

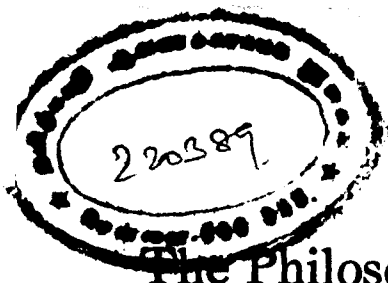
There is sufficient evidence to show that Thirumala Naik of Madura, who lived in the early decades of the 17th century A. D., paid a visit to this temple (nearly 300 years ago), and constructed at considerable cost the delightful flight of steps down the *Somatheertha*, and presented to the temple gems of value.

The most striking feature of this shrine is in regard to the idol which, unlike in many other temples (where the idols are carved out of black granite stone or wood) is made out of sharp pebbles and gravels (*Katusarkara*), powdered, and mixed in due proportion and tempered by a peculiar process. (The popular belief that it is made of mustard seeds and candied sugar *Katakusarkarai* is erroneous.) The idol itself, seated on the high pedestal in the sanctum, is one of the largest ever met with, measuring nearly 9 feet from top to bottom.

Of the festivals connected with the temple, the *Ashata Swathi* celebrations are, perhaps, the most sacred, for, it was on that day that God appeared before King Kulasekara (Alwar), and took him bodily to the heavens. It is, indeed, a strange coincidence that the late Maharaja of Travancore, Sree Mulam Thirunal of blessed memory, who would never in his life-time forego his annual pilgrimage to the temple, and who was responsible in a large measure for its proper maintenance in recent years, passed away on the night of the *Ashata Swathi* day. Next in order of sacredness and importance is the *Vaikunta Eka-desi* day, about which mention has already been made.

But the most pleasant and enjoyable of the festivals is the one which begins on the *Mrigasirsha* star day in the month of *Mesha*, and which lasts for ten consecutive days. The *Utsava* (festivity) is agreeably enlivened by sumptuous feasts, musical performances, and illuminations and by grand processions on *Vahanams*. The interesting festivities practically end on the ninth day with *Rathotsava* (car-festival) in the morning, followed by general illuminations at night, and the *Aarat* the next morning.

In the midst of the convulsive and revolutionary changes and upheavals which take place from time to time in the realms of the spiritual ideas and ideals of mankind, it is such shrines which stand forth as beacon lights, directing and leading millions of men and women unto the paths of righteousness and piety. And, if ever, as a result of the researches made by eminent scholars, more light comes to be thrown on the early pages of the history of this remarkable temple, it might be found that it has always been a fascinating centre from which radiated rays of true moral and spiritual conceptions, and that its achievement in the field of consoling the disconsolate, ennobling the mean and uplifting the downtrodden has ever been of a very high order.



The Philosophy of Pure Action.

By K. C. Varadachari, M. A., Ph. D.



HE attitude of every individual towards his environment is one which almost always and inevitably reveals desire, conquest and self-assertion of individual being. The nature of individual living is always revealing the fact of egoism and individuality. All life that we are perceiving exposes the egoistic personal character of experience. But as we begin to understand life, we find that life is capable of being expressed only by an individual in his own way, and also that all experience is conditioned by activity. In other words, all Life is activity, and not to act is not to be. And this Life is not the activity of either matter or spirit, but is both, since matter and spirit as such are vain abstractions, and compartmentalisations of practical usage.

"We have been told" that Activity is that which leads us to bondage, and freedom from action is what leads us to supreme Happiness. Activity and experience would lead us to greater limitation and death, and freedom from activity and experience would lead us to Happiness that is Peace. But since in actual life we find that activity can never be dismissed, and since activity is the *sine qua non* of existence, all this opposition to Activity would and could only mean one thing, that is, that it almost always is characterised by effort, an assertion and an exaggeration, a thrust and a temper, failure and surrender, and consciousness of bondage and limitation. And since activity as we always know is characterised by the consciousness and self-consciousness of limitation, freedom from effortful activity would mean the attainment of Pure Beatitude. Effort is an accident and not the necessary attribute of activity at all. But how to get freed from the experience and self-consciousness of limitation and bondage unless the individual desires freely and fully for perfection of individual being so that actions may be effortless or spontaneous? Every individual then has the aspiration towards perfection of his own individual being, which he consciously finds he does not possess now but would like to possess even now. Since then activity is the essence of life itself and action seems to be fundamental to being from which it cannot be alienated, we must find out exactly how action becomes an impediment to progress and higher evolution and perfect expression. Ignorant action alone binds, not action as such. Ignorant action binds because it does not adequately weigh the consequences of behaviour, it is ignorant

because there is so much of effort that is unnecessarily expended, and because it invites so much of ruthless reaction from the external world of life, because it sets up patterns of behaviour which impede alteration of conduct later on. Further, every desire in the external world comes against other conditions that check its fulfilment. And desire is action and is Life, because the movement of life is towards fullest expression, and desire and action are merely stages of life's expression. So long as desire functions unconscious of its purpose, nebulously without any direction, it finds itself limited, impeded and constrained and meets with great sorrow. But the desire which is life seeks not this or that comfortable advantage but its own fullest liberation from all kinds of external impeding and internal checks. Thus if action should cease to be ignorant and meet with no reaction, if desire should fulfill itself completely and wholly, or if Life should seek and attain liberation here and now, it has to be intelligent and purposive, and this intelligence and purpose must be directed to the liberation of Life from its limitation, and lead desire to Perfect expression. The fulfilment of individual life consists in the perfection of Desire.

But desire in its individual movement reveals a certain egoist self-assertion, ego-centrism if we may so call it. It reveals the individual as trying to become magnified in itself, exploiting all the other individuals. It reveals competitive action and expansion. This movement of desire as a selfish expression of the life that seeks full expression is detrimental to full expression, because it prevents the attainment of completeness, which is Life, which is trying at every moment to become spontaneous and free from every form. To be intelligent, then, is to liberate the desire from its former expressions and forms, and make it the pure and spontaneous expression of Life itself. This can only be done by the individual self when he sifts constantly and watchfully the essential and the eternal from the mass of the unessential, which is characterised by the pleasurable and the comforting. Nor can this be done without the fundamental alteration of the individual outlook from his servile, habit, formed, fear-loving attitude to the brave and the fearless, constantly watchful attitude of search for the essential, which alone can lead the individual to the liberation of individuality, whose goal is the purest altitude of concentrated Uniqueness of Being. Such a search involves painful and patient survey of experience with a swift eye to all that make for completeness of being. Every dogma that has been accepted without any question, every habit that has been fostered for convenience at a particular time, every tradition that lays its heavy hands upon our conduct has to be investigated, eliminated and synthesised. Doubt, the method of the famous Philosopher Des

Cartes, famous more for his method than for his philosophy, is absolutely necessary, but it should be purposive and well-directed towards finding that which furthers and enriches life and makes it pure and spontaneous activity. Thus questioned and doubted, truth awakens to its highest activity and purity. Thus desire, which is directed by intelligence, which seeks the essential liberation of Life, makes the individual a perfect focus of expression of all life, purely, spontaneously and completely, suffering no reaction. But this action without reaction requires further elucidation.

Science has taught us that there can be no action without an equal and opposite reaction in the realm of phenomena. But this is essentially true only of physical or mechanical action which is unconscious and unpurposive. Intelligent action, on the other hand, can move without provoking any reaction, for it not only finds out the easiest and the most adequate line of achievement of the goal (though it may appear impossible and difficult to unintelligent minds) as in the painter's hands the picture develops spontaneously, or in the sculptor's touch the inchoate earth or bronze attains to full and living expression, but it also means to liberate the meaning of the earth, the meaning of whatever it touches when it is disinterested or 'detached' and yet sympathetic. Thus the activity of the artist reveals the essence of free activity, activity which is spontaneous and self-expressive and not something generated with deference to external needs and aspirations. In so far then as the individual activity is relieved from the bondage of the external stresses and is not an activity or behaviour invoked in reponse to an external want as a reaction, in so far as it is also an expression of life within the individual which is liberated from the external needs and desires, from the habitual and the traditional trappings of individual ego, the individual becomes the focus of Life pure and holy. He expresses uniquely the Life of spirit which is pure action.

Thus if activity is to be pure and liberated, it must not be something of a response to external stimuli, as a reaction to external needs, but something self-contained, self-originated self-determined and suffering no reaction. In other words, it should become intelligent and poised. If intelligence is to be free and not limited, it should not seek to pursue the path of sanctifying the unessential (as all religions have done by their adherence to mere forms and formulae) but should further liberation of individual activity by breaking the bonds of separation and egoistic endeavour. This can only be done by understanding desire as the desire for Liberation of Life in the individual being and not as the magnification of individual egoism or personal individuality.

Nor should desire be put away on the score that it multiplies wants and needs, which in their wake bring suffering and sorrow, for it is only ignorant desire, desire which pursues the path of mere acquisition without elimination or understanding, which merely bloats but does not assimilate, that leads to grief and unhappiness, competition and chaos, fear and feverish anxiety. "Fear of desire is the putting away of Life," and annihilation of desire means the very destruction of human being that seeks liberation. Therefore, it is imperative to foster desire and make it grow more and more purposive and intelligent by constant wariness, by constant choice of the essential or that which furthers the highest fulfilment of individual being, namely, liberates the life within each in order that it may become the Life in all, by constant concentration of being or thought towards the removal of the barriers to fullest flowering of Understanding and poise. The attainment of the highest desire is the attainment of the highest liberation of Life from its bonds. The individual then becomes not a magnified Ego, but a unique expression of Life itself, which has joined its source, all the while preserving its individual uniqueness or purposiveness all its own. The attainment of individual liberation or Pure Action is the attainment of Pure Expression, which is free from the objective limitations and is self-expressive of its own unique tone and rhythm, and is not the attainment of occult powers and expansion of consciousness. For the latter would mean separation and division and, therefore, conflict and sorrow.

The Philosophy of Pure Action then has its fundamental movements, firstly in the fulfilment of desire rather than its repression or annihilation, which would only lead the individual to vacuity of existence, deprived of richness and cosmic fertility. Secondly, it insists that this desire should be furthered by giving it direction towards liberation or freedom from limitation which can only be done by intelligent Understanding of Life, which means the sifting of the essential from the unessential. And thirdly, it affirms that this desire thus liberated and made purposive is pure spontaneous action, which does not depend upon the precarious movements and comforts of the external world of action and reaction, of the opposites of pain and pleasure, but only depends upon the self-expressive fullness of Life, which is Poise of Life and Understanding. Desire thus liberated is the very essence of Life and is Life itself. Such desire knows no fear or sorrow, for it is self-directed self-expression of Life itself. Living in this Life which is free expression, liberated awareness and action, no man suffers but lives in the eternal and immortal. This is perfect Desire and, therefore, no desire in the sense of ordinary self-seeking, impeded volition. For when the perfection

of expression is attained no desire exists, but pure expression or action alone is. This is the consumation of experience, which is Desire and Life. The attainment of the freedom of Life is the attainment of free expression liberated from the reactions of the environment which has contributed to its repression and corrosion (however helpful and useful in the biological history of the animal and man) through the physical, psychical and social habits ideograms and complexes. Even now this may be attained if every one will fearlessly alter the method of his search for the truth which is intelligent understanding of the individual purposiveness of existence, which is the fullness and completeness of Life, and complete liberation, for the liberation he vainly seeks through temples, traditions, religions and rites is not liberation but greater bondage, is an escape into comfortability rather than attainment of Happiness, impermanent, and unhealthy.

This is a very brief summary of only one aspect of the Philosophy of J. Krishnamurti, and I fear too short and brief to give any adequate idea of his philosophy. But I only hope that it may make the reader of *The Scholar* pay more attention to this young and brilliant thinker of India, whose rich experience and critical understanding mark him out as pre-eminently an original Philosopher.



GAZI MUSTAPHA KEMAL PASHA

Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

By R. Bangaruswami.



HE fall of the Ottoman kingdom was predicted time and again. A seventeenth century political document in the Hungarian archives contains a definite prophecy to this effect. Count Alfred Uexkull, in the seventies of the last century, stated in a report that the Turkish Empire could not last for more than a very few years. Lord Rosebury was referring to Turkey when he once spoke of the "dying nations"—a phrase recently paraphrased as "those States which accept losses of territory with equanimity, and thereby show that they have really deserved such losses and that there can no longer be any question of their recovery". Nicholas I, the Tsar of Russia, in 1853 spoke of Turkey as "The Sick Man of Europe," and Prince Von Bulow, the greatest Chancellor of Germany after Bismark and one of the shrewdest of statesmen, gave his opinion of Turkey as "an old man, who had already suffered a great deal, and could no longer stand any drastic cure, let alone a series of drastic cures".

But then on the anvil of Time perished all these predictions and prophecies. Moribund Turkey, haggard, old, weather-beaten and poverty-stricken, did boldly stand a drastic cure, rather a series of drastic cures, and, to the greatest astonishment of the European nations, became young again!

The man who brought about this strange metamorphosis, the wonderful physician who discovered and administered the magic herb which cured the Ottoman State of its superannuation and infused into it the throbbing vitality of freshness and youth is Ghazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha.

Under his wise direction Turkey is now a rising power, with prestige on her lovely young brows and prosperity in her strong supple limbs. She has cast off the antediluvian traditions, those meaningless shells that crippled her growth once. All the glittering paraphernalia of kingship, all the elaborate pomp and show and wastage of wealth, all the un-understandable absurdities and round-aboutness of ceremonial forms and customary practices—they have made their exit. And in their place there is a rich simplicity; a common-sense outlook on the problems of life; a self-reliance that looks with suspicion on the proffered help of others, and a spirit of oneness that springs out of the necessity of self-preservation.

How Kemal, like Napoleon Bonaparte, shaped for himself a military career as a foundation for his future power, how like his great contemporary De Valera he was marked for the extreme penalty that the law could impose on a man, and how Fate or rather Fortune enabled him to evade that which seemed to be his destiny, how like another Cromwell he made a *coup de etat* and proclaimed the sovereignty of the people and the formation of a Republic, and how like Mussolini he continues to keep up a sort of practical Dictatorship, embellished with all forms of a modern Democratic State—these constitute a story of enthralling interest and to narrate them is only to recount the biography of Mustapha Kemal.

But his biographer will also tell us about the iron grit of the man, the wonderful capacity to see into persons and events, the power to act quickly and the patience to wait for long, the stoic calm in the face of difficulties and the heroic virtue of perseverance amidst ill-luck and suffering.

Nor is that all. The Gazhi Pasha, while having his own dreams and ideals for his country's cause, never for a moment allows himself to be lost in them, but is keenly alive to the hard marble-like actuality that is present before him. He knows, and said Woodrow Wilson did not know, that "no principle can protect a frontier defended neither by force nor by the sentiment of honour". Turkey, if she must have her place in the vanguard of progressive nations, should be prepared, in moments of emergency to give her answer by her bayonets. Might may not be Right, but so often Right has to be protected by Might, not merely intellectual or moral, but the crude manifestation of physical force.

The Ghazi Pasha is a finished speaker; very few generals are. His six-days' speech in 1927, recounting the achievements of the Republic for the past eight years, is a marvel of eloquence and energy, coupled with indefatigable devotion to facts and details. The resounding phrases, the long periods, the fervour and the rhetoric of a man of infinite resources, there appear in all their idolized glory. Idolized glory indeed! for we should not forget that to a large number of his countrymen Mustapha Kemal is much more than a hero, a demi-god. They swallow his insults at their superstition, at their lack of brains and at their unprofitable conservatism and suffer in pain and shame and anger; but the thought of the great work that he has done for the country, the gigantic edifice that he has put up for the future, illumines them with gratitude and affection not unmingled, of course, with fear, for they know full well that the Gazi had sent and could send

many of the refractories and recalcitrants to the prison or the gallows.

Perhaps the greatest success that attended his work was the breaking of the big wall of tradition. He has introduced Western Modernity and Science in the place of blind Faith and thought-fettering Usage. He has emancipated the women of Turkey, introduced balls and baths, dances and music; has introduced "a new charter of clothes"; prohibited the fez and popularized the hat; has changed the old system of weights and measures and introduced the metric system; has introduced the Christian Sunday as the weekly day of rest in Moslem Turkey; has introduced a new scientific civic code in the place of the old system based on the *Koran*; has changed the script; has introduced the ballot and the polling-booth. He has done it all, slowly and cautiously with a determined mind that brooks no interference, however deadly, but all the same observes the national pulse and carries with it the national conscience as a measure of prudence and policy. That accounts for the success of Kemal where Amanulla failed.

The greatest failure in his life is perhaps his marriage. The ruler of millions found himself, it is said, ruled. Be that as it may—for the veil of secrecy that shrouds the affair has not been removed—within three years of the marriage Kemal and Latife, creatures of Turkey and products of European civilization, consented to separate.

Did the tragedy of death of the lovely Fikrie, cousin to Kemal, and the unhappy story of unrequited love for him forebode the anger of Allah and the failure of the marriage? We can't say. Superstition, we must not forget, is a sin in the regenerated Turkey.

Kemal's out and out westernization policy even in the superficial aspects of life may bring about a reaction. His revolutionary changes in the thought and habit of a people framed by centuries in as many years may bring about a retrogression. But Turkey may not change the innermost soul of his policy which she has grasped. She will never forget the words of the Gazi: "We now admit science and civilization as a principle of life and strength in the domain of international struggle."

Among the personal traits in his character mention must be made of his hatred of flattery, love of frankness, his bachelor habits, his respect for his mother and his disinclination to become wealthy. He has brought to bear a sterling integrity of character even amidst the nauseating atmosphere of corruption. He has

sacrificed even ties of friendship for the ends of the State, has remained stubborn in his own convictions while using all the persuasive tactics to draw others into his line of thought, has laughed at his countrymen's anxiety for the safety of his life, has practised what he preached, and has preached what he thought in earnest.

Statesman and soldier every atom of him, patriot and politician to the core of his being Gazi Mustapha Kemal Pasha has identified himself through and through with the State that he has created, patted and nourished. Thoroughly unlike Mahatma Gandhi in his dislike of the mechanical civilization of Europe, Kemal resembles him in his love for Mother Earth "which grants her bliss at labour's earnest call," in being a 'farmer'. He stands a living symbol of the maxim which proclaims simple living and lofty thinking as the path of a righteous existence.

And as we take leave of this strange and subtle personality of undisputed genius and brilliance, wondering what surprises for the future the "blue-grey eyes" have in store for his people, what great schemes and suggestions those placid lineaments of his countenance have kept hidden, an unconscious wish crosses our horizon that he may be given a few more years to enable him to bring the arc to come full circle.

Curriculum & High School Examination.

By Gurubandhu Bhattacharyya, B.E.S.



CIVILIZATION of whatever country or whatever age is chiefly characterised by two features, viz., social heritage and spiritual heritage. Therefore, the curriculum to be constructed must embody in it these two elements. The stability of civilization appears to depend on the efficiency of the machinery of school administration, of methods and of teachers, but it is really determined by the factors of differentiation from those civilizations which have gone before. This suggests the problem of "experiences" or subjects. The true work of the schools is "the making of men," and this aim is accomplished by equipping children with knowledges, skills and culture or accomplishments. The existing civilization is so complex that it necessarily follows that the experiences to be consistent with this complex type of civilization must be very varied. At the same time, the varied experiences must be made possible of attainment, seeing that the period of school life is not long enough for that purpose. Thus the true test of a workable scheme is not the "ideal" but the "practical," not only "what" but also "how much" and "what aspect". Thus the effectiveness of a curriculum is determined not by the variety of subjects (experiences) only, but really by the "quantity" and "aspect" of the experiences which are labelled as school subjects.

The claims of the subjects are determined not exclusively by knowledge and skill but also by the spiritual aspect. Language (reading), writing, arithmetic are mostly skill subjects. History, geography, hygiene, civics, science are knowledge subjects representing social heritage. Similarly, rhythmic, music, speech, art including manual work, literature, drama, religion, etc. are subjects which represent spiritual heritage. Indeed, these spiritual accomplishments add grace to our life and make it worth living. Thus "usefulness" and "cultural accomplishments" are the two chief criteria for the inclusion of a subject in the curriculum. But two points must be remembered in this connection.

The first is that the "usefulness" is the comparative, not absolute or intrinsic usefulness, because as soon as one subject is included another is excluded, otherwise the subjects would be too many for human life and far too many for school life.

The second point is that no subject can be considered useful at the school stage unless it is learnt up to a certain point where the skill and knowledge acquired can actually be applied. Hence it follows that scraps of knowledge are not useful.

Thus the curriculum, to be representative and practical, must include subjects representing social (knowledge and skill) and spiritual heritage. But the claim of Science as a knowledge subject and that of Drawing representing spiritual heritage need specially to be considered from the point of view of the "adequate minimum of degree of mastery". For example, "laboratory science" cannot be mastered up to a point of minimum degree of adequacy during school life. Similarly, Drawing with the object of expressing a simple spatial idea must be taught, but no effort seems to be worth making in schools in respect of pastel or colour drawing or painting from the consideration of the development of artistic capacity. Pastel or colour drawing worth the name as an expression of creative activity is hardly suitable for all. It is besides a costly business which is beyond the means of ordinary schools. Thus Science and Drawing should form a special group for selection by those who have real aptitude for either of these subjects in schools where effective arrangements for their teaching are possible. Scraps of knowledge of these subjects below the point of "the minimum degree of mastery" are useless and have no surrender value.

The problems of "what" and "how" really dominate the system of Education; and "how" or the method is vitally influenced by the system of test or examination. Indeed, it has been established beyond doubt that the right method of examination is the determinant of the right method of teaching. In other words, the problem of examination is really the problem of the aspect of the course or syllabus. So without reform of the system of examination, effective method of teaching can never be ensured. Accordingly, the question paper must be constructed strictly in consonance with the aim of the subject.

English. The true aim of foreign language teaching is to enable the learners to read fluently and expressively with a standard speed, to understand what is read, to express with accuracy the ideas gathered from a printed page or speech, and to speak correctly with reasonable fluency. Therefore, the question paper on the foreign language must be so designed as to test ability to read, ability to write and ability to speak. This is about prose. With regard to poetry, the true aim is artistic appreciation and expression, which must be commensurate with the Matriculation standard in intellectual matters. Rhythm is an

essential point in poetry. This can be tested by asking pupils to read a poem aloud. It is, therefore, very desirable to evolve a simple written device which may be used by candidates as a test of reading, e. g., marking of full pauses, half pauses, stresses, coalescing, slurring in pronunciation etc. Indeed, some wonderfully simple signs consisting of small numbers (1-9) to be written under words of deceptive spelling have been devised *.

The true test of writing ability ought to consist in letter-writing, amplification, building scenes or outlines into a story and developing a story into full length on the basis of opening lines provided.

"Translation from Vernacular to English" is seen under the present system of examination to form a part of the English test. But really speaking translation does not test expression. The real value of translation consists in teaching idioms in isolated sentences, and in bringing out the difference between English idioms and idioms in the mother-tongue. So a passage set for a continuous translation does not seem to test any very important linguistic function. This purpose may be better served by giving a few idioms and asking the candidates to write a story or a description or a narration or a dialogue by incorporating them in the body of the composition.

The Mother-Tongue. The observations made above on reading, comprehension and speech in connection with English apply with double force to the mother-tongue.

With regard to composition in the mother-tongue, the test should be of two types, e. g., "communicative" and "expressive". Accuracy and grace of form must be insisted on in both types and "unconventional forms" must carefully be avoided. In order that pupils may be trained to adjust their work to the time available and to concentrate on quality rather than quantity, the precise amount which is required to be written must be expressed by the examiner in terms of words, lines or pages.

Grammar by itself ought not to be a subject of formal study. It must be selective, the selections being suggested by the errors detected in correcting composition exercises. Correct grammar is the normal condition. Inaccuracy is a temporary disease due to haste, carelessness and weak observation. Moreover, mere lessons in grammar without practice in actual situations are not of much value. Correct practice in writing and speech is a wonderful economy in learning grammar. Even fundamentals are

* Dr. West of Teachers' College at Dacca has devised a subscript-number system for this purpose. Only eleven signs are required to indicate the correct sounds for all irregular spellings.

learnt better in the course of practice than by mere study. The knowledge of grammar is never a panacea for grammatical errors. The whole Pharmacopoea of grammar must never be prescribed as a preventive against grammatical diseases. Therefore, the practical suggestion is that in examinations questions on grammar should relate only to such errors as are commonly met with in life. No direct questions on abstract sort of grammatical knowledge or forms in isolation, including analysis, parsing, *sandhi*, *samas*, masculine and feminine forms of words etc. should ever be asked.

The test should be so designed as to measure reading ability and comprehension, including appreciation specially of poetry pieces and also to measure ability to write free composition, both communicative and expressive. Summary or substance of unseen passages must be a feature of the question paper. Essays on familiar subjects with alternatives of the same sort should be set, as you can hardly expect all candidates to blossom out with ideas equally in one subject. The practice of providing heads of essays seems undesirable in that there is interference with individual methods of treatment, and the precise amount to be written must be stated in the question.

Translation from English to Vernacular forms a part of the question paper constructed to test the knowledge of the mother-tongue under the present system. Translation is hardly a measure of test of any precise function involved in learning a mother-tongue. This does not test a candidate's ability for free and unfettered expression. If he does not understand the text in English he naturally cannot express himself correctly and adequately. The mother-tongue has really to do with the emotional and feeling aspects of life. The object, therefore, will be best served by setting a *fairly long* piece in the mother-tongue of a rhetorical nature and asking candidates to rewrite in their own language the substance, the precise amount required being stated.

Classical languages. The chief aim is to enable students to read printed matter and understand. They are not trained either to write the classical language correctly or to speak in that language. So this principle must determine the nature of the test. It must be observed that translation from English or vernacular into any classical language is not of practical value, because candidates will never face this situation in life. Indeed, this practice hardly helps pupils to be equipped with experiences such as will be required in ordinary life situations. Grammar in classical languages is really meant to enable pupils to master the correct and idiomatic forms by familiarity, so the correction of

grammatical errors in a passage is of use, but questions to test grammatical knowledge in an isolated form are undesirable.

History. History is the most educative of all subjects—the subject which is essential more than any other to wise citizenship. The test should be so designed as to enforce attention of the teachers and learners to the following aspects of history, viz. evolution of world civilization, study of the past for application to the present and for the right course of action in future. Develop historical sense, the power of weighing and measuring arguments for and against and of arriving at an unbiassed judgment or conclusion.

Geography. We have outgrown those days when children learnt only lists of Capes, Bays, Seas, etc. The human element in geography and current geography must be duly emphasised. It should be remembered that "Geography is the science of man's changing relations with the earth, of how he changes and how it changes him". Test in geography should be so designed that this aim may be brought into prominence and efforts excited for its realization in the course of teaching.

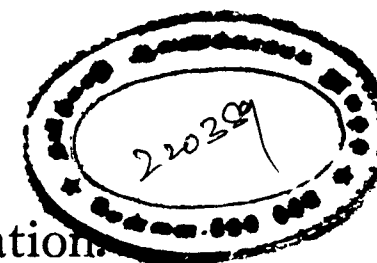
Nature Study. Nature Study should form the basis of all sciences, and it should not be treated as if it were Botany. It should also be remembered that sciences taught in isolation are not calculated to do much good, e.g., the course of studies in science must be so drawn up that elementary Chemistry and Physics may be correlated, that Botany and Zoology may follow from the Nature Study, and that elementary human physiology and hygiene may be treated together. The practical aspect of these subjects is really what matters.

In school efforts should be made to bring both Science and Art into harmony. The true aim of Science is indeed search after truth, but truth must not be attained in disregard of its ethical side. Like harmony of colour and sound, there is harmony of facts, which also appeals to the ethical sense of man. Articles of manufacture are the outcome of scientific activities, but such articles to attract notice must not only be useful but also be beautiful in appearance, which implies harmony of form and colour. You should not encourage ugliness in the name of truth, and must not so act as to make our time unbalanced.

Manual Work. There seems to be a wrong conception about Manual work in schools. The object is not vocational, but only educational, that is, Manual work does not equip pupils with skill for earning livelihood by carrying on a vocation, but

enables them to carry on intellectual activity in school with more vigour and freshness. Indeed, this kind of activity trains pupils to think and appeals even to dull pupils who cannot benefit from ordinary text-book instruction.

Conclusion. It will, therefore, be seen that the experiences or subjects of the curriculum are suggested really by social needs and, therefore, the courses should be framed by competent persons who are expected to be familiar with social needs on the one hand and capacity of children at different stages of development on the other. They must also be familiar with the strong and weak points of the teacher. They should be careful to make provision for socialized activities in connection with the subjects of the curriculum and to provide scope for the exercise of special gifts of children who may happen to possess such in respect of any subject. But it must be remembered that however perfect the course of studies, however skilled and enthusiastic, the teacher pupils are not likely to derive real benefit until the present system of examination is reformed with a view to directing teaching on the right line. The lines of reform have been suggested in the body of the article.



The Reformation

By K. Chandrasekharan, M. A., B. L.



T was raining heavily. Kuntalam was looking at the water falling down the eaves scarcely noticing her getting drenched. She was plunged in thought and seemed unconscious of everything around her. Even the intermittent flashes of lightning followed by rumblings scared her not. Lost in fancy, she was not affected by the monotony of the ceaseless downpour.

She held a pencil between her fingers and was gently rolling it on her lap. It had enjoyed a long pause after a rapid travel over almost a dozen sheets of paper. Her story was almost concluded when she was faced with the delicate yet too engaging problem of ending it. A pathetic close might not give her readers sufficient enthusiasm to appreciate the whole. Her own mind wavered in its satisfaction. Again, if the purport of her narration or the central idea failed to catch the reader, especially if one whose approbation or dislike she would most care to watch should prove immune to the appeal she wished her story to make?.....

There was a loud knock at the door. Absorbed in her own reflections she did not hear the repeated knocks which were rendered less audible by the noise of the rain.

"Kuntalam, Kuntalam!....." cried a gruff voice from beyond the door.

She heard it at last and with a start jumped from the window-seat, placing the sheets of paper with the pencil on them. She unbolted the door, when a figure covered in water-proof entered the room almost besmeared with dirt and muddy water of the road.

His dishevelled appearance conveyed to her that there should have happened an accident to him on his way home. She asked him: "What is all this? Had you a fall from the bus? I suppose there is no serious injury."

"Of course not; but I could foresee all these humiliations to me from the day when I was married to you," said Mahadevan with complete dislocation of his feelings.

Kuntalam was the daughter of a prosperous advocate of Madras. Her sister, though younger than herself, was married on the same day to a bright young man, who, thanks to the

kind offices of a patron of talents, had his education in England and returned as a lecturer in the University of Madras. Though married in the same auspicious hour, the fortunes of Kuntalam proved quite different. Her husband Mahadevan, smart and quick of grasp as he looked at the time when he was chosen for a son-in-law by Mr. Sitarama Iyer, whose judgment was reputed for its infallibility, disappointed both himself and the fond hopes of his father-in-law. His intelligence felt the dulling influence of an easy life. His ambitions were thwarted by an inordinate jealousy of the early distinctions of another so near him.

Whenever Mr. Sitarama Iyer had the solace of having well-educated husbands for his two pretty and cultured daughters, his deeper strings felt a strange disturbance that he might not be fortunate in seeing both of them happy. But his cheerful mind was encouraged into the belief that shyness was responsible, in a great degree, for Mahadevan's lack of cordiality. He was ignorant of the workings of a heart which experienced only estrangement and jealousy at the gulf separating him from his wife. The intellectual conceit of Mahadevan, bred in him a strange aversion for anything connected with riches and refinement. His entire disposition was coloured by a prejudice towards his wife in whose behaviour he was never tired of discovering the indelible marks of rank wealth.

Mr. Sitarama Iyer died of diabetic gangrene, the expected close to an active career at the Bar. His son stepped into the shoes of his father. He was a young man reserved by temperament and aristocratic by instinct, with almost a disdain for the rest of the world who were not half as much blessed with the good things of life as he was. He never allowed himself to fall a prey to self-introspection. He was free from the malady of an affectionate disposition. He used to exult over the purity of his soul, which hated all shams and conventions of the Hindu society, especially, of the Brahmin household. There was never an opportunity which he did not snatch to instill into the minds of people around him that real propriety would consist in relatives trying to keep away as far as possible from each other. Hence his expatiations on the great comforts which self-help offered one in the hard struggle for existence. Perhaps, in order to put into practice his own preachings, he desisted from intervening on his sister's behalf in her domestic unhappiness. With the sagacity of a practical man, he knew that a brother's help, however much welcome, may in the long-run prove unhealthy.

Mahadevan's vision was blurred with the unreal feelings of an over-imaginative brain. After many manoeuvres he was able to secure only a clerk's place in the office of the Registrar of the

High Court. But even his six-months' service had taxed him too much. His mind, accustomed to an easy life, hardly brooked strict officialdom. The noon-day siesta was no longer possible for him, and head-ache was often his only refuge in the evenings. He thought frequently to send in a resignation, but the thought of falling on his wife's resources impelled him to continue against his will. His immediate superior in the office found him easily irascible. Desirous of exacting work from him, his boss would never tire of demanding explanations for delays in despatches. Mahadevan used to answer him only by a long letter containing many reasons, but never would go to him personally and apologise for mistakes.

One year had passed by. Mahadevan eagerly looked forward to a better job which might be more congenial to his temperament. But under the G. O. passed, Brahmins were not within easy access of any such coveted appointment. His superior warned him, that, had it not been for his leniency towards Brahmins, Mahadevan would have been out of office for his repeated violations of office regulations. His discourteous manners were sufficient to merit a ready dismissal. But Mahadevan viewed such threats lightly and bit his lips in disgust. His wife, with her quick insight, learnt of his utter inadaptability to anybody and every day anticipated an early dismissal for him. Even a year's prolongation at office was to her a surprise. She had to bear as a result all the wrath which a pent-up heart felt it convenient to empty on her at home. If she, at times, unable to put up with his peevishness asked him not to worry himself with that troublesome office which could only bring disconsolation to him and that her modest fortune would suffice for both their wants, he would come down on her with a torrent of abuse for having considered him so very mean as to live on her charity. Many a day she waited for deliverance from such trying circumstances. It was more as a source of relief she had begun writing her own experiences.

She pondered long to devise a story. Her mind was bent upon an indirect appeal to her husband—how much of domestic unhappiness always result out of an unequal alliance. The story appearing under a different name might induce her husband to self-introspection with the result that it might cause at least a slight mitigation of his deep-rooted prejudices against herself. The title of her tale was "The Fate of a Rich Man's Daughter". The events had fairly developed to a climax in the story. The daughter of a rich man got ill-treated by her mother-in-law with nothing but misery made more insufferable for having been born and bred up in decent circumstances where she could not

comprehend the depths to which human depravity could descend. Prejudice is at the root of much misunderstanding in this world, and Kuntalam spared no words to depict well how an innocent heart had to suffer for no wrong of hers.

As she was developing the pathos in the story she became much worried as to a striking conclusion. It was then the voice of her husband dispelled her reveries.

Kuntalam perfectly understood from his outburst that there must have occurred something to upset her husband at office, which in its turn was directed on her. She stared a minute at him. He was meanwhile undressing and muttering between his teeth: "H'm! I would have discarded the world altogether but for the teeming millions of poor. Ha! how riches spoil a man's character. I am glad my father did not leave me anything in the Bank to make of me a swollen-headed ass. If these rich blackguards are a little more discreet, they would realise the folly of driving in huge cars while being quite ignorant of their mechanism. Fools! if to-day they aspire for Swaraj they should have long before not taken to the habit of buying costly and heavy cars from foreign countries. I wonder why these fellows who do not know to make even a screw or nail, should vaunt their affluence by going in for fresh cars as if their very life would be impossible without them. The time is fast approaching when these fellows will be taught a lesson."

Kuntalam could not make out anything from this. She queried: "Did you fall down from the bus on the road?"

Mahadevan turned round sharply and said: "Do you consider me a baby to fall down like that? Ha! What a contemptuous question! If I do not own a car myself, that does not mean I cannot even keep my balance in the bus. I have never been dizzy-headed to fall down."

Kuntalam was silenced. But having yielded to severer resentment, she went on: "Then, were you knocked down unawares by any vehicle?"

"Pooh! So you wish to wrest from me an answer. No, no, I do not propose replying you; mind your own business."

Kuntalam, trying to change the topic, remarked: "Why are you late to-day? Had you been to see my brother? You were saying yesterday that if you could only get a letter from my brother it would be easy for you to approach the Secretary of the Bank."

Mahadevan had now removed his shirt and was looking at the dirt on it. When he heard her putting such a question he burst out: "I am not a fool to ask favours of your brother who

thinks he is a god. It is enough I have not pocketed further insults from such high quarters! If I had not lost my senses, as I had to-day, I would not have even suffered this."

Kuntalam, though unwilling to be harping on the same theme, now finding a little inlet into that unknown cause of her husband's anger was curious to learn more about it and pursued, "So he insulted you to-day. I can never get reconciled to his extreme lack of attachment towards us all."

"Ha, Ha! how really siding with me! I know you are too proud to own your brother's mistakes to me. And why this seeming fondness for me! A set of vipers in whose midst I am thrown unarmed!"

Kuntalam turned her head in anguish. But Mahadevan found a little comfort in seeing her in distress. He began to grumble audibly: "Your brother... really a wonderful being he is. The foolish world is only after such fellows. He has no manners to indicate good breeding. He drives in a roomy car and yet has no mind to give room to a being who is not an utter stranger to him. And I have the misfortune to name him as my nearest kith and kin. I had half a mind to spit on him, had I not fallen on the road. Of course, I am to blame for having so unusually thought his car had stopped for me. Has he ever evinced such refinement? Have I reason to change my opinion of him? Yet I was foolish enough to believe that he stopped for me. He seemed to have observed me, and yet feigned not to have seen me at all, but moved away."

Poor Mahadevan! when he was about to get into a bus, seeing the car of his brother-in-law had stopped near him, and thinking that the owner had been solicitous of offering him a lift, got down from the bus to enter the car, when, to his astonishment he found that the car having stopped to put on her screens for the rain had moved away. But as he stood half-dazed at his own stupidity and mortified at the unforgivable conduct of the car's owner, he was disturbed by the blowing of a horn, and in his haste and confusion to clear off the way, he slipped on the road and fell into the mud. He rose up only to find his body smeared over with dirt and his feelings much agitated. He felt he was deliberately slighted, and it was more than sufficient to provoke him.

Moreover, it was only that evening he had an altercation with his superior at office. His chief reprimanded him: "Well, Sir, I have nothing to say in appreciation of your work here. Hereafter, I do feel it incumbent upon me to dispense with your services. You may take this to be your last day at this office."

The words were still ringing in his ears. His easily irascible temper became worse for it. He was determined not to give his wife any knowledge of the events of the day. But she became fully aware that incidents should have occurred that afternoon to cause dejection to him. She was looking dumbly at him with a gaze beseeching him to calm himself. He was ashamed to meet her looks, and in his desire to escape them he demanded: "I am suffering from a severe head-ache, prepare and give me coffee to relieve me of this pain."

Kuntalam in her agitation had forgotten everything about preparing coffee for him. Daily she herself prepared good coffee for him. Her attempt at a story was responsible for her forgetfulness of every other work. In her anxiety to finish the article, on whose success so much was staked, all her domestic duties were in arrears. Moreover, being a rainy day, she was not quite sure of the lateness of the hour. The kettle was not placed on the oven. The hearth was as cold as the weather outside. The fuel too lay drenched in the rain. Everything showed an unreadiness.

She lighted the sticks somehow, but the smoke rose in columns. "Why so much of smoke?.....I am not able to stand it....." exclaimed Mahadevan, unable to stand the suffocating sensation.

There was no reply. Kuntalam was afraid to express anything lest she should exasperate him. Her unstinting attendance on him might not atone for this single breach. She was blowing out air with her breath in order to rouse a flame. Her eyes already moistened were bedimmed with tears as the smoke entered and irritated them.

Mahadevan was stalking about the room, getting every minute impatient at the delay in the preparation of coffee. The rain had stopped and the sound of the water dripping from the trees outside was audible. There was a gentle breeze blowing in through the window. The sheets of paper left by Kuntalam on the seat near the window were blown down. Mahadevan at once gathered them. He said to himself: "So she has been all day at the desk." He arranged them according to the numbers marked on the sheets. It was written in Tamil. The title was attractive. His curiosity was awakened and he perused them sitting near the lamp. The sufferings of a rich man's daughter in the house of her mother-in-law and the utter lack of sympathy of the husband towards his wife, were painted vividly and touchingly. The story was not concluded. He read the story and re-read it. He caught the purport. He felt a sudden repulsion and wanted to tear it to

pieces. But he wavered and placed it thoughtfully back on the window seat. He took the pencil in his hand and looked at the clock on the wall. It was nearing seven. He ran to the next room and put on his shirt and dropped a purse into its pocket. Again he sat on the window seat and scribbled fastly a few sentences at the place where the lines stopped on the sheet. He then left the house, heaving a heavy sigh as he crossed the threshold. He was lost in an instant in the darkness outside.

Kuntalam, though she exerted her best to bring coffee to him soon, could not accomplish her desire. The fire was sluggish and the water took long to boil. At last she came out with a cup of coffee. The apartment in which her husband usually reclined after returning from office was empty. She entered the bedroom thinking that Mahadevan had gone to bed unable to bear the head-ache. But her quest proved vain. The front door of the house was not closed. She became nervous that he might have left the house. But where could he have gone in such a weather and with the head-ache of which he complained bitterly? She began to suspect his motive in leaving the house without a word to her. She looked round the room vaguely. There was no change in the things that were found about the place. The dress was on the coat-stand. The wet water-proof was hanging from the arms of the chair. Only on the sheets of paper left by her on the window-seat there was a heavy paper-weight. She was startled at her folly in having kept her story so much exposed. She found the sheets a little crumpled as if pressed under fingers. She experienced a sudden chilliness of the heart. "Has he seen them?" she exclaimed to herself, and gazed at the papers. When her eyes caught sight of his hand-writing down the last page, she hastily read the following sentences: "True, why should two persons of unequal status and temperament be yoked together against their will? If the wife considers her husband requiring reformation, it is high time for him to seek it of his own accord. He would do well to quit her."

She read again and again the few lines. The enigmatic words carried a meaning to her. Aghast at the dark void before her, she screamed: "Is this the conclusion of my story, oh God?" Her mental pain was unbearable, and she fell headlong on the floor. The wind blew out the lamp plunging her in darkness.

Many months passed by without anything known of Mahadevan, whose disappearance was sudden and bewildering. Kuntalam was staying with her sister in a mofussil town, where her brother-in-law acted as the Principal of a College. She led a life

of resignation with early baths in the flowing waters and temple visits in the evening hours. She was a constant visitor to the local shrine which, like many other South Indian temples of reknown, had spacious buildings and open grounds around, where generally the whole population of the neighbouring parts of the town could easily divert themselves in the leisure hours of the evening. One evening in her usual rounds along the bigger prakaram of the temple, she beheld a large crowd of men and women listening to a man preaching. She also stood at a distance and looked at the man who was vehemently engaged in a religious discourse. He had a face over-grown with beard sufficient to conceal his lips. In the course of his lecture, there came a query from the crowd which highly excited the lecturer to loud laughter. The ringing laughter was quite familiar to Kuntalam's ears, and she steadied her gaze on him. The lecturer finished and after the crowd dispersed he took in one hand a lusty stick and in the other a book and walked rapidly. His dress which was that of a sanyasin covered his body from head to foot. As he looked around, his eyes fell on the form of Kuntalam which could strike anyone that she had undergone many travails in life. He seemed to start as he saw her, but before anybody could catch the change in his expression, he had left the place. Kuntalam recovered from the stupefaction in which she had fallen only to learn that no longer was the object of her astonishment standing there. "It is he! Where can I find him?" She ran out of the temple door through which she remembered he had passed. But there was no one who could give her definite information regarding the Sanyasin. She hastened to the river side. The river was in full floods. A solitary shepherd boy who was strolling there helped her a little. He said that he had seen a sturdy sanyasin just then crossing the wild river to the other side.

Disappearance of Devanayaki.

By T. K. Venkataraman, M. A., L. T.

"ULLO, old chap, where have you hidden yourself all this time?" said a voice at my elbow, and there fell also a hearty slap on my shoulder. I had come to Tirukkazikundram for a change and was taking my usual nap in the verandah of the house I had taken. Naturally, I opened my eyes intensely annoyed, and found Gopu unconcernedly dragging my easy chair and flinging himself into it. I had not seen him for quite a long time now after our last meeting,* and I gathered that he had been vegetating in a village in Tanjore District. He explained volubly that he had been the guest of an old aunt there, "the most uncompanionable hag you can imagine," and the village "the dullest hole in the world, you know," offered him little amenities. Especially, his talents in the field of detection could find no adequate scope there except in attempting unprofitable guesses concerning the location of the stray cattle of the village. "I returned fed up to Madras back to our room. The landlord told me that you were here. But, I say, Balu, I found myself in luck's way as soon as I was back in the metropolis. It seems that the event was just waiting for the man. Look at this."

He thrust a crumpled page of the *Hindu* before my eyes and asked me to read something he had blue-pencilled. I glanced at it. "Abraham Lane opposite to Egmore Post Office was the scene of some excitement to-day. A certain Sundara Thevar, a native of Madura, who had come down here recently for medical treatment, complained to the police this morning that his daughter, Devanayaki, aged 16, has been missing from the house since yesterday evening. A saree of the girl was found floating in the well at the back of the house, but nothing else was found. The police are making investigations."

I looked at Gopu, and remarked: "Yes, we read here possibly of a common occurrence. I confess that I cannot understand how the question of your luck enters here."

Gopu gave me a snort of impatience. "My dear man," he exclaimed! "Having known me all this time, do you imagine that I would rush into conclusions simply by reading a newspaper report? You may take it that I have gone into the matter thoroughly—far more than the police can ever dream of doing. I have visited the locality and sounded the neighbours. I may

* See last year's Annual.

tell you that Abraham Lane has only three commonplace houses, and Sandara Thevar occupied the middle one. It may interest you to know that things were not quite happy in Thevar's household. The missing girl is the daughter of a first wife, and Thevar's second wife is the only other inmate of the house. This step-mother seems to be of the type notorious in the fable, and neighbours testify to the continuous quarrels going on in Thevar's house. Now, I come to something which is of crucial importance. On the day previous to that when the girl was missed, high words were heard in Thevar's house. A neighbour tells me that he actually heard Thevar crying out in rage: "My bad Karma is incarnated as my daughter. I wish you were dead, and I would feel very glad if you die this very minute." There followed the sound of blows and the loud wailing of the girl. Next day, the girl has disappeared. The father goes next day to complain to the police, and he and his wife wear a woe-begone face which might deceive others, but not a shrewd observer like myself.....".

"But, Gopu," I protested. "Are you not a trifle unjust in suspecting the couple? Remember that the body of the girl has not been found, even if we assume, as you evidently think, that she has been murdered. Besides, there could be no motive.....".

"My dear friend," interrupted Gopu, "I have got strong reasons which I cannot reveal to you now. Kindly hold your soul in patience for a few days, and you will hear the public eagerly discussing how the mystery of an unnatural and gruesome murder was laid bare by the disinterested labours of a private investigation with uncanny intelligence".

"Meaning yourself, I suppose," I laughed. "But, Gopu, if your mystery is at Madras, why are you not on the scene till it is solved? Why have you come here?"

Gopu stared at me, amazed at my ignorance. "My dear fellow," said he, "you shock me. Do you not know this elementary fact that a crime committed in a particular place is never a local affair and that it would have deep-laid ramifications extending to the most unlikely localities? This reminds me. Please give me your company in a walk I have to take now. I promise that it is not a long one."

I felt disinclined for a walk then, and eyed longingly a book on Sumerian culture which I had half-read. But Gopu could not be shaken off with excuses, and I had to accompany him with mental curses.

Our walk led us along a straight road at one end of which there was a bungalow which belonged to a Zamindar of Tinnevely District. Gopu pointed out to me an intelligent-looking young man standing near the gate. "That man you see," he said, "is one of the cleverest, and I may say also, one of the most dangerous of those who walk in this planet. Probably you do not know that he is the personal servant of the gentleman who lives in this bungalow."

"Is he a servant of the Zamindar?" I enquired in surprise.

"No, you are evidently unaware of the fact that the Zamindar is mostly absent. It is his agent—one Madurai Thevar—who lives here. And it may be that this mansion holds the key to the sombre tragedy enacted in Madras some days ago."

As if to add point to what Gopu said, an owl hooted in the distance. I was observing the weather-beaten front of the house which arose like some gigantic tower from the darkness of the surrounding leafy avenue, when, to my wonder, Gopu crossed over to the servant and gave him his card to be taken to his master. The next minute, he was taken inside, and I was left standing on the roadside.

It was quite silent here, and the trees on the road cast monstrous shadows which seemed to have a sinister life of their own. I was thinking with a morbid interest that this spot would be an ideal one for murder, when suddenly, a scuffle at the gate made me turn to that side with a shock. I found Gopu violently propelled outside the gate by the servant, and before I could rush to his help, the servant had thrown him out and gone back, locking the gate behind him. I aided Gopu to rise and brush away the dust from his dress. "The devils," he cried out, shaking his fist at the house. "They shall soon find out who is stronger. Within a few days, I shall make them swing and avenge that girl—so foully murdered. They shall, then, dance to a different tune."

I endeavoured to calm him and led him away. "Now, my dear friend," I pointed out. "Remember that I am still in the dark. I cannot understand why you should have gone into that house, and what connection these people have with that girl."

Gopu was still rueful. "I know that a detective is always in danger of his life," he admitted. "But, I must get even with that swine, as this is just the time I was in real peril. That fellow—Madurai Thevar—is the brother of Sundara Thevar's second wife. I was not idle at Madras. I searched the dust-bin near Abraham

Lane. It was dirty and hedious work. But I got this, at last. "He took a post-card from his pocket, and handed it over to me. I found the writing was in Tamil and its contents were something like this :

Many *namaskarams* to respected sister. I am very sorry to hear of your troubles with your step-daughter. Would that she had died at birth! I cannot tolerate the idea of her continuing to trouble you this way. I shall go over to you in a few days and we shall discuss about some arrangement. Rest in person.

Madurai.

Gopu looked at me in triumph. "As soon as they saw me, their wild looks indicated that they knew the game was up. But, when I taxed them with murder and demanded to know where the body was hid, Madurai stormed and spluttered, as if he was innocent and ordered his follower to throw me out. He will soon realise that a true detective is never a coward, that he will never fail in his duty through fear or favour."

"But, Gopu, do you know whether they came to Madras? What right had you to charge them with a heinous crime with no other proof than this?"

Gopu smiled pityingly. "My dear Balu," he spoke commiseratingly, "you will never make a detective. When the latter speaks of a visit, why should you not assume that the visit was made? I have no doubt in my mind that the arrangement referred to in it meant nothing else than the slaughter of that innocent girl who had suffered much. I do not know at this precise moment how this fell deed was accomplished. I happen to know that the servant of Madurai had been employed in a chemist's shop, before he took up his present work, and I should not be surprised to learn that through some diabolical chemical means the body of the unfortunate girl was incinerated. Such things have been done before, though perhaps not in India till now. By the way, here is your house. And now, if you will excuse me, I will rush back to Madras. Before the machinery of law is set in motion, some preliminary work is necessary. I shall have to hunt up some other clues to make matters clear to that wooden-headed body—the police."

* * * * *

Next day evening, I had also to return to Madras, and heard in the room that Gopu who had gone out early morning had not yet returned. I took up casually the evening edition of the *Hindu*, and opening a page at random, was astounded to read the following:

Acting on information, the police raided a brothel in Singaram Street, George Town, and rescued from there the girl Devanayaki who was reported

missing some days back. The father of the girl, Sundara Thevar, revealed now that the girl even at Madura had been cultivating bad associations and in spite of warnings and chastisements, had maintained a defiant attitude. The girl herself confessed that she had no liking for a married life and did not want to return home. With the silly idea of misleading her family, she had thrown an old saree of hers into the well, and run away from home unnoticed.....".

Before I could read further, the landlord's son knocked and handed over a postcard addressed to Gopu from Tirukkazikundram. The type-written contents attracted my curiosity, and ran as follows ;—

Mr. Meddler—Now, you might have known that if ever there was murder, it was a murder by the wicked girl herself, and the murder is of her own soul. I do not think that her family will take her back. As you chivalrously took up her cause, I shall arrange to send her to you, and you can make yourself responsible for her future welfare and marriage. I wish you joy in your disinterested mission. Let me, in conclusion, thank you for giving me the address of your rooms in the visiting card you sent up to me.

Madurai Thevar.

Just as I finished reading this, Gopu came in—tired and wan. He nodded to me and said: "I was expecting you. I am still busy hunting up clues. The whole of to-day I was searching for the chemist under whom Madurai's servant was employed. I hope to find him to-morrow, and before to-morrow, we shall find out what happened to the girl and where her body is now."

"My dear Gopu," I interpolated into a smile. "Evidently, you have not read the newspaper. Read this and also this postcard. You will find out not only what happened to the girl, but will also have the satisfaction of seeing her."

Gopu hurriedly snatched the newspaper and the postcard, and he went rather white as he read. For a moment silence reigned in the room. Suddenly he rose and packed a few things of his in his bag, and taking it up, he turned to me and said: "My dear Balu, I quite forgot to tell you that I had promised my aunt that I would return from Madras in a day or two. The dear old soul will be much disappointed, and perhaps, anxious also. I must not show myself disrespectful to elders and forget my duty. I find I have about a quarter of an hour to catch the Boat Mail. So, good-bye."

He rushed out of the room.

On further reflection, I felt that Gopu was wise at least in this action, and that I also must imitate his example. I remembered a long-standing invitation from a friend at Pondicherry, and took my train early next morning.

The Black Cat.

By K. Krishnamurthi.

INDIA is nothing if not a land of tradition. And we of Malabar can boast of being true Indians in this respect. For tradition dictates our custom and belief. There are those that would set these beliefs up on a pedestal and actually worship them. There are again many who would label the lot "Superstition" and pitch them, one and all, reasonable and unreasonable, into the dust-bin. There are a third and antique-mad set of people who benevolently collect them as part of the folklore and character of the early nation. All of them have their own reasons. And our discussion at the Club suggested a new approach to this rather ticklish subject.

We were talking of dreams and first-thing-you-see-in-the-morning-s and omens. One or two of these are our specialities. As for the right and the wrong ways of getting up, we share them with all the world. One of the many fond beliefs to which we cling is that if a solitary brahmin or a black cat were to cross one's path when one goes out, then one's mission will prove a wash-out. But this is only one of a thousand portents. The twitch of an eye, the call of a lizard, the 'caw' of a crow, all these have their own significances.

The three views I mentioned above were all duly brought out. I politely disagreed with all. "Give me the common-sense point of view. There are many things happening every day in our midst which are beyond scientific explanation. After all, what man has learned is only a magnifying glass which shows him the immensity of his ignorance. What I mean is, there may or may not be something at the back of these age-old beliefs. I am not going to champion them; nor am I prepared just now to ridicule them. I simply take them for what they are worth—when they are proved to be worth that much."

They were all silent for a space. I continued. "You would all be convinced of the reasonableness of my view if only you knew what happened to SRK last month, and he was also a derider of omens and portents. Shall I tell you?"

The reception given to this question was too enthusiastic to be doubted. I was greeted by a chorus of "Fire away". I directly waded into the story.

Last month (I began), I met SRK (short for Sivaramakrishna Iyer) in Town. By Town I mean this our capital, Murdnvirt.

He had set out from home to recover some money he had lent out to a kinsman there. I see some of you are looking surprised. I was no less astonished when he told me. Somehow SRK as a creditor had never occurred to me, and I pride myself that I am no cynic. Not that he was in the least 'tight' in spending, but he never was a lending man. This tactical blunder—the one and only instance in all his life—was a remarkably old affair. However, there is no smoke like that of an old fire. And hence our fat friend's visit.

SRK steamed in by the night mail. An old friend of his kept an hotel nearby, whither he pushed on. After partaking of a leisurely supper and conversing with his host on the old old times, he confiscated a much-worn mattress and a pillow whose cover could very well have done with a wash (both belonging to 'mine host') and promptly lay down to sleep. SRK was by no means a man of Napoleonic will-power; he stood no earthly chance of being able to summon a decent night's sleep by willing to that effect. So I fancy the jolting he had endured in the third-class compartment must have been responsible for the golden sleep he enjoyed for the first half of the night.

You may ask here why for the first half alone? The reasons for Mr. Iyer's deserving a sound slumber would hold good equally well throughout. Then why make this invidious distinction between the first and second halves of the night? I beg of you, gentlemen, be patient. I shall justify myself abundantly in a minute. The fact was Mr. Iyer had several awkward dreams in the course of the second half of the night. It is a curious fact that people generally dream only late in the night or in the small hours of the morning, which fact would amply bear further scientific investigation. And as a rule they are in a trance all the while, but the walls separating dreamland from consciousness are very thin. That is to signify that the dreamer is usually in a very light sleep and is easily disturbed. That explains the ungolden quality of SRK's rest during the latter part of the night. For a dream-interrupted sleep is at best only silvery.

Now for the awkward dreams which caused this depreciation in sleep-value, so to speak. They were many, and the one common feature they all had was a very black cat with very yellow eyes. This extraordinary specimen of canine frightfulness passed in and out of SRK's inner vision times without number. In one episode, SRK had acquired a nice, smooth six-cylinder auto and was "owner-driving" it in confident abandon along a narrow highway, when this self-same black Tom deliberately and half-defiantly crossed his path. SRK stepped on the brake pedal. But as it so often conveniently happens in novels and dreams,

what he actually got on to was the accelerator. SRK remembers only one thing distinctly. The cat was run over. It stood at the last instant glaring at him with abnormally large eyes. Then it disappeared beneath the car, only a dying howl testifying to its presence there.

Such were the dreams that came to him. Naturally enough, they left him nervous and fidgety in the morning. SRK used to hold the predictions of dreams in high scorn, good for him. But the persistent attentions of this black denizen of the faunal world were anything but pleasant. Another incident occurred to ruffle his peace of mind. He opened his eyes in the morning to see lying a couple of feet away a black and mangy if mechanical cat—the favourite toy of his host's only son and heir—a cat which would squeak if only you squeezed it in the region of its stomach.

Not a nice thing to see at any hour, least of all on waking up in the morning. It needed a prodigious amount of coffee to brace Mr. Iyer up to normal conditions—and a supplementary cup or two to make him face the delicate task ahead of him. His host protested lightly.

"I say, Sivaramakrishna Iyer, you are drinking me to the devil this morning. If you swill up the whole lot like this, my customers will be done in the eye. Remember I have many mouths to feed and many throats to slake."

"And many pockets to line," put in SRK in the same vein; "you had better give me your unofficial coffee in an unconventional manner. The way your waiter pours it out is a disgrace. He aerates it so much that half the vessel is air. The top layer of air hides the colour of your coffee, and we can't see whether you have added a decent proportion of milk or not. Perhaps you don't mean us to. Still, please don't consider me a customer — you won't catch me paying a single pie."

"Let me see the colour of thy money ere I show thee the colour of my coffee," demanded the hotel-man, cheerfully (in the vernacular, of course). "There," he added, placing the 'raw materials' and other paraphernalia before the fat man, "You can manufacture to your own satisfaction."

For all that the coffee was remarkably good. That leads me on to the solid part of it. SRK had no objection to despatching half-a-dozen 'iddalis' and as many 'dosais', to mention only two of the items. So when he left the hotel on his morning's—and indeed his day's—errand, he was at peace with himself for certain, if not with the world which owed him two hundred rupees.

What happened now was a very curious thing. Just as SRK stepped out of the hotel, a black cat ran across the road a few paces ahead of him. This, as you will all understand, was a very

ill-omen and revived all the half-stifled fears of our fat friend. He was, therefore, tremendously relieved to find his relative (it was a cousin) at home and very hospitable. It was very much of a surprise to our hero that his cousin offered to pay up immediately, saying he had some money in hand at the moment. It was great luck. SRK began to congratulate himself. He flung his former uneasiness to the four winds, and reflected how he could have been such an unutterable ass as to be frightened out of his wits by a mere cat. "Old wives' tales," he muttered. When he went home with the money, a proud man and happy if any in his village, he would tell this story to his wife, of course leaving out the fact that he was at all rattled for any length of time. That didn't come in anywhere. He could illustrate the absurdity of such aged beliefs. He would be one up this time.

His cousin was very nice. There was no denying that. He brushed away the business aspect of it all. He never even pulled a long face or anything of the sort, but paid smiling. Our fat brahmin collected a topping dinner also into the bargain. He was forbidden to go away at once. There was no hurry at all. The night train would do as well. So SRK stayed for tea and then for an early supper and started for the Railway Station with Rs. 200 in his pocket and general benevolence in his heart. If any one thing was far from his thoughts it was his dream of the previous night and the recurring appearance of the black cat.

SRK was walking along the main road somewhat abstractedly, thinking of his easy success in his 'dunning' expedition..... A shout rang out behind him. Two powerful beams of light struck him full in the face, and he stumbled on to the path of the oncoming bus. The driver raised a cry of despair as he jammed on the brakes. SRK was caught by the bumper and flung into the gutter. But that was not all. If it had stopped with a bump and a fall it would not have mattered so much. In the gutter lay an empty cigarette tin, edge upwards. Once upon a time a thoughtful manufacturer had rounded its edges, but it had been latterly cut out for some purpose and now lay dangerously jagged. He fetched up right on top of it. His shoulder was gashed. It was a nasty wound..... The crowd swelled and a policeman had the sense to staunch the flow of blood. A hasty search of the unconscious man's pockets revealed the money. He was, therefore, wisely moved into the private nursing home of Dr. R..... which stood invitingly open fifty yards away.

SRK was up and about full three weeks later. But that in itself is nothing. The moral of the story remains to be told.

The piece of tin which had caused all this trouble bore the faded label: 'Black Cat' Virginia Cigarettes.

The Cowherd Boy.

By An Incognito M. A.



DAY after day, in wind and rain, in spring and winter, the cowherd boy comes to our home when the sun is just peeping out of the horizon. Not once does he fall sick; never is there a holiday for him.

I know not where he comes from. As I stand on the road-side shaking off the lingering slumber from my limbs and watching the brightening heavens, then is the time for his arrival. Breezes blow from the gentle south; birds fly in the air; old men return from their morning bath; and maids are at drawing *kalam*. And the cowherd boy emerges from the end of the road, from the Land of Mystery beyond the village temple.

He is eternally a boy. He never seems to get old. Mother says that long ago Brother Dhamu and he were playmates. Dhamu is now at college and has a wife. He is now a gentleman. But in the land of the cowherd boy age never withers boyhood's charms. Cowherds are always cowherds.

Father comes to us in the middle of our play and cries out in his hoarse voice, 'Go to your work boys. Time flies away never to return. Make hurry. Time lost is lost for ever.' But the cowherd boy is never in a hurry. Time for him stands still. He is never flurried.

When chill winds blow and clouds cover the sky, mother asks us not to stir out lest we catch cold. The cowherd boy is never in fear of winds and clouds. Perhaps he never had a mother.

When on Monday mornings I do not recite my lessons, my teacher gets angry and shouts, 'If you do not read your lessons, you will grow to be a cowherd.' How foolish the teacher is! Who will not exchange books and slates and the weary hours at school for the cowherd boy's freedom and mirth?

Father always warns us, young boys, against nearing the cows and calves. But he never once warns the cowherd boy. The calves jump in glee at the cowherd's sight, and his hands have a strange power of drawing milk from the cows. If calves and cows can love the cowherd boy, can they not love me? Is it because he knows no alphabet, has never been at school, that the animals love him?

And then he goes away into the wide unknown throughout the long long day. Father is busy with his bank accounts;

mother is busy at the kitchen; and sister keeps combing and re-combing her hair; only soon I am sent to school. The cowherd boy goes over hill and dale, through meadows and woodlands, by murmuring rivers and meandering foot-paths, driving the silent cows and the sporting calves.

No one in the village exactly knows where the cowherd boy takes our cows. Perhaps he drives them to the fairy lake beyond the wide river, and while they graze and chew the cud, he sings and plays with forest nymphs. Perhaps there among the mangroves he plays hide and seek with the fairy girls. Father always scolds me if I join the girls at play. How can he ever prevent the cowherd boy from doing so?

In the dreamy afternoons men gather on the pial of our house and carry on endless discussions. They talk of God and soul, of kingdoms and wars, of prices and profits, of strange news from abroad. The newspaper makes them cheery at one time, and melancholy at other times. But to the cowherd boy no news from abroad is ever of interest. Not all the fall in prices, not all the world conferences seem to disturb his equanimity.

Father is always worried about to-morrow. If mother gives us a little more butter at breakfast, if sister washes her face with soap too many times, if I break my marbles in play, he cries out, 'What will you do to-morrow, if you waste things like this?' Does the cowherd boy ever feel anxious about the morrow? And the morrow comes to him as bright as ever.

Father and mother are always busy with festivals and ceremonies. They fast for a day and feast on the morrow. They worship gods and go to temples. The cowherd boy has no fasts or feasts; he never has to worship gods.

When in the hurry to go to play I slip away without putting on my shirt or dressing my hair, mother comes down on me in great wrath. But the cowherd boy has not a shirt to his back, and never, never does he comb his hair. For the social laws do not bind him; he is free as a butterfly.

When in the evening I return from school and again stand on the roadside watching the lengthening sunbeams, birds return to their nests, and maidens pluck jasmine-buds. And the cowherd boy comes back with the cows, singing resonant ditties.

He milks the cows again and disappears into the darkness of approaching night. He rises with the sun and sets with the sun. Does he belong to the land of eternal sunshine? Has he got other

cows to milk and other animals to tend, when we are here lost in sleep? Nobody ever dares to ask him a question.

When the stars twinkle in the sky, and the night is awfully silent except for the barking of distant dogs, I fear that ghosts are lurking about, and thieves are hiding everywhere, and I hug mother for safety. Are there no ghosts and thieves in the cowherd's realm? Poor boy! what mother can be ever hug, if in the midst of sleep he dreams of giants and tigers?

But the cowherd boy is such a strange mystery. No one knows his how and why. Father with all his money is not half as happy as he. Dhamu with all his books never knows how to draw milk from cows.

I wish I were a cowherd boy. Dressed only in a loin cloth, with wild flowers on my head, holding a staff in my hand I shall be the Master of the cows and the calves. And boys will wonder at me and whisper among themselves, 'Look at this image of happiness, this marvel of innocence, this model of simplicity.'

I shall be free as the winds, and frolicksome as the birds, cheery as the calves and wildly mysterious.

I shall come out of darkness and merge into darkness, and no one will know of the land I live in.

Every day I shall pass out of Time into Eternity; out of the Finite into the Infinite; out of the Manifest into the Unmanifest.

The New Insanity.

By K. S. Ramaswami Sastri, B. A., B. L.



THE modern world is proud of its social, economic and political ideals and says that it has arrived at the summit of human efficiency and happiness. But the real fact is that it has done nothing of the sort. Social life to-day is a chaos of competition; economic life is a chaos of tariffs and dumpings; and political life is a chaos of wars. This does not detract in the least from the greatness of the West in the field of abstract and applied Science, or lessen the glory of its conquests of the earth, sea and air. But it does mean its inexpertness in the art of life and the life of art. It certainly means that though it has achieved notable successes in the realms of physical and natural sciences, it has achieved poor results in the realms of mental, moral, sociological, economic and political sciences, and even poorer results in the realm of the science of the soul.

Modernity thinks itself sane and antiquity to be insane. It forgets that antiquity was once modernity and that the present Modernity itself will become antiquity soon enough. How are the modern pleasures wiser than the pleasures of past ages? Any one who witnesses the senseless kicks and kisses on the cinema stage and the hysterical hilarity of the pit when men kick each other and men and women hug and kiss, cannot but feel an overwhelming nausea. How are these better than the *holi* festivals or the carnivals or the *Saturnalia*? How is horse-racing better than a cock-fight or bull fight? How are shirts and shorts better than the fakir's piece cloth? Winston Churchill fired off a memorable phrase about naked fakirs. How are the semi-nudities of modern clothing or the revealatoriness of diaphanous dress better than the semi-nudities of fakir-hood? Why should there be more love of or respect for a hat than for a turban, or a coat than for a shawl, or more respect for a cigarette than for *pansupari*? How are modern superstitions better than the old crazes? How is love of gland rejuvenation finer than love of alchemy?

People ask in a dazed and frantic manner why there is such stupendous unemployment in the richest countries of the world and why the currency of every country is jumping up and down like a drunkard or a madman, and why colossal fortunes are made and lost without any good to anybody. There is starvation everywhere in the midst of plenty. The balancing of national budgets is now an acrobatic feat. Free Trade, which was the slogan of

England in the days of her prosperity during the time of Cobden and of Bright, lies spurned under foot and is crushed under the increasing weight of heavier and heavier tariffs. Why should there be this sorry spectacle of shaken credit and stagnant trade? Is it inevitable like an eclipse?

All these evils cannot be set right by merely bolstering up a national government and by asking for a blank cheque to the national government to do as it likes. The "doctor's mandate" will do no good to the doctor or to the patient. Every modern nation thinks that a little re-arranging of the externals of life will bring the millenium. This is just like the attitude of the cat in the story which thinks that if it shuts its eyes it is night and that if it opens its eyes it is day. That is not the way to stave off the inevitable revolution. You cannot fool all the people all the time, though you may fool all of them for some time and some of them for all time.

To-day, however much we may camouflage the truth, industry is yet organised only in the interests of the capitalist producer. Dumping is the inevitable concomitant of over-production. The producer who is in a hurry to be rich does not care for the interests of consumers at all. Useless and even poisonous luxuries are over-produced and thrust by hypnotic methods of advertisement down the throats of people. The teeming millions of the tropics are regarded as mere buyers and are impoverished day by day till one fine morning we arrive at the glorious result of huge cases of unsold goods in the West and vitiated tastes in the East clamouring for such unbuyable luxuries which have become impossible of reach by reason of empty purses in the East!

Capitalistic feudalism dominates the world as yet, despite the *Te deums* sung in praise of the arrival of divine democracy on this distracted planet. Production for profits, fatter and fatter profits which do not care for thinning or slimming despite the mandate of the doctor—is the order of the day. There is no investigation of necessary or noble human needs or the supplying of such needs in the spirit of service at all. Further, the spirit of nationalism is rampant everywhere, though there is much glib talk—of course meant for others alone—of international amity and universal co-operation. Every year the politicians prophesy that the next year will bring the millenium in. But though so many old years have been rung out and so many new years have been rung in, unfortunate humanity, self-tormented and self-wounded, is still tossing on its stormy bed of pain.

The real fact is that the co-operative mind has not really come as yet. The scientific religion of power brought the law of

the jungle into the realm of human life. The French Revolution applied that rule of life to States. Nationalism, though it has done good by consolidating the life of each people, has been vitiated by the concept of devil-take-the-hind-most. National armaments have gone on swelling and the shaking of the mailed fist has been the only function of the hand! When the social and political life fell into chaos, the economic life alone could not be sound. Hence it also has crashed down and fallen into ruin, and great has been the fall thereof.

It is, therefore, clear that we cannot stabilise the economic condition of the world without having new and sane ideals of individual life and social life and a new type of rational political life from which national jealousies and rivalries and dominations will be eliminated. Unless artistic and religious joy—which costs nothing and is not limited in quantity and whose value for one man does not increase by its becoming less for another man—becomes familiar to men and desired by them, individual and social life will hardly improve. The modern man knows nothing, and cares nothing, for creative art or for yoga or for devotion. So much the worse for him. He is resolved to augment the poisonous luxuries of life and so long as this mad and maddening love of sense-pleasures lasts, so long will there be competitive over-production of the useless and even poisonous luxuries of life. So long as liquor is drunk and man stupifies himself to the level of the brute, the production of the different brands of liquor will go on despite temperance reformers and prohibition laws. No lasting political or economic reformation can come unless there is a radical reformation of food ideals and sex ideals. If you are going to take luscious and rich and exciting food and drink, and if your sex-life is going to be a perpetual and even immoral search for ever-new thrills, individual and social life must be rotten, and you cannot build a clean, noble and happy political or economic life thereupon.

The League of Nations has come, but it is neither in office nor in power. National armaments are swelling everywhere, despite the clever and camouflaged talk which is uttered by politicians and diplomats at peace and disarmament conferences. Solemn and boring discussions about the bore or the range of guns will lead humanity nowhere. You either take a bold forward step, or you find no end, lost in wandreing mazes. It must be agreed that only the League of Nations should possess an armament to enforce its decrees and that there shall be no national armaments at all. There is no doubt that the dream of a Universal Empire or a World State is the most futile of dreams. But unless the federation of nations has got the necessary military

sanction and can enforce its decrees, the life of the Nation-States which are armed to the teeth must be one of perpetual instability of peace, and armageddon after armageddon must come until at last human civilization sets in a sea of blood.

These are the indispensable *sine qua non* of a stable and mutually dependent economic, industrial and commercial life among the nations of the world. The modern man has wonderfully increased his power of production, but has forgotten to stabilise markets. To-day the labour-saving inventions of man do not save labour or lead to happiness in life. If capitalism does not know or care to control itself, it will be swept away by socialism, syndicalism, bolshevism or anarchism, or all of them combined in different kinds and degrees of explosive union. Soviet Russia has taken to over-production and dumping as much as capitalist England and America. So also yellow Japan. How long will the ancient giants, India and China, which are the most populous buying countries, submit to peaceful penetration and painless blood-sucking on the vampire method, without snarling and biting in return? Who knows? Anyhow it cannot be long.

The new insanity must be cured, or it must end in suicide by the spirit of man. Either he pursues the present impolicy of individual luxury, social competition, economic rivalry and political discord and dies, or he adopts a new policy of individual spirituality, social co-operation, economic interdependence and political amity, and lives. Is he to die, or is he to live? Will the new insanity continue or will it cease?

Is India Progressing?

By Manu Subedar, B.A., B.Sc. (Econ.) London,

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It is unfortunate that in official publications and in non-official comments one reads only about one single topic, but the collective effect of statistics relating to many topics does not come under review as frequently as it is desirable. The most striking contrast between the conditions in India and the conditions abroad comes to the observant traveller, who knows the language and whose interest is no longer in mere sight-seeing, but in examining the economic life of the foreign people, amongst whom he finds himself. Even here facilities are not always available and the mental equipment required for making the contrast is not possessed by all globe-trotters. The result is that, so far as the life of the people is concerned, we do not have authoritative statements either showing how far there is backwardness in contrast with foreign countries, or there is deterioration in contrast with life a generation ago. I consider that I would have done some service if I could stimulate thinking on the part of the readers of *The Scholar* in this direction.

It is quite true that a considerable area of waste land has been brought under cultivation and the total of irrigated area in India is now more than it was at any time before. On the other hand, why is it that in almost every description of crop, the production in India in comparison with similar production in other countries in the world is the lowest? Why is it that India is always at the bottom, or not far from the bottom in the results of the activities of her people in what is claimed to be the most important occupation for the large majority? In America, in respect of the cotton crop of 1931-32, the yield per acre was 201.2 lbs., whereas in India, for the same period it was 69 lbs. The acreage under cotton in India was 23.5 millions, whereas in America it was 40.7 millions. Though the Indian acreage was more than half of the American acreage, the Indian production was much less than a quarter. A similar ghastly tale will be unfolded in respect of nearly every branch of Indian activity in agriculture. It is much worse in the matter of those industries of modern type, in which the machine plays a much more prominent part than the man. There is much loose talk as to whether the wealth of India has increased during the last 150 years. Apart from savings, which are accumulated in the form of precious metals or capital equipment and assets, wealth is consumable and

has to be replaced every year out of the national production. Why should the scale of India in regard to production be the lowest amongst the nations of the world? Is it possible to increase this scale, or must India continue to pay heavily for her many requirements, which are imported from abroad and for which wages on a very much higher scale than what prevail here, are paid? Why should the output of many Indians be equal to the output of much fewer individuals abroad, and how long can any country survive economically, if there is absolute necessity for exchanging on this unequal basis?

Many people have remarked on the poverty of India, which is a ghastly fact when one learns that able-bodied men in some districts of this country are willing and anxious to secure a wage of from one to one and a half anna per day in hand-spinning. And yet in the extravagance of the princes and of rich citizens, collective wealth is visible. If the figures were compiled of losses incurred by this country in industrial ventures, it would be found that there is much spare wealth, which is at present either spent on foreign travels, foreign luxuries, or on enterprises that are short-lived. If India has material of every description and a market for the finished goods, it is only the organization which is lacking. It would be thought-provoking to one who would seriously consider on the one hand the phenomenon of such large collective imports from abroad, and on the other hand a large army of unemployed and unemployables (under present conditions). Conditions of quantitative production have not been studied in India. Take the case of holidays alone. The richest countries in the world have a minimum number of holidays, besides the weekly Sunday. In England these days number only five, and in India they number more than twenty-five, because the holidays of each section and community must be observed. A poor country, instead of working more, is actually working less and then complains that it cannot stand in competition with the world.

Has economic waste diminished on account of the enlightenment which, some people claim, has come to India? More temples and places of worship are going up every day, involving with them an army of parasites and dependents, who do not work, but who expect to be fed. Efforts at amelioration are lacking, or they are terribly duplicated. There is no regulation. There is not even sane opinion on the question of food, dress, housing, and other important issues. In other countries in the world, social organization on the basis of clans and tribes has been eliminated, and a national type created by effort from the top. In India not only does the caste system persist, but communal differences

have been unduly emphasised. Institutions like schools, hospitals, and clubs are run on sectional and communal lines. Charitable organizations have been set up for the benefit of a limited section and, instead of emphasising the common aspect of life of India as a whole, these organizations, social, political and charitable, serve to emphasise the separatist tendencies and prevent that consolidation, which alone can enable this country to stand in competition as a nation in the world. In other countries, as recently in Turkey and Persia, the national dress has been standardised, but, in India, we perpetuate the picturesque Orient. It is this outward appearance, which enables foreign writers to pretend that humanity in the East is something different and that it has a different kind of mind. These views about the essential difference between the East and the West have encouraged westerners to have a different conscience towards India and to be unscrupulous in their dealings with Indians. Variety rather than uniformity is the characteristic of the existing order, but it is not a variety which betokens freedom of the individual, because, in his own section, ideas about social usages, dress, food, manners and everything else are received and imposed and are not the result of a conscious rationalism. In India even the problem of charity organization, which would separate recipients according to their needs and deal with them adequately, has not been attempted. The question of mendicants, who not only absorb the substance of the community, but provide carriers for the spread of physical and moral disease, has not been seriously examined by leaders of society, or by the authorities. Under the plea of tolerance and religious non-interference, much evil has been allowed to exist and to continue. This is a policy of pure drift. Life in India is like the growth of a jungle rather than the ordered cultivation of a farm or a garden.

There are many criteria, by which the progress of a country can be gauged. Amongst these is the question of the death-rate. In India, the point which strikes one is an excessive birth-rate unchecked either by the economic condition of the father, or by the physical condition of the mother, or by any other consideration of convenience including the possibility of sound bringing up of the child. There is also an excessive death-rate, too large amongst infants within the first year and generally such that it would appear that, through the paucity of survival, the time and trouble devoted to the creation of new life is all wasted. The other outstanding fact is the short expectation of the average life which, in the case of India, is about 23 and in the case of many foreign countries exceeds 40. Longevity has this advantage that men with experience and capacity give to the working economic machine of the society their best during the last year of

their life. Not only do institutions in public life, but organizations, with which such men are associated, suffer because of the premature disappearance of experienced parties. These facts about the longevity and death rate tell in the end, but before the end comes, there is the physical condition of men and women, which all observers have given out, has been visibly deteriorating in this country. The physical stature, the muscular development, and generally, the health of the population are to-day much lower than they were a generation ago and very much lower than they were in historical times.

Apropos of the average span of life in India, the system of education based on alien models is killing. It involves too long an effort and is too expensive for many classes of the people. If the expectation of life for an Indian when he graduates is not the same as abroad, the relative cost of effort and education spread over the whole period of his working existence is unduly high. Radical reorganization is wanted in this direction, and above all, the sense of discipline, regularity and cleanliness.

Is the morale of the community higher to-day than it was before? The art of adulteration, of imitation and of passing off the spurious for genuine has undoubtedly expanded, and, in the matter of foodstuffs and other products, it is doing very great harm. Reliability of domestic and other servants is less now than it was before, and all round, not only has the sentiment of human kindness diminished, but the desire to over-reach one's neighbour, to get more out of him, whether it is deserved or not, is too prevalent. Smooth working of transactions between man and man has disappeared, and disagreements resulting, often in expensive and long operations of law, are found not merely between merchants, who buy and sell, employers and employees, but also between members of the same family. An impartial visitor from the moon or from another world or even from abroad would also find that there has been retrogression in this direction.

It is my desire to create food for thought for the protagonists of both schools, for those that would spare no praise for the benefits which, they claim, India has derived from the British administration and for the other which seeks to lay at the door of that administration every symptom of national backwardness. Until the searchlight of rationalism and patriotism is directed towards broad facts of life, the impulse to improvement will be lacking. Whatever the personnel of Government or the Constitution may be in India, some of these problems will have to be tackled earnestly, if India is to have a self-respecting existence in a competitive world.

The Youth Movement.

By V. K. Raman Menon



THE Modern Youth Movement had its beginning in Germany, and from there it spread to other countries. The Youth Movement proper contains only what has been started and run by youth itself and on its own initiative. This should be distinguished from the movements for the benefit of youth started by adults which may be termed as youth and welfare movements. Thus the organisations such as the Y. M. C. A. and the Boy Scouts do not technically come under the youth movement, although they have similar aims and in recent years they are approaching the youth movement at many points.

In Germany the youth movement began with an organisation called *Wander vo gel* which began in the closing years of the last century. Though the movement was started in 1897, it had its fore-runners more than a century before.

In the seventies of the 18th century, in the Gottinger University was founded a student society called the *Gottinger Hainband*. Young men of the University banded together for combating vice and oppression.

In 1811, Ludwig Jahn, commonly known as Turnvater Jahn, founded his system of physical culture by Gymnastics. He encouraged wander-lust or the love of wandering. His aim was the production of citizens sound in mind and limb, subject to strict moral discipline and filled with the spirit of patriotism. He laid stress on the 4 F's - *Frisch, Fromm, Fro'hlich, Frei*.

Four years later in 1815 was founded in the University of Jena an association called the *Burschenschaft*. "The spirit of truth and righteousness shall direct our lives, so that we who are brothers and sons of one Fatherland may stand united as an iron wall against its enemies, both within and without." So runs a manifesto issued by them. At a gathering on the Wartburg in Thuringia the Society came into conflict with authorities and in 1820, the society was dissolved. Its colours, Red, Black and Yellow (the present official German flag) was forbidden. The *Burschenschaft* was revived in 1848.

But as was mentioned before, the modern youth movement began with the *Wander vo gel* movement which originated in 1897 in the district of Stiglitz near Berlin. Its creed was a return to nature by careless pilgrims who took luck and weather as their

came. They claimed to be the successors and disciples of the wandering scholars of the Middle Ages who sang, fiddled and begged their way from one seat of learning to another. Thus the *Wander vo gel* organisation had its chief activity in wandering. They tramped the country-side, sang the old folk songs and revived the folk dances.

There were two sides to this movement:—

(1) *A negative side*— This may be expressed in the old simple slogan—"Free from conventions and back to Nature. In the form of their formula, to determine with inner sincerity their life on their own initiative and their own responsibility to turn back on the hypocritical convention of modern life and to stand under all circumstances this inner freedom of soul and action".

(2) *A positive side*:— (i) To create a sphere of life of their own. (ii) To create an organised life among congenial members.

The group life is the leading feature of the movement. Their chief activity was wandering or as is now known hicking. 'Wandering,' they say, enriches body and mind, while sports train only the body.

"Of all the sins which we have committed in the years that lie behind us," they say, "the greatest was the severing of large section of the people from Nature. For that sin, in the long run, no people goes unpunished. We have paid for it with the dearest we had on earth—men's lives..... Tramping woods and fields is not only health and pleasure, it is experience, inward growth. The youth movement is a movement for the right use of leisure, and the right use of leisure involves hicking.

This free roaming society of the 'Birds of Passage' in course of time developed an organisation of its own. Youth, it appeared, does not desire freedom only, but also authority and discipline. To obey joyfully the self-elected leaders became the principle upon which modern youth unions are now based. Some of them ask for solemn pledges and the oaths contain in some words or others the threefold pledge of 'Truthfulness', Discipline and Service'. At first the *Wander vo gel* had rejected the Boy Scout organisation which had been supplanted into Germany in the decades before the War under the name of "Path-finder" being 'too militaristic'. Now since the *Wander vo gel* turned from wild freedom in the woods to training and discipline, both the Path-finders and the Birds of Passage approached and combined into the 'League of *Wander vo gel* and Path-finder'. In a similar way other welfare organisations adapted themselves to the form. All of them founded for the benefit or protection of youth and some for propaganda have been assimilated to the

youth movement. In this country we have only the Boy Scouts and have also hicking as one of the minor activities of the scouts. The habit of hicking we have to develop as being the cheapest and most suitable sport in this country.

In a cold country like Germany the greatest difficulty was shelter for the wanderers during night. To us who are living in South India it is the easiest thing to spend the night either in a choultry or mantapam.

This difficulty was solved by a German school-master named Richard Shirmann. One Summer's day in 1909, Shirmann taking boys out for a roam towards night-fall came across a closed school-house. Why should not the school give shelter to his troop of wandering boys? He went further and in 1910 two hostels were opened to give shelter at night to the wandering boys. In 1931 in the Berlin District there were 140 hostels which gave shelter to 2,85,000 guests. On the whole, there were two to three thousand hostels, and more are being opened. These hostels are now under the control of a Government Department. Thus the very success of the movement deprived it of its gipsy character. The few may walk carelessly but the many must be drilled.

Richard Shirmann's project met with strong opposition from a section of the *Wander vo gel*. It was not vagrant life. There is no romance about a holiday whose nights were spent in cheap hotels. The charm of uncertainty of the gipsy life was gone. Still the youth hostels flourished. The total population of Germany between the ages of 12 and 21 is estimated at about 9 millions. Of these about 3 million boys and 2 million girls are registered members of a recognised youth organisation. All of them enjoy the privilege of very much reduced rates on State Railways as well as the privilege to use the numerous youth hostels (*Jugendherberge*). Many of these hostels are beautifully situated on the ruins of old castles. The hostels are not lodging houses, and the guests must be birds of passage. Some are new buildings but the majority are old buildings adapted for new usage. In this country the old Manatapams may be adapted to this use. Each hostel is in charge of an elderly man known as the *Herbergevater* (Hostel father). The unit is the party, and the party leader should intimate before-hand the size of the party and the period of stay. They provide cheap meals and bed. Alcohol and tobacco are not obtainable, nor should they be consumed there. These hostels are cheap, efficient and cleanly and friendly. It is also claimed that the youth hostels is of cultural significance through the orderly atmosphere of the house.

I think the idea underlying the Birds of Passage is eminently fitted for this country. Its cheapness and universality as a sport should appeal to all. There are beautiful spots scattered all over the banks of the Thamraparni within easy distance of Tinnevely. Get hold of a copy of the Tinnevely Sthilapurana and visit the places. There is a lot of pleasure and exercise to be got from it.

It is convenient to be able to provide simple equipment. A knapsack is a great convenience, it leaves your hand free and a sort of stick or staff is also useful. It is better to camp in groups. It is possible to include people of various talents within a group. One may be interested in Art, another in Botany, a third in Geology, a fourth in folklore, and each one may give a report based on his own preference and the report of the groups will be very interesting.

Another itinerary may be to trace out the old Salais. You have to provide yourself with a sort of map of the country you wish to explore and start away. And much good will come to you out of that. You will hear the birds singing and see flowers blooming and trees growing. You find out how people in the village live and come to have a real love of the country. Now then put on your sacks and take the staff in hand—I wish you a good time!

Moments with Stars.

By Dr. B. K. Vaidya, M. Sc., Ph. D.



None of his popular books on astronomy, Sir James Jeans says that God must be a great mathematician, because the scheme of the evolution of the universe laid down by Him seems to follow mathematical calculations very rigidly. However, Hindus are taught from their very childhood to view God in many aspects and in what follows we shall see that, besides being a mathematician, God is a brilliant experimenter and a good physicist. He is not much interested in organic evolution and other matters concerning life as we understand it on the earth. The earth is the only solitary place in the boundless universe, where experiments on life are being conducted. All other places like the sun, the moon, the stars and even the rest of the planets have conditions prevalent in them which exclude the possibilities for the existence of life. The places are either too hot or too cold for organic matter.

These heavenly bodies are centres of great activity where God carries out His colossal experiments. His unit of mass is a million ton. His unit of distance one light year (distance covered by a beam of light travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, in one year). His unit of time is countless ages. The sources of energy at His command are such that He could easily raise a mass of matter to a temperature of 40,000° C or more. It is obvious, therefore, that the things which interest Him most are gigantic experiments on radiation and matter. We shall endeavour to sketch the stupendous processes which are going on in the celestial laboratories of the stars.

On a clear dark night after the monsoon rains, when the atmosphere is very transparent, the vault of the heavens presents a spectacular sight. If it is nearing midnight early in October, the first thing to catch our sight is the thin silvery dust of the galaxy passing through the well-known constellations of Scorpio Saggiarius which are setting in the west. The Orion with its prominent red star Betelgeuse is just rising in the east, to be shortly followed by Sirius, the brightest star of the heavens. There are numerous other bright stars, and probably two or three of the wandering planets.

Betelgeuse and Sirius represent two extreme stages in a great experiment. The former is red and the latter bluish-white. Astronomers tell us that of these two the red colour is indicative of a lower temperature, just like a piece of iron which when put

in a furnace, first becomes red hot and then white hot at a considerably higher temperature, with an intermediate stage of yellow. The reverse process takes place on cooling. We can, therefore, conjecture, that what is true of a piece of iron is also true of a star. A silvery white star is at the zenith of its career, pouring forth heat and light at an enormous rate, while others which are yellow or red represent either the growth or the decline. Our sun, which is also a star of the average strength, is on a downward course, passing at present through the yellow stage. Making this method of observation a little more accurate, it is possible to estimate the temperature of a star. Thus it is found that the hottest star may be at a temperature of $40,000^{\circ}\text{C}$ and a red star like Betelgeuse may have a surface temperature of about $2,000^{\circ}\text{C}$, though at their centres both of these would have a far greater temperature. The sun's surface temperature is calculated to be $7,000^{\circ}\text{C}$. only. Incidentally, it may be observed that the highest possible temperature attainable on the earth with an electric arc is about 4,000 degrees.

It should not be supposed that the stars which appear as tiny specks of light are really so. They are anything but tiny. The enormous distances which divide us make them look insignificant in size. The sun, our nearest star, is 109 times bigger than the earth in diameter, Sirius is about twice as big as the sun, while the giant star Betelgeuse is 300 times as large. An idea of the relative distances of these bodies from the earth may be obtained from the fact that light travelling at the rate of 186,000 miles a second, takes eight minutes to reach us from the Sun while the light from Sirius requires eight years to do the journey before reaching the earth. Betelgeuse gives a still more astounding figure of 200 years. A natural consequence of this is that if by some cosmic tragedy Betelgeuse is wiped out from the heavens at this moment, we should not be aware of the fact till 200 years have rolled on.

Another amusing thought arises when we consider the weight and size of the stars. Taking the earth's weight and size as unity, the sun's mass turns out to be 329,000 and its size 1,320,000. Their relative diameters are 1 and 109 respectively. Therefore, by Newton's law of gravitation, a body weighing 1 ton on the earth would weigh 28 tons on the sun. It would be difficult for an average man to lift a weight of 7 lbs. on the sun. On the contrary, although the star Betelgeuse is 40 times as heavy as the sun, its size is so enormous that it can hold 25 million suns in its body. In consequence of this extra large size, the force of gravity at its surface is so little that things weighing 80 lbs. on the earth would weigh only 1 lb. on Betelgeuse.

The materials of which the stars are made are many and varied. Out of the 92 elements known on the earth about 43 are present in the sun. Of these the principal ones are hydrogen, calcium, sodium, silver, copper and iron. All these elements are in the form of gases, as the body of the sun is at a very high temperature. However, at still higher temperatures, such as is obtained in Sirius, the so-called 'elements' of the earth lose their significance, and are further resolved into simpler 'elements,' helium and hydrogen. This process of simplification is brought about by rise in temperature, which makes the more complex 'elements' lose their outer electrons, till nothing but the simplest systems consisting of a few electrons is left. Hydrogen and helium belong to such simple systems.

The process of identifying an element in a mass of luminous matter is known as spectrum analysis. If the light given out by such a body is viewed through a prism, bright lines of different colours are observed. Each of the 92 elements has got a number of such characteristic lines, and this individuality is always preserved. Thus the element hydrogen is identified by its red, blue and violet lines, the element sodium by its double yellow lines and so on. Now, for a long time the astronomers were puzzled as to why certain stars should show evidence in their spectrum of abundance of some of the elements, whereas from other facts it was known that the same elements should occur in proportionately lesser quantity. Also, certain of the observed lines could not be identified with any of the known elements. An answer to this riddle was provided by Professor Meghnad Saha. He thought of the high temperatures prevalent in the stars and of the influence which such a temperature would have on the atoms of matter. The atom of a moderately heavy element like calcium would begin to discard the outer electrons of its system one by one on attaining sufficient heat, much in the same way as a person oppressed by heat would begin, his superfluous clothings. It occurred to Professor Saha, that the atoms, in discarding these outer electrons, probably gave a much brighter display of their individual lines, giving an impression that the increased brightness in their original spectrum was due to their abundance. Besides this, Professor Saha argued, the same process in the atom may be responsible for adding one or two new lines to the list of those already possessed by the particular atom. This would explain the origin of the unidentified spectrum lines. These suggestions of Professor Saha were verified by laboratory experiments, and needless to say he obtained international recognition as the originator of the stellar ionisation theory, which is in essence the disrobing process of the atom we have just described.

Utilisation of Waste Vegetation.

By V. Subrahmanyam, D. Sc., F. I. C.



ILLIONS of tons of plant materials are being annually disposed of either as pests or articles of no value. The object of this article is to give an account of the nature and extent of occurrence of such vegetation and their possible utilization in arts and manufacture.

There would appear to be three main types of waste vegetation:—(a) plants with gregarious habits, like the water hyacinth of Bengal, the lantana of Deccan and the prickly pear of South India, which are dreaded as enemies of agricultural crops and even forest plants, (b) various types of vegetation which grow spontaneously on uncultivated lands and in jungles which are considered harmless but which are not generally used except as fuel. This group would include the numerous species of trees which are now classified as junglewood, various shrubs which are considered to be poisonous and grasses which are ignored as being too coarse or otherwise unsuitable for cattle and (c) several plants or plant materials which are obtainable in plenty but the uses of which are either not fully known, or cheap processes for converting them into useful products have not yet been discovered. This category would include hardy woods like the *Mathi* of Mysore, various starch-bearing tubers like the *Kachara* of the Konkan tracts, oil-bearing seeds like the *Dhupa* of the West Coast, sugar-bearing fruits like those of coffee berry, cashew apples and mahua, tannin bearing plants like the numerous cassias and acacias of Deccan, the best known among which is *Avaram* or *Thangli*, and essential oil-bearing grasses or shrubs which abound in most of our jungles.

The plants classed as waste vegetation cover the major part of the uncultivated tracts of the country which may be reckoned to be over 500 million acres in India alone. They thrive under a variety of soil and climatic condition and are generally resistant to disease. They are all available in great abundance and the supply is well-nigh inexhaustible except when deliberately destroyed by man as in the case of the prickly pear.

The extent to which any plant material can be utilized is determined by (a) the abundance of the constituent for which the plant is valued (b) the ease of handling and (c) cost of collection and transport. The last is a fairly serious obstacle in certain

cases, but it can be overcome by choice of proper localities and intensifying the produce.

There are several wild tubers from which starch or sugars can be manufactured. Thus the *Kachara*, with which the author is acquainted, contains about 60 per cent. starch and presents no difficulty in the working.

Sugars can be obtained either directly or indirectly from several plant materials. In the case of mahua fruit or the cashew apples they can be extracted as such, while in those of the water hyacinth or wood fibre they will first have to be treated with acid. Most of the materials are suitable for the manufacture of glucose syrup which is so valuable in several industries. Thus, the author found that juice from the cashew fruit contains about 12 per cent. sugar which can be readily concentrated to a 60 per cent. syrup after treatment with lime or alkali.

Most of the sugar yielding products are eminently suited for the manufacture of industrial alcohol. Thus Fowler and Dinanath Talwar found that the mahua husks which are now being wasted are eminently suited for that purpose. Sen and his co-workers noted that water hyacinth and saw dust from certain woods e. g., *Excoecaria agallocha* yield large quantities of fermentable sugars on hydrolysis with acid.

The more refractory types of cellulosic wastes can be converted into fuel gases by digestion with sewage. Considerable amount of useful work has already been carried out by Banerjee in Bangalore and Sen in Calcutta, but further research is needed to standardise the process.

Several fruits are rich in pectins and the fibres in cellulose; except in a few solitary instances sufficient application has not yet been found for them.

Considerable amount of work has been carried out by Sudborough, Simonsen, Sanjiva Rao and their co-workers on the essential oils from various types of grasses, shrubs and trees. Some of them are highly valuable in perfume industry; others, as shown by the author and De, possess far greater deodorising and germicidal properties than phenol, and being also proportionately much cheaper, can easily take the place of coal tar disinfectants now so commonly used.

There are several jungle plants which contains highly potent insecticides and fungicides. The work of Tattersfield and his associates in England, the late Dr. Kunhi Kannan, B. T. Narayanan and their co-workers in Bangalore have gone a long way to establish that extracts from several tubers (e. g. *Derris elliptica*), flowers

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and leaves (e.g. *Pongamia glabra*) destroy some of the most pernicious agricultural pests without in any way poisoning the plants themselves as the mineral insecticides are often known to do.

We are to-day importing enormous quantities of wattle bark and bark extract, though we have almost inexhaustible stock of tannin-bearing plants in the country. The main difficulty in the way of tanners using *Avaram* bark is the prohibitive cost of collection and transport, but it should be possible to improve the condition by intensifying the culture of the plant and preparing concentrates. In both the above some useful beginnings have already been made at Bangalore.

Many of the wild plants are rich in various enzymes, which now find extensive application in medicine and industry. Particular mention may be made of the lantana leaves which contain active forms of all the more important enzymes and the hongay seed which contains the most active urease among the plants so far examined.

It may not be generally known that most of the powerful herbs and drugs used in Ayurvedic and Unani or Allopathic medicine are derived from the so-called waste vegetation. Very little systematic attempt has, however, so far been made to cultivate the plants intensively so that the cost of collection is now almost prohibitive. It is known that many of the plants respond readily to artificial culture so that it should soon be possible to develop a flourishing business in medicinal plants.

Chiefly on account of their perishing qualities, junglewoods have so far been outcasts from structural materials, but thanks to modern developments, it has now become possible to preserve them even better than metal or concrete. Particular mention should be made of the recent Falkamesam process which, it is hoped, will open out a bright future for junglewoods.

Almost every form of waste vegetation, when not otherwise used, is eminently suited for use as manure either in the green state or after composting with chemical and biological starters. As instances of these may be cited the observations of Fowler and Gopalakrishnamurti, who noted that in addition to enriching the organic and mineral matter of the soil, prickly pear also helped to fix the nitrogen of the atmosphere: Jagannatha Rao and the author observed that lantana leaves make excellent synthetic manures when composted with sewage or nightsoil. The preparations thus obtained are characterised by fairly high nitrogen content (1.2 per cent.) and a very large percentage (2.5) of phosphoric acid, which our tropical soils so badly require.

Very little systematic work would appear to have been so far done on the distillation of waste vegetation. This would appear to be a highly promising line of enquiry for the future, since in addition to the charcoal some valuable chemicals may thus be obtained.

The waste vegetation of to-day constitutes some of the sturdiest offsprings of nature who eke out their livelihood from the poor offerings of uncultivated soil unassisted by men. It is true that they have not so far found much application, but in the light of increasing knowledge with regard to their possibilities every effort should be made to preserve them. They should no doubt be prevented from invading agricultural lands or overpowering the more valuable saplings of timber trees; but they have their own uses in the service of mankind, and our ignorance of their utility should not be a plea for destroying them.

Mother-Worship.

By Swami Jagadiswarananda.



THE whole Hindu world is jubilant over mother-worship during the Navaratri week. The Navaratri is a significant Hindu festival, especially dedicated to the worship of God as Mother. This doctrine of Divine Motherhood is the greatest contribution of Hinduism to the religious philosophy of the world. No other religion has developed such a wonderful system of mother-worship. The two Semitic faiths, Islam and Christianity, are pre-eminently religions of divine fatherhood. Though the Roman Catholics worship the Virgin Mary as the Divine Mother and kiss her statue, yet it does not form part of Christian theology: it is a sort of ritualism to them. Zoroastrianism and Taoism are devoid of this cult. Egypt, of course, evolved a higher cult of mother-worship in the forms of Isis and Horus, which has made Egypt more famous than her mummies and pyramids. But that is again more of an artistic culture than a religion. It is only Hinduism and its off-shoot, Buddhism, that have produced a scientific cult of mother-worship. Mahayana Buddhism of Nepal, Tibet, China and Japan (unfortunately not the Hinayana school of Buddhism current in Ceylon) have given a prominent place to mother-worship in their religion. Hariti of India, Kisimism of Nepal, Kuyan-yan of China, Kwanon of Japan are the perfections of Buddhist mother-worship. But in Hinduism mother-worship is as old as the Vedas, the oldest known scriptures of the human race. Aditi is the first Vedic name of the Mother of the Universe. In the Upanishads, the philosophical portions of the Vedas, there is a story of the divine mother. It is a mythological proverb with the Hindus that the Gods and the demons are in constant conflict between them. Once the Gods won a victory over the demons and became puffed up. So, Brahma wanted to teach a lesson to them and destroy their pride. He appeared in a gorgeous manner before them. The Gods having been astonished at the surprise-visit of this adorable Deity sent Vayu, the air-God, to know of him. "What power have you," asked the deity. "I am the God of the air and can in a moment blow away the whole world." He placed a blade of straw before him and asked him to do so, but with all his might Vayu could not even move that a little, and left the place ashamed. Then Agni, the Fire-God was sent to the deity. "What power have you," asked He. "I am the Fire-God and can burn the whole world in a moment. "Very well," said the deity, and then he placed a blade of grass before him to be burnt to ashes. Agni

with all his might could not heat it even, let alone burning it, and left the place ashamed. Then Indra, the king of Gods, approached the deity who then disappeared and in the sky appeared as Uma Himavati, the beautiful mother divine of the Universe. She said: "I am the creator and mother of the Universe. In me the worlds are created, sustained and dissolved. I came to teach you that your pride is false, as victory is due to the Brahman. I am the Sakti of Brahman. I am inseparable from Brahman, as fire from his burning property; jewel from his effulgence; as waves from the ocean are inseparable, so Brahman and his Sakti are inseparable." This Divine Mother is called in Sanskrit *Prakriti* (Latin: *Procreatrix*) or the creative principle. She is the Hindu *Magna-mater*, or in the words of the Gnostics, *Megale Dunamis*.

Again in the *Rig Veda* there is mention of a Vedic seer whose daughter, Vak, during the attainment of the highest spiritual illumination exclaimed: "Shaham, I am she, the mother of the Universe. I am the creator, the preserver, and the destroyer of the worlds. I am the power of the Gods. By my command the wind blows, the fire burns, and the river flows. Days and nights, months and years are regulated by me." The holiest Vedic mantram, Gayatri, is also worshipped as a Devi or the Universal Mother, the female principle of Brahman. Brahma, Vishnu, and Maheswara are the theological statements of the three scientific principles known as *Sristi*, *Sthiti*, and *Pralaya*, respectively the powers of this Universal Mother. Mother-worship has a vast literature in Sanskrit called the Tantras, and they are specially studied and followed in Bengal. Ramakrishna, Ramprasad, and a legion of other saints were born in Bengal and got their spiritual illumination through mother-worship. Bengal celebrates mother-worship during this Navaratri with great eclat. Bengal has a distinct culture of her own, quite separate from the rest of India, and mother-worship is its predominant feature. Though various kinds of mother-worship are current in India, such as Kali-Puja, Saraswati-Puja, and Jagaddhati Puja, this Navaratri celebrates the mother-worship as Durga Puja. A beautiful earthen image is made and decorated with variegated flowers and foliage. Mother Durga is installed in the centre of the altar with ten hands symbolising the ten directions as Mother Divine is considered as immanent in nature. On the right stand her two children, Ganesh, the God of Success, and Lakshmi, the Goddess of Wealth; on the left stand her two children, Saraswati, the Goddess of Learning and Kartika, the Goddess of Strength. She is believed to reside with her children and husband, Lord Shiva, in their Himalayan home, Kailash, but out of bountiful grace to her human children, She descends to the earth for three days in the year, and

the Hindus with literal belief worship the mother.

This mother-worship is a national Sakti of the Hindus, and this is at the root of all Hindu achievements. Motherhood, being the sweetest human relation, Hindus love very much to love and adore God as mother. In almost all Hindu temples Goddess is worshipped along with the presiding deity. In the famous temples of Benares and Madura, mother is worshipped as *Anna-Purna* and *Meenakshi* respectively. Hindu society and Hindu social ideals are saturated with the spirit of Divine Motherhood; nay, the basis of the Hindu social edifice is mother-worship. It is the glory of the Hindus to worship the earthly mother as the Divine Mother. The Hindus never look upon their mothers as ordinary females, but as the Divine Mother in flesh and blood. As Raphael's Madonna with the child Christ is a masterpiece of Western art, so the culmination of Indian or rather Eastern art is the conception of the Divine Mother. India has perfected the ideal of Motherhood, whereas the West has perfected the ideal of wifehood. That is why India has produced from age to age men of world magnitude in every sphere of human life. Truly Louis Jaccoliot, the celebrated French author of the *Bible in India*, remarks that India of the Vedas entertains a respect for women amounting to worship. The English word wife means women, whether in the Anglo-Saxon *wif* or the Greek *wcif*. But the Hindus call their wife *Sahadharmini*, the partaker and partner of spiritual life. Long before Roman Law and Jurisprudence, the foundation of western legislature were codified by Justinian. Hindu laws were made by Manu who says mother is the representative of the Divine Mother—the embodiment of the eternal mother. The home that neglects the mother is Godless and unholy.

With the onrush of western civilization the whole East, especially India and Ceylon, have lost their ancient traditions, and in blind imitation of the West are not respecting their women as before. Sree Ramakrishna has shown in his own life how the married life is to be lived. He actually worshipped his wife, Sarada Devi (of whom Sister Nevedita said that she was the personification of the ideal of Indian-womanhood) with all ritual and ceremony, and saw the Divine Mother in her. He had no worldly or physical relation with his wife. He made her a partner in his spiritual life. Marriage is a sacred religious institution to minimise sex life in man and a great help to the spiritualisation of worldly life. Only when India will learn to look upon women-kind as Mother Divine, individual and national life will be revitalised with infinite Sakti, which alone can do away with all our present national calamities.



WITH THE COW-DUST

I

Maternal night outstretches her tawny arms
 And clasps her flushed and way-worn child—the sun—
 To close him in her bosom cool anon;
 And all the toiling fretful breath becalms.
 The restless merry bells—the heifers' charms—
 Tell tales of spicy woodlands, luscious vales,
 And scented meadows—pastures sweet—; while hail
 The anxious home their wonted sweet alarms.

Look, where, amidst a cloud of happy dust
 The buxome cows and calves in wanton zest
 Are capering, spurning earth in ecstasy,
 And dancing homeward drunk with songs acute
 That gurgle up the fountain of the flute
 Of blest Gopala herding home in glee!

II

Behold! he comes; the winsome cowboy mine!
 My Krishna sweet! amidst the bouncing herd
 Of blithesome heifers, cows, and calves that gird
 Him dancing sprightly in the soft sun-shine
 Of his smile; His love-lit sapphire frame divine
 And golden robes all clad in dust, his beaming brow
 Bejewelled with the winking sweat aglow
 Beneath his waving peacock crest supine!

My Blue-Bird whistling heavenly ditties home!
 My Darling! Sweet Gopala come;—come,
 And let me kiss thy bright celestial brow,
 Enfold thee in my bosom rich with zest,
 And feel thee like a nestling in the nest;
 And ever breathe the rapture of Thy Love.

P. M. Hari.

WHY NOT ?

Misguided man ! How darrest thou speak of one—
Thy brother—made by God in His own form :—
“ He shall not touch me ; I am born to shun
His presence and approach ?” Ah ! thrice-blind
worm !

He must indeed be pure ; for in him dwells,
E'en as in thee, the Father—thine and his.
Hark ! 'Tis thy pride-polluted self that tells
The baseless tale ; 'tis *thou* that art amiss.
He might be clad in tatter—'tis thy crime ;
He might be sick and famished—'tis thy sin.
Art thou so sure that, if the self-same rod
Were used for measure, thou couldst hope to win
The Grace Divine ? Then why not march with time
And see, as thou wouldst have thee seen by God ?

Rao Sahib Ullur S. Parameswara Aiyar

OOTACAMUND IN APRIL

Now all the world is emerald, and the sky
Burns like a sapphire through the vibrant air :
On such a morn as this fond lovers swear
Eternal tenderness and have no care :
On such a day did Robert Browning sigh
For home, o'ercome by Nature's wizardry,
And God, he deemed, in Heaven needs must be,
All being perfect in a world so fair.

God in his heaven ?—What ?—When, here, sun-kist
The pride of Beauty goeth like a queen,
In gold, in silver, and in amethyst,
Crowned on these purple summits half the year,
Her jewelled feet upon the blossoming green ?—
Nay, for I'm certain that He walketh *Here* !—

G. K. Chettur

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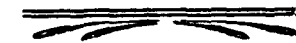
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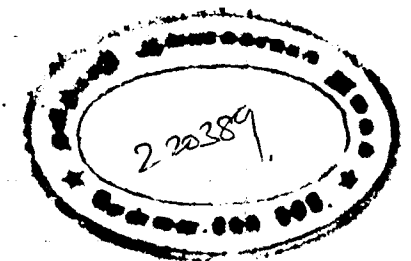
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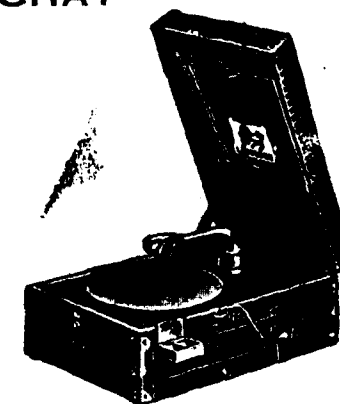
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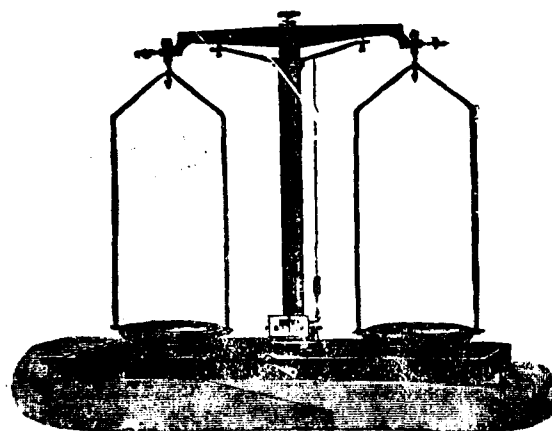
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