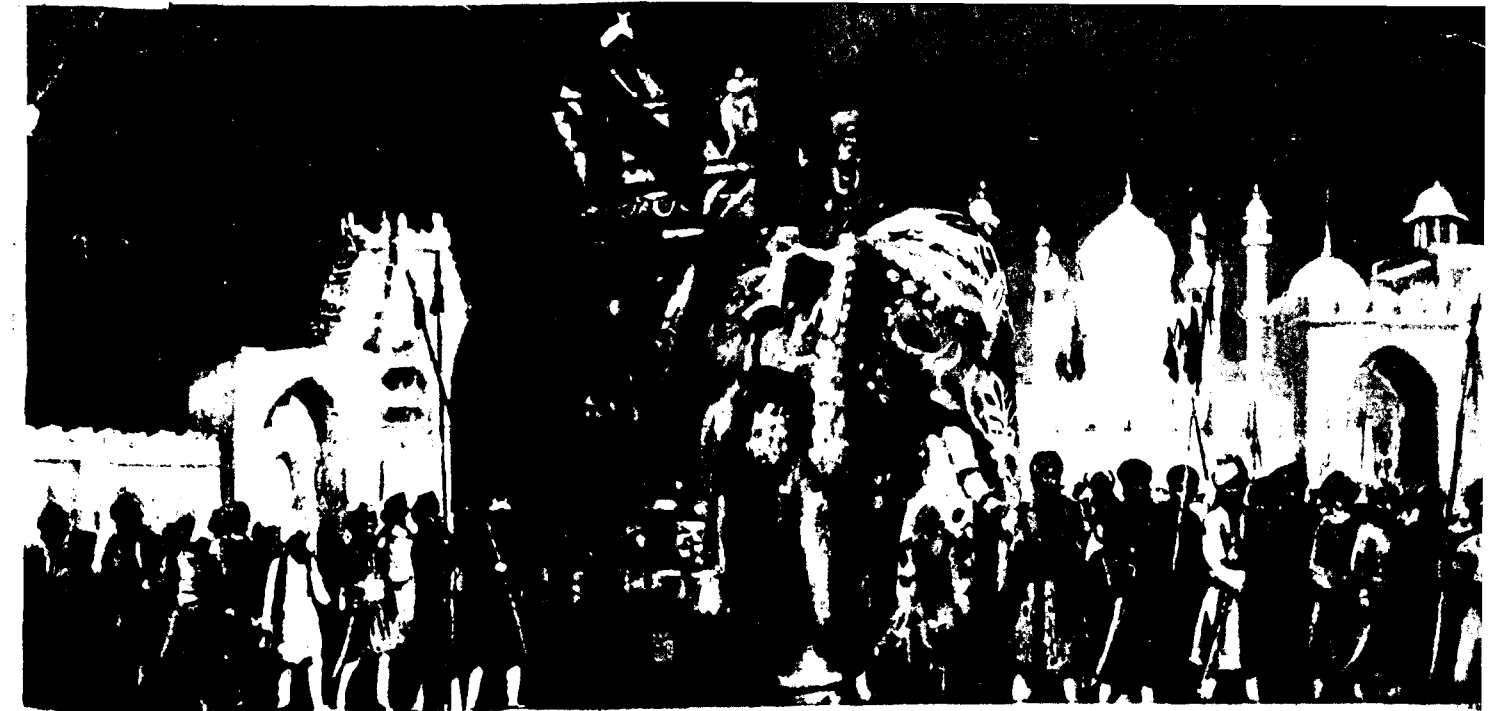




NO. 1. VOL. IV - EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY F. H. RAULEDER - OCTOBER 1933

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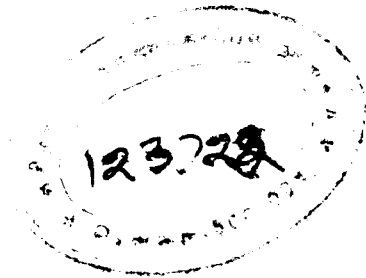
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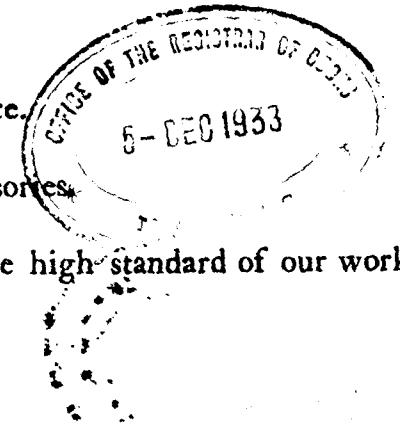
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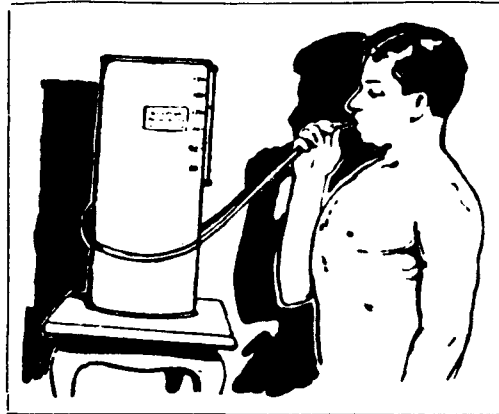
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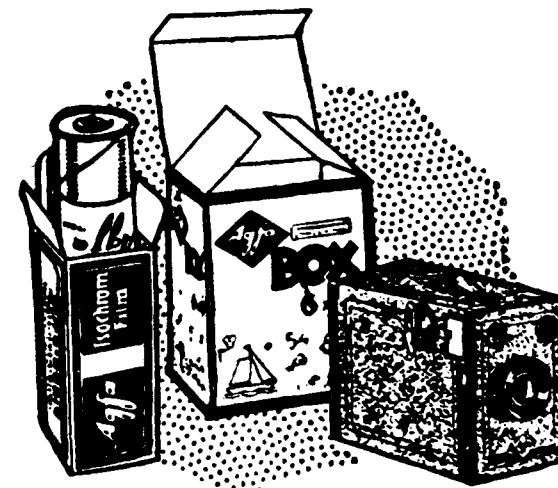
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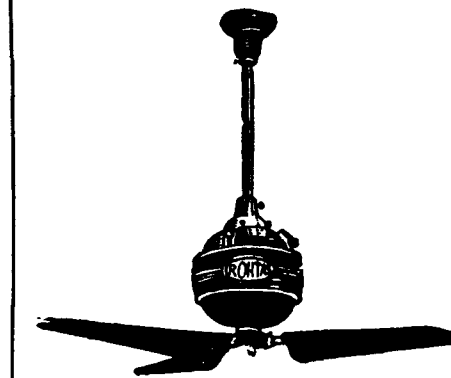
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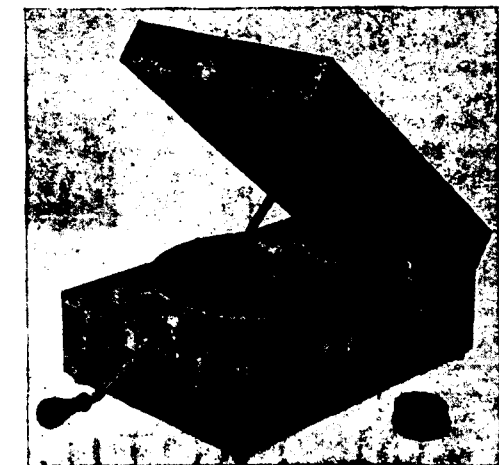
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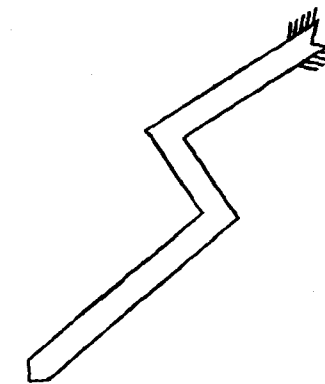
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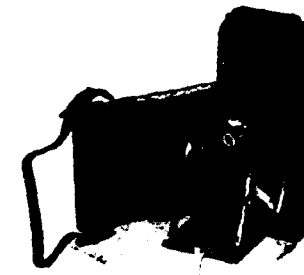
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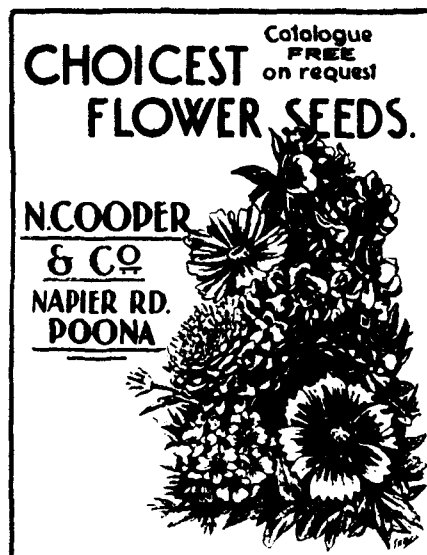
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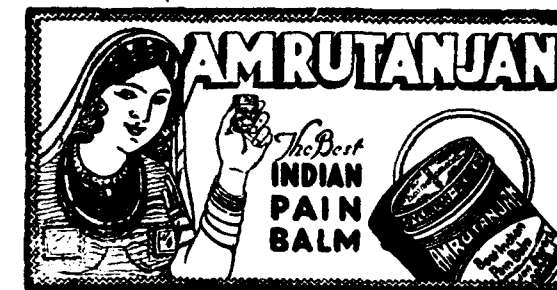
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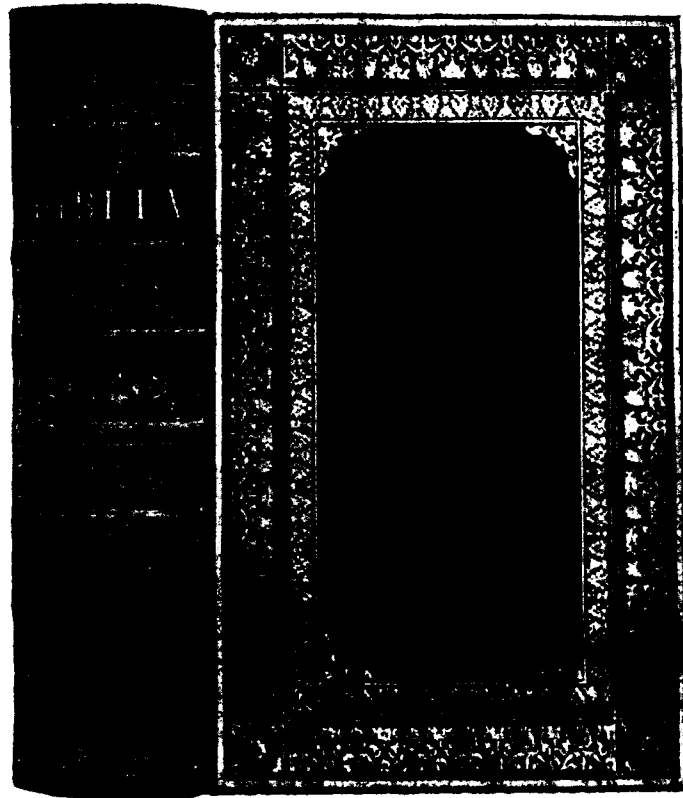
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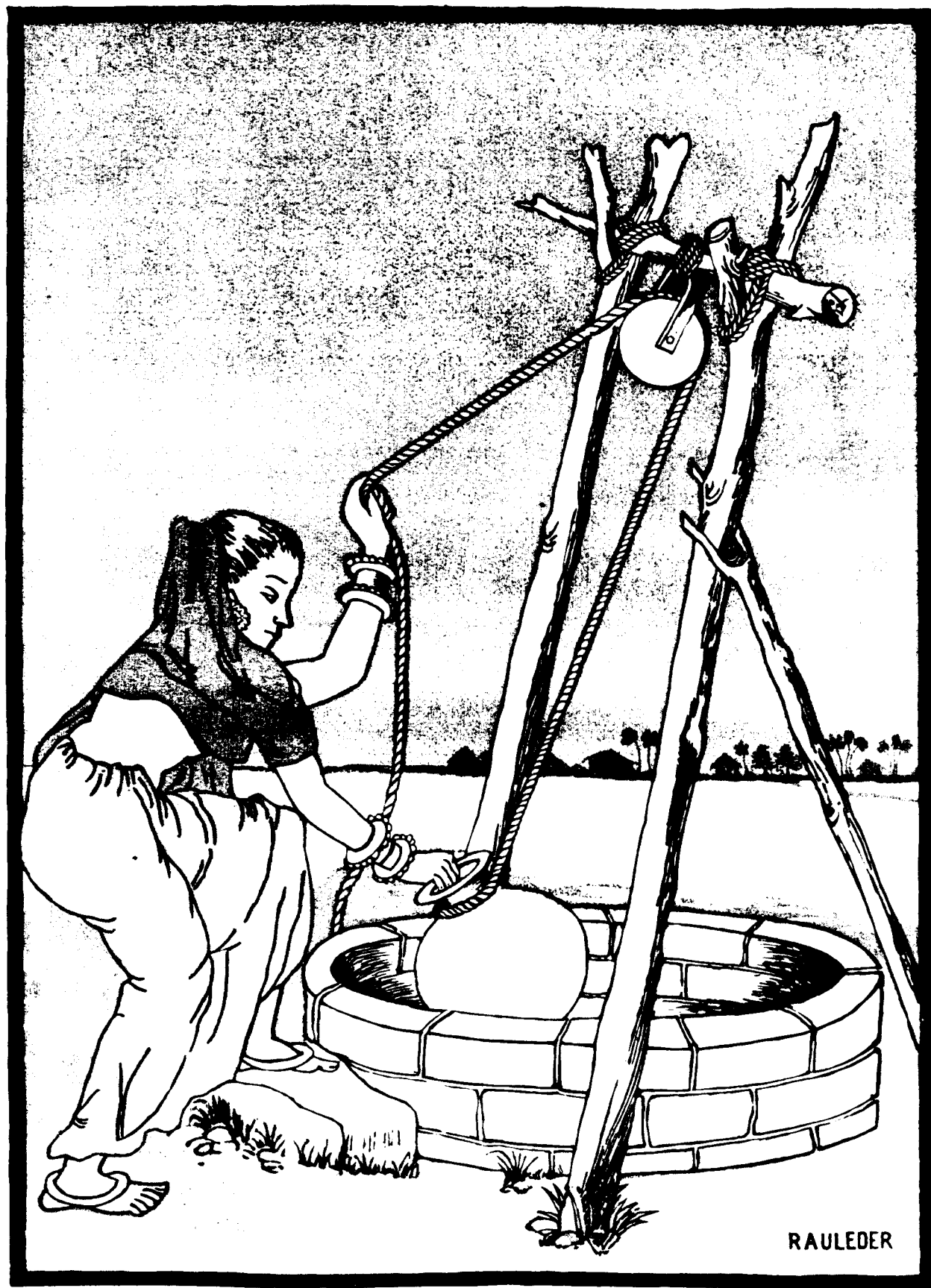


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Indian Magazine

NO. 1. VOL. IV

EDITED AND PUBLISHED BY F. H. RAULEDER

OCTOBER 1933

Be Still, My Soul

DR. H. W. B. MORENO, M. A., PH. D., D. LITT.

Be still, my soul, fear not the tempest blast,
Nor the long breakers, threatening thee with harm,
The Master is beside, His word will cast
The storm aside and there shall come the calm.

Be still, my soul, seek not in vain to pry
Into the future that His mercy veils,
No shaft can hit although a thousand fly,
He will encompass thee, His power prevails.

Be still, my soul, thy Friend and Helper stands,
Though many fall upon thy left and right;
No ill can thee approach, while He commands,
Thy foes shall turn and flee before His might.

Be still, my soul, what if He do but chide,
He chasteneth those with whom His love is free;
It is to mend thy ways, thy steps to guide,
His will be done, whatever it might be.

Be still, my soul, in calmness lies thy strength,
The storm will soon be o'er, the battle cease;
When all is past, thyself shalt see at length,
'Twas for thy good, to lead thee into peace.

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In the Sikkim-Tibet Himalaya

AMONGST the many hill-tribes who congregate in Darjeeling and these hills, the most flourishing are undoubtedly the Nepalis. They are the famous warrior people from the independent kingdom of Nepal. The Gurkhas are world-famous. It was my good fortune to accompany a Nepali friend from Darjeeling to Independent Sikkim, and from there to arrange a trip to one of the high altitude passes in the Donkya Range of the Himalaya, that range which divides Sikkim from Tibet. In Tibetan Language pass is called "La", the one to which we were going being called Natu-La.

We Leave Darjeeling.

We set out from Darjeeling and descended the first thousand feet by car. From this spot right down to the Tista Valley we had to walk for nine miles, at the same time descending some six thousand feet from bitterly cold mists to the sweltering heat of a tropical gorge. I was familiar with the valleys round Darjeeling, having gone down to the Sikkim border at Manjhitar to see the River Rangnyit. Some faint idea of the diversity of the scenery can be imagined by the fact that we left cypresses and birches for tree-ferns, bamboos, pandanus palms, canes, mangoes, bananas and banyans! Up in Darjeeling the cuckoos were echoing through the cool woods while as we sweated through the dense steaming jungle the only sound in the breathless air was the shrilling of cicadas, a cricket-like insect very common to the tropics, and tree frogs, or again the scurrying of rudely long-haired monkeys springing from the roadside into their forest retreats.

At Lopchu we passed through one of the famous tea-gardens. This was at an elevation of about four thousand feet above sea level—about the height of Ben Nevis! The sun beating down on the mathematically laid-out bushes filled the air with a scent like new-mown hay. Under wild-date palms, silver oaks and bananas, which broke up the monotonous regularity of the plantation were the simple homes of the tea-coolies woven and thatched of the useful bamboo and lined with a plaster of mud and straw—most comfortable, neat, picturesque-looking huts when viewed from a respectable distance!

Under the increasing heat of the beating sun we were glad to refresh ourselves at the countless streams and waterfalls by the wayside, coming from cool Arctic heights and trickling their music down to the hot, thirsty tropical depths, perhaps to join one of the several rivers.

Rugged Sikkim.

Sikkim, our destination, is probably the most mountainous country in the world for such a small compass—it has an area of less than 3000 sq. miles.—"It

rises in a tumult of ranges from 700 to 28000 ft. In a two hours scramble one can descend from Alpine gentians to tropical bamboos; the higher altitudes are ice and rock, the lower a wilderness of forest ridges and precipitous gorges, with seldom a level space and barely room for a footpath by the side of their torrent beds." (W. H. Buchan.)

From the little I have seen of this wonderful country I can add to this condensed description my own testimony that Sikkim seems to resemble almost every country in the world in climate, appearance, and vegetation. Bounded by the highest mountains in the world, the Himalaya rising clear five miles above the level of the sea, containing mighty unconquered Kangchenjunga which has to be looked up at from the hill station of Darjeeling which is 47 miles away and itself no mean elevation of 7000 ft.; from this mountain great spurs run across Sikkim lengthwise and crosswise, dropping down in tremendous precipices to extremely hot—because they are shut in—tropical valleys at sea level. Up in the higher altitudes the temperature is Arctic. From glaciers, such as the great twenty mile long Zemu, the longest in the world, which is the source of the Tista, come torrents and rapids which thunder down through all the climates and varieties of vegetation. The Rangnyit and the Tista are the biggest rivers which drain the territory.

The River Tista.

The Tista is a river with a personality. With high wooded cliffs rising sheer up on either side, topped with higher and ever higher hills and mountains, it resembles a savage Rhine. In place of castles there are occasional monasteries, yellow-walled and red-roofed, with prayer-flags set all round like giant lances, while in place of prosperous towns there are the simple huts of the aborigines, the Lepchas, a lazy, but kind and simple people. All the way that we followed along the river's rugged banks from Tista Bridge, a meeting place of Indians and hill people, to Singtam where we left it for the Rongni Chu (another river) it dashed savagely down grey-green or again white and sometimes slate-coloured; leaping, roaring and tossing angrily from side to side of its steep, mica-schist banks.

We passed the boundary of India proper at Rungpo where the police demanded my pass. Passes are required for Sikkim as it is the main route to forbidden Tibet. At Rungpo the river tears along furiously under a shaky suspension bridge. As we crossed there was a bazaar in progress in a square, where the ubiquitous Marwari or money-lender-merchant was probably duping the simple people of the hills, the Tibetans, Lepchas, Bhutias and Nepalis. Nearby the ponies of the villagers and visitors were tethered. Village

children were playing barefoot football on a green sward.

The Children of the Mountains.

All these hill people are dressed quite differently from Indians. They naturally favour a Chinese form of apparel. Tibetans, for instance, wear rough woollen kimonos of purple and dark red, fur hats with four flaps and thick felted knee-boots open at the back. The Nepalis are fond of velvet and turquoise, looking very chic in this unique combination. These hill women are more than often very broad and fat. All are powerfully built in a squat way and a noticeable feature which distinguishes them from the Indian is the enormous muscles of the leg. Indians have the thin legs of a degenerating race. There is nothing vanishing about the Tibetan. They are very healthy and strong as oxen. The Sikkimese or Lepchas are a small wiry race, often with delicate, handsome features. They are strong, too, although built more slenderly than the powerfully constructed Tibetan or Bhutia. In all these races the Mongolian characteristics are prominent. Long eyes with few eyelashes, vanishing eyebrows which commence nearly where ours normally leave off, big, horsy teeth, broad, flat noses, thick chests, muscular limbs, long, very often artificial pig-tails and dirt! One can smell a Tibetan a mile away. It is considered lucky to be dirty. They never take off their clothes or use water, and if they do use anything to "clean" it may be rancid butter, months old! India is in most ways mediaeval, but these countries are yet in the stone age. Bows and arrows are used. In one respect they are civilised. Everyone smokes hand-made cigarettes—men, women and babies! But their cheerfulness is their redeeming feature. They are incorrigible smilers and gamblers. They would willingly miss their meals if only they could sit and throw the dice. In Darjeeling they draw rickshas, great, clumsy, pram-like structures which must be about the most outrageous form of locomotion known. The rickshas in other places are delicate handsome things as far as they go, but these here are ungainly, crude, barbaric and ugly. In the intervals when they are disengaged from this rickety business these Tibetans gamble, shouting laughing and generally enjoying themselves like children. Truly, as someone has said—was it G. B. Shaw?—the civilised people can be recognised by the worried look they carry on their faces, while the savages are the most happy people in the world! The children of these hill people resemble very dirty Japanese dolls. Yet they are healthy and strong! They wear the scantiest clothing, even though the weather is bitterly cold and freezing, running about with happy screams and dirty faces. Handkerchiefs and soap are unknown! The tints of health on the yellowish Mongolian faces produce a rich kindly orange.

The Ravine Approach to Gangtok.

Now we were in Sikkim. Through the finest orange gardens south of the Himalaya, we saw beneath us

the rice fields of the peasantry who use the river silt and build terraces up from the river. We passed copper mines, now unused. Indeed, organised, Sikkim would be one of the richest countries in the world. Coal is found, but again unworked. Mica, most common of all, could be utilised for optics. Water-power is unlimited. The whole country drips with water. Great waterfalls and rivers descend for thousands of feet. One can say there are drops of miles. But all this power is wasted, a dear price to have to pay for a buffer state as a "protection" to India! I can see a future Sikkim, powerfully, unobtrusively industrialised, which would give comfort without spoiling the jungle and natural beauty of the country. Modern electrical invention has by this time proved that discrimination and beauty are its two watchwords.

Ever winding in and out through magnificent ravines and valleys, we gradually began the ascent to Gangtok, the capital. A splendid spot in which to contract rheumatism! For it is an exposed spur open to great heat and to the heavy Himalayan clouds. It is either very hot or very chilly. We felt very remote from Darjeeling and civilisation. We left Darjeeling at seven in the morning and reached Gangtok just before sunset. Altogether we had travelled some sixty miles although by straight line on the map Gangtok is no more than half that distance away. This, of course, is on account of the rugged country.

Gangtok.

It is on this exposed spur that the Rajah has chosen to build his capital. It is little more than a village. There is an enclosed bazaar with a curious entrance having a look-out room over it. I spent a futile, but amusing hour going from "shop" to "shop" seeking tinned foods. I obtained some stale biscuits and chocolates. Besides the bazaar and the scattered houses of the inhabitants there is little else. One or two of the wealthier residents have built themselves good houses. The Rajah's "palace" is a small bungalow most gaudily painted in post-office vermilion and thick Chinese yellow, the two sacred colours of lamaism, full of decorations in the Tibetan style. The Rajah Dorje (Wielder of the Thunderbolt) is a Tibetan, educated in Darjeeling, yet still wearing the Tibetan kimono and the round red hat of the mandarin. I saw him and the Ranee at the presentation of the local high school sports prizes.

Lamaism.

Near his palace is his private Gompo or monastery. He is a Buddhist. Most of the people are Buddhists—of a very corrupt and devil-worshipping sect. Religion in Tibet and the adjacent countries is a mixture of three systems of belief. First there is the elemental nature worship of the country, secondly the pure Buddhist teachings, and third the Hindu Tantric teachings. The Hindu priest who brought Tantricism (what we would call black magic) to Tibet cunningly grafted it on to the two existing beliefs. He called the composite whole, which for a combination of saintliness and

devilry resembles nothing else except possibly some of the fieriest versions of evangelical Christianity—Buddhism. Adherents are known as Red-Caps. There are purer reformist sects who are out for uncorrupted Buddhism. They are called Yellow-Caps. The latter, are comparatively rare, however.

The Wheel of Life.

The Rajah's monastery has a distinctive beauty which fitted in with the atmosphere of the country. It had a tent-shaped roof with a pagoda rising from the centre. Great pale-blue curtains draped the gateway. Tall fluted columns were painted dark orange, while reds and yellows were used very effectively in lesser decoration. In the entrance hall, put there I suppose to welcome the congregation, were weird, horrible pictures of ravenous devils in hell torturing the damned while close-by Buddhas in heaven were surrounded by rainbow auras and coloured streamers. The now famous "wheel of the law" was there. It is a picture of a monster having a gaping, devouring mouth, with three eyes and rows of grinning skulls round his neck. He clutches a wheel with great claws. This is the "self", the ego which lives only by the continuation or revolution of the disc of birth and death. The wheel itself has pictured upon it the various events in a man's life through birth to death and after. In the very centre of the wheel are three creatures; the pig, the snake and the duck, signifying greed, deceit and untruthfulness. Around these are pictures describing the ordinary life of man: desire, pleasure and pain. According to Western ideas many of them were very indecent, but they are none the less truthful. Then comes the outer wheel showing the merits of life on earth as they are apportioned after death. There are tea-houses for the righteous with immense smiling rainbowed Buddhas superintending! There is also a heaven for animals. Hell is divided into two parts, one hot and the other cold. In the cold hell the damned are naked and up to their necks in ice, the hot hell resembling greatly the hell of the Christians showing horrible visaged devils stirring up the wicked in a pot of flames! Greedy people are given thin necks and big hungry paunches. Strong bullocks are for ever ploughing up the gigantic tongues which liars possess! Other pictures cannot be decently described. They dealt with sex and child-birth and other things. The problem for the Tibetan is how to escape from the wheel and how to kill the beast who holds it and makes it revolve. Even heaven and hell are no escape. Ascetics are also depicted so asceticism is obviously a part of the wheel. Everything is a bondage which has to be eradicated before freedom or nirvana is attained.

Every Buddhist lama or priest has this wheel and in the monasteries there are innumerable elaborate representations of it. Some are marvellously painted on fine silk and look very very old.

A Weird Monastery Service.

I visited a much older monastery than the Rajah's

and saw a death ceremony. The relatives were sitting quietly in a corner while the lamas held the service. In the dimly-lighted hall which had only the flickering light of a row of lamps placed on the thick wood-bound manuscripts of the books of the law, before the altar, the monks were sitting in two rows facing each other. Above the altar was a colossal image of Gautama Buddha unusually pleasant of aspect and less Chinese than most of those which I had seen. The head lama was seated on a low stool on a dais. He was a thin, bony ascetic, quite expressionless. He muttered now and then over his "dorje" or thunder-bolt, an implement like a double crown; rung a bell briskly and swung his rosary. He was dressed in dark purple robes having the right arm bare. His head and those of his disciples were shaven. The others had very dirty yellow robes. All were Tibetans. The others constituted the orchestra, an important department in every monastery. They believe in the efficacy of sound in their magic. A Tibetan orchestra is the weirdest in the world. It is so other-worldly. When the high priest muttered he was followed by the others each in their own way, making a terrific din. Two little acolytes blew conch shells, others beat great drums, while flutes and pipes fluted furiously. But the predomination sound came from six-foot long Tibetan horns called "Ra-dong". "It is the sound which would be produced by myriads of bees swarming through the forest." Although the noises produced were not musical in the ordinary sense, and indeed were rather blood-curdling, they give a discord which fulfilled its corresponding harmony within one, fitting in with the atmosphere of far-a-way-ness and an awareness of the proximity of inexpressible mysteries, something quite indescribably expectant. There was love, sweetness, awe, and tragedy and great beauty.

The White Memorial Hall.

A hall has been given to Gangtok in memory of the first British resident, Mr. White, and to it I was taken by some friends. The hall is used as the room of a newly started club. I was taught the Chinese game of Mah-Jongg. There were some Irish soldiers present who had been touring and holidaying in Sikkim. They were from Tipperary and next day were returning back to Darjeeling to join their regiment.

We set off for Karponang.

The next day we set out for the Tibetan boundary, the Natu-La. There are many passes. Close to the Natu-La is another, the Jelep-La. We heard, however, that there was no proper road or path by this one so we wisely chose the former. Both passes are over fourteen thousand feet above sea level. Before we left arrangements were made for us by our good host in Gangtok. Without his kind help we would have had great difficulty in going through the jungle country and in arranging ponies, coolies and food. There were four of us touring, three Nepalis and myself. We rode on ponies. Besides us there were three coolies, two to carry our foodstuffs and one to carry

the ponies fodder. There was also a groom and a cook. Altogether we were therefore nine people and four horses, quite an expedition! I was an object of much curiosity, but everything was done by the hill people to make me happy. We started off at two in the afternoon from Gangtok, reaching the Dak-Bungalow provided by the P. W. D. (Public Works Dept.) of the Government of India for travellers at Karponang, our first stage, at nightfall. From Gangtok 5500 feet high we rose to 9500 feet at Karponang. All the way we experienced thick mist and rain but even these uncomfortable conditions only urged us on and added to the beauty of the forests through which we journeyed. We passed and crossed countless waterfalls, many of them magnificent and wonderfully beautiful; we heard the ceaseless dripping of water everywhere; every tree and shrub was draped in wind-shaken lichen, some like long straggly beards with everything colourless in the mists; mosses covered every embankment and rock, and what with the noise of rushing streams and torrents coming down vast ravines, and over all this the thick white mists rising and falling, now hiding, now revealing, it will be easily understood how it was with feelings of gladness that we arrived at the Karponang bungalow where warm fires had been prepared before which we could dry our saturated riding clothes. The Earl of Ronaldshay, once Governor of Bengal, has graphically described the same Sikkim forest:—

The Forest of Moods.

"The forest here possesses a singular attraction. It is essentially a place of moods. At times it is intensely still. Bright sunlight filters through a net work of rich green foliage, lighting up splashes of colour where flowers grow softly cushioned on the slopes of moss-covered banks. Butterflies of many hues flash like many-coloured jewels from flower to flower, dancing a mad dance of ephemeral existence under the stimulous of the sun-laden air. Every variety of foliage is to be seen, from the delicate feathery leaf of the acacia to the broad polished leaf of the upstanding Sal. A host of parasitic growths clings to the larger trees, ferns, orchids, lichens and moss. Here and there the dark green pothos grips the trunks of the tallest trees in sinister embrace. Now and then

a curious phenomenon can be observed. On the stillest day a single leaf or frond will suddenly start moving in wild gyrations while all else remains unmoved. 'Shaitan', say the superstitious mountain folk: 'an atmosphere eddy' grunts the native forester, contemptuous of supernatural explanations in his superior knowledge of scientific forest lore.

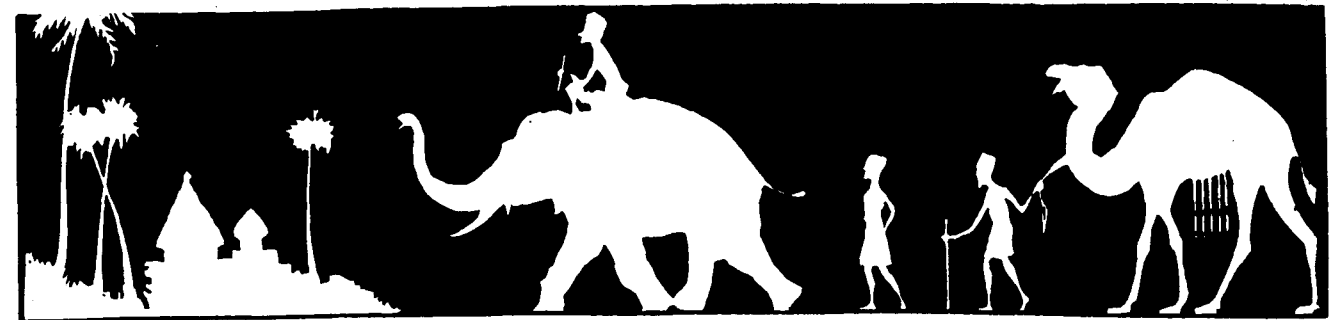
"Such is the forest in smiling mood. Suddenly there comes a change. The sunlight vanishes and light is swallowed up in shade. The smile is gone and nature seems to frown. A chill draught passes through the trees. Wreaths of mist rush by, winding about the moss-grown trunks like grave clothes about a corpse. Colour has fled and has left only a picture in sombre half tones. With the same suddenness with which it rose the wind dies down, leaving a solemn hush brooding over the world."

Leeches.

Early the next morning we were off again. What a view we saw in the early morning light! Afar down in the valleys were the clouds and the tropics, with streams of clear water falling all around. Above us green clad mountains soared up into indigo or lost themselves in fluffy clouds. These mountains were twelve thousand feet high. Over them lay our road. The one question in all our minds was whether we would have better weather.

Soon we were off, not without some trouble with horrible leeches which attacked both ourselves and the ponies. Our ponies were shaggy Tibetan creatures somewhat resembling strong Shetland ponies. They were wild and extremely fond of walking on the very edge of the road where the rocks dropped down thousands of feet. Leeches of the commonest kind were black worm-like creatures, capable of swelling out to ten times their size. They have tough elastic bodies and once they attach themselves are impossible to remove without tearing the skin off their victim. The only way to get rid of them is to apply salt or tobacco, and they can only be destroyed by being turned inside out! Everywhere we saw the white flower of the wild strawberry, and in many places we found berries. I tasted them but found them very sour. Once when I bent to pick a particularly large fruit I accidentally got a leech instead!

To be continued



Forests and forest folk of Travancore

THE charming State of Travancore characterised by its "primeval forests and palm-fringed shores" is famous for its "exuberant natural beauties, its old-world simplicity and its arcadian charms." The beauty and grandeur of the forests of Travancore are most picturesque and defy description. Along with their lovely lagoons, marvellous mountains, mighty rivers, wild rocks, shady and pleasant valleys, stately trees, charming bowers of nature, creepers that put forth a rich variety of beautiful blossoms, and the carpeted undergrowth of ferns and flowery shrubs, the forests of Travancore reveal an inexpressible grandeur which is sure to relieve the ordinary prosaic mind, of the dull and dreary monotony of every-day life and fill it with sweet and ennobling visions, great and glorious thoughts of real bliss. A view of the country from one of the hill tops is the most fascinating sight human eye can ever meet with. The forests of Travancore—which cover a little less than a third of the total area of the country—are remarkably supreme for their unlimited luxury. The extensive flora and fauna of Travancore are diversified and stand out alike for their quantity and quality. It is said that there are no fewer than 750 kinds of trees, 350 species of birds, 70 varieties of snakes and innumerable insects in the vast and wonderful forests of Travancore. An eminent author has remarked thus "The vegetation and flora of Travancore are of exceptional interest first, because they are the relic and development of the flora which was at one time uniform over a large part of India, secondly, because of the extraordinary variety of species occurring within a small area, and thirdly, because many of these species have been taken as types of plants with which others from all parts of the world have been compared." Sir M. E. Grant Duff has described Travancore as "one of fairest and most interesting realms Asia has to show". Lord Connemora has called the State "a fairy land". The talented pen of Mr. J. D. Rees, I. C. S., C. I. E., has given a very striking pen-picture of the forests of Travancore. He has said thus: "If the night spent on the way recall the Inferno, the days are those of Paradise when once the Hills are reached..... In the morning hours one might well call these forests the mysterious temple of the dawn." Travancore forests are the natural home of many kinds of animals. A large variety of animals

"Roam the jungle free,

Graze the turf untilled,

And drink the stream unbrewed," all in the forests of Travancore. The wild bison, the grisly bear, the royal tiger, the lordly elephant, the cunning leopard, the gentle deer, the ugly jackal, the unclean hyaena, the fearful wild boar, the terrible porcupine, the mischievous monkey, the daring mongoose, and

many other animals, live in the forests most happily. The hawk, the raven, the vulture, the jungle fowl, the pred-bird-of Paradise parrot and innumerable paroquets abound in countless numbers in Travancore. Snakes of various kinds, scorpions, alligators of great size, are found in large numbers. Travancore forests afford much interest to the keen and clever sportsman and are the most advantageous sphere of activities, to the student of study and research. From time to time distinguished sportsmen and naturalists have extolled in eloquent terms the forests of Travancore. In the shape of "large game" Travancore forests present a great deal with the result that the State is hailed as the Hunters' Paradise. The sportsman while wholeheartedly revelling in the unlimited beauties of nature will often be invited to bring into play the sterner attributes of humanity, and fight beasts and this contingency certainly makes it all the more interesting, exciting and worth experiencing. Wedged in between the Western Ghats on the east, and the Arabian Sea on the west, the lovely State of Travancore is most appropriately called the beauty spot of India. The forests of Travancore, prove the truth of this praise.

Such in short is the glory of the forests of Travancore. The inhabitants of these forests are familiarly known as Hill Men. There are about twelve to fourteen hill tribes in Travancore, numbering some fourteen thousand souls. They consider the forest as their natural home and inhabit patches of forest about the basin of rivers and near valleys. The forest folk are very dark in complexion and have short noses and thick lips. Strange to say the hill-men are still in the lowest rung of the ladder of civilisation and are quite contented to be so. They are extraordinarily strong, sturdy and well-built and are eminently fitted by birth and breeding, to live in their wild surroundings.

The hill tribes subsist mainly on agriculture, and are a class of nomads who live on fruits, roots and game. They make periodical migrations from place to place. They are not used to living in any one part of the forest for more than three years. As a rule once in every three years, the forest folk change their dwellings. The hill-men are a set of interesting folk best suited for the forests and possess a very rare and remarkable power of easily scenting wild animals in whose midst they live most friendly and happily. They are of extremely active habits and are always very alert. The hill tribes are well accustomed to the habits of wild animals and as such they are masters in preventing danger and harm from the wild beasts.

These people dwell together in clans and each settlement consists of a large number of small huts, some on the ground and some on tree tops. The huts are made of reeds, bamboos and leaves, all got in plenty

from the forests. The safety huts on tree tops serve as protection against wild elephants that roam about the forest in large numbers and cause considerable harm to life and cultivation. The *Mootha Kani* as he is called, is the patriarchal chieftain of the hill folk. He is the uncrowned monarch of his tribe. He is revered and feared as their lodestar and as such exercises vast and enormous powers over the people in his tribe. His powers are so unlimited that even the most autocratic of sovereigns would feel envious of *Mootha Kani*. He is the supreme director and dictator of the social, religious and agricultural affairs of the tribe. A *Panchayat* or Village Council of Elders, which is presided over by the *Mootha Kani*, is the final court of appeal in all matters connected with the tribe. Thus the government of the forest folk is simple and forceful.

The forest tribes live in the inaccessible wilds. They are attached to the Forest Department and collect and supply some of the forest produce as honey, cardamom, wax, dammer. The hill folk surpass civilised men in honesty, integrity, trustfulness, simplicity, modesty and hospitality. Once in a way, say at one time during the year, they descend to the capital to pay their respects to H. H. the Maharajah of Travancore. They bring with them presents to the king, such as honey, rare fruits and parcels of hill-paddy seed. The king receives them kindly and amply rewards the rare visitors, with good food, cloth, money, salt and tobacco. With gay hearts the hill-men return to their homes.

It is a noteworthy feature which is to the credit of these uncivilised people, that they have acquired very remarkable and wonderful skill in the use of bows and arrows of different kinds. Their most popular and largely used defensive and offensive weapon is the bow and arrows. The other weapons which they make use of are bill hooks, knives, and hard cudjels with which they successfully belabour wild animals. When out of their homes they make it a point to carry a cane bag always on their back. This serves them as a granary for daily crop of grain, roots and game.

They prefer the aboriginal method of producing fire by rubbing two pieces of wood. The wood used is *Isora Corli Folia*. Their cooking is simple and they have only very few dishes. For the most part they bake roots and fruits by thrusting them into the fire. Their dress is exceedingly simple and they are as nature made them nude with only a semblance of dress consisting of nothing but a small loin cloth. They use head dress also. They grow their hair long and adorn their bodies with beads, shells and pendants of brass, iron and lead. Around every hill-man's waist, one would notice a number of strings carefully tied. These strings are his baptism register. The age of the *Kani* (Hill man) is ascertained by counting the number of strings. Every year a string is added on.

Their songs are mostly *Manthrams* or prayers and are sung by their priests. The priests are held in great

esteem and awe by the simple and believing forest folk. The priests also happen to be medicine men. They try to cure diseases by songs, prayers and incantations and fully and firmly believe in the power of these methods which are largely put into use. Their musical instruments are a metal tube and an iron rod. They are highly religious though their worship is purely pagan in character. They believe that the summits of hills are the home of their Gods and Goddesses. Their prayers are in the form of petitions and entreatings, wishing immunity from disease, sufficient food and happiness. Some of their magicians and medicine men practise weird sorcery.

The customs prevalent among the hill men are curious and interesting. The following marriage custom of one of the tribes is only one of the many curious and interesting customs long common among the forest people.

For the purpose of marriage ceremonies, a large circular building is made of leaves. The bride is ensconced inside the specially constructed hovel. All the young men of the village who are eligible for marriage assemble and form a ring round the hut. The bride's father, or in his absence the nearest male relative, sits at a distance from the hut and sounds a tom-tom continuously. Others play on their musical instruments with unabated zeal and increasing merriment. The whole place in no time becomes wild with noise and exuberance. The young men who have come with suitors are each armed with a bamboo cudjel. When the music is at its highest pitch they dance round and round the hut into which each of them thrusts his stick. This dance continues for one full hour, the uproar increasing in quantity as well as quality as each round is finished. By this time, the bride concealed in the hut seizes one of the numerous bamboo cudjels eagerly breaking inside. The owner of whichever bamboo she seizes becomes the fortunate victor in the brisk and keenly contested marriage game. Physical efficiency and decency of manners are the two essential requisites for every young man to be eligible for participating in marriage game. A feast then follows and the ceremony is complete. There is no divorce among the forest folk.

The hill-men are supposed to be the original inhabitants of the country. These aboriginal tribes speak a corrupt form of Tamil and Malayalam—two of the important Dravidian languages. Their most delicious dishes are bamboo plantains, bamboo joints holding honey of different varieties, fruits, roots, beasts, birds and fishes. Reptiles they eat as a luxury. They grow Tapioca in abundance and relish much baked and roasted tapioca. The Hill men as a rule are extremely hospitable and their goodwill towards those people who go into the forests is proverbial. They provide their visitors with ample and rich food and are always alive to their needs. When any stranger goes to a *kani*, he readily invites the new comer to stay with

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Dreams

THE prevailing method of psychological inquiry is well illustrated by two recent volumes on the subject of dreams. The method in question is well known, although we may doubt if it deserves the name of inquiry. The first step is to invent, borrow, or steal some theory that commends itself to predilection or prejudice. The second stage is to examine the whole field of available facts, selecting whatever is consonant with the theory and rejecting the remainder. In this way, it is easy to furnish "positive proofs" of any theories whatsoever, even though they be mutually destructive. The process has been much admired for its convenience and the certainty of its results.

The two volumes in question, both of them constructed on the plan indicated, are by Freud and Bergson. Each one contradicts the other, each one is demonstrated by carefully winnowed facts, and those who would be truly scientific must accept them both.

Freud tells us that dreams represent a fulfilment of the unsatisfied desires of the waking state. Bergson assures us that dreams are the shadows of our waking thoughts, whether good or evil, a kind of after-glow of the mental activities of the day.

So far as Freud is concerned it may be said that nightmares—certainly a form of dream—can hardly be considered as the fulfilment of some unsatisfied desire. Nor can dreams of calamity. Nor can that quite common dream in which we imagine ourselves to be without clothing in some public place.

The Bergson theory is nearly as vulnerable. It does not explain the prophetic dream, nor what may be called the dream of inspiration, nor the dream in which normal capacities are abnormally intensified as in the case of Coleridge, who composed *Kubla Khan* while asleep. It does not explain any of the dreams of genius, where there is an accession to the ordinary mental powers. Mr. Henry Holt tells us that he has frequent and impressive dreams of architecture, an art of which he knows nothing, but that he does not dream along the lines of his own aptitudes and thoughts. But perhaps it is "unscientific" to bombard a theory with incongruous facts.

The occult theory is the only one that is not afraid of the facts nor of any of them. In the light of Occultism we see that the normal human waking consciousness stands in relation to the Universal Consciousness as a land-locked bay or inlet stands to the ocean, as

the submerged hull of a ship stands to the whole fabric with its upper works, sails, machinery, compass, and crew. The limitations of the normal human waking consciousness are self-imposed, or rather are forced upon it by the barriers of the senses and the consequent conviction of incapacity and constriction, just as we may suppose the consciousness of the bay or of the hull of the ship to be limited by its environment and thus forgetful of its larger self. Now sleep means the withdrawal of consciousness from its sensuous prison and its temporary return to self-realization is the part of an Universal Consciousness. The bay ignores the encompassing land and becomes aware of the ocean sweep beyond. The submerged hull recognizes that it is a creature of the air as well as of the water and that it is directed by something greater than itself. Dreams are our perceptions of the Universal Consciousness, or rather of some of the stages that must be passed on the way to that reunion. And there are many stages. Consciousness, withdrawing itself from the sense plane, will presently find itself on the thought plane and surrounded with the images and phantoms of thought. It will pass onward to the plane of ideation, where live design and beauty, the content of art, and music, and poetry, and literature, and genius. And it will reach the state of the All-Conscious where dreams cease because form, and time, and difference are not.

But the dream is not so much our consciousness of these planes as the imprint that it can make upon the brain. Like the desert traveller who must drop his burdens one by one, so we are compelled to surrender our sleep experiences as we pass downward to the waking state and back to the brain. For the brain will not record any state of consciousness with which it is wholly unfamiliar. Either it will reject it entirely or it will mutilate it, and so produce a chaotic or meaningless record. The brain that is devoted wholly to sensuous impressions cannot receive a record of the non-sensuous, any more than the non-musical brain can register a classical composition.

The object of the student is therefore to train his brain to the reception of abnormal states of consciousness and he must do this by consistent thinking along lines corresponding to those of the higher sleep states. He must accustom his brain to receive new and higher records.

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"I do not know what I may appear to the world, but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the seashore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me."

Sir Isaac Newton.



DREAMING

Philosophy of Happiness

HAPPINESS is the state of extreme enjoyment of good health, peace of mind and fortune. It is the greatest panacea of life and makes the person enjoy renewed youth and vigour. According to Epicurus happiness consists of great ease of heart stripped of all excitement, and Aristotle's conception is that pleasure is a mere concomitant of some activities and adds zest to a natural activity. The lust for pleasure is ingrained in human nature, and drives man to seek it in the midst of turmoils of life. The cave man enjoys his revels of wild pleasure in cannibalism, head-hunting and impaling his enemy alive on pointed spike. A state of joy attracts the halcyon Bird of Happiness, brings peace to the troubled soul and safeguards the middle and advanced life against the ravages of early decay.

Happiness is a bird which all pursue, but none catch. Because of its fleeting nature, savants have described it in terms of disparagement. Sophocles thought that the happiest destiny of man was never to have been born; and Bismarck believed that the happy moments of his life did not come up to twenty-four hours in all. Doctor Johnson's dictum was that man is happy only when he is drunk and a modern philosopher has opined that, if search were made for the happiest man he would be discovered in a lunatic asylum. In the light of Emerson's law of compensation, which influences the happenings of man's life, misery brews in happiness, joy in sorrow and hope in despondency. Eternal unalloyed pleasure or misery cannot therefore exist. There are various sources of happiness, the more important among which are religious life, health, virtue, wealth and marriage.

Religious life:—Eternal contemplation of the Absolute helps man's evolution to perfection. The Rishis in Indian forests, who live a life of austerity to release the embodied soul enjoy supreme peace.

Health:—Health and happiness are synonymous terms and one cannot exist without the other. Cheerfulness is the offspring of optimism and strengthens resistance and endurance.

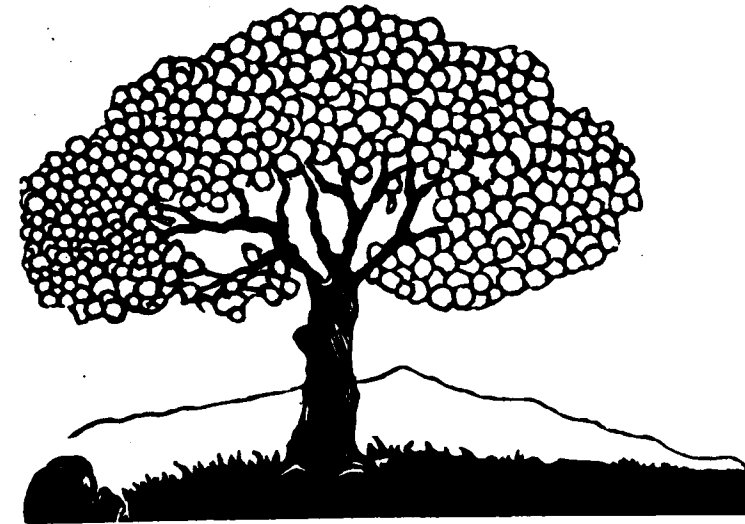
Virtue:—Virtue and happiness are mother and daughter. Happiness born of virtuous life is of a retired nature free from pomp and show. The service of humanity is the service of God. Happiness consists in making happy, and the more a person makes others happy, the more satisfaction he himself enjoys. The

high qualities of love, charity, mercy, and sympathy generate the purest form of happiness. Happiest the man, who does the greatest good to the greatest number.

Wealth:—In the fulness of material prosperity man enjoys unstinted pleasures of life. But owing to fickleness of fortune these pleasures are short-lived and fail to afford the bliss of spiritual life.

Marriage:—Successful marriage breeds conjugal happiness and domestic felicity and prolongs the lives of the wedded couple. Matrimony is the unchartered sea for which no compass has been devised and in which shipwrecks of happiness often occur as the result of internal storms. Unhappy marriage ends in tragedy. When there is incompatibility of temperaments and maladjustment in wedded life, the termagant wife plagues her husband's life with perpetual rumpus ending in disaster.

Happiness is a builder of health and vitality and by its fine tonic effect adds to the joys and span of life. It breeds courage and hope, generates incredible amount of energy and enables the person to bear the stress of life with lighter laughter. Under intense happiness past miseries join the array of the forgotten and pleasures of anticipation become as enjoyable as those of realization. Mind exercises tremendous power over the body and builds or breaks health and happiness according as good or evil emotions predominate. In the welter of life's struggles, emotional storms and vicissitudes of fortune it is hard to enjoy felicity. Happiness is contagious, as the cheery smile of a joyful man attracts the smiles of the world about him. Some people believe that happiness depends on sound physical health. Some others think intellectual eminence breeds joy; but true happiness can be had only by combining these valuable assets with the element of mental health. The Hellenic ideal *mens sana in corpore sano* (a sound mind in a sound body) is the pivot round which the question of happiness turns. While work, music, content, family provision and hobby are other sources of joy, the cult of fatalism, worry, anxiety and violent temper are fatal to happiness. Diet plays no small part in determining the spiritual happiness of man. A certain writer has said, "Tell me what you eat and I will tell you what you think." Whereas moderate, simple vegetable fare helps the calm tenor of the lives of holy men, hot stimulating foods excite passions and shatter even temper.



Starvation

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SWIFTLY he gulped down some mouthfuls of water and hurriedly wiping off the wet with the back of his palm got ready to go. During the whole meal I was watching him very intently. Not once after he set to it till he finished off with a drink of cold water did he look up at me. He ate not with a greediness but with a hurry which almost amounted to timidity. There was not that look of relish which you find on the face of a man who is pleasantly satisfying his hunger. Instead there was that look of dull detachment visible in one who performs a mechanical work. His eyes did not rest on the food with that loving look you would have supposed to find in him but with a certain malicious intent that you find on the face of a man who has driven to bay a long sought for foe. He had grown so strange to sympathy that he regarded you not with gratitude but as an eccentric man whose act of kindness was unaccountable. Not that he was altogether bereft of human feelings but he had become so accustomed to starvation that food was now to him a strange heaviness instead of an appreciable satisfaction. Although he vaguely felt that you had behaved differently from other men it was not natural for him to express any gratitude or warmth of heart towards you. His behaviour was like that of an animal who had been kept chained and caged so long that even when at last the chain had been unwound and the cage unbarred it still felt caged and chained. So much had this unhappy man gone from one unwelcome door to another, lived from one meal-less day to another, that he had believed himself to be some unearthly spirit rather than a being of flesh and blood. That was why his mind could not so co-relate incidents as to understand that my action was quite human, and not strange as it seemed to have appeared to him.

So that having finished his meal there was no reason why he should have stayed longer. Therefore with a mere "I shall go now" he was about to depart when I stopped him with my first question up to that time.

For when he entered and sank exhausted in front of my house I did not start cross-examining him but supplied his immediate needs. This was then my first question, "Why do you want to go away so soon? Sit down and rest awhile."

He was not anxious to go nor was he inclined to wait and thus remain longer within the sight of a man who in the usual way of things was entitled to gratitude. However with an inaudible murmur he squatted down again. Now I added one more query, "From which part of the country do you come?"

He listened patiently till I had quite finished my sentence and then spoke in a weary tone prefacing his speech with a significant sigh. "Well, Sir, it is hardly worth while to speak about these matters. 'What part of the country I come from!' He repeated this to himself as if he tried to get the meaning of those words. 'Which part of the country I come from.' And then louder, 'What part of the country I come from.' Oh, what use, what use."

I was waiting for his answer hoping that after his sorrowful exclamations he would burst out into a disclosure of his history. But no. He fell into a reverie from which I thought to bring him back by another question, "Why don't you do some work?" I put it in a very sympathetic tone. But no sooner did he hear the last word "work" than he started like one shocked. He sat erect and the veins stood out on his forehead. I feared that some malady was coming over the poor fellow—probably the effects of the broken fast. Then with eyes shooting forth such revengeful fire and emitting hot breath at every word he spoke, "Ah, Sir, you are all alike. Vainly did I think that I had come across a good man. 'Why don't I do some work.' Have they not driven me mad with that question? I asked for food and they gave me advice. My tongue has stuck fast for want of something to wet it and they expect it to answer their silly questions. Oh this world." Here

Continued on page 25

Friendship Human and Divine

FRIENDSHIP is the mutual recognition of divine kinship.

Its spiritual shadings gleam in the instinctive palpitations at presence, or even remembrance; in the intimate reserves of soul-communion; in the throbbing of the pulses at spontaneity of confidences; when temporarily our talents kindle to genius; when our social servitude is transfigured into apostolic mission; when our prudences glow as visions of divine insight; when our obligations flash with providentialities; when we glimpse unsuspected purposes in our careers; when we are greated by a sense of predestination; when the accidental differences of sex, age, wealth and social standing transmute into divine attractions, solaces, comforts, incentives, inspirations, and attainments.

Such then is friendship: The efflorescent benediction, the aureole, the iridescent rainbow, the divine significance, the consolation of life! But, though it be primarily a result, an effect, it may, in sessions of sweet silent thought, be intelligently cultivated as a cause, a great panacea, the universal medicament, to improve, console, humanize and save our troubled existences; for we shall have to become perfecters, healers, consolers, humanizers, and saviors before we shall stand revealed as genuine friends.

Improvement.

In the first place, Friendship is almost a specific, a sovereign accessible and potent remedy to produce improvement of mind, manners and heart. Its influence is due to man's imitative nature which, though it reveals itself chiefly in childhood, yet remains permanently. For instance, think of crooking your finger, and you will find your finger crooking involuntarily. This sort of unconscious action is called ideo-motor; and recent psychologists consider it the basis of all human action, even the most voluntary. This constitutes the psychological basis of imitation. For there are few, if any human beings who are not conscious of behaving differently according to the company in which they are—with the family, with inferiors, in great gatherings. And so, is it any wonder, then, that we should improve while associating with persons kinder, wiser, more attractive than we? Who, indeed, does not like to be near and among nice people? And this, even quite instinctively. Such association, however, is impossible except under the conditions of Friendship; and that is why true education differs from instruction; education makes us fit for noble friendships by friendships with teachers, official or unofficial.

Friendship is the magic wand that transforms the degrading associations forced on us by labour, poverty or misfortune into civilizing cultural inspirations.

Friendship is the message, crown and halo of social efficiency.

Friendship is the chief lever by which obstacles may be removed from our path, and by which we may create a destiny.

And, if you will pardon me for descending from the sublime to the practical, I would say that Friendship is the only efficient employment agency.

Healing.

In the second place, Friendship naturally exercises supreme efficiency as a curative, healing agent. Have you not seen the patient as instinctively, as affectionately holding the hand of his nurse? Of his physician? Of his mother? Does the sick man have any joy greater than visits of friends?

Nay, so much does continuance of life depend on the habitual healing of daily friendship, that many men die shortly after their daily avocations cease; and many invalids are ultimately redeemed by friendly responsibilities. Husbands and wives often follow each other beyond, and conversely, their mutual devotion frequently preserve them to this existence.

Consolation.

In the third place, the best proof of

1. The urgency of the need for consolation is the increasing rate of suicide; while

2. The best proof of its importance, is that the chief function of the divine voice is to be the "Comforter." Life must be infinitely more precious than any of us realize for the Divine Voice so fervently to woo men to remain alive and do their best, by the divine intoxications of Courage and Faith!

3. A third form of Friendship's consolations is the confessional, as Emerson said that "A friend is a person with whom I may be sincere, before whom I may think aloud." You know, some ghosts will never be laid till we can "talk it out" with some sympathetic friend. The confessional is no dogma; for confession constitutes pardon, repentance does not deserve; no, it actually constitutes forgiveness. And the friend whose sympathy grants that absolution is the Royal Priest; the Consoling Christ, divine because human, and human because divine.

4. Thus earthly and divine consolations are inextricably mingled; and we see it still better in the fourth form of friendly consolation—Hospitality. Still to-day are banquets the prevailing means of social exhilaration; no friendly invitation is complete without some form of sacramental entertainment—if only the cheering cup of tea. Even modern religion still celebrates its Holy Eucharist, with bread and wine; while in former ages the priest drank the intoxicating soma-juice. Hence the Bacchic orgies, the jovialities of inebriation, the phantasms of drug-habits—all ghastly

testimonies to humanity ineradicable cravings for consolations and inspirations, which can alone be supplied by Friendship.

Sanifying.

In the fourth place, Friendship is the supreme and only guarantee of Sanity, of Humanizing Common Sense. Ability to fit in with one's surroundings—that is Efficiency; and how might a soul develop that without friendliness thereto?

How often do we hear people boast that they neither can nor will get along with other people, and that they live alone! And yet what is this but an advertisement of comparative insanity?

How often, again, do we hear people boast they have never left their native heath! And yet what is that but a proclamation of ignorance and insularity?

How often once more, do we hear scornful tones employed in referring to foreigners! And yet what is that but confession of our rusticity?

How often, further, do we hear people exclaim they like this town or that, when in the last analysis they like any town where they have friends and dislike those where they have none?

Wherefore he must be an uncultivated rustic who does not love, who is not "at home" in, who has not captured the capitals of the world—London, Paris, Rome—and that cannot be done until he has found some guest-friendships in each. The citizen of the world is he who has friends everywhere.

1. Who knows the Alps without some friend living on the shore of the Lake of Geneva, in sight of the daily miracle of the Alpenglühen on Dent du Midi?

2. Who knows the Pyramids without receiving periodically some letters whose stamps were moistened with the sacred waters of the Nile?

3. Who knows India without the exchange of meditations with some bonze dreaming away his existence in his hot temple-grove by the Ganges, in sight of the spectral Himalayas?

4. Who knows the ocean without Christmas remembrances of coral from some fortunate isle?

Salvation.

As to salvation, was it not Pope who wanted no private road to heaven? Who spoke of the Indian who believed his dog would be with him, admitted to that "equal sky"? Was it not in the Hindu Mahabharata that Yudhishthira refused to enter the Swarga—Heaven—unless his six brothers who had fallen by the wayside, and at last, even his dog, should be released from the place of torment to be saved with him? Did not the Holy One of Galilee refuse to stay in Heaven until he had sought and found the lost sheep, and wooed back to their better selves bewildered humanity? Is not this the meaning of the "Communion of the Holy Spirit," the fellowship of the Saints, whose great operation is the gift of tongues? Is not this the meaning why the supreme sacrament is the holy eucharist, the communion of the faithful, "When two or three are gathered together,

there am I in the midst of them" because the Divine Guest is the Friendship of those two or three, who thereby form a group, a society, a guild, a church, a Heaven.

History of Friendship.

In speaking of Friendship I shall not attempt to repeat what has been better expressed before. I will refer you to Plato for the ideal of "Platonic friendship"; to Cicero, for a dispassionate meditation on its various forms; to Bacon, for a thoughtful classic epitome; to Emerson, for its nebulous brilliancy; to Bayard Taylor, for the love of a father for the young mother; to Mrs. Browning, for a spiritualised version of the vaporings of a Portuguese nun; to Petrarch for the iridescence of young men's love; to Shakespeare for an Elizabethan cry of passion; to History, for the legend of Damon and Pythias; to the Tripitakas for the parable of the Prodigal Son; to the Bible, for David and Jonathan and the Orphic Good Shepherd.

Neither will I attempt to give you a proper, nay, necessary catalogue of the forms of friendship,—ranging all the way from the supreme friendship of a divinely-mated couple to friendship, comradeship, chumship, fellowship, companionship to mere acquaintance. I will not even attempt to deplore the obvious lack of words suitable to the manifold shadings of human relationships; nor will I point out the kinds of conditions under which friendships arise. I will confine myself to some random reflections.

Necessity of Friendship.

Emerson well says that a friend is the child of our own past aspirations; the prophet of future ideals, and the harbinger of greater friends to come. In another sense we might say that a friend is to us the incarnation of our ideal of what it were to be divine. Hence, in his presence we feel greated; our conversation becomes brilliant such as we did not know possible for us; on us descends the gift of tongues. Only among friends can we become our better selves; apart from them we are the wage-earner, the slave, the stammering child. Necessities of life are friends, therefore; the most precious jewels of our crowns. We are what are our friends; and it were well that chief of them be the Divine Friend.

So says Stevenson:

"So long as we love, we serve;

So long as we are loved by others,

I would almost say that we are indispensable;

And no man is useless while he has a friend."

Somewhere, indeed, Emerson says that every soul is sent into this world as one of a group of six or seven, who must through the mazes of life recognize and find each other. It is possible that friends may be predestined; at least some of them; and that they are essential to our maturation.

"Well chosen friendship, the most noble

Of virtues, all our joys makes double,

And into half divides our trouble."

Future Life.

Of the future life we know but little, and that little is vague. We are thrown back on many poetic pictures: the Paradise of Dante, the Elysium of Virgil; and last the New Jerusalem of the Seer in Patmos. One thing is sure, we can take with us nothing; nor house, nor clothes, nor money, nor books. One thing only we may take beyond—the love of friends; our mother, our father, our brothers, sisters and friends, they are personalities, to greet us when we go beyond; to remember, to love, to work for and serve, to consult with, to pray for, and to comfort. Wise then may be he who makes many friends, who prays for many of his enemies, who sees in the meanest companion a divine agent. It may be well to bind to oneself by golden chains of Prayer many brethren so that the Presence of the Divine may yet be heightened by human fellowship.

How to Have Friends.

Unquestionably, to have friends one must be a Friend. The ideal of service is, indeed, often its own reward; and great caution is advisable for self-preservation. At the same time the artist will act differently than the man of the world whose only standard is a measuring of practical values. The latter could never accomplish any great work of art. It is unfortunately true that one-half of the world lives off the self-sacrifices of the other half. But after all the purpose of life is service; and it is our duty to live so as to be of greatest Service to Humanity, each in his own way, time and place; by paying to each other the debt of the best that is in us.

Of course this being a friend puts a man at disadvantage in the rough and tumble struggle of life. There are many with whom Friendship is of little account except as its ministers to their personal advancement, who when they have no further use for a friend, cast him aside; or knowing a man's desire to retain friendships, deliver ultimatums, and force a man to do certain things or lose their friendship. Nevertheless the true Friend will suffer these slights and these violent compulsions, hoping some day yet to be of service to his tyrants. So it is well to treat one's relatives carefully; however much they injure one, it is well to evade their unkindness in the hope that some day may come an opportunity of serving them and co-operating with them. It makes one play a secondary role; but no doubt the Heavenly Friends' presence will compensate.

Another Ego.

A favourite classic description of friendship was that one friend love the other as if he were his 'other self' his 'alter ego'. 'Doing unto others as you would be done by.' 'Greater love than this hath no man, that he lay down his life for his friends.' Who then are our friends? All those who love God. Who then are our neighbours? As the Good Samaritan decided, "Whoever is in need," or is "nearest to us." No doubt the standard of heaven must be as impersonal as that, so that, as indeed it does, divine encouragement may come to each and every soul; that no man's repentance is unforgiven, no man's confession, unconsented.

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THE BEE AND THE BARD

(FLOWERETS)

R. Balakrishnan, B. A., L. T.

Love! hummed the bee to the rose—
It blushed in balm and honey!
Sang Bard to his maid of his woes,
She sighed in tears many!

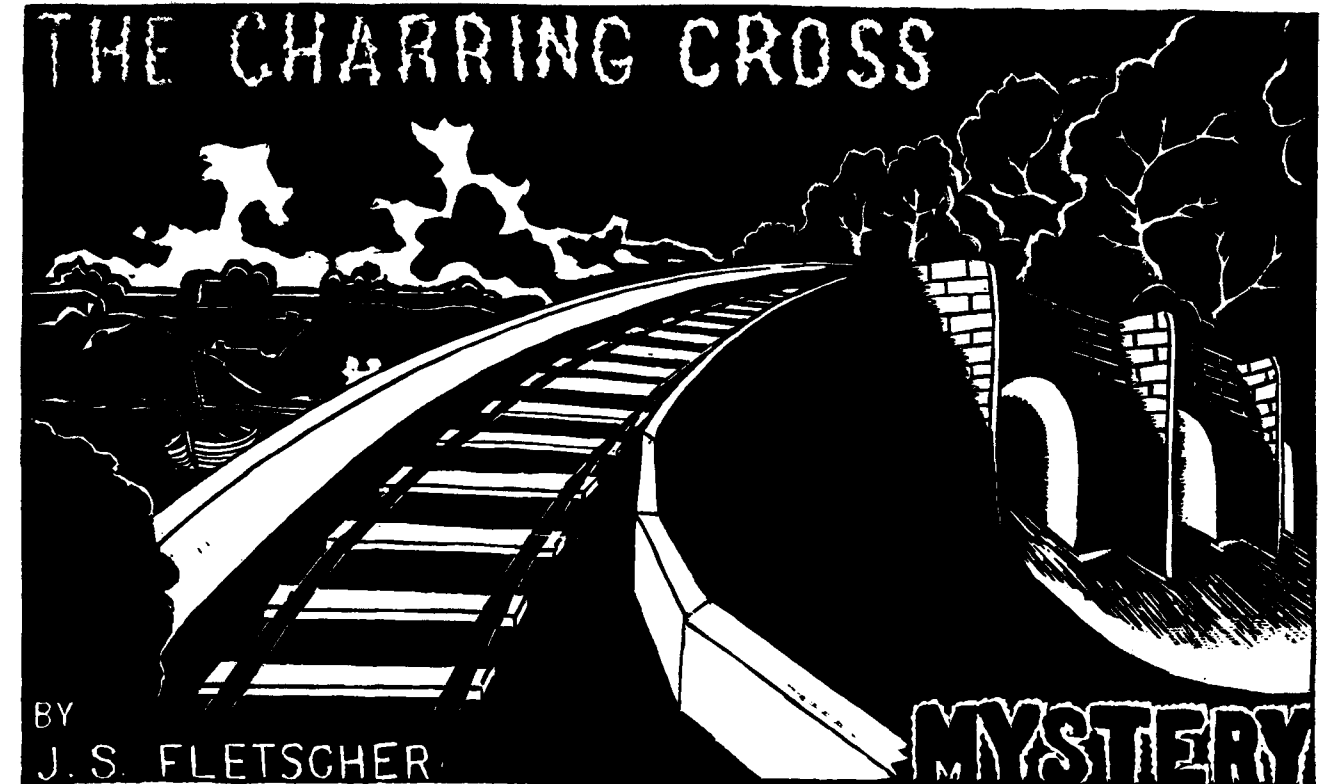
Of the rose balm honied blushes;
Of the Koel her songs in bushes;
Of the springlet pearly freshes;
Of the poet his trancing verses!

"Thou art fickle that mock'st my constancy!"
Said the babul to the river;
"For all my fickle fervency,
I swell with thee for ever!"

His love-creation man
God brings on earth to live,
If man creating earn
Immortal name, he'll give
God pleasure in return.

The leaves and flowers dance,
The weighty boughs are still!
The children play in a trance,
The Parents watch them still.

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Chapter 1.

THE LAST TRAIN EAST

HETHERWICK had dined that evening with friends who lived in Cadogan Gardens, and had stayed so late in conversation with his host that midnight had come before he left and set out for his bachelor chambers in the Temple; it was, indeed, by the fraction of a second that he caught the last east-bound train at Sloane Square. The train was almost destitute of passengers; the car which he himself entered, a first-class smoking compartment, was otherwise empty; no one came into it when the train reached Victoria. But at St. James's Park two men got in, and seated themselves opposite to Hetherwick.

Now Hetherwick was a young barrister, going in for criminal practice, in whom the observant faculty was deeply implanted; it was natural to him to watch and to speculate on anything he saw. Because of this, and perhaps because he had just then nothing else to think about, he sat observing the new-comers; he found interest, amusement, and not a little profit in this sort of thing, and in trying to decide whether a given man was this, that, or something else.

Of the two men thus under inspection, the elder was a big, burly, fresh-coloured man of apparently sixty to sixty-five years of age. His closely-cropped silvery hair, his smartly trained grey moustache, his keen blue eyes and generally alert and vivacious appearance, made Hetherwick think that he was or had been in some way or other connected with the army; this impression was heightened by an erect carriage,

square-set shoulders and something that suggested a long and close acquaintance with the methods of the drill-yard and the parade ground. Perhaps, thought Hetherwick, he was a retired non-commissioned officer, a regimental sergeant-major, or something of that sort; this idea, again, was strengthened by the fact that the man carried a handsome walking-cane, the head of which, either of gold or of silver-gilt, was fashioned like a crown. There was something military, too, about the cut of his clothes; he was a smartly dressed man, from his silk hat, new and glossy and worn a little rakishly on the right side of his head, to his highly polished boots. A well-preserved, cheery-looking, good-humoured sort of person, this, decided Hetherwick, and apparently well satisfied with himself and full of the enjoyment of life, and likely, from all outward sight, to make old bones.

The other man came into a different category. The difference began with his clothes, which, if not exactly shabby, were semi-shabby, much worn, ill-kept and badly put on: he was evidently a careless man, who scorned a clothes-brush and was also indifferent to the very obvious fact that his linen was frayed and dirty. He was a thin, meagre man, of not one-half the respectable, well-fed bulk of his companion; his sallow-complexioned face was worn, and his beard thin and irregular; altogether he suggested some degree of poor circumstances. Yet, in Hetherwick's opinion, he was a person of something beyond ordinary mental capacity; his eyes were large and intelligent, his nose was well-shaped, his chin square and

determined. And his ungloved hands were finely moulded and delicate of proportion; the fingers were long, thin and tapering. Hetherwick noticed two facts about those fingers: the first, that they were restless; the second, that they were much stained, as if the man had recently been mixing dyes or using chemicals. And then he suddenly observed that the big man's hands and fingers were similarly stained—blue and red and yellow, in patches.

These men were talking when they entered the compartment; they continued to talk as they settled down. Hetherwick could not avoid hearing what they said.

"Queerest experience I've ever had in my time!" the big man was saying as he dropped into a corner seat. "Tell you, I knew her the instant I clapped eyes on that portrait! After—how many years will it be, now? Ten, I think—yes, ten. Oh, yes! Knew her well enough. When we get to my hotel, I'll show you the portrait—I cut it out and put it aside—and you'll identify it as quick as I did—lay you aught you like on it! No mistaking that!"

This was said in a broad North Country accent, in full keeping, thought Hetherwick, with the burly frame of the speaker. But the other man replied in tones that suggested the born Londoner.

"I think I shall be able to recognise it," he said softly. "I've a very clear recollection of the lady, though, to be sure, I only saw her once or twice."

"Aye, well, a fine-looking woman—and a beauty!—like that's not soon forgotten," declared the other. "And nowadays the years don't seem to make much difference to a woman's age. Anyway, I knew her!—That's you, my fine madam," says I to myself, as soon as ever I unfolded that paper. But, mind you, I kept it to myself! Not a word to my grand-daughter, though she was sitting opposite to me when I made the discovery. No—not to anybody!—till to-night. Not the sort of thing to blab about—that!"

"Just so," said the smaller man. "Of course, you'd remember that I was likely to have some recollection of her and of the circumstances. Odd!—very. And I suppose the next thing is—what are you going to do about it?"

"Oh, well!" replied the big man. "Of course, ten years have elapsed. But as to that, it wouldn't matter, you know, if twenty years had slipped by. Still—"

At that point he sank his voice to the least of a whisper, bending over to his companion, and Hetherwick heard no more. But it seemed to him that the little man, although he appeared to be listening intently, was, in reality, doing nothing of the sort. His long, stained fingers became more restless than ever; twice, before the train came to Westminster, he pulled out his watch and glanced at it; once, after that, Hetherwick caught the nervous hand again shaking towards the waistcoat pocket. And he got an idea that the man was regarding his big, garrulous companion with curiously furtive glances, as if he

were waiting for some vague, yet expected thing, and wondering when it would materialise: there was a covert watchfulness about him, and though he nodded his head from time to time as if in assent to what was being whispered to him, Hetherwick became convinced that he was either abstracted in thought or taking no interest. If eyes and fingers were to be taken as indications, the man's thoughts were elsewhere.

The train pulled up at Westminster, lingered its half-minute, moved onward again; the big man, still bending down to his companion, went on whispering; now and then, as if he were telling a good story or making a clever point, he chuckled. But suddenly, and without any warning, he paused, coming to a dead, sharp-cut in an apparently easy flow of language. He stared wildly around him: Hetherwick caught the flash of his eye as it swept the compartment, and never forgot the look of frightened amazement that he saw in it; it was as if the man had been caught, with lightning-like swiftness, face to face with some awful thing. His left hand shot up, clutching at his breast and throat; the other, releasing the gold-headed cane, shot out as if to ward off a blow. It dropped like lead at his side; the other arm relaxed and fell, limp and nerveless, and before Hetherwick could move, the big figure sank back in its corner and the eyes closed.

Hetherwick jumped from his seat, shouting to the other man.

"Your friend!" he cried. "Look!"

But the other man was looking. He, too, had got to his feet, and he was bending down and stretching out a hand to the big man's wrist. He muttered something that Hetherwick failed to catch.

"What do you say?" demanded Hetherwick impatiently. "Good heavens!—we must do something! The man's—what is it? A seizure?"

"A seizure!" answered the other. "Yes—that's it—a seizure! He'd had one—slight giddiness—just before we got in. A—the train's stopping, though. Charing Cross? I—I know a doctor close by."

The train was already pulling up. Hetherwick flung open the dividing door between his compartment and the next—he had seen the conductor down there and he beckoned to him.

"Quick!" he called. "Here!—there's a man ill—dying, I think! Come here!"

The conductor came—slowly. But when he saw the man in the corner, he made for the outer door and beckoned to men on the platform. A uniformed official ran up and got in.

"What is it?" he asked. "Gentleman in a fit? Who's with him? Anybody?"

Hetherwick looked round for the man with the stained fingers. But he was already out of the carriage and on the platform and making for the stairs that led to the exit. He flung back a few words, pointing upward at the same time.

"Doctor!—close by!" he shouted. "Back in five minutes!—get him out."

But already there was a doctor at hand. Before the man with the stained fingers had fairly vanished, other men had come in from the adjoining compartments; one pushed his way to the front.

"I'm a medical man," he said. "Make way please."

The other men stood silently watching while the new-comer made a hasty examination of the still figure. He turned sharply.

"This man's dead!" he said in quick, matter-of-fact tones. "Is anyone with him?"

The train officials glanced at Hetherwick. But Hetherwick shook his head.

"I don't know him," he answered. "There was another man with him—they got in together at St. James's Park. You saw the other man," he continued, turning to the conductor. "He jumped out as you came in here, and ran up the stairs, saying that he was going for some doctor, close by."

"I saw him—heard him, too," assented the conductor. He glanced at the stairs and the exit beyond. "But he ain't come back," he added.

"You had better get the man out," said the doctor. "Bring him in to some place on the platform."

A station policeman had come up by that time; he and the railwaymen lifted the dead man and carried him across the platform to a waiting-room. Hetherwick, feeling that he would be wanted, followed in the rear, the doctor with him. It struck Hetherwick with grim irony that as soon as they were off it, the train went on, as if careless and indifferent.

"Good heavens!" he muttered, more to himself than to the man at his side. "That poor fellow was alive, and, as far as I could see, in the very best of health and spirits, five minutes ago!"

"No doubt!" observed the doctor dryly. "But he's dead now. What happened?"

Hetherwick told him briefly.

"And the other man's—gone!" remarked the doctor. "Um! But I suppose nobody thought of detaining him. Now—if he doesn't come back—eh?"

"You don't suspect foul play?" exclaimed Hetherwick.

"The circumstances are odd," said his companion. "I should say the man just died! Died as suddenly as man can die—as if he'd been shot dead or literally blown to fragments. That's from what you tell me, you know. And it may be—a case of poisoning. Will that other man come back? If not—"

By that time Hetherwick was beginning to wonder if the other man would come back. He had not come at the end of ten minutes; nor of fifteen; nor of thirty. But other men had come, hurrying into the drab-walled waiting-room and gathering about the table on which the dead man had been laid. They were mostly officials and police, and presently a police surgeon arrived and with him a police inspector, one Matherfield, who knew Hetherwick. While the two doctors made another examination, this man drew Hetherwick aside. Hetherwick retold his story; this

time with full details. Matherfield listened and shook his head.

"That second man won't come back!" he said. "Gone half an hour now. Do you think he knew the man was dead before he cleared out?"

"I can't say," replied Hetherwick. "The whole thing was so quick that it was all over before I could realise what was happening. I certainly saw the other man give the dead man a quick, close inspection. Then he literally jumped for the door—he was out of it and running up the stairs before the train had come to a definite stop."

"You can describe him, Mr. Hetherwick?" suggested the inspector.

"Describe him?—yes. And identify him, too," asserted Hetherwick. "He was a man of certain notable features. I should know him again, anywhere."

"Well, we'll have to look for him," said Matherfield. "And now we'll have to take this dead man to the mortuary and have a thorough examination and see what he's got on him. You'd better come, Mr. Hetherwick—in fact, I shall want you."

Hetherwick went—in the tail of a sombre procession, himself and the two medical men walking together. He had to tell his tale again, to the police surgeon; that functionary, like all the rest who had heard the story, shook his head ominously over the disappearance of the sallow-faced man.

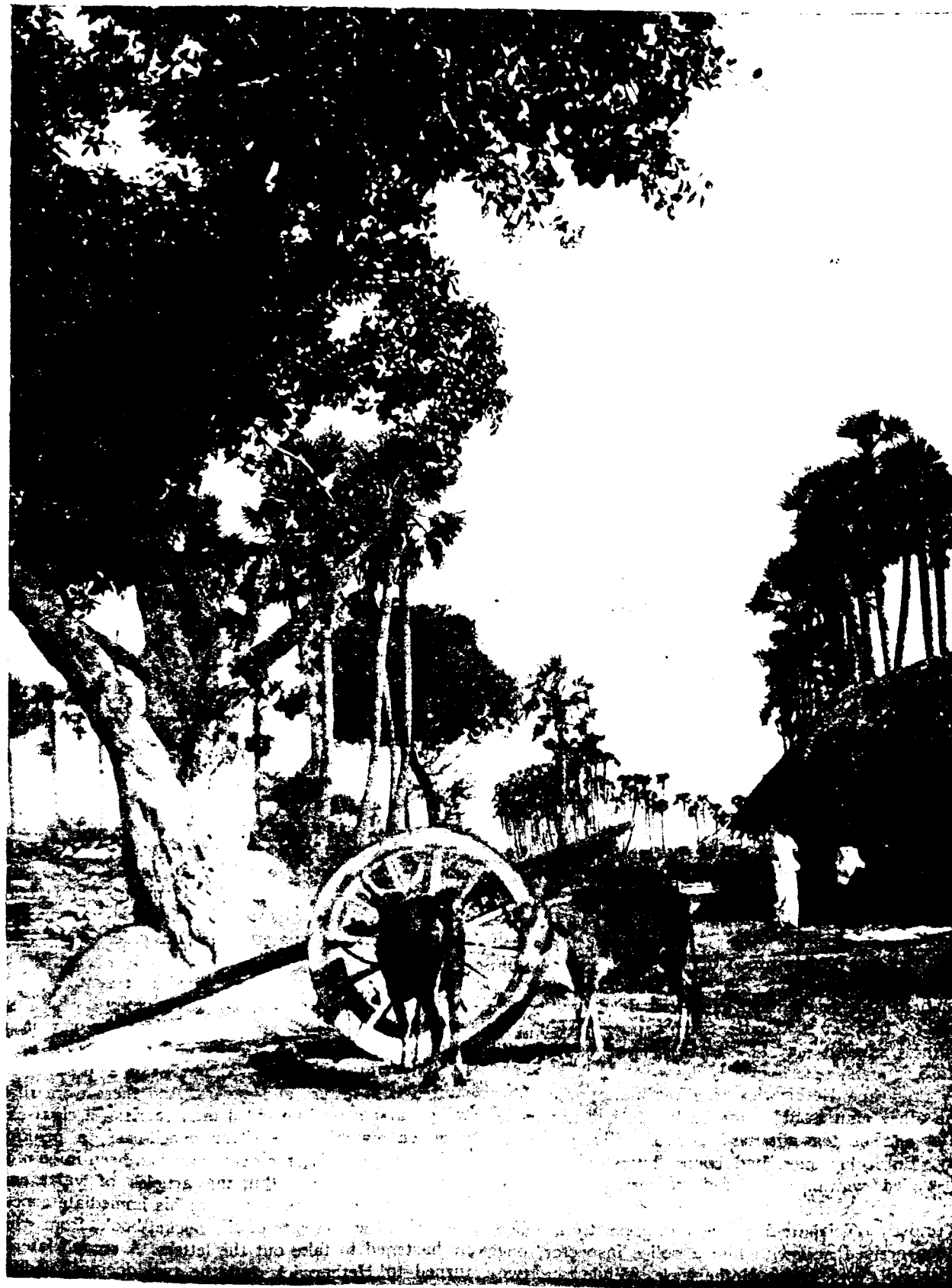
"All an excuse that," he said. "There's no doctor close by. You didn't get any idea—from their conversation, I mean—of the dead man's identity? Any name mentioned?"

"I heard no name mentioned," answered Hetherwick. "They didn't address each other by name. I've no idea who the man is."

That was what he wanted to know. Somewhere, of course, this dead man had friends. He had spoken of his hotel—there, perhaps, somebody was awaiting his coming; somebody to whom the news of his death would come as a great shock, perhaps, and terrible trouble. And he waited with a feeling that was little short of personal anxiety while the police searched the dead man's pockets.

The various articles which were presently laid out on a side-table were many. There was a purse, well stocked with money; there was loose money in the pockets. There was a handsome gold watch and a heavy chain and locket. There was a pocket-book, stuffed with letters and papers. And there were all the things that a well-provided man carries—a cigar-case, a silver matchbox, a silver pencil-case, a penknife, and so on; clearly, the dead man had been in comfortable circumstances. But the articles of value were brushed aside by the inspector; his immediate concern was with the contents of the pocket-book, from which he hastened to take out the letters. A second later he turned to Hetherwick and the two doctors, nodding his head sidewise at the still figure on the table.

Continued on page 28



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This Day

Look to this day,
For it is life, the very life of life.
In its brief course lie all
The varieties and realities of your existence:
The bliss of growth,
The glory of action,
The splendour of beauty;
For yesterday is but a dream
And tomorrow is only a vision,
But to-day well lived makes
Every yesterday a dream of happiness,
And every tomorrow a vision of hope.
Look well therefore to this day!

(From the Sanskrit)

To a Glow-Worm

PROF. HAKIM JAMSHID ALI RATHOR, M. A., M. O. L. (BONS.)

O glow-worm of the fiery flight
Full glaring in the darksome night,
Thou art a twinkling star on earth,
Why not for me a source of mirth?
I rise to greet thy glowing light
While all about is dark;
Thou divest in the sea of night
No trace is left or mark
Of light—a captivating sight!
Its death-knell to the sun-light brings
And night now spreads its sable wings.
The Queen of Silence holds her sway,
Thou art a sparkling crown each way!
Sleep follows her like to a maid
To bid adieu to every strife.
By power of a secret raid
When as though dead the world is laid,
Thou art, in truth, the spark of life.

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The Night Hawk

DR. LOUIS M. EILSHEMIUS, M. A., M. M. M.

The glory of the golden sunset fades—
The breeze has died upon the mountain crests,
And calm on all the vales and ridges rests.
Now gray the clouds grow—save slight pink pervades
Their tops, faint as a blush upon the cheek
Of fairest Octoroon! Woodbirds chant loud
Their songs delectable to tree and cloud—
The heavens seem gray—save in the west a streak
Of pink-gold pale—then flies the night hawk high—
With eyes intent on prey in nooks and trees—
While shrill “Crebeaking” as he wheels at ease. [cry
His mate joins!—When they meet, “perflute” they
Then o’er the dusk-tinged trees they wing around,
While woodbirds flute and sing with heavenly sound!

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Ah 'nother Day has sped

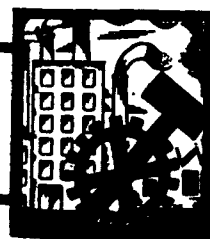
R. BALAKRISHNAN, F. A., L. T.

Ah 'nother day has sped!—As a drop of dew
That down the eyelids of the sky azure
Falling, dances at the rose’s flushed ear,
And at the tremulous clasp of breezes new,
Or burning kisses of the sun adieu
To love and life doth bid and disappear,
So too this day’s full strangely blossomed hour
Has fled, ah tell me where—beyond the blue!
O what is man but a drop of dew or blush
Of day fading from the merry month of May!
Ah! soon as born to the world’s stern murderous sight
A grave is dug beneath an unseen bush!—
Fond man! O cheer! This whirl of night and day
And birth and death lead but to Fadeless Light!

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INDUSTRY



State-aid to Cottage Industries in India

K. S. Rao

THE organization of cottage industries—hand-weaving in particular received a good deal of attention at the hands of the prominent officials of the Government of India as well as the Ministers and Directors in charge of Industries departments of various provinces, who assembled in the conference held at Simla in the 2nd week of July last, and various suggestions for the improvement of these industries which at present support millions of country craftsmen are reported to have been considered. It is also a matter of gratification that these handicrafts—usually despised and neglected in these days of machine-age as out of date and unremunerative—should share the spot light in the opening address delivered by H. E. the Viceroy. What more encouraging words can those, who are devoted to the task of restoring these decaying indigenous industries to their appropriate position in the economic structure to be set up for this vast agricultural country, expect from its ruler than an unambiguous pronouncement of his faith in the future of these industries. His Excellency remarked:—"In speaking of industries we are apt to think first of these great industries that attract public attention by elaboration of their equipment, concentration of their workers and the newness of their advance. But besides these, there remain much older and not less important, if perhaps less vocal industries, that count for so much in India especially rural life. Much of the thoughts of your departments of Industries has been directed to village cottage enterprise and I am glad to think that this conference will devote particular attention to these."

2. State-aid inadequate.

From time to time serious efforts have been made in India to introduce improved methods and modern appliances into the daily work of the cottage workers, the hand weavers in particular. Since the starting of the departments of Industries in various provinces—as a result of the recommendations of the Indian Industrial Commission of 1916-18, the development of Indian handicrafts are further encouraged. It is astonishing what a large amount of success has been achieved in the course of the last few years as a result of the expenditure of such meagre funds that the provincial Governments could afford to allocate in these days of financial stringency. A vast amount of

work has yet to be done before these indigenous industries can be developed to the fullest extent. Compared with the vastness of the resources, the scope for development and the number of persons making a living out of these industries, the attention they receive at present from the provincial governments cannot but be said to be quite inadequate. Hand-weaving being the most important cottage industry in India, the activities of the various departments of industries are mainly confined to the training of hand weavers in the use of modern tools and in the production of more remunerative designs. But the work which has been accomplished in this direction justifies, if justification is necessary, further expenditure of state funds on this and other handicrafts.

3. Responsibilities of central Government.

Most of the items on the agenda for the Industries conference referred to transferred subjects and the more important ones of All-India importance such as tariffs, currency, banking, transport etc. which play an invaluable part in stimulating the development of industries in all countries seem to have failed to receive their due share of attention. The responsibility for the maintenance and development of even the rural cottage industries does not rest entirely with the provincial Governments, as the Government of India retain the powers of granting tariff protection, of fixing the rates of exchange and railway freights and of regulating banking facilities. The recent abolition of the excise duty on machine-woven cloth, which protected the local hand-weaving industry to a certain extent and the subsequent imposition of a heavy import duty on yarn which helped to put up the prices of locally spun yarn consumed largely by the hand-weavers, has shown that the small economic gain of the latter resulting from several years' labour of the provincial departments of industries can be snatched away by a single act of the Central Government. It is true that the latter had to adopt such measures to protect the Indian mill industry. But the interests of millions of the dumb artisans ought to have received due consideration. It is therefore imperative that the tariff, currency and banking policies of the Government of India should be so regulated as not to injure the interests of local cottage industries. On the other hand, they should take such action as would help the

development of these industries at least for the simple reason that they are ancillary to agriculture.

4. Industrial Education.

Although the activities of the provincial departments of industries are mainly confined to technical and industrial education the latter has failed to meet the requirements of the cottage industries. It is a matter of common knowledge that educated young men trained in our industrial Institutes have invariably failed to earn an independent living in the professions they had selected. It is however true that it is easy for them to get employed as foremen in organised industries or as teachers or demonstrators in the various departments of industries. Even the few artisan students, who care to avail themselves of the facilities provided by the Government for industrial training, find it difficult if not impossible to make use of and to profit by the training they receive. This had been our experience at least in Bihar and Orissa where three weaving schools had been maintained for over 10 years from 1909 to 1919 without any success in introducing in the industry such improvements as had been taught to the boys in these schools. It was only when these schools were replaced by demonstration parties and the adult weavers were convinced of the advantages of various modern appliances and methods, that the progress in the introduction of these improvements had become remarkable and rapid. It is therefore desirable to take immediate steps to put these educational institutions in order and to see that the present expenditure on the same, however small it may be, is fully justified. As the services of enthusiastic and intelligent young men would be indispensably necessary for the organisation of economical manufacture and efficient marketing of the products of various cottage industries, the syllabus of our industrial schools of higher grade, should be so revised as to provide for these young men efficient training in practical subjects such as industrial and business management, modern salesmanship, cost accounting, commercial correspondence etc. in addition to the technical subjects pertaining to various trades. In short, the present system of industrial education in India needs thorough overhauling and revision by a competent committee of experts both in education and industries. The initiative in an important matter like this can only be taken by the Central Government.

5. Technical assistance to cottage industries.

State-aids to industries Acts have recently been passed and come into force in a few provinces and financial assistance is being offered to industrialists. The working of these Acts have not so far proved quite satisfactory, as large sums of money, advanced mostly to large scale factories were lost and the cottage industries, which are in greater need of financial help were unable to take advantage of the provisions of these Acts. The procedure for granting loans etc. is not expeditious and lacks flexibility in its working. It is therefore desirable that this important question

of granting financial aid by the State to industries—handicrafts in particular—should be carefully considered at the next meeting of the Directors of industries, and a more satisfactory scheme for state-aid should be evolved, utilising the experience so far gained.

6. Model trade organisations and training in business methods.

The imperative necessity of reorganising the manufacture and trade of the scattered cottage industries has now been universally realised as one of the prime factors in the economic rebuilding of India. The success of the modern factory industries is mainly due to efficiencies and economies possible in mass production and to the facilities and profits of distribution secured by the standardisation of their products. Similarly the most essential elements for the success of cottage industries, besides the use of labour-saving appliances and modern methods of manufacture, would be (1) mass production (2) standardisation of goods (3) well organised distributing agency and (4) efficient supervision. Model trade organisations embodying all these economic features which make up for the success of modern industries, will have to be maintained in various provinces for the purpose of demonstration to be copied by the people. The lack of efficient organisations for our handicrafts neutralises whatever advantages that are gained by, the improvements in technique, better workmanship and increased efficiency of the worker. A few provinces however maintain art and craft depots and advertise the products of local handicrafts but as the actual manufacture of these is not controlled and properly supervised not much has been done to develop the trade in these goods. But the remarkable success achieved by the Government of Bihar and Orissa in the working of a model trade organisation which enables the local weavers to profitably market their cotton and silk textiles in European countries ought to encourage other provincial Governments to start similar organisations not only to serve as models but for imparting practical training in business methods to prospective organisers of cottage industries. It is state-aid of this type that is urgently needed and that is now lacking to push forward a policy of industrial reconstruction in our rural areas.

7. Exhibitions to stimulate public interest in handicrafts.

Side by side with the above programme for direct assistance to those engaged in industries every effort should be made by the Departments of Industries to stimulate in the public in general, interest and appreciation of the value of rural crafts. Sustained propaganda should be undertaken to induce the public to buy at home and publicity should be given to the products of local craftsmen. One of the best means of doing this in a country not industrially advanced like ours is to collect and stage exhibits at local Melas and

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COMMERCE



Opportunity that Business Opens to Educated Middle Class People

Annadaprasad Chatterjee, B. L.

AN American writer has very pertinently described the present age as being the most luxurious age the world has ever seen. Not to speak of the rich, but even an individual belonging to the middle and lower classes might indulge in luxuries to-day, which were beyond the wildest dreams of an Emperor or a multi-millionaire, say a hundred years ago. For a few annas, a poor man of the present day might enjoy a joy-ride in a motor car, compared to which, the most splendid equipage of the Victorian era was but a ramshackle affair. A few rupees would enable a man of quite moderate means to have a trip in the air—an experience for which an adventurous multi-millionaire of the good old days would have been glad to spend a substantial portion of his fortune, if not the whole of it. Even such a commonplace individual of the present day as a tailor or a grocer or a day labourer can enjoy his evening meal under the blaze of the electric lamp, though the Duke of Wellington, with practically all the resources of Europe at his disposal, could command no better light than that emitted by a wax or tallow candle to help him in writing out his despatch on the eve of a mighty battle.

Time and distance seem to have been annihilated with the introduction of broadcasting and "radio", which enables you, my middle-class or poor reader, to listen to the human voice spoken thousands of miles away. And should we but happen to live just a few years longer, we might fairly expect with the aid of the next forthcoming triumph of Science, to wit, television, to see with our naked eyes from Calcutta, a football or a cricket match being played on the grounds of the M. C. C., in England. Assuredly, an Emperor or a fabulously rich man of the last century would have spent thousands of gold coins to have been able to enjoy these luxuries, now within easy reach of us all. It is superfluous to multiply instances. Every student of Science and History is familiar with them.

But at the same time, it would be idle not to recognise that with the spread of these undreamed of luxuries, and possibly because of them, the present age is one in which the human wants are the greatest. In no other age in the past, near or present, did the demon of poverty and unemployment reign with such devastating consequences and claim such a big portion of humanity as its victims. Wants have greatly

increased in number; and the average human being in all countries and places is no longer content with the plain and simple means of livelihood to which his forebear were accustomed a generation or two ago. He is the victim of his age, and a creature of circumstances over which he has no control. Let us make it clear by a practical instance. Your next door neighbour, let us suppose, dresses up his boy or girl with the gaudiest magnificence imaginable, and they strut about like so many peacocks before your humble abode. Your own children—for children will be children all the world over—are naturally jealous, and pester you with demands for equally showy things. You turn a deaf ear to their requests, and the wailings and clamours increase. You still persist in your refusal. The aggrieved troop appeal from your decision to the highest family tribunal presided over by your better-half. The judgment is in their favour, and you have to yield. Want of funds, a slender purse, other expenses to defray, all these and similar pleas are advanced from your side, only to be negated by her ladyship. You must beg, borrow or steal, unless you choose to have an unquiet home, with its bitterness increasing from day to day.

As a matter of fact, so great is the demand of the present age on our purse, that not a few, being unable to meet it, very frequently commit suicide, or what is worse, go mad. This is borne out by statistics. In America, for instance, it was found out that the majority of the inmates of a lunatic asylum became demented, mainly as a consequence of their inability to keep pace with their increasing expenses. Then again, it should be remembered that this financial difficulty, although it has overtaken all communities of the world, more or less, mainly claims as its victims the unfortunate members of the middle classes. Education very often serves to intensify the bitterness of the misery. The more educated a man is, the more sensitive he grows to be, and feels the misery due to a slender purse far more keenly than the uneducated, whose skin is generally not so tender.

What then, is the remedy for this all-pervading evil? Must our miseries go on increasing with the further progress of Science and Civilisation? Will a few multi-millionaires (the capitalists, as they are called) in every country go on accumulating and

hoarding riches, leaving the poor and middle classes to the tender mercy of a slow but sure process of starvation? It is clear as daylight that unless this problem is solved to the satisfaction of all concerned, matters are sooner or later (perhaps sooner than later) bound to end in Socialism, which is not pleasant to contemplate.

Leaving the other countries of the world severely alone for the time being, and confining our remarks to our own country, India, it is easy for us to see that the problem is one which stands in need of immediate solution. Other matters can perhaps wait. But the removal of the ever-increasing poverty of the "Bhadralok" classes in India, is a question which at once demands the thoughtful care and attention of every well-wisher of the country.

It is easy enough to see that service alone is insufficient to cope with the demand. However large might be the number of appointments at the disposal of Government or the various mercantile bodies scattered throughout the length and breadth of this vast sub-continent, it is ludicrously out of all proportion to the number of candidates seeking employment, year in and year out. There are as many as 16 Universities in India, out of which the Calcutta University turns out not less than five to six thousand matriculates every year, with their numbers steadily increasing. Not all of them can secure admission to the colleges and more than ten thousand of the "plucked candidates" are let loose upon society year after year by this University alone—most of them already married, and not a few among them fathers of children.

The bar is already overcrowded, and the Profession, once the aim and ambition of every promising young Indian, is fast losing (if it has not already lost) the respect and the emoluments which it once commanded, say 40 years ago. It is an open secret to-day that nobody becomes a lawyer from choice. It is only because a course of legal education is comparatively so cheap and so easy of access that we find our young graduates rushing to the law courts with the almost sure conviction that they are courting financial bankruptcy. Only the very fortunate few draw prizes in that huge lottery, the others drawing all blanks.

The other two professions open to Indians to-day, viz.:—Medicine and Engineering, can barely provide accommodation to an infinitesimal fraction of the total number, owing to a variety of causes into which we need not enter here.

What, we once more repeat, is to become of the others?

It does not require a very brilliant imagination to be able to realise that although it is impossible for every member of society, or even a considerable fraction thereof, to become service holders, it is not at all impossible for everybody to follow some business or other. If everybody were to hanker after paid jobs,

who in the name of reason and commonsense, is to provide them with such jobs? But, if on the contrary, every member of society were to follow some business or other, big or small, according to means and capabilities, there does not seem to be any reason to suppose why everybody should not prosper.

A bookseller, for instance, will have to purchase his requirements from a green-grocer, and vice versa. A goldsmith will have to patronise a blacksmith, and vice versa, and so on. It would thus follow that the greater the number of trades and occupations in a country, the greater the number of men who would be able to take part therein, without any detriment to the profits of others. Let us take only one case as an example, to wit "radio". Quite a decent number of our educated young men are reaping a fair harvest in the pursuit of this trade, in dealing with radio accessories and implements. It is undeniable that radio has thus offered a golden opportunity to these young men, most of whom would have perhaps tried in vain for other jobs, had they not succeeded in finding out this new line of business. It is useless to refer to other instances. We all know how the introduction of photography, bioscope, gramophones, motor-cars etc. has fostered and developed trade, affording profits and employments to many.

One need not necessarily be rich to start a business, so long one is really in earnest. We will give some instances, by no means exhaustive. There is scarcely a young man of the Bhadrakalok class, at least in the Mufassil, where 90 per cent. of us live, who cannot call a few bighas of waste and unprofitable lands his own, and even if he has not such land, it is not at all difficult for him to take lease of it at comparatively low rates of rent. Vegetables could be raised in such lands with no very great trouble, which would command a ready sale in our bazaars. Every one is aware of the very great increase in the price of vegetables, which are required for our every-day use, and everybody is equally aware that not a single vegetable remains unsold. The profit may not be large at first, but it would certainly be larger than the pay of a new clerk. After a few years' experience, the area could be certainly increased, thereby causing an increase of profits.

The next thing that suggests itself to me, is dairy farming. This also does not require a large capital or outlay and the public would be sure to patronise a *bhadraloke* milkman in preference to a dishonest *goala*, if the *bhadraloke* would guarantee a supply of pure milk. Into the details of the business itself, we need not enter. That can be readily understood and appreciated by any intelligent person. The profits are sure and ample.

There are a variety of other subjects, e. g., pisciculture, poultry raising, etc. Those who have studied the subjects, know what enormous profits are made by people in these branches of industry in Europe and

America. They do not require a very big capital or a large number of workers, and the demand is always greater than the supply, and competition is almost nil. There is no fear, at least for the average Indian youth in these days, that by applying himself to these branches of industry, he will run the risk of losing his caste. Things are not so orthodox, nowadays. The

only thing that seems to be necessary, consists in the fact that our young men must realise the dignity of labour and not shrink from it. This being forthcoming, there are ample grounds for believing that quite a large number of our educated middle-class men would be able to earn a decent living in either of these ways. Others could also be found out.

Canvassing as an Art

S. S. Rajan

CANVASSING is an art, which is to be acquired systematically and methodically, before being put into practice. It is a most fascinating art, helping its adherent to study 'human nature'. All are not born canvassers. A canvasser must be a keen observer. Though it may seem to be unprofitable at the outset, it would certainly enable a man in his later years to earn an independent livelihood.

Besides being an intelligent and tactful man, a canvasser must possess a multitude of other qualifications and virtues. He must be able to say the right thing at the right time to the right man. He should not at all be offended by the most absurd jokes cut sometimes at his own expense. However unreasonable and arrogant the words of the man to whom a canvasser has approached he must have a calm and unruffled temper. At times he will have to receive blows on his left cheek if the customer is rather an arrogant man who is greatly worried by the frequent visits of the canvassers. He must continue to be serene and cheerful in his presence. To be at all successful he must nicely refuse to be dismissed with a "No, thank you, Sir". It is here that the utmost tact is required.

The difficulties are increased a hundredfold when the representative of any Advertising Agency approaches big merchants or Sowcars holding diametrically opposite opinions. At all times, canvassing is stiff up-hill work. A canvasser has necessarily to deal with hundreds of people of exceedingly varying dispositions. It is not an easy matter to gauge the temperament of the man; it is the business of a canvasser to persuade into taking a space.

I have been going out from shop to shop, manufacturers to manufacturers attempting to secure orders for one of my advertisements. Before approaching any customer in person I use to consult with his neighbours about his temperament and about the time when it will be convenient to have an interview with him and similar other topics. Many times I have been sent back by the peons who would say 'Sowcar Nai' even if I could have seen the Sowcar in the second floor with a young baby in his arms. Even if I am fortunate enough to come across the Sowcar in person, he would also evade "No, Sir, the season is not good. Let us have sometime to think over it". But we should not at all be discouraged with this remark. My ex-

perience shows that one should not try to form any estimate of the would be customer's character by his first impression on him. I approached the Sowcar for a second time and gave him my prospectus and summarised its contents. But this time I came back with his words 'Yes, I shall consider'.

Several days passed. I had been to him once more. Scarcely had he seen me approaching him when his countenance put on another shape. Perhaps my presence gave him some annoyance. This time I had more liberty to sit very near him, as he was looking (why? pretending to be) into some piece of newspaper without even giving an angular glance. Meanwhile I was delivering a lecture about my business. This time he felt disgusted with me. He wished I should take my farewell of my own accord. Finding that I am coming across a sullen and dogged resistance on the part of my prosperous customer, I stealthily (why? gracefully) retired from him without giving him any opportunity to blurt out his 'No'.

A fortnight elapsed. I did not lose my courage nor my patience. Putting on a cheerful countenance I bid my 'Salam' to the big Sowcar not knowing that he was not in his good temper. He was then scolding his writer for committing a serious blunder in the accounts. The scene was dramatic. The innocent writer was standing before his master with his hands crossed. The other servants were standing on their own seats. The whole hall was deadly silent except the thunder words of the master. When I entered the scene, the agony of the master increased manifold. The angry master started with a red face at me, the impudent canvasser, "You, fellow, get away, we are sick of advertising agencies"—with these words he threw the accounts book on the floor. What shall I do? If any of you, my dear readers, were in my position, you could have certainly understood how unfortunate my situation was then. But I continued to beam smilingly upon him. I walked to him gently and requested him to kindly give his ears to my few words.

Alas! At length the humour of the situation dawned upon him and a smile chased away the awful frown upon his forehead. Am I to lose this opportunity? No. I took advantage of this change promptly and explained to him the importance of publicity. I convinced

him clearly how publicity is the be-all and end-all for a commercial man who wants to attract the attention of his customers. I satisfied him fully how advertisements made through me are most effective and responsive. I narrated to him effectively how my schemes are novel and worthy of being followed; how we guarantee success in his attempt through us etc. (Of course, I rehearsed my speech many times at home in front of a big mirror adjusting and modifying my gestures according to the suggestions made by my better-half, before approaching any customer. But, I need hardly tell you that I was very careful not to let him understand that I was repeating my say *parrot-like*.)

The other man was simply astonished at my interesting speech. He was looking wonderfully at me with his mouth wide-open. Contrary to my expectations now he put on a countenance which was by no means

STARVATION CONTINUED FROM PAGE 11

he arose and throwing up his hands druid-like began to hail down terrible curses. "This world that eats because it *has* and not because it *needs*. That wants because there *is*, and not because there *lacks*. O world that grudges me my little due. Well, well, but better, Sir that you had not offered me that food than to have turned it into stone in my stomach with your unkind words. O more cruel, more cruel than they who drove me away at the very first sight of me."

With that he turned his footsteps about, his head bent and eyes downcast, and with uncertain gait

murderous-looking. He greeted me with a smiling face. But you should know, this did not disarm my distrust in the man. To my amazement, he asked me to give him another of my literature and other particulars. The necessary information was given. The once-indignant big Sowcar was thoroughly convinced. The result—a contract in my pocket!

To conclude, let me clearly express to you unemployed young aspiring graduates; there is a large scope for employment if you care to be trained in the art of canvassing. You are sure to earn a comfortable livelihood if you devote your time to this art instead of looking up newspapers for the 'Situations Vacant' columns. The rigour of unemployment is being experienced throughout India irrespective of castes and creeds among our young educated community. The profession certainly deserves to be scrutinized, if a relief to the unemployed is to be found.

stumbled along the broad highway murmuring his muffled anger.

As I watched him go, I reproached myself for the grave wrong I had done. For by my kindness I only pointed out to him that phantom figure—Starvation—which he had successfully left far behind. And by the unkindness of my words I had pricked a wound which he was trying to heal—a wound caused by the measured kindness of a careful Charity. Often do I think of the friendless man pacing the lone highway. Perhaps he paces no more. Who cares?

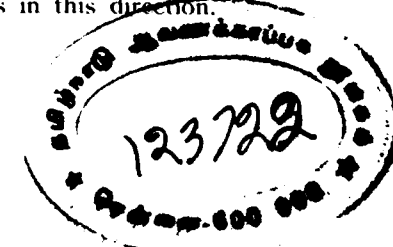
STATE-AID TO COTTAGE INDUSTRIES IN INDIA CONTINUED FROM PAGE 21

hold periodical exhibitions of industrial products in important cities and towns. Every opportunity should be taken to participate in exhibitions and fairs of other provinces and of even foreign countries in order to promote interest and sales among people outside the province concerned. Actual demonstrations of various crafts by artisans, if conducted at such exhibitions, will be of incalculable educational value and encourage public appreciation. There is ample scope for work to be done in this direction if the products of various Indian handicrafts are to be brought prominently to the notice of the public in western countries. Even in highly industrialised countries like Great Britain it is part of the regular policy of the Government to encourage the organisation and holding of similar trade exhibitions. British Industries Fairs of London, Leipzig and Lyons Fairs of Germany and France held annually may be cited as examples of such State-aid to industries. For the local distribution and marketing of the products of cottage industries, private enterprise should also be induced to start sale-depots in important cities and towns by offering small grants or subsidies to infant depots for a few years till they are in a position to stand on their own legs.

8. Conclusion.

It is needless to emphasize the fact that the expenditure of public funds on schemes for the promotion of cottage industries will create new avenues of employment to the maximum number of people in this country and will to a great extent help to minimise the effects of present economic distress among them. Conferences of the Governments, central and provincial, as the one recently held at Simla, will certainly be useful in planning out policies for such public expenditure and in definitely allocating different schemes of development between the Central and Provincial Governments. Although the Central Government cannot interfere with the policies of provincial Departments of Industries, for the reason that the development of industries is a transferred subject, they have their own responsibilities to discharge with reference to this subject of such vital importance to the country as a whole. There is therefore an urgent need for the co-ordination of efforts of Provincial and central Governments and the evolution of an all-India plan for the development of our industries. Let us hope that the next Industries Conference will satisfy our expectations in this direction.

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ADVERTISING



The Art of Advertising

Risk of Comment must be Taken

ONE is constantly hearing reference to the Sheltered Trades, the Sheltered Industries. At school, where I was introduced to the study of economics, I used to think that this description applied to any work that was carried on indoors. I imagined that the distinction drawn was between toilers who were liable to get their feet wet and toilers who were not.

I know that I was wrong about this. But the delusion, unhappily, persisted until I had abandoned the study of economic; so I never really discovered which the Sheltered Trades were. Perhaps they no longer exist; perhaps the depression has done away with them. If so, it is all the more to be wondered at that neither a definite antithesis. Why does one never hear references to the Exposed Trades?

Reviewing the whole field of human activity, one is forced to the conclusion that there is a good deal of injustice in the degree and manner in which certain of its branches are exposed while others are sheltered. Take for instance, the cases of A, who is a playwright, and B who keeps the principal hotel in a country town. A writes a play, hoping thereby to earn fame and wealth. But it is not a very good play, and he wakes up on the morning after its production to find himself denounced and ridiculed in every newspaper in London: his dialogue is weak, his plot improbable, and the whole production reflects discreditably on the management of the theatre, who ought to have seen with half an eye that the piece had not one atom of merit or distinction.

How to serve Public Interest.

This is all very well; or it would be all very well in Utopia, where bad art should be discouraged never mind how drastically. Ideally, A, whose play is now doomed to failure, has met with no more than his deserts. But in Utopia, B, too, would have met with his deserts, and the treatment meted out to him would have been considerably harsher than the treatment meted out to A. For B runs his hotel very badly indeed—much worse than it need be run; he is not even, like A, doing his poor best. Moreover, bad though A's play was, at least no one was under any compulsion to go and see it; whereas B's hotel is the only one of any size in that country town, and the traveller who has business there is virtually obliged to endure

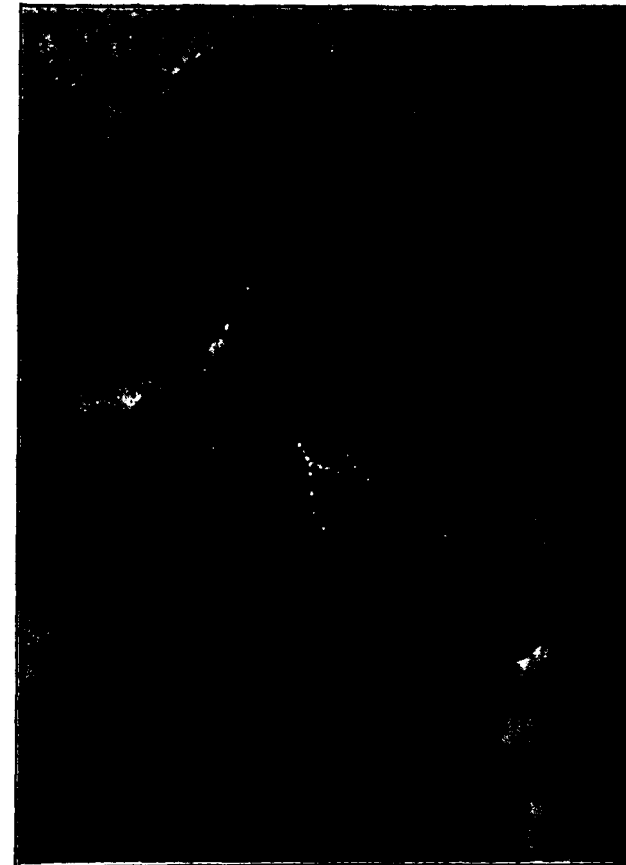
its intolerable and unnecessary discomforts. Surely, therefore, the public interest would be better served by an exposure of B's easily remediable shortcomings as a landlord than by an analysis of A's incurable faults as a dramatist. It would; but it never is.

Apart from the question of libel, it all boils down, of course, to the matter of advertising. A represents advertising revenue; B does not. Your critic is at liberty to describe fully the horrors of the evening he spent at A's theatre; but his colleague dare not even hint at the horrors of the night he spent in B's hotel, because—even if he did it in such a way that the place could not be identified—he would bring down on the head of the proprietors of his paper the wrath of the united hotel-keepers of Great Britain. I suppose it is for similar reasons that, although it is constantly being brought to the attention of the public that actress gave a deplorably weak performance, or a poet is deficient of any spark of genius, you never see it stated that the work of a tailor, or a butcher, or indeed of any of the people who purvey the necessities of life is open to even the mildest form of criticism. They pay the piper, so they need not face the music. With the exception, in fact, of politicians, (and nobody wants to see them sheltered) it is those who perform the most difficult, and the least essential, services to the community who ply the most Exposed Trades.

There is clearly something wrong here. An historian of the future would form the impression, from a study of our newspaper files, that while we had to put up with a good deal of bad writing, bad acting, bad painting, indifferent architecture, and really insufferable sculpture, there was no such thing in the 20th century, as an ugly dress, a dull party, an over-priced car, an uncomfortable hotel. This impression would be a false one; and it is still (thank heaven demonstrable false).

The time has come to widen the field of criticism. Advertisers must learn to run the risk of comment, as publishing houses and cinemas do, who for the privilege of announcing a book or a film as 'stupendous', while in an adjacent column it may be damned as silly. Fashion Editors, Motoring Editors and Travel Editors (all of whom at present suffer terribly from repression)

Continued on page 28



INDIA IN OUR LENS LIGHT

Top Left - Village Girl. Right - Barber. Bottom Left - Sunset. Right - Fishing.



him. If a hill man meets a stranger in the evening, the former would never allow the latter, to go away in the night and entertains him to stay for the night in his *Anamadam* (Elephant hut on tree tops). The good-natured *kani*, then takes his bed on the ground.

By birth as well as by breeding they are the true children of Nature and are in a perfect and enviable state of health and happiness. The so-called civilised man of the present day has indeed much to learn from the simple and unassuming hill-man to whom Almighty God has not given opportunities for becoming the spoiled products of civilisation. The hill-men's villages are generally situated on beautiful sites and in superb natural surroundings. This is chiefly due to

their reverence for the hills and rivers, which they consider and believe to be the sanctuaries of the "Shining Cones". The forest folk are superstitious and their acts of adoration are characterised by a spartan simplicity. Seeing the hill folk at prayer any student of English literature will be forced to recall the glorious lines of Wordsworth the highpriest of Nature.

"Great God, I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,—
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn;
Have sight of Proctus rising from the sea;
Or hear Old Triton blow his wreathed horn."

THE CHARING CROSS MYSTERY CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

"This'll be the name and address," he said, pointing to the envelopes in his hand. "Mr. Robert Hannaford, Malter's Private Hotel, Surrey Street, Strand. Several letters, you see, addressed there, and all of recent date. We'll have to go there—there may be his wife and people of his there. Wonder who he was?—somebody from the provinces, most likely. Well—"

He laid down the letters and picked up the watch—a fine gold-cased hunter—and released the back. Within that was an inscription, engraved in delicate lettering. The inspector let out an exclamation.

"Ah!" he said. "I half suspected that from his appearance. One of ourselves! Look at this—'Presented to Superintendent Robert Hannaford, on his retirement, by the Magistrates of Sellithwaite.' Sellithwaite, eh?—where's that, now?"

"Yorkshire," replied one of the men standing close by. "South-West Riding."

Matherfield closed the watch and laid it by.

"Well," he remarked, "that's evidently who he is—ex-Superintendent Hannaford, of Sellithwaite, Yorkshire, stopping at Malter's Hotel. I'll have to go round there. Mr. Hetherwick, as you were the last man to see him alive, I wish you'd go with me—it's on your way to the Temple."

Something closely corresponding to curiosity, not morbid, but compelling, made Hetherwick accede to this request. Presently he and Matherfield walked along the Embankment together, talking of what had just happened and speculating on the cause of Hannaford's sudden death.

"We may know the exact reason by noon," remarked Matherfield. "There'll be a post-mortem, of course. But that other man!—we may get to know something about him here. And I wonder whom we shall find here? Hope it's not his wife....."

(Copyright) To be continued.

THE ART OF ADVERTISING CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16

should be injected with the vitriol which courses through the veins of literary and dramatic critics. Let yourselves go about those Ascot models; expose the

pretensions of the Fizzer Nine; tell them what you found in the soup at the 'Luxurious'. But I don't suppose you will, says a writer in the *Spectator*.

"Tis weary watching wave by wave,
And yet the tide heaves onward,
We climb like corals, grave by grave,
And pave a path that's onward;

We're beaten back in many a fray,
But newer strength we borrow,
And where the vanguard camps to-day,
The rear shall rest to-morrow."

—Gerald Massey.

THINGS OF INTEREST

Negro turns white

Schools of medicine are keenly interested by a report from Haiti that a Negro here has become practically the same colour as a white man after taking a big dose of medicine prescribed for him for Asthma. The history of the case has been received by Dr. Jean Marsin, Director of Public Health of Monaco, through diplomatic channels from Port Au Prince. The Negro Ismeon Dauphin, who is 73, was given medicine compounded from a plant known as "roiry". He took an overdose of the medicine and almost instantly fell into coma which lasted for five days. When he regained his consciousness, the Negro found himself blind. His sight was restored in two months but his skin became as white as that of a European. Dr. Marsin has asked for further information and has requested that specimen of the plant 'roiry' should be sent to him for analysis.

Clue in the Bible

Sir Bruce-Bruce Porter, in a Hospital Sunday address at St. Anne's Church, Soho, told of the accidental discovery of the cause of bubonic plague. "It was due to advice given by a parson friend to the late Sir James Cantlie" he said that the casual factors were hit upon. He was advised to study the account of the plague as given in the first book of Samuel, and set out there was the evidence of association between rats and plague.

Tumour in the brain

Miss Alice Tolan, a twenty-year-old Mexican girl who amazed doctors by remaining alive with a temperature of 112 degrees, has now died. 107 degrees is usually considered fatal. The doctors at Los Angeles Hospital state that almost every day for months the girl's temperature was higher than that ever previously recorded in a human sufferer. Specialists concluded that a tumour in her brain prevented control of her bodily temperature.

Vaccine from eggs

A new-laid-egg provides, it is claimed, the most rapid and pure source of vaccine against small-pox. This discovery has been made by Professor E. Paschen, of the Hamburg Institute of Tropical diseases. Eminent authorities in England believe that it may entirely eliminate the rare complication of post-vaccinal encephalitis, which in recent years has been regarded in some quarters as an argument against vaccination. Professor Paschen prepares his vaccine by injecting a small amount of cow pox virus into

the centre of a fertile new-laid egg. He then seals up the hole and places the egg in an incubator at the usual temperature. After four days Prof. Paschen states, the egg contains sufficient vaccine to inoculate 400 people. He has also described a large number of successful vaccinations of human beings using the new method and claims that his vaccine is completely free from bacteria of all kinds. "It may well be" a research worker of the Lister Institute commented "that the new method will entirely replace the preparation of vaccine from calves' limph". "That the vaccine is free from bacteria is important, because that from calves' limph is admitted not."

Dead millionaire brought to life

A thrilling story of how an aged New York Millionaire lived forty-eight hours after he had died was told at the Annual American Medical Association's Convention at Milwaukee by Dr. Albert Hyman, of New York, the inventor of a remarkable device described as an "Artificial heart-peace-maker". The millionaire was a private patient of Dr. Hyman and had suffered all his life from heart trouble. The end came suddenly. His eyes closed. He could only talk in gasps. He knew he could live but a few hours. "Doctor," he muttered, "I cannot die yet. If I do you must bring me back to life. I have something very important to tell my son..... He's flying here but cannot arrive before the end. The worn-out heart struggled a few moments and then gave up the battle. The millionaire was dead. Dr. Hyman was touched by that last request. In a short time he erected his artificial peace-maker over the death bed. Its needle was plunged into the still heart. There was a whirring of machinery. In a few moments there was a strong beat. The eyes that had seemingly shut for ever, opened. Within fifteen minutes the millionaire was talking again, weakly but still speaking. On the following day the son arrived in New York. He walked into his father's room. The old man was lying beneath the instrument that stabbed his chest and talking in a hearty voice. The doctors withdrew. The father gave his son his last message. The doctors returned, the old man closed his eyes and peaceful look came over his face. He was dead for the second and last time.

The Cochin Govt. has recognised the "R. B. Visarad" examination degree of the Dakshina Bharat Hindi Prachar Sabha as the qualification of Hindi Pandits of Cochin High Schools. Students will be coached for this qualification in the Vidyalyaya which is to be shortly opened at Ernakulam.



MONTH IN INDIA



INDIA'S TEEMING POPULATION

The detailed volumes of the Census report for India as a whole have just made their appearance. Their preparation has not been an easy task and Dr. Hutton, the Census Commissioner is to be congratulated on the promptitude with which he has brought out the volumes. On his admission the task assigned to him involved the co-operation of one-fifth of the world's population spread over an area of nearly two million square miles in a combined repose to an organised inquiry; the expenses of which would have been prohibitive if all the services rendered were paid. The necessary co-operation was withheld in certain localities—notably in the Bombay Presidency, as a result of the Congress boycott of the Census but fortunately the obstruction was not of so serious a nature as to vitiate the figures collected, let alone the conclusions to be drawn therefrom.

353 MILLIONS

India's population now consists of 353 millions giving a density for the whole area of 195 persons to the square mile in England and 127 persons in Europe as a whole. This density is however a very variable factor appearing at its lowest at 6.5 persons to the square mile in Baluchistan and at its highest at about 2000 persons to the square mile in the most thickly populated parts of the south-west coast of Travancore, Cochin and Malabar.

TEN PERCENT RISE

It has been estimated that the total population of the world is in the neighbourhood of 1,850,000,000. If this be the fact, the population of the Indian forms almost one-fifth of that of the world. The actual increase in India's population since the previous census in 1921 is nearly 34 millions, that is to say a rise of ten per cent. While the greatest increase has been in Bikaner (41.9 per cent.) this must be put down largely to the increase of irrigation and to the consequent immigration from outside. One of next highest increases is that of Travancore in which the destiny was already among the highest in India.

FOOD SUPPLY

Recent writers on the population question in India have directed their attention primarily to the question of food production. Their argument is that the population of the country is already living permanently on

the verge of scarcity and any increase is bound to result in an insufficiency of the food supply. Dr. Hutton maintains that recent experience however throws doubt on this theory. The general slump in the price of food and the difficulty found by cultivators in selling their produce, suggest in his opinion that the danger of a shortage of food supply is not the most serious aspect of the question. He does not however argue that this is not a danger to be reckoned with.

DEVASTATING TORRENT

In any case the maximum population possible is very far from identical with the maximum population desirable, since the rise of population on the subsistence margin must reduce the standard of living, but it would seem that in India the point has not yet been reached at which the ability of the country to feed its occupants is seriously taxed. The position of economists in regard to West now appears to be that "the devastating torrent of babies" is being reduced to a trickle and that even if it were swelled again, the rapid developments, both mechanical and biological, that are taking place in the world production of food would be more than sufficient to cope with the flood so that it is progressively easier to obtain the subsistence. Dr. Hutton doubts whether either supposition is yet applicable to Indian conditions.

MAXIMUM LIMIT

In the first place there are as yet no indication of any tendency on the part of the rural resident in India to modify his views of the blessedness of the person who has a quiverful of sons and is not ashamed to meet his enemy in the gate, and, in the second little sign that agriculture is likely to be appreciably affected during the next decade by means such as those which have so greatly increased wheat production on the American Continent. It is however obvious that apart from the Law of diminishing returns the ability of agriculture to provide an occupation is limited. In Europe it has been estimated that the maximum population which can be supported by agricultural occupations is 250 to the square mile while in America it is 440. Generally speaking the maximum density of the agricultural population can be far greater in India than in Europe, not only on account of the greater fertility of the land, but on account of the diminution in the absolute necessities of life corresponding to less rigorous climate.



CURRENT TOPICS



LEIPZIG

Sharp encounters with the President of the Supreme Court marked the proceedings in the Reichstag fire trial on 23rd September, when one of the accused a Bulgarian Communist named Dimitroff entered the witness box. Addressing the Court dramatically as if it was a political meeting, he had a sharp altercation with the President over the briefing of Consul, refusing to avail himself of the services of one of them assigned to his defence. He admitted that he took precautions in Berlin to avoid the discovery of his identity and that he was a proletarian revolutionary. Following another altercation with the President in which Dimitroff was accused by the investigating authorities of having caused a couple with whom he had lodged to attempt suicide after a search of their house by the Police, Dimitroff was threatened with expulsion from the Court if he did not behave himself. The liveliness of the proceedings continued throughout Dimitroff's examination. "He declared that his evidence had been twisted and that the whole trial was a FRAME-UP. The vehemence of his replies several times brought explosions of anger from the judge and an occasional smile on the face of his fellow-accused Torgler". Dimitroff categorically denied that he had any connection with the German Communist leader or the German party. Asked what kind of a man he was, Dimitroff replied "I am a communist, I am proletarian revolutionary. I like to underline the words 'Proletarian revolutionary' because other people such as the German Crown Prince had declared themselves revolutionaries, and I am not one of that kind. Dimitroff admitted that he read in Foreign papers that he had been sentenced to death by a Bulgarian Court during his absence. In striking contrast to the fiery Dimitroff was the quiet and studious-looking Popoff, another accused who was next examined. He replied to questions easily and suavely. He said he escaped from arrest in Bulgaria in 1931, went to Russia and subsequently to Germany where he was exclusively concerned in collecting money and working for amnesty for Bulgarian Communists. He had never met the German Communist Leaders.

As Van den Lubbe, the principal accused refused to eat, his Consul obtained the permission of the Court when proceedings were opened this morning for a doctor to sit beside his client in the Court. Van den Lubbe meanwhile maintains his habitual lifeless attitude with bent head, drooping shoulders and an

occasional enigmatic smile. His condition is giving cause for anxiety but it is understood that forcible feeding will not be used until it is absolutely necessary.

WASHINGTON

It is stated that the Administration is planning an advance of ten cents a pound on the 1933 crop to farmers who are prepared to adhere to the 1934 acreage plan which prescribes a reduction of cotton land from 40 million to 25 million acres. President Roosevelt has approved of plan to advance ten cents a pound to cotton-growers conforming to the acreage reduction programme. He has laid down that advances will only be made when the cotton is actually in the hands of the producing farmers.

Significance is attached to the intimation given to the Press by the United States Secretary of State (Mr. Hull) that if disarmament is obtained by Foreign Powers, the United States will do nothing to prevent the enforcement of any penalties against violators of treaties. Mr. Hull said that Mr. Norman Davis had not yet reported on the outcome of his Paris conversation but it was possible that some agreement might be reached which could be taken to Geneva.

LONDON

An instance of how Japanese goods are beating British in the latter's own market is shown by figures just received in London from South Africa. In Basutoland and North-eastern portion of Cape Province it is estimated that "Two out of every three natives are dressed in Japanese goods". Even with the extra duties imposed a short while ago Japanese materials are being sold to Basutoland traders at a much cheaper price than British goods.

SIMLA

With reference to the Union Jack incident at Basudi in the Persian Gulf, the Consul-General for Persia, who is now in Simla, has issued a Statement in which he says "The question was discussed between the British legation and the Foreign Office at Teheran and the British Legation have accepted the explanation offered by the Persian Foreign Office. No protest has been received from the British Government and consequently no apologies have been offered. The news published in the Press in this connection is exaggerated.

The story referred to was that a party of Persian Officers had pulled down a Union Jack on the island which belongs to Britain and that a British Naval party had replaced the flag.

BOMBAY

Representatives of Indian Textile interests who have been conferring with the Lancashire delegation during the past few days held informal discussions among themselves on 21st and 22nd September and are understood to have considered certain tentative proposals put forward by the Lancashire delegation.

POONA

Untouchability has been abolished by a Proclamation by the Ruler of Sandur, a Maratha State in South India and Harijans are freely worshipping in prominent temples there along with caste Hindus. This information is contained in an article in a recent issue of the *Harijan*.

Commenting on this Mr. Gandhi writes "No more convincing proof is required that what is really required in this matter is only recognition of Justice of the claim of Harijans and once this is conceded all difficulties will disappear. The Ruler of the State by a wave of the magician's wand, as it were, has succeeded in rendering justice to a section of his people which always remained voiceless and yet the heavens have not fallen. Indian States, big and small have it in their power to examples in such spheres and we are glad that some of them at least rise to the occasion and give a good lead to others.

A. P.

TRICHUR

The committee appointed by the Cochin Government to prepare a Scheme for widening the franchise for the Legislative Council has submitted its report. The committee has recommended an additional seat each for the Municipalities of Ernakulam and Trichur in the Council. The creation of Commerce and Industries Constituency is also suggested. At present the

franchise is restricted to those who pay an annual land tax of Rs. 10/- or a municipal tax of Rs. 5. The committee has recommended that the limits be reduced to Rs. 5/- and Rs. 2/8/- respectively. The committee had further recommended that those drawing a Government pension of Rs. 10/- per month should be enfranchised.

M. M.

BANGALORE

The Government of Mysore have sanctioned the extension of the land mortgage scheme to Mudigere Taluq. For the present the three hoblis of Mudigere, Gonibidu and Banakal will be brought within the jurisdiction of the Chickamagalur Land Mortgage Society and a separate Local Land Mortgage Society will be established at Kalasa with jurisdiction over Kalasa and Balu Hoblis. Passing orders the Government state that representations had been received from the people of Mudigere Taluq urging the extension of the land mortgage scheme to their Taluq. In October last the ryots of the Taluq met at a Conference in Kalasa and passed a resolution to the same effect. An inquiry instituted by the Government in this connection revealed that the Agricultural population were generally hard pressed, on account of the heavy rates of interest and the short time granted to them by money-lenders. Also owing to the existence of a few ordinary credit societies, the people had great difficulty in securing prices for their agricultural produce. It was therefore found necessary to extend the land mortgage scheme to the areas concerned although it was added that great care had to be exercised in the granting of loans by the land Mortgage Bank as a very large number of the ryots in the Taluq were cultivators of coffee and cardamoms.

Small outbreaks of Plague in several parts of the Bangalore Cantonment area are reported. The health staff of the Municipal Commission are taking all precautions and inoculation against the disease is being intensively carried on. It is stated that there is no cause for alarm.

THE TALE SPINS PAGE

1st Kangaroo—Annabelle, where's the baby?
2nd Kangaroo—My goodness, I've had my pocket picked.

A pinch of salt is greatly improved by dropping it into a stein of beer.

At a college entertainment recently, one of the men lost a wallet containing \$600. He got up on a chair and yelled:

"Gentlemen, I've lost a wallet with \$600 in it. To the one who finds it I'll give \$50."

Voice from the rear: "I'll give \$75."

A Scottish minister was on his usual visiting rounds when he came across one of his old friends. "And how has the world been treating you, Jock?"

"Very seldom!" replied Jock sadly.

Halitosis has turned more heads than success.

A Scotch farmer slipped and fell, striking his nose on a cement block and causing it to bleed profusely. He jerked his bandanna from his pocket, held it to his nose, and ran madly to the nearest hospital. Dashing into the accident ward, he collared an interne and inquired: "Do you need any blood for a transfusion to-day?"

"I hear our new salesman is an atheist and doesn't believe there is any hell."

"Put him in the credit department."

Small Brother—Ha, ha! I just saw you kiss Sis.
Suitor—Here. Keep still. Put this quarter in your pocket.

Small Brother—Here's ten cents change. One price to all, that's the way I do business.

Customer (in drug store)—A mustard plaster.
Drug Clerk (force of habit)—We're out of mustard; how about mayonnaise?

Stranger at Crossroads Store—Who's the close-mouthed individual over in the corner? He hasn't spoken a word for ten minutes.

Villager—Hy Blackmore? He ain't close-mouthed. He's jest waitin' till Pete comes back with the spittoon.

An old Yankee was in his garden one morning when the town's religious zealot, passing on horse-back, called:

"Brother, have you made your peace with God?"
He didn't hear and inquired:

"What say?"
The question was repeated and, resting on his hoe, he drawled:

"We ain't come to no open break yit!"

"Are you the gentleman who gave my brother a dog last week?"

"I am the man."

"Well, mother says to come and take them all back."

"I suppose at the efficiency expert's wedding you didn't do anything so wasteful as throwing rice."

"Oh, yes we did; but as a concession to his teaching we had the rice done up in cotton bags, each missile weighing two pounds."

Customer—Give me some of that prepared mono-aceticacidester of salicylicacid.

Druggist—Do you mean aspirin?

Customer—Yeh! I never can think of that name.

"How soon shall I know anything after I come out of the anesthetic?"

"Well, that's expecting a lot from an anesthetic."

"You say Mr. Jones is a strict vegetarian?"

"Yeah, he won't even let his kids eat animal crackers."

A few winters ago it was smart to have a coat of tan. Now it's smart to have a coat.

"William," said the Sunday school teacher, "can you tell me what we must do before we can expect forgiveness of sin?"

"Yes, sir," replied the boy. "We must sin."

Landlady—A professor formerly occupied this room, sir. He invented an explosive.

New Roomer—Ah! I suppose those spots on the ceiling are the explosive.

Landlady—No, they're the professor.

TRAIN TIMINGS

Arrival and departure of the principal trains at Central and Egmore Stations (Madras) and the times of arrival and departure of the same trains at termini elsewhere in India

	DEP:	ARR:	DEP:	ARR:
MALABAR EXPRESS	Gen. Station 8-05 P.M.	Mangalore 4-25 P.M.	Mangalore 9-45 A.M.	Gen. Station 7-15 A.M.
CALCUTTA MAIL	Gen. Station 8-30 P.M.	Calcutta 10-20 A.M.	Calcutta 7-00 P.M.	Gen. Station 8-15 A.M.
BOMBAY MAIL	Gen. Station 8-40 P.M.	Bombay 6-00 A.M.	Bombay 10-00 P.M.	Gen. Station 5-55 A.M.
BOMBAY EXPRESS	Gen. Station 8-30 A.M.	Bombay 10-15 A.M.	Bombay 1-45 P.M.	Gen. Station 5-10 P.M.
GRAND TRUNK EXPRESS	Gen. Station 7-45 A.M.	Delhi 10-40 A.M.	Delhi 6-00 P.M.	Gen. Station 7-40 P.M.
BANGALORE MAIL	Gen. Station 9-30 P.M.	Bangalore 6-35 A.M.	Bangalore 9-00 P.M.	Gen. Station 6-15 A.M.
BANGALORE EXPRESS	Gen. Station 1-00 P.M.	Bangalore 7-40 P.M.	Bangalore 7-40 A.M.	Gen. Station 2-10 P.M.
BLUE MOUNTAIN EXP.	Gen. Station 9-15 P.M.	Ootacamund 12 NOON	Ootacamund 8-00 P.M.	Gen. Station 6-35 A.M.
WALTAIR PASSENGER (1)	Gen. Station 7-55 A.M.	Waltair 9-45 A.M.	Waltair 6-25 A.M.	Gen. Station 7-50 A.M.
WALTAIR PASSENGER (2)	Gen. Station 7-30 P.M.	Waltair 9-45 P.M.	Waltair 6-20 A.M.	Gen. Station 6-00 P.M.
INDO-CEYLON EXPRESS	Egmore 9-00 P.M.	Dhanushkodi 4-25 P.M.	Dhanushkodi 10-45 A.M.	Egmore 6-40 A.M.
TRIVANDRUM EXPRESS	Egmore 7-50 P.M.	Trivandrum 7-45 P.M.	Trivandrum 6-30 A.M.	Egmore 7-35 A.M.
TRIVANDRUM FAST PASSR.	Egmore 9-30 P.M.	Trivandrum 5-45 A.M.	Trivandrum 9-45 P.M.	Egmore 6-05 A.M.
SHENCOTTAH PASSENGER	Egmore 6-50 A.M.	Shencottah 11-35 A.M.	Shencottah 2-10 P.M.	Egmore 7-25 P.M.
DHANUSHKODI FAST PASSR.	Egmore 11-15 A.M.	Dhanushkodi 6-15 A.M.	Dhanushkodi 6-40 P.M.	Egmore 2-55 P.M.
TRICHINOPOLY PARCELS PASSENGER	Egmore 10-40 P.M.	Trichinopoly 3-40 P.M.	Trichinopoly 12-50 P.M.	Egmore 5-35 A.M.

Short Story Competition



The Editor of the Indian Magazine has decided to award Book Prizes to the value of Rs. 12 to the writers of **BEST SHORT STORIES** relating to the Picture illustrated above. Such a story should make 1 page of the Magazine and should be submitted to the Editor on or before the 20th of October, 1933.

RULES.—The manuscript should be clearly and legibly written and addressed to the Managing Editor of the Indian Magazine. The accepted manuscript shall be the exclusive **COPYRIGHT** of the Editor—the author having no right to make use of it in any way whatsoever.

The first winner will be given a book prize of Rs. 5 and the succeeding ones Rs. 7.

Rejected manuscripts will be returned, if sufficient return postage stamps are sent.

WINNERS OF THE LUCKY NUMBERS GIFT SCHEME

Copy No. 9099—1st prize—A. G. K. Hegde, Farengipet—Rs. 5/- cash and Woodcut Map size 16"×12" Rs. 3.
Copy No. 1023—2nd Prize—Messrs. Annappa Shanbhogue & Bros., Mangalore—One Woodcut Map size 16"×12" Rs. 3.
Copy No. 4888—5th Prize—A. V. K. Krishnan, Calicut—One Woodcut Map size 10"×7" Rs. 2.
Copy No. 9025—11th Prize—Messrs. Azzez & Co., Cochin—One copy of the Red Ripe of the Heart. Rs. 1.



MARKET REPORT

Messrs. Peirce, Leslie & Co. Ltd., Cochin, Calicut and Mangalore



Cochin Market as on September 23rd 1933.

COIR AND ROPING YARNS. Market remains firm in spite of the lack of demand from shippers owing to the scarcity of supplies caused by the Onam festival.

Current Market prices are as follows:—

SUPERIOR ANJENGO.	Average price Rs. 65/8/-	per candy of 6 cwts. baled wt. terms.
ORDY. ANJENGO.	" " " 54/-	
IMIT. ALLAPAT.	" " " 58/-	
REAL ALLAPAT.	" " " 68/-	
ARATORY YARN.	" " " 65/-	
FINE WEAVING YARN.	" " " 50/-	
ROPING YARN.	" " " 38/-	

PEPPER. During the past month prices have receded owing to lack of demand but after touching Rs. 21/- garbled ex godown on the 15th instant, speculative purchases have resulted in a slight improvement as at date. The market for new crop cannot yet be said to have opened properly. Present quotations:—
Rs. 22/8/- per cwt. garbled ex godown ready.
Rs. 20/8/- " " Jan./March.

GINGER. The market is lifeless. Today's quotations are on a slightly lower level at Rs. 9/- for unbleached and Rs. 10/8/- for bleached both garbled ex godown.

COCOANUT OIL. Since our last report the market has been steadily declining owing to imports of Ceylon Copra which has declined further in value. A couple of days ago the price touched the level of Rs. 68/12/- per candy of 600 D. lbs. but has again firmed up today at Rs. 70/8/- for ready delivery. Forward quotations as follows:—
Rs. 71/4/- for 1 month delivery
" 72/8/- " 2 months "
" 78/- " 3 " "

MALABAR COPRA. Stocks are short and arrival poor. Market steady at Rs. 45/- per candy of 600 D. lbs.

Mangalore Market as at date.

COFFEE. There has been very little business passing. The price of monsooned Native coffee AA has suffered a further sharp fall and stands at Rs. 205/- per candy of 576 lbs.

In new crop locally there have been small isolated speculative sales of Plantation Peaberry at from Rs. 60/- to 62/8/- per cwt. ex bags for delivery in January next. The forward market cannot be said to have opened here yet.

RAW CASHEW NUTS. After a dull period at the commencement of the month there followed a fairly brisk demand and prices rose to Rs. 3/4/- per moora of 65 lbs. At the time of writing the market is quieter again on basis of Rs. 3/- per moora, doubtless as the result of the arrival of considerable stocks of African Nuts from Bombay.

CARDAMOMS. The market opened early in the month at Rs. 25/- per maund of 28-4/5 lbs. for Coorg unbleached, but is easier again on basis of Rs. 24/8/- per maund. Stocks available are small.

Calicut Market as on 25th September 1933

COIR YARN. Market is firm at present owing to European and Indian demand. Arrivals were poor owing to heavy rains.

Quilandy Yarn per candy of 700 lbs.	Rs. 47/8/-
1st Quality Beypore do.	" 45/-
No. 1 Beypore do.	" 40/-
No. 2 " do.	" 35/-
No. 3 " do.	" 30/-
Fine Unsoaked Yarn do.	" 29/-
Kallai Unsoaked Yarn do.	" 22/-
Perpengady " do.	" 19/-
Steady	
GINGER. Market was steady during the month owing to continued small orders from Bombay.	
Bold Chennad per candy of 700 lbs.	Rs. 75/-
Ordinary " " "	" 65/-
PEPPER. Market is weak on account of poor demand from Europe and India.	
Price per cwt. f.o.b.	Rs. 25/8/-

TEMPERATURE AND RAINFALL CHART

POONA, Sept. 21.

Stations	Shade Temperature		Rainfall		
	Maximum	Minimum	Past 24 hours	Total Since June 1	Departure from Normal
Bangalore ...	83	63	†	21.4	+ 4.3
Bombay ...	87	78	..	55.1	- 9.8
Bellary ...	87	72	..	22.1	+ 12.7
Calcutta ...	81	77	1.6	52.8	+ 8.7
Calicut ...	82	74	0.1	99.1	+ 13.6
Cawnpore ...	93	75	2.3	22.6	- 7.9
Cocanada ...	92	79	..	21.5	+ 1.2
Cochin ...	81	75	0.3	88.8	+ 13.3
Coimbatore ...	85	71	..	6.6	+ 1.5
Colombo ...	84	78	†	33.9	+ 14.0
Coonor ...	73	50	..	13.5	..
Cuddalore ...	95	78	†	8.5	- 5.1
Cuddapah ...	92	78	..	14.2	- 3.0
Delhi ...	88	76	..	19.7	+ 33.0
Gopalpur ...	92	80	0.1	33.2	+ 7.1
Karachi ...	88	79	..	19.7	+ 13.9
Kodaikanal ...	64	53	†	..	..
Kurnool ...	89	74	..	12.2	- 5.5
Lahore ...	83	71	..	17.6	+ 2.9
Lucknow ...	95	75	2.9	14.6	- 18.0
Madras ...	95	80	..	5.5	- 8.4
Madura ...	95	78	..	13.3	+ 2.4
Mangalore ...	84	76	0.1	121.9	+ 17.5
Masulipatam ...	90	80	..	25.6	+ 3.2
Mercara ...	70	61	0.1	124.4	+ 23.1
Nagpur ...	87	75	..	59.3	+ 18.5
Negapatam ...	92	80	..	5.3	- 4.1
Nellore ...	95	80	..	7.1	- 3.5
Palamecottah ...	..	..	..	2.3	+ 0.1
Pamban ...	89	79	..	2.6	+ 0.7
Peshawar ...	91	70	..	7.1	+ 2.6
Rangoon ...	86	76	0.7	74.0	+ 3.5
Salem ...	88	72	..	23.2	+ 5.2
Simla ...	66	54	0.3	42.9	- 3.7
Trichy ...	92	79	..	9.5	- 0.4
Trivandrum ...	82	76	0.3	48.9	+ 21.2
Vellore ...	92	76	..	11.3	- 7.5
Vizagapatam ...	95	81	..	14.4	- 5.7

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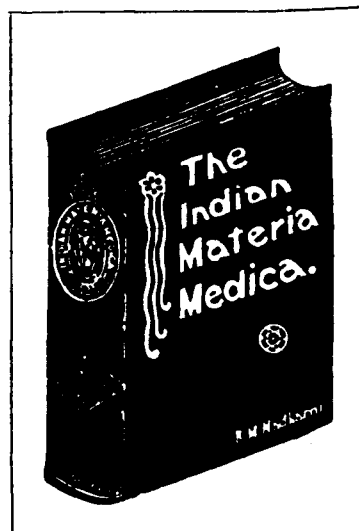
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In order to facilitate the handling of these enquiries, we urgently solicit the most exact description possible of the article required. Do not write "I am looking for machines—tools—chemicals—textiles etc." but state exactly for what purpose, e. g. "machines for stamping out kitchen utensils—tools for the shoemaking trade—technical chemicals—artificial silk stockings etc." Sketches, illustrations or samples of the articles required will be much appreciated.—The more accurate the details you give us, the quicker and better can we supply the required information.

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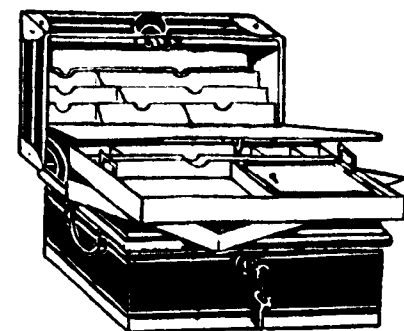
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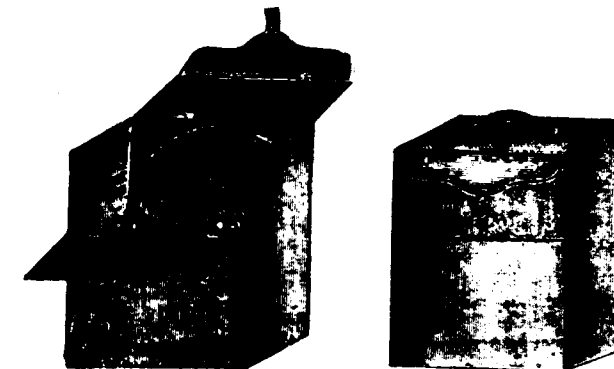
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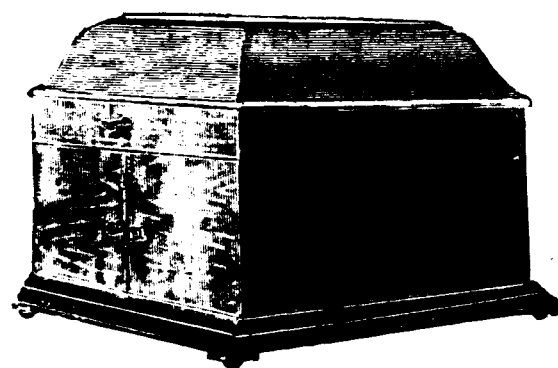


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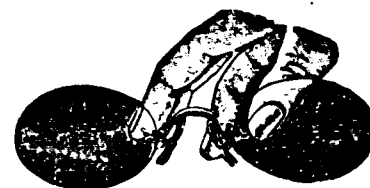
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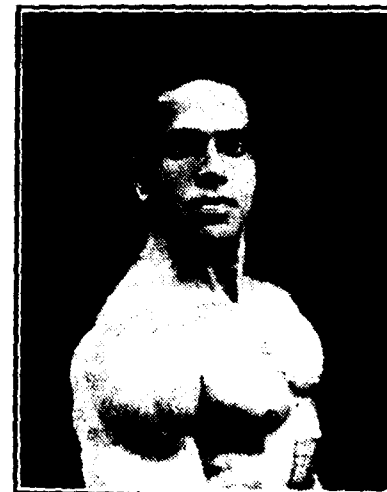
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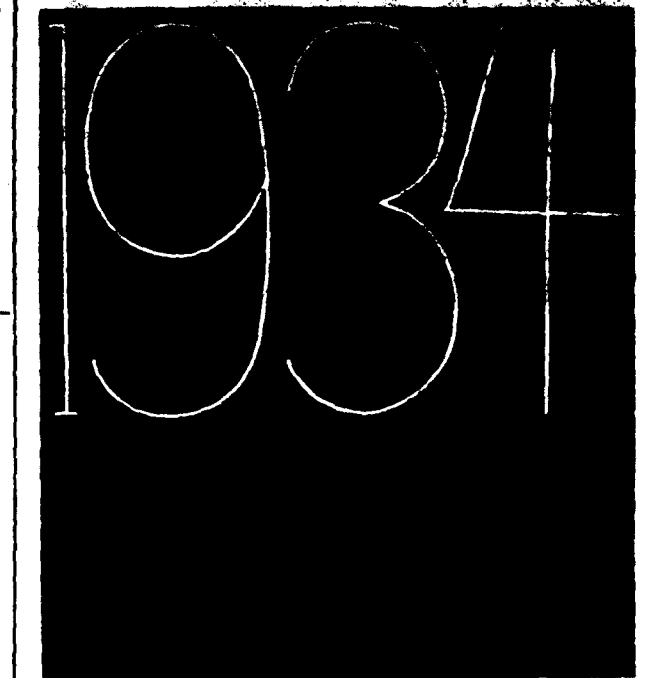
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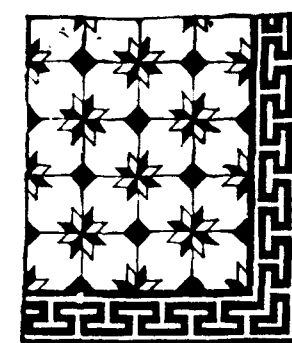
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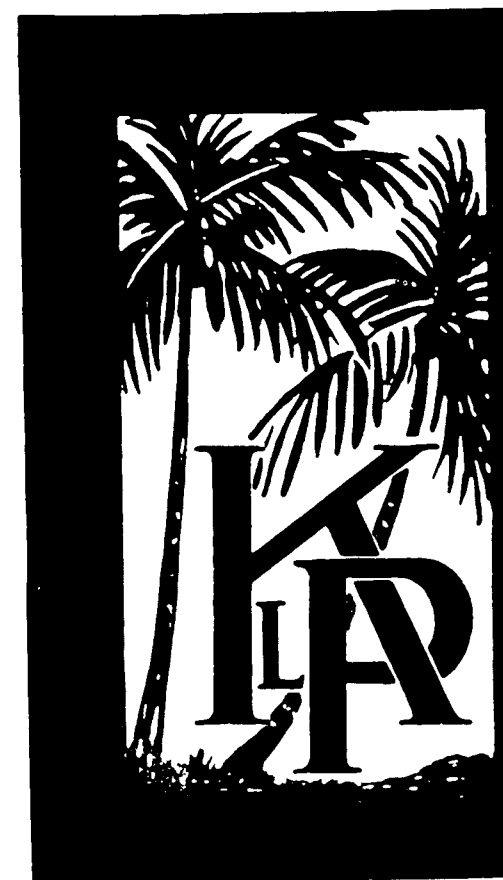
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