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verified
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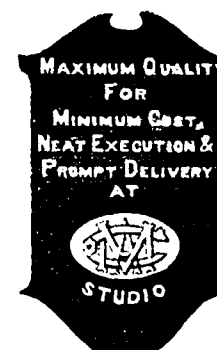
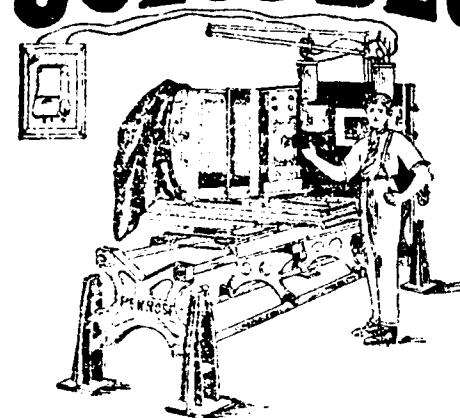
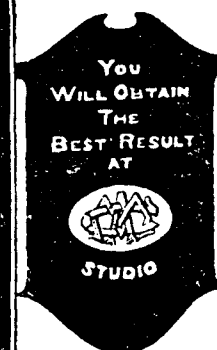
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ஸ்ரீ முருகக்கடவுள் கலியுகப்பிரத்தியகஷ தெய்வம் என்பதும், தமிழர் கள் குலதெய்வமென்பதும், தமிழுக்கு எல்லையாகிய வேங்கடம் முதல் குமாரி ஈராக உள்ள பல சுப்ரமண்ய ஸ்தலங்களுள் முக்கியமான படைவீடு ஆறனுள் மூன்றாவதாகிய திருவாவின்னகுடி என்னும் பழநித்தலம் மிக்க விசேடமுடையது என்பது பிரசித்தம்.

இவ்விதம் தமிழலகில் பிரசித்திபெற்ற பழநித்தலத்தில் ஸ்ரீ பழநிபாண்டவர் தரிசனார்த்தமாகவரும்பத்தகோடிகள் தங்கப் போதுமான வசதியின்றித் தவிப்பதறிந்த தர்மசிலிகள் சிலர் வேண்டுகோளுடன் எனது இலங்கையன்பர்கள் பலர் ஓர் தர்மமடாலபம் தீர்மானிக்கவேண்டிய உதவியெய்தாக நேரில் என்னிடம் வாக்களித்ததாலும் “இலங்கைவாழ் இந்தியத்தமிழர் மடாலயம்” என்ற பெயர் கொண்ட ஒரு தர்ம மடாலபம் நிறுவ, நிதிவசூலிப்பான் வேண்டி இரஃது ஒன்றுக்கு 4 அணா (25சதம்) ஆக 4 இரஃதுகள் கொண்ட குரூப் 1-க்கு ரூ. 1—0—0 கி.தம் 25000 குரூப்கள் தயாரித்து வருவாகும் துக்கையில் 5ல் 1 பாகம் வருவல் செய்யவேண்டிய மார்க்கங்களுக்கு ஏற்படும் செலவுகளுக்கும் மீதியில் பாதியை, மெம்பர்கள் பெற்றுக்கொண்டிருக்கும் இரஃது நெம்பர்களைத்தையும் திருவுளச்சீட்டாகக்குலுக்கி எடுப்பதில் முறையே வரும் 378 குரூப்களுக்கு பரிசுகளாக கொடுப்பதென்றும் தீர்மானித்திருக்கிறது.

பரிசுகள் கிடைக்காத மெம்பர்களுக்கு ஸ்ரீ பழநியாண்டவருக்கு அபிஷேக ஆராதனை செய்த திரு அருட்பிரசாதங்கள் ஏஜண்டிகள் மூலம் அனுப்பிவைக்கப்படும்.

ஆதலால் சகல அன்பர்களுள் இப்புணியத் திருப்பணிக்குத் தங்களாலியன்ற அளவு உதவும் நன்கொடைக்குத்தக்க இரஃதுகள் எடுத்துக்கொண்டும் தங்கள் நண்பர்களுக்கும் சிபார்சு செய்து இரஃதுகளைப் பூர்த்திசெய்தும் பணம் அனுப்பி உதவி செய்து அதிர்ஷ்ட மிருந்தால் பரிசுகள் மூலம் பொருளும் இன்றேல் தயான சித்தங்கொண்டு தங்கள் உதவிய திரவிய சகாயத்தைக் கொண்டு நிறைவேறிய தர்ம கைக்கர்யத்துக்குப் பிரதியாகப் பரமன் அருளும் பெற்று ஆனந்திப்பீர்களாக.

ஒரு குரூப் 4 இரஃதுகள் விலை ரூ. 1—0—0. இவ்வித 6 குரூப்களை பூர்த்திசெய்தனுப்பும் அன்பர்கள் கலீஷனாக ரூ. 1—0—0 எடுத்துக்கொண்டு பாக்கி ரூ. 5—0—0 அனுப்பவும்.

தயவுசெய்து தங்களுக்கு தேவையான குரூப்களுக்கு சிக்கிரம் எழுதும் படி கேட்டுக்கொள்கிறேன்.

P. நடராஜ பண்டாரம்,

மலைக்கோவில் அயன்மீராஸ், பழநி S. I.

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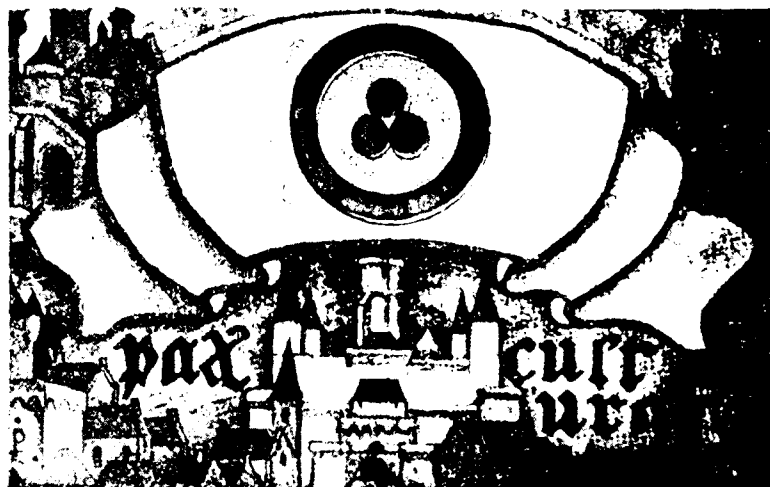
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THE BANNER OF PEACE
(Designed by N. de Roerich.)



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The Banner of Peace.

By P. M. Hari.



AD all the arts and sciences of the past been handed down intact, human civilization would, to-day, have been far superior to what it now is. But most of the instruments and institutions of ancient culture and knowledge had long been turned to dust. And man has been groping amidst the ruins of the old centres of culture for a glimpse of ancient wisdom. Much of human time and energy are, to-day, spent upon unearthing the lost beauties; but, alas! with poor results. Man could not eke out of all the debris he has laboriously discovered sufficient material to help him even one step in the course of his long progress. The sins of destruction of the homes of knowledge and culture have always been visited with extreme severities. The owner and the destroyer are alike condemned to unholy darkness and, sometimes, even to ruin. Salvage of the treasures of culture alone can ensure the peace and prosperity of humanity.

Man has always been flattering himself by saying that instruments and institutions of culture and knowledge are his proudest assets. But nations have, at all times, been scrambling only for property and power. And in their savage hunt after gold and power they have with blind fury razed to the ground many a precious home of culture and knowledge. War and Vandalism are the worst of the voluntary agents of destruction of homes of beauty and knowledge. The pages of history are blotted with their sins. The world has not ceased to mourn the irreplaceable loss caused by the unwarrantable violence of the late European

War against Rheims and Louvain. And while endeavours have been made by international congresses and conferences to recoup the financial losses of nations in the war, it is lamentable that no attempt has been made by any of them to save cultural institutions, from future violence and savagery.

Appreciation of the essential value of beauty and knowledge by the common run of humanity may be a distant dream. But the cessation of war is no less far off a prospect. No permanent peace can be expected in the absence of high aesthetic culture and wisdom amongst men. Works of beauty and knowledge are the instruments of human culture. They alone can cultivate human genius and make life happy and peaceful. They are the noblest and most fruitful wealth of mankind. And the need for protecting the temples of Art and Lore from blind and furious hands is, therefore, imperative. Unless we take steps to protect and preserve them, our claims to culture and civilization are only an empty boast. Shall we dash to pieces the lamps that we light and leave our progeny to shift for themselves in darkness?

The problems pressing on the world to-day, moreover, call for a new orientation of humanity. Keen competition and pressure of wants of every kind are increasing day by day. And the beaten track of life holds no prospects to man. Man can meet the difficulties ahead of him only by awakening his creative instinct, and finding new channels for his energy. New openings for work can be found only by developing man's genius for creative work. Directing human energy to original creative activities is also essential for the progress of humanity. We must, therefore, immediately turn to safeguard and cherish our instruments of culture and knowledge, and to inspire with them a new creative life and power in the succeeding generations.

The genius is born with the times. And Prof. Nicholas Roerich has come to our rescue. The great professor, who has devoted his life to work out a synthesis of humanity with the forces of culture, has set on foot a movement for protecting all cultural institutions from wilful destruction.

In consultation with eminent professors of International Law, and politicians of Europe and America, the Roerich Museum of New York, inspired by Prof. Nicholas Roerich, drafted in 1929 an International Peace Pact called the 'Roerich Peace Pact' and presented it through the Department of State in Washington to The International Institute of Intellectual Co-operation of the League of Nations. Representative personalities of many countries to whom the draft was sent for opinion highly admired the Pact and readily recommended it. The League of Nations after a

thorough examination of the Pact expressed its desire to have it ratified by the Governments of the various countries.

The International Conference held at Bruges in Belgium, in September 1931, adopted the Roerich Peace Pact and the Roerich Banner of Peace; and organised a permanent Association for accomplishing the universal adoption of the Pact and the Banner. A second Conference will shortly be held at the same place for further international co-operation to promote and promulgate the ideals of the Peace Pact.

According to the Roerich Peace Pact all kinds of cultural instruments and institutions are to be treated as neutral territory by belligerents; and they are to be protected from violence by rules similar to those applicable to the Red Cross. The institutions and monuments which seek protection under the Pact will, at the request of the Governments of their respective countries, be registered at the Secretariat of the League of Nations. And over these institutions and monuments is to be raised the Roerich Banner of Peace which proclaims their inviolability.

With a rare instinct of artistic felicity has the professor designed the Banner of Peace. Three crimson spheres placed pyramidally within a magenta circle on a white field, make the ensign of the banner. The insignia is highly significant. The three spheres are symbolic of the Past, Present and Future. Their position shows that they conjoin for further constructive work. The circle represents eternity within which are the three demarcations of time. The colour of the spheres and the circle is the colour of life and vigour. The background is simple purity. The ensign, on the whole, is emblematic of pure, sanguine life and immortality; and changing, active, creative time and eternity in one. It immortalises the life and achievements of the past, present and future by enfolding them in one vivid warm embrace of ever-advancing eternity. The ensign admirably expresses the meaning and importance of institutions of culture and knowledge.

The Roerich Banner of Peace is already flying over many "Shrines of Beauty and Knowledge". And many more will soon take shelter under her wings. The Roerich Peace Pact and the Roerich Banner of Peace shed a new light on the cultural institutions and invest them with a new sanctity. The Banner, it is hoped, will evoke even in belligerents and barbarians a sense of respect for culture, and a love of knowledge and beauty. And when beauty and knowledge disarm belligerents and disabuse barbarians we shall see the first flush of the dawn of a new age of culture and peace.

The Red Cross of Culture

By Prof. Nicholas de Roerich

[We are very glad to publish the following article from the pen of this great Russian artist missioner of international fame, not only because it embodies a big Idea, which richly deserves publicity, but because it has a special significance just now when the Second World Conference in Bruges (Belgium), of the Union Internationale pour le Pacte Roerich, aiming at the protection of the cultural treasures of the world, is shortly to be held. Amongst other means of protecting culture, Prof. de Roerich has devised a special Sign, reproduced in this issue, which, like the sign of the Red Cross, is to be unfurled over all museums, libraries and other centres of culture. Another article, in exposition of this Banner of Piece, appears in this issue.—Editor.]



NE reads in newspaper cables from New York reporting 800,000 unemployed in this city alone, and in the whole of the United States their number exceeds nine millions. And besides one remembers a multitude of personally known intelligent workers, who are, of course, not included in this number, but who experience no less poverty from unemployment. Such figures are indeed a misfortune. They show that the crisis has not merely affected all classes but has already become a destructive factor. In the same mail one reads that the very existence of the Metropolitan Opera is endangered. The Art Institute in Detroit, of which Ford himself is the President, is to be temporarily closed because of deficit. The Capitol of Kansas City, formerly one of the richest towns, was sold by auction. Letters announce not only new cuts in Budgets of educational institutions, but also million losses of such people, which were considered unshatterable rocks of financial wisdom.

When before our very eyes the foundations of this highly experienced "wisdom" is shattered, is this not a sign that materialistic principles have reached their limit and are already crumbling? And is this sign not one more proof that the time has come when one has to raise from the dust and ashes the forgotten Banner of the Spirit in order to counteract the evident bent to all destruction by eternal values? When, if not now, should the children's hearts be kindled by best testimonials of past achievements, of true education and untiring realization?

One can no longer hide the fact that a crisis has taken place. One can no longer calm oneself by an erroneous idea, that some

new one-day-collection will feed all the unemployed and the starving. It is quite clear that what has happened is much deeper.

Long long ago we have heard the saying of wise people: "When money is lost, nothing is lost, but when courage is lost, then all is lost." To-day one has to think of this wise proverb, because it has now become peculiarly fashionable to speak about the crisis. And those who have suffered and those who have lost little, both refer to the crisis, both destroying all initiative and creative striving. If some definite counteraction is not immediately undertaken, then let us beware that this crisis does not turn into the prelude of some calamity still more terrible.

We optimists should first of all avert every panic, every despair, whether it be in the Stock Exchange or in the holiest sanctuary of the heart. There is no such horror, which having called into life a still greater tension of energy, could not be transmuted into a positive solution. It is especially shocking to hear, when some people who have suffered from the crisis,—people who may not even be so bad in themselves—in panic begin to state that now is no time even to think about Culture. We have already heard such voices, inadmissible even in their fear and despair.

No, my dear ones, especially now we have not only to hasten to think of Culture as such, but we must also apply this life-giving source to the young generations. One can easily imagine into what will change the budding consciousness of youth, if in schools and at home they hear only of narratives about calamities and horrors of despair. Imagine what will happen if the youth are infected with the notion that they should deprive themselves of everything life-giving and that they should forget all sources of renaissance and progress.

This terrible "no," "it is not timely," "it is impossible," pushes the young consciousness into the darkest prison. And with nothing, with nothing in the world, can one enlighten the sinking twilight of these hearts, if this darkness is once admitted. And not only of the youth must we think, but also of the infants. Every educator knows that the foundations of consciousness, which give a direction to the whole life, are formed much before the age of adolescence. Often the silent look of the child expresses that the surrounding circumstances are to him much more intelligible than the conceit of the grown-up presupposes. How many basic problems are solved in the heart and brain of a four-year or six-year old youngster!

Everyone who has watched the development of children will, of course, remember the remarkable definitions, ideas and advices which have been uttered quite unexpectedly by the child. But

besides these verbal expressions, how many sparks of consciousness radiate in the silent look of the child! And how often youngsters divert their eyes from the grown-ups, as if wishing to guard some definite thought, which, according to their opinion, the grown-up will not understand anyhow.

It is this penetrating mind of the child which one should nourish, especially now with most radiant glorious thoughts. One should feed not with empty hopes, because idealism is not in misty emptiness, but is in that immutable reality, which can be proven by historians as the most accurate mathematical problem.

Is it not the very time now to come to the schools with most calling, inspiring messages about human achievements, about most useful discoveries and about all Bliss which is predestined, but which due to our negligence has been overlooked?

Another clipping just to hand says: "To-day Berlin is described as a dead city, and it is said that only half the possible number of taxis are on the streets, while most other forms of traffic have dwindled amazingly. People are finding it more and more difficult to pay their rents and in consequence are moving in vast numbers to the poorer quarters of the city." Thus from everywhere come signs of distress.

We began with news from New York that in this richest city the Municipality requires many many extra millions, only to prevent starvation. We mention this clippings, because it is not only true, but in its essence it does not even reflect the whole problem. To some extent this news from New York applies, of course, to all cities and not only to America, but to the whole world. Often such problems are hidden either by conventional expressions or by the impenetrable dust of volcanic eruptions. Also now are coming newspaper reports from South America, bringing information of aerial survey from regions affected by eruptions and earthquakes: "visibility nil". Indeed, in many places of the globe the visibility is nil. And when the dust of the eruptions scatters, we witness a still greater commotion of the human spirit.

A picture of civilization, which is "rapidly going to pieces" was recently drawn by H. G. Wells when addressing the London School of Economics. He stated: "Just as in the time of Noah, we must build an ark amid the wastes and ruin around us. If the efforts to save civilization fail, we may take heart in that perhaps we are laying the foundations for another and far better one." Truly, one should not dance on a volcano.

He who asserts just now the crisis—material and spiritual—is by no means like the *Kassandra* of Troy in her ill-omened

prophecies (which in her case unfortunately became true). He who signals about the crisis is simply like a railway switchman, who having, noticed the imminence of a disaster, lifts the flag to warn the engine driver, hoping that the latter is alert and will take heed of his signal. Let us be like this railway switchman.

Let us unfurl the Banner of Protection of Culture! Already last year we suggested a World Day of Culture, a special day in schools, when a narrative about the best achievements of humanity, instead of routine class work, should set aflame the young hearts by its radiant message. If last year we thought of the League of Youth, and of even one day, to manifest the Beautiful Garden of Humanity, then now we see that the urgency of this need has multiplied. One day is already not enough to strengthen the consciousness, upset by social and family misfortunes. One must speak oftener of the saving, creative inspiring principle.

To educate does not mean to give only a number of mechanical data. Education, the upbuilding of a world consciousness, is reached by synthesis, but not by the synthesis of calamities, but through the synthesis of joy of perfection and creation. If we shall cut off every influx of such joyful enlightenment of life, then what poor educators we shall be! What education can the teacher give, who spreads around himself sorrow and despair? But not far from despair is also pseudo-joy and, therefore, every forced smile is correctly called "a smile of a skull". Before inspiring others, we have to convince ourselves of the vital need and undeferrability of the programme of Culture as a healing principle, as a life-giver.

From medical science we know that even the best life-givers cannot act spontaneously. Even the best life-giver requires a certain time, in order to penetrate into all nerve centers and not only to excite them mechanically (every excitement call forth reaction), but actually strengthen and rejuvenate the nervous substance. If we have such a multitude of examples that a certain time is needed for the process of healing, then how imperative it is now to think and to begin to act under the Sign of Culture, similar to that of the Red Cross?

Humanity is accustomed to the sign of the Red Cross. This humanitarian symbol penetrated not only in times of war, but purified life with one more beautiful conception. Just the same humanitarian conception, so needed from the small to the great, will be derived from a Sign of Culture, similar to the sign of the Red Cross. One should not imagine that one may think of Culture only at leisure, while digesting the food of a tasty dinner.

No, just during starvation and cold, as the sign of the Red Cross shines to the heavily wounded, just in the same way the Sign of Culture will inspiringly shine to the spiritually and bodily starving.

Verily now it is not the time to disseminate, to obstruct and to attend to pettiness. When a Red Cross car drives along the street, then the traffic is stopped for it. In the same way one should also give up something for the greatly needed Sign of Culture, give up at least some of the daily bad habits, the vulgarity and the many other dusty conventionalities of ignorance, from which sooner or later one has to cleanse oneself.

To people who have not come into close touch with questions of education, the Sign of Culture may appear as an interesting experiment, but they thereby only show their scanty knowledge of history. But even if for some the Sign of Culture is only an experiment, even they, though they be crass ignoramuses, will not dare, we hope, to say that this Sign and the thoughts about Culture could be destructive or decomposing. The constructiveness of thoughts about Culture is so obvious that it is even ridiculous to argue about this.

In case of serious danger on a ship, the order is given: "Act to your best ability!"

In the same way now, thinking of Culture, one should address everybody with the advice to act to the best of his ability, that is to say, to apply all his strength and experience to the glory of the life-giving creative conception of Culture.

Nachiketa and the Modern Hindu.

By Swami Jagadiswarananda.



IN the Upanishads, the ancient Hindu classics, there is a story of a boy named Nachiketa who went to Yama, the God of Death, to know the secret of immortality. He asked Yama: "Does the soul survive death? Not to speak of men, even the Gods of yore had doubts on this subtle matter; and as no better expounder can be found on earth and in heaven, do teach me this divine knowledge."

Death in order to test whether Nachiketa was absolutely fit for the knowledge of the *Atman*, leading to emancipation, tempted him with immense wealth and long life, with large quantities of gold and precious stones and with celestial nymphs and attendants, that is, with all possible enjoyments craved and coveted even by the Gods. Nachiketa, unshakable like an adamant, neglected humbly all worldly prosperities offered by Yama. Calm and unagitated like a large lake, he said no wealth, no progeny, no fame and no enjoyment of this decaying perishable world or the next can satisfy man. "Do teach me the knowledge of *Atman*, which only can put a full stop to the manifold griefs, miseries and delusions of life." Pleased by his commendable dispassion for the worldly things and unquenchable thirst for the eternal and the divine, Yama disclosed to Nachiketa the *Atma Vidya*, or the esoteric doctrine of *Atman*. Yama told Nachiketa that the *Atman* of man is quite distinct from the body and the mind. It is not slain, though the body is slain. It is unborn, eternal, everlasting and ancient. It is greater than the greatest, subtler than the subtlest, sitting it goes far, lying it goes everywhere. It is omnipresent, omniscient, and omnipotent. It is eternal life, infinite wisdom and absolute bliss. That *Atman* is the same as the ultimate reality of the *omni wra*. "Nachiketa, know thyself as *Atman* and grieve no more."

Nachiketa was the ideal representative of the ancient Hindu youth. He was not an exception to the common run but every Hindu youth of yore was a Nachiketa. Indeed, the Upanishads are full of the stories of such heroic youths like Nachiketa, Sveta Ketu, Satya Kama etc., who defied death for the beatific vision of Truth. Are the modern Hindu youths worthy of the legacy which Nachiketa has bequeathed to them? Otherwise how can they call themselves Hindus? To-day how many of the Hindu youths are ready to embrace death with smiling face for the sake of Truth, like Nachiketa? Are not the annals of

Hindusthan rich in the record of those young men who have renounced all for the realisation of the *Atman*? How many young Hindus specially can and dare love misery, hug the form of death and dance in destruction's dance, to live the life of renunciation and service and die for the spread of Hinduism to the four corners of the globe?

There is chaos around us; chaos in family, chaos in society, chaos in schools and colleges, chaos in pulpits and platform, in temples and churches all the world over. Who will shoulder this burden of removing the evils from the world? It is the young who in every country and age had imposed this divine trust on themselves and become martyrs. We pride ourselves in the name Hindu as the children of Shiva, the blue-throated, but how many of us are ready to swallow like Shiva the bitterness and poison of worldly wrongs and wander from home to homelessness for the service of Humanity? It is the blood of Religion in the veins of mankind that is congested to-day; nothing else. When that circulates freely all other ills will fall off. What is wanted to-day is a handful of young minds who can stand in the street yonder and declare with heart-full faith that they possess nothing but God and that their lives are dedicated to the service of God in man. Who will come forward?

There is revolt of youths in every country; some for Patriotism, some for Socialism, some for Nationalism and others for Internationalism, but it is a thousand pities that none are mad for God or religion. It is the Hindu youth of Nachiketa-type who are ear-marked by Providence for the fulfilment of this Divine Purpose. The mission of Hindu youth is the mission of Religion—to preserve, live and preach the untold spiritual riches of their seers and sages. Such desire to do collective good arose in the mind of one Hindu youth named Gautama about 25 centuries ago. Stung by the woes of man he renounced hearth and home, and he spiritualised *the whole East* and extended the empire of Hinduism. Again, another Hindu youth in the last decade of the last century responded heart and soul to the call of the spirit and conquered the West with the universal Gospel of Hinduism. The tidal wave of spirituality behind Vivekananda in the modern age is much greater and stronger than that which was behind Buddha. Vivekananda's dream was to conquer the world with the spirituality of the Hindus. He lived and died for this cause. He shed tears that Hindu youths of his time did not respond to his call. Like *Anahat* sound his voice still rings in the air. Who is ready to take up the cross and follow him? Who will go?

In Tagore – Land

IV

Rishi Geddes.

By N. Lakshmanan.



THE year 1932 is, so far, a sad year. Plunkett, the agricultural statesman; Wolffe, the apostle of rural reconstruction; and Gide, the economist; all have passed away in quick succession. Now alas, Sir Patrick Geddes, the wandering wizard, is no more. These "culture heroes" shunned the limelight and are comparatively unknown to newspaper fame. The student in India is, therefore, apt to miss the great contribution made by these social thinkers and workers to the culture of the age. All the four departed worthies were unified in their "main motive"—the service of man.

Some, at least, of the leaders of society in India first came to know Professor Patrick Geddes towards the dawn of the century, through the invaluable writings and speeches of his devoted fellow-worker, Miss Noble, better known as the Sister Nivedita. In October 1911 Nivedita passed behind the scene in her much-beloved Himalayas and, in discussing about the same time the educational needs of India in general, and of Ceylon in particular, Doctor Ananda K. Coomaraswamy made in his book *Art and Swadeshi* some fruitful suggestions about what has been described by Geddes as "Western uplifts of idealism". Doctor Coomaraswamy then said that education in India and Ceylon "should be more European in spirit and less European in form. The spirit of modern European education, even in England to some extent, is national". He clinched his argument by saying that deputations of young men sent to Europe, America or Japan should study very seriously Indian history and culture for two years. "Above all, I should like them to come under the personal influence of men like Professor Geddes and women like the late Sister Nivedita. They would then be qualified by knowledge and responsibility, as they should be even now by inheritance, to shape and create." While on this subject, it is interesting to remember that Dr. Coomaraswamy edited and published the profusely illustrated book on *Myths of the Hindus and Buddhists* left unfinished by Nivedita. The preface contains a noteworthy statement emphasising the value of continuity of civilization and learning which is to be kept up by each generation, even with "a modicum of unreasonable conservatism".

The present writer who heard Geddes years ago at Coimbatore harp on the theme of "Conservative Surgery in Town Planning" found no difficulty in tracing the spiritual kinship of the walking professor with Nivedita and Coomaraswamy.¹ Geddes was a "thousand-petalled lotus" of mind and heart. Indeed, he was a poet of flowers: "The flowering of cities has ever gone on like the inter-crossing of flowers." "Civics," the youngest branch of science, as yet "but a little-noticed bud upon the ever-spreading tree of knowledge, may before long be recognised as one of the most fruitful of all." Geddes and his intellectual partner, Professor Sir J. A. Thomson in their two books *Sex, Evolution* say: "For him to whom sex is impure there are no flowers in nature." They also speak of "monogamic prostitution" and of "contemporary ancestors". Geddes and Mr. Victor Brandford² have a paper on "The Inter-related Sciences"³. The theme, of course, is the inter-relation of rural and urban thought and the effect of this on social and industrial problems. In his suggestive volume on *Cities in Evolution* (1915)⁴ Geddes said that "the renewed art of Town Planning has to develop into an art yet higher, that of City Design—a veritable orchestration of all the arts, and correspondingly needing, even for its preliminary surveys, all the social sciences". Writing in the *London Times*⁵ about his late colleague, Thomson says: "We remember at Dundee, William James's incredulity at Geddes being a Professor of Botany; and how Stanley Hall, another visitor, exclaimed: 'But I am looking for Geddes, the psychologist!'" The fact is that the man was a genius in the true sense. That is to say, he had not only a number of gifts at an unusually high potential, but he had an original mental pattern, which gave every subject he touched a quality of newness. It has been aptly said of Geddes that in his hands, Science became the handmaid of humanity.

We are often told that in India there is a yawning gulf between the educated classes and the masses. To the extent that this charge is well-founded, this trait is nothing special to the intelligentsia in India. Through a largely auto-biographical chapter in which Geddes—'a wandering student'—has described the civic laboratory in the Edinburgh Outlook Tower, we are assured that "the educated classes everywhere tend to be specialised away from the life and labour of the people".¹

1. The writer's letter in *The Hindu* on Geddes.
 2. Chairman of Council, Sociological Society, London.
 3. Vide Report of the first Congress at Cambridge, England, issued by the International Industrial Relations Association.
 4. Page 205.
 5. Reproduced in the *I. S. R.* 21-5-1932.
- ¹ *Cities in Evolution*, p. 319.

Rishi Rabindranath Tagore says: "I always felt the need of the Western genius for imparting to my educational ideal that strength of reality which knows how to clear the path towards a definite end of practical good"¹. Hence Santiniketan and Sriniketan are sanctified by the labours of love of Andrews, Pearson, Elmhirst and others. Here also came Geddes—the walking Professor. "Of his capacity for walking and talking all the way," writes Mr. Ramananda Chatterjee,² "I have a vivid personal recollection. Years ago I was on a visit to Santiniketan when the Professor arrived there. He set out early one morning in the company of the Poet to take a walk everywhere in the area. I accompanied them. Professor Geddes did the talking all the way, pointing out how each mound or hollow could be used to the best advantage either for a cultural purpose or some utilitarian object of the material kind."³

An open letter to Tagore appears in the *Golden Book of Tagore* from the facile pen of Patrick Geddes. The five page matter defies analysis and should be read and re-read in its entirety. Geddes began by recalling how Rabindranath's brothers "whom we remember as also men of Wisdom, reached its normal reward of longevity and up to its ever-ripening best." Geddes proceeds to remind Rabindranath: "You and I, and others increasingly remain outside the political struggles of the present, not from apathy, but for our best work, that of aiding the better social order, now also at many points in germination and growth, and towards its future foliage and flower, its fruit, and seed beyond. Yet how shall we make this nascent age, of Revivance, clearer to ourselves and others? Where there is no vision the people perish. Your vision has been clear as was Ruskin's, and happily more gently stated and practically applied, that 'there is no wealth but Life'. If so, in the subordination of mechanism to Life lies the secret. You have been at once an example at home in Bengal, thence increasingly to India, and throughout the world."

This proved to be his "final word". And Geddes breathed his last, we are told characteristically enough, as quietly as he had lived, much beloved in the shrine of his latest venture, the International College des Ecossais, which he had founded in

1. *A Poet's School*: Viswa Bharati Bulletin No. 9.

2. *Modern Review*, April 1932.

3. Geddes seemed abler and more illuminating at 77 than at 27; and it is an intellectual tragedy that so much of his interpretative speculation has never been published. Miss Defries's *Geddes, the Interpreter* (Routledge, 1927) gives an appreciative account of the most remarkable man of our time"—Prof. Sir. J. A. Thomson.

Montpellier, France. The value of the pen-picture of Geddes given years ago by Mr. A. G. Gardiner in his *Pillars of Society* is enhanced to-day by Mr. K. Natarajan's tribute in his brave little paper: ¹ "When one thinks of Geddes one is reminded of the ancient Indian *rishi*, the seer, pursuing in his forest retreat surrounded by his pupils, some abstruse metaphysical truth of which he had caught a glimpse, with burning heart and fearless eye to its last and most secret abode."

There is no doubt whatever that Geddes will be long remembered as the western *Rishi* who helped India and her people to regain their lost treasure—the "synoptic" vision of Region, City and Life.

International Code of Labour

By N. Mahadeva Iyer, M. A., Dip. Econ.

II



HE pacifist ideals of European proletarianism found that all her forces were set at naught in the fateful event of the international crisis of 1914. The international solidarity of the lower bourgeoisie aimed to co-ordinate the action of her members to use every effort to counteract the all-powerful dynamics of military despotism. But the strength of the movement was over-estimated by its enthusiastic protagonists, and their international conclave failed to exert sufficient pressure and influence upon national Governments to avert the diplomatic crisis by accepting any compromise solution in lieu of recourse to deadly weapons.

The analysis of the recent vicissitudes of European anti-Capitalistic movements suggests the possibilities to which proletarianism could establish an international hegemony for the purpose of formulating a Labour policy to stimulate peace and goodwill among all the nations. As early as 1897 an international organisation was started in Switzerland, France, Germany and Italy to unite different political parties and to deliberate upon the uniform basis of Labour legislations. National Conventions were formed in these and other European States to help international action of Labour. The representatives of the European States met at Paris in 1900 and founded an international association which would serve as a bond of union to all friends of State intervention for improving the conditions of employment, to prepare in a scientific way petitions and memorials, and to hold other organised activities concerning Labour problems. The scientific part of the function was entrusted to a special body instituted by international hegemony and supported by contributions from national sections. The International Labour Office, established at Basle, met with a good deal of scepticism in academic circles in its early stages. All efforts of blooming propaganda did not render the new institution popular. The suspicion of the official mind, the professional jealousy of an outsider's initiative, and the usual lack of funds of semi-official institutions of this nature were the chief obstacles that led to undermine the efficiency of the International Labour Office. Yet the bulletins issued by such an office provided useful information on foreign Labour legislation to members of Parliament regarding trade unions and of employers' Associations. The new organisation also helped

1. *The Indian Social Reformer* Bombay, April 23, 1932

the preparation of International Labour treaties, by dealing with subjects like the prohibition of industrial night work for women. These and other activities in the field of social betterment broke the ice of rigid national sovereignty and led to systematic international co-ordination.

After the Great War had exhausted all resources of Labour power, legislative activity concerning the conditions of employment was no longer a domestic problem. The national representatives of Labour, who met at the Paris Peace Conference, urged the need for the formulation of an International Charter of Labour, and subsequently secured its incorporation in the Treaty of Versailles. Thereupon a permanent international organisation for the protection and improvement of the labouring classes in all countries was formally constituted under the sanction of the victorious Governments. This International Labour Office, with definite administrative and executive functions, has been set up to enforce an efficient and uniform standard of Labour. A general Conference with legislative powers is to meet once every year, to offer guidance to the permanent office. The composition of the general Conference is made up of four representatives from each of the member States; two of them were chosen by Governments and two by the organised employers and employees of each country which forms part of the International Labour organisation; a Governing Board of seventy four members, twelve of whom are Government representatives, six chosen by employers and six chosen by employees; of the twelve Government representatives, States of industrial importance like Great Britain, France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Canada, Japan and India, contribute eight members. The composition of the Governing Board is revised every three years by the General Conference. The Labour Office consists of an expert Secretariat, under the supervision and guidance of a Director, an officer appointed by the Governing Board. This International Labour Office does the function of a Labour Clearing House for the member States through collection and distribution of information on all matters relating to the conditions of industrial life and labour.

The idea of an International Labour Parliament, with power to carry resolutions possessing the force of International Law, seems to be the most cherished aim.

The co-operation of national sections of the International Labour Association would explore a new field in international politics and in the sphere of world labour. New and young pioneers of Labour legislation will find for activity plenty of opportunities, in which they could act as a healthy counterpoise against any probable reaction in the future. The whole course of recent progress helps to indicate that questions of prices, wages,

of profits and of education and participation in industrial administration form the real crux of the future. An academic as well as field study of economic science among Labour leaders would promote the means of educating the masses in the direction of the conception of an ideal Code of Labour for all workmen of the world. This sacred Code of Labour may be invoked at any moment to increase the personal values as well as the standard of efficient Labour of the whole class in question. It is only by means of such constructive measures that an Industrial Democracy can survive the dangers of an industrial monopoly and military Dictatorship which were the worst enemies of national legislation of Labour in European countries before the Great War.

The actual achievement of the Labour Office consists of the legislation passed at its Conferences and also of the vast body of information and research it has now made available for the whole world. The decisions of the general Conferences may be either Conventions or Recommendations covering a wide field of subjects, as the hours of labour, the employment of children, the right of association for agricultural workers, the use of white lead, weekly rest in industry, night work for women, and the medical examination of young persons at sea. These Resolutions form a real weapon in the hands of the Labour Movement in each State concerned, for they constitute an index to national policy which helps to secure social advance. The most interesting type of work performed by the Labour Office is found in the realm of scientific research. The League holds the liberty to communicate directly with the persons of parties interested in its problems, without the intermediary and diplomatic channels of Government Offices in the various States. There are many problems regarding which the information collected by the Labour Office is the only real source of adequate judgment, and it is the most important centre for the highest industrial research.

But there is also a danger of the protagonists of certain views and advocates of certain causes or movements making the International Labour Office an instrument for the collection and compilation of statistical data in favour of their interests. International action is still a new experiment in the history of the present generation. The concept of a State wrapped in the royal garments of irresponsibility, declaring its own will, the State sovereignty, is still an impediment to the realisation of an international group where the State is but one; yet amidst passion and differences, the principle of voluntary co-operation enable us to discern that the interests of mankind are indivisible. In some States the International Labour Movement and the Code of Labour have strengthened the bourgeoisie parties with success.

SRK-Reformer

By K. Krishnamurthy.



OCIAL Reform is on everybody's lips now-a-days. So it came about that we one day dissected that subject at the Club.

I am not orthodox. Not by a long way. Yet the ideas of some on the subject were so wild and extravagant that I had to cry halt. One must really know where one is heading for. No good shrieking Social Reform and shutting one's eyes to realities and blindly rushing down the thorny path of Reformation. And so I remonstrated. Watch your step, I said.

But they turned a deaf ear to all my restraining words. And it was only when I cited the story of SRK's domestic retouches that they pricked up their ears. That made them sit up.

It all came out of his reading a newspaper article (I began). Before that he was quite normal. But once he saw the damned thing, he caught the "reform" fever. The newspaper man was an adept at his game. He had expatiated with unwholesome relish on certain portions of the humanitarian Mayo's book. He was for a wholesale re-modelling of our social structure. The concluding note was a stroke of genius. "Introduce a ray of sunshine into your gloomy households," it said. That won SRK (short for Sivaramakrishna Iyer) over.

But even here the man's natural common-sense asserted itself. He did not try to turn his old cottage into a model western home—stead, nor his practical South Indian wife into a finished *mem-sahib*. That is where most people go wrong. SRK knew better. So he decided to infuse some genuine Indian culture into his household. One must develop Indian art, Indian music and Indian literature, thought he. So without more ado he set himself to the task.

Sivaramakrishna Iyer is a quick worker. He called his wife (Did I ever tell you he was married? He has a wife and a couple of children—both girls) "Lakshmi, I have come to the conclusion that you are becoming too much of a drudge. You have few pleasures and less of leisure. Now that won't do. You are setting a bad example to the children. We want our home to be a home of Indian culture and refinement. So hereafter you will rest in the afternoons. I have brought you a harmonium, haven't I? What do you think it is for? You must devote an hour every day to music. It will be an education to all of us."

Lakshmi, a patient, plain woman, who was thirty if she was a day, heard this solemn declaration with different emotions. At the close of it, she wiped the tears rising in her eyes, stifled a sob and hurried away to her room.

SRK watched her amazed. Her attitude perplexed him.

He was still more at sea when a quarter of an hour later she came out with a small case containing her few belongings, leading her children behind her. She could not muster the hardihood to look at her husband again. What a tragedy! And after a dozen years of happy married life! Surely, the Gods were hard on her.

"Stop," cried SRK. "Where are you going?"

She did not answer him. But in a frenzy of despair and sorrow rushed past him, and out of the front door into the street. SRK stared open-mouthed. This was a most unusual thing for his wife to do. She had always been obedient and surrendering.

"Are you mad?" he shrieked. Here he touched her on a raw spot. It was a matter of history that her grand-father had ended his days in the lunatic asylum.

"It's you who is mad," wailed his wife. "You have gone crazy. And at your age, too. Coming and asking me to sing and dance, as though I were a common—" she checked herself. "I am going to my house. I am not going to stay any more with a dangerous lunatic."

SRK collapsed. His first essay in the field of social reform had been anything but a success.....

Mr. Iyer was a man of considerable strength of purpose. His decisions and convictions in the matter remained unshaken. Nevertheless, his next approach was less direct. He got down a vernacular daily and the back numbers of several admirable ladies' magazines for his wife's edification. Sad to speak of though, the only souls to whose enlightenment they contributed were: Raju, the nine-year-old, who cut out all the pictures and thence papered the walls, Lakshmi Junior (2 years 3 months) who thought it a capital game tearing the paper to pieces, Kantan the cat who sniffed at these strange and menacing objects and then shied off wisely, and Koman the calf who devoured them with great avidity, gloating over each piece and seemingly, smacking his lips after each mouthful. But since the master of the household was in ignorance of this unappreciative reception of his gifts, all was well with all concerned.

But this happy state of affairs was short-lived. Perhaps it was only the calm before the storm. Soon enough the storm of SRK's wrath broke out, and the little community was totally

drenched. None escaped. Raju received certain attentions from her father's cane walking-stick. Lakshmi Jr. was less unfortunate. She got only a spank which made her yell. Her practised throat gave such a good account of itself that SRK sheered off in a hurry. His good master's foot administered to the comfort of the innocent Kantan. The greediness of Koman was also partly stemmed by the application of the aforesaid walking-stick. SRK ruled his domain with a heavy hand. Following upon this general slaughter, the local news agent lost a new customer who had promised to turn out a valuable patron.

This was the second time SRK's plans of domestic renovation came a cropper.....

Here I must repeat my previous observations regarding Sivaramakrishna Iyer's persistency. He was stubborn as a mule. And so he was not even slightly discouraged in his pious resolution to introduce multifarious and gay-hued rays of cultural sunshine into his dark and unenlightened kitchen. It was not now easy to release SRK from the clutches of the social reform fever. Let this be a warning and a lesson to those who are dazzled by catch-words. India's social system is not for arrogant foreigners—nor for that matter, natives—to slander and offer to re-fashion. There are more things in heaven and earth than the cheap social reformer dreams of.

But to come back to my story. I shall wind up with my friend SRK'S cure.

SRK had nearly come to the end of his tether. His manifold devices had all in turn failed. And now he played his last card, if the mixed metaphor be allowed. What better way to spiritual exaltation than to read and hear the great epic 'Puranas'? Yes, the *Ramayana* was the thing. How thoughtless of him to have overlooked it before!

So he established a new routine. Every morning, half an hour was to be devoted to this *parayana*. Himself, wife and children were to sit down together. He was to read out aloud, and it was for the rest to listen. Thus they could soar up to literary and spiritual heights at the same time. Sort of combining business with pleasure.

The innovation was ushered in under good auspices. Lakshmi Senior was resigned to the will of her lord and master. Raju's feelings in the matter were something of an unknown quantity. She was at last reconciled to the idea by the promise of a silk jacket "if she was good". And the last individual whose sentiments were consulted, namely Lakshmi Jr. (for she had a record-breaking voice and could not be safely ignored), was compromised

by the generous allowance of a piece of cake. This last was a piece of strategem worthy of a Napoleon. For it had the two-fold advantage of filling the attention and mouth of Lakshmi Jr. simultaneously. Thus, you will understand, everything augured well for the success of the scheme. But the old tag is adamant. And so we must wait to see the end before pronouncing an "all serene".

Scarcely had the first day's *parayana* begun, when Lakshmi Sr.'s attention was mildly but firmly drawn by the observant Raju to her namesake's face. The little lady was rather red of face and made curious gestures with her hands and opened her mouth convulsively and rolled her eyes. Her mother was naturally alarmed. So she politely but decisively shut her ears to the epic poetry and turned to the more urgent need of the moment. She put out a thumb and forefinger and explored the inner recesses of the child's mouth. The offending piece of cake was duly found guilty of blocking the traffic and was sentenced to transportation for life. Once the cake was removed, the mother breathed a sigh of relief. Which was all right as far as it went, as it disturbed not her lord. But little Lakshmi had no such scruples. She was no respecter of time and place. The whoop of joy she uttered might have been heard a hundred yards away. Anyway, it was a fact her father heard it. And he was very very annoyed. Fancy the little devil interrupting his *parayana*!

What followed is a painful memory. I still think Mr. Iyer was too harsh to the child. And his wife was, I am afraid, very rude to him.....

The next day's *parayana* was preceded by a frigid silence. SRK was perturbed. He was rather worried about Raju. She was now nine and, whatever the social reformer might say to the contrary, it was time she was married off. He was fully alive to his responsibilities in that quarter, though his wife had her own doubts. And relations between them were further strained by SRK's untimely allusion to the Sarda Bill and the need for its adoption in the State of Erocnavart. Things had threatened to come to a head. A rupture had been avoided only by SRK's precipitate flight.

A match had been arranged for even previously and the girl's prospective father-in-law was coming over that very morning to have a look at her. SRK's wife was aware of this programme. Whether she imagined the arrangement cancelled—as from the reference to the Sarda Act—or not, SRK could not divine. As far as he was concerned, there was no backing out. He intended to pursue negotiations to their logical conclusion. He rather hoped that the gentleman would discover them in the middle of the

parayana. That would create a good first impression as to the girl's training at home to start with.

Much to his surprise, there was no disturbance whatsoever to the *parayana* that day. Raju was unusually docile and Lakshmi Jr. was unnaturally silent. SRK even suspected she was asleep. He was in a better mood as he went on. And so interested and engrossed was he that he did not at all notice the clamour in the street. It went on for five minutes. Then it ceased. All was quiet on the street front.

A quarter of an hour later SRK laid the book down and glanced at the clock. He rose. "I wonder why Mr. R..... is so late," he murmured and went to the window. He caught a glimpse of a familiar figure on the doorstep and turned to his wife in a temper. Mr. R..... had been cooling his heels on the front mat for the best part of half-an-hour. "Why the devil didn't you tell me he had come already? I expect he has been waiting for hours. Nice way to treat one's prospective *sambhanthi*." This last sentence was a whisper.

"But I thought Raju's marriage had been postponed—for some years at least," replied his wife sweetly.

SRK glared. He was through with social reform.

The Easter Holidays

By K. R. Srinivas Iyengar, M. A.



SATURDAY next the Easter holidays were commencing. Three Colombo advocates (one of them was a K. C.), stumbling upon a chance concatenation, wondered what next. Colombo was blazing hot; they had got thoroughly tired of Kandy and Nuwera Eliya; and, inheritors of unvalued treasures, these aristocrats of Cinnamon Gardens thirsted deep for adventure and health. Why not to India? A week—no more than that, mind you—in one of the health resorts of South India should be a most welcome diversion. Yes, they put their heads together and agreed there was a good deal to be said for the proposal. But, as yet undecided, they broke their conclave for the day.

Next morning, as the Buick dropped the Hon. Victor Perebera Seneveratne Gunasurya near the elaborate building, you wondered what strange fantasy had made him so unusually elated. He took long strides along the corridors of the Supreme Court, and, as Dame Fortune would have it, found his two exquisite friends already awaiting him. With an intrepidity that amazed you, he pulled some thick book from out of his pocket and knowingly turned over the pages. It was a copy of the S. I. Ry. Time Tables costing, I think, three annas per copy. The Hon. Gunasurya was in visibly resplendent animation. He had sought out his information: "Look here, friends," he was saying, "what have we here? 'Ootakamund, Kodaikanal, Courtallum—Famous Health Resorts of South India.' Most excellent climate, you know. Sh. wait a little please. I have somewhere made some pertinent notes on this point. Yes, here. It takes two days and more to reach Ootakamund, not to speak of the charges, but never mind that! Kodaikanal, not at all bad, of course, but from Colombo it is at least a day's journey; and troublesome, Sirs,—very troublesome! Now, gentlemen, what do you say to our going to Courtallum? Excellent place, you know. We get on board *The Bamora* tomorrow evening at 5 P. M., and sure enough dawn finds us at Tuticorin. I shall wire to one of my friends there—I've many there, you know, very influential, but never mind that!—and they will look to our convenience. We'll hire a car and be off to Courtallum—it cannot be seventy miles from Tuticorin. The map is quite explicit, quite explicit. So then, my *learned* friends, what about it? Here, see for yourselves."

He had finished ; he was taking now long, deep breaths : the effect on the 'bench' was considerable—implicit acquiescence could alone have been the result. Indeed, where was man born to doubt the legislative wisdom of the Hon. Gunasurya ? They gave their word then and there : they were to start the next day.

No young couple bound for Bitragunta (the Gretna Green of South India) had a more rosy picture of their destination than these three lawyer souls (lawyers are the same the world over) when they cogitated about the undreamt of harmonies of Courtallum. They talked interminably that momentous night on *The Bamora*. The Hon. Lawyer member of the Legislative Council went on tapping incessantly and torturing his friends with his precious 'never mind that's'. At last sheer exhaustion of their humdrum ideas sent them sweet slumber's giddy vacuity, and they slept, most ridiculous to behold, even where they had been sitting, unwashed as their hands were,—in the dining room.

They reached Tuticorin sharp at eight next morning. Mr. Ramaswamy Pillay, a leading lawyer of Tuticorin, was waiting for their arrival at the jetty in long robes of white Buckingham and with a well-proportioned turban on his head— a character, in short, brizzling with expectation. The impetus of the party's intersection with this individual was touching quite. What wild embarrassments, what subdued contempt: the three gentlemen health-seekers from Colombo, so exquisitely proportioned, so identically cast in figure and attire into rectangular blocks supported by long cylindrical legs with a spherical apparatus spasmodically held on high, enacted a thorough drama as they shook hands with the nervously agitated 'Old fashioned idiot'. But the embarrassments, the contemptuous inner sneers were short-lived. The honoured host had made the best of arrangements. The wire had been received only the previous night. They desired to stay for a week at Courtallum: well, he didn't think the season had really begun. ('What does the fellow mean?' they inwardly queried.) But he, Mr. Pillay, had that morning wired in his turn to the Manager of the Rest House: rooms would be ready, of course. They were free to—indeed it would be honouring their friend if they did so—take his car with them. Arrangements had been made for very satisfactory meals at Hotel d'Orber's. (The unhappy Pillay was a Saivite and a vegetarian.) The bewildered trio listened and pricked their ears: the amenable hospitality of their friend was something wonderful, but why should the wretched man break his aged jaws over the 'r's' with that perfidious emphasis of his? 'Uncultured,' the trio mentally decided, but said nothing, and nodded and beamed thankfulness to literal profusion.

At the Hotel d'Orber's the three had all they desired. But Mr. Pillay with a mildly disconcerting pertinacity refused to share the meals. 'Unmannerly ass,' they forthwith decided, and still said nothing. Dinner over, with a punctiliously conceited air the Hon. Leader of the Party (not of his political party in the Council, I hasten to warn you, dear reader) thanked Mr. Pillay (You should have heard him pronounce the name!) and went on talking and talking absolutely unmeaning platitudes that you'd have wondered if all those windy verbiages were not intended to teach the 'insufferable' Mr. Pillay the bare rudiments of Phonetics. But the peroration stopped with a start nevertheless: and they started in Mr. Pillay's car to Courtallum, the young brisk clerk of Mr. Pillay's with them to make things easy at their destination.

What was the path the patient Ford pursued? My information, kind reader, is rather confusing. But true it is—there is consensus of opinion on this score—it purred its way through the Sannadhi Street, Srivaikuntam. On and on it sped, for four hours nearly, and the tired engine panted hard. Tenkasi was reached: but then, if winter comes, can spring be far behind? Shelley knew! They had reached Courtallum, and they were yet five minutes behind five.

The explosions of the Ford gradually died down and the gentlemen flung wide the trim doors and stepped down with careful finesse, in their light fantastic shoes. And what should they do next but let the fringed curtains of their eyes advance and survey what met their gaze around? The clear rays of the sun were never clearer, only they were less instinct with their fury: not a cloud had from its haunts strayed forth and darkened the wide azure vault: there was a wonderful clarity around you, but no exhilaration in the air, nothing unusual about the climate. The trio were in terrible consternation: what, had they lost their eyes? The Hon. member condescended at last to question the amiable clerk! "I say, look here, man," he said: "Where's the hill? Where is the hill?" The poor clerk had passed his fifth standard, and this London West End condescension quite unnerved him. The fellow stood petrified. His Honour repeated the question, and again a third time. This time there could be no doubt about it, the clerk had understood. Evidently, these gentlemen (*dorais* as he thought them to be) had taken Courtallum for a hilly resort. What was he to do? He fidgetted at his collar and whined; then mustered some courage and said: "Sir, no big hills in Courtallum, Sir: there are waterfalls, these small hills and good big waterfalls. But in Kodaikanal, Sir, big tall mountain is. Here no, Sir." The clerk had risen to the occasion. But what a blow to the disillusioned patriarchs of the famous Cinnamon Gardens!

They consulted for a minute or two. But if the lawyer isn't resourceful and quick at decisions, who else is? "Mr. Clerk, take us then to the falls, O let us have a sight. It should be wonderful, I'm sure,"—and briskly started as the clerk led the way. Reader, please don't laugh: is it my fault that these gentlemen went to Courtallum in March, when there's nothing to be got there, not to mention a mighty hill? Well, there was some water, of course, and the ghost of a fall. But a *splendid* fall, to be sure!

In desperation—in dilapidated condition of their demolished expectations—returned they to the Rest House. The manager had, (no aspersion on the Postal Department which is the only Department next to the Police that functions with terrible competence these days) duly received Mr. Pillay's wire. But what *could* he do? In March, when no visitors ever come to board therein, how to have arranged for cooks? The Hon. Seneveratne Gunasurya roared in uncontrollable rage: "Where is the *crockery*? Where is the *crockery*? The *crockery*, *crockery*! Aren't there stoves, ovens, fish, eggs—eggs and ovaltine—potatoes and cabbages—where is? Are? What a miserable *hole*!" The whily old manger fell flat. "I thought Your Honour may be bringing these with you. That's what *decent* visitors always do." Thunder! The qualification was masterly! He—Hon'ble Legislator and K. C.—*not* decent! The beggar! "Mr. Clerk," he veered round, "the car to start at once! AT ONCE! What a MESS friends,—but, never mind that! Not *decent*? H'm!"

Two days hence they met again—but this time they met in a fashionable restaurant in Colombo. They pondered long over their recent health trip over their cups. They were in no clumsy dearth for suggestions. The S. I. Ry. Co. must be sued for damages in grossly misleading the tourists: why bracket Ootakamund, Kodaikanal and Courtallum together—as if this didn't imply, by that simple circumstance, that they were the same sort of health resorts, to wit, Hilly Places! The Hon'ble K. C. declared, after a deep sip of the wine, that they had a *prima facie* case, no doubt whatsoever, no doubt whatsoever." As more glasses were filled and as they gurgled down their throat, the more their brains softened and their battery of legal remedies was turned against the manager of the Rest House. Not decent! the beggar, the vulgar, contemptible worm! Clapped in gaol, that's where his sanctuary lay. He shall go there, now, soon, yes. They drank more and babbled more incoherently than ever. Their rage swam in the frothy ebullition of accumulated spirit; in an hour or so more, they were carried back home, each in his own princely car, unconscious and helpless.

[N. B. The characters in this story are entirely imaginary.]

The Fair Redeemer.

By An Incognito M. A.

I



T was on the sea-shore when twilight was passing into darkness that I first met her. The endless sea in front and the vast blue sky above gave to that first meeting of ours a touch of the infinite and the eternal, even as the solemnity of the hour gave it a mystic aspect, and the darkness rendered it awe-inspiring.

I was returning after the usual evening walk, lost in the reverie of a thousand things—of the tragedy of girl-wives becoming mothers of half a dozen children, of the superstitions inherent in the human mind, of the marvels of science, of the danger to society of the latest development in domestic life—viz. of angry metropolitan wives resorting to the fire or the well or (with less of a sense of appropriateness) the rope—when the sound of a dog barking furiously stopped me. And I beheld her near the waters gently quivering as if the breeze was too much for her slender frame.

Chivalry evidently is unknown among the canine species; or if known, is not prized as a virtue. Encouraged by the possession of a walking-stick, I drove away the dog to a safe distance and returned to her. And she was the first to speak.

"Thank you, good Sir," said she in a mellifluous voice. "I was really in a dilemma. I was afraid that the dog will spring on me if I moved. I am grateful for this timely help of yours."

"But why, madam, do you stay here in the dark?" I ventured to ask. "The sea-beach after sunset is not safe for such as you."

"Oh, I always do that. I love the evening breeze and the tumultuous waves; and just now I was interested in observing the stars, when the dog paid me the unwelcome attention," came her reply.

"And my name is Vathsala," she added, like a child who passes on from one thing to another entirely unconnected thing, being in the clutches of a wayward fancy.

"It is an epic name," I thought aloud.

"Yes. My father was devoted to the epics, and studied them all through the day," she answered. "But I am sorry to have detained you, Sir. Possibly, you will be missed at home."

"No, madam, I am the master of my own time," I spoke in reply. "And since it is late in the evening, will you like to be escorted home? I am afraid to send you alone."

"I have no objection. Let us start," she said. But before leaving the place she prostrated to the ocean, and immediately spoke to me. "My ways may seem queer to you, Sir, but I worship power and majesty and brilliance wherever they be. And the Lord says in the Gita, 'Of reservoirs of water I am the ocean.'"

On the way we did not converse much. I learnt she was reading in the sixth class of the National College for Girls, and had lost both her parents. She had, however, a little ancestral property left to her.

It was really a task for me 'to keep pace' with her. She was so slow in walking. The new advertisements on the walls, the little urchins at play on the roads, the girls passing in the streets with a display of the latest fashions in colour and costume,—to all these she gave deep attention. Occasionally she paused for a minute and smiled or grew serious. I only knew her mind was very busy.

"Good night, Sir," she said when we reached her home at last, "and now that we have become friends, will you call on me at your leisure?"

I nodded assent and she disappeared. I returned to my lodgings; not one of those knights of old who saved beautiful damsels from dragons' clutches and got in return their good-will could have felt happier than I.

II

I was reading in the Honours class at the time, and was a most flippant, shallow-minded youth. Not that I did not take an abiding interest in literature—and literature is life; in fact, I used to be immersed in the works of great authors for days together. But the larger meaning of life had not dawned on me yet. I floated along as nature led me on. I never had an occasion to look within myself, to gauge my capacities, to set an ideal before myself, to chisel out the angularities of a lower ego. I was happy, but it was not the deep happiness of a person whose soul has triumphed over the struggles of life, but rather resembled the clearness of a pool with plenty of rubbish at the bottom. I never reviewed the past, nor anticipated the future. I lived in 'to-day' only. The satisfaction of making each morrow find us better than to-day was not mine. The conscious striving towards the perfection of character had never been my experience.

In short, I had not many of the finer graces of soul; the deeper treasures of the inner being were still hidden from me. There was no poetry, no romance in my life.

True, I was a fashionable young man. I dressed neatly and behaved politely. I laughed and was gay. But it was all dry, soulless living. I never felt sorry on any account; but I was not also chastened by "divinest melancholy".

I was an unquestioning slave in reality. I did things because others did them. And the little thought of the future I had was a very simple one. I wanted to marry a fair girl, earn a decent sum, live comfortably.

I had never probed behind the opaque curtains of dull matter into the brilliance of the realms of the Spirit.

I was highly self-centred. The higher nature in me was dormant, asleep. We can find scores of such young men even now in our midst.

Into such a prosaic atmosphere flashed like a lightning the luminous soul of Vathsala.

It was no wonder to me that Vathsala was foremost in my thoughts from that eventful night onwards. I had seen her only once, but she had a multitude of graces and my 'literary' mind was busy analysing them. I wanted to find out if any of the beauties of the world of literature resembled her. I thought of the girlish Viola and the sweet Rosalind, of the guileless Desdemona and the fair Ophelia, of Sakuntala's austere perfection of form and Malavika's angelic beauty. Vathsala, to my mind, seemed to take after them all, and yet transcend them.

I called at her house the next Sunday. An old woman who seemed to be prepared for my visit directed me upstairs. I found the room closed and sat in the verandah. In her enchantingly musical voice, Vathsala was reading the Bible. It was the gospel of St. John, the chapter in which Mary anoints Jesus' feet. I listened with profound attention to her intonation and stress.

A few minutes later the door opened and she came out, like some daughter of the Rishis. There was a peace in her face that awed me into a reverential mood.

"I am sorry to have made you wait," she apologised to me. "But I am not free to receive visitors before 8 in the morning." And like one giving away a precious secret, she added. "The fact is I meditate a lot in the mornings."

This was strange news to me. Never once in my life had I closed my eyes for half a minute in meditation. Meditation in a girl of sixteen really astonished me. And I remembered what Gandhiji had said—that prayer and meditation are as essential to man as food or sleep.

"How to meditate, madam?" I queried in bewilderment.

She smiled and then spoke: "I do not think I can explain it myself. But it is a power inherent in every human being. It has only to be roused into activity. But will you step into my room?"

I went in and saw a tiny room. The walls were covered over by pictures of the world's great prophets and seers. The most recent addition was a photo of Gandhiji seated in deep contemplation. And on the ground was a small square mat and cushion which evidently served as a seat. In a shelf near by were some books. The sweet odour of incense and the fragrance of flowers and the 'dim religious light' made the atmosphere holy.

"Don't think that meditation is the prerogative of men only. Do you know that Swami Vivekananda could not believe in an Indian woman entirely without the old power of meditation?" she told me.

"Far from it, madam. Personally I have no interest in philosophy," I replied.

"But surely you have read the *Gita*, and the *Gita* is all philosophy," came her answer.

"No, I have never looked into the *Gita*. They say it is a book for old age," I said to her.

She grew severe for a while, then as usual smiled and said:

"Yes, this is not the first time I hear it said. But you have read the Bible?"

"I have read the Gospels, for their literary merit," I answered.

"Now charity begins at home. The Bible is grand through and through, and no one admires it more than I. But you should not neglect your own Bible.—Philosophy for old age! As if life is not practical philosophy!" The last words were spoken to herself.

"I shall make amends, madam," I said, behaving like a school boy before his teacher. And she was six years younger than I.

A few minutes passed in silence. She bestirred herself from some thought in which she was immersed, and said: "You will surely breakfast with me?"

"Yes, if you want, madam," was my brief reply.

We were soon downstairs, and sat at table. She again spoke with a smile: "I do not take coffee, and I am inhospitable enough to refuse it to all my visitors also. You will have to put up with my queer ways." She gave me a cup of hot wheat *kanji*.

"I am not a slave to the coffee habit," I told her. It was a lie. But I was elevated in her presence, and felt like a new man.

She then showed me round the house. Everything was neat and trim. She seemed to take a great interest in gardening.

She again suddenly exclaimed looking at her watch. "Will you please excuse me? I have to be at the *Cheri* at 8.30 and shall start at once. You may come to me as often as possible."

III.

The next time I went to her was on a bright evening. She took me with her to the *Cheri*.

It was a most dirty place. To my 'civilised' and 'educated' nose the foul odour was unbearable. Flies and mosquitoes were existing side by side with men and women. I made no secret of the fact that I loathed a visit to the place. It is all nice to be visiting a young girl in her home, but to follow her to these hells on earth made me feel extremely uncomfortable. She was quick of perception and found I was on thorns. "It is not a week yet since I took up work here," she told me, "and it will be some time before the place and the people become neat. Bringing light into these dark homes is not all rosy work."

Meanwhile, a group of young boys and girls came and surrounded her. She very kindly received them, caressed them, mended their dress and combed their hair, and gave the elders a few tips about Hygiene. She was very busy for half an hour, visiting many homes, nursing a patient and setting work for the men and women. It was no wonder they adored her like a goddess. We returned at last, much to my relief.

"You will come round, soon. I am sure you will," she told me when we parted. Little did I understand then what she meant. But I did come round.

IV

It is a long story—how she saved me and reclaimed me from a vulgar life of triviality and licentiousness into one of great-mindedness, restraint and sublime idealism. It will be a long narrative; for I shall have to tell you how I felt drawn to her more and more (and in justice to my soul, I must say it was not her physical embellishments, but the golden quality of her character and her deep-lying virtues that attracted me), how one day I ventured to ask her if she would marry me, how she laughed and asked me what made me wish for her hand, how I replied that I could not bear to live away from the inspiration of her presence, how she said, "I shall never deny you that, if you prize it so much, but I shall remain a virgin all through," and how she gradually opened me to the wonders of the Inner Living, making me strive ceaselessly for the twin ideals of the perfection of

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personal character and the rendering of some service to our less fortunate brethren.

Yes, it is a long story. But the end is briefly told. Instead of being one of the dreamy madding crowd, I have now the joy of a deep spiritual introspection and of a useful career on earth. I feel myself blessed with a divine light and a divine touch.

And I often feel that Vathsala is a perennial proof of the truth that the greatest work of woman is not to be the good housewife or even the good mother of children; her work is nothing less than the saving and redemption of man.

I often tell Vathsala, "God made man, and to chasten and elevate him, He made woman." And she says! "Would to God, everyone realises that truth."

For, whether it be a virtue or no, Vathsala is always conscious of the saving power of her sex, and likes to hear hymns sung in praise of that power.

"You men are only human, at best; but we women are divine," is one of her oft-repeated sayings.

Indians and the English Language.

By S. Ganesa Iyer, B. A., B. L.



THE problem of teaching English to Indian boys is as difficult as it is complicated, and a good deal of earnest thought and effort have been bestowed upon it. But, it would appear, a fundamental fact of the situation has been missed. I may perhaps put it in the form of a query: Need we make such a fuss about it? I believe that there is an appalling and thoughtless waste of time and labour involved in the way in which our boys are set to learn English. Let me hasten to say in the beginning itself that I am not one of those who, on the ground of patriotism or any other, would exclude English altogether from the school and college curriculum. I believe that for the present and for a long time to come, English must remain a compulsory second language for our boys. To keep in touch with western science and western culture is a *sine qua non* of our material progress, and of all the western languages English is the best, being largely in use. I only find fault with our aim, or it may be our want of aim.

The point is often ignored that there is a fundamental difference between English and the Indian languages. Besides, *a priori*, and also by the signs of the times, English can never be a fitting or facile medium of expression for we Indians, though it must and will remain the medium of acquiring western knowledge and western science. Once this fact is grasped, many of our difficulties will vanish. What we have to aim at in our linguistic curriculum is to emphasise and expand the use of the vernacular and correspondingly to curtail the use of English as a medium of *expression*. Acting on this principle, we should proceed to modify and lighten the English course for our boys. The whole course from the bottom upwards will have to be radically reshaped, keeping this end in view. If to understand and construe English is all that we need aim at,—and what justification is there for more?—how much time and labour would be saved! Of course, I am not deprecating the value of English as a cultural study for those who desire it, but I protest against the tyranny of imposing it on all our boys. If a syllabus is drawn up with the aim mentioned above, the labour of both our boys and teachers will be considerably lightened.

Side by side with this self-expression in the boys' own vernacular should be encouraged and insisted upon. Vernacularisation

of Education has already begun, but it must be pushed on with greater will and earnestness and the temporary difficulties, such as the want of text-books to mention only one, faced and conquered successfully.

Schools and colleges are but the training ground for the trials and tribulations of later life. Sooner or later, life's necessities and conditions will impose themselves on schools and colleges calling for adjustment. If then we wish to reform the school, we must reform ourselves.

The sad, unnatural and ridiculous prominence which English has obtained in the life of the educated Indian has to be deplored. It is attributable to India's peculiar history, and has no parallel elsewhere. But we are slowly awakening to a sense of our folly. It is our duty now to deprive English of the unnecessary importance and emphasis we ourselves have unconsciously given it in our public and private life. Let us indicate in the roughest outline the directions in which reform should take place to secure our objects:

Educated Indians must, as a matter of duty, drop the habit of taking in English newspapers and periodicals. There is not much force in the argument that vernacular journalism has not yet attained respectability. Supply is regulated by demand. Thirty years ago—I am talking mainly of South India—vernacular journalism was practically non-existent. Judging by the progress already made there is ample scope for the future.

The habit of addressing public meetings in English must be given up. During the past two decades, Indian politics has taken a genuinely democratic turn, and, due to this the habit of public speaking in the vernacular has come into vogue to some extent. But 'select people' still fight shy of it. Patriotism and common-sense must come to our aid in the attempt to discard the practice of addressing our countrymen in English.

The greatest difficulty in the proposed reform will arise at our points of contact with the British Government, but a quiet persistence is bound to win in the long run. A handful of English officials cannot stand out for long against a whole population. Besides, the official hierarchy is not wholly English, and further Indianisation, which is in prospect, will surely facilitate our object. Municipalities, local boards and other self-governing institutions form large departments of our public life. We should make it a principle that the proceedings of these bodies shall be conducted only in the vernacular. Proceedings in the law courts constitute another large province in which, by sheer necessity,

the use of the vernacular has, to some extent, come to be accepted. But much more might be done. When presided over by Indians (as most of our courts are) the entire proceedings might be conducted in the vernacular. The habit of addressing in English in Courts may be given up to the lasting benefit of the clients. The patriotism, courage and good sense of our Indian Judiciary ought to give a lead in the matter.

The last and most important head of reform concerns our private life. There is no spectacle more saddening or ridiculous than that of a party of Indians conversing among themselves in English, or worse, on a bizarre mixture of English and vernacular. It is the simplest thing in the world to get rid of this thoughtless habit, but we lack the will and the sense of propriety to set about it. In Bengal, it seems, the same evil prevailed years ago, but gradually it has been dropped, and educated Bengalees do not now resort to English to help out their conversation. There is again the subject of private correspondence in English. Once we make a firm and deliberate start, however, it should be very easy for us to get rid of both these curious habits.

These are some of the obvious heads of reform that strike me, but doubtless there must be several others that must occur to my readers. But what really matters is that the necessity for reform should impress itself on the national conscience. And then the reforms would take place almost by themselves.

Men I Have Known.

VIII *

Bepin Chandra Pal

By N. S. Srinivasa Iyer. (Advocate).

(The next to be dealt with in this series will be
A. Rangaswami Iyengar.)

My acquaintance with the late Bepin Chandra Pal was of a limited character. I was introduced to him at a tea-party given in his honour; and thereafter I met him only on a few occasions when we discussed some of the controversial subjects of the day. But ever since he made his appearance in the field of Indian Politics, I was carefully, and sometimes reverentially, following his career and work. To most of the young men and women of to-day his name is practically unknown. It will, therefore, be useful to note some of the incidents in the life of one who until ten years ago played a notable part in the Indian Renaissance.

About 1906, there was evidence of a ferment in Indian politics which seriously challenged the existing and accepted political creed, and sought to take India to the goal of Self-Government through the medium of boycott and passive resistance. The first sign of the movement manifested itself at the session of the Indian National Congress in Benares in December 1905, and it acquired an increasing momentum when it became obvious that the partition of Bengal was treated by the authorities as a settled fact. Most earnest among the gossellers of the new evangel was Bepin Chandra Pal, who rapidly made a reputation as a journalist and public speaker. On numerous platforms, as also through his weekly *New India*, he proclaimed the futility of the mendicant creed, as he characterised the programme of the Moderates, and urged a new and different orientation in plan and policy. With Arabindu Ghose and others, he started an English Daily, *Bandemataram*, and edited it himself for three months. In the Congress Session of 1906, he attempted to secure the support of the Congress to a boycott, not merely of British goods, but of all Government Offices. Failing in this objective, he seceded with about fifty delegates, while a complete rupture with the Moderates and the Extremists was avoided by the tact and authority of

* The previous article of this series appeared in our issue of September, 1931.

Dadhabhoy Naoroji and the sweet reasonableness of Tilak. Early in 1907, Bepin Chandra Pal started on an All-India tour, and about May visited Rajahmundry. There was some excitement among the students. Nothing would have happened but for the high-handed attitude of Mr. Mark Hunter (now a leading light of the Empire Association) who expelled all those students from the Government Arts College who did not remove an offending badge which was fastened to their coats, to wit a Bandemataram locket. A few months later, Bepin Chandra Pal reached Madras, and addressed very large audiences for six successive evenings on the sands of the beach. In these speeches we get the fullest and clearest exposition of the gospel of Swaraj, as understood by one who was acclaimed by some as a prophet and by others as a high-priest of nationalism. On the seventh evening the announced lecture was not delivered, Bepin Chandra having in the meanwhile started for Calcutta. The Madras speeches were published in book form and translated in various languages and sold in thousands. They constitute the grammar of Extremism, and almost set Madras in a blaze. The Government sought the opinion of their law officers, but they were told that, while the speeches were inflammatory, they were not seditious. The rise of the nationalist movement in Madras, together with the vicissitudes it underwent thereafter, was undoubtedly due to the appeals, hot with emotion and subtly logical, made by Bepin Chandra Pal. Oratory had never before achieved such triumphs in India. The verdict of Sir Valentine Chirol, undoubtedly a competent authority, was that Bepin Chandra had given an honest and frank statement of the left-wing case.

Back in Calcutta, Bepin Chandra continued the even tenor of his work until an extraordinary circumstance intervened which brought him within prison walls. A prosecution was launched against the *Bandemataram* in respect of some alleged seditious articles and the Government cited Bepin Chandra Pal as their witness to prove that Arabindu Ghose was the Editor of the paper. Apparently finding it inconvenient to state the truth, Bepin Chandra got into the witness-box and declared emphatically that he would not give evidence, as in his view the prosecution had not been launched in public interests! The penal law took its inevitable course, and Bepin Chandra was lodged within Buxar gaol for over six months. But whatever be the merits of this action, Bepin Chandra secured a considerable accession to his popularity, while he was accorded a place in the Indian political trinity, familiarly called, Lal, Bal, Pal. (Lala Lajpat Rai, Bal Ganghadar Tilak, and Bepin Chandra Pal). On his release there were demonstrations and meetings throughout the country, and

the abstention of myself and other students from the High School at Mayavaram on the day of release on the avowed ground of participation in a procession to celebrate the happy event, very nearly led to our expulsion.

Shortly after his release, Bepin Chandra left for England and started a fortnightly called *Swarajya*. He also commenced a peripatetic lecturing tour whose details were duly chronicled in his paper. He was invited to Socialist gatherings, and on one occasion created a stir by characterising the Maharaja of Burdwan as a "bounder" for having denounced Keir Hardie as the "sirdar of the white coolies". After a stay of six months he left for India and on arriving at Bombay was arrested and placed before the Chief Presidency Magistrate for trial in respect of an alleged seditious article published in the *Swarajya* entitled: "The Actiology of the Bomb". The gist of the article was that the bomb was the outcome of the repressive policy of the Government and was adopted as a means of defence against Executive lawlessness. Bepin Chandra pleaded guilty and prayed for pardon. He was given a month's imprisonment. Mr. W. T. Stead was so incensed by this prosecution that he reproduced the offending article in the *Review of Reviews*, and also paid a glowing tribute to the character and personality of Bepin Chandra. It does not appear in what light he considered the apology tendered before the Magistrate.

At Calcutta, Bepin Chandra started on a fresh journalistic venture, a monthly by name *Hindu Review*. The journal did not last long, and Bepin Chandra himself had to retire into the political background. There was no atmosphere for the nationalist gospel. The Congress was in the hands of the Moderates. Tilak was undergoing a sentence of transportation at Mandalay and Arabindu Ghose was in Pondicherry. We hear of Bepin Chandra in connection with the Home Rule Movement of 1917, when he became its ardent advocate, and wrote a very eulogistic account of Dr. Annie Besant's career. The friendship with Dr. Besant was, however, short-lived, and in Madras in 1919 each dealt with the other in language reminiscent of the atmosphere of a bear-garden. In the discussions on the Montagu-Chelmsford scheme of Reforms, Bepin Chandra took the left-wing view, and at Amritsar in 1919, explaining the compromise resolution, which thanked Mr. Montagu and Lord Sinha for their labours, he stated that he was reminded of the fact that while in England, when his land-lady's daughter had brought a cup of sour tea, he said, "No, thanks."

The Rowlatt Report, however, gave Bepin Chandra a fresh lease of life. That unfortunate document contained some passages

dealing with his activities as among the causes of political crime in India. The opportunity thus afforded for an onslaught on the Bureaucracy and for vindication of himself was fully availed of by him. On a hundred platforms his voice rose like a hurricane in defence of himself. The Rowlatt Report led, however, to results so far-reaching and unexpected that no one is likely to remember the part played by Bepin Babu in the agitation against it.

As in the case of many others, the Non-Co-operation movement brought a further debacle in his political career. He was among those who strenuously opposed Gandhiji at Calcutta. It was, however, believed that he became a convert to Gandhism at Nagpur along with C. R. Das. The conversion, if any, was temporary, for thereafter he became an uncompromising opponent of Non-Co-operation in any shape or form. Presiding over a Conference in Barisal, wherein his views were repudiated by the delegates, he declared that he stood for logic and not magic. He raised a stunt by appealing to provincial pride against the "foreign leadership" of Gandhiji. Nor was he better disposed towards the *Swarajya* Party which was the outcome of a revolt against the original programme. He got into the Legislative Assembly, but beyond philippics against Swarajists and Congressmen, his record of work was barren. Latterly, he confined himself to journalistic work, and in his frequent denunciations of Congress policy did not hesitate to go back on the convictions of a life-time.

It is not, however, as a politician that Bepin Chandra Pal will best be known. Attractive and plausible as was the programme of the new party he unfolded in 1907, it did not stand the test of events, nor did its author give it the aureole of a religious creed by a career of service and consecration. It is as an exponent of Hinduism in its myriad aspects, as a faithful guide to the various phases of Hindu life and culture that he has secured a title to lasting fame. A devotee of the Brahmo Samaj in his earlier days, he returned to the Hindu fold as he realised the fullness and richness of Hinduism. No one can peruse a book like *The Soul of India* without a feeling of gratitude and thankfulness to the author, whose insight and scholarship have enabled him to throw a luminous light on the spiritual depths of India. When he reveals the significance of the cult of Vaishnavism in Bengal, we readily fall under the spell and realise how far we have travelled from the fundamental things that really matter in life. Outside and beyond the narrow preoccupations of politics lie spheres of thought over which we have nobody so well worth following as the late Bepin Chandra Pal. His death is undoubtedly a loss to India.

Popular Science.

The Radio

By E. S. Parameswaran, B. A. (Hons).

IN the year 1877, James Clerk Maxwell, a brilliant mathematician, predicted the existence of electrical waves. He also stated that these waves would travel in space at the rate of 186,000 miles per second, that is to say, with the velocity of light. Ten years later, Heinrich Hertz conducted experiments in his laboratory and verified the predictions of Maxwell. During the next few years eminent scientists like Sir Oliver Lodge, Muirhead and Marconi speculated upon the possibility of transmitting signals through space without the aid of connecting wires. At last, Marconi demonstrated that wireless communication could be effected over a distance of four miles and made it a commercial possibility.

When we drop a stone into a pond, we see waves proceeding from the spot where the stone entered the water towards the banks. The stone disturbs the water and produces waves on it. The water is the medium which communicates the disturbance from point to point. Similarly, when we ring a bell, the bell trembles or vibrates and sends out waves in all directions. These waves are propagated through air, and when they reach the tympanum of the ear they are translated into sound and we hear the ringing of the bell. Here the vibrations in the bell are the cause of the disturbance, and the surrounding air is the medium of communication of the energy. These waves travel at a fixed speed. Sound waves take about 5 seconds to travel a mile. Electromagnetic waves set up by electricity are similar to the sound waves, but they do not require a material medium for communication. They travel through a medium called Ether which pervades the whole universe. This medium, Ether, is believed to exist in all space, even in the spaces between the atoms of matter. The electrical energy carried by the electric waves travel at the enormous rate of 186,000 miles per second. These waves can pierce through stone walls, trees, mountains, etc., though a small part of the energy is absorbed in the process.

Electric waves are produced by means of a current which flows successively in opposite directions. A current is made to flow through a spark gap in one direction for a small interval of time. Then it flows for an equal interval of time in the opposite

direction. Again the current flows for the same time in the original direction, and so on. Each complete to and fro motion is called a 'cycle'. This process is repeated at a very rapid speed. The number of cycles per second may range from twenty thousand to six millions.

The number of cycles per second is called the 'frequency' and the rapidly changing current is called the 'alternating current'. It is this high frequency alternating current which is the starting point of the electric waves. One such cycle sets up a wave in the ether and travels with an enormous speed. If the frequency is 200,000, 200,000 waves are produced in one second. The first wave travels 186,000 miles in one second while the succeeding waves follow it regularly. Thus the 200,000 waves occupy a length of 186,000 miles. The length of each wave or the distance between two consecutive crests is obtained by dividing 186,000 by 200,000. Thus we obtain the wave length in miles. It is clear that as the frequency increases the wave-length decreases.

The Radio or Wireless Telephony is familiar enough to the layman, but he does not know the principles of it, which may be easily explained. Suppose a lecturer makes a speech at Madras. The sound waves produced by the lecturer are converted into electrical energy. This energy is propagated as waves through the ether. At the receiving station, say at Palghat, this energy is caught by means of a suitable apparatus and converted into sound waves so as to be heard by the listener.

At Madras we require two sets of apparatus, one to change the sound waves of the lecturer's voice into Radio waves and the other to liberate the waves into space. The former is the transmitting apparatus, and the latter is called the 'Aerial'. The Radio waves are liberated in every direction, and some of them reach Palghat after passing through many hindrances, such as mountains and forests. At Palghat the waves are caught by a receiving aerial and reconverted into sound by another piece of apparatus.

At the transmitting station we require a high frequency alternating current. This is obtained with the help of a battery which sends the current and the Triode Valve. The triode valve consists of a highly evacuated electric bulb resembling the bulb of an electric lamp. There is a Tungsten filament inside, and it is surrounded by a cylinder of wire gauze called the 'grid'. This, in turn, is surrounded by a metal plate. The lecturer at Madras speaks into a mouth-piece, which is connected with the triode valve. The vibrations of the sound modulates the frequency of the alternating current produced by the triode valve. This high frequency alternating current is conducted to the aerial by means

of a wire. From the aerial the electric waves are liberated in all directions.

The aerial generally consists of one or two wires stretched between high posts. The purpose of the aerial is to liberate the electric waves into space. Though electric waves can pass through all obstacles, they are partly absorbed in doing so. To avoid this the aerial wire is high above the buildings nearby.

The waves are caught by the receiving aerial, which is quite similar to the transmitting one. This is conducted to the receiving room by means of a connecting wire. The high frequency alternating current has now to be transformed into a direct current, and this in turn into sound waves. The former is accomplished by the help of the triode valve described above. The triode valve can thus transform the direct current into an alternating current and also an alternating current into a direct current. To convert the electrical energy into sound energy, the valve is connected to a telephone. The sound waves are produced in the air by the vibration of a thin diaphragm. These vibrations produce sound waves in the air and when they reach our ears we hear the voice of the lecturer.

At the transmitting station there is a particular radio frequency for the waves liberated. The waves sent have a particular wave length. Each broadcasting station will send waves of a particular wave length. In India, for example, we have got three broadcasting stations, at Bombay, Calcutta and Colombo. The particular wave lengths for these stations are 357.1 metres, 370.4 metres, and 428.5 metres, respectively. In order to hear the speech or music made at a particular station, the receiving apparatus should be adjusted so as to be in a listening mood. In other words, it has to be tuned. This is done by means of a Variometer.

Thus a lecturer making speeches at a place enormously distant may be heard distinctly from our house. Wireless telephony has now become very popular. A receiving set costs about Rs. 500/— and in times to come the price may go much lower. Distance is rapidly vanishing before the discoveries of modern science. Mr. Ramsay Macdonald sitting in No. 10, Downing Street, may be heard from the corner of a street in Palghat.

Recently it was mentioned that Sgr. Marconi could operate the glow of electric lights in England from the shores of a distant land. Television also is another invention which is being slowly perfected. We shall deal with it in our next article.

Among My Books.

By R. Bangaruswami



If you want a nice little book of twenty-nine pages for your amusement, there is one for you in the recent list of books supplied by Putnams, Publishers, London. I refer to *The Specialist* by Charles Sale and illustrated by William Kermode with a number of highly interesting sketches. Lem Putt, the specialist, has more of commonsense than technical skill, a greater fund of genuine humour than a mere matter-of-fact mind. Lem Putt, the author assures us at the outset, is a real person though with a different name, and not merely a figment of imagination. He is certainly "rich in odd and likeable traits of character" that cannot but impress those who come in contact with him. Lem was once a carpenter but gave up that trade to that of privy building. The idea of specialisation took hold of his mind, and he soon devoted himself heart and soul to the new profession. But he specialised in his own way. He never went to a school nor sat under the feet of a master. He specialised in the University of Experience and learnt things by a careful study of Human Nature by persistent application of commonsense. In his own inimitable colloquial language Lem marshals the different items that go to the making of a privy. With consummate practical knowledge he speaks of the disadvantages of a spool and string for the privy door, the inconveniences of windows, the costly nature of cutting novelties in ventilators without adding an iota to their utility, and so on and so forth. Mr. Lem Putt even bursts into poetry when he describes with a triumphal glint in his eyes "that privy on that knoll near the woodpile, painted red and white, morning glories growin' up over her and Mr. Sun bathin' her in a burst of yeller color as he drops back of them hills". It is a wee book of quiet unassuming wisdom often unperceived. The author deserves our congratulations.

* * * * *

Mr. Venkataramani's *Kandan the Patriot* (Svetaranya Asrama, Madras, Rs. 2) is the work of a poetic artist who has turned into a novelist, and that quite meritoriously. His *Murugan the Tiller* won world-wide reputation for its pretty pictures of South Indian life. Idealism is there writ large in every page, an idealism which if transmuted into actuality will dawn in an era of peace and

plenty and joy, free of factory smoke and soul-blasting noise and germ-infecting dust. *Kandan the Patriot* sounds the clarion note of love for our Motherland, which in its intensity transcends all other kinds of love. Rajeswari Bai, an excellent type of womanly charm and beauty, with a blend of Eastern and Western culture, sacrifices position and love for the sake of service to country, and while doing so drags with her the Assistant Collector of Tanjore, Rengaswami, her lover. Personally speaking, I wish Mr. Venkataramani had made Kandan's love for Rajeswari a successful affair and left the other things as they are. It is more natural that the high type of idealism that is mirrored in both Kandan and Rajeswari should meet with a sympathetic response. I am unable to see fully why the author should have made Rajeswari Bai reject Kandan the lover and approve of Rengan. After all, Rengan is not a model of manly beauty. He is swarthy in complexion. True, it may be a case of a fair woman falling in love with a black man, another Desdemona in love with an Othello. Perhaps it might be also to give special impetus to Kandan's patriotic activities that this decided turn in his career was given. But be that as it may, the story is not robbed of its sweetness on this account. Kandan evolves himself into a political saint recalling to our mind in one and the same instant Subash Chandra Bose and Mahatma Gandhi. And the story proceeds quickly. Rengan's resignation from the I. C. S., the holding of the meeting, the lathi charge and the firing, the death of Kandan as a result of the firing, and the sentence of various terms of imprisonment on the leaders—all read as things of living fact rather than fiction. The last lines on Genius with which the book ends leave the reader pondering on the ever mysterious, eternal values of life:

"Yes genius is disappointed hope and love, the flower and the fruit of intense suffering.

"Yes, genius is controlled, sublimated, vital energy, the spark of life that is the same both in the atom and in the star.

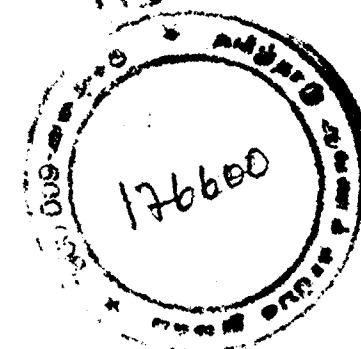
"Genius at its lower level is truancy and romanticism.

"Genius at its higher level is politics and patriotism, music and poetry, philosophy and religion,—and above all, spiritual realisation that makes you one with the invisible atom and the twinkling star—The One Without a Second."

* * * * *

Professor Philip Ernest Richards was a well-known figure in the educational world of the Punjab. He died in 1920. Some of his letters written from India to his friends and relations abroad have now been collected together and issued in book form under the title *Indian Dust* (Allen and Unwin, 1932. Price 6 sh.) What strikes the reader most is the complete unburdening of the writer

of these letters. He pours out his heart as it were into them. And all his thoughts, trifling, serious, gay and sad, run into a liquid stream of sweet language, simple and artless, flowing and beautiful. The late Mr. Richards was for sometime Professor of English in the Dyal Singh College, Lahore, and then became Professor in the Islamia College, Lahore. The letters reveal his high sense of duty and the love which he bore to his students. Here and there we also get some of his literary appreciations. He loved India with all its faults and was proud to serve her. He had an excellent opinion of the Indian students. "These young men, on the whole, strike me as the gentlest, the most highly civilized, the most beautifully sensitive natures I have ever met." The humorous remarks that are spotted through the book as well as the many original observations on men and things make the book a delightful treat from cover to cover. We would gladly welcome more men like Professor Richards to our country, not because he wrote such exquisite letters but because, what is more rare, he possessed a golden heart. The publishers deserve all our thanks for releasing these letters and making them common property.



Songs of Sri Ram Prasad.

By Swami Jagadiswaranda.

XIX

None is to blame, Shyama, for I drown myself in the tank which I myself dug. Six Ripus¹ (foes) are my pick-axes (diggers) and I sank a well in the midst of the Holy Place but that well was filled with the water of Time, the all-enchanter. Oh Tarini, what is my fate, for it is you, mother Tri-guna-Dharini who has modified my real nature? My eyes are wet with tears at the thought of removing this water. Tears of my eyes are rolling down to the chaste; tell me, mother, how I can save myself. I am waiting for you, mother; give me alms of freedom which you can grant at a glance.

XX

Who knows what Kali is? Six philosophies could not find her out. It is She whom the Yogis meditate upon in the Muladhar and the Sahasrar (lowest and the highest of the 7 Yogic centres in the body). Kali wanders in the lotus-garden as Hansi, as she is the Atman of the liberated souls. She is Pranava. Mother conceives this vast Cosmos in her womb, then imagine how big is her person. Only Mahakala (Shiva) has realised Her in Her full glory. Prasad says it is as difficult to know Her as to cross the ocean by swimming. My mind is stupified at her infinitude, but my heart hankers after Her; being a dwarf it desires to reach the moon.

XXI

Oh mother, who can understand your game? You are like a mad woman and have befooled us with the charm of your Maya (play). None can know others through the veil of Maya. Man imitates whatever he sees out of ignorance. It is impossible to gauge the depth of miseries this mad girl gives us. Ram Prasad says that this fire of suffering will be put out if she casts a glance of grace.

Kama, (lust), Krodha (anger), etc.

XXII

Oh mind, why do you worry so much for nothing like an orphan boy? Coming into this world you are afraid of Kala and are therefore so moody. Don't you know, Mahakala, the Destroyer of Kala itself, lies prostrate at the feet of my mother? As a snake never fears a frog, so being a child of Brahma-mayi you should not fear Death. You are out of your head and deluded. Oh mind, whom does he care or fear whose mother is Brahmamayi? Throw off the useless brooding of miseries and sins, and repeat always the name of the Divine Mother. As even a timid is brave enough in the waking state, so you be bold in this world. Oh mind, live up fully to the teachings of your spiritual guide, then Ravisuta¹ can do nothing to you.

XXIII

How long will you take me round and round this Samsara, oh mother, like the blind-folded bullocks of the oil mill? You have roped me to this Tree of Samsara and turn me about incessantly. Transmigrating through 8 million lives of birds and animals you have given me this human birth, but yet you are reluctant to make me free from the pangs and throes of embodiment. The word 'mother' is full of affection and sweetness, and when the child cries mother hastens to the child and takes it in her lap. This general rule is observed throughout the world. Oh mother, am I separate from your world, and am I an exception to this rule? So many sinners are being liberated daily by repeating your holy name only. Remove the cover of ignorance from my mind's eyes, so that I can see to my heart's satisfaction your Blessed Feet. Children are sometimes bad and go astray, but mother is by no means unkind to them. This is my only hope that in the dying moments you will grant me eternal shelter in your heavenly lap.

1. Son of Sun, the God of Death.

The Lover's Heart

Love, in the lingering light of the lengthening eve,
What art thou listening to?
To the faltering breath of the blood-red Sun
And the beats of its heaving heart;
Not to the beats of my restless mind
That longs for the ope of thy mind.

Love, in the purple light of the placid eve,
What are thou listening to?
To the sighs of the closing flowers,
And the lips that kissed in the day;
Not to the lips that long for thy kiss
And weep and weep at thy shrine.

Love, in the golden light of the glittering eve,
What are thou listening to?
To the groan of the parting lovers,
And the moan of their dreaming hearts;
Not to the wail of my piercing heart
That dreams and dreams of thy face.

Love, in the conquering light of the crimson eve,
What art thou listening to?
To the speechless glance of the love-sick souls,
And the eyes that swim in tears;
Not to the tears of my rising heart
That weeps and weeps at thy shrine.

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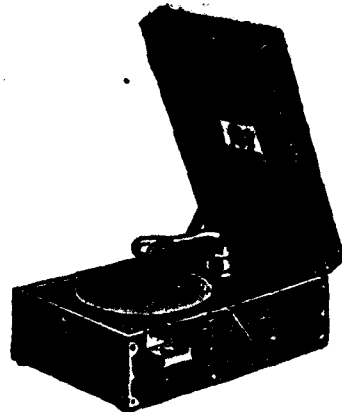
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