemists &

POLLACHI :—The Empire Pharmacy.

MANGALORE :—Messrs. Shah Company, Diamond Building. [Druggists.

PUTTUR :—P. Janardhana Rao Esq.