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He XXXXX no guide, but ends his life in a sigh.
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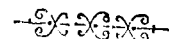
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VOL. VII

SEPTEMBER

NO. 12

Where the Twain Meet.

By P. K. Govindaswamy, B. A. (Hons.)



SOMETIMES wise men utter unwise words. It was at such a moment that Rudyard Kipling uttered the much criticised statement, "East is East and West is West, and the Twain shall never meet." Probably, never had such words been used so unguardedly. They have been contradicted more than once with success. And, if one peeps into the beautiful garden of English verse, its aroma will dispel the false notion. One of the greatest of English poets, one who contests with Wordsworth the third place among the glorious galaxy of English poets, and who has become the pride and pet of the English nation after his death, has enriched his poetry with the thoughts and ideas already enshrined in the Literature of the East. It may be a coincidence, remarkable indeed but nevertheless a marvellous coincidence. For, far be it from our thoughts here to insinuate that Shelley got his ideas second-hand from the East. That is next to impossible. Never, I believe, has it been told of him that he knew the Eastern or Indian languages: he must have been the last man to take pains to study them.

P. B. Shelley is one of those English poets who were far ahead of their times; and he suffered for it long and bitterly, for he was a social outcast. One has to confess that the deep-lying principles of the French Revolution, which had an European vogue, did influence Shelley, and he gave them an abiding place in his poetry. But with some of his occidental principles he

blended harmoniously many ideas which reflect and reveal an oriental mind. One notable thing in his career is his advocacy of vegetarianism. This alone does not, however, prove his affinity to the East. Yet it does have some connection. Vegetarianism prevailed mostly in India and implied deeply the sublime idea of *Ahimsa*.

But let alone his daily habits and convictions; what has his lyrical poetry yielded to us? In Shelley's nature poetry we see no author. The writer and the written mix and mingle, unite and dissolve into one indissoluble. This complete oneness of feeling, this entire self-identification with the subject, is rarely seen elsewhere in English Poetry. One is carried off one's feet when one reads the description of the scenery in 'Prometheus Unbound'. Mountains and rivers, gliding glaciers and aerial forms, flit and pass, cross and recross before our mental vision. Scenes float one after another in a continuous panoramic movement. The metre and the rhythm make the verse dance to the movement of the angelic figures that glide imperceptibly before us. To attempt quotation from this play means to tear a piece from a well-drawn curtain, or to break a part from a well-finished work of art. Nowhere else do we find a parallel to it than in the description of the snow-clad Himalayas in Kalidasa's *Kumara Sambhava* and *Meghaduta*.

Again, Shelley's harping upon the thought of universal love in every piece he wrote is a special feature to be noted. That mutual love is the only effective panacea for the thousands of miseries that pester mankind, that until man learns to respect, to honour, to help and to love man, there is absolutely no hope for him of redemption from the deep abyss into which he has fallen, had been the firm conviction of Shelley, who also like Wordsworth heard "the still sad music of humanity". Social warfare, fight between nation and nation, oppression of the poor by the rich, of the labourer by the capitalist, would be wiped off the surface of the earth, if only the seeds of love can be sown deep into human hearts. Humanity must improve at one stride. A general uplift of human mentality, an altogether higher plane of human thought and activities—that is what is required. A reform here, a revolution there will not eradicate the evil. Love alone is the talisman which can work this miracle. It is "the tendril which twines the hearts of men in unity." See how passionately he addresses love:

Life of Life thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Also—

..... Love's very pain is sweet.
But its reward is in the world divine
Which, if not here, it builds beyond the grave.

It is "the saviour and the strength of suffering man". Is it not again significant that Shelley has meant the name of 'Asia' to symbolise love? What does it mean? Can we not with legitimate pride interpret that the message of peace and love were instinctively wafted to him from the East? Even to-day every religious function in a Hindu home concludes with a prayer for universal welfare, *Sarva jana sukhnobhavanu*. The letter is there, but alas, the spirit is lost.

Shelley believed in the efficacy and imperishability of love. If love is a weakness, he says,

Resist not the weakness,
Such strength is in meekness

and it opens the portals of the eternal. We see a curious anticipation in his poetry of the sublime principle translated into action by the greatest living man of the world to-day—Mahatma Gandhi. According to the great patriot-saint of India, suffering is the weapon to political salvation—suffering without malice towards the enemy. Gandhiji once said that he fights not the Englishman but the system of English rule. The following lines of Shelley ring with an added meaning in our ears as we read them now:—

To suffer woes which hope thinks infinite.
To forgive wrongs darker than death or night.
To defy power which seems omnipotent
To love and to bear; to hope till hope creates
From its own wreck the thing it contemplates.

Perhaps the people of the West may bring in the argument that this principle of love is also one of the staples of Christian religion which is greatly prevalent among them now. But was not Christianity born and cradled in the East?

The literature of the East, bristling with philosophic excursions, deals in a large measure with the unreality of the seen world and the reality of the unseen one; what a paradox! This mystery has baffled more than one scholar. Men of great learning, who have explored new paths through the uncharted seas of higher philosophy, believe that, after all, what we see around us is only a broken and distorted reflection of a world more beautiful and more sublime—a blissful world which is hidden from mortal eyes. All this is *Maya*, a magician's make-believe. This oriental conception, this Platonic idea, runs like a silken thread through every work of Shelley. He says:—

The one remains, the many change and pass;
 Heaven's light for ever shines, Earth's shadows fly;
 Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
 Stains the white radiance of Eternity,
 Until Death tramples it to fragments.

Again he says in "Prometheus Unbound".

Death is the veil which those who live call life;
 They sleep, and it is lifted.

In the "Sensitive Plant," he says.

To own that life itself must be
 Like all the rest a mockery.

Eternity is that stage of *Nirvana* from which there is no more change. It is, we believe, to this ultimate goal that the whole creation moves after whirling round the chains of birth and deaths. Though we shuffle off this mortal coil and all that is visible about us, the soul that is the living atom, the driving power in man, does not perish. Eastern philosophy is never tired of emphasising the imperishability of the *Atman*, the undying nature of the soul: *Atmana mriyate gatu*. One soul is intimately connected with another, and all these souls are but sparks struck off from the One Flame which is never extinguished. The origin being the same, the individual sparks feel an inevitable attraction to one another; an instinctive irrepressible power draws them together. Shelley's unshakable conviction that the soul—the *Atman*—is undying and eternal and that one soul is kindred to another gets beautifully pathetic expression in the last lines of his elegy on Keats:

I am born darkly, fearful, afar;
 Whilst burning through the inmost veil of Heaven,
 The soul of Adonais, like a star,
 Beckons from the abode where the Eternal are.

Apart from individual ideas and thoughts, the cumulative effect and the general characteristics of his poetry have an Eastern bent. People of the West have complained that Eastern Poetry is charged too much with the quality of reflection and that it is melancholy. High seriousness and wistfulness, combined with the highest flights of philosophic rapture, stamp it as a separate species of literary art. Now Shelley's poetry is nothing if not passionately reflective. Read his poetry anywhere, and you see that the mind behind is troubled with questions which it tries in vain to answer. In fact, he was an ineffectual angel beating his wings in vain against the hard wall which conceals eternity from our view.

America and Poetry*

By Dr. James H. Cousins.



CONTRARY to the generally accepted interpretations of the nature and character of the American people, Professor Cousins advances a most interesting observation.

"I have found a greater demand on myself, as a poet, in as many months in America as I did in twice as many years before elsewhere."

Dr. Cousins does not deny that the great part of activity in America is actuated by material considerations. But he refuses to accept what he regards as a temporary drive, as being a basic characteristic of our people. He declines to term our activity among the materials of life, an *ism*—materialism. There is no deliberate philosophy about it, he thinks; nothing but a natural reaction to circumstances that will pass.

Even as such, we would expect the manifestation of material activity primarily in our commercial system. Yet, states Professor Cousins, "the demand on me for poetry has come not only from those whom we should expect to be interested in it, such as students and teachers, but from business people and women liberated from former domestic preoccupations." These seem to be seeking some higher satisfaction than that which the ordinary activities of life can give them, and they are finding it in poetry.

Formerly, people found such satisfaction in religion. But as a result of the general intellectual upheaval that the modern era has been and still is experiencing, the organized religions have come into considerable disfavor as truth-revealers. It is natural for people, in such circumstances, to turn to poetry, though they themselves do not know the reason why. Poetry at its highest is the Poet's intuitive reaction to the reality of the universe. It interprets life both emotionally and intellectually, and with the accompaniment of beauty contains the stuff of true religion and philosophy. Its dogma assumes no authority save that of the reader's own response.

"Only in India have I found a greater demand for poetical expression and appreciation than in America. But while in India the expression of the aspirational nature in poetry and music is

* Substance of an interview with Dr. James H. Cousins which appeared in the New York Press.

the most prominent and constant feature of the cultural life of the people, in America such expression is undoubtedly rivalled by many diverting interests and circumstances."

All through the Orient, Professor Cousins explained, life moves to rhythmical sound. Clerks in Japan add up their figures in a chant. Chinese coolies at the sea-ports chorus themselves up and down the steamers' gangways. The labours of the day and the recreations of the cool night in India are accompanied by song. But in modern America the creative lilt is lost in the ugly and blatant noises of machinery. All honour, therefore, he says to those who in America lift up their voices in poetry with the prophetic optimism of a meadow-lark on the edge of a roaring ocean.

And especially would Professor Cousins give honour to the school and college students of America who seek to answer the impulse to creative expression in poetry, despite the distractions inherent in their present environment. Most of his student-poets, in his now concluding year as guest-lecturer in the College of the City of New York, have to travel long distances mainly by subway to and from college. They have full schedules of study. They have a minimum of time for finding the mental and emotional repose and poise in which poetry wells forth. When they do express themselves in verse, the expression frequently tends towards mental clarity within a defined area, and towards dramatic energy. These characteristics are excellent in their own way. But the finest poetical expression is not merely a transcript of a particular idea or feeling, but an interpretation in rhythmical and figurative speech of the poet's poised and undistracted response to life. Transcript poetry is usually hard-edged. The poetry of repose and balance takes its place in human memory, because it allows something of the constants of human nature to express themselves through the less closely woven textures of thought and feeling. The best poetry is mellow. Mellowness is not too common in modern American poetry.

But it will come, Professor Cousins affirms. Our educators will recognise, some time in the future, and the sooner the better, that creative expression is at least as important as scientific observation, and they will provide the necessary means for its fulfilment. Students of science have their laboratories and necessary equipment. Why should not the student-poets have their times and places of conducive quietness and poetical suggestiveness? asks Professor Cousins. They cannot be completely isolated from the banalities of common activity. Contact with what is called life is inevitable, perhaps necessary. But withdrawal from it is equally necessary in order to reach the best

poetical expression of the poet's emotional reaction to, and contemplation of, life in its largest sense.

When an opportunity for poetical expression does present itself, we find certain students following the experimental ways of Gerard Manly Hopkins and T. S. Eliot. But the tendency is for a substantial majority of the younger student-poets to revert to the more usual verse-forms. This is Professor Cousins' experience of the student-poets in his own classes. The reading public has recognized it in Nathalia Crane who expressed profound wisdom in verse at the age of nine, and in George Dillon whose first volume, published shortly after his graduation year, won him an immediate place as an authentic poet in the large tradition.

We can understand this return to specific form in poetry if we realize the fact that design is a fundamental necessity in any real entity. Deviations are not, of course, objectionable as such. But, all else being equal, design gives a greater element of endurance.

Verbal design, Professor Cousins continued, is one of the inevitable norms of the verbal art of poetry, in addition to the invisible and inaudible designs of thought and emotion. We may have abnormalities and subnormalities in acceptable poems. But a complete renunciation of form is impossible. Free-verse in an absolute sense is a meaningless term. The best so-called free-verse has just as much verbal design, expressing thought-design and feeling-design, as strictly shaped verse. One sees this in Carl Sandburg's "Monotone" and "At a Window". In these poems arabesques of idea and feeling are rounded into architectural entities. Emotional sincerity cannot escape the necessity of figure, rhythm and pattern. These both intensify and control expression.

The selection of a verse-form is, of course, a matter for the intuitive form-sense of the student-poet. For practice, Professor Cousins has occasionally asked his City College students to write a sonnet. But the creative expression must, he holds, be left free. The teacher may help the student-poet to clarify mentally opaque spots in his poem, where the poet's intention may not have been carried into full expression. He may help to clear obstructions from the flow of the stream, and to readjust the placing of the pebbles of words so that they may resonate more truly to the unheard melodies of the inner song. But any more drastic interference would turn the teacher himself into an obstruction.

Though himself a poet, Professor Cousins is not exclusive in his aesthetical allegiance. He is a strong advocate of the inclusion

of all the arts as integral subjects at all stages of education. He believes that ninety per cent. of the world's troubles, both in individuals and nations, are due to frustrated impulse to creative expression. As curative agencies he recommends art-crafts, and wisely selected music. But while these arts embody distinctive qualities (form in sculpture, appearance in painting, emotion in music) the art of poetry synthesizes these qualities, and adds the capacity of expressing and conveying thought. Of course, the selection of a form of expression by the student must be unforced. And it must, in order to reach its highest artistic value and the artist's highest happiness, be the expression of his full nature and environment, not an overworked repetition of a single phase.

This led us to the matter of the poetry of adolescence and sex. Professor Cousins rejects the psychological formula that art is only the expression of sexual impulse. He recognizes, not merely a sex-complex in art, but a creation complex in all life. The arts are its finest expression. Given full scope in education, they will normalize the neurotic and erotic phases of the creative impulse. The Victorian "impure hush" on sex has been succeeded by an equally impure "barbaric yawp". Neither represents the true ratio of sex in life and art. A movement towards balance is, Professor Cousins believes, now showing itself. The poetry of the younger generation increasingly expresses the higher nature of humanity. The bulk of a sixty-page book of poems by his C. C. N. Y. students during the year now ending, which he hopes will find publication, is significant in its dignified treatment of other interests than sex. He believes that youth is realizing the hollow sham involved in a spurious liberation that only leads to new slaveries, and is searching for an intelligent discipline that will give the balance and control out of which rise true freedom and happiness. The arts, said Professor Cousins as a last word, are the best agents in this direction, since their very nature is disciplined release into satisfying expression. Hence the need for them in education.

An American on Hindu Culture & Yoga.

By Swami Jagadiswarananda.



RI Nilanagini Devi *alias* Miss Nilla Cram Cook, who is an American of two and twenty years and a Master of Arts of Athens University, Greece, formally embraced Hinduism last November and has been enthusiastically received with many congratulations into the orthodox Hindu community by the Sanatan Dharma Pratap Sabha of Kashmere and named by the Brahmin priests Nilanagini after the first demi-god ruler of that land. She made philological research in Greek and Sanskrit literature, and when nineteen years old delivered a course of lectures in modern Greek before the University of Athens on Pythagorean and Platonic Philosophy and its relation to Buddhism and Hinduism.

Miss Nilla Cram Cook is a descendant of the great American savants, Benjamin Franklin and John Adams, fathers of American diplomacy. "Her great-great grand-fathers were the first pioneers to open up the land west of the Mississippi, and her family estate still stands on the banks of that river on a site once sacred to the Sauk Indians. The romantic history of these pioneers has been told in the biography of her father, George Cram Cook, "The Road to the Temple" by his wife, the well-known American authoress and dramatist, Miss Susan Glaspell". Nilanagini's father, the late Dr. George Cram Cook took his doctor's degrees in Philology and Philosophy from the Universities of Harvard, Hiedelberg and Geneva while yet a boy, and was at the age of 21 Associate Professor in an American University; a few years later he retired from that career to devote himself entirely to a new one. In 1914 with a group of literary friends he founded an experimental theatre in New York, the Province Town-Players, which subsequently contributed more to the development of modern Theatre than any other artistic experiment in America.

He then went to visit Greece in fulfilment of a life-long dream. There he wrote his finest poetry and sowed the seeds of a renaissance amongst the Greeks by living in Delphi and preparing a revival of drama in the ancient Theatre. His death in 1924 at the age of fifty cut short his work. But Greece had paid him honours similar to those she lavished upon Lord Byron who died fighting for Greek national freedom 100 years ago. In 1927 the

ancient Delphic Festival was revived. The Pythian Games were dedicated to his memory. Dr. George Cram Cook and his young daughter, Nilanagini, who had once more returned to Greece to complete her classical education, assisted in the production of dramas of Aschylus in the ancient Theatre.

After her father's death Nilanagini who loved, like her father, everything Greek ardently worked for the revival of the National Peasants' Arts and Crafts of Greece. She travelled through many villages and islands and established hand-loom in several convents. For her work among the Sisters of Charity she was given the Cross of Jerusalem by the Patriarch of the Orthodox Church.

After her father's death the fire of renunciation came upon her, and she lived the ascetic mode of life. The study of philosophy also enhanced it. As a neo-Pythagorean she abstained from all stimulants and animal food. At the age of twenty she went into the convent of Saint John Chrysoston on the romantic isle of Naxos in the Aegean Sea, and for five months observed a vow of silence and other austerities. The Islanders and Sisters of Charity exhibited many tokens of devotion to the young American who renounced worldly wealth and prestige to sleep on the hard floor of the monastery.

As her father dreamt of Greece since boyhood, Nilanagini had dreamt of India. She writes in a recent letter to the present writer: "Since childhood I have adored the rising Sun and the mother of the Sun, the East. When I was only 16 years old I tried to come to India. When fate did not allow the journey, I took it as a sign of my own unworthiness to touch the soil of my true motherland, the spiritual parent of all humanity. I devoted the years that followed to a course of study that purified me more and more. Life itself helped me, and I learnt the meaning of true brotherhood and Universal Love which is the purest stream from the eternal fountain. Only when I had learnt that lesson by passing through many tribulations did the road to India open. So you may judge of my happiness now that I am here in India!" From the age of 14 she regarded her studies and training in Greece and Egypt as preparation for her pilgrimage to India. Among her teachers was an Egyptian Sufi. She was warmly received by the Arabs of Palestine who appreciated her enthusiasm and love of the East. But she counted as her greatest friends and benefactors the heroes and sages of Sanskrit literature who had shown her the beauty of all spiritual endeavour. Leaving many opportunities in Europe and America behind she came to India last year. She feels more at home in the devout Hindu community than in the literary and artistic circles she has left behind. Since her coming to India, she has given herself up wholly to spiritual realisation.

"The simple Hindu lives with a consciousness," opines the ardent lover of India and her culture, "which a cultured Western mind must go through intellectual throes to evolve." "India preserves integrally the heritage of an epoch of the world far nobler than our own," reiterates the American savant. "Whoever seeks knowledge by realisation, either from pulpit oratory or materialistic thought, (the famous benefits of modern education)," she says, "is in the West a fish out of water. But in India he can recover from all early and engrafted materialistic superstitions and realise the unity of science, religion, poetry and action—the Unity which was the secret of the Universal Beauty of the heroic age." "India has shown me," she writes in a recent letter to the present writer, "the true beauty of ancient Greece. My studies are now preparing an interpretation of Greek culture, religion and philosophy as a *transplanted India*. India has preserved in her very blood the beauty of nobler ages than our own."

Nilanagini is now living as a *Brahmacharini*—a sanyasini. She has travelled many parts of India to study her present condition. Works of Swami Vivekananda, the *Gita* and the *Upanishads* are her constant companions now. She has been initiated in the Hindu mantras and meditation by a great Yogi of Mount Abu, and she has been practising them devoutly even at midnight, sunrise and sunset. As a necessary part of Yoga, she is engaged occasionally in severe fast and does not take even fruits.

About Hindu Yoga she writes: "In Greek *ompholos* means navel. Delphi, the sanctuary of the Sun, was called the *ompholos* of the earth. It was there that the Pythian Priestess delivered oracles to the whole world. She became 'asphyxiated' in the underground crypt of the Temple. I firmly believe that the 'asphyxiation' meant the stopping of the vital airs—the form of *brahmayam* which develops the psychic faculties. The Raj Yogis bring the manthra up from the navel through Brahmarandhra. Hatha Yoga concentrates all the forces in the navel." "My father died in Delphi, and I have spent many years of my life there. It was from there that I first read the *Upanishads* and first heard the syllable *Om*. I have given much thought to the subject. Delphi is *Delphi*, Arjun who on his western travels visited all the Thirthas and undoubtedly established the Delphic rituals. Beneath the City of Delphi was and still is the village of Krishna and the Bay of the Gulf of Corinth is the Bay of Krishna. Corinthus itself is Cori-Indus, the people from the land between the Cori and Indus rivers. *a k m* is, as you suggest, the root of 'amen' and all other symbols in languages. The Greek for Master—the lord, the word used for Christ is *kupios* (*kurios*) which is a corruption of Guru,"

A Rishi of Ancient China.

By T. L. Vaswani.



HE was a Rishi. He was a teacher of Wisdom. His name is pronounced as Lao-tze or Lao-tzse. Different meanings have been given to this word. (1) Laotze means the "Old-Young". And true it is Rishis retain the spirit of youth, in spite of age. A sage may live up to 70 years or 80 years. He was 70 years *young* or 80 years *young*. A fragrance of the eternal youth is in the rishi or seer. Lao-tze was a rishi. Rightly was he so named: he was old, yet young. Old in experience: young in vision. (2) Lao-tze means the "Son of Lao," Lao being the name of his mother. His mother conceived him, we read, at the sight of a falling star. "Lao-tze," thus means "the son of Mother Lao". Mothers make a nation. Mothers build up civilisation. And the world's great men have owed not a little to their Mothers' influences and inspiration.

We should like to know much of the life of this rishi of ancient China. But only a few fragments remain. We read that he was a man of many travels. He was eager to come in contact with new types of culture, new types of sympathy. He was eager to gather *experiences*. Experience is the foundation of philosophy. Experience is our *shastra*. Lao-tze was a man of vast experience. We are told he travelled to India. I do not know. Yet true it is India in those days (Laotze lived in the 7th Century B. C.) was a spiritual leader of humanity; and from far-off lands men came as pilgrims to India. They came from Egypt. A story has it also that Pythagoras visited India. There is, at any rate, not a little resemblance between the teaching of India's rishis and the teaching of this great Greek seer; Pythagoras taught re-incarnation and vegetarianism. And it seems to me there is resemblance also between the teaching of Laotze and the wisdom of Indian sages. There are thoughts in Laotze which remind one of the Vedanta and discourses of the Buddha.

We also read that at an advanced age, Laotze retired to mountains in the West. He retired to meditate. Meditation is *activity* of the soul. Fellowship with Nature helps in building up the centre of meditation. Lao-tze was tired of cities. You speak of civilisation. I speak of "naturisation". Nature's inspiration is needed to enrich life. On the mountains in the West, Laotze wrote that one book on which is built his rich reputation. The book is translated into English as "The Simple Way".

One section of that book has an auto-biographical value. In this section, Laotze gives a picture of himself and his attitude to his environment. Let me quote some passages from that section. He says:— "Alas! the barrenness of the age has not yet reached its limit!" He adds: "I am like an infant, forlorn as one who has nowhere to lay his head." Great ones come from time to time; but how do we treat them? We neglect them; we persecute them; they feel forlorn. I recall the words of Jesus: "Foxes have their holes, and the birds of the air their nests; but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head." Laotze proceeds: "Other men have plenty, while I alone seem to have lost all". "Yet," he adds, "I have reverence for the Tao". And then comes another beautiful thought:— "Those who know me are but few, and on that account my honour is all the greater." Laotze was not a crowd-man. Laotze spoke to a few. The last line in the section from which I am quoting is significant. Laotze says: "The sage wears coarse garments, but carries a jewel in his heart". It is the Jewel of Wisdom. The rishi is poor, yet rich. Poor in goods of the world; rich in the Supreme Good. Wisdom is his wealth.

The message of Laotze revolves round the one word: "Tao". What is the Tao? Four-fold is Laotze's approach to this question.

(1) *The Transcendental Tao*.— Of Tao as the Transcendental Principle who can say aught that is worth? "Nameless is That," says Laotze, "but I shall name it Tao". And I recall some of those wonderful songs in the *Upanishads* in which the rishis sound the note: "Brahman is beyond name, beyond speech." Nameless is the Absolute. Brahman uttered is Brahman bruised. God defined is God denied. In silence alone may be approached the One-without-a-second, who is without *nama* and *rupa* (name and form). The Transcendental Tao is the Root of all, the Beginning of Heaven and Earth. "Before Heaven and Earth came into being, the Tao is!" The Tao is the 'Unfathomable'. The Tao is the "Ancient". And in one of his luminous sayings, Laotze speaks of the Tao as the "Mother of all things"—so reminding us of the vision of Hindu rishis who speak of *Shakti* as 'the Mother of the universe'.

(2) *The Cosmic Tao*.— The Tao is both Transcendental and Immanent. The universe, the cosmos, is a child of Tao, the Mother. "All-pervading is the Tao," says Laotze. Of the Immanent Tao and only of the Immanent Tao, may we know something. The Transcendental Tao is beyond experience. All we know is on the plane of relativity. Our knowledge is mentally limited by what Einstein — the seer of the Law of Relativity — calls our "reference-mechanism". The way to know the Cosmic

Tao or the Tao as a physical manifestation is the way of nature. Nature includes both Earth and Heaven. "The earth," says Laotze, "takes its law from Heaven, and Heaven takes its from Tao." "But," he adds, "the law of Tao is Itself." Tao's law is its own Divine or Super-Divine Nature.

(3) *The Ethical Tao*:— This is the Supreme Good, the *Summum bonum*, the happiness men are seeking in vain in things of the earth and sense-experiences.

(4) *The Tao as the Way*:— To attain the Supreme you must walk the right way. It is not the way of complexity. It is not the way of conventional, artificial life we so often seek only to earn sorrow and pain. The way of the Tao is hinted at by Laotze in a variety of significant phrases. It is named the "Way of Heaven"; and this is defined as the way "to take from those who have too much, and to give to those who have too little". Much of our misery is due to over-accumulation of the world's goods. A new Ethics of Distribution is needed.

Laotze also speaks of the Way as the "way of water," for "water benefits all, yet occupies the lowest place". It is the way of humility. "He who exalts himself does not rise high," says Laotze. And again: "The man of the highest virtue is lowly". How different this from the way of vanity and pride and show! "If we had sufficient knowledge," says the Chinese sage, "to walk in the great way, what we should most fear would be wasteful display". The 'great way' is the humble way, the simple way, the way of the "simple life". It is also named the Way of Nature. For "all things in nature work silently. They fulfil their functions and make no claim."

Is it not the way of Jesus and Buddha and Krishna? The way of Nanak? The way of the Rishis and Saints? "Of such as the babes is the kingdom of Heaven," said Jesus. And again: "Blessed are the poor in spirit." Blessed, indeed, are the non-egoistic, for they become centres of God's influence and inspiration. Egoism is waste of energy. Egoism is interference, is strife. "He that is empty, shall be filled," says Laotze.

To be empty is to be Spirit-filled. To be empty is to be God-pressed. To be empty is to be enriched with love. And love is of God. Love is God.

What a Master is he who takes hold of the Inner Life and knows the secret of its hidden springs! In journeyings, he fears no danger. In strife, he fears no weapon of war. No power can strike the Inner Life. What a Master is he, therefore, who into the realms of death can bring the Inner Life!

My First Photo.

By P. G. Sundara Rajan.



RIGGLING like a trodden worm, I slowly opened my sleepy eyes. It was a pleasant sleep—it always is when you have got to get up. I looked at the clock and let out a gasp. It was Seven! In one single caper I shook off my slumber; and gathering the bedding in one mass, I threw it in a corner and ran to the tap in the court-yard.

Perhaps this strange behaviour needs a word of explanation. That day, we had arranged for a group photo in the college. I had only thirty minutes before me to get to the college and stand in the group. In my haste I took the *kolam* powder mistaking it for tooth-powder and reached the tap. A coating of ageless moss beneath the tap took off the equilibrium of my none-too-steady legs, and I went crashing down. But in a flash I was up, and there were more flashes the next moment. For I had struck the tap violently with my head in my endeavour to rise, and had the unique, if a little unpleasant, opportunity of seeing stars in daylight. I discovered another great scientific truth at this moment. During the brief period of mental vacuity, I distinctly saw the world revolve round itself. Wondering whether I should rush out and shout "Eureka," I cautiously backed a little and rose with a hand on the newly acquired bump on the head, when I heard a voice behind. It was the mischievous imp, my sister's son. This little rascal, I should explain, had a knack of turning up at uncomfortable hours. "Uncle!" the fellow shouted, clapping his hands, "once again that feat, Uncle, Do, Uncle!" When I was mentally discussing the desirability of kicking the fellow or giving vent to my feelings, I suddenly remembered the photo. The *kolam* powder had dissolved in the ether in the crash. Snatching some ash I managed to clean my teeth and ran upstairs clearing half a dozen steps at a time.

I dressed myself with the best of my wardrobe which included a rose-coloured neck-tie—purloined from my uncle—and a yellow coat that I had inherited from my elder brother when he outgrew its size. Applying a generous quantity of brilliantine to my hair, I dressed it with care and sallied forth. I got into the front seat of a bus which, whether scenting my hurry, or whether due to the presence of a police constable—I don't know which—rebelled against the sacred tradition of buses by starting without delay.

Without a single accident we reached Royapettah—I was travelling from Mylapore to George Town—where the driver not only stopped the bus, but also switched off the engine. I registered anger. I waited five minutes. The bus did not move; but my anger did. “Look here!” I shouted to the driver indignantly, “will you start or shall I get down?” “Presently, sir, only two passengers wanted, sir,” he replied grinning. The next moment the conductor approached me, “Will you please go to a back seat, sir? There are ladies, sir,” he explained. Seething with anger, I replied in words which meant, “nothing doing.” I looked behind to see whether another bus was coming. But my eyes did not travel farther than a few feet. Beside the conductor were standing two young ladies dressed in the height of fashion, complete with handbag and glasses; and they were looking at me—so it seemed to me—with smiling faces. Chivalry won. Straightaway I jumped down and climbed into a back seat.

The bus started as soon as the ladies were berthed in the front seat. In my chivalrous haste I had unwisely sat facing the rear of the bus which had obvious disadvantages. The rushing air soon disarranged my well-combed hair. I tried to keep it in position. But my right hand was entrenched behind a gentleman who seemed to have been moulded in one of the Creator's too generous moments. My left hand was imprisoned in my pocket. Moreover I did not want to focus the attention of others—especially the ladies—upon the miserable chaos of my coiffure. You can imagine the mental state of a youth who, just prior to his being photographed for the first time, finds himself a victim of such vicious circumstances. It was half-past seven when the bus reached the Central. At once, another great truth of historic importance dawned upon me. I realised with impressive intensity that Napoleon must have been in a similar predicament when he was awaiting re-inforcements at Waterloo. The thought of the great hero emboldened me. It hardened my character, so to say. I resigned myself to Destiny. But I could not help flinching at the fact that my hair was irretrievably disarranged, so much so that the streak of bare skull where it was parted was completely blotted out, thus spoiling my capillary chart.

In due course, but in its own time, the bus reached the college. I got down with a maximum of speed and ran to the quadrangle where there were only chairs and benches. Thinking that the photograph had been taken, I approached in utter despair. But fortune was on my side. It always is, you know, with men of Destiny. The photo had been delayed pending the arrival of the staff. I felt that I should celebrate the occasion. I took two of my friends to breakfast in a nearby restaurant. By

the time we got back, everything was ready. Detecting an empty chair at the edge of the row wherein the members of the staff sat, I took my courage into my hands and dropped into it. After all, it was the end of the year. What could the professors do if they were offended at my audacity, as they seemed to be from the way they looked at me? But unfortunately I reckoned without a superior being, the master of the occasion, one whom the staff too had to obey for the time being. This person approached me with an air which indicated, unmistakably, that I should abdicate.

“Will you please stand at the back-row, sir?” asked the photographer, “You see, the symmetry will be spoiled if this chair remains here.” Meekly I obeyed him and went back as the chair was taken away. Ignoring the chuckles of some of my friends, I elbowed my way through a row by sheer force and secured a place in the middle. It was only then that I felt the exertions of the day, both physical and mental. Inhaling a pinch of snuff, I took out my handkerchief to wipe my nose and perspiring face.

“Steady! please,” sang out the man behind the staring camera.

At once I became rigid and held my breath. All of us looked like a collection of sheepish dolls of mud for the fraction of a second. Then on the word of release from the photographer, we dispersed like a flock of crows and started for our respective homes.

Cursing the dictatorship of the Camera-man, I wiped my face and thought something ought to be done to end this slavery of mankind to a single fellow with a box fitted with a single eye. I imagined myself orating against this autocracy from a public platform at some future date, when my thoughts received a rude shock.

“Hullo! what is that on your coat? An ornament?” accosted a friend. I looked over myself. There on the right side of my coat, parallel to my left breast-pocket, was a little blot. On closer investigation I found that it was a little bit of *chutney* which I had unconsciously smuggled out from the restaurant. I hastily wiped it and hurried home.

Well begun, goes the saying, is half-done. It is true. I have found that things well begun stay half-done. They do not proceed further. In this case it was ill-done; witness the affair of my photograph with special significance to my ‘crop’.

Two weeks passed. I received a copy of the group photo. Strangely enough I was not found in the picture. My first thoughts were about Spiritualism and Conan Doyle. But there was

something which seemed to transgress the limits of psychic phenomena. For, in my place, or in the place where I ought to have been, there was another fellow with what seemed like a Charlie Chaplin moustache and a handkerchief peeping out of his *right breast-pocket*!. The fellow had no neck-tie—rather an ill-equipped fellow; especially if he ever wanted to commit suicide—at least there did not seem to be one. But there was one thing in common between us. His hair was also ruffled. I rushed to the photographer and announced my opinion of his work. He listened patiently and explained.

"It is your figure alright, sir. The necktie being rose-coloured, photographed as white, sir. Light colours always do, sir."

"Well; now, look at me carefully," I commanded. He looked.

"Do I have a moustache?"

"No."

"Then how is it that there is one in the photo?"

The fellow was non-plussed. To mark my triumph, I took a pinch of snuff and looked at him like a mesmerist. His face beamed.

"Sir, did you use snuff at the time of the photo and forget to wipe your nose?" he asked.

I did, owing to his choosing the exact moment to expose us—on the negative I mean.

But I had my trump card still with me and I played it.

"That is all right, my man. How is it that the figure in the photo seems to have a handkerchief in his right breast-pocket? My coats are not yet so far advanced in fashion as to have this additional pocket."

Before I finished my question it happened. By one of those flashes of instinctive recollection, I remembered the blot of *chutney*. Forthwith, I hurried home a sadder and a wiser(?) man.

Jambavan in Yercaud.

By T. B. Krishnaswami

I



LL Salem is epic country. The Swetanadi is reminiscent of the *Mahabharata* and is reputed to owe its origin to the Archer-hero, Arjun, who with his bow-end scratched it into existence when he wanted to pour water in libation to the Gods when performing some ceremony. He being *Sweta-Vahana* the river is called Sweta-nadi.

Ayodhyapatanam and Hanumatirtham are tell-tale and bear blazoned broad upon their forefront their title to epic fame. Hanumatirtham is believed to bubble over from a pot of Ganges-water flung after quenching his thirst by Hanuman, the monkey-general, into the bed of that dry river Pennar. Much nearer Salem, on the Salem-Namakal road near about the spot where another road branches off to Panamarathupatti, is the cleft of the Golden Deer with the optical illusion by which Sita was deceived and Rama and Laxman were drawn off from protecting her. At Panamarathupatti itself, the epic is said to have repeated itself in the *Lankhadahanam* of a hut where the local Ravana was sought to be burnt up. The bleaching bones of Jatayu are said to form the Chalk Hills of Salem. At Maharajagadai and at Sankari, are rock-cut bas-relief figures of Hanuman with a story more or less legendary connecting the spot with Hanuman. Jambavan, the bear-ally of Sri Rama, is reputed to have found a home in Yercaud, in Salem District, in the Bear's Cave, at the foot of the Shervaroyan hill.

II.

Yercaud is now one vast coffee Estate. From the days of Cockburn and Fischer, the mountain slopes have borne their load of coffee and silver-oaks to give shade to the coffee. Jack-trees abound near human habitations, which are further recognised by the abundance of plantains in many cases and of well cultivated gardens and orangeries in others.

Shervaraya Perumal being Vishnu and having taken up his abode, He alone knows how long ago Jambavan, took up his at the foot with a cool spring of clear and pellucid water in close proximity and a number of jack trees to provide him with his favourite fruit. A Champak tree with whose flowers he offered worship is still said to survive, and perhaps is the one, one sees close to old Mr. Norton's Bungalow, now Mr. M. D. Subbaraya

Iyer's. Jambavan is one of the *Chiranjivis*, one of the Immortals, but the statement is not to be accepted as so much physical truth as poetic truth, the Immortality being of the kind with which Keats' Nightingale was endowed, the bird that was not born for Death!

Hindus rarely kill a bear, for fear the old original bear of epic fame should die at their hands and they incur thereby the sin of sacrilege. There is the story of the Brahmin clerk, Estate clerk or Tahsildar's, it is not clear, who rushed one night quite unwittingly into the arms of a bear and realising his awkward and unhappy situation, shouted out the *Gayatri* and *Apatham apahartharam* alternately and with frantic, violent and desperate emphasis on *Sri Ramam* to remind the bear, of its old time and honourable association with that epic hero, but to no purpose, for the bear opened his skull with its powerful claws and sucked off his brain like a tender-cocoanut. But it was believed, he was a hard and cruel man and deserved his fate. Stories of bear-hunt have been written from man's point of view, but at the Bear Cave, even he who runs may read something of man-hunt from the Bear's point of view. When bear or tiger intrudes on inhabited villages or among human dwellings, he who shoots down the wild animal is a hero, or a benefactor. He skins the brute, mounts its head on a shield and puts up the trophy for his fellows to admire. In Coorg, when a man shoots a tiger he is wedded to the carcass and is ever after entitled to wear his moustaches with side-locks--*Gala-mishi*--with the grimness of a bear and the general expression of the face of a Jaguar. But when man seeks the bear out in its lair and the bear safe-guarding his own, mauls or mutilates the intruding man, there is no admiration for the bear. The Bear's Cave at Yercaud had its floor covered with human skins, a white skin for a variety, like the occasional human display of a Polar bear's skin, and human skulls were rolled about by the little bears and some were piled into a cairn and others made into a garland, such as Siva or Kali is represented as wearing.

When young bears grew of age, they were trained in man-hunting and there was one bear not less valorous than St. Julian d'hospitalier and caused no small amount of devastation, sacking whole villages and putting whole families to death, even as he did whole herds of deer. Packs of wild dogs were kept by the bear as tamed and trained dogs were kept by St. Julian. Remorse overtook him, as it did the Saint, and he went up the hill and took his abode inside the Shervarayan cave and died a pious death, borne as it is believed to the bosom of the Almighty Bear, that presides over the fate and destiny of bears.

III.

Years after, a bandit chieftain, taking advantage of the evil reputation of the cave, occupied it and carried on his depredations in the plains, running off with the loot to the cave, and to keep up appearances used to cover himself up in a bear's skin both for warmth and for frightening others off. As long as he was single he maintained the secrecy of the abode, but when he took his bride to the cave and later still, begot a daughter, the mystery could not be kept up.

"We cannot follow you into this jungle. Here take up your guns and your money. We are quits."

"Don't be fools! Keep the guns with you for protection. I cannot throw away my life, nor shall I imperil yours unnecessarily. We owe a duty to the *sirkar* and must hound out this dacoit."

"He is not here. Even if he is, he has knowledge of potent herbs and by rubbing the juice on his body will become invisible. We cannot fight such a foe."

"Nonsense: there is no such thing: you talk like simple folk."

"We are simple folk, but we know what is what; with one plant-juice head-ache is cured: with another wounds are healed: a third serves as a purgative: a fourth stops purgation. We talk nonsense! Wise man, go your way and let us alone!"

"No: I shall not. Plants, herbs as medicine you know of, but making a man invisible is all bosh! Come, take up your weapons and let us go forth."

"No, no, we shan't."

"I shall double your pay and get you a nice reward."

The Police Officer thought he struck a weak chord in the heart of the mountaineers whom he had pressed into police service, to get at the dacoit Kandam. The response was feeble; one or two fellows looked hopeful, but the general out-look was gloomy.

"We must go back now," they cried, particularly as the rain was coming down in torrents.

We shall take shelter awhile against the rain," replied Mullings, the mule of a Police Officer, who was obstinate and would not hear of a cowardly retreat. "If I don't have my way, I shall shoot down you beggars," he said using threat, but fearing he might ruin his cause by so doing, relented and agreed to get back that day.

IV.

The Malayalis left quickly, before Mullings could change his mind. Mullings himself lingered on; said he would smoke and then follow.

Thulukka Kandan was the dacoit's name. There are many of the name to-day who follow peaceful occupations. Kandan was so called as he came of a Hindu mother and a Mohamedan father. But he himself took a Mohamedan wife and called his daughter by a Hindu name, Malachi, as being born on the Hills. Now Malachi, not suspecting any detectives in the vicinity, wandered very near Mulling's camp.

"Who are you? Have you lost your way?" inquired Mullings. "Who are you? Have you lost your way?" asked Malachi in return, which made Mullings pause and think.

They gazed at each other for some time, Mullings quite shame-faced and blushing and she aplomb and with absolute self-possession. "You look like a King," she remarked, "which is the *nadu* you rule over?" Mullings had a notion of his own personal charms and dignity, and just kept up the fancy. He would play the King for a while. "Yes, I am from Gundur *nadu*," he ventured at a hazard, that being the only *nadu* he knew of, and one which had been brought under British control. The Collector of Salem had issued notices as to why the land should not be taken away from the *Pattikarans*; they would not appear before the Collector at Salem for fear they should be taken prisoners. Their property was forfeit by default by the civilised process of acquisition. Gundur had so passed out of Malayali hands and so Mullings mentioned it as his *nadu*.

After a while, taking courage he asked: "Would you like to go there with me?"

"Yes, if you will marry me according to Malayali rites, after taking the consent of my father. As for my mother she is dead."

"Who is your father, pray?"

"Why, the King of this *nadu*! Don't you know him? How you talk! As if any body could come here without the permission of my father!"

"I am sorry. Is your father Thulukka Kandan?"

"Yes: he is sure to welcome you. Will you marry me?" All his past life flashed in a panoramic view; the home of his childhood; the intense love, but intense poverty of his parents; his early struggle to earn a day's meal: his emigration to India; his enlistment as European Head Constable, and lastly his hope of promotion in the service, if he could capture the dacoit alive. On

the other side was the realisation of his infant dream to be a King somewhere, give the law to a savage tribe and be wafted to death in the smell and savour and sanctity of Royalty!

He agreed to go with her, resolved to have her, but not determined about anything else.

He saw before him a stately and majestic figure, one of nature's noblemen, in all the pathetic dignity of a dispossessed monarch, with the aspect of a caged lion chafing against the bars. Thulukka Kandan was about to shoot down Mullings, but seeing his daughter with him and seeing also the awe and regard that Mullings had for him, spared him, winking only to his body-guard to be alert so that no mischief might come from the white man.

Was this the dacoit he had come to hound out of existence, a man who bore on his face and features the *imprimatur* of a line of succession longer than that of the Popes? No, he would save him, marry his daughter and keep him in comfort, out of reach of the *sirkar*, and out of mischief as well. His Irish sympathy for fallen chiefs of his own land obsessed his mind.

V.

The sequel is well-known.

Mullings married the girl and built for her a house on the site of the present Bear's Cave Bungalow: the "old dacoit" became a sanyasi and retired to the mountain-top: the heroic raids, which his enemies called Dacoity, stopped and there was peace. Mullings retired and amassed a large fortune, called his estate Mullington as Mr. Campbell has called his estate Campbellton, and when his Malayali wife died, died of a broken heart, leaving behind him his daughter, familiarly known as Gundur Vellai. So quickly the estate fell into ruin, so quickly Lantana bushes blocked up the path, that people "opening up" an estate there thought they were the first that ever burst upon that wild and unknown land. They forgot that old Mullings, shaggy like a bear, the *doyen* of the hills, the Jambavan of Yercaud, had opened up that estate long ago, built a house for Malachi, where had lived and flourished, or rather lingered and perished, Gundur Vellai.

Why I am Henpecked.

By An Incognito M. A.

(All the characters in the story including myself are purely imaginary).

THAT I am henpecked is a grim fact, and any amount of discussion as to its how and why is not going to help me out of it. But there are two reasons why I write this account. First, there is in man a strong urge to ruminate even over the inevitable. Secondly, I want the future generation of husbands to benefit from a knowledge of the pitfalls into which I fell.

My wife is a standing illustration of the very wise saying, 'A little learning is a dangerous thing.' And even this little learning was given to her by me.

I did not marry my wife for her beauty or for her charm of soul. In fact, I did not know why I married her. Fate, of course, had reserved her for me. And then I was already twenty-three and was afraid of receiving no more bridal offers. In a hurry, therefore, I accepted her. For the condition here is, 'a bachelor at twenty-three, always a bachelor'. Society broadcasts imaginary diseases in an unmarried youth of twenty-three and scares away all fishers for bridegrooms.

My wife had nothing specially attractive in her. She had not even the grace of a good name. She was called Kutti. She only knew the Tamil alphabet. She had no music in her. She was not positively ugly, but was brown-complexioned, chubby-faced, and tolerably good-looking for a village girl.

I was then studying at College, and had a highly romantic sense. I held very advanced views on the status of women in home and society. I was very chivalrous and was an enthusiastic exponent of the equality of the sexes. To make a confession at this distance of time, my chivalry once led me into immense trouble. There was a very shy girl student in my College, and with my pet theories on the advantages of co-education, I wanted to move freely with her. Her house was on my way to College, and one day I stopped at her house and cried out, 'Miss Bala! Are you coming with me?' The result was that she complained to the Principal about my unwanted attentions, and the Principal, who was highly sceptical about the benefits of admitting girls into boys' schools, threatened to report my 'conduct' to the University and have me debarred from attending any college.

Heaven knows with what difficulty I extricated myself from the situation.

But I was too young to give up my theories because of the repulse I had at the hands of an unknowing lass. Kutti was no mere college girl; legally and morally, physically and spiritually, she was my better half, and I resolved at once to make her blossom out into an accomplished woman, a pride to the country and a glory to her sex.

My young wife, Kutti, was just like any village girl. She thought that the husband was an 'unapproachable,' and ran head-long at the very sight of me. She had a horror of the august mother-in-law and never sat in her presence. I did not like this, and when I went to my father-in-law's for Deepavali, I watched for an opportunity to have a private talk with Kutti. She eluded me for long most dexterously, but one morning when she went upstairs to dry some vegetables in the sun; I noiselessly strode behind her and cried out 'Kutti?'. A stag would not have taken to its heels at the barking of hounds more quickly than she at my voice; and down she ran helter-skelter, strewing the vegetables on all sides. The news soon spread throughout the village, and a score of nasty-looking girls began to mock at me.

I was undaunted. Another day I went out for a walk promising to return at 7 P. M. My father-in-law was away in the bazaar, and my mother-in-law was about to go out on her sacred mission of purposeless evening visits. I knew Kutti would be alone in the house between 6 and 7 P. M. I purposely returned home at six and saw Kutti sitting in the back verandah. I went there and caught hold of her. She could not escape, but she began to scream. I silenced her with difficulty, and after reconciling her to my presence, our lovers' talk went on smoothly.

"Kutti! I wish to change your name. I shall call you by the name of Sujata... I also wish you to improve your knowledge. I shall send you books and magazines you must part your hair in a slanting way. That is the latest urban fashion. Your jacket must be shorter, too..... I shall send you hair oils, scented soaps and ivory combs..... You must become a bright, smiling beauty. You must also write me letters every week. You must train your voice"

So ran my words in endless eloquence. We were in a fool's paradise. The harsh voice of my mother-in-law awoke us to the fact that it was past seven. 'Corpse! where are you? Why did you not light the lamp?' cried out my mother-in-law. 'Corpse' was the mother's pet name for Kutti.

Sujata did not write to me very often, for the simple reason that she could not. But letters rained on her from me—letters full of poetic passages, alas, only not appreciated.

Two years after my first interview, Sujata joined me at Madras where I had secured a job. Madras is the ideal place for young lovers. The wide sea-beach, the cinema halls, the Broadway bazaar, are all inviting places for the romantically inclined. No prying eyes of old crones prevented us from sporting as we wanted. No fear of social scandal dissuaded us from spending the evenings as we liked.

Rural husbands never address their wives by name. They employ for this purpose weird monosyllables or meaningless jargon as *Hey, Adi, Dei*, etc. But I called my wife only by name. 'Sujata' rang through my house ceaselessly. I also wanted her to call me by my name, but to this she did not assent, even in the worst days of my henpeckedness. Again, rural wives are in the habit of eating in the same leaf as the husband. The idea is that as the husband and the wife form two parts of a common personality, a common leaf or plate for food will intensify their feeling of oneness. But I told Sujata that this rural habit was hygienically unsound, and made her use a different plate for her meals. I made her get over her shyness in walking along with me on the roads. Our house was near the beach, but I engaged a rikshaw to take her there. We never missed a good film or a talkie or a dance, or any other entertainment that periodically makes Madras run wild. I made her a member of the Ladies' Advance Club, and to equip her for that membership cost me a good deal. For I had to get for her seven pairs of coloured slippers (the seven colours were the rainbow colours), fashionable sarees and gold-rimmed goggles, and had to subscribe for many journals and pay donations.

With all my love of romance, I was a man of sound ideals at that time. I had taken the vow of swadeshi, had given up coffee, took cold baths at dawn, and had in me many other trifles that go to make perfection.

But now when I am thirty-five, I am completely under the control of the home government. I have no autonomy in any respect. My wife has had a progressive mastery over my soul. Because she wants coffee at intervals of three hours, she forces me to take coffee too. If I refuse, she resorts to *Satyagraha* (or rather *Duragraha*) and declares a hunger-strike. And I have to go on my knees before her—all in the hurry of the office hour—and promising abject obedience to all her injunctions request her to break her fast. She finds fault with my shopping and says that

women can manage a household better than men, with the result that I pay my salary into her hands exactly on the pay-day. She is now the Secretary of the Ladies' Advance Club and has to be at the Club before 5. P. M., i. e., before I return from office. She had the grace to beget a baby for me some years ago, and as a baby is a nuisance at the Club, she has engaged an evening nurse. A smile from the wife, a word of sweet welcome from her, even her mere presence at the doorway awaiting her lord, is a great consolation to the husband returning from a day's hard work. But Sujata—she calls herself Sujata Devi now—leaves home before I come and returns home after I return from my evening stroll, now solitary and wifeless. She has made me take to European dress and crop my hair and shorten my name, because she now wants me to be up-to-date. (How quickly does the world change! There were days when I taught her fashion. But now she teaches me!) And at night she compels me to play bridge with her. I have always detested playing cards. But she has now learnt it in her Club, and to gain practice she has made me go against my principles.

In many and many a way am I pecked by the hen. If I dare to cross her ever so little she forgets all her Club-prestige and becomes the wily Eve, shedding profuse tears, resorting to dark corners, weeping loud enough to bring the neighbours running to me. And immediately I yield. I do not say my wife is a shrew. She has really earned a name in the Club, and my friends compliment me on having such a brilliant wife and on my chivalry. (Alas! they little know that chivalry in many cases is mere passion of the honeymoon day or mere subjection of the subsequent ages.) There are moments when she is really pretty. But she is a queen and lords over me thoroughly. And my manhood rebels—silently though—against this womanly tyranny. What does it matter to me that my wife is famous at the Club, writes to the journals, is well-known in the city, if she does not make me happy?

And in solitary hours of self-introspection my thoughts run like this: "If only I had kept on the name of Kutti, if only I had continued to address her by *Heys* and *Adies*, if only I had made her eat in my leaf, perhaps she would have been an ideal wife. But my chivalry overran my discretion. In trying to develop the woman in her I killed the wife in her."

In the Nature of a Tragedy.

By Vas.



R. RAMAMURTI was at loggerheads with his widowed mother. At last, he found that even she could make him extremely vexed in life; and yet she had no valid reason to do so, because she was not at all in the right, when she, in her weeping rage, charged him with having become a victim to the poisonous effects of 'curtain' lectures. He could bear all her scoldings, either of him or of his wife, individually; but to accuse them both of conspiring purposely to bring her into unhappiness, into tears, and into a life of sleeplessness and foodlessness, was beyond bearing point indeed. So he scolded her in return; and, on his part, charged her with wanton attacks on his young and innocent wife. From that morning the mother and son bore cross-faces.

In order to give a turn to his feelings, the doctor went out to have a walk; and, when on his return home, his wife opened the door for him, she was shivering.

"Why, what is the matter? Did the old hag tell you anything?" he queried.

"No—nothing. On the contrary, she has been stiffeningly mute, since you went out. But here is a telegram which came while you were out." Saying this, she handed it to him with a timid mind and a shaking hand.

"But why are you trembling like that?"

"No, I am not trembling—am I?" she said. "I am only anxious to know what the wire is about—you know my brother is dangerously ill in my father's house. I fear the worst news might be in it, to synchronise with my unhappiness here and now"—here she could not repress some tears.

Still, the doctor carelessly and leisurely passed into another room to undress; but his eager wife followed him, and cried, "Why don't you read the wire?"—and then, he had hardly run through the whole of the news in it, before she broke in again: "What is it? Please do tell me at once—anything sorrowful?"

"No, no; nothing sorrowful," he replied. "On the other hand, something happy. I am under orders of transfer from this wretched place. After all, I have realised my wish."

"To where are you transferred?"

"No matter where, so it is away from this place. But it is the very end of (our division of) the country. See how official eccentricities work! When they direct a transfer of a Government servant, they don't mince in the matter of distance. In this case they couldn't possibly think of a longer distance for me to go to, and so were content with this."

"But orders are orders, and have to be obeyed," said his wife.

"Surely so."

"And when are you to take charge there?" she asked.

"I am expected to do it forthwith—but I cannot obey to the letter. I shall go from here in about two days."

Dr Ramamurti felt now that he should make peace with his mother. He went to her, and making his obeisance, he asked, pardon of her, and then he explained the matter of his transfer. "In two days we have all to move away," he concluded.

To this proposal, however, his wife was not agreeable. For more than one reason, she desired greatly to go to her father's place, and she found this an opportunity to do so. It was already a long time since she saw her parents, and the latter were often writing to her to go to them with her baby, whom they were longing to see. Further, she would otherwise be going away to a distant place, to stay how long, nobody knew. Her brother, too, was very ill, and lastly, her mother-in-law here showed her sour faces.

So it was arranged that Dr. Ramamurti should go to his new place of life with his mother, while his wife and baby were to go to her father's place to live there for a short time. To this effect she and her husband wrote to her father and requested him to send another brother of hers to take her there. But their letters became of no use, as next day that brother himself came to take her and her child to his house for a festive occasion. So that day itself she went away. The next day, her husband also left that place with his mother.

His mother was a superstitious woman; and right from the day that they reached the new place, she saw, in all that happened, signs which she felt to augur unhappy incidents in the family.

"As we entered the house," she said to her son some days later, when her fears had grown enormously, "the first sensations I had were extremely bad ones—the smell of burnt hair and a weeping noise, proceeding from the next house, I think. And I saw that the first time you went out from this house on business, a cat crossed your way. I have since noted many similar instances, and I am afraid of what may happen to us. I do not at all like this place."

"But, mother, we can neither make nor unmake the future--nor can cats and dogs. You are having too much of this superstition, mother; and too much of anything is said to be good for nothing. Further, I do not share your doubts and fears."

Modern science had decomposed his blood and removed from it the element of superstition. That was how he himself felt. "It is all a baseless belief, causing you unnecessary worry," he said to his mother. "What will come, will come; what will not, will not. The world cannot be what it is, if we are possessed of the power to foretell all coming events."

Yet, with all this logic his mother retained her old ground, which she said was made up of thought and experience.

It was nearly a month since he had come to this place, and he had received but one letter from his wife and one from his father-in-law, in reply to the five he sent to the former and three to the latter. "Out of sight, out of mind," he reasoned. But the real reason of their seeming neglect came to light three days later, when he received a letter from his wife stating that her sick brother breathed his last, after giving his parents and other near relations many anxious days and wakeful nights. She had also asked him to go there in order to take her to his place. But here, his mother was also extremely unwell and needed his constant presence; and somehow or other, her illness developed, rapidly and seriously, and she expired in a week after she first became unwell. So he telegraphed to his wife informing her of this sad news. She decided to leave her father's place at once, and her father fortunately found that a friend of Dr. Ramamurti was also going with his family to Dr. Ramamurti's place. With them it was arranged that Mrs. Ramamurti was to go. An additional piece of luck was that the Captain of the ship in which they were to go was a very intimate friend of this gentleman, the friend of Dr. Ramamurti.

It was a voyage of three days that they had to undertake, and in spite of the fact that she had a friend to travel with in the wife of her husband's friend, Mrs. Ramamurti was completely out of the ordinary, feeling very despondent, weak and tired. At last, now she had a vague, but persisting regret at the thought of the loss of her mother-in-law. For, she said to herself: "After all, human life is very short, and yet human beings are very cross and sour with one another. Instead of utilising this our short existence in the best way by being good, kind and forgiving and behaving properly, we run into rage and tear at one another like beasts, as if one of us, at the expense or loss of another, can get or retain always that vague thing called happiness. It is all a

mirage that humanity sees in this happiness. Be good to ever so small a thing, and you will never regret it, and be bad and provoking, you will surely have reason to regret it some day. I really wish that I had made peace with my mother-in-law. Too late, too late!"

Such were the thoughts which often crossed her mind on the first day of the voyage. In her son, however, she had great solace. In fact, he was the soul of the whole body of passengers. He was a brilliant child of two years of age, with a sparkling activity and an intelligent set of movements. In the boat in which they travelled, he became the favourite and constant companion of the Captain. Though out of decorum as well as dejection Mrs. Ramamurti did not always venture out, her son always did on account of his activities.

Dr. Ramamurti's friend and his other friends, including the Captain, used to meet and converse morning, noon and evening on the little open space of the ship; whereat the son of Dr. Ramamurti used also to be present, because he would stray away in search of play and would be taken hold of by the Captain.

It was on the third morning of the voyage (and the last) that this little company met, for the last time as the Captain said, "for this night we have all to land, and I regret that I will not be able to meet you again as in this joyous company, as I will have to get very busy this noon and evening on account of the approaching close of our pleasant voyage". Dr. Ramamurti's young child was also in the company, having strayed into it, seeking play, and the Captain looked at him with great pleasure, but mixed with some sadness, for the kind-hearted Captain found it hard to part with the young hero of his heart. He decided to devote the rest of the morning to the young fellow, and they indulged in all sorts of fun and frolic. All of a sudden, while the boy was running after the Captain in a mock chase, he slipped on a banana skin at the end of the ship and fell into the water. Hearing the splash, the Captain turned and noticed the boy drowning. Down he sprang, yelling an intimation to the rest of the company, a little apart. It was all the work of a moment, and the friends and the other passengers were there immediately, eagerly looking out for the Captain coming out with the boy. The ship which was going at a very fairly great speed was at once stopped.

Great dismay prevailed, and when after nearly quarter of an hour no trace of the Captain came out of the water, the people there began to get more dismayed. The friend of Dr. Ramamurti prepared to dive in his turn, but his wife intercepted and said:

wild animals, such as elephants, lions and tigers which roamed about from one end to the other in unrestricted freedom and wild fury, placed my life in imminent danger at every moment and even shook, at times, my resolution to go ahead.

After a series of thrilling adventures and hairbreadth escapes, I clambered on all fours up the precipitous crags one over the other and suddenly came upon an extensive meadow. Presently my eyes grew dim; my head reeled; and in a moment I felt a hissing and whistling sound piercing through my ears; and I lay prostrate on the turf, lost in utter oblivion * * * * *

How long I remained in that condition I had no means to ascertain. But when I regained consciousness, and slowly opened my languid eyes, what was my wonder to find myself in the loving arms of an angelic sage who was fanning me and stooping over me with evident satisfaction!

I looked ahead. The glassy waters of the Manasa Lake reflecting among its gentle ripples the variegated hues of the evening sky, lay before me in one unbroken sheet as far as the eye could reach. Countless swans, some purely white and others of golden colour, were seen sailing to and fro, sometimes sinking down and swimming under water like tiny Torpedo boats, and often dipping their long and handsome necks and heads in it as though pecking at something there.

Sages with faces beaming with spiritual lustre who wore from neck to foot fine and mysterious saffron robes, and who had their plated hair tied in knots kept erect just on their heads were seen advancing in batches for their evening ablutions and prayers. Their golden colour and sanctified look almost made me involuntarily start from my position and prostrate myself at their feet even from that distance; while the marked reverence with which one and all of them greeted the sage standing by me, made me infer that he was either their leader or spiritual guru.

I rose up from where I was lying down; and touching the holy feet of my saviour, kissed them and stood reverently before him with both my hands folded. He spoke not a word; but smiled at me, and taking me by my arm, led me on to a small hermitage close by, and signed to me to sit down on the floor. I obeyed as if in a dream; for, I must confess, I was all the while shivering with the benumbing cold radiating from the biting snow of the advancing dusk.

The sage took from a corner of the hermitage an ointment from a small vessel—of what material it was made I could not even guess, it looked so unique—and himself smeared it all over

my fatigued, aching limbs. The touch of his holy hand produced a magical effect on me; for I felt that a current of welcome warmth was coursing through the blood vessels of my body. I then gulped in a beverage which he kindly offered me, and soon found myself overpowered by a feeling akin to drowsiness. I dare say I was not asleep, for I could dimly see several sages gliding in, and could vaguely hear the chanting of the Vedic hymns at the evening prayers at a distance. I must have been in a state when one could see and hear, but could not definitely grasp what was seen and heard.

I longed to rise and to participate in the prayers, but my limbs seemed paralysed. I made an effort to shake myself free from the torpor which had overwhelmed me but in vain; and I remained in the same state for some time more and could not remember how or when I got immersed in undisturbed dreamless sleep.

Ah! that sleep, which led me on unawares to a temporary, though pleasant, oblivion, which invigorated and refreshed me and made me a new being the next morning,—the sleep which, effacing all distinctions of castes and creeds receives like a kind mother in her all-embracing fond lap man, beast, bird, and all the higher and the lower creations of nature, it is impossible for me to forget even at this distant date.

I rose up early next morning much refreshed; and casting my eyes towards the east, remained lost in the pleasing contemplation of the bewitching scenery which lay before me in such confused harmony, and prolific variety. The numerous Himalayan peaks rising slantingly one above the other and decked by the golden rays of the early sun looked like a flight of illumined steps leading up to the heavenly regions. Batches of white clouds resembling a thousand fleets of manoeuvring aeroplanes were flying up and sweeping down, whirling round and encircling the broad breasts of the giant rocks. They assumed weird shapes and forms, and then vanished into the empty space with baffling rapidity. The clefts which occasionally became clear among the mass of moving clouds looked like the mysterious gateways opening towards the starry garden of the ethereal blue. Myriads of snow flakes dropping in intermittent stream sparkled like the long pearl necklace round the blue neck of the Queen of the Mountain Nymphs, while the rippling waters of engirdling rills glittering with the golden effulgence of the morning sun twinkled like the embellished *Uddyan* worn round her woody waist. Leafy branches of trees tossed up and down by the soft wind rising from below, danced to the whistling tunes, issuing from the hollows of the long clusters of

"For Heaven's sake don't. I won't allow you. In all probability two lives have been lost, and I will not let a third—and that my husband's—to be lost too"—and he was prevented from the attempt.

By this time Mrs. Ramamurti who heard the news fell into a swoon, and was attended to by about half-a-dozen ladies.

One of the crew, a plucky and experienced seaman, immediately plunged into the water and, after an exhausting but persistent search, he came out with a broken arm with a wrist watch on it. This was identified as the Captain's, but absolutely no trace could be got of the young and brilliant child. He had reached the residence of the Mermaids.

It was midnight when this tragic voyage was completed, and it was only just before they landed that Mrs. Ramamurti began to show signs of life. But the blow to her was too terrific to be borne with any amount of courage, and notwithstanding her husband's greatest care and the assistance of medical men and nurses, she collapsed in three days of her arrival.

* * * *

Here Ramamurti awoke suddenly from his bed. It was 7 A.M. He had slept far into the day, because he was studying for his Medical degree examination till midnight, and after that he was reading the newspaper.

"What a horrid dream—in the nature of a tragedy—" he mused—"Oh, I see! I was deeply moved by the sad and tragic Triple Tragedy which happened to a Mr. Todd, as published in the paper yesterday—that caused my dream."

Rambles Among the Himalayan Peaks.

By P. G. Krishna Aiyar, B. A., L. T.



MOUNTAIN-climbing had always a fascination for me. The wonderful experiences of those who had attempted it before often haunted me, and seemed to beckon to me to venture an expedition to the unexplored regions of the higher crowns of the Himalayas. I read several books on the subject with considerable eagerness and gathered much useful information for the purpose from a variety of sources. The latest book on *Himalayan Expedition* which I had ordered was placed in my hands, just after my noon meal. I opened it at once, and soon became absorbed in reading its delightful pages at one stretch.

The elaborate preparations one has to make before starting on such an hazardous expedition baffled me and even dissuaded me, for a time, from cherishing the idea. But the firm resolve, and the self-denying spirit of the earlier pioneers goaded me on and irresistibly allured my mind hour after hour; and I finally decided to start on the adventure without further cogitation.

My preparations for climbing up the snow-clad mountain were severely modest and simple. A few clothes, a light blanket, two or three small utensils, a pen-knife, a walking stick pointed at one end, a few religious books, and a pocket book and pencil, were all that my humble knapsack held for my projected expedition.

I had for some time past cast away the kinds of food I used to relish before; and had been practising a rigorous course of austerity for the purpose. And I had become almost inured to living upon fruits, roots and water.

With these preparations and equipment, I started one fine morning on my venture undeterred by prospective obstacles, and undaunted by the terrible presentiments of those who were dear and near to me.

The ascent began in short stages for the first few days, but getting accustomed to it more and more, I continued to climb up with comparative ease, through narrow gorges, trackless forests, thorny shrubs and pointed debris. Nights were really very fearful; for the darkness around seemed in some places so dense that I thought I could often roll it up in huge piles. And the

bamboos afar; and the sweet fragrance wafted on the gentle wings of the infant breeze mingling with the odorous incense burnt at the sacred fire and at the altars arrested the mind and carried it away for a moment into the regions of supreme bliss.

Suddenly the conch was blown and bells rang, and I saw the sages living around, hastening for the common prayer under the hoary *peepul* tree, close by. I stood blank for a moment, when my saviour and master beckoned to me to follow him. I did so and soon found myself in the assembly of the holy men who had begun chanting Vedic hymns and prayers, I stood listening and then prayed for long in that company with my mind purged of all ignoble thoughts, and filled with higher and nobler devotion and piety.

The common prayer having come to an end in about half an hour, each one departed, and I too followed my saviour with whom I continued to live and under whose guidance I began to practise Yoga and penance, for I felt as though by intuition that he was my chosen *Guru*. Day by day my training grew from stage to stage until at last I found that I could control my senses, regulate my breath, and utterly lose myself in profound contemplation for hours and days together with little or no effort whatsoever. I felt that mine had become transformed into a new soul. The comparatively short time within which higher spiritual evolution became possible in my case astonished even my master who had already been struck with the innate powers and the pronounced bent of my mind. Suffice it to say that I soon became the best among his disciples, leading a life of unruffled peace and piety.

A few months elapsed; and the day dawned for the great dance of Siva on Mount Kailas. The entire region was astir with early preparations to be present in time at the function, which usually began in the evening with lighting time. The description I had heard of it had whetted my expectant curiosity beyond measure; and when my master consented to take me also with him my joy knew no bounds.

We started, as we thought, sufficiently early to reach the distant Mount before dusk; but had to hurry on and on across the weary mountains, valleys, and rivers before we could come within sight of our destination. The sun was then sinking in the west, and the great Mount 'Kailas' which, a few moments ago, looked as though bathed in molten silver, shone like the Mount 'Mahameru,' a golden 'crown of glory'. Myriads of starry lights shedding the rainbow colours were glowing on all sides, and I could see even from that distance the perfect arrangements made for the function.

At last we reached close to the great "Thandava" Amphitheatre and were surprised to see that it had become full to over-flowing with the celestial spectators and that thousands upon thousands were standing in rows (one behind the other) even on the outskirts, where with considerable difficulty we managed to secure an elevated corner.

The great *Bheri* was sounded, followed by a flourish of the conches. The gentle murmur which pervaded the thin air at once died away in solemn silence. A halo of dazzling resplendence, indicating the slow approach of Lord Siva to the superbly decorated and raised hall in the centre, became visible at some distance. The whole assembly involuntarily stood up as one man, and pressed on in one surging mass to catch the first glimpse of the Celestial Dancer. Presently rushed forth with his legions of *Bhoothaganas* the great Nandhi, cane in hand, to clear the way. The crowd veered round, each row pressing back the one behind it with irresistible force.

Wholly unconcerned with what was happening around, I had raised myself on the tips of my toes and fixed my eager eyes in the direction from which the celestial lustre was streaming. The blinding effulgence presently grew in intensity and seemed as though a thousand suns had begun to blaze and swirl simultaneously in the stellar sphere. I strained my aching eyes and tried to gaze on, but felt the task impossible. In utter despair I closed my eyes and raised my folded palms to my head in silent prayer for strength to see the master Dancer. A thundering applause announcing the appearance of the Almighty on the illuminated *Mantap* rent the air. My heart leaped in exultant joy, and with one supreme effort I opened my eyes wide. Alas! the pleasing vision had vanished!!! The book I was reading lay open on my heaving breast. And I found myself drowsily lounging on my good old easy chair again.

A Village Romance.

By R. Kuppabhattan, B. A. (Hons.)

IN Tennur, as in all little towns, little "affairs of the heart" are magnified by the townsfolk into big epics fitted out with a heroine and a hero whom Valmiki or Homer might have envied and a villain sufficiently blackened to lose his real identity. The one that was now on the anvil and was being adorned with episodes and sundry embellishments was concerned with two apparently unconnected events, the disappearance of a virtuous servant-maid and the resignation of a postman. At first the incidents escaped the vigilant eyes of the scandal-loving townsmen, for even in such small towns a postman is not such a high dignitary as his resignation should loosen the tongues of idle newsmongers, and servant-maids leaving service, without so much as giving notice, is not an uncommon occurrence. But the readers would not want epics; they would have the bare facts. Here they are.

In order to trace the history of this romance to the roots, let us refer our memory back to a summer day some three months prior to the disappearance of the two individuals. In the pelting white heat of the midday sun everything in Tennur seemed to have gone to sleep. But there was the postman with his screeching slippers—the solitary figure on the deserted road—making his daily rounds. But for the bundle of letters held under his arm, one would have hesitated to label him a postman, for there was much dignity about his carriage and the demeaning Khaki—the livery of the post office—was conspicuous by its absence. Venu entered Ramaswami Pillai's house and finding the door closed, knocked on it impatiently. After a spell of silence, he heard the approach of footsteps and a modest 'who' greeted his strained ears. The door was unbarred and an angelic form, richly endowed with all feminine graces, with an alluring modesty of mien, presented itself. For a few seconds his eyes were glued to her slightly averted face, and then impressed with the awkwardness of the situation, handed the letters to her. The apparition vanished out of sight. Venu with beads of perspiration on his face, and his lips half-opened, stood dazed and rooted to the spot till the bolt went home and the music of her jingling ornaments died away. Then he turned away with leaden footsteps "sighing like a furnace".

Surely, the gold-tipped arrows of Cupid were more overpowering than the fiery shafts of Apollo! After going a few paces, Venu

turned back. In his confusion he had not delivered all the letters at Ramaswami Pillai's house. It made his heart light with joy at the prospect of seeing the beauty. But lo! it was the haggard form of the servant Minian with his patriarchal beard that greeted his eyes.

From that day forwards the postman began to nourish a strange partiality for the street in which Ramaswami Pillai resided. It seemed to him to be more convenient to return along that street after delivering the letters, though it meant an extra half a mile in the burning sun. For the sight of Padmavati was to him *Manna* dropped from the heavens in the desert of his weary beat. From the garrulous Minian he learnt how Padmavati got stranded in the household—an orphan girl widowed shortly after her marriage—and how beginning life as a servant girl merged, as it were, into the family by her ingratiating manners and uprightness of conduct. Minian, whose rigid ideas of the discipline of the underworld of servants never approved the special treatment accorded to her, grumbled that the good old days of dutiful servants and stern masters were over. But even he could not stint his praise of the "naughty hussy," as he loved to call her, for her refined manners and close attachment to the family.

Days passed, and on the bright countenance of Venu, sparkling ere now with the vigour of youth and happiness, lines wrought by worry began to appear. At length the long expected opportunity came. His dear Padma whom he was adoring in his imagination met him on the threshold to receive the letters. But the sight of her drove away all his resolution formed through long days of patient waiting, as bright sunshine scatters away snow. After a minute of awkward silence he reached for his breast pocket, and took out a letter that had lain there for a number of days.

It was a momentous day for Padma. It was the first letter in her life. The event caused a flutter within her. Wondering who in the wide friendless world could have written to her, she looked for the postmark. Strange to say there was none. Curiosity raised to the highest pitch, she tore it open, and scarcely had she begun reading when she was stunned with astonishment. Blood rushed to her face in a tumultuous gush, and she was transported into that state in which the two opposites, pain and joy, appear like twin sisters devoted to each other. Could she believe her eyes? The postman was making love to her! He was telling her that happiness was almost foreign to his life, having had to cast his lot with the half-mad woman who had brought him into this miserable world. Till then he had found solace in his ministrations to his imbecile mother done more with an over-flowing love for her than from a sense of duty. But now he sorely needed one

who could love him dearly. He besought her to be the lamp of his home radiating light and warmth all around. How could she spurn his appeal?

From that moment she began to see him with a woman's eye. He was an eligible young man with a graceful form and noble manners. But she was not yet conscious of the effect of his pathetic appeal. But inwardly the revelation of his love struck a reciprocal chord in her heart, and some inscrutable force beyond the regions of conscious working led her to the front door every day as the postman was passing along the street. But she would not call it love.

She was not long in this state of self-deception. Venu had asked for a reply. Instead, he had been getting daily glimpses of her which was too poor a consolation for his hungry heart. One day finding the occasion favourable he made bold to speak to her. She half-suppressed a rebellious smile and stood bashfully, her eyes fixed to her toes. But her silence was more vocal than speech. He looked at her little black eyes and found a new world with the promise of love, happiness and prosperity. Things all around him seemed to recede farther and farther, and the whole world vanished from his view. He was transported into those dizzy heights of isolation, where in the ecstasy of joy man catches a glimpse of the Eternal Joy, momentary as the lightning in the rumbling sky. In the height of this happy vision, his hot passion-strung arms clasped her to his bosom. She remained for a moment in his close embrace, hypnotised by his eyes now gleaming with a strange powerful light. Love tuned the two souls to unison and in that moment of supreme forgetfulness they lost the bearings of their surroundings. In another moment the spell was over. The joy of the previous moment left a sting behind. True to her feminine nature, an extreme feeling of revulsion came upon her. She wriggled out of his clasp and shot out of his way like a frightened deer. The head of Minian popped up from the interior, and put end to the drama at the doorway.

So the mad romance at that unromantic hour of the noon had not been without a spectator. The huddled form of Minian flung in the corner near the granary had seen the whole of it. Passion was far from Minian's heart now. He had turned extremely devotional and could at any moment reel off pages of Villiputhurar's *Bharatam*. But he had had an escapade in the army which ended in the faithlessness of the woman he adored. That chapter of misery and unhappiness was crowned with the loss of the little boy the adulterous woman had left with him. He had watched the exhibition of love with little interest and prayed

that the young man might not come to grief like himself. So contrary to this nature he kept his lips sealed.

Rangan, the son of Ramaswami Pillai, was home for the holidays. He was fond of riding. One day while riding a high-mettled horse he had a fall which fractured one of his limbs. He was in a delirious fever for some days. One day, lying stretched on his bed in the upper floor, he bawled out for a cup of coffee. All the servants were engaged and there was some delay. Wearily he closed his eyes. Strange are the whims of fancy. In an instant a vision floated before his mind's eyes. He dreamt he was in Paris studying medicine, and that the landlady's daughter was making love to him over his morning cup of coffee. The wall of imagination on which this picture was being painted suddenly rent asunder as a gentle sound awakened him. There was an angel in a fine-coloured saree with a cup of coffee, cooing bashfully. Was he dreaming? No. It was only Padma who looked doubly beautiful after his dream. Captivated by her charms he regarded her fixedly over the edge of his cup. Unable to meet his scorching, lustful gaze she averted her face and covered her mouth with the hem of her saree, while her other hand went about needlessly adjusting her saree. When she vanished out of sight, he tried to capture in his imagination her full form, tender and supple as a lotus-stalk and her act of feminine modesty.

One evening Padma was in the back-garden gathering flowers, and contrary to custom Rangan's sister was not there. The time was most propitious to Rangan to carry out his plans. He stole into the garden and was soon by the side of her. So abandoned was she to the pleasure of plucking the flowers that she did not notice Rangan while the latter was drinking in her beauty with rapturous delight. In a sudden caprice he pounced behind her and held her face in his hands. Startled to find that it was no prank of Rangan's sister, she screamed outright. Rangan let her go and attempted to pacify her. But Padma's body tingled with shame and her mouth was choked with indignation. She hastily rushed inside. Rangan with great alacrity pounced forward and held her at bay. He took her in his arms and covered her lips with kisses. She struggled from his arms, and with dishevelled hair and disordered dress ran into the house as if for her very life.

This indiscretion of Rangan decided Padma's course of action. Next day Padma requested her mistress permission to stay a few days with one of her relatives. Though surprised by this unusual request, she readily gave her permission. But days grew into months and Padma did not return. The postal authorities had also sustained a loss. The trusted Venu had handed in a resignation some months since.

in the choice between peaceful co-operation and threatening sword the agents of peace in 1919 honoured the League of Nations at least as an apology for the universalising of the new concept of nationalism. It constituted into an organ of reference which would ordinarily be capable of transcending the fiat of a given individual State. It is a mechanism that enabled the nations to cultivate the habits of international co-operation and to pool their experience to cut a common solution. Without ceasing to be Englishmen or Americans, they have now learned to adapt their concept of Nationalism to fit into a richer perspective of Internationalism extending with cheerfulness over the whole world.

When the modern political reformers realise the unifying process of getting a liberal vision of the universe quite different at every point from that which they saw in a system of isolated and independent communities, they would throw over-board the old mercantile theory of "balance of power" and substitute in its place the doctrine of the "agents of peace and amity". Americans would not decide single-handed that Philippines are unfit for Self-Government, and so would India be permitted to appeal beyond the decision of the English Parliament to the general will of the nations represented in the League system. There is no good allowing the fancy of one nation to make war upon another as faithful descendants of the system of trial by battle. These international disputes should be ranked as questions referable to, and must be decided by, an international tribunal.

The root of patriotism is expressed in the determination to preserve national independence amidst other political entities, like the stars in heaven supporting themselves, by the mutual forces and attractions of each other. Here the right to manage one's own affairs does not include the claim to manage the affairs of other nations. Unless the big Nation States determine to co-operate, instead of to compete, the small States will cease to possess effective independence. Even the brief, yet feverish, interval since the Peace of Versailles has shown that the newly organised States of Europe are forced to be reduced into satellites of the bigger Powers, in their hasty search for methods and paths of survival. If this beastly process develops unchecked, armaments and alliances and the structure of economic weapons of warfare, would in seeking national safety, destroy the finer fabric of culture and civilization. The spiritual life of Europe belongs not to Caesar or Napoleon but to Christ. The civilization of India has been more influenced by the example of the Buddha and Ram Das than by the inroads of Chengis Khan or the spies of

Akbar. It is the truth that the nations have now to learn if they wish to survive.

The aspirations of Indian Nationalism fall into a nobler channel worthy of encouragement with a view to increasing the sum total of inter national peace and amity. The future peace of the Empire largely depends upon how far the instinct of affection for British nationality would refuse to combine with the instinctive hatred for the non-Whites of India. India as a nation whose title to rank amongst the great Powers of the world was formally recognised when she subscribed her name as one of the signatories to the Treaty of Versailles, and as an original member of the League of Nations. The wider outlook and international prestige so gained, perhaps kindled a new spirit of patriotism which shifted its angular vision to a higher level. The British Raj in India is still an enlightened monarchy. Its political springs are divine and intact, and its pomp and paraphernalia are not less blooming. A new Constitution is being hatched with great structural alterations by which Indian element is offered effective room for rapid expansion. Higher public services are steadily Indianized, and Indians are further drawn to responsible and efficient participation in the political affairs of the people. India's industrial development has also been substantially great to her to play the role of a leading economic power in the tropics. The cry for popular and vernacular education has awakened even rural lethargy superseding in several urban units the old rage for Western forms of University laurels. National consciousness of the need to establish a closer and organic affinity between the education of the youth and the social and economic fabric of the race, has become widespread. The remarkable experiments conducted by Sir Rabindranath Tagore Bolpur and that of the Gurukula University at Kangri run by Prof. Rama Deva and other national institutions seek to revive the spirit of intellectual and physical training of the ancient Hindu age. Side by side with this regeneration and renaissance of ancient culture. Western Science had found plenty of ardent disciples in Sir J. C. Bose and Prof. C. V. Raman in the most advanced form of research and in the application of scientific knowledge to practical purposes of material progress. These signs of progress towards a better understanding and closer association in varied aspects of public life, are invigorated by the impact of modern ideas of democratic self-government and national ambition. A new ideal of Indian Nationhood, impatient of foreign domination in the autocratic form to which the British Maharaj has great resemblance, has been further inspired by the study of British political evolution and its marvellous successes in her own fruitful soil. Indian

Freaks of Freedom

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



THE idea of Nationalism always implied that the sovereign right of governing a determined political entity involved a symbol of prestige and power. But the rights of various Nation States do not merely consist in protecting their own interests at the expense of those of other nations. The exercise of one's own dominant attitude is a narrow politics of power that denies all ideas of rights in the relations between the different sister States of the whole world. It is a truism that the denial of rights abroad between the various parts of humanity reflect the entire absence of such rights at home. The concept of Nationalism as interpreted by European thinkers, like Mazzini and Bismarck, exercised a great influence in the development of the political consciousness of Europe during the nineteenth century. But their idea of 'reconstruction' of the European State system into a certain number of homogenous national states, identical in extent, population and culture, is less acceptable as a solution for the problem of the twentieth century. The so-called pacts of humanity electrifying the thoughts and feelings of citizens can develop even in outer-European circles on either side of the Pacific. Pure tradition of Mazzinism endeavoured to exterminate the rival populations in order to establish their own personal claims to carry out the mission of God, while the Bismarckian conception of an artificial uniformity created by blood and iron depended upon the assumption that the members of the superior or dominant nationality should desire to impose their own type on the rest. Similarly, the modern English imperialists tried for some time to apply the idea of national homogeneity to the political fabric of the British Empire. But the idealists among them soon realised that a homogeneity of the Whites, brought up in the atmosphere of hard industrialism and commercialism, did not yet exist in other remote parts of the Empire; still they persuaded themselves into the belief that it would come by the effective and peaceful advertisement of Anglican culture. But this imperial egoism had no psychological foundation. It was rather based upon the consciousness of national variation than upon national homogeneity. The Hindu in India is isolated from the world outside the British Empire by almost an unbridgeable moral chasm. The study of the world politics of the nineteenth century was built upon the doctrine that the racial variations were in the long run not easily obliterated

by education and would tend towards divergence rather than assimilation.

The practical problem of race relationship presents to-day a quite different aspect of special politics. The international science of Eugenics would perhaps indicate that the various races of the European and non-European spheres, should aim, not at exterminating each other, but should endeavour to encourage the inter-racial influences with a view to improving every part of the world. In this respect, during the last few years, the politicians of the West have shown signs of a new humility towards the remote parts of the East. A liberalised view of Nationalism measures the interest sought to be realised in terms common to all people, affected by the habit of living in close proximity. When the separateness of the spiritual entity of the different nations is recognised, we should not be oblivious of the fact of "togetherness" between the nations. As soon as what England does affects India, the area of intersecting activity must give rise to a solution jointly planned by England and India. English politicians vaguely sympathise with the ambition and desire of the Indian progressives for national deliverance and internal reform. Yet the limitations of English political practice may at times bring about intellectual tragedy. For two or three generations the ordinary English Liberal postponed any decision on Indian politics because he believed that England was educating the inhabitants of a vast agricultural country towards the realisation of Self-Government and that in ripe moment each villager would be honoured with a seat in the Indian Legislature. But now the enlightened Britisher is obstructed by serious forces and counteracting tendencies of inter-communal problems and differences which could not be easily overcome by Western methods of standardisation. But when once the problem concerning liberalization of the Indian Pact is defined, the unit of reference cannot be confined to two contending nations only. Logically argued, the foundation of an approach to the common problems of the Rational Good is decidedly inter-national and cosmopolitan. Anything to the contrary is absolutely profitless and undesirable. Therefore, the power that the nations may exert must be that born of activity with other nationalities and not indeed the power or force born of coercion over others. For every one knows that an order based upon compulsion can never permanently maintain itself or evoke the genuine desire to respectable obedience. That is the lesson of Ireland and India within the greater Pact of the British Commonwealth. Orders promulgated and relationships built must carry with them the palatable assent of the interests they wield and influence. There

nationalists have heard of the great patriotic movements of the West in the nineteenth century, more especially Italian Risorgimento, which heralded the national unification and freedom of Italy, or the revolt of the Levantine Greeks as the protagonists of classical culture against the barbarian west. Educated Indians have been moved by Mill on *Liberty* as well as the fervid orations of Burke, the works of Herbert Spencer, the poetry of Wordsworth and Milton. As nationalist agitators, they worshipped at the shrine of Garibaldi and Mazzini, Lenin and Mussolini. In these spiritual quests, the Benevolent Despots had sown the seeds, the soil had been fertile and the harvest is now not far off. In spite of the apparent obstacles peculiar to Indian social environment, the political advancement of the people would proceed on the same lines as those of other sister tribes that have gained self-governing Dominions. It is, therefore, just pride to predict that through carefully appointed stages and delegation of increasing powers and responsibilities, Indians would acquire the practice of Self-government, and India would ultimately qualify herself to take her rank among the autonomous communities in the "Commonwealth of Free Nations". In that magnificent edifice, the link that ropes up all the self-governing States would be a fundamental community of national ideals, which would reduce to absurdity the idea of war and defence. Parallel achievements in France and other Federal powers would modernize the relationship between the different national Governments, on the basis of mutual good-will and trustworthiness. As the desire and opportunity for active co-operation in the promotion of general culture for the common folk emerge, the patriotism of war turns backwards, and a genuine and unshakeable internationalism grows out of the freaks of freedom.

Among My Books

By R. Bangaruswami
Sir S. Radhakrishnan.



HE Madras University Act of Sir A. P. Patro was an ill-developed child of the Legislature. Some people predicted, even at the time of its birth, that it would be born a corpse. But it belied all expectations and came out alive, an amorphous, uncouth body with superfluous limbs. Certain parts of it, like the Council of Affiliated Colleges, were later on chopped off, and the function of the remaining ones were more clearly determined. Still one feels that everything is not alright with the Madras University. The Academic Council, with more of academic spirit for discussion and less of business instinct, carries on a large volume of talk in its meetings about the utility of which doubt is rightly entertained. Last year it discussed elaborately the merits of *Murugan the Tiller* as a text-book. This year very recently the discussion turned on *The Heart of Hindustan*, a collection of essays by Sir S. Radhakrishnan, contributed originally to well-known journals in India and in the West, and published by the 'distinguished publicist of South India' Mr. G. A. Natesan. Not only the matter of the book was criticised by some members as unsuitable for the B. A. students of the Madras University, but it was also a matter of surprise for one of the members how a book written by an Indian could be prescribed!

This has led me to make a study of the book in question and also its author. Sir Radhakrishnan is a product of the Madras University, one of its M. A's. He was for some time a professor in the Presidency College, Madras, where his erudition and geniality were admired and appreciated. But it was left to Calcutta to discover Sir Radhakrishnan's genius in all its amplitude. He joined the Calcutta University some years ago, and it may be that Sir Radhakrishnan's excellent brochure on Rabindranath's philosophy contributed its own quota to the early recognition of his great merits in Bengal. But the fire of genius was in him, and it only wanted an opportunity to light the world. His two volumes on *Hindu Philosophy*, the *Philosophy of the Upanishads*, the *Hindu View of Life*, and other works and articles gave him a world-wide reputation as one of the foremost thinkers and writers of the present day, while his European tour, his speeches and foundation-lectures confirmed and consolidated his taste to

fame. The Government now opened its eyes in full and saw and acted. A Knighthood was conferred upon him and the Andhra University made him its Vice-Chancellor.

What was it in Sir Radhakrishnan's speeches and writings that captivated the thinking minds of the West? It is not mere scholarship. There are pandits innumerable who are better versed than he in the metaphysical subtleties of the Hindu ethico-spiritual system. The charm of his universal popularity lies in the original method of philosophic exposition no less than in his easy command of the intricacies of the English language. He tries to construct a common platform for all faiths. And that is precisely what is expected of a philosophic thinker like him.

It is not sufficient if you have fine ideas, but they must be expressed in a language that is at once intelligible and graceful. And this gift of simple and charming expression Sir Radhakrishnan possesses to a remarkable degree. Encomiums have been paid by eminent critics of the West to his "trenchant style, full of the stab of arresting sentences," his perfect English, his style "vivid and arresting, made picturesque with apt illustrations and metaphor, and crystallising into epigrammatic phrases." But that which strikes me most in his style is the luxuriance of his well-chosen adjectives and alluring alliterations. *The Heart of Hindustan* exhibits all these characteristic traits.

The Heart of Hindustan is a book of unusual fascination. To the lover of letters it has much to offer by way of apt quotations, biblical and poetic. There is not in it the aridness of dry metaphysical reasoning, intersected by logical definitions and scientific terms calling 'halt' every now and then. You do not find anywhere hair-splitting distinctions or dull didactic details which loose all hold on the average mind. On the other hand, we get a few glimpses into the fundamentals of Hinduism, Christianity, Buddhism and Mohammedanism. Sir Radhakrishnan takes care to point out the common elements in these systems, and indicates the right spirit for all faiths in the future.

About Sir Radhakrishnan's contribution to philosophy, I hope to say something in a separate article. But suffice here to note that while his views may be looked at with alarm by the ultra-orthodox members of society who are opposed to all change, his views will find acceptance in the minds of those liberal Indians who look forward with great eagerness to the coming dawn of a new era when religion will, without being looked upon as an unwanted superfluity, be regarded as a matter of spirit and not of form, as a living necessity for the storm-tossed soul and not a blind formula to be mechanically practised.

The Bruges Conference



THE Second Conference in Bruges, Belgium, called together by the *Union Internationale pour le Pacte Roerich* for introducing into life the defence of artistic and scientific treasures terminated on August 9th. The Conference took place under great enthusiasm and was concluded with a series of projects for introducing the Roerich Pact in the whole world. Besides the already existing International Union of the Roerich Pact, the city of Bruges has placed at the Union's disposal a separate building for the inauguration of a Roerich Foundation for Peace, Art and Science. The eighteen splendid paintings of Prof. de Roerich, which were on exhibition during this Second Conference, dedicated to monuments of beauty of the world, will form the nucleus of the Roerich Foundation Museum. For this Museum many other valuable exhibits have been promised as donations.

Amongst the people, who participated close in the discussions and activities of the Conference have to be mentioned the President of the Union, C. Tulpinck, the representative of the City of Paris, Councillor Brunessaux, the Consul-General of France, the Hon. Leon Guernonprez, who had been officially delegated to represent the French Government, the Duke of Argyll, Mr. Murry—delegates of Great Britain, the well known Professor of International Law, Baron de Taube, the Delegation of the Roerich Institutions. The Conference was greeted in the name of His Majesty King Albert of Belgium and by a message from the Belgian Prime Minister. Amongst messages and greetings received, one cannot omit to mention the highly sympathetic message of Marshal Lyautey, of the President of the Court of International Justice in The Hague, and Honorary Protector of the Union Internationale pour le Pacte Roerich, Marquis M. Adatci, letters from Rabindranath Tagore, Sir Jagadis Bose, Prof. Sir C. V. Raman, from the Director of the School of Arts and Crafts in Lucknow, A. K. Haldar, the Maha Bodhi Society, Maurice Maeterlinck, Senator Copeland of New-York, and numerous Women's Leagues and scientific organizations of America, as well as from other representatives of the world of culture. Having taken a series of practical measures for the near future, the Conference closed its session with the firm conviction that the noble Roerich movement has been firmly established and will find world adoption.

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My Baby.

St. Immaculate.

1

Tell me, my baby ! what secret is thine,
That brings the proud worldings so quick to thy snare
To stand at thy feet in soft worshipful air,
And dance to the tunes of thy fancies so fine !

2

While helpless adoring in fear and surprise
And listing thee charmed by thy nothingness sole,
We hear the soft whispers of viewless pure soul
That shoots out its rays through thy supple wee guise !

3

The swan and the serpent aye dance to thy glee,
The wolves and the witches do nurse thee alike ;
The good and the evil to thee are alike,
And trammels of earth are all far off from thee.

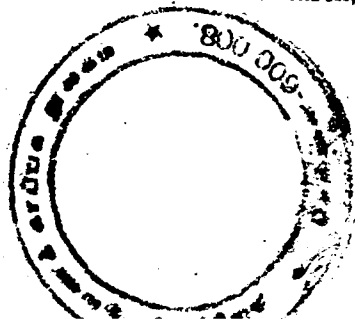
4

The savants in dusty rolls see not thy craft,
Nor sages in silence illumined and free,
The secret His mercy has breathed into thee
To float down life cruel thy shining wee raft.

5

Is Purity all then the soul of thy charms
That blossoms oft into thy luminous smiles
Of absolute love, e'er wayward beguiles
The heaven and earth, and their fury disarms ?

P. M. Hari.



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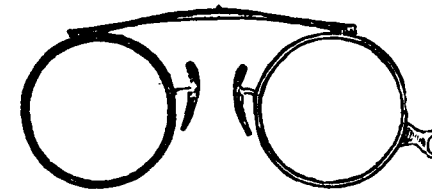
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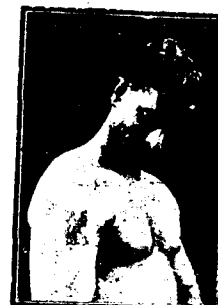
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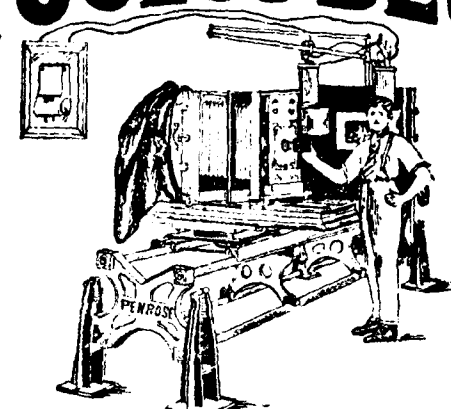
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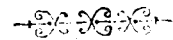
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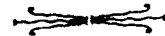
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PUBLICATION IN OCTOBER

With September The Scholar completes the seventh year of its existence and, in accordance with our practice in previous years, the first number of the new volume will be an extraordinary number.

It will contain a larger number of features than usual, and besides numerous pictures, views, stories, dramas, poems and contributions in lighter vein, it will also have a number of competitions carrying prizes.

The 1932 Annual will thus be a star number and provide a favourable and suitable opportunity for advertisers, who, it is hoped, will patronise it in large numbers.

A single copy will cost annas twelve, but those who register their names in advance will get a concession of annas two a copy. This concession, originally intended only till October 1st, will now be extended till October 15. As usual, subscribers will get their Annual Copy free as also new subscribers who begin their period from the Annual, i.e., from October 1932.

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