

For
Lovely Complexion
Use
KERALA SOAP



MEDICINAL & TOILET
CONTAINS THE
ESSENCE OF MARCOSOL
JELM OR
DELIGHT OF THE BATH

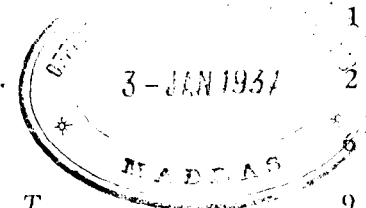
KERALA SOAP INSTITUTE
CALCUTTA

OTHER CHOICE KERALA TOILET SOAPS:
Sandalwood, Jasmine, Lavender,
Brown Windsor, Cold Cream,
Coal Tar, Etc.

THE SCHOLAR

ANNUAL NUMBER: CONTENTS

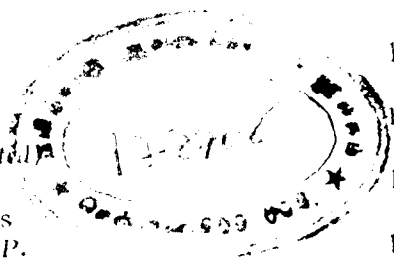
	Page.
1. To Our Readers	1
2. American Farm Revolt By Sudhindra Bose, M. A. Ph. D.	2
3. The Father of Pneumatics By Sir Martin Forster, F. R. S.	6
4. Vallathol By N. G. Srinivasa Iyer, M. A., L. T.	9
5. Utilisation of Seed-Cakes in Industry By V. Subrahmanyam, D.Sc., F.I.C., & N. Srinivasan, M.A.	11
6. Men I Have Known—Vithalbai Patel (IX) By N. S. Srinivasa Iyer, Advocate.	17
7. Religion in Contemporary Poetry By Prof. R. Sadasiva Iyer.	21
8. Vir Narmad—Maker of Modern Gujarat By Vijayarai Kalyanrai.	29
9. Bhuddism and its Contribution to Culture By Swami Asangananda.	34
10. Neo-Malthusianism & Generative Egoism By K. S. Srikantan, M. A., F. R. E. S. (London)	39
11. Hindu Spiritology By Prof. N. S. Adhikari.	43
12. Constructive Citizenship By Prof. Diwan Chand Sharma, M. A.	47
13. The Wicked Succeed By K. C. Varadachari, M. A. Ph. D.	50
14. The Water-Lily (Short Story) By Dr. N. R. Deobhankar.	55
15. The Strange Cure (Short Story) By P. G. Krishna Iyer, B. A. L. T.	59
16. The Taj (Short Story) By Mrs. Kamalabai Tilak, M. A.	68
17. A Child's Question (Short Story) By "C"	71
18. Adventures of Kittu—As an Official (III) (Short Story) By V. Bhaskaran.	76
19. The League of Husbands By P. K. Ananthanarayan, M. A.	84



20. Bred in the Bone (Short Story)	
By S. V. V.	90
21. The Cobra Mystery (Short Story)	
By P. G. Rama Iyer, B. A., B. L.	93

BANNER OF PEACE SECTION

22. Message to Washington Convention.	
By Dr. James H. Cousins.	99
23. The Banner of Peace (Poem)	
By P. M. Hari.	100
24. Shanti.	
By Nicholas de Roerich.	101
25. Roerich Banner of Peace	
By Frances R. Grant.	104
26. The Roerich Peace Movement	
By V. Shibayee	107
27. Culture and World Peace	
By Swami Jagadishwarananda.	111
28. The League of Culture & The Banner of Peace	
By P. M. Hari.	113
29. Roerich Fragments.	
By M. Bibenci.	115
30. Art, Education, & Peace	
By James H. Cousins, D. Lit.	124
31. The Roerich Peace Pact--Historical Background.	127
32. A Poem.	
By J. Krishnamurti.	129
33. A Vision (Poem)	
By N. S. Rama Rao.	130
34. Love's Perfection (Poem)	
By James H. Cousins.	131
35. Festival of Lights (Poem)	
By Gurdial Mallick.	132
36. Borobudur in Java (Illustration)	
By G. Venkatchalam.	133
37. Wars and Rumours of Wars	
By Major Graham Pole, M. P.	138
38. The Humors of Jail Life	
By Margaret E. Cousins, B. Mus.	141
39. Educated Unemployment in India	
By W. B. Gokhale.	148
40. A Great Son of Islam	
By H. C. Kumar	151
41. The Scholar Science Corner	
By B. H. Iyer, B. Sc., A. I. I. Sc.	151



List of Illustrations.

1. Krishna's Flute	Frontispiece.
2. P. * Vallathol	Fac. page 9
3. Vithalbai Patel	" " 17
4. In the Class-room--The Professor,	Bet. pages 54 & 55
5. Do --The Student	" " "
6. Sancta Protectrix	" " 99
7. The Banner of Peace	" " 100
8. Nicholas De Roerich	" " 101
9. Dr. James H. Cousins	" " 124
10. Seated Figure of Buddha on the Top-most	gallery of Borobudur. " " 133
11. Air View of Borobudur	Bet. pages 134 & 135
12. Two Frieze Panels at Borobudur	" " "

[We are indebted to The Theosophical College Magazine, Madanapalle for the two Cartoons published in this issue--Ed.]

Index to Advertisers.

Angel & Co.	Page XXII	Educational Publishing Co.	XXXIII
Appaswamy Chetty & Co., M. C.	XLVII	Federated India Provident Insurance Society	LXII
Arogya Kalpadruma Vaidyasala	XLI	Ganesh & Co.	LXI
Arya Vaidyasala	LIV	General Swadeshis Ltd.	XI
Asoka School of Commerce	LXXII	Gopalakrishna Kone, E. M.	LXIV
Ayurvedanandasramam Vaidyasala	LV	Gopaljee & Co.	XLb
Ayurvedasramam	XXIII	Govt. Soap Factory, Bangalore	XVI
Bank of Malabar, Ltd.,	LXIII	Guru Raja & Co.	LXXIB
Basel Mission Book and Tract Depository	IX	Homoeop. Poor Dispensary	LVI
B. G. Paul & Co.	XXV	Ideal Circulating Library	LX
Bharat Insurance Co., Ltd.	XXXVI	Immatty P. Joseph	LII
Bharat Publishing House	XVII	Imperial Photo Supplies	LIX
Bombay Lodge	LXXIII	Jalal & Sons	I
Byramshaw & Co., Ltd.	VIII	Jamal Mohamed & Son, M.	LI
Central Scientific Supplies Co., Ltd.	XXII	Jnanatnam & Co.	LXXVIII
Chellappa Sastry & Sons, T. V.	XXVI	Jai Bharat Insurance Co., Ltd.	XXXIV
Chourappa & Sons, K. A.	XXXVIII	Jnanasagaram Book Depot.	LVI
Cooper Publishers	XIII	Kamath, M. A.	LXVI
"Cosmopolitan" Friends Correspondence Club	XXXIX	Kather Sahib M.	LXXIV
Crown Life Insurance Co.	X	Kavassery Bank	LV
Damodar & Co.	III	Kezari Kuteeram	XLIV
Dasai Gowader & Co., N.	XL a	King & Co.	XXVIII
Diamond Leather Goods Co.	LXXVII	Krishna Iyer, S. G.	LXXVII
Easwara Warriar & Bros.	LVI	Kuttan Menon, U.	LXXVII
		Laljee Godhoo & Co.	XXIV
		Madras Assurance Co.	LXX
		Madras Ayurvedic Pharmacy	XXI

	Page		Page
Madras Sports Works	XL c	Rochouse & Sons	XLV
Madras Type Foundr	XXIX	Rukmani Cooker Co.	XXXV
Mahalakshmi Tile Works	XLV	Saraswathi Vilasam Book Depot.	LV
Mahat Ayurvedic Pharmacy	XLII	Shanmukha Bank	LXXV
Malabar Swadeshi Emporium,		Sitaram Anglo-Ayurvedic	
Ltd.	LXXXVII	Pharmacy, Ltd.	XXXVI
Manilal M. Mehta	XXXV	South Indian General Assurance	
Melarkode Bank	XLVII	Co. Ltd., The	I
Menon & Co.	LVIII	Srinivasa Varadachari & Co.	XLVIII
Metal Industries Ltd.	LIX	Standard Furniture Co., Ltd.	XXXIX
Moidoo & Co., T. M.	XXXIV	Steers, G. S.	XXXI
Nataraja Pandaram	LXXXVIII	St. Vincent's Industrials	IV
Natham & Co., Cochin	LXX	Subramanian, M. S.	LVII
Natham & Co., S.	XLIII	Subramania Iyer, V.	XL d
National Insurance Co., L'd.	XV	Sumugha Vilas	L
National Warehouse	LXXX	Swadeshi Vastralaya	LXVIII
Nedungandi Bank, Ltd.	XIX	Swaminathan, V. S.	LVI
Northland Sports Works	XX	Tarur Bank	LXXXV
Nurani Union Bank, Ltd.	LXXXIX	Teachers' Publishing House	
Oriental Mercantile Agency	LXIX		XXX & XXXI
Oxford University Press	V	Tripurantaka Mudaliar, B. S.	LXXI
Palaniandi Pillai & Co., K.	LIII	Tropical Insurance Co., Ltd.	XXXV
Palghat Town Bank Ltd.	LXXXIV	Tutorial Institute	XIV
Parle Products Mfg. Co.	LI	Type-writer Mart	XXII
Pioneer Publishers	XXXIX	Uberoi Ltd.	VII
Pioneer Sports, Ltd.	XLIX	United India Life Assurance	
Pochee & Son, C. S.	XXXII	Co. Ltd., The	VI & LXVII
Prabhu & Co., K. B.	XXXVIII	Varadachary & Co., P.	XXVII
Raja Rajeswari	LXVI	Vegetable Soap Works	XL
Ramakrishna Iyer, C. V.	LXV		

THE SCHOLAR PRESS, PALGHAT

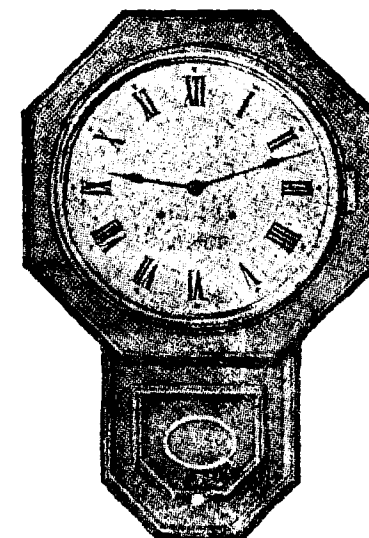
We undertake and execute all kinds of art printing, including reproduction of pictures in colour.

High class magazine work and book work, under expert management and supervision, are our special line, and we undertake to execute all contracts with taste and precision—and in time. We suggest that you try us once.

E. V. Ramakrishnan, B. A.,
Manager.

The "INDRA"—A QUALITY CLOCK.

Accurate, handsome and thoroughly reliable—that is what an "INDRA" Clock is. For the home, office or theatre a better clock than this you cannot get at the price.



The movement, made from high-grade material, is the finest that human skill can devise. It goes for 8 days on one winding and strikes the hours and half hours on a pleasant mezzo-toned gong.

The Mahogany polished case is perfectly proportioned and is absolutely dust-tight and damp-proof.

The "INDRA" is guaranteed 10 years but will outlast many others. Get an "INDRA"—the clock for service.

8 inch Dial	...	Rs. 8 8.
10	...	Rs. 12 8.
12	...	Rs. 20 .

(Packing and forwarding extra).

Order to be accompanied with Rs. 5

and name of nearest Railway Station.

JALAL & SONS,

GOVT. & RAILWAY SUPPLIERS.

Head Office No 46,
RATTAN BAZAAR,

Branch No. 111,
MOUNT ROAD,

MADRAS

Telegrams : "SIGACO "

Phone : 3168

THE SOUTH INDIAN GENERAL ASSURANCE Co., LTD.,

(Incorporated In India)

Head Office:—

Christian College Buildings, Esplanade, Madras.

Branches : -

BOMBAY

Ismail Buildings,
Hornby Road.

CALCUTTA

9, Dalhousie Square East.

District Organiser's Office:—

BANGALORE

24 A, Palepet.

A first class Indian Life Office offering

MAXIMUM BENEFITS at **MINIMUM COSTS**

DOUBLE & TRIPLE BENEFIT POLICIES A SPECIALITY

Influential and reliable persons are offered the best
opportunity as Agents & Organisers.

FEMALE LIVES Accepted.

Intending agents are invited to correspond with

Messrs. K. C. Pandalai & Co.,

Managing Agents

ZANDU'S DRAKSH-ASAVA (THE BEST BODY & BRAIN REFRESHER)

(Refreshing, Invigorating and
Appetising Drink.)



Removes all kinds of physical, nervous
and natural debilities. Improves blood and
creates true vitality.

Further, this is useful in cough, phthisis,
insomnia of old people, loss of sleep, indiges-
tion, acidity, sudden fainting, constipation. In
one word, this is useful in all debilities and
gives youthful complexion to either sex.

ZANDU'S CHYAVANPRASH (THE BEST BODY & BRAIN BUILDER)



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

Price 1 lb. phial Rs. 2-8; ½ lb. phial Re. 1-5; ¼ lb. As. 13.

Manufactured by

THE ZANDU PHARMACEUTICAL WORKS LTD.,
BOMBAY 14

Tele: "VINCENT INDUSTRIALS Calicut."

ST. VINCENT'S INDUSTRIALS, CALICUT, Malabar.

ENGINEERS, FOUNDERS, WELDERS, CONTRACTORS, BUILDERS,
CABINET MAKERS & TEXTILE MANUFACTURERS

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Money Back.

ENGINEERING DEPARTMENT

Our Factory is equipped with up to date machinery and Workshop requisities, Iron and Brass Foundry, Electrical and Gas Welding Plants to cope with the Manufacture of Machines of any description such as Water Pumps, Soap and Tile Manufacturing Machines, Presses, Rotary Oil Mills, Steel Structures, Spiral Ladders, Iron Safes and Gates, and General Engineering Contracts or Repairs.

We are specialists in the manufacture of **Tile & Soap Dies** of any description. Our Machines are **Cheap, Reliable, Widely approved** and **Guaranteed**.

Reboring & Renewals of Steam or Oil Engine Cylinders and Pistons etc. undertaken.

Piston Grinding by Machine Power with

Guaranteed Results.

CABINET DEPARTMENT

Furniture for all purposes to suit all grades are manufactured and supplied out of **SEASONED & SELECTED WOOD FREE FROM ALL DEFECTS**. **SPECIAL RATES ALLOWED FOR WHOLE SALE BOOKING**. Body Building of Buses and Lorries is a Special branch in this department.

TEXTILE DEPARTMENT

All Colours Guaranteed & Fast.

Our Handloom Products are the best in Durability, Cheapness, and Reliability. High Class Shirtings, Coatings, in Pure Silk, Artificial Silk, and Cotton are always in stock for Retail and Wholesale booking. Sarees, Bed sheets, Bed spreads, Napkins, Dhories, and Towels of attractive designs can be supplied from stock.

Our profits are entirely and exclusively utilised for charitable purposes in the feeding and education of the poor Indian orphans. We solicit the favour of the kind patronage of every one in the cause of our noble purpose and the general welfare of the country, uplifting the poor or our Dear Mother India.

ST. VINCENT'S INDUSTRIALS

SOME OXFORD BOOKS

A Shorter Oxford English Dictionary: In two quarto volumes strongly bound in buckram. The work presents in concise form the bulk of the material collected for the Oxford English Dictionary in ten volumes. The total extent of the dictionary is 2,500 pages, with about 12,400 letters to the page. £ 3.3.

The Oxford Companion to English Literature: Compiled and edited by Sir Paul Harvey- Medium 8 vo., about 800 pages printed in double columns. 15 sh.

The Making of Geography: By R. E. Dickinson and O. J. R. Howarth. 8 sh. 6 d.

The Method and Technique of Teaching: By Percival R. Cole. 12 sh. 6 d.

How to Teach: By Benjamin Dumville, M. A., 3 sh 6 d.

Citizen-Training in School: A handbook of extra-curricular activities. By G. S. Krishnayya, M. A., Ph.D., with a foreword by Sir Philip Hartog. Rs. 2.

Suggestions for Primary School Teacher: By H. Dippie, M. A., Inspector of Schools, Bihar & Orissa. Rs. 2-8

Suggestions for the Teaching of English in India: By W. M. Ryburn. Rs. 2.

Suggestions for the Teaching of Geography in Secondary Schools: By E. A. Macnee, M. A. Re. 1-8

Instructions in Indian Secondary Schools: A series of monographs by well-known educationists, on the teaching of various subjects, school management, discipline, etc. Revised and second edition. Edited by E. A. Macnee. Rs. 4.

Teaching. A Quarterly Technical Journal for Teachers. Subscription Rs. 2-8 annually beginning from September.

Travancore: By Emily Gilchrist Hatch. A guide book for the visitor fully illustrated with maps. Rs. 3.

Up from Poverty: By D. Spencer Hatch B. Sc., M. Sc. in Agr., Ph. D., Directing Rural Demonstration, Travancore and Cochin States with a foreword by H. E. The Earl of Willingdon, Viceroy and Governor General of India. Rs. 2-8.

Finance and Commerce in Federal India: By 'British Indian'. A straight-forward presentation of the facts about the transfer of finance and commerce to Indian control. 5 sh.

Planned Money: By Sir Basil P. Blackett K. C. B., K. C. S. I. Chancellor of the Exchequer of India, 1922-1928 and a Director of the Bank of England. 5 sh.

The Key to Freedom and Security in India: By an Indian student of Political Science. 6 Sh.

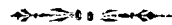
Modern India: A co-operative survey, edited by Sir John Cumming. 3 sh. 6 d.

Political India: 1832-1932: A co-operative survey of a century edited by Sir John Cumming. 3 sh. 6 d.

OXFORD	UNIVERSITY	PRESS
Post Box 31	Post Box 530	Mount Road
BOMBAY	CALCUTTA	MADRAS

THE UNITED INDIA LIFE ASSURANCE Co., LTD.,

Established in 1906.



Policies in force exceed ... Rupees Two Crores
Total Assets exceed ... Rupees Fifty-five Lakhs
Annual Income exceeds ... Rupees Twelve Lakhs

Among the distinguishing features of the Company are:—

Complete and absolute safety of Investments.

Prompt and equitable settlement of claims.

Economical Management,

Moderate premiums, combined with substantial bonuses.

Efficient, sympathetic and prompt service to Policy-holders.

A Policy in the United India is not only a safe investment but a sure provision in old age and against accidents of every kind.

Agents wanted on liberal terms

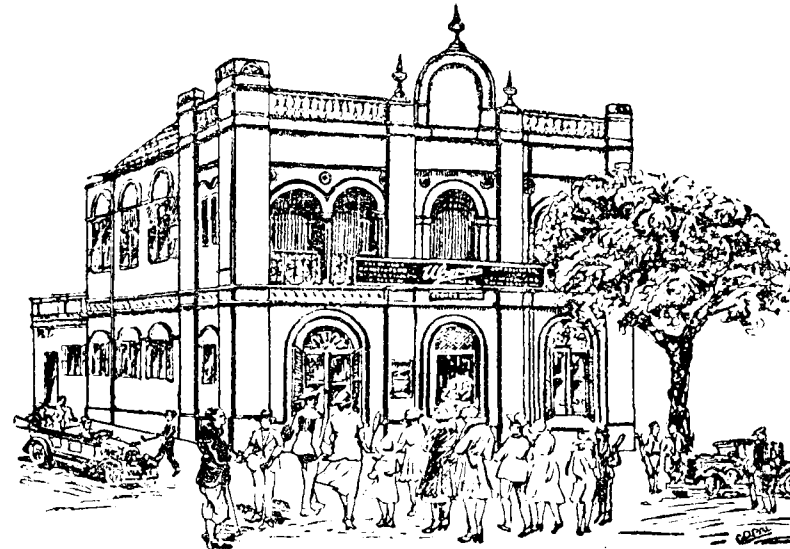
Head Office: MADRAS Branch Office: CALICUT

T. R. Krishnaswamy Iyer, B.A., B.L.,

Manager,

Calicut Branch.

THE LEADERS OF SPORTS GOODS INDUSTRY IN INDIA (THEIR MADRAS SHOW ROOMS)



THEY ARE CHEAP

They have 45 years' reputation for reliability and fair dealings.
Their goods are the best in India and are of a very high standard.

They sell their goods with guarantee.

They are the sole suppliers to the Government Educational Institutions, Police Military and Command a good sale and respect for their goods.

ENCOURAGE

The Founders of Sports Goods Industry in India

Ubero's

22, MOUNT ROAD

AND

LIMITED, ESPLANADE, MADRAS

New

UNDERWOOD**Standard Typewriter****MODEL No. 6.****MR. GEORGE L. HOSSFELD**

...eight times winner of the International Speed Typewriting Championship for Professionals, set a mark which no other typist has been able to reach—135 words per minute for a full hour, Mr. Hossfeld, when he tried the new Underwood Standard, said, "Model No. 6 is the greatest typewriter Underwood has produced. It means new records in every-day office work, because it is lighter in action, faster and easier to operate. Everybody will want it."

BYRAMSHAW & CO., LTD.,**Agents for:**

Underwood Typewriters, Ellams Rotary Duplicators, Stencil
Paper & Inks for all Duplicators, Ellwood
Ribbons & Carbons.

**29, General Patter's Road,
Mount Road, MADRAS**

Telegram: Minora.

Telephone: 3645

Best Valueand what LOW PRICES!

**THE HOUSE FOR ALL STATIONERY,
CYCLOSTYLE AND
TYPEWRITER REQUISITES**

Typewriter Ribbons & Carbon Papers, Stencil,
Papers and Inks for Rotary and Flat Duplicators,
Cyclostyle Machines, Account Books, Rubber
Stamps, Etc., Etc.

Stockists of **Shorthand, Book-keeping, Type-
writing & other Commercial Books.**

(TELEPHONE)
3219**OFFICE EQUIPMENT CO.,**

DEALERS IN STATIONERY, TYPEWRITERS

COMMERCIAL BOOKS, ETC.,

2, ARMENIAN ST., :: :: MADRAS**Our Latest Publications**

A Source Book of Indian History				
by K. Srinivasa Kini, B.A., L.T.	...	...	Rs.	2 0 0
Ghost City by G. K. Chettur	...	...	Rs.	2 0 0
Temple Tank	"	...	Rs.	1 2 0
Gumataraya	"	...	Rs.	1 2 0
Triumph of Love	"	...	Rs.	1 2 0

Dictionaries, revised and enlarged editions.

English-Malayalam Dictionary 1400 pages				
by Zacharias, (Revised edition)	...	...	Rs.	8 8 0
Anglo-Malayalam Pocket Dictionary, revised.	...	...	Rs.	2 12 0
Malayalam English Dictionary by Zacharias	...	...	Rs.	5 8 0
English-Kanarese School Dictionary by Ziegler.				
Revised 6th Edition	...	...	Rs.	6 0 0
Anglo-Canarese Pocket Dictionary, revised edition	...	...	Rs.	2 8 0
Kittel's Kannala-Eng. Dictionary, 1750 Pages	...	...	Rs.	10 10 0
Kannada-English School Dictionary by Bucher	...	...	Rs.	5 0 0

Malayalam Readers, by T. P. Verghese.

(Approved by the Madras Text Book Committee)

First Book	...	...	Rs.	0 3 0
Second Book	...	...	Rs.	0 3 0
Third Book	...	...	Rs.	0 4 0
Fourth Book	...	...	Rs.	0 4 6
Fifth Book	...	...	Rs.	0 5 6

New arrivals—Genuine Medicines

Dr. Schwabe's Homoeopathic medicines, Dr. Schussler's Twelve Tissue remedies, Haarlem Oil in bottles or with capsules in a bottle, Zeller's Swiss Wonder Balsam, Dr. H. Haehle's New Curative Earth, Cod Liver Oil and other Homoeopathic patent medicines etc are just received for sale. Please ask for price-lists.

Basel Mission Book and Tract Depository,**MANGALORE, S. Kanara.**

IS IT WORTH KNOWING?

*That you, a young man of 30 years of age and good health may take out a 20 Year Endowment Policy for Rs. 10,000 with profits, at an annual premium of Rs. 520 and should you discontinue to pay your future premiums due to any cause whatsoever after you have paid premiums for three years only, the Company, upon your written request will keep your beneficiary protected for the remaining 17 years for the full face value of the policy plus profits already accrued. **Should death occur during the period the full face value of the policy Rs 10,000 plus profits already accrued, would be paid to your beneficiary without deducting premiums not paid by you.***

*Proportionate extended insurance benefits are given on all **Crown Life** Special Policies varying according to age and plan.*

COMPARE OUR POLICIES THE

CROWN LIFE INSURANCE CO.,

TORONTO--CANADA

Insurance in Force \$ 137,180,619.00

Assets \$ 17,892,630.94

Chief Agent for India :

T. W. BROUGH,

12, Rampart Row, BOMBAY

Chief Agent for Madras Presidency :

V. R. SUBRAMANIAM,

19/20, Linga Chetty St., MADRAS

The Chief Agent will be glad to consider applications from respectable Gentlemen for district agencies on Commission terms.

DRESS THAT SPEAKS

DRESSES SPEAK	...	...	...
MANY TIME BEFORE	...	...	...
WE SPEAK OF THEM	...	...	...
THEY SPEAK FOR THE	...	...	...
WEARERS—unheard &	...	...	...
unseen.	...	...	...

...	...	...	SIMPLE, SMART, STYLISH
...	...	...	DRESS—PERFECTLY CUT
...	...	...	AND EXCELLENTLY STITCHED
...	...	...	IS ALWAYS A MATTER
...	...	...	FOR APPRECIATION

At Your Service

UP TO THE MINUTE	...	...	...
FASHION FABRICS	...	...	...
PLUS UP-TO-DATE	...	...	...
TAILORING SERVICE!	...	...	...



The General Swadeshis Ltd.,

368 Esplanade,

MADRAS

CHEAP & RELIABLE HOUSE
FOR
TYPEWRITERS
AND
ALL TYPEWRITER ACCESSORIES

WOODSTOCK Standard Typewriters

CORONA Portable Typewriters

WOODSTOCK, REMINGTON & UNDERWOOD

Rebuilt Typewriters,

WOODSTOCK TAMIL Typewriters,

ROTO Duplicators,

Typewriter ribbons, Carbon papers, Stencil
papers, Inks, Spare parts, Repairs etc. etc.

Consult us before you purchase elsewhere!

THE TYPEWRITER MART,
108, ARMENIAN STREET,
MADRAS



An extraordinary alive series.

NEW ENGLISH
GRAMMAR SERIES

BY

P. C. WREN, M. A., I E. S.

Written on modern lines, this new series supplies a graded course of English Grammar in four books. It treats Grammar as a helpmate to Composition, and presents each grammatical topic in a practical fresh, and interesting setting.

1. THE SIMPLER PARTS OF SPEECH, with Exercises in Composition
Price, As. 8.

This is an introductory and preliminary book of Grammar and Composition for beginners. It contains about 2000 *everyday sentences upon everyday subjects*. The drill sentences form a special feature of the book and are designed to be used assiduously for cultivating the pupil's power of expression in simple English.

2. A SIMPLE ENGLISH GRAMMAR ON MODERN LINES, with
143 Exercises in Grammar and Composition. Price As. 12.

This is an elementary text-book of practical English Grammar for Middle School classes.

It contains abundant illustrative examples upon which the teaching of grammar is based, and numerous exercises which give the beginners constant practice in the application of what they have learnt.

Thus lessons in grammar are made intelligible, interesting, and living, so as to make them of practical use in the study of English.

3. ELEMENTARY GRAMMAR ON MODERN LINES. Price Re. 1-2.

Everything is taught *by example*, and treated in a *simple and practical* way. Grammar is not divorced from Composition, but both the subjects are treated as parts of an inseparable whole. A large number of *practical exercises* is another special feature of the book. Most of them are framed with a view to provide material for *oral composition* and to drill the pupils in *correct usage*. The whole book is carefully graded and planned as a *progressive course* for all the middle-school classes.

4. HIGH SCHOOL ENGLISH GRAMMAR. Price Rs. 2.

This is a working class-book of modern English Grammar and usage for High School classes. It provides side by side a practical course in English Composition. The Exercises for practice are numerous, varied, carefully graded, and of a practical character.

COOPER—PUBLISHERS—BOMBAY

HOW MANY WORDS DO YOU KNOW?

Roosevelt Knew 125,000 Words.

Lloyd George Knows 100,000 Words.

Shakespeare Knew 24,000 Words.

The Editor of the New Standard Dictionary states that "the average well-educated American knows from 60,000 to 70,000 words. Every well read person of fair ability and education will be able to understand, as used, 50,000 words."

Compare the estimated vocabularies of Roosevelt and Lloyd George with Shakespeare's, which was the largest of the 16th century. Milton's the next largest, numbered 18,000 words. It is apparent how amazingly the English language has grown.

To-day in order to keep abreast of the times—to be among the "well read people of fair ability"—a man must know twice as many words as did the Bard of Avon. To forge ahead—to be a well educated man—he should treble the master dramatist's vocabulary.

LEARN MORE WORDS AND GAIN SUCCESS

The world-renowned Grenville Kleiser Correspondence Course in Practical English and Mental Efficiency enables you to become a Master of English by the easiest system of study and in the shortest time possible. It teaches you in your spare moments at home how to—

Enlarge Your Stock of Words;
Use the Right Word in the Right Place;
Write Tactful, Forceful Letters, Advertisements, Stories, Sermons, etc.;

Become an Engaging Conversationalist;
Enter Good Society;
Be a Man or Woman of Culture, Power and Influence in Your Community.

Whatever your business or occupation Grenville Kleiser can make you more successful. Whether you are a doctor, a lawyer, a merchant, a clergyman, a teacher, a student, an engineer, salesman, a clerk, or in business of any kind, a command of English will bring you to the forefront and lack of it will be a drag on your upward climb. You need good English in every relation of your life and it will help you, as no other single thing can, to reach the goal of your desires and achieve success.

Decide, therefore, to enrol for the Kleiser Correspondence Course at the earliest opportunity. The Course is the busy man's short-cut to a full expressive vocabulary and correct grammar and requires but 15 minutes a day. Enthusiastic endorsements have been written by famous writers as well as thousands of gratified students, from all over the world.

Complete detail of the Course are given in our Prospectus, which you can obtain **FREE OF CHARGE**. Drop a Post card for it today or

POST THIS COUPON
to the Tutorial Institute, Delhi.

THE TUTORIAL INSTITUTE,

Headquarters, DELHI, 40

I am desirous of becoming a master of English. Please send me full particulars of your correspondence course.

Name.....
Address.....
Age..... Occupation.....

NATIONAL INSURANCE COMPANY, LTD.,

Head Office:—NATIONAL INSURANCE BUILDING,

7. Council House Street

CALCUTTA

Total Policies in force at the end of 1932 Rs. 8,13,60,271.

Total Assets exceed Rs. 1,90,00,000

Claims Paid exceed Rs. 1,00,00,000.

SAFE & SOUND POLICIES

A wide range of policies providing security and cover at low safe rates of premium.

Female Lives insured

Joint Life Policies issued.

Permanent Protection against lapses granted.

Attractive Facilities.

Agents find it remunerative and easy to work for this Company.

FOR FIRE & MOTOR CAR INSURANCES CONSULT

National Fire & General Insurance Company Ltd.,

NATIONAL INSURANCE BUILDING,

7, COUNCIL HOUSE STREET, CALCUTTA

Please write for full particulars to:—

T. ANANTACHARI,

Branch Secretary,

113, Armenian Street,

MADRAS

R. G. DAS & Co.,

Managers,

CALCUTTA

Imitation is the Sincerest Flattery.

Do You Know Why
“Mysore Sandal Soap”
 Has So Many Imitations?
 Because it is The Best
Toilet Soap in the Market.

If you want an Ideal Toilet Soap

Ask your nearest dealer for—

MYSORE SANDAL SOAP

Suppliers by appointment to

HIS HIGHNESS THE MAHARAJA OF MYSORE

AND

HIS EXCELLENCY THE GOVERNOR OF BURMA

**GOVERNMENT SOAP FACTORY,
 BANGALORE**

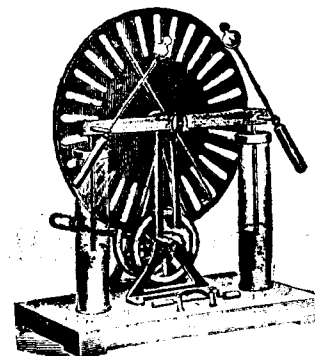
TELLING

QUALITY

ARE THE
 KEYNOTES
 OF OUR
 SUCCESS

STRIKING

SERVICE

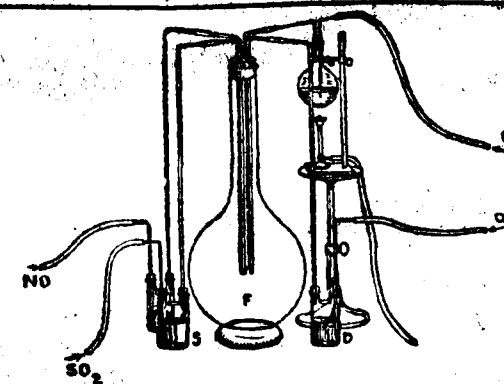


CHEMICAL
 PHYSICAL
 BIOLOGICAL
 AND
 PHYSIOLOGICAL
 APPARATUS

WE DARE SAY YOU ARE ONE
 OF OUR ESTEEMED CLIENTS. IF
 NOT, PLEASE GET YOUR NEXT
 SUPPLIES FROM US.

YOU ARE SURE TO
 NOTE MANY OUTSTANDING
 ADVANTAGES.

EVERYTHING
 FOR A
 LABORATORY
 SCHOOL
 COLLEGE
 OR
 INDUSTRIAL



CENTRAL SCIENTIFIC SUPPLIES Co. LTD.

COMPLETE LABORATORY FURNISHERS,
 14, PERIANN MAISTRY STREET, G. T. MADRAS

BHARAT PUBLISHING HOUSE

OUR PUBLICATIONS FOR SECONDARY & ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS

ENGLISH

Detailed Study. Rs. As.

Readings in English-Series I ... 1 0

(Approved by the Text-Book Committees of Madras, Cochin and Mysore) Prescribed by the department of Public Instruction for Form IV in Mysore.

Readings in English-Series II ... 1 2

(Approved by the Text-Book Committees of Madras, Cochin and Mysore)

The above books have been specially prepared by eminent authors to suit the requirements of the IV & V Forms & have been highly commended by leading educationists. They have been prescribed in many of the high schools in the Presidency. Printed on Superior paper, & bound Full Calico.

Non-detailed Study

Shorab and Rustam ... 0 3

Dhruva ... 0 3

Uthararamacharithram ... 0 6

(Prescribed by the Mysore Government as Compulsory

Text for Middle schools.) ... 0 6

AEsop's Fables ... 0 1

TAMIL

Collections from Tamil Literature Part I ... 0 10

Collections from Tamil Literature Part II for Form V

(Approved by the Text-Book Committees and prescribed by the Educational Department of Ceylon.) ... 0 12

DHRONA VIJAYAM. Suited for IV or V Form. ... 0 8

Tamil Grammar in three parts for I, II & III Forms.

... Part I ... 0 3

... Part II ... 0 5

... Part III ... 0 6

Stories from Indian History. Parts I & II for classes IV & V

(in Tamil & Telugu) Book I ... 0 5

... Book II ... 0 6

SUNDARA Vachakam. ... Book I ... 0 2

Book II 0 3 0 Book III ... 0 1

Book IV 0 5 0 Book V ... 0 6

Bala Katha Malikai ... Book I ... 0 4

... Book II ... 0 1

NANRIMARAVA KANDASWAMY ... 0 1

MUNKOPA MUTHUSWAMY ... 0 4

Patronage of Schools and Educational Institutions requested.

150, ANNAPILLAI ST.,

MADRAS

THE NEDUNGADI BANK, LIMITED,

Head Office: **CALICUT**

Branches:

OTTAPALAM, PALGHAT, BADAGARA, TIRUR,
ERNAKULAM, TRICHUR, ALLEPPY, MANGALORE,
TELLICHERRY, TRIVANDRUM, MADRAS,
COIMBATORE AND QUILON

(RECENTLY ORGANISED)

Chairman:

M. R. Ry. C. V. Venkataramana Iyengar, Avl.,

B. A., B. L.

Fixed Deposits are now received at the following rates:—

1 year 6½% per annum.

5 months 5% " "

3 " 3½% " "

Current and Savings Bank Accounts opened and interest allowed at 2½% and 4½% per annum respectively.

Loans and advances made on approved securities.

All kinds of banking business transacted.

FOR FURTHER PARTICULARS APPLY TO:

C. L. RAMASWAMI.

SECRETARY.

ANGEL-DE-LUXE

A Large Assortment of the world famous pens and pencils are now being offered to our patrons at most competitive prices and to facilitate our customers we engrave their names on the pens

—absolutely FREE—

ANGEL JUNIOR PENS

- „ SENIOR ::
- „ SPECIAL ::
- „ DE-LUXE ::
- „ DE-LUXE SPECIAL

All these Pens are available in a wonderful range of charming colours, fitted with 14-Ct. Solid Gold Nib 25 year Iridium points and are fully guaranteed.

BLACKBIRD & SWAN PENS, WATERMAN'S IDEAL PENS, PARKER DUOFOLD AND PARCO PENS, CONWAY STEWART AND DURO PENS, CAMERON AND RAJA PENS.
:: SHEAFFER'S LIFETIME PENS ::

Call and Compare the PEN-VALUE at ANGEL'S

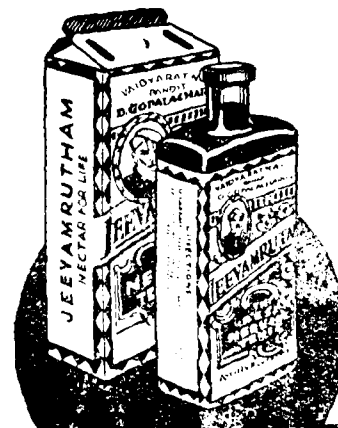
ANGEL & COMPANY,
THE LARGEST PEN SERVICE DEPOT.
297, ESPLANADE, MADRAS



Don't take Our word for it

Read what Dr. V. I. RAMAN, M. R. C. S., Chief Medical Officer, Asoka Hospital, Calicut, says:—

"I have used your wonderful Tonic Jeevamrutham on several cases of Neurasthenia, accompanied by loss of appetite and decrease of weight. Results obtained have been gratifying. I can honestly recommend Jeevamrutham for general use in all rundown cases."



JEEVAMRUTHAM

STRENGTHENS THE NERVES.
RESTORES THE VITAL FORCES.
STIMULATES THE APPETITE.
REGENERATES THE BLOOD.

*(Write for complete
details to-day only)*

PANDIT D. GOPALACHARI'S

JEEVAMRUTHAM

Available at all Chemists & Stores

AYURVEDASRAMAM,
P.O. BOX 287. . . . MADRAS



**Don't buy in haste and
repent at leisure until
you have tried**

**L.G.
ASAFOETIDA**

**IT IS RICH IN QUALITY, DELICIOUS
IN FLAVOUR, ECONOMICAL IN USE
YET ITS PRICE IS Rs. 1-14 Per lb.**

**AWARDED GOLD & SILVER MEDALS IN SWADESHI EXHIBITIONS OF
1931.**

LALJEE GONDHO & CO.,
HEAD OFFICE BOMBAY, 3. SOWCARPET, MADRAS. BRANCH KUMBakonam.

All good Store-keepers now stock **L. G.**
If Yours doesn't, ask him to stock for you
The Public are warned against showers
of imitations in the market. Your
safety lies in **L. G.** Only.

OUR GENERAL BOOKS

	Rs.	As.
Gandhiji in England & the Pro- ceedings of the Second Round Table Conference ...	1	8
Studies in Applied Economics Vol. I by Prof. B. K. Sarkar M. A.	6	0
Economic Development by the same author ...	8	0
The Political Philosophies Since 1905 by the same author ...	4	0
Introduction to the Science of Education by the same author ...	1	4
The Science of History & The Hope of Mankind by the Same author ...	1	0
The Gita Idea of God by Brahma- chari Gitanand ...	5	0
Dialogue, Divine & Dramatic by the above author ...	1	0
The History of Jahangir by Francis Gladwin ed. by K. V. R. Aiyengar M. A. ...	5	0
The Aravida Dynasty of Vijaya- nagara by Rev. H. Heras S. J. ...	10	0
Studies in Pallava History by Rev. H. Heras, S. J. ...	3	8
The Law & Theory of Ry. Freight Rates by K. C. Srinivasan, M. A., F. C. S. ...	10	0
Hindu-Pad-Padashahi by Srijit V. D. Savarkar ...	3	0
Life of Barrister Savarkar by Chitra Gupta. ...	1	8
Social and Political life in the Vijayanagara Empire by Dr. B. A. Saletor (in Two Volumes) (in the Press) ...	12	0
The University of Nalanda by H. D. Sankalia M. A. Ph. D. ... (in the Press)	5	0

OUR SCHOOL PUBLICATIONS
IN ENGLISH

	Rs.	As.
English Selections for Higher Forms, Book I (IV Form) ...	0	12
English Selections for Higher Forms Book II (V Form) ...	1	0
Masterman Ready by Captain Marryat (abridged & Retold) ...	0	12
Sandford & Merton by Thomas Day (adapted & Retold) ...	0	10
Stories from Tennyson's "Idylls of the King" Ed. by T. R. H. Peck, M. A., ...	0	10
The Clay Cart Ed. by H. O. Kershaw, B. A., I. E. S., ...	0	8
Chandrabasa by Professor J. C. Rollo M. A., ...	0	6
New Era Story Books, Book I, by C. Gordon, B. Ed. ...	0	3
do. Book II do ...	0	4
do. Book III do ...	0	6
Nanda the Pariah Saint by C. S. R. Iyengar ...	0	3
Fables from Mahabharatha by N. Paramasiva Iyer. ...	0	3
New Era English Reader I Primer Ed. H. Champion, M. A., I. E. S. for IV class. ...	0	5
do. II Primer do for V class ...	0	6
Modern Elementary Mathematics Book I (for IV Form) by R. R. S. Iyer. ...	1	0
do. Book II (V Form) do ...	1	0
do. Book III (VI Form) do ...	1	0
A Class Book of Algebra by the above author. ...	2	0

Will be Ready in January (1934)

New Era English Reader I Ed. by H. Champion M. A. I. E. S. ...	0	8
New Era English Reader II do ...	0	10
New Era English Reader III do ...	0	12

B. G. Paul & Co.,

Publishers, 12, Francis Joseph Street, MADRAS

THE POPULAR PUBLISHING HOUSE IN SOUTHERN INDIA

Our Publications are specially prepared by standard Authors to suit the needs of the pupils in the Elementary, Lower Secondary and Secondary Schools: They include:

A Series of Tamil and Telugu Readers. Specially prepared to meet the latest educational requirements. Fully illustrated.

A Series of History and Geography Books: Possessing features specially meriting the attention of the teachers.

A Series of Elementary Science Books: Well graded, well printed, and beautifully illustrated—a series of outstanding quality and usefulness.

A Series of Elementary Mathematics Books: Intended for the use of pupils in Elementary and Lower Secondary Schools—very popular in our presidency.

Books for Non-detailed Study: In Tamil, Telugu and English Stories of varying interests—Epic Tales—The younger children for whom these books are written will thoroughly enjoy reading them.

Geographical Map Drawing Books from V. Std. to III Form, are available in English, Tamil, Telugu and Malayalam. Elementary Science, and the Madras Presidency Geography for V Std. are also available in **Malayalam**.

Before selecting books apply for our catalogue.

T. V. CHELLAPPA SASTRY & SONS,
PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS & BOOK SELLERS.
1-1 SEMBUDOSS STREET.
MADRAS

A SHORT HISTORY OF ENGLAND

BY

HILDA JOHNSTONE, M. A.,

Professor of History in the University of London.

With 52 Illustrations and 16 Maps.

RECENT PUBLICATIONS FOR SCHOOL USE.

Elementary Science.

A First year Course in Physics by J. P. Marickam, M. A.	0 8 0
A Second year Course in Physics by do in the press.	
Physics & Chemistry by A. Varadachary, B. A., L. T.	1 8 0
Chemistry alone do	0 8 0
Animal Life by R. Gopala Aiyer, M. A., M. Sc.	0 10 0
Plant Life by K. Rangachariar, M. A., L. T., I. E. S. (Retired)	0 8 0
Physiology, Hygiene by Dr. K. S. Padmanabha Aiyer, M. A., D. Sc.	0 10 0
Animal Life by the same author	0 10 0

Geography.

Elements of World Geography by V. K. Sourirajan, M. A., L. T. (Dip. Econ.) and K. Rangaswami Aiyengar, B. A., L. T.	
(Complete.)	1 12 0
Geography, Eurasia, India and the World by K. Rangaswami Aiyengar, B. A., L. T.	0 12 0

History.

A Text-Book of Indian History in English for High School Classes by C. S. Srinivasachari, M. A., Prof. Annamalai University	1 12 0
---	--------

Elementary Mathematics.

Text-Book of Algebra by V. Venkatasubbaiah Garu, B. A., L. T.	2 4 0
A School Geometry Parts I & II Complete do.	2 8 0
Part I, 1 0 0 Part II, 1 12 0	

P. VARADACHARY & CO.,
PUBLISHERS, MADRAS

LATEST INNOVATION!

YOUR NAME- ENGRAVED -
ABSOLUTELY **FREE** BY THE WONDERFUL
ELECTRIC MACHINE**ON ALL PENS**

YOU BUY FROM US

PEN PERFECTION AT LAST

**THE KING'S PEN**WITH LATEST IMPROVEMENTS
SOLID 14-CT. GOLD NIB,
HARDEST IRIIDIUM TIPPED, SPECIAL SHAPE.Ladder feed ensures Perfect flow and Pressureless touch. Long
Nib Section for Balance and grip, Extra large ink Capacity**IN THREE BEAUTIFUL COLOURS****Every Pen Sold by us is GUARANTEED Perfect.***For all your Requirements in*

FOUNT PENS	-	-	SOAPS, RAZORS	-
TIES, COLLARS	-	§	TOILETS	-
STUDENTS' FILES	-		COMBS	-
FANCY GOODS	-		HANDKERCHIEFS Etc.	-

Your Favourite Corner Shop

KING & Co., 298, ESPLANADE,
(The One Rate Shop.)

ENCOURAGE

INDIAN INDUSTRIES

The only way to obtain freedom is

by Patronising Indian Concerns

Ours is one purely of

INDIAN CAPITAL

INDIAN LABOUR

INDIAN MANAGEMENT

MALAYALAM TYPES

BOTH BODY TYPES & HEADNG TYPES

FROM 11 TO 28 POINTS

THE MADRAS TYPE FOUNDRY

COPPER ALLOY HOUSE.

38, Jones Street,

Tele (Phone: 3849)
(Gram: PRINTYPE)**MADRAS**

Our Publications for Middle Schools.

Elementary Mathematics: By K. S. Srinivasachariar, B.A., L.T., available in English, Tamil, Telugu & Malayalam

Book I for Form I	As.	12
" II " " II	"	10
" III " " III	"	12

Tamil editions have been approved for use in vernacular schools in Ceylon.

Malayalam editions have been approved for use in schools in Cochin State.

Elementary Science Series: By K. S. Sundararaja Iyengar B.A., L.T., available in Tamil and Telugu

Book I for Form I	10
" II " " II	10
" III " " III	12

History Series: By Mr. Shanmukhasundara Mudaliar, M.A., L.T., available in Tamil and Telugu.

A history of our motherland for the young for Form I	8
" " " Part I " II	10
" " " " II " III	10

Supplementary Readers in English (Revised by Mr. W. C. Douglas)

Grade I The Story of a Tiger etc.	2½
" " A little Book of Tales	3
" II Two Great Kings	3
" " Pussy & the Prince	4
" III The Sages & Seers of India	5
" IV In Epic Times	6

From Indian Folk Lore (Revised by Rev. R. H. Howie, M.A., B.D.)

Heroines of Ind	5
Do	10
Classics for Young Folk (Moral Tales)	6
The Orphans and other Stories	

Our Publications For High Schools

A History of England for High Schools By V. Venkatarama Iyer, M.A., L.T., Asst. Professor of History, The Presidency College, Madras. Written in accordance with the revised A. Gr. syllabus in English History of the Madras S. S. L. C. Examination in simple and idiomatic English suited to the attainments of the pupils.

Cloth Boards...	Rs.	1	8	0
Also available in parts:				
Part I From the earliest times to 1485	As.	12		
Part II " 1485--1900	Re.	1	0	0

(Continued on next page)

Pupils' Geographical series for High Schools.

By T. S. Sundaram Iyer, B.A., Ambasamudram.

Specially prepared to meet the syllabus of the Madras S. S. L. C. Examination in Geography A Group with numerous illustrations & diagrams & written in simple English.

Tamil edition also available.

Book I The Three Southern continents	As.	12
II North America	As.	8
III Eurasia & India	Re.	1/-
IV The World (General)	As.	4
Books I- IV Bound	Rs.	2/-

A History of India for High Schools.

By Mr. C. V. Narayana Iyer, M.A., L.T.,

Asst. Professor of History, The Presidency College, Madras.

In print expected shortly.

THE TEACHERS' PUBLISHING HOUSE.

EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS.

MADRAS

In all SEASONS

RUKMANI COOKER

will give WHOLESOME FOOD at MINIMUM
BOOKLET COST and LITTLE ATTENTION
FREE Cookers for 1, 2, 4, 6, 8, 12 & 16 persons.
Prices Rs. 10, 14, 18, 23, 29, 35 & 41.

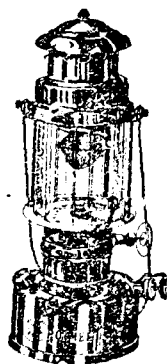
Rukmani Cooker Co.,

Royapuram (3) MADRAS

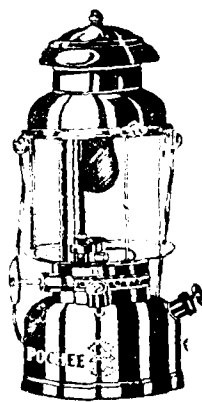
AGENTS

1. PALGHAT: Indian Industrials.
2. COIMBATORE: The Coimbatore Swadeshi Emporium Limited.
3. OTTAPALAM: The Malabar Swadeshi Emporium Limited.
4. CALICUT: Messrs. U. B. Dutt and Co.
5. CANNANORE: National Stores, Camp Bazaar.
6. TELLICHERRY: E. R. Menon Esq., General Merchant.
7. ERNAKULAM & TRICHUR: The Kerala Swadeshi Stores, Ltd.
8. TRIVANDRUM: The Indian Emporium.

POCHEE'S WONDER HURRICANE LANTERNS



ABSOLUTELY HANDY, SAFE,
SIMPLE, RELIABLE AND EASY
TO OPERATE. SUPERIOR TO
ALL OTHERS IN DURABILITY,
ECONOMY AND EXCELLENT
WORKMANSHIP.



Ask for further particulars or call and see stock with the
Malabar Agents,

INDIAN INDUSTRIALS,
PALGHAT

Or the manufacturers:

C. S. POCHEE & SON,
GIRGAUM ROAD, BOMBAY 2.

ALWAYS MAINTAIN HAPPINESS AT HOME WITH THESE 3 FAMILY GEMS



1. STOCK'S: WHOOPING COUGH Specific
cures in 10 days.

Do not be under the false notion that
WHOOPING COUGH must continue for 3
months (New Moon)

It can be cured in 10 days and this specific does it.

2. STOCK'S: ASTHMA CURE a splendid remedy, gives immediate
Relief and makes a patient Sleep Soundly.

3. BEWARE MALARIA AND SPLEEN ENLARGEMENT. USE
STOCK'S: ANTIMALARIAL FEVER Silver Pills.

For all fevers, cold, ague and intermitant fevers.

Available at

Messrs. S. NATHAM & Co.,

Chemists, PALGHAT

AND AT ALL DEALERS IN POLLACHI

General Literature

	Rs.	As.
By N. K. Venkateswaran, B.A., L.T.		
Gautma Buddha	...	0 8
Is Civilisation a Fraud?	...	2 0
Dreams of a Teacher	...	3 0
On Teaching	...	1 0
Thoughts for Statemen by		
T. N. Seshachalam B.A., B.L.	1	8
Kanda Purana Veda.	...	4 0

'Mr. N. K. Venkateswaran B.A.,
L.T. is a philosopher and an orator,
and possesses sound education
sense, which he can express in an
uncommon way. He is a facile
coiner of bright phrases, full of
picturesque metaphor and the
wisdom of both the ancients and
the moderns etc. Happily Mr. Ven-
kateswaran has written several
books, of which the above noted
are some of the most important.

Our English Publications suitable for school use

	Rs.	As.
Model Selections from Eng- lish Prose and Poetry	...	0 12
For Form IV		
Tales From Sanskrit Drama- rists by P. T. Sreenivasa		
Iyengar, M.A., L.T.	...	0 10
Old Pearls on a New String	0	8

	Rs.	As.
The Triumph of Truth.	...	0 8
Sambundar	...	0 4
Vali	...	0 4
Sulochana & other Stories	0	4
Self Help Readers I	...	0 3
do II	...	0 4
Biology	...	0 12
Physiology	...	0 8

Our Tamil Publications suitable for school use

Swami Vivekananda	...	0 10
Three Great Heroes	...	0 10
Heroic Fame of Surapathman	0	8
Patanuthu Pillayar	...	0 10
Subhadra's Wedding	...	0 10
Raja Tharangoni	...	0 10
Benjamin Franklin	...	0 6
Wonderful Lamp	...	0 6
Heroes of Hindustan	...	0 5
Pictorial History Part I	...	0 4
do II	...	0 5
Kalaingal Katha-Vachakam I	0	2 1/2
do II	...	0 3
do III	...	0 4
do IV	...	0 4
.. Moral Stories I	...	0 4
Infant School Arithmetic by		
M. S. Sundereswaran, M.A.,		
L.T., in Tamil & Telugu I	0	5
.. II	...	0 6
.. III	...	0 7
.. IV	...	0 8
.. V	...	0 9

The Educational Publishing Co.,
12, Second Line Beach, MADRAS

Grandest achievement of the
JAI BHARAT

within a short period of 2 years.

Policies issued over 30,000 Annual income over Rs. 3,00,000
Claims paid exceed 2,24,000 Government Securities
and other assets „ 1,20,000

Transacts Provident and Industrial Insurance on Scientific lines.

A boon to the poor and middle class,
A POLICY IN OUR PROVIDENT AND INDUSTRIAL SCHEMES

at a small premium of Re. 1 per month shall fetch
a guaranteed benefit of

RS. 250 TO RS. 500.

Unemployment problem is solved.

For particulars apply to:—

**The Managing Agents,
JAI BHARAT INSURANCE CO., LTD.
13-14, 2nd Line Beach, MADRAS.**

Telegrams: AMEENTAJIR.

TELEPHONE: 8254

FIRST TIME IN SOUTHERN INDIA,

SPORTS GOODS MANUFACTURERS

T. M. MOIDOO & CO.,

EXPERTS in Hockey, Tennis, Football, Cricket and
Complete Furnishers of Outdoor and Indoor Games.

Wholesale and Retail Suppliers

MOIDOO SPORTS WORKSHOP

THE FIRST OF ITS KIND IN S. INDIA

SHOW ROOMS:—No. 189 A, MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS

**LOOK AT OUR
BRILLIANT FIRST VALUATION RESULTS.**

A uniform Bonus of Rs. 50/- per thousand for five years.

“Your Company has thus achieved a result which is creditable at such an early stage of a Life Insurance Company, particularly, when it is realised that the period under investigation has been a very trying one to Life Insurance Companies in India”, says our Actuary.

“The Company was founded by the two great Indians, Pandit Motilal Nehru and Hakim Ajmal Khan, and I am glad that the work they began has now been placed on an enduring basis”, says Dr. P. Subbarayan, M. L. C.

“To the insuring Public I would say unhesitatingly, ‘You cannot do better than effecting a Policy with the Tropical,’ says our Chairman, Dr. M. A. Ansari.

Wanted capable Agents on liberal terms

Apply for terms and Prospectus to :

**The Branch Secretary,
THE TROPICAL INSURANCE CO. LTD.,
1/9 FRANCIS JOSEPH STREET,
G. T., Madras.**

For optical requirements of any kind:

Manilal M. Mehta,

Wholesale and Retail Opticians,

8, BROADWAY,

MADRAS

Estd. 1896

Estd. 1896

THE BHARAT INSURANCE COMPANY LIMITED,

LAHORE

FIGURES THAT SPEAK FOR THEMSELVES

Total Assets Exceed Rs. 1,70,00,000.

Year. (4 yearly)	Income as on the latter year Rs.	Business in force as on the latter year Rs.	Life assured fund as on the latter year Rs.	Claim paid Rs.
1913-18	5,61,231	87,81,641	24,81,142	12,41,509
1918-23	12,10,889	1,87,11,528	43,42,077	15,77,444
1923-28	27,73,540	5,13,81,493	87,37,650	22,59,605
1928-32	33,26,533	5,57,28,600	1,40,11,389	31,63,849

BHARAT OFFERS THE HIGHEST BONUS TO ITS POLICY-HOLDERS

(1) Whole Life Policies Rs. 125/-per thousand per quinquennium.

(2) Endowment Policies Rs. 105/-per thousand per quinquennium.

Agency terms:—

LIBERAL AND ATTRACTIVE

For Detailed Particulars apply to:—

Organisers:

Mr. D. Santayya,

Manager, Sub-office,

CALICUT

OR

1. C. Kuttan Nair,

Mannadiar Lane, TRICHUR

2. K. Sukumaran,

CALICUT

SITARAM ANGLO-AYURVEDIC PHARMACY LTD., TRICHUR (Cochin State)

Started under the Distinguished Patronage of the late

H. H. RAJA SIR RAMA VARMA G. C. S. I. G. C. I. E.

THE MAHARAJA OF COCHIN

GENUINE AYURVEDIC PREPARATIONS ON

THE MOST ORTHODOX LINES

Suppliers to

VARIOUS MUNICIPAL AND LOCAL FUND

DISPENSARIES

ALSO WHOLESALE AND RETAIL DEALERS OF ALL

ALLOPATHIC PATENTS AND CHEMICALS WITH

DISPENSING DEPARTMENT OPEN BOTH DAY & NIGHT

Sole Agents for Palghat:

MAHALAKSHMI STORES,

Gandhi Bazaar, PALGHAT

All Ayurvedic preparations of the Pharmacy sold here
at Catalogue prices for the benefit of moffusal customers.

T. A. Gopalakrishna Iyer, B.A., B.L.

Managing Director.

PRABU'S INK

Manufactured by Qualified Indian Chemists in most up-to-date laboratories.

THE INK that dries instantly but yet is permanent in effect, lasting as long as the paper on which it is written.

THE INK that is manufactured specially for fountain-pens and kept free of injurious chemical ingredients.

THE INK that is water proof, that does not clog or corrode nor leave any sediment.

Awarded Gold Medals at over ten All-India Exhibitions

Sold everywhere with Ink-filler free

Unconditional Guarantee: to take back the ink that does not give entire satisfaction.

K. B. PRABHU & CO.,

Head Office & Factory: CALICUT (Malabar)

Wholesale Depot: 19/20, Linga Chetty St., MADRAS

JUST THE TEXT BOOK FOR YOUR STUDENTS!

I. AN INTRODUCTION TO BIOLOGY, in 3 parts:—

1. Plant-Life. 82 pp. 54 illns. 8 as.
2. Animal-Life. 86 pp. 63 illns. 8 as.
3. Human Physiology, Hygiene & First-Aid. 128 pp. 58 illns. 12 as.

II. Do. LIBRARY EDITION, all 3 parts combined, half-bound, with some additional matter. 350 pp., 190 illns Rs. 2.

III. ELEMENTARY BIOLOGY (Plant, Animal & Human) for Secondary schools. (Life-activities of Plants, Animal & Man treated comparatively in alternate chapters in a single volume), 200 pp., 85 illns. Re. 1-8-0

BY

M.V.Sudaresan, M.A., L.T., (Mysore Educational Service) Shimoga.
Approved for School Use by the Text-Book Committees of
Madras, Mysore & Cochin.

Recommended for libraries of High, District, Normal and Middle Schools
in Mysore, by the D. P. I. in Mysore.

NEATLY PRINTED & ATTRACTIVELY GOT-UP

Copies can be had of:—

Messrs.
THE TYPEWRITER MART,
POST BOX 209,
108, ARMENIAN STREET
G. T. MADRAS

AND

Messrs.
K. A. CHOURAPPA & SONS,
BOOK SELLERS,
AVENUE ROAD,
BANGALORE CITY

THE PIONEER PUBLISHERS, EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS, 331, Thambu Chetty Street, G. T., MADRAS.

LIST OF EDUCATIONAL PUBLICATIONS

English: Pioneer English Classics

1. Tales from Tennyson—Retold in prose (Enoch Arden: Gareth & Lynette) As. 12
2. Jacob Faithful by Captain Marryat (Abridged and adapted) As. 12

Pioneer Story Readers

1. Tales from Panchatantra by John Bateman As. 4
 2. Tales of Wit & Wisdom by John Bateman As. 4
- Pioneer's Readings in Prose & Poetry. (*In the Press*)
(Intended for detailed study)

For books in vernacular please apply for our list of Educational Publications.

School Foot-Rules & Slates

ARE NOW MANUFACTURED BY

The Standard Furniture Co., Ltd.,

KALLAI, MALABAR.

ENQUIRIES SOLICITED

GLOBE-TROT FREE

FRIENDS wanted on free globetrotting, inland travel, exploration, naturecult, migration, livelihood, education in Europe & America and 125 hobbies by ladies, students and gents promoting world-peace. Prospectus in English, Espaniol, Francaise, German and Dutch price eight pice stamps. Editor, "COSMOPOLITAN" Friends Correspondence Club, Delhi 43. Scl.

Soaps made from Vegetable Oils are more suitable and beneficial to our skins. On the other hand soaps made from Animal fats fill the pores of our skin and thus prevent perspiration, the natural purifying process.

M	SANDALWOOD	S
A	LIMDA (VEP)	O
L	ROSE	A
A	JASMIN	P
B	TURKISH BATH	S
A	LIQUID TOILET	
R	SHAVING STICK	

AS WELL AS WASHING SOAPS ETC. ETC.

The Vegetable Soap Works,
CALICUT

(Props.: Sait N. P. & Co., of Sun-Brand Umbrella fame)

A prize of Rs. 1000/- will be awarded to any one proving the use of animal fats in the manufacture of our toilet and washing soaps.

THE TROPICAL INSURANCE Co., Ltd.,
DELHI

FOR

Nation-wide Service, Security & Efficient Management.

JOIN TO-DAY

Bonuses for first five years Rs. 50 per thousand

Founders of the Company:

LATE HAKIM AJMAL KHAN

AND

LATE PANDIT MOTILAL NEHRU

Wanted Sub-Agents in every Taluk of

Salem, Nilgiris and Coimbatore Districts including Palghat.

Please apply to:—

N. DASAI GOWNDER & CO.,

GENERAL MERCHANTS, COIMBATORE,
CHIEF AGENTS

N. DASAI GOWNDER & Co.,

GENERAL MERCHANTS,
Mill Road, COIMBATORE

Importers & Stockists of:—

Patent Medicines, Provisions and Oilman Stores, Infants' and Invalids Foods and requirements Smoking, Toilet and Dental requirements and Perfumes, Fancy goods and stationery, and practically every household requirements.

Also

Pharmaceutical Drugs, Medicinal Specialities, Ampules, Vaccines, Sera and Organo-Therapeutic and Surgical products of Bengal Chemical and Pharmaceutical Works, Ltd, Calcutta.

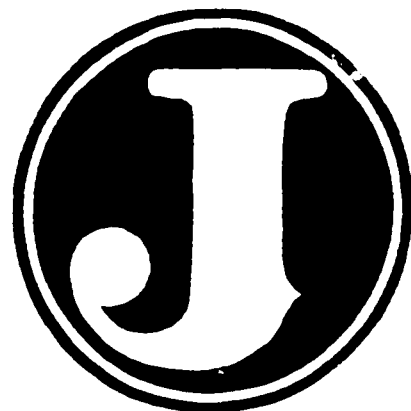
Postal and Railway parcel orders are very promptly executed.

PRICES VERY COMPETITIVE
A TRIAL ORDER IS SOLICITED



**THE TALK
OF THE DAY**

HIGHEST AWARDS, AND
CERTIFICATES OF MERIT
RECEIVED AT VARIOUS
EXHIBITIONS



TRADE MARK

REGISTERED

**BEST
QUALITY**

MISKY ASAFOET

Largely in use
at all places, with
much pleasure.

Sold in all centres
by all merchants.
Try once and
be satisfied.

PRICE	
1 lb, pckt.	1-10-0
1/2 "	0-13-6
1/4 "	0-7-0
1/2 cbr	1-0-0

WRITE
Now for a trial
Packet if you
have not received

SOLE IMPORTERS

Telephone 3425:

GOPALJEE & CO.,

203
GOVINDAPPA NAICK ST.,
MADRAS

Head Office:

BOMBAY

Branches:

CHAKRAPANI COIL
SOUTH STREET,
KUMBAKONAM

Tel. Address:
ASAFOETIDA

92, EAST
MARKET ST.,
MADURA

SPORTING

THE MADRAS SPORTS WORKS,

VARIETY HALL ROAD,

COIMBATORE

The house of quality, reliability and cheapness

for

everything in the way of

SPORTING REQUISITES,

WHETHER INDIAN OR FOREIGN

Call and find out for yourself.

Telephone : 3145

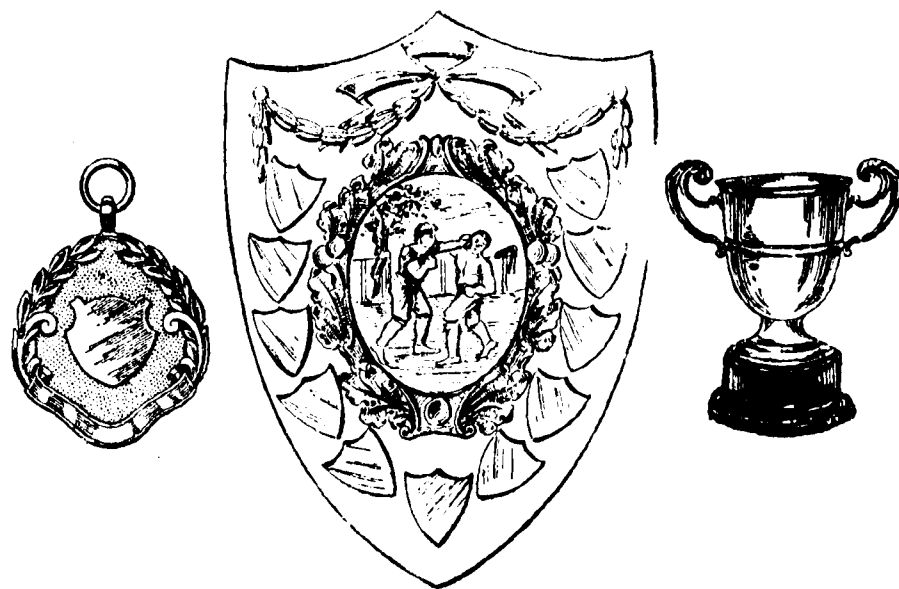
PRESENTATION ARTICLES
OF
EVERY DESCRIPTION

Made in Pure Silver in Artistic designs.

BEAUTIFUL WORKMANSHIP, SPLENDID FINISH
MODERATE CHARGES AND PROMPTEST EXECUTION

MEDALS, CUPS, SHIELDS, CASKETS, TROPHIES, ETC., ETC.

A SPECIALITY



Write for our new Catalogue

V. Subramania Iyer,

Jeweller, Diamond Merchant, Gold and Silver Smith,

2 & 3, Kuppumuthu St.,

Post Box 423,

Tiruwateswaranpet,

TRIPLICANE P. O.

MADRAS

Telegrams: PRECIOUS



KRISHNA'S FLUTE

RANODA UKIL

The SCHOLAR

VOL. IX.

OCTOBER 1933

NO. 1.

To Our Readers.

IN beginning our ninth year of existence, we send our cordial and sincere greetings to the readers and well-wishers of *The Scholar* through the medium of this Annual Number. We are grateful to them for their continued support even in these days of economic depression, which is still with us as acutely as ever.

We desire to draw the attention of our readers to the Special Section devoted to the Banner of Peace Movement started by Prof. Nicholas de Roerich. Despite the Armageddon of 1914—1918, and the painful lessons it has taught us; with all the threat to civilisation and peaceful economic existence it has brought in its wake, the world is still rife with wars and rumours of wars in one country or another (*vide* Major Graham Pole's article on page 138). Great, therefore, is the need for thoughtful minds to come together and evolve a method to secure world peace through roads other than those beaten tracks of politics, economics or national needs. And the road for peace suggested by Prof. Roerich is as unique as it is practical. Would to God that our leaders and statesmen were wise and great enough to see the potential value of this Great Idea and made its propagation an important item in the educational programme of every country! May the "Red Cross" of Culture shed its beneficent influence not merely on works of art and beauty but also on the Spirit of Humanity so as to secure for the world Peace on earth and Goodwill among men!

178708

American Farm Revolt.

BY SUDHINDRA BOSE, M.A., Ph. D.



HE American farmer is generally regarded by his fellow-countrymen as the salt of the earth, the backbone of the nation. He is flattered by the politician as "God's noblest handiwork" and "the bulwark of our civilization". The fundamental importance of agriculture in the social and economic well-being of the nation is taken for granted. Its political significance is everywhere recognized. Indeed, the destiny of the nation seems to be on the farm. And yet a major crisis has been reached in American farming. Wheat has been selling at the lowest price in fifty years. There is too much wheat for too little money. The same thing has happened to cotton as to wheat. As a consequence, the farmers are literally up in arms.

It is to be remembered that the American agriculturalist is not like the dumb Indian peasant. The American farmer is a political institution, armed with the mighty weapon of a vote. He has made and unmade Presidents. He constitutes a politically self-conscious and aggressive minority, which holds the balance of power between the two great political parties; the Republican Party and the Democratic Party. Both parties are at times bent on seducing the farm vote.

The American horny-handed son of the soil feels insulted if you call him a peasant. He is a self-respecting husbandman. He has the comforts and privileges and social status of the merchant, the clerk, the teacher, preacher, doctor, or lawyer. He will not be a peasant—European or Asian—with implications of degrading feudalism and servitude. The American farmer is a free man with a ballot. He insists upon having the good things which have come to modern civilization through the machine. Among which are: Labour-saving machineries on the farm and in the home; automobile; communication through the telephone, the radio, a daily paper, weekly and monthly magazines, and farm publications. He sends his children to schools and colleges. The farmer and his wife and children across the land are as well dressed as the townsman. When they come to town in their automobile on Saturday afternoon, the farmer and his wife cannot be distinguished as farmers by their clothes. The American farmer is in revolt to-day because he finds it difficult to maintain his accustomed standard of living and make ends meet. He is deeply stirred.

AMERICAN FARM REVOLT

3

For the past few months the farmers of the great Middle-West agricultural regions have been refusing to pay taxes, withholding their products from the market, and manhandling the officers of law and order. Only last week a mob of farmers stormed a courthouse, dragged the presiding Judge from the court-room, and took him out of town with a rope around his neck. They beat him and choked him. They rubbed grease and dirt in his face, and crowned him with a fool's cap. Then they ordered him to swear never to sign another foreclosure order, or he would be swung up by the neck. The incident dramatizes the agricultural situation. It brings out the true import of what is happening throughout the farming areas.

For six years the farmers of the prairies have been threatening to abandon government as an agency for social justice and to resort to force. For six years they sublimated their wrath in talk. Then last year they started an organization called the Farmers' Holiday Association, wherein talk began to approach action.

"Immediate action" was the programme of the Association. It issued a proclamation pointing out "the utter futility and foolishness of petitioning Congress and those in places of power for immediate legislation and support that will give the American farmer equality with other industries of the nation." Then it issued the call for a general strike on the part of all farmers. This was direct action, force, a new weapon in democracy.

In mid-August, in the heart of the continent, barricades appeared on country highways. The barricades were spiked logs and spiked belts stretched tightly across the country roads. These barricades were guarded by picketing farmers. They carried clubs, sticks and formidable pitchforks. They would stop all traffic, opening the doors of vans, looking into automobiles, searching for farm products. If the van contained food products, they were taken out, thrown into the ditch or into the river, or given to the needy.

Policemen were sent out to clear the roads, but the farmers resisted. They handled the police roughly, blacked their eyes, smacked their thighs, punched them up, poked them around. It is to the credit of the police that they did not fire the guns they carried. In one place a squad of policemen arrested a group of picketers and confined them in the court-house. That night an angry mob surrounded the court-house, demanding that the picketers be released, and they were released. There was deep sympathy for the picketers, even among those who did not join the roadside skirmishes.

There is an acute agricultural unrest in the United States. Moreover, the embattled farmers are revealing what happens to law when the legal machinery lags too far behind the economic and political realities of the moment. The present law provides for the sale of farms for non-payment of taxes, and the foreclosure of mortgages upon failure to pay interest. The legal machinery which is being used to divest the farmers of the ownership of their land is very old.

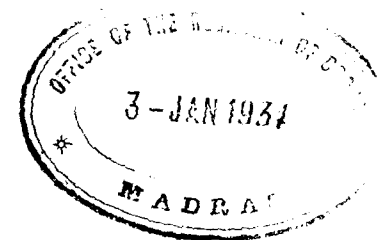
But the farmers care less and less about the ancient prestige of the law. What they know is that it is impossible to pay either interest or taxes at the present level of prices for farm products. They are sold for much less than the actual cost of production. The efforts of the farmers to secure cancellation of debts or reduction of interest have failed thus far, and banks are still trying to sell farms to realize on unpaid mortgages. But at this point the farmer is beginning to take the law into his own hands. Thousands of farmers have joined the Farmers' Holiday Association. The movement began in an effort to raise prices by restricting supply. It has developed itself lately to the problem of halting tax and mortgage sales. The militant farmers are not permitting such sales, and the methods they use to prevent them are not legal and not always pacific. They are beginning to show results. In more than one State of the Union, frantic efforts are being made to provide legal escapes for an intolerable condition so that the farmers need no longer seek extra-legal means. There is a neat lesson in all this: it shows what must inevitably happen when an economic and legal system fails to square with the necessities of the hour.

Detailed diagnosis of the American farm situation reveals four major difficulties: (1) an unprecedented decline in commodity prices; (2) staggering increases in indebtedness; (3) heavy tax burdens; and (4) inadequate credit facilities. In this hour of distress, the farmer has turned to his government for relief.

Already government has tried to do something. It has attempted to provide better credit facilities, aids to marketing, assistance in organizing co-operative action, and protection against foreign competition. In 1929, through the Agricultural Marketing Act, Congress attempted to minimize speculation, prevent wasteful methods of distribution, organize producers into associations to handle produce, and aid in controlling surpluses of commodities. But it is realized that the world-wide slump has minimized the effects of this legislation, and that increased tariffs on agricultural imports have not accomplished noticeable results.

Just now Congress is enacting a new farm measure which will enable the Minister of Agriculture to restrict farm production through agreements with farmers, to reward farmers with benefit payments, to fix prices on the most important food commodities at a level calculated to restore to the farmer his pre-war high purchasing power.

But price measures are not the only line of government attack on the farm situation. Both the federal and state (i. e. provincial) governments have been struggling to reduce the burden of taxation by cutting down public expenditures through the elimination of waste and extravagance, the reorganization of the machinery of government, and slashing of salaries. Things are shaping up. They will come to something. Congress is seething with discussions of tax reductions, mortgage moratoriums, banking measures, and administrative readjustments. And so the war to save the American farmer goes on—not merrily—but grimly.



The Father of Pneumatics.

BY SIR MARTIN FORSTER, F. R. S.



IX months ago British chemists were celebrating the bicentenary of Joseph Priestley, who was born on 13th March, 1733, and is immortalised by his discovery of oxygen. His contributions to knowledge spread far beyond the consequences of this achievement, however, because he definitely established the existence of other gases, and elaborated a technique for isolating and manipulating them. These accomplishments are the foundation of all modern studies of gases, and their inventive quality may be realised by two reflections: (1) Earlier chemists had confined their experiments to solids and liquids; (2) It is probable that even now, a large proportion of them would have difficulty in giving a workable specification of a gas.

It has been always true, and always will be true that, for living organisms the importance of gases is more urgent than that of solids or liquids; because an adult human being can remain alive during weeks without food, or for days without water, while two minutes' abstinence from oxygen may be fatal. Not only does the life of animals and fishes depend primarily on oxygen, but without oxygen there could be no fire; and without carbon-di-oxide plant-life would quickly cease. The fact that not only our pre-historic ancestors, but our highly cultivated and more immediate predecessors were unaware of these fundamental facts until about 200 years ago, will suggest to the most self-satisfied citizen that huge gaps in our own learning may remain to be filled. Just as it was possible for civilisations to wax and wane in an intellectual atmosphere we regard as murky, so may future generations be amazed at our ignorance of some basic and revolutionary scientific principle concealed from us and revealed to them. An illustration of this contingency occurred in the same field just forty years ago, when the discovery of rare gases in the atmosphere was received with incredulity by many scientific men. Since the days of Priestley it had been taken for granted that the atmosphere contained only nitrogen, oxygen, carbon dioxide and water-vapour, but in 1894 Ramsay and Rayleigh revealed the new gas, argon, soon to be followed by neon, krypton and xenon. Owing to the disinclination of these elements to combine with other elements, they are known as the inert gases of the atmosphere, and at the time of their discovery, Ramsay recalled the significant fact that in 1785 Cavendish had noted the obstinate resistance to oxidation displayed by a very small fraction of atmospheric nitrogen: this fraction doubtless contained those

inert gases, and Cavendish actually visualised the possibility that there might be "many different substances confounded together by us under the name of phlogisticated air," the modern nitrogen.

Contemporary drawings of the apparatus used by Priestley show that in principle his appliances are those we use for similar purposes to-day. The pneumatic trough, and the cylinders in which water was displaced by the gas under examination are familiar to every student of elementary chemistry. Although not the first to use the principle of a pneumatic trough, he was the first to use mercury instead of water in that vessel, and thus to collect gases altered by water or freely soluble in it; this enabled him to discover ammonia, hydrogen chloride, sulphur dioxide and silicon fluoride. He was definitely the first to fill glass vessels with a gas by displacement of air, and he was the first intentionally to impregnate a liquid with a gas, having been awarded the Copley Medal of the Royal Society for producing "soda-water" by the dissolution of carbon dioxide.

The utilitarian application having been made, we may imagine the amazed satisfaction of a reincarnated Priestley confronting the pneumatic industry of to-day, particularly as he had a glimpse of its possibilities when he wrote concerning oxygen: "Who can tell but that, in time, this pure air may become a fashionable article in luxury? Hitherto only two mice and myself have had the privilege of breathing it." It has been estimated that five thousand million cubic feet of compressed oxygen are consumed annually, and the device of enclosing gases for industrial or therapeutic purposes in suitable metallic cylinders has now, during many years, been applied to oxygen, hydrogen, nitrous oxide, chlorine and carbon dioxide. The last named has been latterly used more commonly in the solid form as a food-refrigerant, and the manufacture of this peculiar material already exceeds 50,000 tons per annum in the United States alone. Dry ice, as it is called, has the appearance of compressed snow, and at normal atmospheric pressure changes directly, without previous liquefaction into the gaseous condition, thus resembling camphor; but the temperature of evaporation is -78.9°C , and as the solid blocks are thus enveloped in an intensely cold atmosphere, they can be preserved and transported without serious loss. One outstanding advantage of this property is that the freight-cost of heavy containing cylinders may be largely eliminated because, when carbon dioxide is required in gaseous form, and not as a refrigerant, it may be transported solid, and on arrival at the factory placed in a suitable container for delivery as gas.

The controlled use of gases has become a prominent feature of modern chemical industry. Chlorine, which gained an evil reputation during the War as the pioneer of much-dreaded

poison-gases, had long been produced by German factories in connection with synthetic indigo. Hydrogen during many years has been used in rapidly increasing quantities for hydrogenating oils, and thus converting them into solid fats as a source of soap and margarine; there is every likelihood of hydrogen-consumption being greatly increased in the near future for the prospective large-scale hydrogenation of coal and coal-tar, by which it is now proved that motor-spirit can be obtained. Nitrogen also, now readily collected from the atmosphere by fractional distillation of liquid air, came into increased application during the War as a source of ammonia and nitric acid; the catalytic union of hydrogen and nitrogen to form ammonia, and the catalytic oxidation of the latter substance to nitric acid, enabled Germany to protract the War in spite of the fact that Chili saltpetre, the customary source of nitric acid from which all war-explosives are made, was no longer obtainable in that country.

Even the rare gases have been found useful; neon for lamps and helium for balloons. In fact, the widespread occurrence of helium has almost removed it from the category of rare gases, and its lightness, coupled with its non-flammability, renders it peculiarly serviceable in aeronautics. Thus, within a century of Priestley's death in 1804, there had come into being an extensive section of chemical and physical science, the key to which had been turned by him. Besides those already mentioned he made other fundamental discoveries, for instance, the relation between sunlight and growing plants: but the achievements that have made him famous were really the outcome of a hobby, because his principal interest was theology. Nevertheless, although an active controversialist, and suffering savage ill-treatment for his unpopular views, his amiable disposition remained unsoured, and the nobility of his character is reflected in the following from among his published sentiments: "The Philosopher ought to be something greater, the better than another man. The contemplation of the works of God should give a sublimity to his virtue, should expand his benevolence, extinguish everything mean, base and selfish in his nature, give a dignity to his sentiments, and teach him to aspire to the moral perfections of the Great Author of all things. What great and exalted beings would philosophers be, would they but let the objects about which they are conversant have their proper moral effect upon their minds. A life spent in the contemplation of the productions of divine power, wisdom and goodness, would be a life of devotion. The more we see of the wonderful structure of the world, and of the laws of nature, the more clearly do we comprehend their admirable uses to make all the percipient creation happy; a sentiment which cannot but fill the heart with unbounded love, gratitude and joy."



POET VALLATHOL

Vallathol.

BY N. G. SRINIVASA IYER, M.A., L.T.



HE Muse of Poetry sits exalted in her temple gadi of Kerala. It is the hour of worship. A crowd of votaries pass and repass the vast corridors of the temple, while some of the more privileged have obtained their access to the inner sanctuary. Flowers and fruits, myrrh and frankincense, and sweets and flavoured puddings, are displayed in golden glitter. The censer swings. The bells toll in awful rhythm. There, amidst the privileged worshippers just in front of the deity, stands a fair, slim, figure past the middle age. Lost in ecstasy, he sings in sweet mellifluous accents, pouring forth the melodies of his heart. This blessed votary of the Muse is our Vallathol.

When we realise what a wonderful naissance has latterly sprung up in the poetic literature of Kerala, we are at once bewitchingly drawn to the great Vallathol, who has come to occupy the foremost place among living poets on this side of the Palghat Gap. To say that he has risen above the storm clouds and that eternal sunshine settles upon his head cannot savour of any exaggeration. He enjoys as sure and unquestioned a place in the fairy land of delight and fancy as does Dr. Rabindranath Tagore in his.

One of his remarkable gifts is cultural imagination. This has brought to light the voluntary purity and creative force that are so necessary for leavening the soul and broadening the outlook in the exercise of Vernacular literature. Our poetry has for a long time past been but a feeble echo of its counterpart in Sanskrit. Like the other budding poets, our Vallathol too entered the arena of literature, fully accoutred in literary traditions and conventions, but it could not be imagined that he would ere long bring about a beautiful transformation in the form, substance, and imagination of Kerala Poetry.

At the time when Vallathol began to write poetry, there were two principal schools of thought in Kerala, the one led by Kerala Varma Tampuran, and the other by Venmani. The erudite Tampuran had never drawn his inspiration either from life or Nature. To him Nature unfolded no tales, nor did life open up to him its secret springs of delight or sorrow. His poetic talents were nurtured in the study of the ancient poets. It is patent

from his works how he gained immensely by an intensive study of Sanskrit literature. The Venmani school, on the other hand, represented a strong reaction against the impetuous advance of Sanskrit in the domain of the Vernacular. Its main achievement lay in its attempt to replace the highly Sanskritised phraseology of Tampuran by a system of pure Malayalam words. Venmani cared only for the beauty and purity of his diction and did not attend either to its propriety or its significance. Vallathol made his acquaintance with both the schools and understood their secret depths and artifices. The result, inevitably, was that he threw open a new path in Helicon.

Vallathol drew his inspiration mostly from life and Nature. To him Nature opened up her ample page and life revealed its mysterious depths. His inspiration was further strengthened by his cultural leanings towards Sanskrit literature. It sustained no diminution in splendour or vitality. Thus equipped, he had no necessity to wade either through the musty volumes of the past or through the nooks and corners of the old Puranas for bringing up his themes. Even at times when he had recourse to Puranic stories he chose only the most interesting aspects thereof for his descriptions, which in his hands again became beautifully transformed into something new and arresting.

Vallathol's Muse careered freely in her domain, unfettered either by a selfish love for her country or by a narrow parochialism in religion. To protect her father and safeguard her religion, Fatima causes the red rain to fall from her body. With a pitiful heart, melting in the glow of compassion, Mary bathes Jesus's feet with tears. How very excellent and pure such pictures are in their poetic setting! Again, how differently, yet magnificently, are revealed the vital throbbings of Sivaji's heroic heart or the rumbling echoes of Humayun's moral and altruistic endeavours!

Vallathol's Muse can tell a beautiful romance and she can offer her criticism of life with a dignified gusto. The warlike challenge to the outworn creeds, rotten customs and meariless superstitions; a whole-hearted sympathy for the poor and the distressed; a deep attachment to his native soil which is also extended to the world at large; an unbounded love for liberty; a contempt not unmingled with pity for Capitalism; an inherent devotion to Nature; an unsullied heart beating in grateful sympathy to the Eternal Lawgiver—these form the very sum and substance of Vallathol's poetry.

Utilisation of Seed-Cakes in Industry.

BY V. SUBRAHMANYAN, D.Sc., F.I.C. and N. SRINIVASAN, M. A.



OIL-SEEDS are valued not only for the oil they contain but also the residual cakes. The latter find a variety of applications. Some are consumed as articles of diet and in the manufacture of confectionery. Many constitute valuable feeding stuffs for domestic animals. A few which are by themselves non-edible can be chemically treated to yield edible products. There are some which contain bitter principles or poisonous ingredients which can be extracted for the preparation of medicinal substances of insecticidal sprays. There are also other seed cakes which are used as organic manures.

The wholesale export of oil-seeds from India has been the subject of a number of enquiries, particularly by the Indian Fiscal Commission, the Indian Taxation Enquiry Committee, the Indian Industrial Commission and the Royal Commission on Indian Agriculture but no satisfactory solution that would be helpful to the producer and at the same time, meet the demands of the importer has yet been found. It is urged, on the one hand, that there should be some legislation against the export of oil-seeds so that the oil-crushing industry may be established on a sound basis in the country; that the various commercial products such as soaps, vegetable butters, paints, varnishes and medicinal preparations should be produced on a large scale; and that the residual cakes should be used as animal feeds or returned to the depleted land as manures. On the other hand, it should be admitted that the country is producing more oil-seed than is immediately needed by the existing industries, so that, by restricting export the producer will be made to suffer and that the other tropical countries which have already set up as rivals in the oil-seed trade will soon capture the present markets. The export of oils in place of oil-seeds will not be remunerative because there is heavy import duty on the former while the latter is generally received duty-free. Moreover, many of the importers do not want the oil crushed in India because (a) it will be detrimental to their own oil-crushing industries and (b) they will be deprived of the advantages of utilising the seed-cakes. In this connection, it may also be pointed out that whereas seed-cakes are used for a variety of purposes in foreign countries, it has only limited application in India. Again, the economic conditions in the country are such that, while recognising the value of seed-cakes as animal feeds or organic manures, most farmers can ill afford to use them on a

liberal scale. The producer is, therefore, often left with large quantities of cakes, which perish rapidly under the tropical conditions. The edible cakes suffer badly as the result of insect attack and fungal growth: not only do they depreciate in nutritive value but they also become dangerous feeding stuffs, causing inflammation of the digestive organs and spoiling the quality of milk and butter. The non-edible cakes find practically no use except as manures. They do not generally fetch good prices. Some of them do not decompose easily in the soil, or otherwise possess poor manurial value so that they cannot be easily disposed of. In view of the above and other difficulties, there is great need to find more use for seed-cakes, particularly the non-edible ones, if the oil-crushing industry is to prosper in the country.

It is well known that many seed-cakes contain 4-5 per cent. of nitrogen, which would correspond to 25-30 per cent. of protein. It is also established that vegetable proteins of the type present in seeds possess properties similar to those of milk casein and can be used in place of the latter for a variety of purposes. It should thus be possible to use them in the preparation of water or oil paints, paper-making, plastic industry, manufacture of special adhesives, photographic plates, soaps, leather, insecticides and in a number of other industries.

In most parts of India the supply of milk, as an article of food, is hardly adequate to meet the demands of the population, so it would follow that it would not be remunerative to manufacture milk casein except in a few isolated areas. On the other hand, seed-cakes are abundantly available in almost all the provinces, so that it may be expected that it would be possible to prepare the protein (vegetable casein) out of them and utilise them for the same purposes as milk casein. The present article relates to the investigation carried out by the authors on the preparation of vegetable casein from non-edible seed-cakes. Some account is also given of the utilisation of the product in a few of the above-mentioned industries.

Several methods have been described (and a number of patents taken) for the preparation of vegetable casein from seeds and seed-cakes, but most of them are either uneconomical or otherwise unsuitable for work under Indian conditions. After a number of trials, it was found that earth soda * (sodium carbonate) used as a watery solution (0.1 per cent.) is most suitable for extracting the protein. A convenient method of extraction was found to be

* (Since earth soda occurs freely in the soil (black alkali type) in many parts of the country, a cheap method of preparing the solution would be to treat the soils as such with water and then to dilute the filtered extract to the desired strength).

that of treating the powdered cake with the soda solution and after standing for some time to filter out the liquid on top which contains the dissolved protein. The operation may be repeated three or four times until the major part of the extractable matter is removed. Some of the extract would still be left in the residual cake from which it can be removed by pressure of 1-2 tons to the square inch.

Scientific literature contains several methods for the separation of the protein from the extract. The one most commonly adopted is that of adding some acid (generally sulphuric) and warming the solution as the result of which the protein separates as a precipitate. It was soon found, however, that such a method is highly uneconomical. Not only is a large amount (larger than is actually needed from theoretical considerations) of the acid required but the protein does not also separate completely in spite of heating, so that the method had to be discarded. Several other methods were then tried - all without satisfactory results - until an unexpected observation gave an entirely new turn to the work and led to the development of a technique which yielded, in one operation, not only the protein but also a ready mixed product eminently suitable for use in a number of industries.

It was observed that the soda extract which had been left over for a few days was frothy, suggesting that it had undergone fermentation. There was also heavy sedimentation made up chiefly of two layers, one of which was white and the other grey, the latter closely resembling the precipitate of protein obtained by other methods. This led naturally to further enquiry, as the result of which it was found that the extract which was originally alkaline had actually turned acid and that the white precipitate was almost exclusively starch, while the grey one was mostly the protein. The above observation having suggested that the soda is neutralized by the acid formed by fermentation, further work was carried out standardising a method of treatment which led to vigorous fermentation accompanied by quick separation of the protein. The method may be briefly described as follows: - The soda extract is treated with chalk and white clay (kaolin) which neutralizes the soda, starts the fermentation and at the same time, separates out together with the protein. The product thus obtained is clean and white and possesses adhesive properties superior to that of the product obtained by acid treatment.

From the separation of the protein to the preparation of waterpaints is a comparatively simple operation. The different colours (earth ochres or synthetic dyes as the case may be) are added in suitable quantities as also a cheap alkali and the mixture

ground up to a homogeneous paste. The product thus obtained can then be thinned down to the required consistency by addition of water and applied to wood, stone, cement or any other type of surface which is to be painted. The paint adheres firmly and takes on extra coats without peeling. On drying, it sets to a tough coat which cannot be easily rubbed off; it can be repeatedly washed and rubbed with water without any of the paint being lost. It has in fact been found that the water paints prepared in the manner described above is very much superior to several other products now available on the Indian market.

The use of water paint preparations in the form of ready made pastes is highly popular in Europe, but it may not find favour in India chiefly on account of its cost. The preparation of a paste necessarily involves addition of water, which greatly adds to the weight: its marketing requires the use of special metallic container, which may perhaps be even more costly than the paint itself! It was, therefore, considered desirable to prepare the water-paint in the form of powder which would keep well and could, at the same time, be mixed at will with water to obtain a paste of the desired consistency. The preparation of the powder though apparently simple proved, actually, to be very much more difficult in practice. The paste can be easily dried in the sun or hot air and the product ground to fine powder; but the latter would not mix properly with water. The protein loses its adhesive property during the drying so that it has to be re-treated with some chemical if it is to prove useful. After a number of trials it was found that a small quantity of earth soda was itself highly efficacious in enabling the protein to dissolve in water and thus act as the binder between the painted surface and the different ingredients making the paint.

Attempts were next made to prepare different oil paints using the protein as the binder. A paint thus prepared will not only be cheap but also have the advantage of standing dilution with water instead of with the costly oil as in the case of other oil paints. In this too several difficulties were encountered, chiefly owing to the facts that (a) the dry powder which is suitable for the water paint is not fine enough for the oil paint, and (b) the oil would not mix with the watery paste unless some further binding material is present. This was also eventually overcome by the addition of suitable binders, but experience has since shown that the most satisfactory way of supplying the paint is to prepare thick pastes with oil which could be worked up by the painter to the desired consistency by adding water.

Attention was next turned to the utilization of the vegetable casein in the preparation of spreaders for insecticides. It is now

a common practice to spray plants with different chemicals to eliminate insect pests. Several lakhs of rupees worth of various chemicals are being annually imported into India for that purpose. In ordinary practice the sprays have to be repeated several times in a season because the chemicals thus applied either peel off or get washed by rain. This involves the user in considerable loss, so that he is obliged to find something that will retain the sprayed chemicals on the surface of the leaf or stem for a longer period than would otherwise be the case. Since vegetable casein has remarkable adhesive properties and can withstand continued washing with water, some experiments were carried out mixing varying quantities of the casein with the spray fluids and determining the effect thereof in ordinary horticultural operations. It was soon found that the new product was highly efficacious: not only did it cover a larger surface than the ordinary preparation but it stood heavy rains while similar preparations without the casein were completely washed off by even gentle showers.

No industrial operation can be regarded as being complete unless all the by-products can be profitably utilised. The separation of the vegetable casein leaves the manufacturer with a solid residue which weighs nearly half as much as the original cake and a liquid mass which contains quite considerable quantities of nitrogen and mineral salts. If left by themselves the liquid as well as the solid would putrefy and become objectionable products. With a view to avoiding this and to convert the residual products into useful organic manures, some experiments were carried out mixing the two in various proportions and allowing the product to dry into one solid mass. It was found, however, that the pastey masses thus obtained were rather unwieldy; so the liquid was first evaporated in shallow basins until the syrupy concentrate would work into a thick paste with the residual cake. The product was then spread out on the floor to yield a homogeneous mass which, on analysis, was found to be even richer with regard to different fertilizing ingredients than the original cake.

The above are only some of the possible uses of vegetable casein. Some preliminary experiments carried out by the authors have already shown that the product is also highly suitable for use in the plastic industry. Whereas the other plastics have to be heated and subjected to very high pressure so as to make them retain the desired shape, the vegetable casein has only to be moulded into the necessary form and allowed to dry slowly at the ordinary temperature. The resulting product sets to a very hard mass, which is highly resistant to mechanical shocks and is

utterly impervious to water. It can thus make a suitable raw material for the manufacture of numerous articles of utility as well as beauty.

Much more yet remains to be done. The manufacture of vegetable casein and the related industries are still in their infancy, but it is not too much to hope that they will soon greatly increase in importance * and thus help to establish a prosperous oil-crushing industry in the country.

* It may interest the reader to know that applications have already been made to cover the different processes relating to the manufacture and utilization of vegetable casein with patents, so that it will be possible for enterprising business-men to exploit the process with advantage.

Men I Have Known.*

IX

Vithalbai Patel

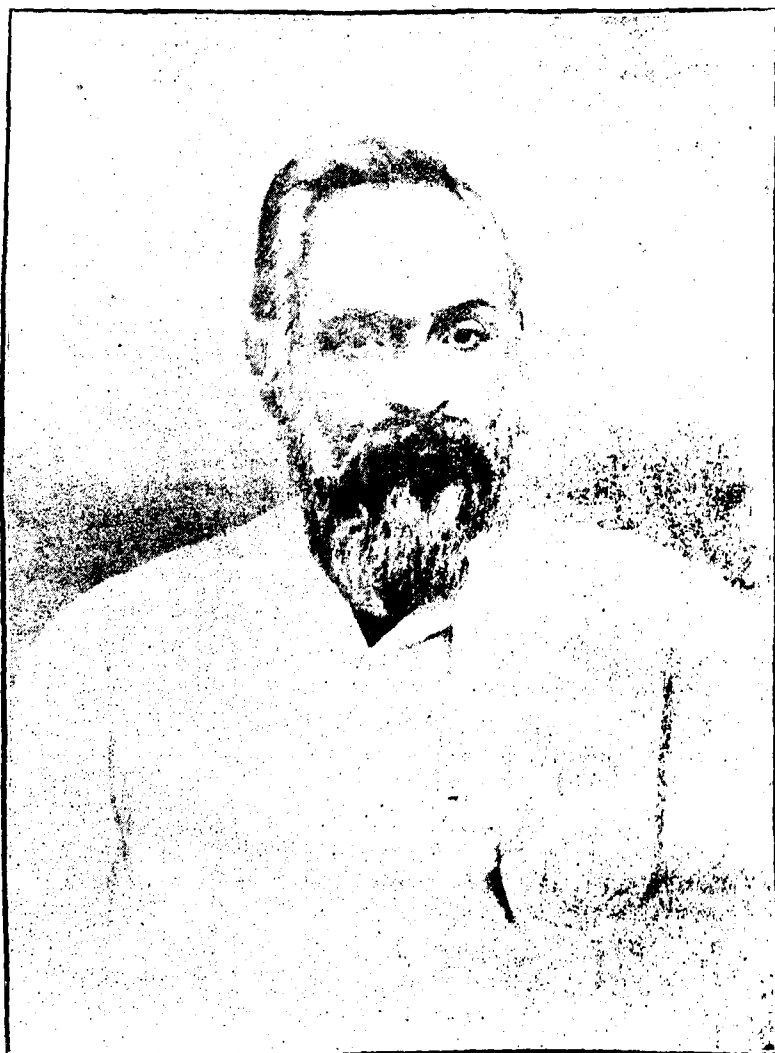
BY N. S. SRINIVASA IYER, ADVOCATE



saw Vithalbai Patel for the first time when the Civil Disobedience Committee came to Madras in 1922. The question before the Committee resolved itself into a discussion of the merits of Council Entry, as opposed to the constructive programme. Vithalbai was strenuously opposed to the arid policy formulated at Bardoli, and he advocated the Swarajist programme of capture of Councils. The witnesses who appeared before the Committee were subjected to severe cross-examinations, and it was an interesting spectacle to watch C. Rajagopala Chariar, as the exponent of the Gandhian creed, and Vithalbai Patel, as the gosseller of the new evangel, demolishing the witnesses who represented opposing views. Again and again, the argument was advanced that Gandhi being in gaol, his programme should be held sacrosanct. "The Congress is much greater than the Mahatma," burst out Vithalbai. He exhibited considerable dialectical skill in his cross-examination of Mr. S. Srinivasa Aiyangar. Mr. Srinivasa Aiyangar was then in a hesitating mood, and could not make a choice as between loyalty to Gandhi, on the one hand, and the realities represented by the revolt of C. R. Das on the other. As usual in such circumstances, Mr. Aiyangar took up a cloudy, metaphysical attitude. Step by step, Vithalbai compelled him to admit the futility of the orthodox creed, and at the end, had the satisfaction of demonstrating that it would be disastrous to commit the country to the continuance of a policy of ploughing the barren sands of Bardoli.

Vithalbai Patel had, even before, the reputation of a pugnacious, uncompromising fighter. He was a member of the Imperial Legislative Council, predecessor of the Indian Legislative Assembly. The range of the subjects in which he interested himself was amazing; and his consistent refusal to withdraw resolutions, consequent on official assurances, marked him out as a man of tenacity and courage. As Congress Secretary, he appeared before the Joint Parliamentary Committee presided over by Lord Selborne. He made an unqualified denunciation of the Montagu-Chelmsford proposals for reform, and incensed most of the

* The previous article of this series appeared in our issue of June '32.



VITHALBAI PATEL

was no occasion for any discussion. In 1930, after his release from Coimbatore gaol, he stayed in Madras for a day or two, and as he was ill, could merely nod his head in recognition when I called on him.

It was characteristic of Patel to have protested from his place in an European Hospital in a foreign land against the tortuous policy dictated by the Mahatma from the Yerowada gaol. Patel was a politician and a fighter with a sense of strategy; and he was again and again bewildered by the tactics of the Sabarmati saint. Burdened with ill-health, under the shadow of a sinking constitution, Vithalbai Patel, almost up to the hour of his death, served and fought for India. The freedom of his country was his column of smoke by day, pillar of fire by night. The makers of History are always of such heroic stuff.

On Fame's eternal camping ground,
Their silent tents are spread,
And glory guards with solemn round
The bivouack of the dead.

Religion in Contemporary Poetry. *

BY PROFESSOR R. SADASIVA AIYAR

““



HERE is in us," writes Evelyn Underhill in her latest book, *The Golden Sequence*, "a ground and knowledge of Eternity, a thirst for ultimates, a penetrating sense of incompleteness which is the true cause of our secret unrest; whatever the disguises it may assume. A certitude, a dim but real experience of another world and level of life, in contact with our deepest selves, grows with our interior growth." This certitude and the straining towards something which lies beyond flux and beyond sense constitutes the essence of religion. Religion implies not merely a consciousness of and a quest for the Reality, but an attitude of worship and reverence for it in so far as it is glimpsed. Spiritual experience is not something that happens to a specialized faculty in us, but one in which the whole man reacts to the whole reality. ‡ In Mr. C. E. M. Joad's words, † we may paraphrase it and say that spiritual experience "integrates all the faculties and energies of the personality in response to reality conceived and viewed as a whole".

What approximations to, or adumbrations of, this experience do we find in the poetry of the last forty years? In answering this question it is well to keep in mind the dominant characteristic of Georgian Poetry. Georgian singers, with a few exceptions, fling aside the trammels of large, universal or general ideas, surrendering themselves to the mood of the moment, without considering whether the moments they want to capture and fix is one of soul-healing vision or mere rise of temperature. As Edmund Gosse pointed out in *The Sunday Times* eleven years ago, the Georgians "reject general ideas in favour of a pictorial representation of the physical phenomena of life, and they approach more closely than any previous school of English poetry has done to the method of the cinematograph..... The broad outline, the radiating vistas of intellectual and moral life do not interest these young poets in the least. Their eyes are not lifted to the mountains, but are occupied in minute inspection of the ground. They listen to the whisper of their own inner feelings, and the daisy at their feet doth the same tale repeat." Rupert Brooke, for instance, does not shrink from chronicling the smallest of

* By 'Contemporary Poetry' is meant the poetry of the last forty years.

‡ On this see Sir S. Radhakrishnan—*An Idealist View of Life*, Page 88.

† *The Spectator*, Oct. 1, 1932.

small beer in poems like *The Great Lover* or *The Old Vicarage, Grantchester*. Each little detail with which the poet packs them is in itself a dull speck of dust but, together, they make a crystal whole and begin to corruscate as the poet handles them. Harold Monro in the *Week-End*, and Siegfried Sassoon in *The Morning Express* mark the same "Renaissance of Wonder" when they hive into their verses the trifling minutiae of experience. The same tendency is pronounced in Modern Nature Poetry. Poets are eager "to set down exactly some small experience as a thing of value in itself," and to be content with surrendering themselves to the immediate joy of the eye:

I could sit down here alone
And count the oak-trees one by one

—is a typical attitude of not only the writer of the lines, Mr. W. H. Davies, but of many far removed from him in genius and outlook, like Hardy, John Freeman, Mr. Brett Young, Mr. Edmund Blunden, Mr. Abercrombie, and Mr. Drinkwater. Edith Sitwell, Richard Aldington and the 'Imagists,' and scores of others.

The spiritual note must necessarily be far away from the poetry of fleeting moods and vivid sensations; and from the poetry of the familiar and humdrum, each trifling detail of which stands detached and self-contained like one of Leibnitz's monads. But, do we come any nearer our theme in the work of poets who have sought to evoke and interpret the comparatively deeper experiences of life? Say, Mr. W. W. Gibson. Mr. Gibson has found his vocation in the viracious presentation, on the one hand, of the daily tragedy of the toiler in the pit, at the plough and forge, or in rough seas, and of the triumph of his spirit over that tragedy, on the other. Before the grim facts of life this poet, hailing from the 'sykes' and 'slacks' of Northumberland does not bury head, ostrich-wise, in the sand, but recounts them without silver haze or rainbow-fringe—without seeking in the manner of Wordsworth, to drug the reader with the soothing opiate of a far-off reminiscence or metaphysical consolation. His poems do not depress us, as do Hardy's, by the pervading presence of a grinning Fate, nor, like A. E. Housman's, by cosmic pessimism blended with a Macbeth's courage of despair. In all his poems Mr. Gibson makes us infer the undying splendour of the soul in its death-grapple with circumstance. He never leaves the reader musing on the tragedy of the flesh by itself; it is always contrasted with the 'divine comedy' of the spirit. This contrast between material failure and spiritual visitory, which is implied in all great tragedy and which Mr. Gibson calls in his sonnet, *Chambers*, "Beauty and Terror," provides the master-key to the

understanding of his poetry, dramatic, narrative and lyrical. Apart from this inner emphasis on long-enduring and heroic sacrifice as the pledge of man's future and of the salvation of the race, the one element that directly testifies to the poet's awareness of the unseen world is the supernatural element he brings into several of his poems not by way of reflecting primitive beliefs (Cf. Hardy), or a romantic delight in vague, weird suggestion, but by way of tacit recognition of what is crepuscular and mysterious in the human mind and outside. In *The Wife, Flannan Isle, The Blind Rover, The Lodestar, The Hare & The Old Man*, the story impinges on the mysterious. In *The Lodestar* the harbinger of good news arrives the very day during which an old woman, who lost her son more than twenty years since, has been listening with strange unaccountableness, as though with ears to the ground, for the foot-steps of the man who happens to bring her news of the lost son. This gives us an idea of that fascinating, misty hinterland in the human personality that lies on the border of clearly-known psychology.

These psychic premonitions are leagues away from "the bright shoots of everlastingness" that mystics feel in moments of Vision. But poetry has several levels, and there are many mansions in its house. Hints of the "eternizing passion" can come from a poet even when he is not speaking from Patmos. The poems of Sir John Squire are a striking illustration. Squire is Janus-faced and has moments when he is merely a realistic recorder endowed with the resources of scholarly diction, imagery and craftsmanship. At other times, he is a bird of the serener blue who loves to contemplate mutability and vast sweeps of time and space without "losing his eyehold on the details of the Noah's Ark of life on the earth beneath him." * In *Niagara*, like Macaulay's *New Zealander* or Shaw in *Back to Methuselah*, Squire imagines a time when America will perhaps have become empty again of its population, overgrown with forests, its cities gone,

Fall'n moss'd over, Niagara sounding on.

In *Antimonies on a Railway Station*, he feels a "metaphysic arm" tearing away "the darkening pall cast by the bright phenomenal" and lifting him above a Time-Space world into the realm of the Eternal. In *An Impression Received from a Symphony*, he records the ecstatic experience when for an hour he knew Eternity. In *Town* the poet gives a glimpse of the Beyond and a sense of inconcommunicable things:

The immortal feels for the immortal
The eternal holds the eternal by the hand.
The last environing veil is lifted.

* Robert Lynd: *The Art of Letters*, P. 198

And lost horizons float into our view,
 Lost lands, lone seas, lands that far a gleam
 With a miraculous beauty, faint yet clear,
 Forgotten lands of night and star-gleam.
 Seas that are somewhere but that are not here.

The positively religious moments of Squire are fugitive. "God," said St. Augustine, "is a sigh in the depths of the soul," and this sigh is never heard in the poems of Squire. His attitude towards "the spaceless Spirit of all spirits" and "the value that gives value to all values" is a nod of distant intellectual recognition, not an intuitive consciousness of the Fount of all Splendour. The religious note, if not so far audible, is heard distinctly when we come to the present Poet Laureate, Mr. Masfield, is like Luna Triformis of classical mythology. Sometimes his poetry, both in language and substance, deals with the underworld of vice and crime; at other times his poetry loves our world of normal work-a-day experience; and then he has uplifted moods when he sees or would see into "the life of things". Mark the close of *The Everlasting Mercy*. The closing stanzas describing the world and life as they appear gloriously transfigured to the spiritually resurrected Kane are marked by a noble beauty; but in point of imaginative sweep, spiritual vision and exaltation, they stand much below the close of Browning's *Saul* describing an experience similar to that of Kane. The central thought of Masfield's poem, that God's mercy pursues the human soul perversely fleeing from it, is the same as that of Francis Thompson's *The Hound of Heaven*.

In his sonnets Mr. Masfield is subdued by the wonder and unfathomable mystery of man's soul that evolves through stages and climbs to "spirit-purposes". In Man are untamed forces and

Seeds that brain to brain
 Pass across oceans bringing thought to flower,
 New worlds, new selves, where he can live again
 Eternal Beauty's everlasting rose
 Which casts this world as shadow as it goes.

Here is the thought of the Vedanta that the world is the shadow of the Eternal. And the conception of Beauty as comprising all values is an anticipation of Bridges' *Testament of Beauty*. In *A Creed* the poet enunciates his faith that the soul chastened by successive wrestlings with sorrow and temptation will ultimately become God-like:

So sha'll I faint and show the scars
 Until this case, this clogging mould,
 Be smithied all to kingly gold.

The famous poem, *The Seekers* is resonant with the nostalgia of the spirit—with the soul's quest after the far-off goal:

Friends and loves we have none,
 Nor wealth nor blessed abode
 But the hope of the City of God at the
 other end of the road.

To Mr. Masfield, as to all great Seers, the human soul is essentially divine, and in one of his sonnets he apostrophizes it in transcendental terms.

In sharp contrast to realistic poets like Gibson, Masfield and Squire, is that child of Romance and Dreamland—Walter de la Mare: "It is indeed the unseen, the imagined, the untold-of, the fabulous, the forgotten that alone lies safe from mortal moth and rust,"—is Mr. de la Mare's own challenging statement of the philosophy underlying his poems. His is an unquenchable hunger for a lost Paradise. "A lucid watcher of the temporal and the eternal, a catcher of the mysteries that fly in every mood of existence,"* he sings with the chatoyant suggestiveness of Blake, Coleridge and W. B. Yeats. He is of the same choir:

For he on honey-dew hath fed
 And drunk the milk of Paradise.

Mr. de la Mare's *The Scribe*—too well-known and too long to be quoted—gives us in a nutshell the glory of God as seen in the phenomenal world. But it is in the sonnet on *Music* that the authentic voice of the world's mystics is heard:

When music sounds, all that I was I am
 Ere to this haunt of brooding dust I came;
 While from Time's woods break into distant song
 The swift-winged hours, as I hasten along.

Religion is essentially an adventure of the soul, not mere passive acceptance of a creed or of a church. But the formal adherence to a church need by no means rule out spiritual struggle, a fearless re-examination of the foundations of belief and the attainment of an abiding sense of the Reality. It is not doctrine or dogma that interests us in poetry, but the way in which high Faith is reborn in and revitalized by poets. Spiritual poetry implies an inner baptism—a *vita nuova*. Alfred Noyes and Alice Meynell, the former Roman Catholic, illustrate this re-kindling of the lamp within. *Creation* (by Noyes) is a superb metaphysical surmise of God's original purpose in starting the drama of evolution. Man is created that he may win his way to his Maker through joy and sorrow, through knowledge and endeavour, through life and Death, and through the myriad beauties and wonders of Nature. In *The Forest of Wild Thyme*, Noyes, like Blake, sees all Universe and its contents in little objects in Nature:

What does it take to make a rose, Mother Mine!
 The God that died to make it knows

* J. B. Priestley: *Figures in Modern Literature*.

It takes the world's eternal wars,
It takes the moon and all the stars,
It takes the night of Heaven and Hell,
And the everlasting love as well, Little child.

Alice Meynell (d. 1922) takes us to the very heart of the religious poetry of our time. Well has it been said that she "etherealized love, spiritualized passion, and humanized theology." *Christ in the Universe*, familiar in anthologies, contemplates every orb in the Universe as being guided in its evolution by God even as He dealt with this "ambiguous" planet of ours by the Incarnation and the Crucifixion. There is, perhaps, not one Gospel, but a million alien Gospels preached in Pleiades, the Lyre, the Bear. But the recurrent feeling in Mrs. Meynell's poems is one of compassion for human suffering—God as the sum of Pity and Love. Vibrant with this pity are the lines she wrote one Christmas night at the sight of a derelict orphan, with Thomas a Kempis's sentence for motto: "If I cannot see thee present I will mourn thee absent, for this also is a proof of love." To say that we do not find Him or hear his voice amidst the wail of creation is a confession of Him:

Nature, her nests, her prey, the fed, the caught,
Hide Him so well, so well.
His steadfast secret there seems to our thought
Life's saddest miracle,
He's but conjectured in man's happiness
Suspected in man's tears,
Or lurks beyond the long discouraged guess,
Grown fainter through the years.

But absent, absent now? ah, what is this,
Near as in child-birth bed,
Laid on our sorrowful hearts, close to a kiss?
A homeless childish head.

The ring of negation in the first eight lines meets with a sudden reversal of mood and answer of Vision and Faith in the last stanza; and this paradoxical vein reappears in *In Sleep*. A man whose heart is wrung with pity for the pauper and the cripple declaims against the Higher Powers, and his face appears to the poet, in dream, transformed and wearing the physiognomy of "one who did create compassion". *In Sleep* reminds us of Miss Mary Coleridge's *Our Lady*, wherein the woman God chose for his earthly mother was no "lady" but an unlettered daughter of the people, who still sings to the generations of men:

He hath filled the hungry with good things
And the rich He hath sent empty away.

Every reader of *The Gitanjali* knows how this thought has found magnificent expression in the eleventh song: "Leave this chanting and singing and telling of beads!"

God-consciousness must govern and penetrate every one of our actions, indeed our entire life. This, as with all saints, is a recurring thought with Mrs. Meynell. We must conceive Him "in mind, in sense, within our house of life," for the seed is locked in us. We must

Gather in darkness that resplendent One,
Close as our grasp can reach.

For God still lingers in the breast of our humanity (*To the Mother of Christ; The Son of Man*). In other poems (*The Lord's Prayer; I am the Way*), repeatedly comes the monition that God is not merely the goal but Access, Approach, Time, Way and Wayfarer. To say this is but to give the reader the *Caput Mortuum* of songs that awaken echoes in the inmost recesses of our consciousness and blunt our ears to the 'footfalls of a muse' that evoke not sounds but silences.

By an inevitable climb this brings us to the greatest philosophical poem of the Century—Robert Bridges's *Testament of Beauty*. Doctor of Medicine and Letters, Bridges has quarried his marble from classical scholarship, Science and Philosophy, and half a century of calm detached reflection, wherewith to build his last great shrine to the Muse of song. What is the central idea of the *Testament*? Nature is the source of all our knowledge, of Reason, of our moral and spiritual experiences. Man's first and rudimentary response to Nature is a childlike yielding to Nature's banquet of sensuous beauty. These sensory riches stored in the mind become later impregnated with thought and reflection and find expression in one or other art. Then, in the third stage, these experiences are enriched and vitalized by love, which in its higher aspects implies not an absorbing self-centred passion, but self-surrender and yearning like that of Dante for Beatrice, towards what becomes to the lover a symbol of the highest; and finally, these phases are merged and subsumed in a Beauty that is one with Divine Wisdom:

Thru'out all runneth Duty and the conscience of it
is that creative faculty of animal mind that, waken-
ing to self-conscience of all Essences, closeth the
full circle, where the spirit of man escaping from
the bondage of physical law re-entereth eternity by
the vision of God.
(Bk. IV).

Intuition is the key to all knowledge; the function of Reason being to correct the revelations of intuition, and render them

clearer and surer. Man is better defined as a "spiritual" than a "rational" animal:

Faith being the humanizer of his brutal passions,
the clarifier of folly and medicine of care, the clue
to reality, and the driving motive of that self-
knowledge which teacheth the ethic of life.

The Testament is an eirenicon of science, philosophy, religion and poetry—the greatest epic of thought the century has seen so far. The poem has several passages of matter refractory to poetic imagination and diction, but they are balanced by scores in which the deepest religious thought is fortified by philosophy, illuminated by the magic of phrase and uttered as by lips touched with live coal from the altar of the Spirit.

The spiritual cannot, however, be said to be the dominant note of the Nineties and of the Edwardians and Georgians. Man's mind in the modern age of Reason and Sensations is bound to oscillate between doubt and longing for certitude. Nevertheless, there is sufficient ferment and inner discontent and groping for the Ultimate Verities—a straining towards knowledge of human purpose and destiny even in poets who generally avert their face from faith and metaphysics,—an orientation towards horizons of Light; and in the highest voices of our time there is more,—more than 'testament'; there is testimony to that Immortal Lake of Splendour from which we sprung and to which we are pilgrims.

Note: Limitation of space has compelled me to omit from this survey the Irish poets, W. B. Yeats, 'A. E.' Dr. James H. Cousins, Seumas O'Sullivan, Padraic Colum, and others of the school besides one great name outside it—that of Francis Thompson. The reader will find a brief but authoritative essay on the spiritual note on them in Dr. Cousins's *Modern English Poetry*, the author himself being one of the *dei majores* of modern poetry—*pace* official criticism on this point.—R. S. Aiyar.

Vir Narmad.

THE MAKER OF MODERN GUJERAT

BY VIJAYARAI KALYANRAI



ON the 24th of August last, Gujaratis everywhere—both in their homeland and outside—celebrated with great *eclat* a unique festival. It was the birth-centenary of Kavi Narmadashanker, the very remarkable Gujarati reformer, writer and publicist, who, during the comparatively short span of his 53 years' life (1833–1886) undertook and fulfilled, as he best could, single-handed and under very disheartening circumstances, such unexampled pioneer work in many a field of literature, as a host of less able men might not have done in a whole generation, perhaps. The first of the Moderns; the *Manu* of the new literary *Manvantara*; Vir Narmad—Narmad the heroic; Karmavir Kavi—the dreamer who dared to act and achieve; the progenitor of Gujarati prose; the premier lexicographer; and, to crown all, Mahavarah—the mighty Resurrector who upbrought and saved Gujarat's national culture from the unfathomable raging seas of exotic ideas, beliefs and institutions that pervaded the land in the latter half of the 19th century—these are the most outstanding fine epithets which Gujarati thinkers to-day are appropriately bestowing on their national hero. What is more, he has been bracketed with Swami Dayanand Saraswati and Mahatma Gandhi as one of her three greatest sons of whom modern Gujarat can justly be proud.

Narmadashanker Lalshanker Dave—to give him his full name—was the son of a Surti Nagar-Brahmin copyist, in the employ of a lithographic government press in Bombay. He was, therefore, (though born in Surat) mostly educated in Bombay. He there imbibed, during his adolescence and youth, the new spirit then freshly engendered by Western education. He might, in fact, be said to have been drunk with that spirit of all-round Reform, with which the atmosphere was then surcharged. Soon after leaving, at the age of 21, the Elphinstone institution, he joined and actively worked for the *Buddhi-varadhaka Sabha* with a monthly organ of the same name—an institution and a periodical which have left their indelible stamp on the cultural life of that age. The youthful reformer at first devoted his attention to the general reform of his countrymen by exhorting them, in lectures and articles, to receive the new education as much as possible and so to raise the moral and intellectual level of their

lives. But before long, both his fervent temperament and circumstances impelled him not only to speak and write in favour of Social Reform as such—i.e., its items like widow-remarriage, foreign travel, caste-destruction, annihilation of immoral and tyrannous priestcraft, which were very burning topics of the day—but to act as well. It was thus that he sheltered one widow and married another—not in Bombay where heterodoxy might have at least a dog's chance, but in Surat where he was, of course, excommunicated and very much harassed; it was thus that he stood by his dear friend Karsandas Mulji—another great fighter against the shameful priesthood of the period, who was also one of the first Gujaratis to cross the seas—it was thus that he bearded, almost alone,—though there were 'reformers' galore in those days, but none who would accompany our adorable Luther in his combat against the Hindu Pope—a powerful religious lion, Maharag Jadunathji, in his own den, in response to the latter's challenge to prove that re-marriage of widows has the approval of the 'God-created' Shastras. These are some of the more memorable incidents, which, though they naturally aroused fierce and acrimonious controversy in those days, have earned for our hero the well-deserved title 'Vir Narmad' for all time to come.

Great as a practical reformer, Narmadashanker was even greater and braver because of another act of very rare and inspiring self-sacrifice, which he performed in his twenty-fifth year. Till then he had earned his livelihood as a teacher or a private tutor. But his exceptionally aspiring, independent turbulent nature could ill brook the humdrum life of a pedagogue in an ordinary routine-ridden school of the times. As a stanza in one of his verse-compositions clearly shows, he was chafing under the unnatural soulless conditions of that life for a pretty long period. One evening, however, he could bear it no longer and the Rubicon was crossed. Just after returning home from the school that day he vowed, his pen before him and tears glistening in his eyes, never again to serve anybody in the world but to devote his entire life to the cause of literature and so to the uplift of his brethren, the fallen and backward Gujaratis of some eight decades ago. One wonders whether there is any parallel to this in the cultural history of, let us say only, modern poverty-stricken India. As we all know, the great Bankim Chandra determined to work single-mindedly for literature only when he could comfortably retire on a good Government pension; and our own Govardhanram Tripathi (1855–1907), than whom Gujarat has not yet produced a greater man of letters and who deserves, if ever an author did an India-wide reputation for years to come, abandoned the flourishing lawyer's life for a

purely literary one, only in his forty-second year. But is there any instance of a capable married youth of twenty-five, declaring to all the elements that be, that he will thenceforth live by his pen alone? I think not.

Even before taking that austere vow, Narmadashanker had written a good deal, both in prose and verse. He now began pouring forth, in an unceasing stream, essays literary and historical; verses, erotic, reformist and nationalistic; short lives of mediaeval Gujarati poets and the first printed editions of one or more works of two of them—Dayaram and Premanand; magazine-articles on topical subjects of all kinds; Gujarati summaries of the *Mahabharata*, the *Ramayana* and the *Iliad*; short histories of Mewar and Surat as well as an outline, based on two hundred reference-books and source-books of world-history by name *Rajya-Ranga*; a mythological dictionary as also the first large Gujarati into Gujarati dictionary ever compiled in the language; a grammar and a collection of ladies' songs; abridged translations of the Government gazeteers of Gujarat and Kathiawar; a translation of a Marathi work on economics; an autobiography containing in some places such candid confessions or clear innuendoes about his earlier life when he too, poor mortal that he was, had sown his wild oats, that his friends were obliged to destroy most of its copies which were ready for publication and which is available to the public only on the occasion of this centenary; small works on poetics and rhetoric; plays, mythological and other; a translation of the *Gita* with an original preface which latter, says Gandhiji in a recent short letter published in the Narmad Memorial Album, had enhanced his devotion to the *Gita* and his respect for Narmadashanker; and *Dharma-Vichar* a collection of religious and cultural essays in which we find the out and out Reformer of earlier days turned Sanatani of the deepest dye.

This necessarily brief enumeration of Narmadashanker's works will at least give the reader some idea of our author's range of mind and variety of interests. And, when it is added that in almost all those fields he was ploughing not only the first furrow, but that he was ploughing it under extremely trying pecuniary hardships, the reader's respect and admiration for Narmad will be increased, I doubt not, a hundredfold. Indeed, his very irregular income, now * "derived solely from patrons' gifts or sales of his books, on one occasion ebbed so low that the whole

* 'Now'—that is, since the day of that fateful vow which he pertinaciously and unbrokenly observed for twenty-four long years after which Fate compelled him to take up the post of the secretary of a charitable institution in Bombay.

cash on hand was not more than annas four, with no prospect of a single pie to be received on the next day or the next month. On that day his meals consisted only of a handful of parched rice and a little milk. But the martyr partook even of this with a stoic's heart and a smile on his lips. As luck would have it, he received the same evening Rs. 500 despatched two days back from Bhavnagar by a patron belonging to his own caste. But in spite of this and similar other gifts, large or small, which he used to receive from time to time, Narmad was a perennial pauper—even a debtor till late in his life. † One reason for this, amongst others, was that he was by nature too generous to say no to any one asking his help. Many are the stories current in literary Gujarat about our hero's large-heartedness even when he himself was reduced to extremities. It is not possible to recount them here. Suffice it to say that this Prince of poor Gujarati authors had a prince's heart when succouring a fellow-man in distress.

It is not, perhaps, altogether fair to judge any writer of the Age of Narmad from an absolute standard of literary values. If any attempt of the kind were made with strict regard for truth, we must admit, I am afraid, that comparatively little of their literary output has the quality of permanence in it. So it is with Narmadashanker himself, the most important of them all. A great deal of his work is superseded either by the mere passage of time or by the more mature works of those who followed him. Consequently, no Gujarati of any culture to speak of reads him to-day purely for enjoyment. Although Narmadashanker laid the foundations of Gujarati prose as we know and use it to-day; although he was the first to compose poems on the models of Wordsworth, Southey and Byron; although, as only recently pointed out by so eminent and discriminating a connoisseur of literature as Principal Dhruva of the Hindu University, Narmad's *Jaya Jaya Garvi Gujarat* can undoubtedly be ranked amongst the world's best national songs; in spite of all this, too large a bulk of his work is essentially a product of the times and a product for the times. Almost the whole of it evinces the pioneer's inevitable taste, the new-comer's efflorescence of zeal, the propagandist's more or less crude force. Since, from a purely literary standpoint these drawbacks are there, and since, the genius for imaginative creation as such was not in any appreciable degree one of Nature's many gifts to our author, it is but natural that he does not come out quite successful from that ordeal of fire which is an absolute standard of judgment in literature. And

† This long-continued indebtedness was due, among other causes, to the fact that he had borrowed and spent Rs. 8,000 for building a public House of Culture—Saraswati Mandir—opposite his residence in Surat. On it was engraved the motto of his life: 'Prema-Shaurya'—Love and Heroism.

yet, we must aver, without fear of contradicting ourselves, that because of, rather than in spite of, what we have called his drawbacks, he was the maker of modern Gujarat in a very special sense. What he did and wrote as a pioneer of reform and a propagandist of culture, passed into the life and soul of Gujarat of two generations ago. In fact, all that Narmadashanker did as a reformer and all that he wrote as an author was crying out to be done and written at the moment—crying out of the depths of the hearts of the people. They all felt it; they none of them could body it forth in words such as his. He alone could hear the cry, could do the deed, could pen the words that Nature was demanding to be done, heard and penned in good time. That demand was gratified by this penniless powerful knight of the pen who, while no first-rate intellectual giant himself, had the vision, the vigour and the tenacity to pave the way for giants to come.

In the host of the noble crusaders that heralded, fought for and made possible the Indian Renaissance, Raja Ram Mohan Roy stands in a class by himself, both by his character and achievements, as an all-India figure. Regarding the other heralds of the New Light, however, it might broadly be said that what Ishwarchandra Vidyasagar and Bankim achieved for Bengal, Bhartendu Harishchandra for the U. P. and the Chiplunkers and Agarkar for Maharashtra, Vir Narmad achieved for Gujarat. No wonder then that Gujaratis of all creeds and sects and castes assembled, on the occasion of the centenary, on common platforms, to pay their national hero 'the homage of their love and praise' with a zest and a devotion unequalled perhaps in the centuries' old literary annals of the province.

Buddhism and its Contribution to Culture.

BY SWAMI ASANGANANDA.

IN one of his illumined lectures about the speciality of India, Swami Vivekananda says: "I see that each nation, like each individual, has one theme in this life, which is its centre, the principal note round which every other note comes to form the harmony. In one nation political power is its vitality, as in England, in another it is artistic life and so on. In India, religious life forms the centre, the keynote of the whole music of the national life." Indeed, whenever India attained the highest zenith of materialistic prosperity, the whole of her national life had passed through glorious spiritual transformation. And knowing full well the national integrity and individuality, the national heroes and leaders of India, first of all, deluged the country with the waves of spirituality, and then there came in its wake the most marvellous growth in all departments of life.

Of all the contributions of these great national leaders and heroes, the contribution of Lord Buddha, the King of the Sannyasins, to life individual and collective, to the various sections of society and to the various departments of knowledge is incomparable, so much so his contribution may be cited as the greatest ever made by any single soul in his life-time. His six years of strenuous *Sadhana* under the famous Bo-Tree at Buddha Gaya, his attainment of Enlightenment and his very long period of ministry brought a new awakening—a new consciousness among all kinds of people, the prince and the peasant, the learned and the ignorant, the high and the low, which continued to exist many centuries even after His disappearance from the world, and which found wonderful manifestation in art, literature, sculpture, architecture, painting, music and other branches of knowledge.

And more than anything else, it is the admirable teachings of Lord Buddha, clothed in a very simple language, which raised the moral standard of the people to a very high pitch by curbing their savage and animal propensities and directing them through more useful and powerful conduits in the form of social service. His life and teachings became the immediate cause for the abolition of slavery in the land, for the upliftment of the women and for the establishment of Homes of Service, rest houses, asylums, hospitals for men and dumb animals and alm houses. And so those who followed the footsteps of Lord Buddha not only tried to attain

Nirvana themselves, but also endeavoured to alleviate the sufferings, mental and physical, of humanity at large as far as practicable. The life of the Lord and those of His disciples and followers were '*Vahuganahitaya Vahuganasukhaya*', for the good of the many, for the happiness of the many. Moreover, the sweet reasonableness of the ethics and metaphysics of Buddhism brought forth a "beautiful system which made the king the father of his people, induced him to scorn the lust of power and conquest, and ennobled his conception of duty as the father to the people, nay of all sentient life which he strove to protect by building roads, and constructing rest houses thereon, digging wells to quench the thirst of wayfarers, building hospitals for man and beast, endowing monasteries, universities and public lecture-halls, remitting taxes to those who had consecrated their lives for the service of man, and above all inculcating the duty of service of man towards his fellow-beings." (*Spirit of Buddhism*).

The secret of success in the propagation of the ideas and ideals of Buddhism lies in the fact that the whole system of education was then taken over by the monks and nuns of this religious fold. And this contribution of theirs in the field of education may be said to be the most marvellous and remarkable ever known in history. The whole country was studded with educational institutions which were at the same time, the Viharas or *Parnasalas* where the monks used to live. Although in some of the countries primary education has been made free and compulsory, yet the secondary and university education is not made compulsory by any state in this modern age of advancement. With the surging wave of Buddhism in the land, all kinds of education, primary, secondary and university, began to spread throughout the length and breadth of the country and in process of time were made free and compulsory. Of all the numerous universities, two—the Nalanda University near Patna in Bihar and the Taxila University near Rawalpindi in the Panjab—gained wider celebrity throughout the then world. All the faculties of learning were taught in both the Universities and the greatest beauty of it was that all the learned professors and lecturers were erudite monks of the highest moral and intellectual calibre; besides, there were some of them who made marvellous and phenomenal discoveries in the fields of science, which evoked keen admiration and eulogy from the people at large. The fame of these two celebrated Universities went so far as to attract a horde of students from the far-off foreign countries of China, Mongolia, Central Asia and other places. The Nalanda University—many will be surprised to learn—had an 'army of ten thousand priests and students'—which appears to us like a fable or a mythological story. Even the modern Catholic University of America, Washington,

U. S. A., which contains only 120 Professors and 3405 students cannot stand comparison with this ancient University of India in so far as the strength and studies were concerned.

The University of Nalanda was founded by King Chakraditya and developed and enriched by the munificence of his successors and the generous public. It used to teach among other subjects, Mathematics, Astronomy, Theology, Philosophy, Logic, Art, Architecture and Painting. Besides, the University was equipped with an incomparable and famous library of its own and had a water-clock which used to keep the correct time throughout Magadha. The celebrated Chinese pilgrim, Hiuen Tsang, visited the University and spoke very highly of it in his memoirs.

The other University at Taxila, being situated on the other side of the Indus and extending over an area of about twelve square miles, was another seat of great learning famous for its medical faculty. Being situated at the gateway of India, the famous city of Taxila had to stand the on-slaughts of many a foreign invasion and had as a consequence a very chequered life, unlike the Nalanda University which escaped the attacks, being sheltered in the interior of Bihar. It came under the sway of the seven nations—Persians, Macedonians, Mauryans, Bactrian Greeks, Shakyas, Parthians and the Kushans—and consequently had a shorter lease of life.

Whatever might have been the other causes for the advent of those halcyon days of prosperity and high standard of living, nobody can conceal the fact that it was those sincere and sacrificing souls of the Dhamma who were responsible to a very great extent in bringing about that admirable order in the society.

There is another field of their activity which needs mention. Their idea of beauty is Art, and their contribution to this sphere is no less significant and important. Art is the universal script, to learn which a man need not go through any book or any grammar or any book on Logic. It speaks vehemently of what the artist has to say to the people. And, therefore, the greater the expression of ideas of the artist, the more successful becomes his art. Where there is no proper expression of ideas, that art with all its magnificent and grand display of colour cannot be called a true or faithful art. And in this respect, the Buddhist art in India and in some places of Ceylon has far excelled and eclipsed those of other countries in the world. Indeed, it is a 'Sermon in Stones' in as much as all the life incidents of Lord Buddha and his soul-stirring teachings were very admirably delineated and portrayed in the paintings, sculptures and architectures. "The Buddhist art," says Dr. Sir Hari Singh Gour, "is a sermon in stones, a homily in colours—of the community and cohesion of

centient life, of its fellowship and interdependence, of its single purpose and of its sweetness, when emancipated from the care and corroding desires. The earliest painter had portrayed the dread and awe of human ignorance. The Buddhist artist delineated the quiet assurance and sublimity of Nature in unison with the highest aspirations of man born of human knowledge. The cramped vision of the primitive sage, broad-based by the boundless sympathy of the disciples of Gautama, added the flower and fragrance to the inert stone and clay and made their figures vocal of the message of peace and tranquillity with which the Master's voice had filled the air. The music of the spheres, of which the poet had dreamt, became the reverberating note which filled the cells of the monks and Viharas in the grove, to which the believers resorted as to the embrace of one who had emerged from the region of dreamland into the visible plane of reality." Indeed, it is the deep introspection of the saints into the fathomless depths of meditation of the different aspects of the life of the Master and the numerous incidents taken place during his lifetime and during his previous lives as described in the *Jatakamala*,—which found vivid expression in their paintings, pictures, frescoes and sculptures; and the most remarkable survivals of their art are those at Ajanta, which bear the graphic description and testimony of their brilliant and high standard of art. In fact, such a grand expression of art was never witnessed in any part of the world as arose in the soil of India. In the course of a conversation with an eminent artist of Calcutta, of the name of Mr. Ranadaprasad Das Gupta, the founder and professor of the Jubilee Art Academy, Calcutta, Swami Vivekananda said, "I had the opportunity of seeing the beauties of nearly every civilised country in the world, but I saw nothing like the development of art which took place in our country during the Buddhist period."

Although nearly twenty-five centuries have rolled by without our cognizance since the *Mahanirvana* of Lord Buddha at Kusinara, yet the teachings of this Superman are as fresh as ever and are spreading like the branches of the big Banyan Tree, giving shelter, solace and consolation to the world-weary pedestrians to the Temple of Nirvana. Those glorious days of Buddhism have long since passed away, never to be forgotten, but the spirit with which Buddhism attained its zenith of perfection, contributing its full quota to the store-house of human civilisation and culture, is still alive and will, we sincerely believe, find its marvellous manifestation as soon as proper opportunities present themselves.

Neo-Malthusianism and Generative Egoism.

BY K. S. SRIKANTAN, M. A., F. R. E. S., (LONDON)



HANKS to the vigorous propaganda of the Neo-Malthusians, the atmosphere to-day is charged with the cry of over-population. Parents with numerous offsprings, who were once objects of veneration, are now looked upon with contempt. The proud mother is now forced to hang down her head in shame against the attacks of the new-fangled theorists. In short, the country to-day is full of unwilling fathers, unhappy mothers and unwanted children. Procreation is beginning to be looked upon as a crime. Maternity is looked upon in high medical quarters as a dangerous disease. To avoid this disease, many sexual vices are being practised. Mother is separated from child, and husband is separated from wife. In a country grown grey with age-old tradition, this new Gospel has come as a tremendous shock. No country has so much regard for children as ours, where they are looked upon as representatives of God. Says Apastamba: "In the offspring thou art born again, that mortal is thy immortality." The repercussions of their teachings have, therefore, been particularly serious in India.

If India is really over-populated, then no sacrifice is too much to cut down the population to reasonable limits. On the other hand, a careful examination of facts shows that India is far from being over-populated. Over-population, like many other factors in Economics, is a relative term. Just as we cannot talk of income without reference to a particular period, so also we cannot of over-population without reference to the extent and productive capacity of the country. "A country can be said to be over-populated only when the returns from all industries taken together—agricultural and manufacturing—are diminishing—that is, when the diminishing returns from agriculture are sufficiently large to wipe off all increasing returns from manufacture." Further, when judging the magnitude of the population of a country, we must never lose sight of the fact that the distribution of the wealth produced is as vital a factor as the total amount of wealth. A country can be said to be over-populated only when its productive capacity is insufficient to meet the legitimate demands of its population. On the other hand, the productive capacity of the world, in recent years, has been increasing at a rate undreamt of before. In the words of Ramsay Muir, owing to control over Nature, acquired by the application of new scientific

ideas, the world to-day supports "a vastly increased population in a degree of comfort far surpassing that enjoyed by any generation of our ancestors". The marvellous increase in production is not confined to articles of food. The world's coal and pig iron production has increased during the last century and a quarter by a hundred-fold; cotton production has increased twenty-fold; shipping eight-fold; railway mileage three thousand-fold. "The world," says J. Bourdon, "is still under-populated. The increase of population may continue for a long period before becoming a danger to the food supply."

The question of over-population arises only when a country has reached its maximum productive capacity and when even this product is found insufficient to meet the wants of the people. Some of the countries in Europe have certainly reached their maximum productive capacity. Scientific methods have been systematically applied and Nature has been harnessed to an extent unparalleled in the history of the world. But India is one of those countries which is yet a stranger to scientific progress. Her methods of cultivation are not very different from what they were in Vedic or Epic times. Until her lands are treated to scientific manure, what she can produce should only remain a matter of economic speculation. The average production of sugar per acre is one ton in India whereas it is 4 tons in Java and 4½ tons in Hawaii; the yield of wheat is 1250 lbs. per acre in India, while 2000 lbs. in the United Kingdom and Switzerland. Efficient methods of cultivation are sure to add considerable wealth to the country. Not only are the prospects of intensive cultivation hopeful, but also those of extensive cultivation. Excluding the forest area and area not available for cultivation, we have still 27 per cent. of the total area still available for cultivation without any difficulty. If the entire available acreage is brought under cultivation, it has been estimated that we should require approximately double the number of Agricultural labourers. The probable increase of produce from the Sukkur-Barrage Scheme alone, it is estimated, will be over 32 million maunds made as follows:

Rice	3,700,000 maunds.
Wheat & Barley	23,000,000 "
Cotton	4,000,000 "
Oil-seeds	2,250,000 "

But, if we are far from reaching the maximum productive capacity in agriculture, we are still farther away in the case of manufacture. India is just on the threshold of an Industrial Revolution. Students of Economic History know, more than anybody else, how much wealth Industries have added to the national wealth of Western countries. Endowed as she is plentifully by

Nature, her chances of industrializing herself are plenty. Though it is not possible to say by how much her national wealth is going to increase, we are certainly on firm ground when we say that as a consequence, her national wealth is sure to increase at least tenfold.

In the face of these possibilities, it is really amusing to be told that India is over-populated. The Neo-Malthusians do not seem to realise that so long as God sends two hands with every mouth, the nightmare of over-population need cause no trouble. In the words of Kropotkin, the great Russian humanitarian: "Those only can be horror-stricken at seeing the population of a country increase by one individual every thousand seconds who think of a human being as a mere claimant upon the stock of the material wealth of mankind, without being at the same time a contributor to that stock. But we who see in each new-born babe a future worker, capable of producing much more than his own share of the common stock, we greet his appearance." It is true that in India, we are witnessing appalling poverty. But that has nothing to do with over-population. A family with a large number of children may never-the-less be happier than another with no children at all. It all depends upon the collective purchasing power of the whole family. Even with a considerably reduced population, the same poverty may continue if people have not enough purchasing power. If any part of the body gives trouble, wisdom consists not in cutting away the part affected, but in restoring it to its original state. To think of cutting down the population, because people have not enough to eat, is only a shameful admission of our incapacity to make proper use of the immense potentialities of Nature. In fact, the growth of population itself ultimately depends on economic conditions, and the rate of growth adjusts itself to the growth of national income and national wealth. This view is based on facts relating to India as well as European countries and is as true for the industrial West as for the agricultural East. As compared with 177 per sq. mile in India, there are 666 in Belgium, 650 in England and Wales, 513 in the Netherlands and 332 in Germany. It is to her interest that population density should increase in India; for, in general, population density acts as a stimulus to national qualities, and more especially, to work and savings. "Whether the individuals of a Nation are gifted with a high degree of initiative, a very high form of civilisation may be obtained with a meagre population, although we cannot hide from ourselves that in all Epochs, it was in the most densely populated zones that the highest manifestations of civilisations of the period have appeared."

In the words of Dadabhai Naoroji: "There is the stock argument of over-population. They talk and so far truly of the increase by British peace; but they quite forget the destruction by the British drain.....so long as the English do not allow the country to produce what it can produce, as long as people are not allowed to enjoy what they can produce, as long as the English are the very party on trial, they have no right, and are not competent, to give an opinion whether the country is over-populated or not. In fact, it is absurd to talk of over-population, i. e., the country's incapability by its food or other produce to supply the means of support to its people, if the country is unceasingly and forcibly deprived of its means or capital. Let the country keep what it produces, and then only can any right judgment be formed—whether it is over-populated or not. Let England first hold her hands off India's wealth and then there will be disinterestedness in and respect for her judgment. The present cant of over-population is adding a distrustful insult to agonising injury. To talk of over-population at present is just as reasonable as to cut off a man's hands and then to taunt him that he was not able to maintain himself or move his hands." J. A. Hobson goes still further when he says: "There is no evidence that the world's population is out-running the natural resources; but on the contrary, the presumption is that for their fuller utilisation a larger population is necessary and thereby could be maintained at a higher standard of living."

Enough has been said in the foregoing paragraphs to show that the theory of over-population is a pure myth. Even granting for the moment that India is over-populated, the writer has to point out that the propaganda carried on by the members of the Neo-Malthusian League is positively dangerous to the future of our land. The supreme importance of heredity is the great biological discovery of modern times. The cultured section of the population, it is needless to point out, is at once the greatest asset and hope of a country. The science of Eugenics aims to increase by all possible means this section of the population, for the percentage of the cultured is a barometer of a Nation's prosperity. A proper programme should, therefore, consist of medical, legal and social measures designed to bring about an increase in the number of children from the superior grades of society. To that end, America is to-day carrying on a deliberate campaign to encourage procreation among the educated. Eugenic sterilisation aims to destroy the reproductive capacity of an individual by means of certain surgical operations which are carried out in accordance with the Law. This is carried on principally in cases of degeneracy, such as lunatics and criminals.

India is pursuing an exactly opposite policy. The Neo-Malthusians have begun from the wrong end. They are preaching their gospel to a section whose multiplication is of paramount importance to a country like India where mass illiteracy is the greatest stumbling block to her progress. The cultured are still an insignificant minority in our land; this minority is sure to dwindle as a consequence of this new doctrine of the Neo-Malthusians. Many among the superior families have already begun to limit their families to such an extent that there is every possibility of their breed being wiped out. To have no more than one or two children in order to make it easy to mount the social ladder should be unsparingly condemned. It is a sort of generative egoism, abetted by the dangerous Neo-Malthusian propaganda. Snobbishness and desire for social advancement are found in all ranks of society; and the snobbishness which favours the limitation of families amongst the well-to-do is now doing a deadly injury to the race in India. Rome was ruined in olden days on account of a low birth rate amongst the superior breeds and a high birth rate among the inferiors.

The mass is quite ignorant of the Neo-Malthusian League; but they are growing as fast as ever; the preachings of these population-faddists are like water pouring off the duck's back. The latest census reveals a meteoric increase among the least cultured communities. That such a campaign is not to the interests of the country needs no emphasis. "If the French population had grown at the same rate as the German population, we should in 1913 have had 61 millions instead of 39 millions and Germany would have never dreamed of attacking us. So war is the price France had to pay for her sad refusal to increase and multiply (Standing Room only, Ross). The present campaign is sure to widen the gulf between the cultured and the uncultured. The immediate need is a counter-propaganda against the attempts of this League. In fact, the call of Eugenics is to make the production of families of adequate size widely felt as a paramount duty of parents. Our country is well on its way towards a racial degeneration. This can only be checked by incorporating in our moral code the sacred duty of procreation among the higher classes and advocating this with religious zeal. This will also rescue our country from the dangers of the new devices so ably described by Dr. Benjamin T. Tilton: "It is not an exaggeration to say that thousands of women die annually from the effects of these illegal abortions and other thousands become chronic invalids or permanently sterile."

Hindu Spiritology.

BY PROF. N. S. ADHIKARI



SUPERSTITION is as old as Man; and the history of superstition is almost the history of human civilisation; for what is now looked upon as superstition was the basis of religion in ancient times and governed then, as it unquestionably does now, the life of no small portion of humanity. Among the universal superstitions which are of importance are those which relate to ghosts and the spirit-world, for they tell us of man's belief about life and death and the human-soul.

But different beliefs about ghosts prevail in different countries, different provinces and different nations. What may be broadly termed Hindu belief is a subject that should make an interesting and profitable study.

Ghosts may be grouped under two classes—"Home" Ghosts, and "Outside" Ghosts. What are called "Home" ghosts are the ghosts of those who have committed suicide on account of the unbearable tyranny of some member of the house; or of those who have died before the object of their intense love disappeared from the earth, or who have left an amount of money which they hoarded with a miserly instinct. Such ghosts express their rancour against the person towards whom they bear ill-will; or they trouble those whom they loved very greatly during their period on the Earth, with a view to take them away (by killing them gradually); or they merely guard their buried wealth which in their life they were too miserly to use; and they annoy only those who make an attempt to get it. The activities of such a ghost, baleful though they undoubtedly are, are always confined within the limits of the house of the dead person, or they relate to some relation of the dead person or member of his family. Such a ghost rarely troubles one who does not belong to the family of the dead man.

"Outside" ghosts, on the other hand, are those who have died with unsatisfied desires or under exceptional circumstances, such as accidents. Such ghosts may be grouped under two heads—Hindu Ghosts and "Non-Hindu" Ghosts. The "Hindu" ghosts are of two types—Ghost-like Deities (or Deity-like Ghosts, as one may call them if one likes) and Ghosts Proper. The former are not ghosts properly speaking, for instead of delighting in tormenting human beings, they give them protection—especially to those who worship them; nor are they deities either, for they do not find a place in the Hindu antheon, nor can they offer to

abide in the neighbourhood of other and higher deities. Their image is placed in some cave, or on the outskirts of a village under some tree. Chief among such Deity-like Ghosts are Mhasoba (or Mahishasur) and Mahavir (known also as Vir) who are worshiped in Gujerat, Maharashtra and parts of Northern India. The ghosts proper may be further classified into Brahmin ghosts, and Non-Brahmin ghosts; prominent among those who belong to the former class are, to borrow the names they possess in Maharashtra, Brahmarakshash, Sambandh, and Munja; and among those who belong to the non-Brahmin class are Chudel or Dakkan, Jakkin and Zoting.

The non-Hindu ghosts may either be of the European class in which case they are called Ferangi; or of the Muhamadan class. Chief among the latter are Khabis, Sur and Gir.

And all these ghosts, no matter whether they be Hindu, Muhamadan or European, are governed by Betal who is the King of Ghosts.

Betal—He is the King of Ghosts. He resembles man in all respects except in this that his hands and feet are reversed, his eyes are green in colour, and his hair always stands on its end. He puts on clothes of a flaming yellow colour, and whenever he goes out he travels in a palanquin which is carried by ghosts on their shoulders, preceded and followed by several ghost attendants who carry torches to light the way. The will-o'-the-wisp, it is believed, is a torch which lights the way of this King and often, of an evening, when during the rainy season this light is seen dancing from place to place, old people in the Konkan villages gather together on their verandahs and speak in hushed whispers of the exploits of Betal and of Vikramaditya.

Brahmin Ghosts: 1. *Brahmarakshash*—When a Brahmin dies with unsatisfied desires he becomes a Brahmarakshash. As a rule, he does not trouble any one, but when for one reason or another he takes possession of the body of a man, it is very difficult to expel him.

2. *Sambandh*—When a married Brahmin dies leaving his wife or child behind, he becomes a Sambandh. He usually wears a loin-cloth, and puts on a piece of cloth on the shoulder as an "uttariya". He is fond of living in untenanted houses, burning places, or banks of rivers. He too, as a rule, does not trouble men; but when he does, it is very difficult to exorcise him.

3. *Munja*—He is a Brahmin whose *Munja* (or sacred thread ceremony) has been performed but whose *Solamunja* (the ceremony, that is to say, concerned with and following the *Munja* ceremony) has not been performed. He dwells on peepal trees, and is fond of giving trouble to women especially. Usually he

throws red powder on the hair and face of the unfortunate woman; pinches her; throws undesirable matters in her food; breaks her bangles and cuts the black-head-thread round her neck. His troubles at times take a serious form; and the poor woman is killed inch by inch.

Non-Brahmin Ghosts: 1. *Chudel*—This ghost is a female. She lives in *Wadis* and at the cross-roads. She is fond of wandering about on new-moon and full-moon nights. She possesses only a front and has no back. If she happens to meet a benighted traveller she accosts him by name and asks "Shall I come?" The unwary traveller says "Yes"; and immediately he becomes possessed.

2. *Zoting*—He is a Hindu of the depressed (or rather suppressed) class. He is fond of going about naked and allowing the hair to hang loose over the shoulders. Usually, he stays in the house where the man died; but, if the house be burnt or in any way damaged, he goes to the river-side. Since he belongs to the depressed class, he is afraid to touch and to visit holy places.

2. *Jakkin*—This ghost also is a female. When a woman dies in child-birth, she becomes a Jakkin. She wears a yellow saree, and a yellow bodice, though at times she also puts on a white saree, green bangles and a green bodice. She lets her hair fall on her back, and applies red powder to her forehead. She is fond of giving trouble to the next wife of her husband. She is known also to torment her own child in order to take it away from its step-mother. She is fond of visiting the sleeping room and the kitchen of her house.

Non-Hindu Ghosts: European Ghost: 1. *Ferangi*—He is a white man, no matter what his nationality may be, whose desires have not been satisfied in his life. He inhabits only cemeteries and is fond of tormenting all those who dare enter the cemetery at night. The Hindu exorcist is, as a rule, powerless against him.

Muhamadan Ghosts: 1. *Khabis*—He is a learned Muhamadan. He is fond of dwelling on trees, and the *Bunyan* is his favourite tree. He looks like a Mulla, and when he meets a solitary night-walker, he invites him to a wrestling bout which goes on at times till the cock crows, much to the annoyance of the man.

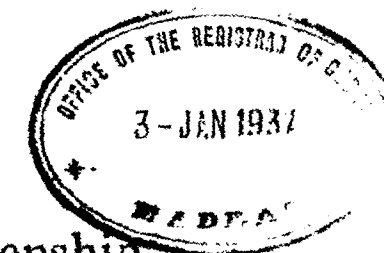
2. *Sur*—He is a Muhamadan who is fond of visiting the bath-rooms, and kitchens of Muhamadans.

3. *Gir*—When a Muhamadan loses his life by drowning, he becomes a gir. He is, therefore, fond of water and stays in the neighbourhood of rivers, lakes, *talaos* etc. He puts on all sorts of appearance and decoys men to the side of water and terrifies them.

Deity-like Ghosts: Mahishasur and Mahavir—These are protecting deities (or ghosts) of a minor type that are worshipped by the low-caste Hindus; and it may justifiably be suspected that they are the legacy of the aborigines. Their protection is sought by persons who worship them with coconut and red powder, and who sacrifice either a goat or cock to them. They are invoked by their votaries to annoy others. Their symbolical image (especially of Mahishasur, who is known by the short name Mhasoba in some parts of India) is a huge stone, besmeared with red-powder and oil, placed under a tree on the outskirts of a village.

Old, dilapidated buildings, trees, (especially Peepul, Bor, Bunyan and Bakul trees) confluences of rivers, old wells, stagnating tanks of water, places where accidents have happened, cemeteries and burning ghats, are some of the places where ghosts love to reside; and they wander about and are visible at both twilights, at midday, and during the night from sunset to sunrise.

As a rule, Hindu ghosts are expelled by Hindu exorcists; and Muhamadan or European ghosts, by Muhamadan exorcists. They follow different methods in exorcising ghosts. These methods form an interesting study which may be considered in another article.



Constructive Citizenship.

BY PROF. DIWAN CHAND SHARMA, M. A.

THE more one ponders over the condition of India to-day the more one is led to believe that constructive citizenship is the most urgent need of the hour. That this is so is the opinion of all politically-minded Indians. Not to speak of Indian educationists who have always insisted on the need of it, and the Liberal leaders who have never missed an opportunity of enlarging upon the beneficent advantages of it; even Mahatma Gandhi, in his last press statement in which he announced the suspension of his activities in connection with the Civil Disobedience Movement for a year, has dwelt upon it as the prime need of the day. It, therefore, means that militant patriotism, spectacular politics and demonstrative and vociferous agitation should not alone occupy our time and engage our attention, but we should also devote some part of our energy to the uphill task of nation-building. That this should be the ideal of every patriotic Indian nobody would gainsay. But what is needed is that constructive citizenship should be the ideal of Young India. This should be their religion, the god of their devotion, and the focus and centre-point of their activities. But it is more easily said than done. Youth in India, as elsewhere, is restless and ambitious and cannot address itself to the prosaic and humdrum task of nation-building. It wants, on the other hand, something more heroic to do, something by which it can earn glory or renown or martyrdom. It is, therefore, very difficult for it to do silent, unostentatious and self-effacing service.

But it is this silent service that is the crown of youth; and this fact was borne in upon me as I sat one after-noon listening to a speech by Sir P. C. Ray on the occasion of his last visit to Lahore. He referred in his speech to the part that the Chinese students had played in the awakening of their country and said, that about five thousand of them had settled in villages to banish illiteracy. "Here," I said, "is an example of constructive citizenship, and I am glad that one of the nations in the East has set an example of it." But I wonder if there were many students amongst those who had assembled to listen to Sir P. C. Ray who were prepared to take upon themselves a responsibility of this kind. Though there were many of them who applauded this patriotic act on the part of the Chinese young men, there were not even a few who made up their minds to follow in their foot-steps. This fact should be brought home to their minds again and again.

But before they address themselves to this task, they have to practise a kind of change of heart, or, in other words, revise their values of civic life. At the very outset, it is needed that a young man should think himself to be an Indian first and everything else afterwards. This is, however, something very difficult to do. India is at present a pandemonium of communal cries. We are all Hindus or Muhamadans, Sikhs or Parsis, Brahmins or non-Brahmins, but not Indians. It was a very bitter reflection which a gentleman, who was a member of a Royal Commission, made when he said: "We have examined many witnesses, and they are all either Hindu or Muhamadan, Christian or Bhuddhist, Sikh or Parsi. It is a pity that we have not come across any Indian so far." What he meant to say was that though Indians were communally conscious, they were not nationally conscious. They were sacrificing their national heritage for a mess of communal pottage. Thus every Indian young man who has a desire to serve his motherland has to affirm his faith every day of his life in his being an Indian first and last. If this is once grasped, everything else becomes easy. Co-operation then becomes a watch-word and much waste of national effort is eliminated, for then we feel,

Then none was for a party,
Then all were for the State,
Then the great man helped the poor,
And the poor man loved the great,
Then lands were fairly portioned,
Then spoils were fairly sold,
The Romans were like brothers,
In the brave days of old.

But it is not only the spirit of pulling together that is necessary, we also need self-effort. This will mean a faith in ourselves and not placing too much trust in others. It is really painful to see how much time young men waste in blaming others and especially the Government for the sad plight in which they find themselves. This does not mean that the Government is not at all to blame, but what is needed is the girding up of our own loins. Only by doing so can we achieve real national greatness.

Thus when once the mind has been made up on a work of this kind, it is not difficult to find something to do. As Mahatma Gandhi said, "There are at least three things that require our immediate attention, and they are communalism, untouchability and swadeshi." To these one might add a fourth, the cause of rural uplift. Are not these things enough to tax the energies of most ardent young men for many years to come?

Firstly with regard to communalism. Is it not something like a cancer that is eating into the vitals of our nation? Look where you may, you will find that it is responsible for demoralising our public life and for introducing inefficiency into the

public services in this country. It is also responsible for setting one brother against another and for putting back the hands of the clock of progress. Go to any place, our homes, our streets, our local bodies, our legislatures, and you will find this spectre stalking there. If India has not been able to file away its fetters up to this time, much of the blame rests upon the demon of communalism. Here is something worthy of the knight-errantry of youth.

Then with regard to untouchability. Is it not a shame that a large number of our people are denied the elementary rights of humanity? In spite of the fact that Mahatma Gandhi and other leaders have made unparalleled sacrifices in their cause, public opinion in India has been rather slow in recognising the injustice that is being done to them. They are being treated in matters of worship and other things as if their God is different from ours and as if there is one code of justice for us and another for them. Youth, as all of us know, is always sensitive to oppression of every kind and is always eager to fight it. Here then is an instance of social oppression which youth must fight, tooth and nail.

Nor is the need of Swadeshi less urgent. If India is to stand on its own legs and become economically independent, it must learn to make the best use of its own resources. It is, therefore, our patriotic duty to prefer our own goods to those of other countries, thereby stimulating the trade and enhancing the prosperity of our own country. Yet it is really deplorable to find that there are not many young men who believe in Swadeshi. They go in for articles imported from other countries even when they can have equally good articles made in their own country. The cult of Swadeshi, therefore, requires all their ardent support.

Last of all with regard to rural uplift. It will strike even a casual observer that our villages are not those little Edens of prosperity, innocence and happiness that some poets would have us believe. They are, on the other hand, deserted villages, where we find poverty and epidemics, illiteracy and indebtedness. They are hot-beds of local intrigues, and their inhabitants have a passion for ruinous litigation. Their insanitary conditions are appalling and the conditions of life there are not particularly satisfying. Should it not, therefore, be the duty of young men to go and live in these villages and improve their condition? It is true by doing so they will have to forgo all the allurements and excitements of city life, but this sacrifice on their part will not be without its justification.

Here are then some of the tasks to which young men can apply themselves. But will they do so?

The Wicked Succeed.

BY K. C. VARADACHARI, M. A., Ph. D.



MOST of us are accustomed to hear from all sides that wickedness finds its nemesis, that wickedness and evil do not succeed, and if they did they must have their fall which is, as it were, their nemesis. There are about us philosophers and ethical historians who find that there is a spiritual purpose running through the ages and that this ethical trend is most sufficiently manifested in the downfall of wicked Empires and wicked and egoistic personalities. It had become even convenient to add further that if they did succeed it was only for some time, and if they did not appear to fail it was found that their entire progeny paid for it. In the East such a philosophy is common, and the fear of these consequences to the progeny, if not to themselves, prevents men from being wicked all the time. The slogan, then, which has prevented men from becoming unethical is not the realisation that the world is making way for spiritual values and ought to, but the fear that the "sins of fathers will be visited on their children". This has prevented men from succeeding in wickedness.

There is always one law and, I believe, that this law is all inclusive, namely that everything that is born has death, which only means that everything has a cessation, and that like wickedness goodness has got its death and end. Not only then the sins of the fathers but also their goodnesses will be visited on their children. But this is an aspect not altogether important in this paper. If wickedness has not succeeded beyond a particular limit, no more has goodness. The good empires as well as the bad ones have gone the way of the fathers. Asoka, as well as Nadir Shah, Buddha as well as Jack the Ripper, have passed away, and their memories alone live with us.

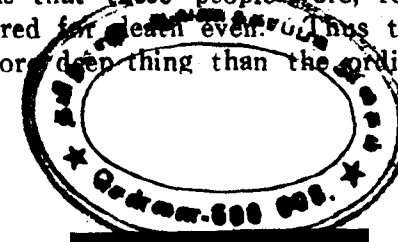
But we are accustomed to the usual suggestion, that if the wicked have succeeded it is because they are good in certain matters. If the good fail it is because they have got certain wickedness which is working against them. Now such suggestions have given rise to a host of theories about karmic influences and original sin and ever so many other explanations which it would be impossible to discuss and reject within the length of an article. I may straightaway dismiss them by saying that they explain away the real fact of the success of the wicked and the failure of the good. It would certainly be a comfortable doctrine to be believing that the world is governed by a good and moral

intelligence and that the apparent success of the unmoral and the wicked is merely apparent, that the end is a glorious governance of Good, that if the world is yet existent as a tolerable universe (Goodness only knows whether it is tolerable) it is because goodness outweighs the evil. In fact, men have gone on believing in these doctrines unconsciously (let not Freud take offence)—I mean habitually because of the indoctrination of these theories of the Good universe from the infancy of man.

I am going to state certain propositions—not out of a delight to catch the ear and eye of the many, but only to show that ethical theories of the present day, as of ancient times, have been subscribed from the idealistic point, which means that they dare not believe and affirm the real success of wickedness in this world. Mr. Wells exaggeratedly wrote of a 'Blumpington of Blup,' and I have no reason to affirm the contrary of an idealist. Realists even dare not face the triumph of wickedness coolly and discover the reasons for its success in this world. At the worst, they have been content to be pessimists, hoping against hope that the reign of wickedness may come to an end.

The whole problem of wickedness succeeding in this world has not been studied impartially, as true philosophy has not been one of the aims of philosophers, not excepting Kant. The problem of wickedness is as much a problem of Goodness, and any conventional or unconventional belief in a God who fights on the side of Good against evil, as in the theory of Zoroaster, or H. G. Wells's theory of a 'finite' God who succeeds and fails alternately, will not lead to a clear understanding.

The problem has to be approached from a fresh angle, namely from the point of view of the success of the wicked and the good, and not from the point of view of the success of the wicked and the good. Every individual will succeed if only he seriously pursues the course of action he has laid before himself regardless of the conventions and the criticisms of the many who surround him and are thwarted and engulfed by him. There is no limit to his success. The lives of all persons who, perceiving a purpose, never relented from the task whatever the consequences of the pursuit, who never lost sight of their fundamental purpose, whether such a purpose was the acquisition of money, of women, of power, or comfort through all these, reveals that success. The fact of their failure is a fact that belongs to the law of death and not to the law of inherent unworthiness. Now one of the most serious facts is that these people were, regardless of consequences, prepared for death even. This is the source of their strivings is a more deep thing than the ordinary man's desire.



more elemental and less tinged by the conventional fear of failure and consequence. The lives of Napoleon, Hugo Stinnes, and Rasputin illustrate these points.

In other words, when a man has discovered in an elemental way that he wanted his intimate enjoyment of happiness, and perceived that such happiness does happen through the external conquest of environment, he had pursued it till he found that it does not give him what he wanted. The failure of the outward comforts was the starting point of his weakening with his purpose, hence the failure that comes upon him, a fact that he himself is aware, because he had realised that the pursuit was misdirected. The nemesis then which overtakes him is not an outer fact of world consequences, a retributive crisis, but an inward discovery, a spiritual recognition of the uselessness of the means to his true purpose, his happiness. It is the recognition that nothing from the outer order of existence can contribute to his individual happiness. It is true that the outer failure does happen in a cataclysmical manner, an elemental reproach against his behaviour, but it is because the offensive that he had been taking was weakened to his own inward discovery of insufficiency of the means he had employed. Most people do not try to find this inferior weakening and try to explain it away. But even then some people may remark that their weakening is due to the innate recognition of their wickedness, but I point out that though it may be a true fact that they feel their wickedness and relent, their conceptions of failure and insufficiency of the goal and the means to it, were interpreted as wickedness which is but the easiest way to take it, having been trained to think in such terminology. They might have even mistaken the reaction of the environment as the retributive act of Divinity for the self-same reason as the previous.

Now there is no such differentiation as good or bad or wicked for a spiritual person who has been stirred to elemental action. There is only the Goal which is his Happiness, and everything is subservient to it. He approaches it from the elemental urgings of his existence, through his instincts which have their direction outwards and extended into the environment. He pursues the goal without halting and discovers that spontaneity in his action which knows no interrupted existence. Intellectual considerations have little weight with him, norms of conduct are simply non-existent. He knows one thing, and, that is what he wants. His want is happiness and to that everything is consecrated. That is his truth. But instincts lead him outward in the hope that, like the cravings of food and comfort, they may find their fulfillment in the world. Thus does he pursue, and that is why all wicked

men in the fullest sense of the term appear to be beasts, revealing the type of the animal—the instinctive action—feeling all the restlessness of the pursuit. Most of the persons in this world are straining at the leash of norms and customs, so much so we do not see that full and free function of instinct except in the truly wicked and the truly good. No doubt such a training had been in the interests of social living, but that has meant also the death of living itself finally. All living men wicked as well as good have been of this elemental kind. But their spheres were demarcated as the external and the internal—the exploitative and the creative, respectively.

The pursuit in the external world in search of happiness, namely, the fullest expression of oneself, meets with check because expression is dependent upon the external circumstances. The meaning of self-expression consists in the dependence of all expression on the individual, not as a result of conquest, as something depending upon the environment, persons and things, but as an action started within, due to a fullness within oneself, not as a want to be satiated and completed in the environment, but as something complete finding an overflowing outside itself. The individual spirit then functions elementally and being trained to think that all wants can be got at from the outer world, physical needs, moral, and mental and religious aspirations all become of the same kind. Gods and codes are treated in the same manner, as external things which have to be possessed. The difference, then is forgotten in spite of doctrines of Divine immanency. Thus, instead of trying to express oneself and feel oneself as complete and capable of infinite self-expression, one is misdirected and seeks conquests outside to get this immanent completeness of existence of oneself—possession being the law of outer movement. Thus intuitive in very nature, creative by very being, the individual is made instinctive and animal by the codes of morality, and in both cases, whether intuitive or instinctive, being elemental beings, they set at naught the codes of morality and conceptions of divinity. Neither wickedness nor goodness has any foot-hold in their consciousness—there is only the fullest expression of their existence. The failure of their strivings in the external world only makes them discover the character of their reality. No doubt, as it has been said, he can also ascend if he can descend. If we have to speak of wickedness as failing it is not because it is wickedness that failed, it is because the objective instinctive direction has not been enough to satisfy the purpose of human existence. It has only shown the individual that it had been a response to the environment rather than a creation of his being—a reaction rather than an action. This discovery then is a recognition of the intelligence as creative, not as merely an instrument of instinctive

desires which have to be more and more acquisitive and exploitative. When every individual discovers his creative intelligence, which is elemental and perfect and complete, then there is no exploitation of the intelligence by the instinctive misdirection. In the purposes of the outer-world the instinctive has full play if only the individual in an elemental manner gives it full scope. That is why wickedness and goodness equally succeed. If the good do not succeed it is because they are not elemental, they are incapable of sincerity. The truly good have been as elemental as the wicked, but they were interiorly-turned creative existences to whom the external was nothing. The conflict of good and bad has been not because of this conformity to this or that, nor is it a question of innate worthlessness of one and the value of the other, it is a question of instinctive externality and the intuitive intensivity, reactionary activity and creative activity. If wickedness fails it is because the individual who is apparently wicked discovers himself as complete within himself and not incomplete as he till then thought himself to be. When he discovers this at the self-same moment the elemental action of intuition takes its birth. Between the instinctive and the intuitive there is an apparent and very visible similarity, and the one is the Wicked and the other is Good, only they refuse to align themselves with the ordinary conventions and conceptions. Wickedness and Goodness in an absolute sense have no real value, for what is valuable is the discovery of the Self as complete and creative, and this is Goodness and everything. To the living, which these persons are, there is no theory, only these theories of goodness and wickedness are satisfactory to little minds. The wicked win, and the good 'also run,' but wickedness succeeds more effectively in this world because its zone is the world, and goodness does not because its zone is other than the external world. The success of the wicked persons is due to the one-pointed direction of their existence, whereas to the good who fail there is confusion of direction, they are not true to their elemental existence, intuition and creation.

The Water-Lily.

BY DR. N. R. DEOBHANKAR

I



I gazed at the panorama in sheer ecstasy. Of Nature's beauty we have quite a feast in Bengal, but—ah! the ghats of Deccan! They are superb! My master was right. The artist must often worship his goddess in distant lands, under strange skies. Setting up my portable easel I was soon engrossed in the alchemy of colours.

Lured by the scenery, I had detrained not far from Bombay. After a night's rest at the dak-bungalow, I was out for a tramp with my artist's equipment. The hotels, nursing homes and other amenities of a hill-station were passed. The road was left far behind. A winding track led to this mountain wood.

It was a November morning. A wild ravine lay at my feet. Beyond it stretched the smiling plain. Its cluster of cottages and barns looked like a toy model on a green carpet. Dots of men and cattle moved about, busy with the winter crops. In the farthest distance stood the blue hills. The spirit of the scene enthralled me, and I was lost in catching its reflection.

"I would blot out that third tree in the fore-ground, if I were you," said a soft voice in English, behind me. I turned round with a start. A young lady, of my own age, bright-eyed and lissom, was gazing at my canvas. "That would bring the cottage into better relief," she added gravely.

I had heard that women observed no purdah in these parts. Yet I was taken aback. Partly it was the suddenness and partly the spell of her beauty. My confusion was heightened by her serene aloofness. Discussing art with youths in lonely woods seemed a daily trifle to her.

"Yes, you are right," said I, pulling myself together, and trying the suggested effect with a stroke of the brush. "Do you paint?" I asked. A more banal remark was not possible, but I could not help it. My mind was puzzled at her being out so far and by herself. She must be a lover of Nature, on a holiday at the hill-station.

"Oh, I have done a lot of that," she replied. "But that was ages ago." There came a hard expression in her deep eyes. My first glance had revealed her as a scheme of sweet femininity. But now it flashed upon me that those glowing eyes did not quite fit

into it. I also found something vaguely incongruous about the frigid air of detachment in one so young and lovely.

She was twisting and untwisting her slender fingers. I rose from my stool as she seemed in no hurry to leave.

"Please don't!" she requested firmly;—then as an afterthought: "unless you would let me put on a few touches for you—just in fun, you know." Her lips quivered with a smile.

"With pleasure," I replied promptly. It was a strange request but, after all, what did it matter? I adjusted the catch in the stool for her and handed her the palette.

Then followed the most astounding transformation I had ever seen. As her brush made rapid sweeps, objects took vivid shape, colours sparkled and the whole scene began to throb with life.

All this while she was lost in rapture and kept humming a strange refrain, sad and sweet and altogether weird in its spell.

II

Then as she laid down the brush to survey the effect, she caught my eye and seemed to wake up with a start. "How do you like it?" she asked with resumed composure.

I had served Art long enough to recognise a master hand when I saw one. Words failed me as I tried to express my surprise and admiration.

She came to my rescue with some polite protest. "But it was sweet of you," she added, "to let me tamper with your—". Suddenly she stopped with a frightened look and sprang to my side. "There!—there!" she shrieked, pointing beyond me and clutching my arm.

"What's the matter?" I asked, spinning round.

"The lunatic! Oh God! It's the lunatic!"

A short, dark man, past forty with dishevelled hair and wild, bulging eyes was bearing down upon us at full speed. He was dressed in western style. His trousers were splashed with mud and his tie had slipped under the ear. "Catch her! Don't let her go!" he shouted, mopping his brow.

"Don't—oh, don't let him touch me! Oh!—ooh!" she shrieked clinging to me.

He rushed upon her, biting his lips and glaring like a bull. A second more and he had clasped her, but I was in time and the wrist catch told. With a yell of pain he crashed to the ground, writhing in my grip.

THE WATER-LILY

"You—you—what the devil you—" he spluttered but did not get further. My silk *chaddar* was hanging from a branch overhead. The lady snatched it like lightning and gagged him neatly.

"What's this trouble?" I asked on binding my man and recovering my breath.

Her chest was heaving with excitement, her eyes were like live coals. "This is the second time he has chased me this morning," she replied, and asked after a pause: "You know the red brick-building over there?"

"The Mental Hospital?"

"He has escaped from it—and insists that I am his wife! The impertinence of it! What a plight for unsuspecting strangers!"

"But what are the keepers and nurses doing?"

"Oh—these private institutions! A hopeless business! No discipline! I stay in a bungalow next door and I know."

"Now that our friend is nicely trussed up, how shall we dispose of him? Must call in the nearest policeman, I suppose. Do you mind if I leave you for a while?"

"Of course, I do! I'm not going to stay with him all alone in this jungle for a kingdom. Let me get help and leave you to his charming company."

Seeing the force of her suggestion I agreed and off she went. Our mad friend made another desperate struggle at her departure. There was the despair of frustration in his protruding eyes, as he watched her receding form. Then he glared at me with the dumb, malignant hatred of a life-time.

III

Some twenty minutes after the lady's departure I heard the tramping of feet. Feeling fidgety I had left the clearing in the wood where this adventure had taken place and was walking up and down the footpath near by. Help had apparently arrived earlier than expected.

A gentleman in white uniform and a servant in khaki were approaching in haste. "Have you seen our patient?" asked the former. "I am the doctor from the Mental Hospital."

"Follow me," said I, proud of my capture and led the way. The clearing was hidden from view by the tangle of a gay-flowered vine.

"Why!" exclaimed the doctor on reaching the spot. "This is Mr. Barve! Why is he tied and gagged? Where is his wife? It's she who has escaped."

I stood open-mouthed and stared. The wood swam around me. I wondered whether it was all a dream.

It is best to draw a veil over the frenzy and candour of my victim's remarks when he was set free. Evidently he was a lawyer. Assault, battery and kidnapping were the mere side-shows of the felonies for which he promised to haul me up.

"She may have said anything," he snarled. "But have you no common sense? Do I look like a lunatic?"

He surely did, in his unkempt, excited state. But it was no use saying so. It would be adding insult to injury. So I parried the question and asked: "Who could take that painting as the work of a lunatic, either?"

The doctor was sensible and tried to conciliate the outraged lawyer. To me he explained that while the lady was attracting notice as a painter of distinction, she had a protracted illness and just scraped through with impaired reason.

"Her pet illusions are two," he informed me. "One that her husband is a mad man, out to molest her; the other that she is a water-lily, thirsting for her native element. If not closely watched, she flops down into every puddle or plunges into every pool she comes across, tearing off her clothes and humming strange tunes."

"Come along, doctor," shouted the husband, tidying himself and nursing his cramped limbs. "We are wasting time. She may be getting drowned somewhere, for all we know. Oh, if only this—this—Bengali had not been such a block-head!"

* * * * *

That evening, as I was packing up for the train, the servants were talking about a mad woman rescued from a lotus pond. The poor water-lily was evidently back again to her padded cell.

Her exquisite painting occupies a place of honour in my studio and her glowing eyes haunt me whenever I gaze at a lovely landscape.

The Strange Cure

BY P. G. KRISHNA IYER, B.A., L.T.

I



THIRTY years ago Ramu was a smart young man of twenty, handsome in appearance and charming in manners. He was tall in stature, and fair in complexion. His broad forehead and piercing eyes indicated much intelligence and alertness of mind. Born and brought up in affluence, he possessed an urbanity and deportment which exercised a peculiar fascination over all those who came across him. His well-built body glowed with a symmetry which was the pride of his family and the envy of his companions.

He was very fond of books and there was hardly any book on fiction or travel, biography or popular science which he had not read and digested. He was a fluent speaker and a good writer of chaste English, which easily gained for him a unique place among his college mates.

Scarcely had eight months elapsed since he joined the Madras Christian College for his B. A. course when he began to feel a sort of uneasiness in his stomach. The hot climate of the city, coupled with the use of raw rice and East-Coast preparations at the hotel, seemed to have told upon his health. He consulted two of the best Doctors and remained under their treatment for long; but in vain. The malady grew worse as each day passed. The heaviness and the burning sensation in the stomach soon after meals gradually became unbearable. His cheerfulness and bright optimism soon deserted him, and he came under the spell of a wasting melancholy. Life itself seemed a burden to him. The spectre of an early grave often dangled before his heated imagination. Company he hated, and avoided if possible; books, which were his favourite pastime, filled his mind with loathsome horrors. To sit long in the night at his desk had become well-nigh impossible. His eyes ached; his temples split and his heart fluttered. The shrill whistle in his ears never ceased. He felt a reeling sensation even while he walked from his lodging in the Linga Chetty Street to the College, and he often pinched his ears and rubbed his eyes and hands on the road to make himself sure that he was alive. His condition had in short, grown intolerable.

"This uneasiness in my stomach," said Ramu to his friend and room-mate, Mr. Menon, as he was lying on his canvas chair in the evening after their return from the College, "This

squeamishness is taking the life out of me. I feel that my days are numbered". A cloud passed over Ramu's face.

"What means this note of despair, my dear fellow," said Mr. Menon. "It was only yesterday that Dr. Koman examined you thoroughly for the twentieth time and found nothing seriously wrong with you. Dr. Koman is not an ordinary physician, you know."

Ramu: "True, but what the Doctor does not find, I feel. The acidity and the burning sensation inside and the giddiness often make life unbearable. And yet—"

Mr. Menon: These are but the symptoms of weak digestion. Do minimise brain work, my friend, and take more physical exercise. Why don't you play football or volley ball like us? You are always at your desk with your studies. You must swim, run, and be merry like any of us.

Ramu: "Would that I could follow your advice! I had been a good football player once; but alas! I seem to be physically unfit for all that now." And a tear dropped from his quivering eyes.

Mr. Menon: Cursed be the hypochondria which has taken possession of you! Whoever will believe you are ill?

Ramu: I am afraid my ailments have baffled these learned doctors. Else why have they failed to cure them? Probably they could not diagnose the disease correctly. Why not I try some Ayurvedic or Unani physician? That 'Ayyan Vadhyar' is clever, they say. And then we have Ayyappan Vaidyan, Pappu Kanyar, Abdul Ratif and Vishnu Potti, and a host of others who are all very famous in our locality.

Mr. Menon: Why? There are hundreds of others also like them whose claim to the profession is heredity—and nothing more. Many of them are quacks. For Heaven's sake, look before you leap in that direction. Pray, believe you are not ill,—that you are quite all right.

Ramu: How can I believe what is not a fact? Even you, Menon, little realise what trouble there is in my—"

"Still harping upon the malady, Ramu? You ought to be ashamed of yourself" interposed Dr. Koman, who had just got into the terrace; Ramu remained in brown study for a while; and then, with a deep breath looked straight at the doctor with his eyes brimming with tears. "My dear doctor," he began, "Say what you may, but my stomach trouble persists with unabated obstinacy."

Dr. Koman: "It is all your imagination, Ramayya. Your stomach is all right and has not become distended; your heart, liver, and spleen are quite normal. Your urine is free. I say with a full sense of responsibility that there is nothing alarming about your health now. You remain still unconvinced? I can see it from your face. For your satisfaction and mental peace I have arranged with two more I. M. S. Doctors to call on us here together tomorrow morning at 7-30 and to examine you thoroughly." "Please, be ready then," added Dr. Koman as he rose and departed in some haste after warmly shaking hands with Ramu and Mr. Menon.

The two friends sat in silence for some time and then taking a cup of tea made themselves ready for the evening walk from the Town Beach to the Triplicane Marina.

II

The clock struck 8 in the night when Ramu accompanied by Mr. Menon returned to his lodging fatigued more in mind than in body. During their long stroll along the winding beach Ramu's pensive eyes often fell on the boisterous onrush of the never-ending array of waves and their terrible smash on the rising sand-banks; and on his absent ears struck the long-drawn agony of their hasty retreat. The cool evening breeze covered his fevered frame with a thousand kisses. But alas! he moved on dead to all that which once enchanted him and led him on to the regions of inexpressible bliss. The boundless expanse of water which seemed to proclaim the majesty of God and the sight of which invariably reminded him of the immortal lines of Byron before and filled his mind with immeasurable joy and life, the crescent moon sailing slowly among the myriads of twinkling stars across the fathomless vault of heaven above, the sweet music rising from the band-stand in the distant Marina, the subdued hum of the men and women who had gathered in their hundreds on the wide sandy beach opposite the Senate House and the Presidency College—these drew forth no response from his drooping spirits. He seemed to live and move in a world of dreams. Even the attempts of his bosom friend, Mr. Menon to divert his mind to other and more arresting channels of thought and action were in vain.

It was past midnight. Like an enchanted city of silence, there lay Madras beneath the glimmering light of the celestial dome. The solemn stillness which had shrouded the air around was broken only by the muffled groans of the shattered and shattering billows on the yonder beach, and by the gasping sighs of the wearied dynamo attached to the General Post Office. The street lamps had all died out, and the whirling stream of flame

that shot forth from the lofty light-house towering over the High Court Buildings hovered about, the solitary Guardian-Angel of the sleeping city.

The clock struck one, two, three; still Ramu lay rolling on his sleepless pillow. All his endeavours to coax the Goddess of sleep were to no purpose. The tragic incident of the detective novel he was at, during the day, haunted his imagination. The professors' monotonous and often irritating discourse in the class room, the composition exercise he wrote in the English class, the test paper he answered, the corpse he saw on his way back from the College that evening, the loving letter from his wife which the evening post had brought, the proposed examination by the doctors the next morning.....these and many other thoughts marched past his heated brain in quick succession, with confused vividness and pleasing horror. Ramu remained pondering over his wretched condition, and the dreadful consequences of his premature grave on his old parents and on Lalita, his young and devoted wife who was the very pink of feminine modesty and elegance; and he shuddered. "What next", he added to himself in suffocating despair, "Medicines I have tried; diets, regulated; family deities, propitiated; and yet.....and yet....." Ramu did not say the rest of it; for, in utter fatigue, his eyelids fell; his ears closed: and he got merged in an overpowering slumber, and lay for a few moments oblivious to the many ills which "the flesh is heir to". The slumber was soon disturbed. He thought he saw some one standing close to his bed. He gazed at the figure, which was certainly not of flesh and blood. His eyes recoiled from the sight in terror; but soon turned back again at it instinctively. Did it speak before it vanished or was it only his imagination?

Ramu jumped out of his bed, his shivering body covered with profuse perspiration. He lit his lamp with some effort and made an attempt to recollect what he imagined he heard. "You are drugged, Ramu, my boy; consult an astrologer, and seek out the remedy." These words rang in his ears over and over again in unmistakable clearness.

Ramu sat lost in thought for a time; and roused himself from it with a deep moan. His mind had been made up. He would go home for the holidays and carry out the instructions of the strange figure. "Do morning dreams go by contraries?" he asked himself several times, as he rose from his bed. "No, never, never" came the answer from the early cock on the terrace of the neighbouring house. With a start Ramu turned and musingly walked down the stairs to wash his excited face with a handful of cold water from the pipe before turning for prayers to the

East which had begun to glow with the gray rays of the approaching dawn.

III

Ramu had just returned home for the Michaelmas holidays with his health greatly impaired. The I. M. S. Doctors' examination and prescriptions gave him no relief. Visibly had faded away the bloom on his handsome face which now seemed under the spell of a grim melancholia. He had lost much weight and had grown so terribly thin that every bone of his body could be counted with the naked eye.

The prospect of getting home again away from the dust and the din of the city cheered him up for a while. "The dry breeze of my native village will invigorate me; and the nice food my loving mother will prepare for me will soften my trouble" he thought to himself as he was nearing home after a day's tedious journey by train. But when he knew on arrival that his parents had suddenly left for the distant north to look after his brother who was down with fever and that it might be some weeks before they could return, Ramu's disappointment became poignant. His heart sank in momentary helplessness. His sister Seeta who was in charge of the house immediately took charge of the invalid; and the arrival of Lalita soon after gave him added consolation and strength. But the absence of his affectionate parents from home at a time when their presence seemed indispensable was a blow which fell heavily on his failing heart.

Seeta and Lalita moved in the matter with such promptness that within twenty-four hours of Ramu's arrival at home, arrangements had become complete to fetch the astrologer from Vembalore fifteen miles off. It was one o'clock the next day when Andi Ezhuthachan, the learned astrologer, reached the village. He was a short stout man of 62, dark in complexion. His round wrinkled face had lost none of its smartness of expression, nor his aged eyes, their lustrous fire. The double row of the garland of "Rudraksh" round his short neck and the thick coating of the sacred ashes on his forehead, breast and hands, combined with the long grey beard flowing from his turned-up chin added a sort of sanctity to his otherwise uninteresting figure. The spotlessly white cloth he had worn was hardly enough to cover the entire girth of his globular belly; and it was well secured by a long sashlike upper cloth.

With the customary forms of obeisance Andi entered the house and squatted on the floor facing the East. And while the object of the sudden call was explained partly by Ramu, but in greater detail, by his loquacious sister, the *courie* bag issued out of

the astrologer's left-hand arm-pit, rather drenched with the profuse perspiration welling out from that depth. The chequered figure to represent the twelve houses of the planets was drawn on the floor with a piece of grey salem stone and the position of the major and minor planets of Ramu's horoscope and that of his wife represented with the couries. As calculations began, couries were pushed up and pulled down with astonishing precision and rapidity. Ramu sat near-by in breathless silence, closely watching Andi's facial expressions as he finished each calculation and minutely studied the horoscopes. After detailed manipulations of the couries, which lasted for more than thirty minutes, he began: "Saturn is a bit cross at present; yes—Saturn; but better times are coming when Jupiter and Mars come to the ascendancy in a couple of months."

"Then how do you explain my present condition of health, Andi?" asked Ramu rather impatiently.

Andi: The position of Moon is auspicious, and your health, therefore, ought to be good; but, there is 'Rahu' to be reckoned with. Yes, Rahu—he may cause some temporary trouble;—only temporary trouble. Longevity is assured. Have no fear on that score."

Lalita and Ramu drew out a sigh of relief; and the astrologer continued, "Your present malady may have been due to..... to..... wait; let me see....."

Ramu: "Due to what, Asan? You need not conceal anything from me, Andi. I want you to be plain with me for, to me it is a question of life and death. Do you suspect my being drugged.....?" sprang out from Ramu's parched up tongue.

The shrewd astrologer caught the hint in a moment, and prepared a "prasnam" for the answer. The couries were conically heaped, and after the usual prayers over them, a handful was taken apart, and counted. "No doubt about that, Kochu Sami" said Andi in a voice which had a ring of sincerity and conviction, "One of your nearest relations—very likely a woman—appears to have done you this wrong," he added with a significant shake of his bald head.

Ramu perspired from head to foot; and said, "Can you tell me why the drug was administered, and by whom?"

Andi: Why should we probe into all that, Ramayya? We have now known the cause of your trouble. Will it not do? If Kochu Sami is very particular, Andi will, of course,.....

Ramu: "Leave that, Andi; what is the remedy?"

Andi: Why? It must be vomited out:—that is all.

Ramu: How? Where?

Andi made some further calculations again and began, "You had better go to the temple at 'Thiruvazhai' Yes—

Thiruvazhai, I mean. To-morrow 12 noon is the auspicious time for you to start. Go, and you may be sure of immediate cure."

The ticking calls of the grey lizard from the roof confirmed the astrologer's opinion.

* * * * *

IV

It was just lighting time when Andi took leave of Ramu and departed with the four rupees, he had received as remuneration for his four-hour examination of the horoscopes. Dusky shadows of the approaching night were falling fast everywhere.

Streams of villagers, men, women and children were flowing towards the village temple for evening prayers and worship, as Andi was slowly wending his lonely way back through the streets. And the whisper soon spread from lip to lip that Ramu had been drugged some years ago and that his present malady was due to it. The inner and outer precincts of the temple resounded with this latest gossip. And naturally—; for, did not his wealth and social position entitle him to be in the lime-light however much he would fain recoil from it? The question as to who would have drugged him and why, was discussed with warmth, particularly among the women-folk. "To kill him" said one. "No—No" said another. "Drugs are said to be given to drive men mad or dull."

"To captivate also," blurted out a third.

While discussions among the villagers were going on with unabated interest, Ramu did not remain idle; for, as soon as the astrologer had departed, he held a brief consultation with his wife and sister and despatched a swift messenger to fetch at once his father-in-law who lived in a village eight miles off. The conviction that he had been drugged worked on his imagination so profoundly that Ramu felt unnerved more than before. He found little appetite for the usual ovaltine even, that night; and the heaviness of his head and its reeling sensation increased a hundred-fold. He felt the preliminary rumblings of a terrible volcanic eruption inside. His pulse grew weak and irregular, and the tips of his fingers fell to an alarming chill. He even feared the approach of sudden obmutescence and collapse. And but for Lalita who stood near nursing him and inspiring his faint heart with her wonted sagacity, Ramu would have fallen an easy victim to hysterical coma. The clock pointed to 9 p. m. when his father-in-law arrived in breathless haste, accompanied by the famous Ayurvedic physician, Kaviraj Pichan, than whom

there was none more ingenious or more capable in and around that part of the globe.

Ramu slowly rose from his bed with the help of his angelic wife and sat cross-legged on the sofa with some effort. He then explained in brief to his father-in-law the astrologer's view regarding his malady. So overwhelmed was he by uncontrollable emotion that he sobbed like a little child for some time, and then made a moving appeal, more by facial expressions than by words, to take him to the temple at Thiruvazhai for the cure the next day, if possible. But before his father-in-law could reply, the Kaviraj interposed, and desired to examine Ramu's pulse and general condition and to make sure that he was in a fit condition for the long journey of 60 miles. And as the examination was going on, he expressed his surprise that a drug administered some years ago should stay on in the alimentary canal. "The very idea seems mysterious, if not preposterous. But nature's ways are inscrutable," he added with a twinkle in his eye. But Ramu's belief was deep-rooted.

"If you will not object", said the physician at last, "I shall try the medicine I used with success in the case of Aanu" a few months ago.

Father-in-law: You know Aanu, Ramu, that young and promising vakil in our court. A poor man with a large family to support. He had a malady in many respects similar to yours, and he was cured by this Kaviraj in no time.

Ramu: Is it so? Then why not I also give the mixture a trial?

"Do give it a chance, my son," said his father-in-law.

The matter was quickly settled, and the Kaviraj soon drove back in a fast car to prepare and bring the wonderful mixture immediately.

The presence of his father-in-law and the hope which the proposed mixture engendered in his heart roused Ramu from his usual torpor. He took a cup of hot coffee and felt its invigorating influence. "When we started, Ramu," commenced his father-in-law, "We had very auspicious omens; besides, something in me tells me that you will be quite all right soon."

"May your words come true!" said Ramu in fervent prayers.

The conversation soon turned on Ramu's Madras life, his parents' sudden departure to the north, and several other topics of domestic interest till the physician arrived, and knocked at the door. And, as he entered the room, he carefully concealed a small phial in the inner pocket of his coat and kept another in his hand.

"Here is the mixture, Sir," said he as he approached the young invalid, shaking well the bottle in his hand. "Pray take it in" he continued with an encouraging smile.

Ramu washed his hands and feet and with many a prayer to the "Dhanvanthara Moorthi," the presiding deity of medicines, he drank it with many facial contortions, and stretched himself on the sofa.

The Kaviraj sat on a chair not far from Ramu's bed; while Ramu's father-in-law lounged on the easy chair lying a little apart.

A quarter of an hour passed in silence during which all remained absorbed in conflicting thoughts. And then Ramu began to vomit profusely at varying intervals till he grew very weak. The doctor had in the meanwhile moved towards the tray which received the matter ejected from Ramu's stomach and sat busy examining it carefully each time with the aid of a small piece of candle.

"There it is" he exclaimed at last starting up in unconcealed surprise, as the little emptied phial flew stealthily back into his inner pocket: "Thank God," he added, "the ingredients of the poisonous drug have been thrown out and a young and precious life saved."

Ramu, though much fatigued, bounded up from the bed as one inspired and cast his wondering eyes on the blue black semi-solid substance lying mixed with the contents of what he had eructated a minute or two ago. All gazed at the strange thing and all wondered.

Ramu seemed to feel immediate relief. A new vigour began to course through his blood vessels. His old sprightliness appeared to play on his smiling face once again, for, is not seeing believing?"

For four weeks more, Ramu remained under the treatment of the Kaviraj who succeeded in erradicating his dyspeptic complaints.

Ramu is now 50 years old, quite strong and healthy for his age, and is in the full enjoyment of unclouded happiness which health, wealth and position can offer. But never does he allow a day to pass by without remembering in loving gratefulness the great physician who saved him from an early grave.

Was the strange substance thrown out of Ramu's bowels, or did it come out of the concealed little phial? Let not Ramu suspect.

"Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise."

The Taj.

By Mrs. Kamalabai Tilak, M. A.



HE stood bewildered at the entrance of the Great Taj. Boys were hooting at her and pelting her with small stones from the red gravel by the wayside. She had turned her back on the White Wonder, her head hung down and tears flowed ceaselessly from her eyes.

Suddenly the crowd around her divided and a princely figure stepped forward. His heart melted with pity at her sight.

"What does the poor child want?" he turned towards the crowd and asked.

There was a roar of laughter. "The beggar wants to see the Great Taj".

"Then why do you not allow her to go?", said he.

She lifted her head slowly and murmured: "How can I go alone?"

"Why does not any one of you accompany her?" he addressed the people.

Her eyes were filled with scorn. "I do not want any of these vulgar lot", said she.

"Hear her, hear her," hissed the mob. "The hag does not want any of us".

He stepped forward and said to her: "Come, I shall take you."

They were startled. "But, my lord," they clamoured, "my lord, she is mad, she is wild sometimes."

He went near her and touched her shoulder: "Come with me," he murmured.

The girl thrilled from top to toe. "You—you—my lord—you will take me to the Taj—that immortal symbol of innocent love!"—"Oh Lord, Lord, do I deserve so much?" said she, wringing her hands out of joy.

He held her kindly by her trembling hand and led her towards the great Taj. She soon lost her fear in her mute wonder. They went and stood side by side near the resting places of the lovers. A feeling of awe came over them.

Suddenly she caught him by the hand and whispered: "Shall we take our oaths here?"

"What oaths you mean, little one?" he asked, absent-mindedly.

"No, no, not here; there are they coming, all of them. To the minaret, come to the minaret."

She rushed wildly towards the minaret which stood by the side of the dark, amorous Jamuna, who was flinging her arms wildly to seize the beautiful Taj who had already captured her heart. He was surprised at her sudden wildness, but followed her quietly, overcome by a strange fascination.

Like a frightened deer she sprang upwards and onwards on the labyrinthine steps leading to the top of the minaret. He could hardly keep pace with her. She stood on the top and clapping her hands shouted. "Ah, none of them would come here now!"

He came up and stood by her, gazing on her face. She was flushed by the exertion and her eyes sparkled with joy.

She glanced at the Jamuna washing the feet of the minaret and at the magnificent Taj, and looked appealingly at him. "Now let us take our oaths here, my dear" begged she.

He also was overpowered by the bewitching beauty round him. "What oaths do you mean, pretty one?"

She flushed all the more and gently smoothing his flowing hair, exclaimed: "As if you do not know, my love!"

He started back, "Are you really mad as they say, you poor girl?"

She sank back in a heap on the floor. "Why did you bring me then to see the Taj" she moaned, "why indeed?"

He stood silent before her, mystified.

"Do you not know, then, the significance of this wonderful symbol of love? It arose out of love and so it must arouse love. The two who are made immortal by this divine memorial were bound together by the lasting bond of love. Let no one whose heart knows not the elixir of love dare to come on these sacred premises. Oh you traitor to me and to this great Taj." She sobbed through anger and despair.

He looked compassionately at her. "Poor unfortunate child!" he sighed, "they ought not to allow you to walk about by yourself like this."

Suddenly her sobs ceased; she looked at him scornfully and cried almost hysterically: "Go please, go away at once."

He stood, hesitating. "Come with me," he said and stretched his hand towards her.

She waved him back with an imperious gesture and turned her back on him.

Meekly he descended and went round and round the Taj until his feet ached. He made towards the gate but could not pass through it. He returned towards the Taj again and again as if he had lost there a jewel or something dear to his heart.

Suddenly he heard the noise of a throng of men rushing towards the minaret.

He started up. "What is it?" he asked, his heart beating fast.

One of them stopped for a moment to answer. "The mad girl—it is the mad girl, my lord".....

"What—what about her?" he asked impatiently.

"She has flung herself down from the minaret."

The man went away hastily to make up for what he might have lost by stopping for a moment. He looked after him, with an unknown agony in his heart. Tears rose in his eyes; he brushed them hastily and passed through the gate, far, far away.

A Child's Question.

I



ALAVATI was an impressionable child. Bright and healthy, she seemed not to suffer much for want of a mother's care. Although four months had sped since she knew she was motherless, her memory retained with vividness the event that had cast its deepening shadows on her home. Still it made her shudder to think of that June morning when her mother lay, cold and wan, on the bare earth. Still the convulsive dread she had experienced to approach the lifeless body of her mother, made her wet with the tiny beads of perspiration. Particularly the dolorous voice of her grand-mother, calling on her as she bewailed her mother's death, haunted her in silence.

But Time proved treacherous. Her father's dumb sorrow slowly changed into one of extreme irritability of temper and intolerance of resignation. His solemn resolve to be both a mother and a father to his only daughter lost strength in the face of the actual responsibilities of managing a household. Little Kala, frolicsome and mischievous as she was, subsided into a quietness beyond expectation in a child of her years, at the chiding voice of her father. Her large soft eyes invited the pity of all and more especially of her grandmother, whose perennial stream of tears only coursed down thicker and more fast at the child's shrewd sense of a personal loss.

Kala went to school and her grandmother anxiously waited for the child's return in the evening every day. One evening Kala looked thoughtful and stayed away from joining the other girls in their play. Her grandmother observed the change in the child and enquired, "Why dear, why are you keeping quiet; are you not going out to play with Rajam?"

"No, grandmother; I don't want to. Rajam teases me often. She says her father has promised her new dolls for Navaratri and asks me whether my father has also promised me. I know father will only get angry if I ask him for new dolls....." and she wept without finishing her sentence.

"Don't weep dear. Why should you have new dolls when there are enough? Can Rajam boast of such fine things as you own? Let Rajam try her best. She won't be able to get as good a collection as you." The trickling tears were wiped away.

"But will father permit me to take them out? Shall I ask his permission to-night?" said Kala as she leaned against her

grandmother and gently pulled the string of Tulsi beads hanging from her neck. The old lady drew her near and clasping her with a strength that fondness alone could supply, whispered low into her ear.

"Yes, we can have the dolls taken out and arranged tomorrow. But don't be making a fuss about it".

Kala was hilarious with enthusiasm and broke out "So we shall have it grandmother! And I'll invite all my friends here. Can I not.....Why, why are you shaking your head, grandmother?" Her beaming face changed signifying alarm.

There was a slow nod of the grand-mother's head followed by her failing voice "Not this year, dear" and before she could proceed, she was engulfed in a paroxysm of grief.

Kala appeared nervous. She had never but witnessed tears gushing out from her grand-mother's eyes. She escaped to the verandah outside, with the comportsing hope of having her dolls arranged the next day. Her father returned from the Court and eyeing her wistfully exclaimed "Why Kala, why are you standing on the verandah? Is it for joining the street urchins in their game?" Kala heeded not to his remarks but was intent on communicating to her father's driver her secret plan for the morrow. As soon as her father disappeared from the place, she jumped with a jubilant air and called the motor driver "Kandasami! Do you know I am having the *Kolu* tomorrow. Grandmother has agreed to allow me have it. You must bring the wooden stand down". Kandaswami remained indifferent. Kala was desperate in her attempts to make him reply. Finally he answered.

"Did you get your father's permission?"

"But grandmother has said yes". Kala was at her wit's end.

II

The next morning was one of excitement for little Kala. She planned everything with care. She should keep away from school in the afternoon. But in the morning she should be even more punctual than usual in her attendance at school, since her father should not suspect her plan for the afternoon. Everything turned out as she fondly hoped for. At 1 P. M. she returned from school for the midday interval with the idea of not returning to school for the rest of the day. The whole house was agog soon with her excited voice commanding and reprimanding the servants. The stand was placed in the centre hall. But there was trouble brewing already. There were hardly fresh white sheets to cover the wooden stand and the planks on which the dolls had

to be arranged. Kala was upset considerably. But her grandmother's timely offer of her spare white saree supplied the want. The dolls looked nice when they were arranged according to their size. Her grandmother was also busy mending some of the broken ones. Kala's heart fluttered with excitement at the sight of so many dolls. She swayed in her joy like a flower in the breeze. Her mind lived in a fantasy that Rajam could never possess such a good lot of them. She danced clapping her hands as the dolls were grouped on the planks that formed a gallery, and looked forward eagerly to the triumph she would score over Rajam, when her collections would look poorly by her own.

In the evening her father returned from court. Kala forgot her caution and dashed to him crying "Father, come and have a look at the dolls." Her father was silent and entered with her into the hall. The dolls, most of which were shaped out of clay and were swelling fresh with their multi-coloured paints, looked bright in the mellow light of the shaded electric lamps. Kala was proud to gaze at them. With her hands locked behind, she stood beside her father expecting his approval of her choice grouping. Her father was apparently displeased. He grew severe of expression and calling the servant said "Kandaswami, remove these things at once. Who did this?" and he cast a searching glance at his mother, who sat demure in the corner expecting his disapproval would not last long. Poor Kala was startled out of her wits and with irrepressible tremour in her voice answered "Grand-mother said we can have the dolls taken out, father."

"Grand-mother! What a wise soul is she? She requires as much schooling as you do" and he was all in a flame.

The driver was diligent about his work. One by one the dolls returned to their place of incarceration. Kala saw the vandalism with her own eyes, where tears gathered like a summer tempest. Her grandmother was dazed at her son's behaviour. It was beyond her comprehension. She could not understand how ever a child as Kala could realise all this. How disproportionate was the punishment visited on the poor child; indeed how cruel to disappoint a tender heart!

Kala came crouching near her and sobbed "Grand-mother, I knew father would get angry....." and she was unable to speak owing to her tears. The old crumpled heart was moved. She assuaged the child's grief saying "Well, your father does not like to have any festivity in the house so soon after your mother's death. Next year, if I live, I shall see you get everything, dear; new dolls and fine festoons too to decorate the shelves."

It was indeed poor consolation to the aching heart of the little girl, who sobbed herself to sleep.

III

Two or three months after, in January, a friend of Kala's father visited her house. He stayed for some days with them. Her father and he went out together and returned late in the evening, only to be closetted again for long after dinner. Kala awoke at times in her bed to see the light still burning in her father's chamber and the low conversation of the new-comer audible in the stillness of the night. The friend left the house after nearly a fortnight.

Kala was attending her classes as usual. As she came home one evening, she found a jeweller in the house. She had seen him, occasionally in her friend Rajam's house bearing packets of diamonds and showing them to Rajam's father. She rushed to her grand-mother and asked her "Who is the jeweller? Has my father decided to purchase any new jewel? Do you know for whom?" She fondly expected only one answer from her grand-mother. For she was not aware of any person other than herself in the house to wear jewels. Her grandmother remained thoughtful and replied "I shall let you know."

But Kala's father never talked to any one else the result of his transaction with the diamond merchant. One night as Kala stood in her room she saw her father place a new velvet case in the iron safe. She was curious to know the contents of the velvet case; but fear to court her father's displeasure compelled her to remain engaged in her own conjectures.

The courts closed for the summer. It was a Thursday and her father was busy packing his things. Kala understood that her father had arranged to start that night. But none would tell her where he was going or what for. Her grandmother was almost sullen and would not answer her questions. Her father was not very easy of access. When her father started for the train, he spoke to his mother a few words inaudibly. Kala could perceive her grandmother getting sorrowful and speechless. She had occasion to observe her father being harsh to his mother. Her father left the house and Kala became hold. She saw her old grandmother broken by anguish. She asked her "Why do you weep so much? Did father scold you when he parted?"

"I wish I were dead, my dear" was all that she said and a prolonged wailing bore out eloquently her pent-up feelings. Kala was unhappy. What could grieve her grandmother? She could not solve.

Two days passed and before the first streaks of dawn were visible on the third morning, Kala's grandmother was active and moving about. The whole house looked neat. The floor was swept clean and watered. Fine designs in white flour were drawn on the pavement in front of the house. Kala woke up to find her house put on a festive appearance. Her heart felt a thrill of delight at the sight of fresh mango leaves decorating the front door. She was vaguely sensible of a pleasant function in the house. She watched with exhilaration her grandmother paint the borders of the flour designs with red paste.

Soon the hooting of a car horn was heard and the familiar sound arrested the attention of everybody in the house. The man and the maid servant exchanged glances and looked all readiness to watch the arrivals. Kala also ran to the front door. She saw her father getting down from the car and a stranger girl of fifteen accompanying him. Her wonder grew who could she be? Her father was a little abashed at seeing his mother. But the stranger made obeisance to the old lady with much sense of decorum and agility. Kala was consumed by curiosity. She noticed her grandmother looking askance and never opening her lips.

She snatched an opportunity as her grandmother was alone and queried "Grand-mother, what is all this? Have we any festivity here? Who is she that accompanied my father?"

"Yes dear, there is marriage in the house."

Kala became thoughtful. Her memory, which was uncommonly strong for her age, recalled her grandmother's words, uttered days back; and she hastened to ask

"You used to tell me, grand-mother, that father would not permit any festivity because mother had died. How can there be marriage in the house now? Will not father get angry?"

Kala's grand-mother only drew her close and bathed her in her tears.

"G".

Adventures of Kittu.*

BY V. BHASKARAN

[Kittu, the hero of these sketches, started his career under very good auspices. Graduating himself after some defensible somersaults, he extorted a job, through his father-in-law's influence, as a school master with an effective flourish of make-believe anger at his docile wife, Kamala. But the passion for the pedagogic profession survived only for a year. Again, there was a little storm in his father-in-law's house and Kittu crossed from the floor of the school room to that of the clerical sanctum—Editor.]

III

As an Official.

 HE prospect of a new role touched the imagination of Kittu to its very depths. This reaction was noticed in Kittu's father-in-law's house on that eventful morning when the official-cum-clerk-to-be prepared himself for his new post. Kamala was all flutter. Her mother waxed eloquent, dividing her time between kitchen and torrential directions to her dazed husband to attend to the needs of her dear son-in-law. The poor father-in-law, tossed between two formidable forces—the hectic commands of his obstreperous wife on one side and the consummate bluff of his son-in-law on the other—sought solace in the solitude of his room, but the raging storm within his own household gave him no peace. He peeped now and then out of his room and saw poor Kamala adjusting herself to the whims and fancies of Kittu. He only pitied her devotion, but was afraid to say anything about the unnecessary fuss that Kittu was making, lest his wife should descend upon him with an avalanche of choice billingsgate. Even the hours seemed to move slowly. Kittu at last decided his sartorial requirements, had his bath and ordered his food to be served on the table. Both the mother and the daughter had a hard time of it, and then began the dressing ceremony of Kittu. He donned his best suit, brushed his hair very fastidiously, put on his hat and came out of the room with an air of self-importance, followed by his wife and mother-in-law. His father-in-law who made himself bold to come out of his room greeted Kittu on the door-way and wished him all luck and happiness. Kittu surveyed for a second the aged figure with his usual contempt and walked away without even a whisper of thanks. As his figure faded, the poor old soul, in mixed agony and anger, was about to retreat to his room when

* The first instalment of "Adventures of Kittu" appeared in our issue of August 1933.

he met the ominous gaze of his wife. "Kittu looks grand in that dress, you see," he blurted half to himself, when his wife with a withering glance screamed loudly: "You hardly know how to treat your son-in-law. You have been sneaking all along in your room, and now you come out and say behind his back that his dress is grand. You are too fossilized to appreciate the true greatness of our Kittu." With this harangue, she flew into the kitchen, leaving Kamala and her father dazed. "Dear father, I can feel the tremour in your heart," said Kamala approaching her father and patting him gently and rousing him from his deep reverie. "Why do you feel worried over mother's remarks? You and I alone know what is in store for us. There is God to protect us all. Don't feel, father." "I am not at all feeling worried, my child," replied Kamala's father, "but for your sake—". Tears came to his eyes and with an effort he dashed away to his room, a prey to his own conflicting thoughts. Kamala, left alone, could see only the emptiness of the road before her gaze and would have remained in that mental vacuum for long but for a thunderous call from her mother.

Walking leisurely so as not to disturb the evenness and tailoring beauty of his suit, Kittu reached the office and asked the attender to show him the Manager's room. He was immediately led into a spacious room, littered with papers and files, and anxiously awaited the arrival of the Manager. In a few minutes, a tall lean figure, with files tucked under his arms, entered with a weather-beaten sulky face, walked straight up to his desk as if he had only one vision, placed the files on the table, took a crushed bundle of a turban (one of the earliest specimens sent from Lancashire for the benefit of this toiling humanity), adjusted it on his head, took out a pair of nickel-framed spectacles supported with a piece of thread on one side alone, adjusted it on his small nose and started examining the letters before him. Kittu was all along simply looking on, wondering at the leisurely metamorphosis of the figure opposite to him but not gathering enough courage to break this seeming endless silence. Having finished his preliminary work, the manager shifted his specks to the forehead and fixed his glance on the tip-top figure before him. Kittu tried to cough and was about to speak, when the manager in a voice which reminded one of the bleating of a strayed sheep, spoke: "Are you, Mr. Kittu?" "Yes, Sir," whispered Kittu. "Have you ever been in any job before?" was the next question. Kittu replied that he was a school master for a year. There was a pause, and the manager buried himself again in the papers after hoisting his glasses from the forehead to the nose. Kittu began to perspire and the courage which he was wont to show in his

father-in-law's house failed him now very miserably. At last, the manager broke the silence and addressing Kittu said, "I see, you have had no experience in any office. I shall first try you as a despatching clerk and if you pick up the work quickly, we shall see afterwards. Peon, show him that room. Mr. Kittu, I shall see you later on. I hope you will do well there." Kittu's dream of an officer's job all vanished in a moment like a mist, but what could he do there? It was all his choice and he must submit to it. Conducted by the peon, he found himself in a small dingy room which was shared by three other brothers of the same calling. Kittu was shown a table and the peon disappeared like an automaton. Being quite new to this job, he had naturally to look to his brothers for guidance.

The clerical trinity into whose room Kittu was ushered for his first baptism in official career was a strange mixture of humanity. One gentleman came from Malabar side, the other from Kumbakonam and the third from Andhra Desa. Kittu was the fourth from cosmopolitan Madras. The Malabar clerk had grown grey in despatching business, while the other two could boast of sufficient experience to mock at amateur's work. No brain work being needed for this kind of work, all the three had sufficient leisure at their command and Kittu's advent added further zest to their gossiping propensities. Kunju, the name of the Malabar gentleman, was the presiding deity in this room, while Seenu of Kumbakonam brand and Balabadrudu of Andhra stock played second fiddle to their master. As soon as Kittu settled himself in his seat, Kunju was the first to speak. A good lot of tobacco and bet le-leaves, chewed for hours, acted as a clog on the free speech of Kunju. But with considerable expertness he manipulated the contents in his mouth and blew forth a hurricane of words, which effort reminded one of a fellow speaking with a boiled potato, at 100 degrees centigrade, in his mouth. Kittu sat dumbfounded at Kunju's heroics. He could hardly make out what his Malabar clerk was wobbling. Kunju came suddenly to the end of his phillipic and then it was the turn of Seenu to speak. Combing his tuft of hair with his fingers, Seenu with a pinch of snuff in his hand and tobacco solution in his mouth interrogated Kittu and incidentally explained the nature of the work they were all expected to do. Balabadrudu was the last to speak. Like all great masters of art, he, in his own way, had perfected the style of English speaking in Andhra accents, and that was his chief pride and claim for special attention. He was not addicted to tobacco like his friends but always liked to smoke. His address to Kittu was short and crisp, though the whole gamut of his eloquence ran through sharp angles

and convulsive jerks and epileptic drawls. Nearly an hour passed in this way, and Kittu felt in no way illumined by all this flow of eloquence. Letters were coming in from various departments, but the talk did not seem to cease. At last Kittu, taking courage in both hands, asked Kunju, "Sir, what am I expected to do here?" There was an exchange of glances and Seenu came to Kittu's rescue. "Sort all the letters according to the places to be sent and enter the addresses in the despatching book you find there," replied Seenu in a friendly tone. Kittu then started on this laborious task, assorted the letters and entered the addresses in the book. This work never seemed to end and the peons were burying Kittu with fresher ones. The other three were either munching or talking about others' affairs. Obviously there was no work for them that day. The lunch hour arrived. Kunju drew a fairly fat newspaper packet from his drawer, Seenu his thermos flask and Balabadrudu his small brass tiffin-box. All the three went out without a word. Kittu had brought nothing with him and so he walked to the nearest hotel for a sip of coffee. By the time he returned to his table, his comrades were already in their seats. Balabadrudu was smoking away in evident ecstasy, while the mouths of his two friends looked like inflated foot-balls with reddish juice breaching through the corners of their closed lips. Kittu saw this picture of the three blissful souls who took everything easy and converted the office-room into a congenial arena for tobacco-chewing competition. But he had not enough guts to speak out his mind to his new co-workers. As the evening approached, Kittu found his colleagues too very busy finishing up their job with lightning rapidity and was astonished to see the way in which they cleared their tables and were preparing to go. He too picked up his work after a few hours of apprenticeship, and in the evening felt relieved to go home.

One day's experience as a despatching clerk brought enough philosophic reflections to the mind of Kittu. When he returned home with his mind full of Kunjus and Seenus and Badrudus, he was the recipient of a most warm welcome. Little did Kamala know the storm that was raging within Kittu. Her mother was broadcasting to her neighbours about Kittu's conquest of a new heaven, pointing out her son-in-law as he entered his room. Crest-fallen and completely disillusioned, Kittu sat in his room and brooded over his future. Kamala's smiles seemed to have no effect on him. Kittu having made the choice himself was not in a position to complain loudly. He spent a restless night and awoke somewhat early next morning. Choosing a lonely road, he commenced his first constitutional walk with a mind surcharged with varying emotions. He walked nearly three miles and took

rest for a while on a stone-seat on the road. A gentle tap on his shoulders roused him from his brooding thoughts and he saw his office manager standing in an altogether new garb. Kittu rubbed his eyes to have a clearer vision of what looked to him like an apparition of his manager. There was neither the closed and weather-beaten coat nor the elastic specs nor the turban that he could identify with the manager, but instead he saw him half-naked with sacred ashes besmeared all over his body and carrying a small vessel in his hand. "Don't get frightened at this sight," said the manager as Kittu stood gazing on, "you may not know that I am a very religious man. As all of us have to earn our livelihood, we have to adjust our roles according to the circumstances. Some may call this downright hypocrisy, but I prefer to look upon it as a certain means for success in life." Kittu, however, felt unconvinced at this elaborate thesis of his manager to explain away these incongruities of life, but was not prepared for a controversy on this topic. "By the by, how do you find the work?" queried the manager. Kittu simply answered "Quite all right. But I would like some brain-work." As he found the manager anxious to go and not very much inclined to accede to his wish, Kittu bade him good-bye and sauntered towards his home. As usual he attended the office regularly and applied himself strenuously to sorting work, though in his heart of hearts he hated this mechanical business. His jolly comrades slowly developed a liking for Kittu, and they had together a very happy time at their desks. Several months passed in this way and Kittu became an ardent convert to tobacco-chewing and snuff. In the morning and after lunch, they all carried on conversations by signs and facial grimaces, Kittu threw away his smart suits and took to typical clerical dress. Peace reigned for some time in his father-in-law's house. For a time Kittu's mouth was sealed and the boredom of the desk completely metamorphosed him and drained away all his zeal for quarrel and petty nagging at home. Kamala felt happy.

One day when Kittu came to the office as usual, a note from the manager told him that he was transferred to the other section on an increased salary. He took leave of his comrades and entered upon his new duties where work of a different nature awaited him. The room into which he found himself was big and spacious with a dozen clerks working at break-neck speed and with a superintendent supervising over them all. Here some brain work was needed and Kittu was initiated into the mystery of putting up notes on files. At first he thought this work was easy, but the plethora of endless papers completely engulfed him. He had to be pulled up several times for his slackness, and after a week of

severe ordeal, he got himself accustomed to this work. Here there was no chance of fraternising with his new comrades who were all serious-looking gentlemen, either very busy or trying to be very acceptable to the imperious superintendent. The latter looked an officer every inch, was very exacting but had an uncommon weakness for astrology. A clerk who could recite the names of a few stars alone became at once a favourite with the superintendent. The result was that everybody became an astrologer in that section. Kittu was blissfully ignorant of this science, but finding some flourish of this knowledge was necessary for future prospects he bought an English primer on astrology and studied it very carefully. In a month he picked up a few bits here and there sufficient to hood-wink his superior officers and waited for a chance to show off his predictive prowess. There was some discussion one day during lunch hour on the various aspects of Jupiter. The superintendent and the astrologically minded clerks were racking their brains together on a certain intricate planetary position. Kittu butted in casually and remarked that the evil effect was due to Mars being in quadrant to Jupiter. There was a flutter in the group and the superintendent looked up with amazement. "Quadrant, Mars, Jupiter," exclaimed the superintendent, "are names you find in English astrology, but do they apply to our science also?" "Yes, Sir," replied Kittu, "there is not much difference between the two—of course—". Kittu suddenly stopped here, not knowing how to proceed and promised to give his views later on, thus very adroitly avoiding the betrayal of his ignorance. But in the eyes of the superintendent, Kittu became a great authority on Western astrology. The clerks looked upon him with respect. Kittu had made his conquest. He read and digested more abstruse astrological problems and baffled his colleagues by his trines and quadrants and constant reference to Allan Leo and Sepharial. His work in the office was made easy and promotions came to him in quick succession. Blessed with a sharp mother-wit, he made himself popular with the clerkhood. Though his knowledge was superficial, he knew the way of exploiting it to his best advantage. The pedagogic experience helped him considerably to browbeat people of lesser calibre. He never made any sure predictions lest he should be caught red-handed, but discussed on the general principles of astrology with a note of omniscience here and there. He was the centre of all academic gossip and astronomical curiosities, and he shone very well with his flair and bluff in the company of mediocres who could not look beyond their files and orthodox predilections.

A year had passed like this with Kittu making conquest after conquest and rising steadily in the estimation of his superior

officers. Though the other clerks envied Kittu's growing popularity secretly, they were unable to do anything, and so joined in the chorus of his praise. Kittu had now secured a safe berth in the office and was next to the manager, his first God-father in the office. The superintendent retired and Kittu got up a grand tea-party in his honour. Everybody attended including his father-in-law, and Kittu memorised a written speech and delivered it as a piece of unpremeditated oratory to the astonishment of all. While everything was going on merrily for him, his ardour for official career slowly diminished within him, and he began to think of a profession where he could breathe a freer atmosphere, make speeches and win popular applause. He knew he could not at once become a freelance politician without some cash in the bank. Naturally he liked the profession of a lawyer where you could combine fat fees and occasional spree at public meetings. He consulted some of his select friends, and Kunju, Seenu and Balabadrudu, his earliest official comrades, advised him to appear privately for the First Grade Law Examination. Leaving astrology for a while, Kittu took to the study of law books in great earnest and spent many of his leisure hours over it. He took Kamala alone into his confidence and told her about his intentions. Months went by and the examination day arrived. Kittu took casual leave and attended the examination. He was satisfied with his answers and the office was deeply stirred at the impending departure of Kittu from their midst. When the result came, Kittu was in the successful list. He at once resigned his job much against the advice of his superior officers. The clerks feted him on the eve of his departure. Kunju, Seenu and Balabadrudu were the chief hosts and the retired superintendent presided over the function. The manager was there in the same dress that Kittu saw him first. After tea and music, Kunju rose to speak and spoke with inimitable pride on the conversion of Kittu to tobacco-cult and his consequent success in the office. Seenu referred to the sartorial changes in Kittu and hoped that he would ere long re-place crop by a clean-shaven head with a bunch of hair in the centre as a symbol of ancient Aryan wisdom. Balabadrudu pleaded for thorough Indianisation, and if that was not possible, provincialisation of English accents and looked to Kittu for this reformation. The retired superintendent was the next speaker. He spoke on Kittu's contribution to astrology and hoped he would soon found an academy of international astrology where both Indian and European systems could be studied and synthesised for the benefit of humanity at large. Kittu rose amidst cheers and replied elaborately to the speeches. He thanked one and all for the honour done to him and referred in detail to the appeals of his three dear comrades. He wished he could respect

their wishes, but he must, however, bide his time. The crop, he said, was essential to set off one's beauty and the tuft-of-hair business was a relic of barbarism. As for Balabadrudu's appeal, Kittu would rather wish that the champion of indigenous accents himself took up this work as he was the living embodiment of that creed. Turning to the retired superintendent's remarks, Kittu said that he would do his best towards the consummation of that dream. Cheers rent the air, as Kittu sat down. Like a hero, he left the meeting and reached his home. As usual, the preparations for enrolling himself as a lawyer started in the house. There was again a storm and poor Kamala was tossed to and fro.

We shall pursue Kittu's career as a lawyer in the next chapter.

The League of Husbands.

A Causerie.

BY P. K. ANANTNARAYAN, M. A. L. T.

I



OME time ago it was published in the papers that an association has been formed in Madras, named S.P.C.H., Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands. And more recently it was announced that a similar organisation under the League of Husbands has been set on foot in the Panjab.

The promoters, it was mentioned, had come to realise that, whereas the very basis of social life and order has been threatened by the attitude of modern women and wives, it has become imperative to take steps to preserve the dignity and honour of husbands in all classes of society. The membership of the society is open to all husbands between 18 and 80; and bachelors who have irrevocably committed themselves to the marriage noose are permitted to enroll themselves as apprentices to get training to discharge their duties efficiently later on.

Among the chief aims and objects of the society are:

- i. To discuss various forms of cruelty practised in their respective homes at their Club meetings;
- ii. To hold open air meetings and organise demonstrations to educate public opinion and enlist public sympathy for their cause;
- iii. To move the parliaments and assemblies of various nations to enact legislation on important problems, such as the respective functions of husband and wife in the family, birth control, responsibility to bear children, regulation of the number of partners permissible in an adult's life-time, the domestic budget, rules regarding the keeping and use of arms and other weapons in the house, duties of the married couple regarding votes, etc. etc.

This strange piece of news has set me a thinking and pondering for the last many weeks over the circumstances that have led to the organisation of such novel societies in an antiquated country like India. And being an old-fashioned man and husband on the verge of fifty, the writer hopes he will be able to take a dispassionate view with philosophic detachment on this momentous question, which has given rise to his causerie.

Madras, being an advanced province and free from the curse of the purdah system for ages, has probably felt the need for a virile Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Husbands, being also probably inspired by the example of the other humanitarian society with regard to 'animals,' to whose level they have been reduced in their hearths and homes. Our Panjab brethren, on the other hand, are satisfied with a more modest 'Husbands' League,' being stern men of action, and not being subjected to the same amount of domestic tyranny as their docile brethren in the South. Anyhow, it is apparent that the evil has become chronic and wide-spread, and now embraces the whole country from Cape Comorin to Kashmir, and the remedies have consequently to be of a radical and comprehensive nature.

II

The Great War, with the eccentric doctrine of 'self-determination,' has been the parent of many of the evils and troubles under which the present-day world is groaning. But not even the use of poison gas, or military bombing from aeroplanes, has led to such a commotion and chaos as the revolution that has taken place in the position and function of woman in society. In a word, they claim, nay, demand perfect equality with men in all respects and in all walks of human life. Whether we like it or not, we are all now faced with the knotty (or 'naughty') problem.

One word to our Indian sisters. Do not forget, in the intoxication caused by the wine of new freedom, that we are the inheritors of a glorious civilisation, which accorded a very high place to its women in domestic and social life. "Where women are honoured, there the Gods are pleased," declares Manu. For ages India has placed her womanhood on a high pedestal, elevating her almost to the status of a Goddess. They have long been the custodians of our noble ideals, traditions and beliefs. Long before women in the West enjoyed any rights or privileges, their Indian sisters have often been the "power behind the throne," and always exercised a silent but subtle queenly influence in the family as mother and wife. Let us not be misunderstood. We are all for the freedom of Indian Women, but not for the unrestrained licence, which goes under that name, and which some of the 'radical intellectuals' among them clamour for.

What is the modern girl like? She is the antithesis of the Victorian ideal of woman in all respects. Her social standards have undergone radical changes. She is an unruly mutineer opposed to the observance of any standard of conduct. Why, she wants to be a law unto herself. Bent on seeking pleasure without let or hindrance, she is a prey to all sorts of allurements and

sensual dissipation. With her free manners and 'lax morals, she is a danger to decent society.

These ill-bred, young hoydens laugh at all former ideals and claim their right to frame their own standards of manners and morals. Mrs. Grundy, who moulded the thoughts and actions of the Victorian lady in all spheres of life, has been dethroned and sent to the pillory. The modern smart girl insists on her being guided by her own whims and fancies in her tastes and pleasures, dress and manners. In her desire to find things at first hand, she is the embodiment of vulgarity and recklessness,—the creature of the war, the movie, and the new riches. What does she care for the advice or guidance of her experienced elders in following her 'primrose path of dalliance'?

The time-honoured ideal of chivalry towards woman has been shattered in the new world. She simply laughs at such an antediluvian attitude. With her claim to perfect equality with man, how can she expect that same chivalrous treatment formerly accorded to the 'fair sex'? The term 'weaker sex' is now resented as an insult unbecoming of her dignity.

Woman was fulfilling a noble and honourable function in society before. But in the higher and middle classes, now-a-days, are not most of the women "exquisitely busy doing nothing"? Their only aim in life is to throw themselves into a ceaseless round of pleasures with entire abandon,—their teas, their dances, their theatres, their movies, or their motor parties. These social butterflies, fluttering about the flame of 'a good time' have no scruples about entering into crude familiarities with every Tom, Dick and Harry. As a modern belle recently remarked, "We would rather be wrong in our own way, than right in some one else's". Is this the kind of hectic life that our sensitive Indian sisters have envisaged for themselves? Will their refined moral nature permit it?

We have no quarrel with the young independent maid or the elderly spinster, who is economically self-sufficient. Let them walk on their heads, if that would please their fancy. But with the majority of women marriage is a profession, which enables them to lead comfortable and even luxurious lives. Married life has its rights as well as duties and responsibilities. The husband toils and labours to earn the wherewithal to keep the family above want, and should naturally have a dominant voice in framing the family budget. But many a modern wife, with her reckless extravagance, seems to lay down a new economic doctrine for the guidance of their dumb husbands:

Theirs not to reason why
Theirs but to pay and die.

By their mania for all sorts of new-fangled fancies and fashions they have brought many a respectable family to the brink of ruin or landed them in a bankruptcy court.

Let me tell you, dear reader, *the so-called tyranny of the husband is a myth, that of the modern wife is a veritable fact.* Let us realise this and have the courage to call a spade a spade. This hush-hush policy of concealing the unpalatable truth, or speaking of it in mumbled whispers, has already had a disastrous effect on our social life. Woman has already encroached upon the domain of man in so many spheres that the question now is not the freedom of the wife, but the liberty of the disinherited husband.

Washington Irving has immortalised for ever the ideal of the hen-pecked husband in the person of the gentle and docile Rip Van Winkle. He was probably a rare and solitary specimen in those days, who elicits our sympathy. But how many husbands at the present day can lay their hands on their hearts and confess that they are not in the same or worse plight than poor Rip? He at least had the consolation of enjoying the freedom to spend most of his time out of doors in squirrel hunting or at the lively village tavern. But the modern husband is invariably confined indoors to look after the kiddies, while his amiable partner goes out shopping or to the Cinema or the dance.

A more recent advocate of 'Hen-peckism' is our friend, Mr. S. V. V., coming to prominence as a humorist. In spite of all his eulogies showered on his incomparable Jaya, and his abandonment of the projected 'Trip to England', even after taking the momentous step of cropping his greyish hair and booking his passage,—all due to her presenting him a cup of exhilarating coffee with a bewitching smile—we are not convinced about the soundness and efficacy of the "hen-pecked" philosophy.

You often used to hear it said that woman is conservative by instinct or temperament, but I am afraid she has done more than enough by now, to disillusion us in that respect. The Victorian lady, it is well known, was very punctilious in matters of her dress even to the extent of being dubbed 'prudish'. Has not the modern eve set at defiance all ideas and canons of decency in dress current in any age or country?

Scientists say that extremes meet. If so, the extremes of primitive savagery and ultra-civilisation have met in the sartorial equipment of the modern smart lady. The upward movement of the short skirt, and the downward movement of the blouse, with bare arms, bare back, open front, intended to reveal more than conceal the frame,—Oh! God, this double movement towards the equator, where is it going to stop? Women in pyjamas and lady

champions playing hockey and tennis in shorts excite no surprise or comment in social circles. Let me ask, how many modernised men will dare to imitate their Amazonian betterhalves in this regard, and walk along the public streets or go to their offices in their shirt sleeves and shorts even in the scorching heat of summer?

Dear reader, let me protest that husbands have a right to expect that their wives and daughters should appear in public in garments more decent than the semi-nude dishabille fashion has sanctioned to-day. How can you honestly pretend to be shocked on hearing about the street parades of some ultra modern men and women, who are champions of the 'nude-cult' movement in America, France or Germany? Is it not a legitimate sartorial evolution of the stage we have now attained?

IV

Take again the question of marriage. It is true that society in the West has for centuries regarded marriage as a temporary alliance or social contract, entered into for the convenience of both parties. Yet, till recently, divorces were comparatively few, and some amount of decorum and certain conventions were being observed in matters of divorce. But the tendency in most Western nations now is to relax the divorce laws and allow the couples to separate on the easiest terms for the flimsiest reasons.

The consequence is that divorce courts are doing overtime work; and instances are not uncommon in which newly wedded couples have sought divorce within twentyfour hours, and a husband has married the same wife for the fourth time after his varied adventures in the hymenial market. Then what of the latest fad, 'companionate marriage' so fashionable in some quarters? In what respect would you differentiate it from the mating of beasts and birds for a season? Can you hope for the existence of conjugal felicity, a healthy family life, or the peace of the domestic hearth in such an atmosphere? Are the women of the West any the happier for all the liberties they enjoy? Is this the kind of unfettered license our Indian women are hankering after? Let them think and ponder before they take a blind and fatal plunge in the dark.

What is the remedy? Lord Ponsonby once suggested that the Victorian woman was so modest, obedient and loving because the men were generally in the habit of wearing manly whiskers and moustaches as adorned the grave cheeks of Matthew Arnold or the venerable beard of a Tennyson. Can you wonder at the domineering attitude of modern women, when their husbands can

evince no more manliness than that typified by the apologetic, caterpillar moustache brought into vogue by Charlie Chaplin?

It is not a day too soon that societies like the League of Husbands has come into being. If only it is a sure indication that husbands are hereafter going to assert themselves and maintain their position and prestige and freedom in the family and society, it is a hopeful augury for the future. If not, let the several nations take immediate steps to reverse the systems of education in boys' and girls' schools, so that our young men may undergo a course of training in domestic science, needle work and embroidery, culinary work, child rearing and nursing,—so as to enable them to discharge efficiently their functions in the new homes that are to be.

Let us hope and pray that the League of Husbands will evolve into a world organisation with branches in all countries, all working with a common aim and method,—but more potent and effective than the so-called League of Nations at Geneva,—to revive and preserve the honour and dignity of the husband in the new world!

Bred in the Bone.

BY S. V. V.



JAGANNATHAN was born with a twist in his brain. He astonished the midwife even on his first entry into this imperfect of worlds. "What a queer infant this? He yells as if he wants to argue about something," she said.

She was right. As Jagannathan grew, he did nothing in life but argue. The spirit of opposition, of saying 'nay' to every 'aye', coursed in his blood. It got him into all sorts of troubles, but all the hidings, and black eyes he received couldn't cure him.

"I belong to Tadpatri, Sir," said a beggar one day.

"You may belong to Tadpatri, or you may not. How should I know?"

"I am telling you, Sir."

"You may be telling me, but how am I to know?"

"My place does not matter much now, Sir, I am hungry."

"You may be hungry or you may not. How am I to know?"

"I say so, Sir."

"You may say so, but you must prove to me that you are hungry. If you don't prove to me, how am I to know that you are?"

The beggar left in disgust.

Somebody one day said that the distance between this earth and the sun was ninety-five million miles.

"Who travelled from the earth to the sun, planting mile-stones, I ask? It may be ninety-five millions, or it may be ninety-five. How could one know? No one should ever say that he knows this or knows that, when he has no personal knowledge," he said.

If you said that a horse was grey, he would at once correct you, and say, no, it is iron-grey. He would never tolerate inexactitudes in expression.

His father took him into his room one day. "Look here, Jagannathan," he said, "I am your father and there is no body more interested in you than I. But I have got one or two candid words to say to you. It is about your tendency to correct every body. As you go through this old world, my boy, you will find that it doesn't pay to contradict people."

"My dear father, you don't understand me. I abhor inexactitudes of any description, and will certainly....."

"There, there," cried his father, sore at heart. "For heaven's sake, Jagannathan, understand this. You may be always right and the other man always wrong. Why should you mind? If you don't cure yourself of this habit, you will have a rough passage through life, believe me. If a man accidentally calls a spade a shovel, there is no need to get hot about it."

"But you can't call a spade a shovel. A spade is a spade and a shovel....."

"Listen, you fool. For the last time I tell you to stop it. Soon you are going into an office, and if you don't learn to keep your mouth shut, heaven only knows what will happen."

Jagannathan started to say something, but his father kicked him out of the room.

He had been three days in an office, when his master told him, "Jagannathan, get me some ink."

"What ink, Sir?"

"Blue, of course."

"I presume you mean blue-black, Sir," said Jagannathan reprovingly.

He was sent out of the office.

His next job was as a fair-copying clerk in another office. The boss had inadvertently written "Your's faithfully" with an apostrophe. Jagannathan went straight to the boss, and asked him in what grammar 'Yours' had an apostrophe s?

The boss told him that 'Yours' had no apostrophe, nor had Jagannathan employment under him any more.

For two years he wandered around all sorts of offices, never managing to stay more than a month without correcting somebody, and getting the sack for his trouble.

He was last in the Settlement Office, where he met his match in Rajagopal, a co-clerk.

The dispute arose on how many 'rs' there were in 'different.' Rajagopal maintained there were two, and Jagannathan said it had only one.

"Any school boy would tell you that it has two rs," said Rajagopal.

"I know a damn sight better than that," said Jagannathan.

"I don't care what you know," squeaked R. "I know there are two 'rs' in 'different.'"

"Do you mean to tell me that I don't know spelling?" asked J.

"It looks like that."

"It does, eh? I want you, and all your relations, ~~and friends~~ to understand that I know more about spelling than ~~you~~ your teacher, your teacher's grandfather, and the whole blooming lot put together" said J.

"Don't talk that way to me."

"Don't you shake your fist at me."

"I am not shaking my fist, but you put me to doing more than that."

"You are a liar, an infernal liar."

"Don't call me a liar, you pig. I have put up with your impudence so long. Don't lay hands on me."

"You don't spit in my face, I would make a dead man of you."

"I haven't spit in your freckled visage yet, but I may if you provoke me further."

"Who has got a freckled face, you dilapidated old turkey?"

Things grew serious. R. made a motion as if he would strike, and J. seized him by the neck-tie. Then R. reached out and grabbed J's right ear, and tried to lift him off his feet, but J. twisted up the neck-tie as if R's tongue would come out.

"Let go, you old fiend," screamed R.

"Go on your knees, and beg my pardon, you old son of a satan," bellowed J.

They swayed and swayed, and struggled, the table overturned, and the clock fell down, and J's back was broken.

"You want to have another spelling class, do you?" roared R.

Jagannathan went out limping, and was in the hospital. The father went to the hospital to see his son.

"Is that your son?" asked the Doctor.

"Yes, Sir, poor boy!" said the father.

"Do take him away home," persuaded the Doctor.

"But his back is still bad."

"May be. But we can't have him here. There was nothing but arguing here since he arrived. The Hospital is like a blooming General Election," said the Doctor.

Jagannathan was taken home, but protesting that if a fellow says there are two 'rs' in 'different', well, he would give him a kicking—nothing less than that.

The Cobra Mystery.

BY P. G. RAMA IYER, B.A., B.L.



UB-INSPECTOR Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyer's reputation for successful detective work was more than maintained by him in what was known at the time as the Cobra Mystery. The case was quite unusual and had in it points that savoured of the uncanny. What was at first regarded by those immediately concerned as vindictiveness on the part of a poisonous reptile turned out, on Mr. Aiyer's investigation, to be deliberate murder committed by a young man of education and social standing. Two innocent lives had been taken and a third murder had been attempted before Mr. Aiyer's attention was drawn to the case. The newspapers of the day made no mention of the case as the culprit evaded trial in a court of law by destroying himself immediately his crime was detected. The main facts of the present narrative of the case were supplied by Inspector Mr. Abdul Qadir Sahib Bahadur whose admiration for his subordinate is genuine and unbounded.

Thripathara tarawad owning extensive landed property in one of the most fertile tracts of Malabar is an old and respectable Nair family in Walluwanad Taluk. Anantan Nair, who was karanavan of the tarawad at the time of the late Mopla rebellion, was a merciless jenmi, particularly harsh and unrelenting in his dealings with his mopla tenants. Such of those tenants as got themselves involved in the rebellion took hold of the opportunity it afforded to wreak vengeance on their oppressor Anantan Nair and his family. They entered the tarawad house and butchered him and all the other members found there. Fortunately, Kalyani Amma of the tarawad and her five children who were then in Madras with her husband Mr. Machat, Bar-at-Law escaped the ire of the moplas.

Mr. Machat having died soon after the rebellion, Kalyani Amma and her children, viz. Chamu Nair, Chathu Nair, Sankaran Nair, Chinnan Nair and Kochammu, left Madras and took up residence in the tarawad house. Chamu Nair, the karanavan, cultivated the family lands with the help of Chathu and Sankaran, who had been educated in the Agricultural College, Coimbatore. Chinnan Nair graduated in Chemistry, but did not care to seek employment. He devoted his time to read scientific books and to conduct experiments in a small laboratory of his. He took some interest in local self-government and got himself elected Vice-President of a Taluk Board. Kochammu was fifteen years of age when Kalyani Amma died some five years after the

rebellion. On her death-bed, Kalyani Amma entrusted Chamu Nair with the care of Kochammu enjoining on him the duty of getting her married without delay. It need hardly be said that the perpetuation of the tarawad depended on Kochammu becoming a mother.

In consultation with his brothers, Chamu Nair selected an educated young man belonging to a respectable tarawad as a suitable husband for Kochammu, but before an agreement could be reached, Death snatched away Chamu Nair in a sudden and unusual manner. He was in perfect health when he retired to bed on 9th January. On the 10th morning his servant found him dead in bed. The terrified servant ran down and informed the brothers of the deceased of the tragic occurrence. The brothers ran up at once to Chamu Nair's room and were horrified to see him lying dead and a snake wriggling on the bed near the dead body. The news of the tragedy spread quickly and neighbours flocked to the house. No one dared approach the dead body before removing the snake. Chinnan Nair attempted to remove the reptile with a walking stick. The creature raised its head, spread its hood, hissed and bit the stick. Chinnan Nair raised an iron rod to strike the cobra, but an old lady of the neighbourhood caught hold of his uplifted arm observing solemnly: "No. Do not kill it. It is a cobra. To kill a cobra is sinful. Loss of progeny in the tarawad and leprosy are sure to follow the killing of a serpent." Chinnan Nair, thereupon, managed to confine the cobra in a narrow-necked pot. He then tied up the mouth of the pot and carried it to an open place at some distance from the house and separated from the house by a rivulet, it being the prevailing belief that cobras do not cross water or sand. After Chinnan Nair returned, Chamu Nair's body was examined and two punctures in the right toe attributable to cobra fangs were discovered. The village officials and the police were informed of the occurrence. They arrived and, after the usual inquest, it was recorded that Chamu Nair died of snake bite. No one had any idea as to how or when the cobra entered Chamu Nair's bed-room.

Less than two months after Chamu Nair's death, Kochammu was found dead in bed when her maid went to attend on her early one morning. A cobra similar to the one that had been found in Chamu Nair's room was found in Kochammu's room also. The reptile was made to share the fate of its predecessor. Two successive deaths in the same family, under exactly similar circumstances within a short period of two months, created consternation in the minds of the remaining members of the family and of the neighbours. It was averred by certain old people that the family must have angered cobras by some inadvertent act. An old servant whispered in the ears of an old lady that the late

Kalyani Amma had destroyed three little cobras found under a jack tree in the compound. That was sufficient to convince the old lady that the mother cobra was wreaking vengeance on the destroyer of her brood by killing the latter's children. The idea was, no doubt, poo-pooed by the younger men and women assembled. However, young and old alike felt that there was something uncanny about the occurrences. Chathu Nair deemed it prudent to consult a famous local astrologer.

Astrologer Madhava Panikkar who had secured all the details of the occurrences in the house so far as village gossip went, drew his diagrams, made his calculations, quoted authorities and gave his opinion in no uncertain terms. He said: "The tarawad has incurred *Sarpa Kopam*. The reason is the destruction of a cobra's brood by a lady of the family. The serpent is out for revenge. Its anger can be appeased by the performance of *Sarpa Santhi* and *Nagaprathishta*. If these expiatory ceremonies are delayed, other deaths are sure to occur." Bowing to the astrologer's dictum, Chathu Nair got the ceremonies performed at considerable expense. Thereafter, for a period of six months, no snake was seen anywhere in Thripathara house.

Then, on a certain night, at about 3 A. M. the household was rudely awakened from sleep by terrified cries that issued from Chathu Nair's room. His brothers rushed up and on reaching Chathu Nair's room, they found him standing trembling near the door. He exclaimed, as he saw his brothers: "There, on my bed, see there, that cobra!" And sure enough, there was a cobra on the bed. Chathu Nair continued: "I felt something cold and clammy when I turned in sleep. I at once remembered our brother and sister. In a twinkling I jumped out of bed. It is a providential escape." By this time, neighbours, about a dozen in number, arrived. Every one congratulated Chathu Nair on his providential escape. A discussion was then started about snakes and their ways. Stories of wonderful snake-bites and equally wonderful cures were related and listened to in awe. At about 6 A. M. Chinnan Nair imprisoned the cobra as usual in a pot and took up the pot. It was then that Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyar arrived in the house.

Mr. Aiyar obtained from Chathu Nair and the assembled neighbours all the known details relating to the appearances of cobras in the house. He was also informed of the astrologer's opinion and the performance of the expiatory rites prescribed by him. Mr. Aiyar sat silent for a few moments and then said: "Who can say that the astrologer is wrong? There are many things in this world which we, poor human beings with limited intelligence, cannot understand. There is no harm in assuming that the astrologer is right. Let us assume that a cobra is wreaking vengeance. If Kalyani Amma killed this cobra's brood,

it will be unreasonable to think that another cobra will come here to claim retribution. I will take this cobra with me and deposit it safely under lock and key in the museum. That would put a stop to its future depredations." Chathu Nair agreed and Mr. Aiyer carried the cobra to the police station.

On reaching the station, Mr. Aiyer sent for a snake charmer named Raman. On the man appearing, Mr. Aiyer directed him to take out the cobra from the pot and to make it play as usual. Raman drew out the reptile, caught hold of it by the neck and made it open its mouth. He then exclaimed: "Master this is a harmless cobra."

"Why do you say so?" asked Mr. Aiyer.

"Its poison fangs have been removed," replied Raman.

"I thought so," said Mr. Aiyer to himself. He then put some questions to Raman and gathered from him that the cobra had once belonged to Raman and that he had sold it to a certain person in consideration of five rupees and a pot of toddy.

Early next morning Mr. Aiyer went to Thripathara house. Chathu Nair welcomed him. Mr. Aiyer told Chathu Nair that the cobra had been secured and that there need not be any fear that it would escape. Chathu Nair expressed thanks. Mr. Aiyer then asked: "Was it this house that was looted by the moplas during the rebellion?" Chathu Nair gave an affirmative reply and offered to show the building to Mr. Aiyer. He took Mr. Aiyer over the rooms observing in passing from one room to another: "That room there was the one in which Chamu Nair met his death. This one in front of us is my room. The next one was poor Kochammu's room. All these rooms have doors opening into the big hall on the other side used by Chinnann as his library and laboratory. Chinnann is a lover of books. Shall we go to the hall?" They entered the hall. On seeing them Chinnann Nair rose and welcomed them to his library. Mr. Aiyer glanced round and going near Chinnann Nair's table examined the books arranged in a shelf on the table. He looked at a small steel box on the table and observed: "I had no idea that Indians could manufacture such a beautiful box. Was it really made in Negapatam as inscribed on it?"

"Undoubtedly," said Chinnann Nair. "Our people are splendid workmen. Their trouble is lack of capital and absence of encouragement."

"I suppose that the lock is really good," said Mr. Aiyer.

"In no way inferior to Chubb's," replied Chinnann Nair. He then opened the box and Mr. Aiyer, after examining the lock and key nodded approval.

"What are these bottles in this box?" asked Mr. Aiyer.

"Some necessary medicines. Eucalyptus oil, turpentine, tincture of iodine, bellodonna, benzoin and similar things," replied Chinnann Nair.

"One of these bottles has no label," observed Mr. Aiyer.

"Oh! that is an oil prepared by me. It is effective in cases of barber's itch. I mean to patent it. A few more experiments have to be made before it can be put on the market." Mr. Aiyer then took leave of Chathu Nair and his brothers, thanking them for the courtesy shown to him. On his way to his residence Mr. Aiyer

was in deep thought. His thoughts were:— "It is no doubt incredible; still, it is just possible; there is motive and opportunity. Who can fathom a bad man's depth? It is worth testing."

At about 5 P. M. that evening, Chinnann Nair was having his usual evening walk near the Railway station. A Mussalman coming from a turning spat on him as if by accident. Chinnann Nair's shirt was saturated with red saliva and he was furious. You son of a hog, he cried and aimed a blow at the Mussalman's head. The latter parried the blow and struck the former on the left temple. Chinnann Nair fell down, but rose immediately and pulled the Mussalman's beard with great force. The latter screamed with pain and dealt a blow on the former's chest. In the meanwhile, a crowd had collected round the combatants and a policeman appeared on the scene. He separated the combatants and marched them off to the police station, observing, "Creating rows on the public road. Infernal rowdies. I will teach you a lesson." The combatants were placed in the lock-up for the night.

That same night, a burglar entered Tripathara house and stole the steel box from Chinnann Nair's room. The thief handed over the box to a friend. After an hour, the box was restored to its place.

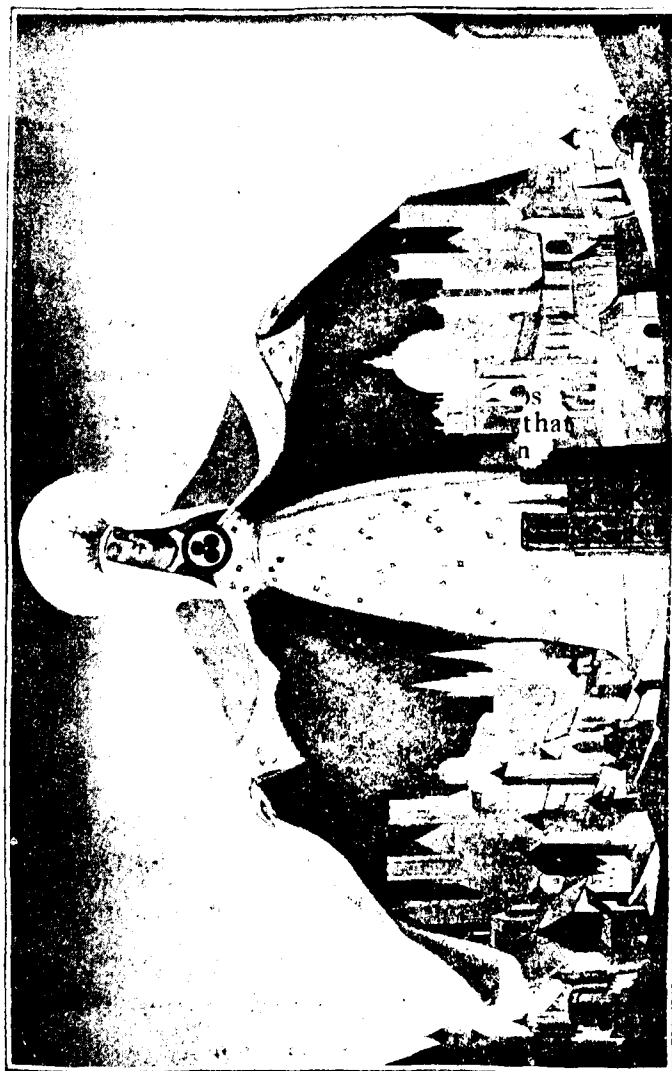
For a week after the above occurrences, Mr. Aiyer was absent at Madras. He returned on the eighth day and had a long consultation with the Inspector. Then he directed his steps to Thripathara house. On his arrival there, he was received by Chathu Nair and Sankaran Nair. Chinnann Nair had gone out for a walk. Mr. Aiyer requested to be taken to Chinnann Nair's library hall. Entering the hall, he closed the door and bolted it inside. He then stated as follows:—

"I have come to talk to you on a very important matter. I do not wish that our talk should be interrupted by a third party. My talk has reference to the mysterious cobras found in this house on three occasions and on the death of your brother and sister. I am in a position to assert that Chamu Nair and Kochammu Amma did not die of snake bite. I may tell you that it was one and the same cobra that appeared in all the three occasions. It did not bite either Chamu Nair or Kochammu. Even if it had bitten them, the bites would have been harmless. The reptile, though terrible in appearance, was quite innocuous for the simple reason that its fangs had been extracted. Snake charmer Raman used to exhibit it for a living. A certain young gentleman purchased it from Raman for five rupees and a pot of toddy. The gentleman, then, used the reptile as a cloak to conceal his nefarious object. I am satisfied that the nefarious object was the murder of most of the members of this tarwad. It was difficult to believe that an outsider had opportunities to thrust in the cobra as a blind and to secretly murder two of the inmates of the house. It struck me that some one who lived in the house and had easy access to all the rooms in it must have done the deeds. When the other day, you showed me the rooms in the house and this hall, I noticed that Chinnann Nair's favourite books dealt with poisons and poisoners. I knew that he carried on experiments in his laboratory. A suspicion entered my mind. Chinnann Nair was the youngest of you brothers. In the ordinary course, he had but a very remote chance of becoming karanavan.

It he was bad at heart and was avaricious, he had sufficient motive and sufficient opportunity to murder his elder brothers and to remove Kochammu before she married. You remember that there was a bottle without a label in this box. I wanted to ascertain what it contained. I suspected that Chinnan Nair's statement that it was a cure for barber's itch was not true. I wanted to secure a few drops of the contents of that bottle. For that purpose, I deputed a Musalman constable to see that Chinnan Nair was safely placed for a night in the lock-up. I deputed an old convict who had reformed to burgle your house and bring the box to me. After securing a few drops of the contents of the bottle, I caused the box to be restored so that no one might suspect that a burglary had been committed. I took "the medicine" that I had pilfered to Madras and got it examined by the Government Chemical Examiner. His opinion is this: This is a deadly poison. It appears to be composed of a poison similar in effect to cobra poison and some corrosive substance which on application to the epithelium produces a puncture enabling the poison to enter the blood directly. A tiny drop of this poison applied on the skin causes death—almost painless—in about ten minutes. The poison paralyses the nerve centres and stops the heart's action. It is a diabolic invention. "It was clear that Chinnan Nair who had manufactured this poison used it on his brother and sister and tried to use it on you, Mr. Chathu Nair. It was a shock to me to conclude that an educated young man of such a respectable tarawad should have become so depraved as to commit such diabolical murders. The man's cunning in making it appear that death was due to snake bite was extraordinary. The case is quite clear. I have no alternative but to arrest Chinnan Nair."

Mr. Aiyer rose to secure the box containing the poison. As he did so, his attention was diverted by the sound of a body falling near the door. On opening the door, he found Chinnan Nair, who had apparently been listening at the keyhole, lying lifeless on the floor. His hands clutched an empty phial. It was plain that Chinnan Nair had heard Krishnaswami Aiyer's statement of the case, and realising that his crime had been detected had swallowed some deadly poison. Mr. Aiyer felt sorry for Chathu Nair and Sankaran Nair. He was averse to give them more pain than what they already suffered. He said:—"It is well that this cobra born on your family killed himself. If he had not done so, he would have gone to the gallows. I do not wish to give publicity to this matter. In view of the high opinion I have formed of you and your tarawad, I will get it recorded that Chinnan Nair died of heart failure. I do not think I have to say anything more." Mr. Aiyer left the brothers.

After Chinnan Nair's obsequies were over, Chathu Nair called Sankaran Nair to his side and said:—"Brother, it was avarice that led Chinnan to act as he did. Property is the worst enemy of man. We cannot, however do without enough to eat. What do you say to a division of our tarawad property? You may take one half leaving the remainder to me." Sankaran Nair agreed. The two brothers, the sole survivors of the tarawad, divided their properties and lived in perfect peace, love and harmony.



NICHOLAS ROERICH

SANJIV PROTECTOR

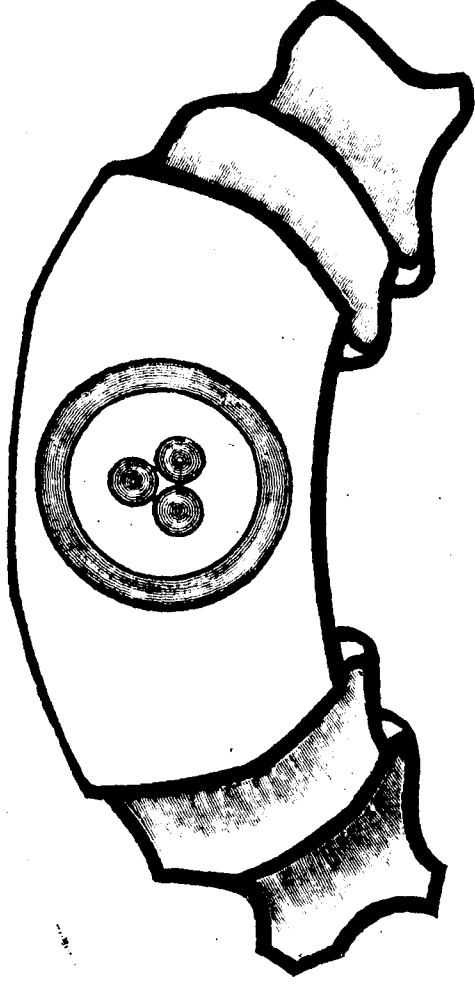
BANNER OF PEACE CONVENTION, WASHINGTON

Message from Dr. James H. Cousins, Principal of Madanapalle College, South India, formerly Chairman of the Banner of Peace Committee of New York.

I treasure as one of the happiest memories of a life rich in happy memories my year of service in 1931—32 as Chairman of the New York Committee of the Banner of Peace. From that unique power-house of cultural influence, the Roerich Museum, we sent out a consecrated Banner on a pilgrimage to carry abroad the message of world-peace "through knowledge and beauty". Nothing is more urgently needed for the saving of humanity from imminent disaster than these two ideals of Professor Nicholas Roerich's mission—knowledge in its loftiest sense, making for human welfare in all phases of life, and beauty as the creative regenerative influence in individual and group life.

My warmest blessing goes to the functions in Washington on November 17. We shall mark the occasion here in South India by an exposition of the purpose of the Banner of Peace, and by a sympathetic recognition of its message from the great race of Vedic India in whose consciousness lives the assurance of future peace through the practice of the principle of human unity.

James H. Cousins. D. Lit.



THE BANNER OF PEACE

The Banner Of Peace.

1. *The Principle :*

Homes of Beauty and of Lore

Are nurseries of human heart.

They always keep a welcome door,

And heavenly light to men impart ;

And wiping off man's fatal ban

Make him outlive life's dingy span.

2. *The Purpose :*

Brutal hands shall touch no more,

Nor desecrate the Furies' breath,

The sanctuaries of Art and Lore

That lift man's life above the earth.

They shall dispel all worldly woes,

And make sweet friends of bitter foes !

3. *The Ensign :*

The Future, Present, and the Past :

All gifts of time in beauty cast,

Shall shine alike and woven be

Into eternal symphony !

4. *The Message :*

Here are the treasures of mankind :

The flowers and fruits of human mind ;

Halt, man ! bow down, and pass in peace ;

Here are thy children's light and bliss !

P. M. Havi.



NICHOLAS DE ROERICH

Nicholas Roerich is one of the greatest painters of our time, perhaps of all time. His work is that of a consummate artist who is also a deep philosopher and a drastic reformer. The central impulse of his life is to cure the ills of humanity by the medicine of knowledge and beauty. This mission he has voiced in a number of striking volumes of prose and verse. As a man of affairs he knows that, while the slow process of expanding knowledge and inducing beauty is proceeding, there are also certain expedients of life that may be used for the betterment of humanity. Professor Roerich has, therefore, initiated a Peace Pact, and a Banner of Peace, whereby nations agree to respect as neutral ground, such institutions as museums, churches, universities and other educational institutions, and ancient buildings and monuments which fly the Banner of Peace. This is a white flag, bearing a dark-red circle enclosing three spheres symbolising the unity and universality of the higher human purpose of spiritual vision expressed through knowledge and beauty.

Shanti.

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH

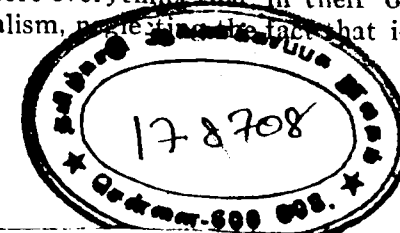


HANTI, Shanti, Shanti! chants the Hindu in prayer, and in this invocation of Peace is contained the highest expression of this conception. Verily, does not the whole human evolution demand this foundation of life? As every mighty tree grows constantly multiplying its branches, so is also the conception of peace becoming more multiform corresponding to the requirements of progress. Much of the mind, heart and equilibrium is needed to follow the growth of these branches of Peace. The contemporary confusion of thought commands that we pay special attention to the understanding of the multifarious flowers of peace.

No mutual understanding, no action, no construction can be without inner peace, in other words, without co-operation. Therefore, it will not be an exaggeration if we should greet each other with the eternal axiom of peace. We all know well enough that the ground of distrust, hatred and treason is suicidal. And there is no more horrible poison than malice. It would also seem that we should know well enough already that co-operation as such should be cultivated from earliest childhood persistently and untiringly. The pre-ordained patience must be invoked by all means during such striving. And we must understand well the great teaching of the Heart, about which so much has been said from primordial times.

All these maxims obviously require no repetition. But yet every day life shows that even such axioms have to be constantly repeated and ethics must again become a vital subject. Tremendous is the darkness, shocking the spiritual degeneration and savagery which flood our human existence.

All ploughfields of labour at present require new methods of cultivation, and the most fertile means will be peace, co-operation and friendliness. Therefore, let us not be ashamed to reiterate about these radiant children of great Love; if anywhere the expression of enthusiasm is in its proper place, it is in the affirmation of these lofty principles. It is very strange that people seem as if frightened to think of their application in daily life. Shamefacedly they desert everything that, in their opinion, may be connected with idealism, neglecting the fact that ideas govern the world.



The very conception of Peace is subjected to innumerable distortions and mutilations. In it is forgotten all the majestic glory of beneficial peace. For peace is not a synonym for impotency or indifference. Peace is not selfishness, nor is it ignorance; selfhood, apathy, doubt, and all other forms of *avidya* have nothing in common with peacefulness, and were condemned since immemorial times as greatest crimes. But peace is the foundation of creative love, self-sacrificing co-operation, firm, disciplined constructiveness and joyful, untiring labour. Alas, how on the bazaars all these glorious concepts have been tortured and disfigured! The asp of destruction and treason shows its head everywhere. How many beautiful efforts of up-building have been subject to derision; how many conceited ignoramuses consider everything idealistic as out-of-fashion! There exist unfortunately these petrified hearts which scoff at heroism, guruship and peaceful friendliness. They shout: "To hell with heroes, to hell with culture; cash is king!" These vandals hysterically demand the destruction of everything beautiful and good. Can one even imagine that in our age, after milleniums of our planet's existence, we find in print the following horrible blasphemies: "Let us burn all Raphaels, let us destroy all museums, let us stamp into the mud all flowers of art." How happy I would be if these (shameful for our century) dark voices were non-existent, but, lo, they are before me in actual print, and there are many such similar sad examples!

If the servants of darkness are so active, united in destructive work, then how more vigilant and organised should be all positive forces, if they are to withstand the dark attacks. Heroism, which is laughed at by darkness and ignorance and constructive labour should disperse the horror of dissemination and chaos. The great Teachings of the Rishis of all times always called to this enlightened labour as to the torch of Culture. If vandals shout aloud, then also legions of Light must apply all resourcefulness, vigour and power!

Every newspaper brings news about constant destructions. This means again that an axiom has been forgotten: the human consciousness is always in need of great enlightenment, and this education of the heart should commence from very childhood.

Whereever we may look, our eye will see some old ruins and amongst them very often remnants of destroyed beauty. In our conceit we usually think at first that such vandalism belongs to the remote past, and is not repeated in our "civilised" era. Thus we try to soothe ourselves, but reality shows that such barbarism continues also now. And no one ponders over the fact that such vandalic destructions diminish human dignity. They show the

undeferrable measures required to strengthen the conception of peace and highest culture.

Among these measures let there wave our Banner of Peace, which will be discussed and affirmed at the Third International Peace Banuer Convention in Washington in November. May this Banner call to peace and be the protector of all that is highest in Religion, Art and Science! As the Banner of the Red Cross calls to mercy and saves physical health, so let our Banner of Peace protect the spiritual health of humanity. Many thousands of best people throughout the world adhered to the Pact and urged its acceptance. In such unity of high intellectual forces is contained most inspiring reality. As it was in the days of the establishment of the Red Cross, public opinion itself demands this symbol of peace expressed in the Banner. One cannot but rejoice at every successful co-operation, which makes united labour possible. We are tired of destruction and negation. These paths are not practical, and such inner depression leads to a general depression of the whole life. In all countries there are complaints about a crisis. But the crises take place not only on the market, they grow in human hearts and consciousness. Disarmament is not in the locking up of guns and poisonous gases, but again begins in the human heart.

Meditating on great Truths we should never think of them as of something abstract. On the contrary, they are the real moving factors of every day life, of small and great achievements. Great Truths were given not for abstract pondering but for refinement and betterment of life. Thus in full friendliness and mutual understanding let us affirm the conception of Peace in its entire benevolent active meaning, in full sacrifice and heroism, which are so required for the construction of Strongholds of Light.

Dear brother and sister readers, who cherish the conception of the word "Scholar," I mentally picture you all in a majestic, joyful procession under the Banner of Peace, and I know that we rejoice together that a new step has been taken in protecting the real treasures of mankind.

This fact of our united efforts will be recorded on the best pages of history.

Shanti, Shanti, Shanti!

Roerich Banner of Peace.

BY FRANCES R. GRANT



THE Roerich Peace Pact and Banner of Peace were created by Nicholas Roerich as a means of protecting the world's treasures of culture in war and peace; and of creating a symbol around which the cultural forces of all the world could gather in constant vigilance for the protection of Man's genius in all times.

This plan, brought to definite action with Nicholas Roerich's return from his momentous five-year expedition in Central Asia, may be said to have been interwoven in the philosophy of his entire artistic life. Those who have read his writings—from the earliest years of his artistic aspirations—know this concern which has always been his for the world's treasures of culture, and his appeal for their protection. As artist, scientist, archaeologist to whom the Stone Age and other succeeding epochs have yielded their treasures, he sensed that in cultural creation alone, all ages confide their immortality. His call for veneration to culture, for its preservation and recognition, sounds out through the entire forty years of his artistic labours. As revealed in the superb passages of his *Altai-Himalaya*, *Heart of Asia* and *Shambhala*, the works thus far published on his Expedition, these years have again confirmed for him this imperative need of mankind. Thus it is not surprising that one of his first acts on returning to America from this absence was the formulation and proposal of this plan. In a message by him, printed in the *New York Times* on March 16th, 1930, he says of the Banner of Peace:

"Humanity is striving in divers ways for peace, and every one, in his own heart, realises that this constructive work is a true prophecy of a new era. In view of this it might seem incongruous to hear discussions on the comparative desirability of various bullets, or on whether one type of ship is closer to the conception of world unity than the cannons of two battleships. Let us, however, consider these discussions as preliminary steps toward the same great peace that will tame the belligerent instincts of humanity by the resplendent creations of the spirit.

"The fact remains, however, that the shells of even one of these cannons can destroy the greatest treasures of art and sciences as successfully as a whole fleet. We deplore the loss of the library of Louvain and the unreplaceable loveliness of the Cathedral of Rheims; we remember the beautiful treasures of private

collections which perished during the world's misunderstandings. We do not, however, wish to inscribe above them words of enmity; let us simply say, "Destroyed by human errors, and recreated by human hope". Nevertheless, errors in this or any other form may be repeated, and other precious milestones of human achievement can be destroyed.

"Against such errors of ignorance we should take immediate measures; even though these may be only preliminary measures of safeguarding, some very successful steps can be made. No one can deny that the flag of the Red Cross proved to be of immeasurable value and reminded the world of humanitarianism and compassion.

"For this reason, a plan for an international peace pact which would protect all treasures of art and science through an international flag has been outlined.

"It is the plan of the project to create a flag which will be respected as international and neutral territory, this to be raised above museums, cathedrals, libraries, universities and any other cultural centres. This plan, projected by the Roerich Museum, was drawn up according to the codes of international law by Dr. George Chklaver, Doctor of international laws and of political and economic sciences, Paris University; and lecturer in the Institute of International High Studies, in consultation with Professor Albert Geouffre de la Pradelle, member of the Hague Peace Court, Vice-President of the Institute of International Law of Paris, and member of the Faculty of Law, the Sorbonne. Both are honorary advisers of the Roerich Museum.

"When the idea of an international cultural flag was first propounded, we were not surprised to find that it met with unanimous interest and enthusiasm. Experienced statesmen wondered why it had not been thought of before. When we asked our honorary advisers, Dr. George Chklaver and Professor Albert Geouffre de la Pradelle, to frame this idea into an international formula, we received not only a splendidly formulated project of international agreement, but also many answers full of pan-human sympathy.

"This international flag for the protection of beauty and science would not in any way demean any interests or lead to misunderstandings. On the contrary, it elevates the universal understanding of evolutionary discoveries, as though new human values had been created, and we were moving on to a path of progress and peace. And this understanding of a creative striving toward peace becomes more real. Above all else, this guardian of peace reminds one of the necessity for impressing cultural

treasures in the world annals. This is not difficult, and in many countries it is already accomplished, although there are gaps, and each enrichment in the universal consciousness must be greeted. As the Red Cross flag needs no explanation to even the most uncultured mind, so does this new flag, guardian of cultural treasures, speak for itself.

"Really it is imperative to take immediate measures to preserve the noble heritage of our past for a glorious posterity. This can only come if all countries pledge themselves to protect the creations of culture, which, after all, belong to no one nation but to the world. In this way, we may create the next vital steps for a universal culture and peace."

Convinced of the inestimable mission which the plan synthesises, not only in the preservation of the world's culture, but as a declaration of permanency of spiritual values as the force around which all evolved humanity could gather in its efforts for peace, the Trustees of the Roerich Museum acquainted the various forces of culture throughout the world of this plan.

The response has exceeded even these confident anticipations. From seventy countries have come expressions of support, a support which is gratifying because of the measures and wide extension of its reach. Thus, not only have officials and diplomats expressed their endorsement and enthusiasm of it, but the same cordial understanding of its significance has come from numerous artistic, scientific and academic institutions, from artists, writers, teachers, and from lovers and patrons of art.

Another aspect of deep gratification has been the fact that women throughout the world have been among the leaders in upholding this measure for world peace.

Through the centuries humanity has grouped itself around many standards; some have demonstrated themselves as transitory, others are permanent. In choosing for the first time a standard symbolic of Man's spiritual expression as revealed in his artistic and scientific attainments, a new cultural covenant of mankind is herein proclaimed.

In these dark years when the forces of disintegration are rife, when discord sounds so stridently, may this call of integration and of world unity, pronounced by Nicholas Roerich, peal out above all measures! This invocation to harmony synthesised by a great spirit should prove a welding force among nations, thus creating a New Humanity which guards and strains to fulfill the divine charge of Brotherhood Among Men.

The Roerich Peace Movement.

BY V. SHIBAYEV



It is announced that on November 17th in Washington shall take place the Third International Convention of the Roerich Banner of Peace. After two successful Conferences in Belgium, now the capital of the United States responds to the pan-human idea propounded by Prof. Nicholas Roerich.

Instead of glorifying shells and cannons, this great artist proposes one World Banner which will be used as a symbol of protection over all cultural treasures of humanity. As a guardian of high Culture, this Banner shall warn every assailant: "*Noli me tangere*—here are real values of humanity". May there, during our civilisation, be no such vulgar barbarian hand which would dare to commit vandalism, although, to our sorrow, such vandalism takes place even now, not only during wars, but also through rudeness and gross ignorance!

Already around this Peace Movement a large and significant literature has accumulated. "Peace through Culture"—such is the motto of Roerich, and this remedy for peace kindled legions of hearts throughout the world.

Let us see how prominent personalities resound to Peace through Culture with the special World Banner, which according to the words of the Founder, Professor Roerich himself, "should protect the spiritual health of humanity just as the Red Cross flag protects physical health".

Before me are several books and pamphlets and articles dedicated to the Roerich Pact. Here is an article from the *New York Times*, headed "Roerich is hailed as Peace Leader". In it opinions of several outstanding personalities are quoted: Prof. Albert Einstein in his message expresses admiration for the founder and his cultural work and wishes the undertaking "continuous development". The Consul-General of Germany in the U. S. A., Dr. Paul Schwartz, brings the congratulations of President von Hindenburg. Admiration for the activities is expressed on behalf of King Alexander of Yugo-Slavia by Dr. Radoye Yankovic, Consul-General. The Hon. George Gordon Battle describes "Nicholas Roerich as the inspiration of a great movement for world-wide cultural solidarity".

H. M. King Albert of Belgium sends his message of greetings to the Peace Conference. H. H. Pope Pious XI also sends his

appreciation of the work of the Conference. President Masaryk of Czechoslovakia, as well as the President of Mexico, express their sympathy for the Pact. L'Academie de France, as well as the City of Paris, add their vote to the choir of other academies, cities and universities.

Let me quote from the book *The Roerich Pact*:

Dr. Rabindranath Tagore writes to Prof. Roerich: "I have keenly followed your most remarkable achievements in the realm of Arts and also your great humanitarian work for the welfare of nations of which your Peace Pact idea with a special banner for the protection of cultural treasures is a singularly effective symbol."

Maurice Maeterlinck writes: "I am at full heart in accord with the signatories of the Roerich Pact. Let us group around this noble ideal all moral forces of which we can dispose."

Sir C. V. Raman writes: "Your idea of a Banner of Peace is truly a great one. I am not surprised that it is receiving both approval and practical adoption. I wish it all success!"

The following are further quoted at random:

Prof. Louis Le Fur of the University of Paris wishes "from the whole heart success to this necessary salutary movement".

The President of Kyushu Imperial University, Dr. Chinjiro Matsuura wrote: "I take pleasure to agree with you on this idea."

M. C. Tulpinck, President of the Union of the Roerich Pact in Belgium, writes: "The affirmation by the nations of the moral principles contained in the Roerich Pact is one of the most considerable of historical events."

Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose announces: "Regarding your excellent suggestions for the preservation of valuable objects and scientific works, I have every sympathy."

The Poet-Laureate of England, Gordon Bottomley, exclaims: "I need not say that it has my complete and earnest sympathy and that I believe every means ought to be taken to secure its universal adoption."

Claude Bragdon "approves of the Pact most heartily."

Members of the Permanent Court of International Justice at The Hague, M. Adatci, Dr. Antonio de Bustamente, Dr. Rafael Altamira and Dr. Loder have also recorded their sincere adherence.

The President of the National Arts Club of New-York, John Agar, expressed "readiness to assist this worthy endeavour".

The world-famous conductor, Leopold Stokovski of the Philadelphia Philharmonic Orchestra, affirms: "I am wholeheartedly in sympathy with Prof. de Roerich's ideas and ideals for the International Pact to protect artistic and scientific treasures. It is a noble project!"

Prof. Edgar Hewett, eminent American archaeologist, greets the Banner: "Assuredly the spirit of this proposal must commend itself to all right-thinking people of the world."

Prof. Anesaki of the Tokyo Imperial University "has the pleasure of expressing warmest endorsement of the project".

The well-known Professor of International Law, Baron M. de Taube, commences his eulogistic address with the following statement: "I declare my adherence on all points with the generous idea of the initiator of the Pact, M. Nicholas de Roerich."

Japan's Prime Minister, M. Hamaguchi, states that "the Pact will make a signal contribution towards promoting the Culture of Mankind."

The Minister of Education of Nanking, M. Chiang, finds that "the Pact is of immeasurable humanitarian value, since art treasures are universal property and belong to no one nation or nations. I regret only that it had not been thought of earlier."

This is but a mere fragment of literally thousands of appreciative endorsements received continuously from cultural leaders of the world. And I cannot omit adding the following most significant messages:

The First Lady of America, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, writes: "I think the ideals represented by the Roerich Pact cannot help but appeal to all those, who hope that the best in the past may be preserved to guide and serve future generations."

Mrs. William Dick Sporburg, as President of the New-York Federation of Women's Clubs, on behalf of 400,000 members writes: "We are going to lend our spirits and all of our influence to such movements as this very great man Nicholas Roerich initiated..... I want you to know that we stand four square back of your organisation, and we feel it a great honour to be permitted to add our great tribute to Nicholas Roerich."

From beyond the seas sounds the voice of the foremost military authority, the Marshall of France, Lyautey: "Under the present world critical circumstances the mission that your organisation has set before itself for protecting the historical monuments and treasures of art is more timely than ever. I request you to accept my full adherence to it."

And just now, before the Washington Convention, the influential member of the U. S. Government, Secretary H. Wallace, sends his full-hearted message, in writing to Prof. Roerich: "I believe so profoundly in the things for which the Banner of Peace stands that I am only too happy to offer you any co-operation in my personal capacity to help make your efforts along this line successful."

I quoted these competent opinions not merely because of the November Washington Convention. Besides this special occasion, it is always uplifting to hear how great men think of Peace and of the protection of true human achievements. I not only rejoice myself in recollecting these benevolent humanitarian messages, but I know that such joy is not egotistic—for all readers will enjoy sharing in it.

Wishing from the whole heart success to the Washington Convention, I join in the statement of Dr. George Chklaver, Doctor of Laws of the University of Paris, who states in his article "The Roerich Pact:"

"Seldom are all the Nations of the World stirred by the same thought, seldom are they united by the same endeavour. It was given to Nicholas de Roerich to create a movement which has won the enthusiastic support of governments and peoples alike: thus it was proved once more that Beauty, Knowledge and Culture are the best means to bring together the *membra disiecta* of humanity!"

Culture and World-Peace.

BY SWAMI JAGADISWARANANDA



cyclic *Pralaya*, a world-revolution is upon us. We are passing perhaps through the gravest crisis of History. Chaos and confusion, disruption and dissension are at their height all over. The dance of Death, the *Tandava* of Rudradeva, is upper-most everywhere. The old order is changing, but the new order is not yet in sight. Dark gloom blinds our vision of To-morrow. But a golden ray of light shines from the snow-clad peaks of the High Himalayas, the Kailas of wisdom and bliss: the crusade of culture, led by Nicholas Roerich against the materialistic delirium of the age, is a great hope amidst cosmic defeatism and disillusionment.

The world movement of peace and culture inaugurated by Roerich proclaims the advent of a New Era, a New Humanity, a New World. Roerich's clarion-call to Culture or the Cult of Light is an epochal event of the present Kali Yuga, in which Kalki is the sole dictator of the World-Order. Nations are intoxicated with greed of gold and land-hunger. In their mad thirst for power and plenty, they have lost sight of cultural ideals. And in the satanic pursuit and frantic fury what a nation has done of another—what man has done and is doing of his brother-man! It rends one's heart to think of the inhumanities of man all the world over in the name of Religion, Nationalism, etc. Hairs stand on end to remember what balligerent barbarism and imperialistic vandalism have done in the past and are doing in the present. Had not thus the cultural achievements of the past been destroyed, mankind would have been a million times happier, wiser and richer to-day. The famous Alexandrian Library, the cultural treasures of North India, where are they? All devoured by the Dragon of Fanatism and Brute-Force. Thousands of Sanskrit works on Indian thought and culture—hundreds of museums of Indian art and architecture were destroyed under the heels of vandalic devils. India, among other nations, is decidedly poorer to-day in wealth and wisdom owing to the alien occupation. Hence India, as the worst sufferer, cordially welcomes the Roerich Banner of Peace to protect monuments of culture as inviolable and neutral in times of war or peace. May the leaders of nations be sane enough to be covenantors and defenders of this moral bond of internationalism!

Mark the height of brutality of Man! The blind pride of nationalism and imperialism has put a price on the head of one

who is the greatest Scientist since Newton, nay, one of the greatest thinkers of all times. Civilisation is no better than savagery to-day. Modern civilisation has lost its spiritual values and is digging its own grave. Nazism or Fascism, Communism or Seinfinitism can never save the world from imminent crash. The Red Cross of Culture alone will be a remedy for all modern ills. We are deeply grateful to the cultists of the Roerich movement who are doing their level best to educate world-opinion in the ideals of peace through culture. Culture, the ascension of spirit, is the infallible cure of modern materialism. Culture teaches man essentially the spirituality of life and divinity of man.

We are all disillusioned of Geneva. The European attempt for world-peace on a political basis is now a misnomer. Politics means in the West to-day diplomacy and exploitation, hypocrisy and militarism—how can it bring peace to mankind? World-Unity—World-Peace—is really practicable only through culture. The Cult of Light alone can lead man to the realm of peace. Ye young of the nations, hearken to the call of the spirit in silence and follow the life of inwardness and purity, prayer and poverty, service and sacrifice. The Divine Light wants you to be simple and sincere. Immaculate simplicity and sincerity are perhaps the greatest need of our times. The virus of possessiveness, and hatred has poisoned our lives. Let love and sacrifice dominate our minds and let us dedicate ourselves heart and soul to make others happy and to bring peace to all living beings. *Hari Om!*

The League of Culture and the Banner of Peace.

BY P. M. HARI



WHILE men and women are mad after sensations and nations are scrambling for silver and gold, it is highly gratifying to see that some sage heads are standing up in appreciation of the Muse of Culture and the Madonna of Peace, and proclaiming to the world that the head and heart of man are above his senses and stomach! This appreciation of the Muse of Culture indicates that human life is taking a new orientation and that man is evaluating things according to a new standard of a pan-human and fundamental principle of life. This new outlook carries with it an encouraging message of regeneration and unification of the world with the vital and elevating forces of Culture and Beauty. Beauty enlightens humanity, and culture will unify mankind.

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever," said Keats. Is it not proper to treat it then as the greatest asset of humanity? But man has not fully appraised the value of masterpieces of beauty and paid them the attention that they deserve. The treasures of arts and science have been among the most destitute of human offsprings! How often have we regretted the loss of the irreplaceable works of ancient culture whose mysterious spell enchants and elevates our life? And what have we done to safeguard what is in our hands?

But the world is a tissue of thoughts; and the dreams of yesterday materialise into the facts of to-morrow. The wild outburst of savagery in the last European War gave a rude shake to man's complacency and boast of refinement. The Great War gave rise to new thoughts and novel ideas, some of which are finding expression in our life to-day. One of the most important of them is a new appreciation of the value of the instruments and products of culture, and the need for protecting them from all kinds of ravages. The tears and thoughts of mankind provoked by the unwarranted destruction of masterpieces of art and sanctuaries of beauty during the late War have of late shaped themselves into definite attempts at the preservation of what is most valuable to human life and culture through all vicissitudes of time and clime. Perhaps the attempts are only rudimentary, and it may take some time for the sense that urges it to get rooted as an abiding factor of human life. Meanwhile, is it not the duty of every man who pretends to culture to enlighten the world on the

necessity and importance of the protection and preservation of the products of arts and culture, and to do all he can for the accomplishment of the commendable object?

The efforts of that indefatigable culturist, Nicholas de Roerich, to open the eyes of nations to the importance of the products of art are, it is congratulatory, gaining ground every day. The League of Culture organised by him and the Banner of Peace designed by him are very welcome additions to our civilisation. And it is a sign of happy augury that members of enlightened humanity have taken up the mission of Prof. Roerich and are coming together year after year to affirm its faith in the powers of culture and to concert measures for the protection of centres of culture and sanctuaries of beauty as the most precious possessions and heirlooms of the human race. In spite of all doubts and fears entertained in some quarters about the cultural state of humanity as it exists to-day, is this not a decisive mark of the progress of our civilisation?

No doubt too much attention to the past shuts our eyes to the future, and over-carefulness and pride of one's present wealth may stultify or stifle the creative instinct and the spirit of adventure and invention which are the parents of progress. But we have no pettyfoggery, and our aim is not to perpetuate our name or our works, but to preserve what is of outstanding interest and permanent value in our arts, crafts and culture for stimulating the genius of future generations. The best products of the highest attainments of one generation are to be preserved as the landmarks of human progress at least until they are duly displaced by superior works. Such preservation will also evoke a sense of appreciation of culture and beauty even in rank minds and alien intellects. And a mutual appreciation of one another's culture and attainments will bring men and nations together and knit them into an enlightened fraternity.

In the presence of the common mother all bickerings amongst the brothers cease. The rousing of the sense of love and respect kills all fraternal differences. So shall men and nations stop and happily shake hands with one another under the brightening smile of the maid of beauty and the broadening eyes of the muse of culture and offer their homage to the Madonna of Peace. And they shall also leave the footprints of their genius to point, to the generations that follow, the way to the goal of life.

We hope that the ensuing Conference at Washington will make a notable advance in the direction of making all nations accept the League of Culture and adopt the Banner of Peace. We heartily wish the Conference all success.

Roerich.

(Fragments).

BY M. BABENCI



BLESSED are they who, at risk of life, in the endless sands of the desert, search for the sources of the Great River.

Twice blessed he who, in the desert of daily life, seeks the sources of the Great River of Life.

Every one has seen often how a child peers through a forbidden keyhole, how a servant secretly eavesdrops to hear his master's conversation.

Vain Curiosity, this. Not of this do we speak.

We know curiosity of another kind—the noble curiosity of those searching for beauty and wisdom.

Praise to it. Make reverence before it.

We speak of him whose art, according to the prophetic word of the poet-genius of India, Rabindranath Tagore, "guards jealously its independence because it is great".

We speak of him whose world is the world of Truth and Beauty and whose paths are paths of blessings.

We speak of him whose name is "on the lips of the whole world".

We speak of Roerich.

From the Far North, where lakes are like steel, where the earth teems with iron; from the lands where ancient mounds still cover the knife and the axe of primeval man, and life cherishes the memory of the Tartar fire; from blossoming valleys of Tibet and Hindustan; from Chicago and London, words resounded. Words of artists addressed to him from all the ends of the world are resounding.

As I am writing these lines, I look at the golden russet "Conjurament of Fire" by Roerich. At the tongues of the furious, all-devouring flame. And I rejoice to know that now his flame is of another hue.

Near Phalut, on the roads of Kinchenjunga, grows the black aconite. At night when all living things are asleep, the flower glows as an unquenchable flame.

To those who know the legend of the Russian "Fire-Blossom," this "vigilant" flower of night reminds one that for "the fulfillment of all desires vigil is necessary".

I beheld the flame of the aconite upon the canvasses of Roerich !

Only those who feel the grandeur of the new tasks, the new universalisations and practical solutions; only those keen-sighted ones who are accustomed to see into depths and into the distance; only the men of *art and knowledge*, who see the outlines of alluring rocks and the glimmering strip of sky on the horizon, perceive what is still unseen by all the Future.

I do not know how Roerich imagines the future, the renewed world. But I know Roerich's paintings. I know his fiery gospel of beauty and harmony of art, as "the music of the spiritual call, which sounds independently of the stock exchange and the meetings of the League of Nations." And I affirm that Roerich's conception of the happy future era of a winged humanity parallels in all points with the "dream" of my learned colleague who foresees the future world in the true hues of "Roerich's" art colours.

Blind are those who see in Roerich a painter alone. Wise are those who see him one of the greatest spiritual leaders of our era.

Myriad-tongued is the gospel of Beauty. Many are the ways leading to Truth and Beauty.

But the goal is one. For all "fighters against triviality are in one camp".

Roerich writes: "Lonely people, divided by mountains and oceans, begin to think of the unification of the elements of creative harmony."

As in art, so in science. "Not of historical places do I speak. Not of the monuments of antiquity. Let the museum be a museum. And let life be life. Now it is not necessary to think of the past. Now—the present, which is for the great future. And I tell you more: Remember, now has approached the time of the harmonisation of our inner spiritual centres. This condition will be the corner-stone in the struggle with 'Mechanical civilisation,' which is sometimes erroneously called culture."

This was said by Roerich in his "Paths of Blessing".

And so, always about the same, tirelessly—until the last hour—about wisdom and beauty.

That is the chief thing.

Not volumes of dusty books, destined to destruction and oblivion. Not vain, impoverished words about "what will be," but a brief wireless message about "what is," what is happening in the world—this is what we need now-a-days.

At the skyscraper palace on Riverside Drive, New York, the Roerich Museum is located. After two years of existence it contains a collection of more than 1000 of the paintings of the Master.

A special section of the Museum contains more than eighty paintings dedicated to India.

The Roerich Museum is not a "prison" of art, but the House of Beauty.

The Roerich Museum is a hearth near which "human hearts are being warmed"; a hearth to which everyone comes who cherishes "the beauty in the life of nature and exalting heroism in the life of man".

Let us remember that noble Ruskin was dreaming at one time of creating such a museum.

So he dreamt while creating his museum in the Park of Sheffield.

Now this dream is realised. Let us remain true to it to the end. Let us create a net-work of museums similar to the House of Beauty on the shores of Hudson. For it behoves us to remember that "an open, evoking song of the things you love is necessary; necessary are clear words of what you would express."

Roerich is right. "Give art to the people. Decorate not only museums, theatres, schools, libraries, stations and hospitals, but even prisons."

More than this—decorate Nature itself through your care about it.

Or do you not see "how many young hearts seek the beautiful and the true?"

A master at the pinnacle of the world's recognition does not need praise.

But the heart of the teacher rejoices when he sees the growth and the success of his students.

Do you remember Roerich's painting, "And We Labour"? Has not that which was foretold been realised? Grows the circle of followers. The powerful international artistic organisation becomes stronger.

How many countries, how many nations, has it united into a brotherly union!

How many will it still unify!

The ranks are being filled with new names.

Only the new names? No—names and people. And—people means human labour.

And so, under the hand of the wise master-builder, a mighty structure is being erected, one of the greatest works of our epoch—"Corona Mundi."

It would be naive to speak of glory there where one speaks of immortality.

"People that have met the Masters during their life know how simple, harmonious and beautiful they are."

Roerich "has learned from the world and from all the voices of love speaking in his soul to love and to understand life and humanity."

And thousands of obedient pupils, "exalted with the joy of knowing new vistas," mentally reach for him from all the ends of the world.

Great is the army of leaders of art and knowledge in the world—young, old, women and children. Most of all, the young ones. Behind them comes the future.

Great is the army. But even this is only a beginning. How many are those that are ready to enter but have not been summoned yet into the ranks? We know their turn will come. Verily, those are right who say: "All men are artists." But few know of this. Soon all will know.

Explorers into unknown countries—all the Nansens, Koslovs, Swen-Hedius, scientists of all kinds—Oswalds, Boras and Mendelejevs: sages as Sakya-Munis, Confuciuses and Mahomets; inventors like Edison and Marconi; simple mortals can be greater artists than those whom we usually designate under this name.

But their art is diffused.

The idea of Beauty does not enter into their arms, and they serve it without realisation of the significance and beauty of their labour.

They are separated, divided into different camps; they are far from each other, and their lonely voices are drowned in the tumultuous voices of an indifferent crowd.

Carried in a sphere as if of suggestions, expressing things that are not yet fully realised in full measures, Roerich's art touches all the problems set before us for solution.

We read his paintings as a book and see ourselves as heroes of his epic fantasies.

In him we are fascinated by the rarest combination—the enormous knowledge which usually belongs only to the skeptical and unalert natures, allied to the vigour of a man who is only beginning his life.

We know he does not share our doubts and hesitations. But we believe, and will ever believe, that Roerich will not stop midway. He will go further, exploring, teaching and transforming by his marvellous art our dark, sunless reality.

Do not call Roerich "a mystic". Do not abuse the knowledge which is unattainable to you.

Remember "that one who denies the great reality of everything which exists is as ignorant as one who denies wireless, radio, television and all the real things of science which seemed to be fairy-tales not long ago."

The remarkable optical methodics of the last one hundred years disclosed for us the words of minutest living beings, structure of the living cells, structure of inorganic nature and structure of the starry world.

But do not flatter yourself with the idea that there are no "Miracles".

For where shall you find the proofs and witnesses of everything that passes in the universe?

And know that besides the "wonders of technic" there are "miracles" of will and of the creative spirit of man.

Against the ills of our age, against its wrath, malice and cruelty, there is no better remedy than art. And there is no physician more skilled than the servant of truth and beauty.

We often hear and often ourselves say about some one man: "His grief was contagious." Let us not by sorrow, but joy, contact each other's heart!

Let us be full of joy! Roerich's art is contagious with joy, with a great joy. And the future, the new world, promises to us joy.

Not words, but actions! Not thoughts, but our personal labour must we bring as a gift to the wise artist and his work. For the work of Roerich is the work of ourselves.

Close ranks, you that have believed! Unite together in order to radiate all over the world the luminous message of the power of Beauty!

"Paths of Blessing," by Roerich, is not a collection of abstract meditations. Not an utopia, like that of Morris, but an affirmation, conclusions based on innumerable facts.

Roerich has the practicality, culture and tastes of a Westerner; the inflexible will-power of a Northerner; and the contemplative soul of a poet, which makes him a close son of the East.

His mind is full of great memories. With his narrow, keen, deeply-set eyes he looks on the earthly visible world as if it was a reflection of the far-off world, where he sometimes lived, and where he will live again, faithful to the mystery of the endless metamorphosis of all that exists.

We wonder at his energy and the inexhaustible sources of his art.

And he ceases not, and probably will never cease, to surprise us by the riches that are hidden in the curvatures of his brain. When his eyes become tired of looking at the magnificence of the vistas that flows in his imagination he rests. He takes a pen and sketches on paper the overflow of what we partially have seen in his paintings.

He tells us of the first days of human existence on the earth, of man's ideas and struggle with the dark powers of nature. He describes to us the customs and habits of our forefathers with such a vibrant emotion, with such abundance of details, that power of the past completely possesses us. He speaks in the tongue of an eye-witness of the Tartar captivity, of the cruel onslaught of the Vikings, of the steppes, where the steppe-grass bends low, and corpses stiffen, and the raven pecks at his prey.

He makes us hear distinctly how an enemy crawls from behind the bushes and how our ancestor sings to his children about the land of miracles as happiness—of far-off India.

A thinker and a poet, his poems resemble the ancient Sagas he composes on horseback.

And preparing for a night's rest, in his traveller's tent, under the starry sky, in the silence of the desert, he plans his artistic creations.

With the years, on his face has fallen the shadow of the *Great Peace*. He seeks solitude, and in silent contemplation realises the sweetness of oblivion from worldliness.

But his life is full of motion, as before.

He who attained in the past the ecstasies of communion with the glorious brilliant beauty of the Latin genius, who was drawn to the study of the ruins of the ancient Slavic world, now, when his art is at its zenith, he opens a book sealed to the majority of us—of the grandeur and beauty of Tibet and India.

Now, when half of the book is read by him, and part of what he learned transmitted to canvas already—now we begin to surmise what his innumerable and incomparable gifts prepare for us in the future.

We await impatiently the continuation of this remarkable life, the brilliant trail which grows under our eyes, and plunges

us into the contemplation as of a fairy-tale, a magic dream, non-existent, beyond the limits of all the visions we ever saw.

Having passed in his youth the roads of Vikings, and now following the footsteps of Marco Polo, he carries away with him from everywhere, and carefully guards, his love to the rare fragments and signs of our past earthly glory.

He is able now to look for hours at "Zi—the symbolic stone," as before he could for hours marvel at the sheen and wonderful tone of the implements made of jade.

Being accustomed during his entire life to be in contact with the greatest intellects of all times and nations, he leads after him a whole world of images, conceptions and beliefs, that are extinguished sometimes and glittering dimly in the twilight of to-day, but which acquire sometimes a new being, if not in our life, then at least in our awakened consciousness.

Unlike many celebrated artists, Roerich does not believe in shadowing the creations of others, in order to protect his own.

On the contrary, he is rather seeking the means to affirm and fix in our minds the memory of everything that was ever done for beauty. He tries to give to us, and to those coming after us, the great happiness of love and brotherhood that knows neither caste nor race.

This is why Roerich's mission is wider and more significant than the usual mission of an artist. This is why Roerich's destiny rises over all our common conceptions about the aims of art, and his very idea of artistic creation differs widely from all accepted points of view. Roerich knows that the hidden meaning of human activity directed toward the adornment of life has lost long ago its primeval depth and its high significance.

Roerich knows that the demand for beauty has grown beyond all measures, and that the number of those starving from lack of beauty and perishing from impossibility to literally inhale it greatly surpasses the number of those who heal with beauty.

Roerich knows also that the resources of beauty have not been exhausted in this world, and that magic, declared a cure, does more harm than good.

Roerich knows that strength lies in unity and that salvation is in faith.

And for a while he leaves the country in which his ancestors lived, and which has raised him. He mounts a horse, and with a hand accustomed to hold a brush takes the reins. He rides over the places where the people gather, and he stops his horse and speaks to the people. He speaks everywhere—on the city squares,

on the steps of the ancient temples, from the hill-tops and on the deck of a ship. He speaks to the lonely ones that are losing their faith, to the unbelievers, and to the crowds. We see the sail of his ship fluttering in the far-off mist, and when I am writing these lines I know that his camel is treading on the golden desert sands.

The way is long and dreary. But passivity is more difficult. To act means to go. The mountain paths are complex and intricate. There are so many turns. So often does the ground slip from under the hoofs of the horse.

There are so many beds of streams and rivers.

In a perpetual labour, perpetual restlessness and thoughts of future, pass the days of a man, the ages of mankind.

Look at Roerich's paintings! People are building ships and cities.

Cities—to live in. Ships to sail toward the new shores. They are still only building. And it is always like this!

Do not be surprised. "The cultures had branched out too much. The oak of the universal hearth has grown up too much; we are sadly entangled in its innumerable branches, striving to mould the form of life; we must clear the buried roots."

Do you hear? We must. So says Roerich.

The ways have been lost. There is no more the old ways. We know only where they have been before. It is necessary to find them.

With his pen and his brush, Roerich has laboured to protect the remnants of the ancient beauty.

He wrote in his articles: "Let monuments stand not like horrible corpses like mummies, that no one needs."

"Let the monuments not terrify us, but let them live and bring into our life the best elements of past epochs."

We heal ourselves from the evil eye. Heal with the beauty of ages and the wisdom of centuries!

Do not grieve if the strong men go to the mountains and the wise men leave the cities.

A time will come—they will return enriched.

Limitless vistas have been revealed before the astonished eyes of all humanity. But the thirst is not satisfied. How many unexpected, innumerable eventful discoveries await us ahead.

Blessed be the gifts of those who create for ever! Blessed be the days of those who follow the path of Beauty and Truth.

The West was always attracted to the colourful Orient. Attracted, irresistibly, powerfully. Many perished on this road. Many emerged as conquerors.

Some perished because they thought to win with arms. But others won with a word. Now men have understood. They begin to understand that arms are powerless before the word born of knowledge.

The path is intricate. The slopes are steep. Just a few steps, and again a turn. After this—atop of the hill, open to the sun and to the winds.

Wanderer! Turn thy eyes toward the East, where the triple constellation of Orion burns unceasingly. Stop thy horse, oh traveller, and in deep silence listen to the words of the Teacher: *

Do you not see
The way toward the things
That we shall find to-morrow?
The starry runes are awake.
Take your possessions!
Your arms—you do not need,
The East grows lighter, the time has come.
The starry runes are stirring.

Art, Education and Peace.

BY JAMES H. COUSINS, D. Lit.



THE relationship between the two ends of the topic of this paper may not, at first sight, appear. Art is generally looked upon as something in the nature of a luxury, an adornment that may give pleasure to those who can afford it, but not essential to the ordinary affairs of life. Peace is largely regarded as a matter to be discussed by politicians and newspapers, a vague hope clouded by fear.

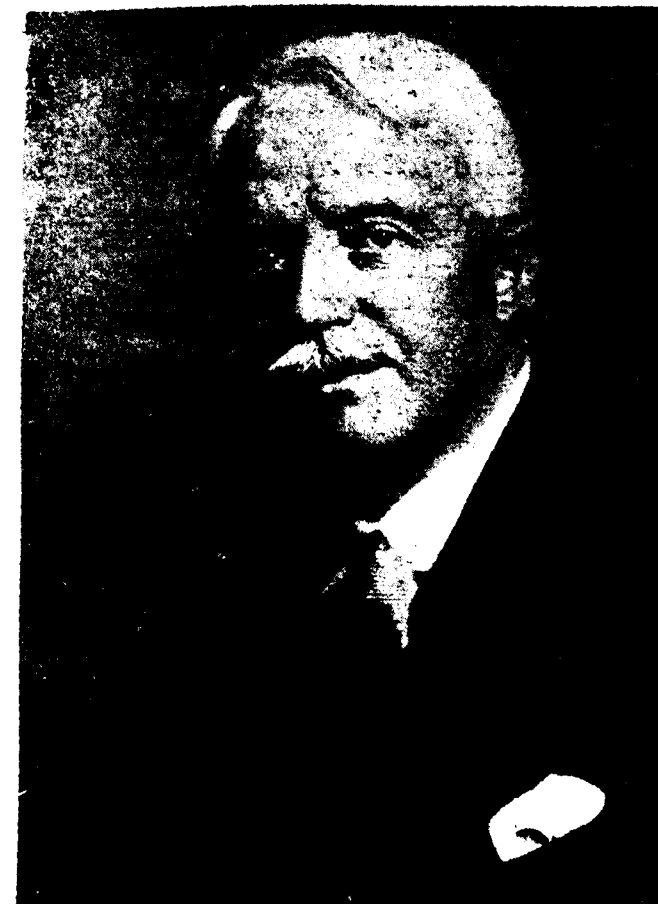
Yet, something is happening in the mind of humanity that is altering the imperfect notions held with regard to these apparently separate human interests. American and European industry has recognised the value of the artistic element in its products. An automobile of ten years ago looks worse than ancient to our eyes to-day; it looks ugly. On the other hand, the desire for peace among the nations is compelling the consideration of more reliable ways and means towards its fulfilment than mere perilous balancings of political expediency. Peace-patching is felt to be futile. Peace-making is what is needed, the foundationing and building of a structure of relationships in which humanity can live in the assurance that it is a substantial edifice and not a house of cards.

Before the War of 1914, the ex-Kaiser said to a lady painter, "War is fatal to art." The converse, I am convinced, is equally true: "Art is fatal to War." Let us consider how and why this may be so.

In the literature of India, it is declared that a work of art is useful for the double purpose of making an individual a better citizen, and of liberating the higher nature of the individual from the lower. This work is accomplished, according to the ancient yet modern psychology of the Orient, through the power which a work of art possesses of bringing to a radiant and dynamic focus in our feelings and thoughts certain desired worthy impulses and concepts that ordinarily are scattered, vague and ineffective.

Two implications are involved in this declaration of the purpose of art: one, that a work of art, in order to serve the higher nature of humanity, must itself be high in nature; the other, that art can be used for the uplift of humanity.

These two ideas of art are not common in the western world to-day. For the rich, the taste for art may be indulged in by the collection of rare or famous objects of art and the patronising of



DR. JAMES H. COUSINS

James H. Cousins, D. Lit., the well known Irish poet and educationist, who is now working as the Principal of the Theosophical College, Madanapalle, is best known in India as a pioneer exponent of the modern revival in Indian painting. To his work as an ambassador of Indian Art and Culture in continents like Asia (Japan), America and Europe, he has added his liberal contribution to all activities tending towards the betterment of humanity. Pleading as he does (in the article appearing in this Number under his name) for promoting and securing peace through culture (Art and Education), no wonder his sympathies with the Banner of Peace Movement, started by Roerich, are so pronounced as in the Message he has sent through this magazine to the forthcoming Washington Convention. When the first official Banner of Peace was dedicated in New York on December 27, 1931, a poem composed for the occasion was read by him.

elaborately organised performances by art-specialists. To the less rich, art takes the various forms of mass entertainment over which they have no control save the unimpressive protest of absence. The standard of such entertainment is not regulated to the higher nature of humanity. Its tendency is mainly downwards; towards the stimulation of lower forces in human nature which are powerful enough in themselves, and which, by overstimulation for pleasure without purpose, lead to individual and social dis-satisfaction and disorder, and ultimately to internecine or international war.

Happily this is not the last word that may be said on the quality and use of art. The wisdom of ancient India as to the power of worthy art to enable the individual to express his and her higher self, and so to become a better citizen, is being confirmed to-day by educators in various parts of the world. Experiments have proved that tendencies to moral delinquency in children of both sub-normal and abnormal mental ability can be almost completely eliminated by giving the children full, free and continuous opportunity to turn their growing creative energy into some form of creative art. Such release of energy into tangible forms of beauty or usefulness not only reduces delinquent tendencies as such, but brings emotional and mental satisfaction whose natural sequel is poise and peace.

Now it is common observation that personal states of a thought and feeling, and particularly of feeling, influence group activities. Disordered nerves will cause disorderly decisions that may affect large numbers of people not directly concerned in the provocative cause. It is, therefore, obviously desirable, nay necessary, that the peace-making powers of creative activity, which have been found successful when applied to delinquent children, should be given a wider and more normal use than merely as moral medicine. Personal peace, through the elimination of irritating ingredients by the flowing stream of creative activity in arts and crafts in every day's work in schools, would inevitably spread peace-making influences in the local community.

Another element in the movement towards peace through art in education is that of mutual interest in creative activity. No activity is so infectious in mutual enthusiasm or so potent in personal coalescence. The art activities of students in one country will become increasingly interesting to students of another country. Interchange of the products of the highest capacities of their nature will lead to mutual appreciation and understanding, and will clear psychological international approaches which have been blockaded by ignorance and misunderstanding. The empires

of the past expanded themselves by adding other peoples' territories to their own: the empire of culture grows by adding oneself in sympathy to the achievements of others. Through mutual cultural interest man can perform the paradox of gaining the whole world and yet not losing his own soul.

Many ways towards peace between the nations are being explored. The spread of knowledge and beauty, as recommended by Professor Nicholas de Roerich, is the most effective, indeed the only ultimate way. And the surest means of helping forward that movement is an education that includes integral and constant exercise of the creative faculty of the young in arts and crafts. I am convinced, from long experience in education, in both the Occident and the Orient, that through the giving of opportunity for creative expression and appreciation in both juvenile and adult education equal to language or calculation, the elements of disorder in the individual will be reduced towards extinction, and the consequent growing harmony in the individual will extend into harmony between individuals and groups, and ultimately generate a disposition and atmosphere in which peace will cease to be a problem since it will be natural and inevitable.

The Roerich Peace Pact.

HISTORICAL BACKGROUND



PROFESSOR Nicholas Roerich, world-renowned artist, philosopher and archaeologist, to whose art a skyscraper Museum has been dedicated in New-York and who is the founder of many cultural institutions, conceived the great salutary idea of the protection of artistic and scientific achievements of humanity as far back as in 1904, when he advanced the first proposals in this respect to the Russian Imperial Government. In the beginning of the Great War, Prof. Roerich again emphasised the necessity of the same idea, and finally in 1929, he proposed to the nations to establish a Pact for the preservation of the treasures of Art and Science of the world. This proposal was put into legal form by Dr. Georges Chklaver, Doctor of Laws and Lecturer of the Paris University.

The Pact in 1930 was submitted to, and unanimously approved by, the Museum's Committee of the League of Nations. In the same year were founded the Committee of the Roerich Banner of Peace in New-York and the "Comite pour le Pacte Roerich" at Paris. The next year saw the foundation of the "Union Internationale pour le Pacte Roerich" under the presidentship of M. Camille Tulpinck, with its seat at Bruges, Belgium. Professor Nicholas Roerich was elected Honorary President of all these three bodies, and the President of the Hague Court of International Justice, M. Adatci, accepted the Protectorship of the Union in Bruges.

Two International Conferences, dedicated to the promulgation of the Roerich Pact, were organised, both in Bruges, the first in 1931 and the second in 1932, at which delegates of over twenty countries participated.

At the time of the second Bruges International Conference, an Exhibition of Art Cities took place, at which twenty-three countries were represented.

At the same time, on M. C. Tulpinck's initiative, the "Foundation Roerich pro Pace, Arte, Scientiae et Labore" was inaugurated in Bruges.

All the three Banner of Peace Committees held lectures, published reports and arranged many manifestations, as for instance, the Pageant of the Shakespearean Association of Roerich Society in Central Park in New-York.

Enthusiastic reponse came in from all parts of the world and thousands of letters of appreciation and endorsement were received from Government, scientific and artistic institutions, women's organisations and leading statesmen. These opinions are to be found in Vol. I of the "Roerich Pact Book". Almost all leading men in the world of culture have expressed their appreciation and enthusiasm for the Pact, and we find in this list of adherers such prominent names as: H. M. King Albert of Belgium, President Masaryk, Mrs. Franklin D. Roosevelt, Marshal Lyautey, Maurice Maeterlinck, Dr. Rabindranath Tagore, Sir C. V. Raman, Sir Jagadis C. Bose, Secretary H. A. Wallace, Senator Copeland, Senator Ricci, Baron de Taube, Prof. A. Bustamente, Prof. R. Altamira, Prof. Louis Le Fur, K. C., the Duchess of Somerest, Prof. Anesaki, and a long row of other such similar names of international standing, followed by a list of Academies, headed by the Academie Francaise, and by the world's universities, museums, etc. etc.

The present year sees the inauguration of a Convention at Washington, U. S. A. on November 17th, which will be an important milestone for the Roerich Banner of Peace, which is already unfurled over several institutions.

The Banner as such represents three spheres within a circle, in majenta colour, on white background.

Naturally, such a Banner is needed not only in times of war, but at all times, because innumerable vandalisms and destructions of irreparable treasures take place almost daily. Thus the Banner is an epoch-making sign of Culture.

Remarkable is also the concluding passage from the consecratory sermon which Dr. Robert Norwood in New-York held during the solemn festivity of Peace Day:

"We shall have peace, Beautiful Flag, and it will come to us one day. We send you thus forth on your mission at this moment. We send you forth and we pledge ourselves that we who touch your folds, that look upon your whiteness, shall consecrate ourselves, our souls and our bodies, to the adoration of Good in the Highest, the height of human hearts. And so it shall come to pass that Peace shall come at last to Humanity through the victorious folds of your whiteness, the challenge of your colour and the completeness of your symmetry. Go forth and conquer in the name of Love, and we who are Lovers here this afternoon, lay our hearts upon your folds, and wish you good luck in the name of the Highest!"

A Poem.

I tell thee
Orthodoxy is set up
When the mind and heart are in decay.

As the quiet pools of the wood
Lie hidden under a green mantle,
So is Life covered by the accumulation
Of autumnal thought.

As the soft leaf is heavy with the dust
Of last summer,
So is Life weary
With a dying love.

When thought and feeling are hedged about
By the fear of corruption,
Then, O friend,
Thou art caught up in the darkness
Of a fading day.

A tender leaf lies withering
In the shadow of a great valley.

— Krishnamurti.

[Reprinted from *The Star Bulletin* by special permission].

A Vision.

I have seen a diamond in a dew-drop,
and state-craft in a spider's web ;
I have seen a golden-eagle in a house-sparrow,
and a saint's staff in a sweeper's broom ;
I have seen a smile in sabred lightning,
and laughter in thunder's voice ;
I have seen the mighty ocean in a mountain-rill,
and tears in falling rain ;
I have seen terror in a tender lamb,
and a tremulous heart in a tiger's frame ;
I have seen a palace in potter's clay,
and a petty mind in a proud monarch ;
I have seen the glorious sun in a small glow-worm,
and conflagration in a spark of fire ;
I have seen base brooding line a Bishop's robe,
and pride preside at a feast of God ;
I have seen a temple-parlour turned to a trader's lair,
and a holy priest a tempting thief ;
I have seen a string of pearls strangle a tyrant's throat,
and precious stones poison kings ;
I have seen a wood-land faery in a village child,
and a palace dome in a peaceful hut ;
I have seen God released in man's art,
and death reveal life.

N. S. Rama Rao.

Love's Perfection.

I

Time was when love's young fancy, eager-hooved,
Sped loveward ; but on joy's hushed margin learned
Love may not, though it may have purely yearned,
Lightly approach the mightily removed.
For onward, ineradicably grooved,
Go the splayed pathways of the heaven-externed,
Till fleshless purpose is in flesh discerned,
And spirit-service in the body proved.

Ah ! though some recreance of incarnate will
In presence veils what I in absence know,
And exile asks, Love's mystery to fulfil ;
Still on towards Love's perfection glad I go,
Even through death, if death may be alone
My postern to the footstep of thy throne.

II

Even to death, if death lead to thy throne,
Gladly I go. Yet, since my days are spent
In banishment beyond thy stars' intent,
Life is but death by space and silence known.
Then, since no light hath death or life alone,
Here will I reach beyond their mere event ;
Guess thy soul's stature from its pediment,
And, stretching unto thine, upraise mine own.

Come, love ! let us outwit both life and death
That are but lackeys to Reality ;
Outsoar the severance of blood and breath
Upon the parallax of Love made free ;
And, met within the undivided deep,
The spirit's tryst in spirit-silence keep !

James H. Cousins.

Festival Of Lights.

BY GURDIAL MALLIK.

The morning of the festival arrived. Gladness was writ large on the face of the city. The people were attired in their best—the young maiden in her rainbow colours, the boy, with the bloom of youth in his countenance, in his spotless white, and the child in his velvets

“Good citizens,” said the town-crier at the top of his voice, “lend me your ears. To-night is the Festival of Lights. The King has invited you all. Come, come, each with his own lamp.”

“Light, where is light?” this was the query which they put to one another and none knew for a long time whence to get a lamp. And they were puzzled as they were pained.

At last, late in the evening, a street-hawker, wearing the motley-coloured dress of his tribe, passed through the city crying, “Lamps, lamps”. The citizens were elated with hope and they rushed towards him.

“How do you sell these earthen-lamps?” asked they of the hawker.

“The price of each is *all your possessions*,” was the reply. Many heard this and went away, but some stayed behind to buy his wares.

The night came. Those who had lights went to the festival, which was being celebrated, with song and splash of colour, in the flowering forest. There was fragrance in the air. The lamp-bearers stood each with his light held aloft, under the sky. Silence reigned supreme. The very breeze had ceased to breathe.

All of a sudden a shining face appeared among the stars and in a sweet but soft voice said, “To-night, we claim you as our brothers, because you have brought the offering of light to the Festival.”

There was a shower of stars. And the lamp-bearers returned home, each with a star aglow in the heaven of his heart.



SEATED FIGURE OF BUDDHA ON THE TOP-MOST
GALLERY OF BOROBUDUR

Borobudur in Java.

THE MOST MAGNIFICENT BUDDHIST
MONUMENT IN THE WORLD.

BY G. VENKATACHALAM.

IN the distance are the high mountains; their cloud-covered summits soar towards the blue vault of heaven. The brow of the hills near by and the bosom of the encircling valley below are studded with ever-green palms, whose grey feathery-tufts wave and nod to every passing breeze blowing across the fertile plains. The meandering silver-streaks of water gleam placidly over a shimmering landscape of fields, and the morning mists lie gently over fantastic shadows in space.

Soon the warm luminous wings of the sun hover over the scene, silently unveiling the beauties all around; and then, the wonder of wonders; right in front of you rises in majestic isolation and supernal splendour, a pyramidal mass of chiselled stones, wrapped in eternal meditation. It stands out, lit with bright spots and dark shadows, against a grey sky, like a dreamy citadel guarding a fairy princess within its walls. The sun now floods the place with "its loud barks of light," which is echoed back from the silent solemn walls in bewildering beauty of forms, shapes, scenes and figures that dazzle the eyes for a moment and make you dumb with wonder and surprise. You rub your eyes and see again, and behold! *stupas*, galleries, stairways, *tornas*, niches, seated Buddhas in contemplation, moving friezes of stone-figures, carved lions on the terraces and chiselled designs everywhere—and that's the first vision of Borobudur, the greatest and the most magnificent of the Buddhist monuments in the world.

Borobudur is the crowning achievement of Indian art; the noblest creation of man in praise of the Buddha; a supreme embodiment of man's devotion, industry, patience and genius. Egypt and India—lands of mighty monuments—possess nothing to equal it, in beauty or grandeur. Borobudur is an epic in architecture; a *purana* in stone. It is the full flowering of the creative genius of a race, the fruit of thousands of years of ceaseless artistic effort and expression.

Ajanta and Ellora are grand and awe-inspiring; Borobudur is beautiful, elegant and refined. Ajanta and Ellora exemplify the superhuman energy and patience of ancient builders; Borobudur reveals their sensitive aesthetical nature and subtle technical skill. From Bharhut to Borobudur, it is a story of over a thousand

years' art-history of India; and while the beauty of Bharhut monuments is primitive, vital, strong and compelling, the beauty of Borobudur is classical, sweet, gentle and pleasing. In the friezes of Borobudur we see the perfection of art-forms evolved in the *bas-reliefs* of Bharhut railings and *tornas*. What a bewilderingly beautiful world of art-idioms and expressions lie between these two great monuments of the ancient Indians!

Java is rich in monumental arts. From the crudely carved stone figures in Western Java to the delightfully-built temples of the middle and east Java, the island is full of old monuments. Central Java contains the most famous and the most striking of them. The oldest buildings, so far traced, are temples dedicated to Siva, Vishnu and other Gods of the Hindu Pantheon. Some of them slightly resemble the monolithic *rathis* at Mahabalipuram and an ancient temple near Hampi in South India.

Tradition traces the Hindu colonists to Gujerat and Kalinga, but there is no doubt, whatsoever, that much of the migration was from the *Coromandel* coast. The temples in the *Diyani* plateau resemble closely, in their sculptures, the Hoysala art of Karnataka; and even one of its earliest kings bore the name of the famous Hoysala king, who built the temple at Belur in Mysore, Vishnuvardhana, the devotee of Sri Ramanuja, the great *Vaishnava* reformer. The worship of Siva seems to have been the prevailing creed of the Hindus who colonised the island, and the cult of Agastya, who, according to tradition, introduced Aryan culture into the island, is another of the chief religious features of ancient Java.

The stone images of Agastya, discovered in the island, are some of the finest pieces of sculptural art anywhere to be seen. Buddhism came into prominence and power, about the 8th century, with the overthrowing of the Hindu power by the Sailendra kings of Sumatra. The greatest monument, during this period of Buddhist supremacy, is Borobudur, said to have been designed by Gunadharma, a mythical architect. The Hindus came again into power in Central Java a century later, and raised a group of temples at Prambanam, to rival in beauty and splendour the Buddhist monument of Borobudur. The Hindu empire in Java gradually declined, and with the inroad of Arabs and Moors, it completely disappeared from the island. The remnants of the ancient Hindus, refusing to be absorbed into the rising Islamic culture, migrated to the adjoining island of Bali, and are still to be seen there in their picturesque state, following the faith of their ancestors. The Muslim rule was followed by the Portuguese and then the English and the Dutch, and now the island is the greatest Dutch colony and their main exploiting ground.



AIR VIEW OF BOROBUDUR

Borobudur lies right in the middle of Java, but towards the southern coast and near to Djokjkarta, an important town in the island and the seat of one of the Sultans. The monument, an enormous pyramidal structure, is part of a gently rising hillock from the valley, the uppermost section of which is sheathed with masonry of dressed stones. It rises in seven-storied terraces of three distinct divisions: the square base of double platforms, the four rectangular stages of open terraces and the three circular open terraces, crowned with a bell-shaped *dagoba*. Four steep stairways lead to the top from the four sides of the base, the gateway to each of which is guarded by sitting lions and spanned by *makaratornas* with the *motif* of *Kirtimukha* at the top. These gateways are by themselves excellent works of art, and they form common *motifs* in the theatrical and other allied arts of the modern Javanese. The total height of the monument, from base to top, is not much, only about 150 feet; the base is about 650 feet square. Thus the monument is not, in any sense, a stupendous one, but it is its wealth of details of carving and its architectural beauty that make it the most unique monument in the world.

Borobudur is neither a *stupa* nor a *chaitya* nor a *vihara*, though it has all the fundamental formative features of these respective architectural arts. It is a rich and rare combination of both Hindu and Buddhist architecture, where the best elements of both have conspired to harmonise completely and fully. The niches that run round, at regular intervals, on all sides of the terraces, contain finely carved images of seated Buddhas, and there are as many as 432 of them on the rectangular terraces alone. The three circular terraces above contain 72 images of the Buddha enshrined within small *dagobas* of diamond and square-cut lattice work, to let in air and light inside and also to enable one to see the images. This forest of 72 cupolas with obelisk tops looks picturesque and attractive from a distance. The central crowing *dagoba* is solid and does not contain any image within, but it is presumed that it held within its bosom some sacred relic of olden days.

Some of these silent meditating stone figures are about the best images of the Buddha ever carved by human hands. They far excel, in their vital sculptural quality and aesthetical nature, even some of the best Buddha statues of the Gupta period. Their expression is indescribably wonderful. As you sit and meditate before these mute figures and drink in deep their inner beauty, you realise how marvellously have those unknown artists of a forgotten world succeeded in rendering still stones animate with life and divinity. These statues breathe a strange life and are

intensely alive, and the serenity on their faces is not of the ordinary mortals, but of those who live in the eternal and who, therefore, embody eternal peace, knowledge and silence. They do not suggest movement or poise, as the Nataraja bronze, but an inner attitude of perfect equilibrium of mind, heart and soul, a state of *Yoga* leading to self-realization. The modelling of the faces is of the greatest simplicity. The features are scarcely defined, and are an outward sign of the mind within. You see in those faces a state of cosmic consciousness, *Nirvana* itself.

This is specially noticeable in the three statues that are within the shrine of *Chandi Mendut*, some two miles away from Borobudur. I wonder if India has any image of the Buddha or that of the *Bodhisatva*, to equal one of these. The temple itself is a small single-cell structure on a raised platform from the ground, and rises two storeys high. The top must have been pagoda-shaped, like others in Java. The outer walls contain some exquisitely designed relief carvings of great felicity and precision. But it is the three images inside that compel your admiration and wonder. They are placed on pedestals on the three sides of the temple, the image of the Buddha facing the entrance door and the two *Bodhisatvas* on either side. An ornamental background built into the walls throws the figures in good relief. The faces are singularly beautiful with finely chiselled features and fine proportions, more Aryan in type than the usual Mongolian, and the expression wonderfully calm, serene and divinely radiant. The *Bodhisatvas* are richly adorned with crown, anklets, necklaces, armlets, ear-drops and clothed in diaphanous robes. A lotus foot-rest is under their feet, and the sitting posture of the Buddha is not the usual meditative posture (*Padmasana*), but that of a teacher on a chair, with his feet down resting on the lotus-rest.

By far the most interesting and better-known sculptures of Java are the friezes in stone, running all around the rectangular galleries. They are illustrations, like the frescoes of Ajanta, from the *Jataka* and *Lalitavistara* stories, representing incidents and scenes from the past and present lives of the Buddha, and like the frescoes of Ajanta, they are executed in a masterly style, the work of inspired men. Like the frescoes again, they portray vividly and truthfully the life, customs, dresses and other national features of the period they were executed. Indian art, especially Hindu art, is rich in relief carvings and frieze-panels, but nothing in India can rival these at Borobudur.

Over two thousand long double panels of exquisitely carved friezes run round the walls, and even a casual glance at them

strikes one with dumb silence, and a careful study reveals unsuspected beauty, and wonder. The figures, men, women, children, flowers, trees, birds, animals, houses, chariots, ships are all treated in a classical manner, exceedingly beautiful and fascinating and attractively grouped, with profound knowledge of movement, space, rhythm and balance, while the background and other decorative elements are conventionally treated. The study of women, in groups and in graceful poses and seductive postures, is far more correctly and artistically rendered than in the Ajantan frescoes. Animals, birds and plants are portrayed as cleverly and as realistically as those at Sanchi, while the rich, colourful panorama of life and animated scenes that move before your eyes, in flowing rhythm and dancing space, rival those at Bharhut or Sanchi. These lovely friezes are best seen in the evening light when the slanting rays of the sun sheds soft light over them, revealing, verily, a dream in stone.

Wars and Rumours of Wars.

BY MAJOR GRAHAM POLE, M. P.



It is almost impossible, at the present time, to open a newspaper without finding there is talk of war. People who wish to do their part to prevent war often feel at a loss as to what they should do about this talk. It is certainly very alarming that in so many quarters a coming war should be taken for granted. And many people seem to think that by joining in the talk they are merely encouraging the war-mongers. But the war-mongers would never get their chance if there were not some real grievance and fear and injustice behind their scares, and so probably the wisest course is to try to keep in mind these *originating* causes and to exert any influence we have on the side of those who are still striving to remove those causes. It is better, for instance, to concentrate on the injustice of a disarmed Germany in the midst of a world more heavily armed than it was in 1914, than to take sides against the Nazis even though they may have repressed and murdered in their own country every element with which we were in sympathy.

There seem to be three danger-spots in the world at the present time—France and Germany, Germany and Austria, and the Pacific. In the estrangement between France and Germany Britain could, if she had the courage to stand up to reactionary opinion at home, play a conciliatory part. As has been pointed out, France attaches overwhelming importance to the proposal to set up immediately an International Commission of Inspection charged with the duty of investigating at regular intervals the state of armaments of every nation. Provided such investigation is universal in its application, Germany has agreed to it. So have the United States, Poland, Switzerland and Sweden.

Yet Britain still seems to hesitate, still seems unable to ask the "Services" to put up with such an "intrusion". The British Government, says the *TIMES*, "would not countenance a roving Commission, trying to find out every possible secret."

Yet whatever good is a Commission if there are to be secret processes and preparations for war hidden from them? If Britain persists in this attitude, she invalidates the whole proposition and gives France more reason than ever to feel she has no security.

France will not agree to any Disarmament Convention, to any scheme for the gradual reduction of her defences, unless and until she is *confident* that there can be no loop-hole for secret rearmament in Germany. And, of course, Germany will not agree

to a scheme which allows England to keep back a few secrets but compels her to submit to complete inspection. Most of the trouble in Germany to-day is due to the bitterness engendered by years of enforced inferiority. Unless she is fairly and equally treated now, she will give up all hopes of Geneva and go her own way—ultimately to war. The Inspection Commission must be set up, must be given complete liberty. Only after this has been agreed upon will the way be cleared for a Disarmament Convention.

It is probably the case that the present moment is the most favourable that the Powers are likely to have if they are to come to any understanding with Germany. The Nazi leaders are at Geneva, acutely conscious, if we are to believe the reporters, of their "moral isolation". At all events, they seem to underline their sense of isolation by choosing to stay well outside Geneva. In Leipzig the German Supreme Court is engaged in trying for arson and high treason the leader of the Communist Party, three Bulgarian Communists, and a degenerate, unfortunate creature who can have been nothing but somebody's tool. World opinion is quite certain that responsibility for the burning of the Reichstag lies elsewhere. It was also of the opinion, and perhaps still is, that the Leipzig trial would be a judicial execution. But the Supreme Court should, and might after all, be above suspicion. If it decides that there is insufficient evidence to convict these men, such a conclusion would go a long way towards rehabilitating Germany in civilised opinion.

Italy, certainly, is not going to let slip any opportunity of preserving the peace between France and Germany. For years she has sympathised with Germany, encouraged her in the hope of eventual Treaty revision, even if Germany's recent attempts to swallow up Austria have rather repulsed her. Now Signor Mussolini is recalling France and Germany to their undertakings in the Four-Power Pact. The Pact, he says, "has brought the Four Powers of Western Europe together in a concerted policy of peace for ten years." Peace for ten years! Are those years to be employed in an armaments race between France and Germany—or in an agreed arrangement for disarmament?

Signor Mussolini, of course, is the great opportunist. He may have all kinds of theories of the corporative State, but, in fact, like all men of action, he deals with things as he finds them. Has he or has he not a lesson for the world when, as in a recent article, he urges the nations to co-operate internationally however much they may disagree about internal policy? Says Signor Mussolini:—

In every one of its acts, my Government has constantly, loyally, and unmistakably kept faith with the principle that the utmost respect must be

shown for the will manifested by each people for the internal rule which governs them.

The Four-Power Pact was proposed and concluded by Fascist Italy in collaboration with the English constitutional Monarchy, with the French democratic and Parliamentary Republic, and with the National Socialist German Reich.

This is a very important point of view, and one upon which we must all come to a decision. Is "supping with the devil" a different thing when it is done internationally? Is it a good thing?

It is very difficult to decide to what extent Austria constitutes a danger spot to European peace because, at the moment, sentiment is very much interfering with business. Dr. Dollfuss, the Austrian Chancellor, created a sensation last week by reconstituting his entire Cabinet and making himself, in the Mussolini manner, Minister of Defence, Foreign Affairs, Public Security and Agriculture. But this coup has aroused far less speculation than the fact that there are now in the Cabinet, which consists of twelve members, four Royalists who would like to see the Archduke Otto restore the rule of the Hapsburgs.

Germany's "siege" of Austrian independence has inevitably led to a profound revival of nationalism. Vienna has been looking back into the past and re-living its former glories and, of course, however many minorities may have been chafed by the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, Austria itself was far happier and more prosperous than it has been or can ever be in its present lopped condition. The result is that there are many people in Austria who are beginning to want the Hapsburgs back again. Recovering lost territory, negotiating economic blocs, are measures fraught with difficulty or impossibly slow. Sentiment, they hope, might hasten matters, and if a Hapsburg were to come forward to claim the Throne, there are many who hope that Austria and Hungary might after all be able to be united again.

In July, it will be remembered, General Goemboes, the Hungarian Premier, visited Austria to discuss with Dr. Dollfuss the possibilities of uniting the Danubian countries in one economic bloc. The bloc was to consist of Austria, Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania. It was suggested that a Danube conference should be called to explore the matter. After this meeting between the two Premiers, a statement was issued officially to the effect that in future they intended to consult each other on any international question of concern to both countries.

It is a pity the Balkans cannot get along without the Great Powers! Sooner or later, there will have to be an economic league on the Danube—and in July it seemed to be in sight. But since July Germany has been battering against Austria, with the result that Austria turned to Italy for support. And the Little Entente

(Czecho-Slovakia, Yugoslavia and Rumania) dislike Italy because of the original draft of the Four Power Pact which was largely concerned with Treaty Revision. So the latest news is that the Little Entente have been having a grand rapprochement in Rumania and are now devoting their attention to Disarmament, economic conditions in Central Europe, and the Austrian problem. Unfortunately the report of these discussions concludes with the statement that the Little Entente, "having decided to strengthen its position, is now ready to oppose Italy and Germany in their intentions to dominate politically the Danubian countries and the Balkans". But Austria cannot get along without Italy in her resistance to German penetration. Any antagonism to Italy evinced by the little Entente, therefore, will not make it easy for Austria to join in their projects.

What it does make easier is the possibility of an Austro-Hungarian restoration, dominated by Italy.....

In the Pacific the war danger is already there. For over two years now Japan has been making war upon China. At the moment nothing but the grace of God, in the shape of early snows in Siberia, seems to be preventing her making similar unofficial war on Russia's borders. While she is disturbing America by hinting that at the next Naval Conference she will "demand something nearer naval parity with Great Britain and America than the present 5-5-3 ratio".

It is very difficult to understand why Japan should persist in her bellicose policies. The reason for the Manchurian adventure is plain enough. She wanted its raw materials. But why she should persist in baiting Russia—and the long discreditable haggling over the sale of the Chinese Eastern Railway, not to mention the arrest of its Soviet personnel, does amount to baiting—it is impossible to say. Russia may have been the rival in Manchuria in the past. But she has made it plain over and over again that she has no use for the old imperialist and expansionist policies.

But even if Russia were a menace to Manchuria, why should Japan seek to alarm America? Why does she require naval parity? Some idea of the suspicions which exist of Japan's intentions in the Pacific may be guessed from the recent excitement over the rumour that the Bonin Islands had been fortified as a naval base.

This incident is worth noting, because it also shows how easily war scares are built up.

An Anglican Bishop was refused permission to land in these islands on the ground that they were now a fortified area. This was made the subject of a leader in the *Times* and in a further

article in that paper it was stated that this incident "explains current rumours of the fortification of 'mandated' Pacific Islands by the Japanese Government."

But this incident, really, has no significance at all, and Japan first heard of it through the *Times*! The Bishop was prevented from landing by some over-zealous petty officials. But as he did not complain to the Japanese authorities, they knew nothing whatever of the matter. As for the statement that the Bonin Islands are now a fortified area, this is disposed of by the Japanese Navy Office in the following official communique:—

The defences of Bonin Island remain exactly as they were when the Washington Treaty was signed in 1922. The fortifications then existing have been neither increased nor reduced; neither has an air port been constructed.

So war scares can be encouraged even by a harmless bishop!

But Japan, of course, is a danger to the peace of the world because she is in danger herself. She is, in many ways, in a similar position to that in which Britain found herself in the last century. She must expand or burst! But whereas Britain could expand in a world in which there were still some markets to conquer, Japan is finding one market after another closing to her exports. And finding that she is faced with the need of supporting a rapidly increasing population. (It is the curse of industrialism that it increases population before it can provide for them—and forces upon the people the struggle for more and more markets.)

Japan has for some time been searching for an outlet for her population. Australia has watched her expansion nervously, and the United States has effectively checked immigration not merely by restricting the numbers entering, but by putting difficulties in the way of Japanese children attending the State schools. Not long ago, it will be remembered, the Dean of Canterbury upset the apple-cart in a speech which he made at Guildford, and later underlined in a speech to the National Peace Congress at Oxford. Yet all he said was:—

I have great sympathy with Japan, a vast industrial country seeking an outlet for her population and still more for her goods. She sees empty land; the United States struck me as an empty country, so did Australia.

The sparseness of population in Canada and Australia struck me extraordinarily on coming back from China and Japan. When I asked why there were not settlers in parts of the north of Australia, I was told it was not an Englishman's climate.

If that is so, not only in the interests of Japan, but in the interests of the peace of the world, it might have been a great thing to have gone to Japan and suggested coming to terms with her and trusting her not to take the whole if we gave her a part.

It may, of course, have been mere coincidence. But just exactly ten days after this "indiscretion" on the part of the Dean of Canterbury, the Prime Minister of Australia issued Statement declaring that his Government "regards the development of the northern territory as an imperative responsibility and is willing to encourage and assist private enterprise and capital to ensure speedy development and profitable investment. The Government believes that these objects can be achieved with full protection of the natives, and under the *White Australia policy*, the maintenance of which the Government regards as fundamental".

No wonder Japan is preying upon China and is credited with aspiring to the Lordship over Asia. No wonder she has an inferiority complex and wants naval parity with Britain and the United States!

In any event, the White races cannot keep Japan indefinitely out of their respective spheres. Japan has just concluded an agreement with Abyssinia leasing her 1,600,000 acres of land suitable for cotton growing. Also, she is to have the sole rights for cultivating the opium poppy.

One final reflection. Japan is due to leave the League of Nations in 1935.

The Humours of Jail Life.

BY MARGARET E. COUSINS, B. Mus.



JAIL is a place where there is so little of anything that the "little more and how much it is" becomes applicable to the smallest unusual experience there. It may then only be the jail atmosphere of exaggeration that makes me look on certain incidents I experienced there as humorous.

I was one of a group of about fifty Indian women who had been convicted for various actions, which under the Ordinance Rule were considered crimes, but which in Britain would have been thought good citizenship and patriotism. We were in "A" and "B" Classes, and enjoyed work and exercise time in association all together.

I always felt it was a joke of the Cosmos that I, who had been chosen by the Government of Madras to be the first woman Honorary Magistrate in India and who had faithfully sat on the Saidapet Bench once a week for five years, should be in prison myself for having tried to improve the laws of India!

I felt so free in my own consciousness that I was always doing things "naturally" which were utterly absurd or horrifying from the jail staff's point of view, as when I found myself walking right through the great front entrance gate just because I was eager to follow the warder who had been helping in the little garden of our block, and unconsciously I was going right out with him to get seedlings!

When that gate was an exit, it saw funny things such as this: One of my comrades was on the point of being released after a term of a full year. What was her surprise when she was handed over her ear-rings (stored during the sentence) to find that the holes in her ears had closed up and she could not wear them! She had put her small bag in her trunk, and my last sight of her was seeing her go forth into the wide, wide world tightly grasping in one hand valuable pearl ear-rings and a five-rupee note!

All the jail—our 250 "other sisters"—was convulsed with laughter one day when a dog—and a male dog at that!—was found in the jail compound, and after a time of fun in being caught, was finally hauled off by means of a saree tied loop-wise round its neck whose two ends at three yards' distance were held like reins backward by two able-bodied women convicts. It really was a humorous sight.

The "Gate" was the focus of everything in the jail, for on an upper storey above it were the offices, and at one side of the

ground floor was the interview room, at the other side the "Rations" room, and the Superintendent Matron or her first assistant had always to be on duty "Between gates". It is an ironic commentary on jails that jail authorities in every country are more afraid of prisoners getting hold of "weapons" than of any other matter of jail life. Their fear is not for themselves but that the prisoner may commit suicide. So twine, nails, bamboos for a mosquito curtain, my typewriter, were anathema as "weapons," and my table-knife, without which I could not have handled my food in my customary manner, was called for every night and carried away in procession to the "gate" by a wardress, and returned next morning.

Moonsoon nights brought humorous situations. One night I could have been seen (by lightning flashes) squeezed into one corner of my cell, perched on my rolled-up bedding with my umbrella up during a couple of the small hours of the night during which the rain did its utmost to wash out the cell through my barred open window and door.

Another night of heavy wind, and thunder and lightning, an aluminium tumbler knocked down by the wind from a shelf rolled about the verandah outside my cell with such noise as to waken me, (again in the small hours) and so irritate me that I had to fish for it through the iron bars of my door with my umbrella and finding the tumbler by the light of flashes of forked lightning, angle for that wretch of a noisy vessel. Sometimes when I touched it it rolled almost out of my possible reach. Then I had to wait for another flash of lightning and grab for it again. Finally, I landed it with as much pride as if I had been a fisherman with a good trout! Such midnight adventures are, however, no joke at the time, when one's whole being aches for nothing but sleep.

During the intense hot months of April and May, my cell got so heated that I could not sleep at night till I had the inspiration of "parking" in my bathroom cell for sleeping purposes, but it was a funny environment amongst my pots and pans and washstand and water chetties. It did the trick, however, as I was able to keep the cell's door shut and curtained all day, and the presence of water and swilled floor made a great difference in temperature, also a camp cot in place of a razi on a creaky iron bedstead made for coolth.

Another of my "life-savers" of that inferno time was a pair of thin silk pyjamas—beach style with wide trousers—which I donned during the midday hours. At first they shocked my comrades and I never ventured to the "gate" in them for fear of devastating the morals of the two men clerks. But they reached their climax of effect the day our Telugu poetess got sudden

order of release by "jail delivery". She came from our hospital (where she had been staying) to our block to give the glad tidings, and as I dashed out of my cell to join the excited group, the sight of me in the said pyjamas embracing our stately, stout, patrician dame caused roars of laughter.

It is wonderful to live in conditions in which an ordinary little pin is as valuable as a sovereign, yet so it is in jail. Pins, needles, hairpins,—it was a tragedy to lose one. Once I had only one pin between me and sartorial disaster for a week! Small safety-pins were also treasure trove. The comfort of our year and a half baby depended on safety-pins for fastening her little dresses, for none of her frock-makers had evolved a style without a gaping opening which yawned like a chasm for the safety-pin which was so often missing. On occasions I even sewed her into the frock because we couldn't find "the" safety-pin.

Mother Nature played a good joke on us. I was quite elated because flower seeds had reached me from Poona, and we had visions of a prize garden show. We were generous and divided them with other gardeners. We put them in the garden beds, in soap-boxes, in bright places and in shady dark corners. For four days we paid no heed to them. Then every separate flower lover was anxiously gazing at the seed bed each morning. This went on for ten days, and the only thing that appeared was fine grass! Not a single seed ever put up a shoot! We often say the "light that failed," this was a case of the seeds that failed! After that I was all for seedlings and had no use for mere seeds!

The glorious green grass in Vellore Women's Jail was a constant nourishment to me. I do not mean that I was reduced to eating it like Nebuckadnezzar, but the Psalmist in the Bible knew the feeling all right. One of the holy songs we used to sing at our "prayers" was the metrical version of the 23rd Psalm and one verse goes:

Where streams of living water flow
My ransomed soul he leadeth
And where the verdant pastures grow
With food celestial feedeth.

I wrote so much about my pleasure in being able to sit on the grass and rest my eyes on it or walk barefoot on it, etc, that finally it was no wonder that my husband capped it all one day by writing to me as "My beloved grass widow!"

Talking of food celestial, the vegetables that I could eat were erratic in their appearance, and one day I remember the officer laughing at the "gate" when I grumbled that I had only three lady's fingers and two potatoes to make a lunch out of! It is nothing short of ridiculous that the Government allows only five

annas seven pies per day for the food of a European "A" class prisoner or any "A" class prisoner! I never tried to live within that amount so I have no complaint to make against the food I bought with my own money. I just tried to laugh and grow fat—and succeeded.

The earlier mentioned baby we nicknamed "The Joy of the Jail". She was full of tricks and jolliness and gave us every reason to expect that she will one day achieve fame as a film actress. I myself was called "The Light of the Jail," by my Malabar comrades, probably because I had invested in a Baby Petromax lamp. I did not find it a gilt-edged security. It had moods. I called it "my Sun". But when it was in one of its tantrums one night, a wardress came along to me and announced "Your Son has died!" Death and Resurrection seemed to be its wave length.

I shall always be grateful to George Bermingham for giving me side-splitting laughter through his book *Fed up*. Wells' *Kippes* was also amusing, but books on the whole were far from humorous.

One of our favourite songs was Gracie Fields in "What good am I without you?" One of our group had a feeling that this was not a "proper" song, so we sang it all the more to tease her out of her primness.

My best laugh was at the following incident: I scalped anyone who threw fruit skins around. One day I pounced on two of the younger of our group and pointing to a banana skin, on the path I said "O, Swarna, how can you throw the skin there like that?" "That's not mine. That's Padma's." "Where's yours then?" "I knew you'd be coming—I ate it!"—she retorted wittily without a second's hesitation. This is a sample of the quick repartee with which she brightened many a small moment.

Educated Unemployment in India.

BY W. B. GOKHALE



MEN in their mad zeal for the new are swept off their feet and forget to see that in throwing overboard all the old cargo they are dispossessing themselves of many a good thing too. For a time, guilds and societies were in fashion and with all their defects they had many relieving features. But with the coming of the English and the growth of English education, great changes began to appear. People were more and more attracted

towards the new language which attracted them as possessing great potentiality for advancement. The new government could not obviously carry on the work of administering such a vast country without the assistance of native Indians, and the assistance was mainly of the nature of clerical work for office establishment. For a time, it was the sole ambition of every Indian to educate himself to the necessary standard and get into some office as a clerk. But the progress of English education was remarkably rapid and the number of educated Indians swelled with leaps and bounds; so much so that the out-put today is out of all proportion to the requirement of clerical establishments. So long as English education had not spread, people generally adhered to the vocation and profession of their families and forefathers. Thus, a Brahmin's son generally embraced the profession of a priest and a carpenter would invariably teach his boy the art of wood craft. This system, despite its monopoly to certain families for a certain work, had the advantage of keeping whole races intact skilled in a particular art handed down from father to son. This could never allow of the question of unemployment. Everyone had their calling generally hall-marked and so exceptions were bound to be rare. This had also the good effect of maintaining a high standard of efficiency and scope for talent, for the profession was in the blood, though it kept the door closed for persons of other walks of life to join another craft.

But with the advance of English education, which is a liberal education and is free for anybody irrespective of caste, creed or colour, the desire to obtain a footing in some government office manifestly increased. This went on well so long as the number

of educated Indians was limited, but sooner or later a state of affairs was to come (it has after all come now) when unemployment, in all its hedious aspects, would face the educated Indian. It is obvious that government cannot guarantee employment even to a part of the intelligentsia, much less the whole! The trouble was that as education advanced and the ranks of the educated swelled, the docks of the government were cramped and a serious situation arose. What are the educated Indians to do? They have spent a good deal of capital on their education, sometimes at the cost of their landed property—they have faced and surmounted various difficulties and troubles to get degrees—and they are now sitting idle! The problem is indeed of vital importance. No amount of earnest and sympathetic approach to the blazing question, however, can find out a ready, cut and dry solution. The very fundamentals have first to be considered. Our Universities, to repeat a trite though true expression, have become ovens more or less which produce baked or half-baked young men. They spend their energy in literary activity and are left incapable of laborious pursuits. The fact is that the whole basis of Education in India is slippery. Here we study with the definite ulterior purpose of obtaining some 'job', whereas in other parts of the world liberal education is obtained by people not so much for employment but for culture and better equipment for life. If at all, that is the utilitarian aspect of education in the west; whereas, here the whole fabric is tinctured with the belief that the higher the education the better the chances for service. Few indeed will be found in India who study in the Universities merely for the love of education.

Apart from this, the present system of education is itself responsible more or less for the crisis which has arisen. For, after all, India is a big country and hardly twenty per cent. of the people herein are literate in the sense that they can read and write and that, even then, such an ugly situation should arise is indeed very strange. But a close examination will resolve the riddle! Liberal education for all which was started in the beginning, made it impossible for all, who acquired it to be of any other use in life than do some literary work which, of course, all cannot get and hence the trouble. In this perhaps the early educationists were short-sighted and ill-advised. All cannot be provided for. If they would have been given some technical or professional education from the very inception the difficulty would not have perhaps arisen. But, the evil is there and it has to be coped with nevertheless, and in this the duty devolves both on the State and on the individual. The State should find out fresh avenues of work for the unfortunate educated unemployed. Such individuals of the educated unemployment class as can afford should,

without hesitation, take independent lines of business of their own. Cultured after all as they are, they will run their business more scientifically and drive better bargain. The enterprise is expected to pay. But, to depend wholly on the State, is neither wise nor desirable. There are springing up new avenues every day that can be turned to account.

And in future, to avoid any such difficult situation again, the State should devise measures, as fortunately it has, after realising the waste of liberal education for all. It has already begun to outline its policy in a way, i. e., opening up of institutions where men can be trained for technical work. This will save a lot of money and botheration for a man who wants to be well established in life through some regular profession—for to live decently is in fact the aim. Great care, of course, should be taken while choosing the calling. The bent of mind, psychological tendencies and aptitude should all be carefully considered. Whereas in the normal conditions he would have obtained a University degree and swelled the rank of the educated unemployed, he would start a business of his own if he can and reduce the number. The State will also be relieved of the burden to a large extent. So, technical schools and colleges must be started, and the initiative should come directly not from the government alone but the public itself. But in such technical institutions attention should be paid more to the practical than the theoretical side of the subject. It is no use producing a thesis on the sort of steel or iron the implement is made of, but the effective use thereof is the real thing that is to be taught. And even along with liberal education of the type that is imparted to-day, in schools and colleges even, I would suggest one compulsory technical subject out of many, for instance woodcraft, photography, watch-repairing, boot making etc. to be made obligatory. Let the students choose for themselves. This will both be an insight into a subject in which they may if they like, specialise in future life and make it the source of their livelihood, as well as a hobby and recreation.

The State should discourage 'liberal education for all' so far as it is possible, and it should be clearly understood by the person embracing a liberal education that he or she is doing this not necessarily to get service but primarily to give a sound training to the mental faculty and to become a cultured gentleman or gentlewoman as the case may be.

An approach to the problem in this way, allowing for the optimism of the enthusiast is likely to help in bringing about a solution of the problem, and though, it may take some time for the refuse to be removed, there may never perhaps, let us hope, come an unhappy situation again in India as unfortunately prevails to-day.

A Great Son of Islam.

BY H. C. KUMAR



IR Syed Ahmed was by far the greatest Mussalman of modern India, and one of the greatest sons of Islam of all times. He was born of a respectable family of Delhi in 1817, and although Delhi was no longer the seat of Mughal glory, it was still the foremost seat of Islamic culture and learning in the whole of India. Syed Ahmed received a liberal education in Persian and Arabic, and later, he acquired a fair working knowledge of English which was then becoming fashionable in cultured circle.

Syed Ahmed was in the prime of life when the Indian Mutiny broke out in 1857. Finally, when the Mutiny was put down with a strong hand, the dream of Muslim sovereignty in India had passed away for ever. But the worst of it was that the Mussalmans became the victim of terrible suspicion with the powers that be. All the knowledge of Islam, which the new rulers of India possessed, was derived from missionary sources, and could be summed up in that Mohamud was a great imposter, and that the *Quran* enjoined the slaughter of non-Muslims as kafirs. It fell to the lot of Syed Ahmed to retrieve for Islam the reputation of tolerance, and for Mussalman the reputation of being as loyal as his neighbours.

With this object in view, he went over to England in 1869—being the first Muslim to do so, and to take his sons with him for an English education. Here he commenced an intensive propaganda in favour of Islam and the Mussalmans. He commenced that series of articles in the press which were published in Urdu under the title of "Khatbat i Ahmediya". He also arranged for the publication of his book called *The Causes of the Indian Mutiny* in English. Once, when he was on a visit to the Secretary of State for India, the latter pointed to him the heap of papers on his table and asked if he knew what they were. "These are your book, *The Causes of the Indian Mutiny* and papers connected therewith," said the Secretary of State with a smile. Writing to a friend at this time, Syed Ahmed said: "If I succeed in this work, I shall have won the merit of ten pilgrimages to Mecca." A very characteristic remark indeed.

This trip to England was a great event in the life of Syed Ahmed. The general level of culture, freedom and education in England impressed him most favourably. He came to the conclusion that the greatness of the English people was due to their

education, and the degradation of his own countrymen to their want of it. In a letter home he wrote: "In this country a house-maid is better educated than a lady of the highest family in India." He made up his mind that if the Mussalmans were to make any progress, they must have English education. Like Raja Ram Mohan Roy before him, whom Syed Ahmed resembled in more than one respect, he became a strong advocate of English education in India, so much so that he offered stout opposition both to the Oriental College in Lahore and the proposed Oriental Faculty in the Allahabad University.

Returning to India, Syed Ahmed set about organising a College for the education of Muslim youth. This raised a storm of opposition. The mentality of the Muslims of a hundred years ago is not difficult to imagine. The orthodox looked upon him as an apostate, and on this scheme of his as an organised *jehd* against Islam through heretical education of the youth. Even though he gave a promise that he would have nothing to do with religious education, the opponents were not satisfied. One redoubtable doctor of Islam toured all over the country to secure the *Fatwas* of the Ulema that Syed Ahmed was a heretic, and his scheme *haram*. Another pious one went all the way to Mecca and Medina to obtain similar *Fatwas*. When Syed Ahmed heard of this latter, he said with his characteristic good humour: "I am glad a fellow-Mussalman has won the merit of the Haj, even though his motive was one of spite." Sixty solid Maulanas in India issued a joint *Fatwa* that it was *haram* (unlawful) to help the proposed Aligarh College of Syed Ahmed.

A man of lesser calibre would have been crushed. Not so Syed Ahmed. He was made of the stuff of which martyrs are made. A rich merchant of Calcutta hired an assassin to kill him. Before perpetrating the deed, the man came to talk to Syed Ahmed face to face. He was converted. When Syed Ahmed learnt the story afterwards, he said: "Alas, you deprived a pious Muslim of a reward for his act of merit and you deprived me of the honour of martyrdom which has ever been the reward of those who work for others."

The Aligarh College did come into being in 1878. Syed Ahmed nourished it with his life-blood. He would stint himself and his family to the utmost possible extent. Once a deputation of Mussalmans came to him to ask for funds for the Juma Mosque in Sharanpur. "Gentlemen," said he, "I am anxious to start living houses of God, you are thinking of houses of brick and mortar," and refused to give a single pie. He would go from town to town, from village to village, and from hamlet to hamlet, to beg for money for his pet child, the College. At the time of

the Aligarh Annual Exhibition he would take a stall and himself sell books in aid of the institution. The "Duty Shop," as he called it, still forms a feature of the Exhibition.

In some political circles, the work of Sir Syed is belittled on the ground that he kept himself aloof from the Congress. It is true that he did so, but in the light of the conditions referred to above, his attitude is not inexcusable. He had more than enough to do for his community, and to prepare them in good time to stand shoulder to shoulder with the other great community, the Hindus; was that not part of the national work? Nor should we forget that famous saying of his: The Hindus and the Mussalmans are the two eyes of Mother India. Strange though it may seem, Sir Syed was a great friend of Swami Dayananda, the founder of the Arya Samaj.

But, it seems to me, Sir Syed has done another great service to the national movement, which has not so far received the recognition it deserves. I refer to his work for the religious emancipation of the Mussalmans of India. It was this which made him the anathema of the orthodox, as we have seen. Year in, year out, he carried an organised *jehd* against the orthodox beliefs of his fellow-religionists, in press as well as on the platform. As his biographer, Khwaja Hali says in his book, *Hayat-e-Jawed*, what was religion to Syed Ahmed was irreligion to his opponents, what was Islam to him was *Kufar* to them. It is a pity that none has followed up this part of his work, but that is not his fault. And, surely, he deserves the highest credit for doing this tremendously difficult task more than a hundred years ago.

Sir Syed passed away in March 1898, full of years and of honours, too. It is a pity that his memory should have been consigned to oblivion, except perhaps in Aligarh.

The Scholar Science Corner.

BY B. H. IYER, M. Sc., A. I. I. Sc.

Laevulose: The Sugar of the Future.

Now-a-days one hears of a number of sugar factories being started all over India for the production of sucrose from sugar-cane. Just at this juncture appears a very interesting article under the above caption in the August number of the *Journal of Chemical Education*, published in America. Perhaps it will be worth while for our 'sugarists' to direct their attention a little to this line also.

Of the very many sugars known to chemists only two find practical application. They are sucrose (cane-or beet-sugar) and dextrose (glucose or grape-sugar). There is yet a third sugar which is also widely distributed in nature. This is laevulose. Sucrose when digested is converted into equal amounts of laevulose and dextrose. Honey contains a comparatively high percentage of laevulose. Its characteristic flavour, as also that of many fruits, is attributed to the presence of this sugar.

Laevulose claims to be the sweetest and most soluble of all sugars. It possesses certain physiological properties which cause it to be more easily and quickly assimilated by the human system. Owing to its scarce production it has not become so popular as the above-mentioned two sugars, till now. Laevulose occurs either free or combined in the form of disaccharides or polysaccharides in many varieties of plants, such as dhalia, chicory, burdock, dandelion, canadian thistle, jerusalem artichoke and wild onion.

It is happy to learn that the Iowa State College has started a factory to produce this very useful sugar from Jerusalem Artichoke, a noxious weed. The method employed is a modification of that due to Dubrunfaut, which makes use of the insolubility of the calcium salt of laevulose. The process in short is as follows: The desiccated Jerusalem artichoke tubers are extracted with hot water when the laevulose present therein in the form of inulin and other polymers goes in solution. This solution is next treated very cautiously with acid when hydrolysis takes place and laevulose contaminated with a little glucose and other soluble albuminous matter remains dissolved. On neutralising this liquor the albumins are precipitated. The liquid obtained on filtering this is treated with lime when the insoluble calcium laevulosate separates and is filtered out. Later, the solid is suspended in

water and decomposed with carbon di-oxide. By this process, laevulose is again taken in solution and the insoluble calcium carbonate settles down as a precipitate. Another filtration gives a pure syrup of laevulose which on concentration yields the solid sugar. Although the process has been described on paper so easily it is a long and risky way one has to wade through ere laevulose may be obtained in a crystalline form from this weed. The Iowa State College Factory must be congratulated on this, their success.

Laevulose, if made available in plenty, should prove a great boon to humanity suffering from consumptive and diabetic troubles.

* * * * *

Why is Milk the Most Nearly Perfect Food?

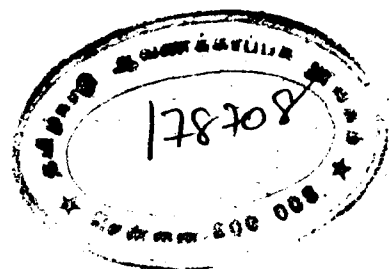
An article entitled 'The Minerals in Milk' by Dr. James A. Tobey, Dr. P. H. (*Scientific American*, July 1933) justly reminds one of the important role played by milk in dietetics owing to its valuable mineral content. A well-balanced diet should consist of fat, carbohydrates, mineral salts and vitamins. Milk is the only food which readily supplies all these necessities and is, therefore, recognised as the most important of the protective foods of mankind.

It has been discovered that milk is the source of at least twenty-five different minerals, the most important ones being calcium, phosphorous, sodium, potassium, iron, copper and iodine. Chemical examination has shown that the rare elements—lithium, strontium, vanadium, rubidium, titanium and germanium—also are found in milk. All these minerals remain in the form of compounds with various organic and inorganic substances and never in a free state.

The total milk solids form one-eighth the volume of cow's milk. The minerals constitute one per cent. or less of the milk, the remaining solid portion being organic compounds.

Of all the minerals present in milk calcium and phosphorous are the two very important items from the dietary point of view. They help the formation of bones and teeth—the framework of human body. These two minerals are very essential for young children. Their deficiency is manifested in the retarded and rickety growth of the body. It has been found out that a growing body requires one gramme of calcium every day. Cow's milk contains 0.12 per cent. of calcium. Therefore, the minimum amount of this liquid food necessary to supply the requisite

quota of the mineral is one quart or 908 grammes. Although vegetables also are a source of calcium, in milk it is present in a form very favourable for complete and speedy assimilation. Milk contains a certain amount of the antirachitic vitamin D. The amount of this in milk can be increased by scientific feeding of the cattle. Perhaps this vitamin D acts as a catalyst in that it helps the proper deposition of the lime salts in the bones. The human body requires a supply of 6 to 16 milligrammes of iron per day. The iron content of milk is only a little over two milligrammes to a quart, while the amount of copper is 0.27 milligramme per quart. Research has proved that copper helps the assimilation of iron by the system to form haemoglobin of the blood. While the proportion of iodine—an essential element for the thyroid gland—in milk varies, depending upon the food of the cattle, the amounts of other minerals are more or less fixed. The functional importance of the other minerals present in milk are yet unknown. To close with a quotation, Dr. Tobey writes: "It is interesting to note, however, that a diet of whole wheat bread and milk supplies an adequate quantity of iron and copper for human nutrition. Such a combination is, in fact, a perfect diet from every nutritional stand-point, and will sustain life indefinitely."



12
m217-11-4
N33-9-1

XLI

AROGYA KALPADRUMA VYDIASALA

BIG BAZAAR, PALGHAT

Established 1915

TO MEET THE GROWING DEMANDS A BRANCH HAS BEEN
OPENED NEAR THE PALGHAT RAILWAY STATION

Proprietor:

C. N. NAMBISSAN,

Disciple of the late Vydia Ratnam

Tripurangode Parameswaran Moosad Avl.

All Ayurvedic Medicines prepared under personal supervision are sold at moderate prices.

Patients going over to the Vydia-sala will be examined and medicines prescribed. Correspondence giving full details of the disease will be treated as confidential and prompt attention paid to and medicines prescribed.

The following medicines, among others are worth trial.

Vasistharasayanam: Will cure ague etc., caused by excessive biliousness and also give vigour to the growth and strength of the body.

Price per lb. Rs. 3.

Chyavanaprasam: Will increase the blood and give vitality and freshness to the organs.

Price per lb. Rs. 4.

Sughaprasoodi Ghritam: An unparalleled remedy for female complaints during pregnancy and when used as per directions will help at the time of delivery

Price per lb. Rs. 5

Awangandarishtom: An effective cure for diseases such as mania, epilepsy etc., and will also increase blood.

Price per bottle of 24 ozs. Rs. 3.

Kasturiadi Pills: For all complaints due to flatulency

Price per doz. As. 12.

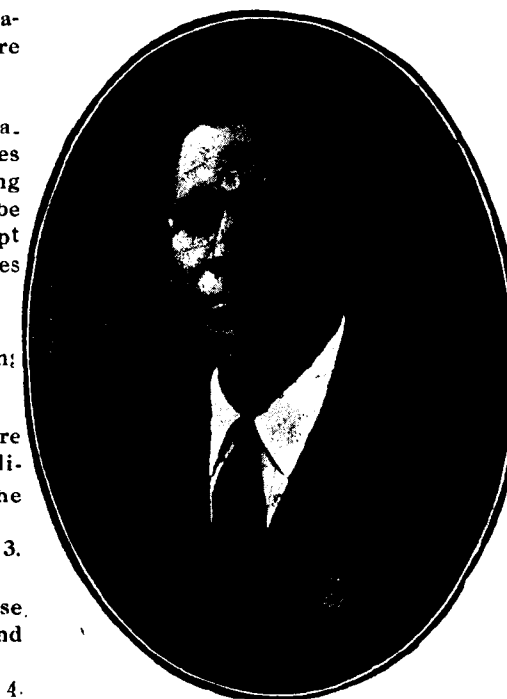
Brihalohagaladyam Ghritam To be used in all cases of rheumatic complaints and is also a safe remedy for consumption.

Price per lb. Rs. 6.

Narasimharasayanam: Will give stimulus to the nerves and strength to the body.

Price per lb. Rs. 6.

CATALOGUE IN ENGLISH, MALAYALAM & TAMIL
SENT FREE ON APPLICATION





Cures Primary, Secondary and Tertiary Syphilis, ulcerated sores, black pimples on the face, glandular swelling, scurvy sores, blood and skin diseases, and is a marvellous remedy for impoverished blood, nervous debility, premature decay or want of strength and energy and the fearful complaints. Any one who has used it will not deny the fact that "Amrita Sarsa" is the best Blood Purifier and a charm that infuses fresh vigour into the system.

The mixture is pleasant to taste and is free from any injurious ingredient. It is perfectly harmless in its action and is equally efficacious to the healthy and the diseased.

Price: 1 phial Re 1. 3 phials Rs. 2-8. Per dozen phials Rs. 9
Postage As. 8. Re. 1-1-0 and postage for one dozen separate.

MAHA SASARISTA

The great remedy for all kinds of Cough and Asthma. There is no other disease so painful and intolerable as that of Cough. Victims of these diseases never get peace of mind in any stage, when at sleep or awake. When the diseases are severe the body is bedewed with sweat, the face becoming pale, expression impossible, the respiratory efforts become violent and the patient is in a paroxysm of the most intense dysphonia. When the patient is in such a stage he feels the world whirl round him, let him take one dose of our **Maha Sasarista** and he is sure to feel immense relief. Our **Maha Sasarista** is the specific for the constitutional cure of Cough and Asthma. We generally advise our patients to use this medicine first of all. 3 bottles are quite sufficient to destroy the disease to its very germ and to give great relief and peace of mind.

Price 8 oz. phial Rs. 1-8 3 phials Rs. 3-12. Postage 0-11-0 & 1-0-0

SRI GOPAL TAILA

THE WONDERFUL INVIGORATOR OF THE NERVOUS SYSTEM

Sri Gopal Taila is the best Nervine Tonic. It invigorates the brain, cheers the mind, removes all seminal weakness and acts as a sovereign remedy for sexual incapacity. It has the most exhilarating effect after use. It infuses a fresh vigour into the worn-out & infirm constitution.

Price per phial Re. 1. 3 phials Rs. 2-8. Postage 0-8-0 & 1-1-0

The Mahat Ayurvedic Pharmacy,

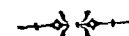
KAVIRAJ RAJENDRANATH SEN GUPTA KABIRATNA
144/1 Upper Chitpur Road, CALCUTTA

ANNOUNCEMENT

S. NATHAM & CO.,

CHEMISTS & DRUGGISTS.

PALGHAT



Beg to inform their numerous customers that they have closed their office at Sultanpet and are doing business only at the premises on the Big Bazaar Road just near the Railway Goods shed gate.

M. R. Swaminatha Iyer,

Proprietor.

DANGER**STOP**

The warning signs of impending danger which call your immediate attention to the health of your teeth are heedlessly passed on until—bang—comes the crash, shattering health and all!

Teeth marred by stain, tartar and decay, and denuded at their necks by receding gums, are tell-tale signs of carelessness.

Use KESARI'S DENTAL CREAM daily and your teeth will look whiter, Gums will look firmer and pinker. Your mouth will tingle with a delightful, sweet taste.

KESARI'S DENTAL CREAM is the best enamel protector. It prevents acid driving wedges into your teeth enamel, which later develop into cavities.

Dt. Medical Officer, Madura : —

I have used your KESARI'S DENTAL CREAM and have the greatest pleasure in certifying that the product manufactured by your firm is in no way inferior to the foreign products either in quality or in general "make up". The paste is excellent and possesses powerful cleansing properties and I would strongly recommend this cream to all who wish to have a fine set of teeth.

V. T. Naidu

KESARI KUTEERAM, Egmore, MADRAS

Branch at VELIYANOOR, TRICHUR

SOLE AGENTS FOR WEST COAST:

INDIAN INDUSTRIALS, PALGHAT

Just Out!

Just Out!!

ROCHOUSE COLLEGE MANUAL

Principles of Political Science

By E. N. Subrahmanyam, M.A., B.L.

Uniform with this Volume

1. A HISTORY OF MEDIEVAL EUROPE.

By J. S. Ponniah, M.A.

2. TOPICS OF INDIAN HISTORY.

By T. R. Sundaram, M.A.

3. PRINCIPLES OF PUBLIC FINANCE.

By J. S. Ponniah, M. A.

Other Volumes in Preparation.

Apply to:—

Messrs. ROCHOUSE & SONS,

292, ESPLANADE,

MADRAS

XLVI

SREE

MAHALAKSHMI TILE WORKS,

THENNOOR-PARLI



Proprietor:—E. N. A. S. NARAYANA IYER

SUPPLIES ALL SORTS OF
TILES, BRICKS, FLOORING
TILES, ROOFING TILES,
HOURDIES ETC.

BEST QUALITY!

MODERATE PRICES!!

XLVII

THE MELARKODE BANK,

Head Office: ALATUR

Branches: Kalpathy }
Sultanpet } PALGHAT

NEW MONTHLY AUCTION CHIT FUND

Four classes A, B, C and D of Rs. 1000, Rs. 500, Rs. 250
and Rs. 125 at Rs. 40, Rs. 20, Rs. 10 and Rs. 5 per mensem.

Apply for Rules:

M. N. RAMASWAMY IYER,

Managing Proprietor

M. C. APPASWAMY CHETTY & Co.,

PHOTOGRAPHERS, PROCESS ENGRAVERS AND

DEALERS IN PROCESS MATERIALS.

No 64, Savarimuthu Street,

MANNADI, MADRAS

Line Blocks, Half-tone Blocks done at

Cheapest rates and with the best execution.

Tri-Colour Process Blocks a Speciality.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

PLEASE TRY US ONCE

*Revised Editions!**New Publications !!*

Popular Books For High School Use.

- A School History of India**, by M. S. Ramaswami Aiyangar, M. A., Maharaja's College, Vizianagaram. ... Re. 1 12 0
- Elementary Science, Physics** by V. N. Viswanatha Aiyar, M. A., Queen Mary's College, Madras and **Chemistry** by P. A. Narayana Aiyar, M. A., Presidency College, Madras (A Group) Re. 1 4 0
- A High School Manual of English**, by V. G. Velinkar, M. A., LL.B. Osmania College, Hyderabad ... Re. 1 8 0
- Class Exercises in English Composition**, by S. R. Kirkpatrick, B. A., Govt High School, Guldurga. ... As. 14 0
- The Elements of Algebra**, by Three Authors, Thoroughly revised & re-written by N. Panchapagesan, B.A., L.T., Findlay College, Mannargudi. Just Ready, (C. Group) ... Rs. 2 0 0
- A Manual of Arithmetic** by the late S. Radhakrishna Aiyar, B.A. (H. S. Classes) ... Rs. 2 0 0
- A New Geometry For High Schools**, by A. A. Krishnaswami Aiyangar, M.A., Maharaja's Intermediate College, Mysore Rs. 2 8 0
- A Preparatory Algebra**, by V. Raghunatha Aiyar, B.A., L.T., Deputy Inspector of Schools, Ambasamudram ... Rs. 2 0 0
- A Text Book of Arithmetic** for Lower Secondary and Middle Schools by the late S. Radhakrishna Iyer, B.A., and K. Vaidyanathaswami Aiyar, B.A., Part I for Form I As. 12, Part II for Forms II and III As. 12.
- The Elements of Book-keeping** by K. Subramania Aiyar, B.A., F. S. A. A. Re. 1 8 0
- Also other **Commercial Books** by Rao Sahib S. Vaidyanatha Aiyar, T. V. Subramania Aiyar and other High School Books in Elementary Mathematics, etc., available.

SRINIVASA VARADACHARI & Co.,

Publishers, 190, Mount Road, Madras.

Long Experience has taught us
how to produce our Specialities
at prices, which make them as
Economical as they are Good.

SOME OF OUR SPECIALITIES:—

FOOT-BALLS

EXCELLA Rs. 10
FAVOURITE „ 7/8
PRACTICE „ 5/8
BADMINTON BATS
STANDARD Rs. 4
HANUMAN „ 3
WINNER „ 2/8
CLUB SPECIAL 2
WARRIOR „ 1/8



HOCKEY STICKS

CHAMPION Rs. 6
PIONEER „ 5
COLLEGE „ 4
VOLLEY BALLS
EXCELLA Rs. 7/8
PIONEER „ 5/8
WARRIOR „ 4/8



We stock Sporting Materials of every description.

Please ask for our General Catalogue.

Special Concessions to Schools, Colleges & Students.

THE PIONEER SPORTS, LTD.,

No. 196, Mount Road,

MADRAS

SUMUGHA VILAS
HINDU RESTAURANT
PALGHAT

(NEAR THE NEW LEVEL CROSSING)

CONVENIENT & COMFORTABLE BOARDING

Guests received at any time day or night

Special individual attention bestowed

CATERING A SPECIALITY

Highly spoken of by one and all

THE BEST HOTEL IN PALGHAT FOR

CLEANLINESS & SANITATION

DO GIVE SUMUGHA A TRIAL!

AND YOU WILL BE SATISFIED YOU HAVE FOUND

OUT THE PROPER PLACE FOR BOARDING

Proprietor :

T. K. Rama Iyer.

PROTECT YOUR EYES

WITH

Chance's "CROOKES" Lenses.

*Spectacle Frames most up-to-date and lenses to suit
all prescription can be had at*

M. Jamal Mohamed & Son,

SULTANPET, PALGHAT

STOCKISTS OF:—

LEOPHONE TALKING MACHINES,
COLUMBIA & H. M. V. RECORDS
& NEEDLES, LADIES' & GENTS'
WATCHES Etc.

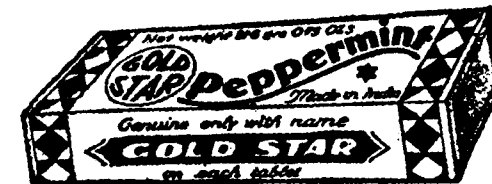
Wholesale Rates for retail dealings

Repairing a Speciality



PARLE'S
PUREST CONFECTIONERY

Unrivalled for Purity, Taste, Flavour.



MOST SCIENTIFICALLY MANUFACTURED UNDER REALLY
EXPERT SUPERVISION AND WITH THE LATEST
EQUIPMENTS

Ask for Our Packets Specialities:

EXTRA STRONG, VOILET, ROSE, GINGER ETC.

Sole Agents for Malabar & Coimbatore:—

INDIAN INDUSTRIALS,
PALGHAT

IMMATTY P. JOSEPH'S AYURVEDA OUSHADA SALA, TRICHUR THE PREMIER AYURVEDIC HOUSE OF MALABAR



QUALITY OFFERED
AT
QUANTITY VALUE

Head Office:
TRICHUR

Branches:
COIMBATORE.
IRINJALAKUDA.
ERNAKULAM & PALGHAT

Proprietor: IMMATTY P. JOSEPH

An Oushadhasala conducted under the distinguished patronage and supervision of Sages and eminent Vaidyas of Kerala. Awarded medals of gold and silver and certificates of merit by Maharajas, various Governments, distinguished medical men and Ayurvedic Colleges.

All genuine Ayurvedic preparations, Indian Drugs and Herbs of every description always stocked in large quantities.

Suppliers to Local Fund and Municipal Ayurvedic Dispensaries, Dealers, Ayurvedic Dispensaries, Pharmaceutic Institutions and Ayurvedic Colleges throughout India. Manufacturers of genuine Indian Tonics.

Wholesale contracts for the supply of Ayurvedic Medicines undertaken on attractive terms.

Efficient Vaidyas always ready for consultation. Free prescriptions supplied by correspondence.

For detailed information apply for our free catalogue of medicines in English, Tamil and Malayalam.

IMMATTY P. JOSEPH'S
Ayurveda Oushadhasala, TRICHUR

OUR NEW & RECENT PUBLICATIONS

For Secondary & Elementary Schools.

	Rs.	A.	P.
New Era English Selections for High Schools.	0	12	0
Sen Tamil Selvam Book I for Form IV.	0	10	0
" Book II for Form V.	0	12	0
Golden Era Tamil Readers Book I for Form I.	0	7	0
" Book II for Form II.	0	8	0
" Book III for Form III.	0	8	0
Golden Era Tamil Grammar Book I for Forms I to III	0	8	0
Sen Tamil Vachakam Book I. 0 2 6. Book II.	0	3	6
" Book III 0 4 6 Book IV	0	5	6
" Book V	0	6	6
Golden Era Arithmetic Book I	0	5	0
" Book II	0	6	0
" Book III 0 8 0 " Book IV	0	9	0
Tamil Grammar for the Young.	0	4	0
Durgavati or The Maharani of Mundel (Tamil)	0	10	0
The Good Ant (Tamil and Telugu).	0	3	0
The Gold Coin	0	4	0
Three Short Stories	0	3	0
Satyanarayana	0	4	0
Parandaman (Tamil).	0	3	0
The Lamp of Indian History Book I (Tamil and Telugu).	0	5	0
Book II " "	0	6	0
The Modern Health Readers Book II (Tamil).	0	4	0
Book III " "	0	5	0
Tamil Moni Malai Book I	0	10	0
" Book II	0	12	0
Golden Era Tamil Grammar for Forms IV, V, VI	0	14	0

K. PALANIANDI PILLAI & CO.,
EDUCATIONAL PUBLISHERS,
585, PYCROFT'S ROAD,
TRIPLICANE, MADRAS

For Genuine Homoeopathic Medicines

Father Muller's Specifics Twelve Tissue Remedies

And other Specialities.

Apply to:

THE HOMOEOP. POOR DISPENSARY,

P. O. KANKANADY, S. INDIA

PRICE REDUCED

താഴെ ചേർത്തിരിക്കുന്ന ചിലയിൽ പകുതി വില മാത്രമായി.

അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	1-2-0	അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	0-8-0
അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	0-12-0	അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	1-4-0
അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	0-12-0	അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	2-0-0
അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	0-12-0	അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	2-0-0
അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	0-8-0	അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	0-8-0
അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	0-8-0	അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	2-0-0
അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	0-8-0	അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം	0-14-0

Apply Sharp

അതിർത്തിക്കുളം പാക്കം

Trichur.

മലയാള പുസ്തകശാല.

കേരളത്തിലെ കേളക്കേട്ട എഴുത്തുകാരാൽ

എഴുതിയ മിക്ക നവകൃതികളും വാല്യങ്ങളും.

പട്ടിക ഇനമായി അയച്ചുകൊടുക്കാം.

Manager,

JNANASAGARAM BOOK DEPOT.

TRICHUR.

QUALITY GARANTEED

CERTIFIED JEWELLERS

DEVASWARA WARRIAR & BROS.

ESTD-1911 A.D.

MANUFACTURING JEWELLERS

PARAMAKKAVU DEVASWOM BUILDING

TRICHUR (COCHIN STATE) S. I.

APPLY FOR CATALOGUE.

THE GREATEST AND RELIABLE HOUSE OF JEWELLERY IN TRICHUR

At last here is the book that creates interest in reading. Is this not a new feature? But not this alone... If you just look at the first chapter it will hold you to the last chapter as if by charm, clearing the whole volume through unrecorded times up to the day, with every fact and figure.

HISTORY OF INDIA

By Prof. K. S. Srikantan M. A., F. R. Econ. S (Lond)

A Book that makes study a pleasure!

V. S. SWAMINATHAN—Publisher—Madura.

"Pronounced to be the best in the field"

Practical Lessons in Elementary Science & Hygiene (Tamil.)

For Classes IV & V As. 5 each. For Forms I, II & III As. 12 each

By M. S. Subramanian,

Teacher, Secondary School, VIRAVANALLUR, S. I. R.

SIR P. S. SIVASWAMY AIYAR, K. C. S. I. C. I. E., writes:— "The subjects included in the books are well chosen and have been dealt with clearly and in a very simple style of Tamil. I will recommend your books both to my Boys' School at Tirukattupalli and to the National Girls' School, Mylapore."

MR. S. K. DEVASIKAMANI, B. A., I. T., Head Master, Bishop Heber High School, Trichinopoly, writes:— "Your books.....are well done in simple easy style. I have introduced them in my School and the class teachers are of opinion that these books are the best in the field of present."

M. R. Ry. K. C. VIRARAGHAVA AIYAR, M. A., L. T., Lecturer in Chemistry, Government College, Kumbakonam writes:— "They have been wisely planned to suit the rural needs of the Tamil Nad and written in simple elegant prose. I commend them to the teachers and pupils of the Secondary Schools of our Nad."

Dr. (Mrs.) S. MUTHU LAKSHMI REDDI, M. B. C. M. writes:— "I will strongly recommend them for use not only in our primary and secondary schools but also to the general public."

RAO SAHIB DR. T. S. TIRUMURTHY AVL. B. A., M. B. C. M. D. C. M. & H. (London) writes:— "You have done a very valuable service in Health Propaganda work by writing these books. I hope your books will command a wide sale by the school-going populations as well as by those who do not attend school but know to read, necessitating repeated editions of the books....."

(Telugu editions in the Press.)

For copies apply to the Author.

MENON & CO.,

SULTANPET,

PALGHAT

We beg to announce that this long-standing institution has recently been re-organised and re-equipped to meet the needs of the public.

We cater to all medical needs by supplying drugs, chemicals, patent and proprietary medicines, invalid foods, etc. at competitive rates. We solicit your patronage or enquiries.

We have also great pleasure in announcing that for the convenience of that section of our public, we are opening a branch in the Gandhi Bazaar Road opposite the Goods Shed Gate.

Penknives,
Scissors,
Table knives,
Hunting knives,
Felling knives,
Felling axes,
Pruning knives,
Hammers,
Claw hammers,
Weeding forks,
Stoves,
Locks,
Shovels.

The Swadeshi Spirit in STEEL.

A penknife is always your pocket companion. Let him be a good fellow, handsome and reliable.

Ask your dealer to get you our knives.

THE BEST STEEL AND TEMPER.

METAL INDUSTRIES LIMITED,
SHORANUR, (Malabar).

So many useful and lasting articles--competing with EAST and WEST--so near you--let that concern be your pride--something new and original, the steel enterprise far above soaps and cosmetics.

C. K. MENON, B. A., M. Met., (Sheffield).
A. I. C., Metallurgist,
Managing Director.

THE IMPERIAL PHOTO SUPPLIES, GENERAL MERCHANTS.

Sultanpet, PALGHAT

We deal in all kinds of **Photo Materials** of Messrs. Agfa Photo Co., Madras and Wellington & Ward, Bombay.

We stock also all kinds of shopping goods to suit the latest fashion needs, including frames and glasses.

We have in addition a Groceries department also where we give the best quality articles at competitive prices.

And ours is the only shop where you may **Try Your Luck Monthly** by purchasing goods for at least 8 As every month. **Rs. 500** given away in prizes. If you want to know how, call at our shop near Nedungadi Bank, Ltd., Sultanpet, Palghat.

THE IDEAL CIRCULATING LIBRARY

ALL THE POPULAR PUBLICATIONS
OF
FAMOUS AUTHORS
IN
ENGLISH, MALAYALAM & TAMIL
ARE MADE AVAILABLE TO
THE READING PUBLIC OF PALGHAT
AND
SUBURBS FOR THE FIRST TIME.
ALSO POPULAR PERIODICALS
BOTH
INDIAN & FOREIGN,
FOR PERUSAL AT THE READING ROOM
OF THE LIBRARY
BETWEEN THE HOURS OF 4 & 6 P. M.

Run under expert supervision by

**THE EDUCATIONAL SUPPLIES DEPOT,
SULTANPET, PALGHAT**

Call and get full particulars.

*Terms: Ordinary membership subscription Rs. 8 per month and
a deposit of Rs. 2 per member.*

*Special membership subscription of Rs. One per month
and a deposit of Rs. 5.*

"BAMBOO BRAND" is now a household
word wherever paper is used in India.

HAVE YOU USED? BAMBOO BRAND PAPER

MADE IN INDIA

MANUFACTURED BY

THE INDIA PAPER PULP Co., LTD.,
CALCUTTA

The following qualities can be found in every paper stock and
Printing Press from Peshwar to Tuticorin

BAMBOO BRAND	...	CREAMLAI
BAMBOO BRAND	...	CREAMWOVE
BAMBOO BRAND	...	AZURELAI
BAMBOO BRAND	...	WHITE PRINTING
BAMBOO BRAND	...	ANTIQUE LAID & WOVE
BAMBOO BRAND	...	TINTED WRITINGS
BAMBOO BRAND	...	CARTRIDGE PAPER
MEMORIAL BRAND	...	"INDIA BANK"

(WHITE & TINTED)

etc. etc. etc.

Agent:

C. V. RAMAKRISHNA IYER,
CALICUT

BOMBAY LODGE,

COIMBATORE

A Residential High class Brahmin
Hotel with Boarding & Modern
lodging arrangements

(Opposite the Head Post Office &
very near to Railway Station,
Cinema, Public Offices &
Mercantile Houses)

GARDEN ATTACHED

BOMBAY MEALS - A SPECIALITY

A. S. NATHAN,

Proprietor.

The Swadeshi Vastralaya,

BIG BAZAAR, (Vadakkanthara Road),

PALGHAT

+

All kinds of Swadeshi and pure Khaddar stocked
SUCH AS

SHIRTINGS of various varieties - twill, longcloth, poplin, etc.

Finished Banians of Indian make as well as cloth for the same.

COATINGS: First Class Selections in Khaddar & Mill-made.

SARIES with attractive borders and designs.

DHOTIS: Mulls, Veshtis (Mill, Khaddar & hand-woven).

Bedsheets, Shawls, Jamakalams, Swadeshi Canvas, etc.,
of various sizes.

Stockists of Tata Mills' Products.

PRICES FIXED & MODERATE

Try & be convinced.

P. S. Narayana Iyer,

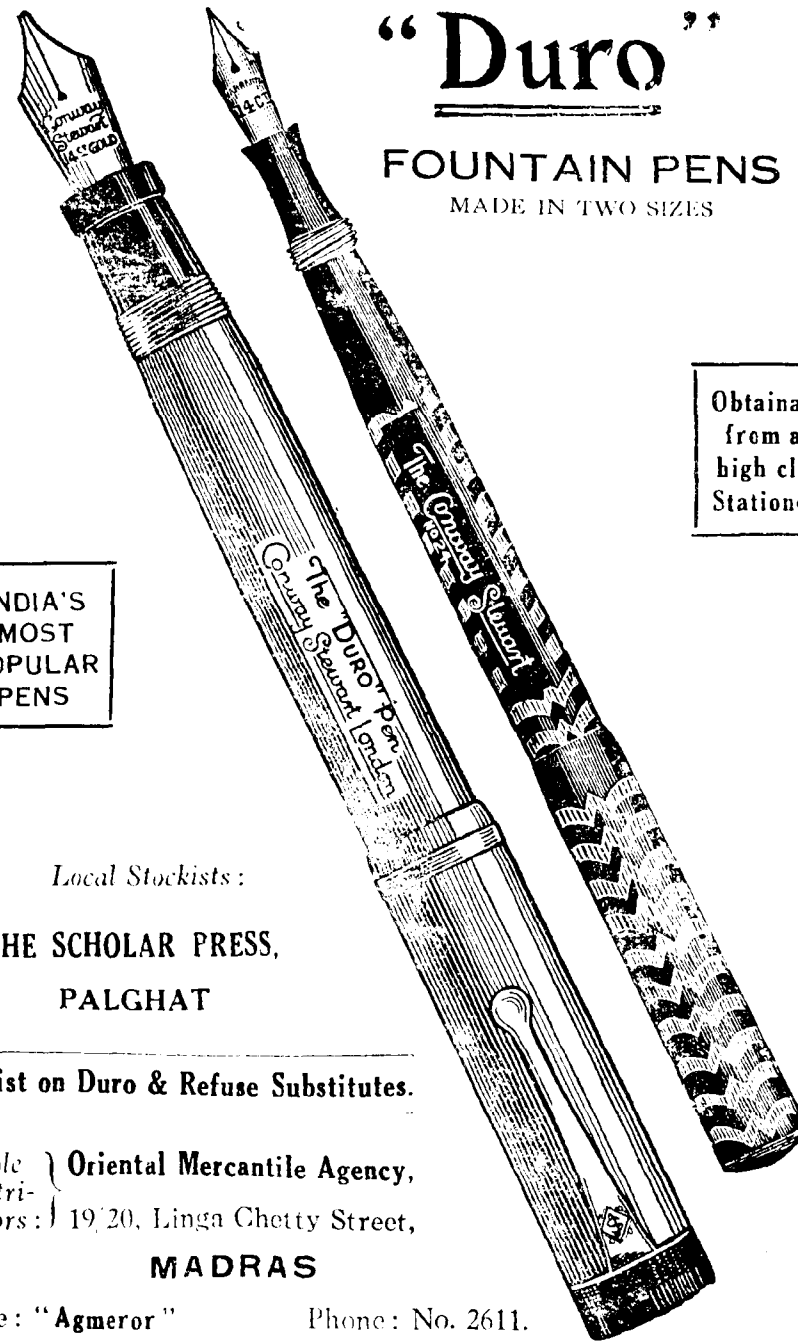
Proprietor.

The Conway Stewart

"Duro"

FOUNTAIN PENS

MADE IN TWO SIZES



Obtainable
from all
high class
Stationers.

INDIA'S
MOST
POPULAR
PENS

Local Stockists:

THE SCHOLAR PRESS,

PALGHAT

Insist on Duro & Refuse Substitutes.

Sole } Oriental Mercantile Agency,
Distri- }
butors: } 19/20, Linga Chetty Street,

MADRAS

Tele: "Agmeror"

Phone: No. 2611.

THE MADRAS ASSURANCE COMPANY LTD.

Head Office:—Lingha Chetty Street, Madras.

A PURELY MUTUAL LIFE OFFICE

Owned and controlled entirely by Policy holders.

IT PAYS YOU TO TAKE A POLICY IN IT

Because

1. All the profits are shared by the Policy holders.
2. It has a very influential and efficient Board of Directors.
3. Its premium rates have been fixed as low as possible consistent with the safety and security of the Company.

It offers very Attractive and Liberal Terms of Commission to Respectable persons of Capacity and Influence.

Tele: SWAMI

Estd. 1913

Telephone: 49

NATHAM & CO.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL DRUGGISTS, DISPENSING CHEMISTS,
WINE AND GENERAL MERCHANTS.

Post Box No. 47

COCHIN

Wholesale Dept.

We are suppliers to State Hospitals, Municipalities, Tea and Coffee Estates, Charitable Institutions, Leading Practitioners, Chemists and General Merchants.

Wines & Spirits Dept.

We import pure Wines for Medicinal and Ecclesiastical purposes under the Bishop's Certificate, best Brandy from France, and Whiskies from the leading Scotch Manufacturers.

Dispensing Dept.

Physicians' and Surgeons' Prescriptions accurately dispensed in pure distilled water, with the best drugs by experienced dispensers.

General Dept.

We always hold large stocks of all kinds of Patent and Proprietary Medicines, Infants' and Invalids' Foods, Hospital and Toilet Requisites, Medicated Wines, etc., etc.

Indian-Made Paper.

The great demand to-day is
for Indian-made Goods.

THE TITAGHUR PAPER MILLS CO., LTD.,
CALCUTTA

Few Interesting Facts of the Mills.

1. We have two Mills, one at Titaghur and the other at Kankinara on the Eastern Bengal Railway just outside of Calcutta. Between them they make 20,000 tons of paper of all qualities per year.

2. Our principal raw material is Sabai Grass which is collected chiefly from the foothills of the Himalaya Mountains, but we are now employing bamboo in addition and hope eventually to use this in very large quantities. The bamboo pulp is prepared by our new patent process which enable us to make a paper of excellent quality comparable to the best imported papers in the same price class.

3. Most of our auxiliary raw materials such as China Clay for loading, Rosin for sizing the paper, etc., are secured from local sources and it is our aim to buy as much of our requirements in India as possible and thus offer the utmost employment to local labour.

4. The Capital of our Mills is held largely by Indians. The majority of Directors are Indians. We give direct employment to over 3,000 Indians of all classes in our mills alone while there are thousands employed far cutting and collecting grass and bamboo for us.

Stocks can be obtained from:—

Mr. B. S. Tripurantaka Mudaliar,

KALLAI, MALABAR.

CALICUT

The truly

Indian-Made paper



Elephant Brand
Paper

ELEPHANT BRAND

I AM HERE!



At Your Service!

with my twenty years' experience
and the benefit of an extensive
tour throughout India

To teach you in the most scientific
method all **COMMERCIAL SUBJECTS**
and prepare you for all Government
and other technical examinations.

RATES MODERATE! SATISFACTION GUARANTEED!

Classes already begun, so make haste and
call on the Principal and join

ASOKA SCHOOL OF COMMERCE

C. S. G. BUILDINGS,

(Next to Court)

COIMBATORE

HAVE YOU LIFE INSUR- ANCE?

- ...To give your beloved dependents an income
- ...To put your sons through college education
- ...To get your daughters married without borrow-
ing
- ...To provide *Certain* income when your earning
ceases
- ...To repay your loans should you be taken away
beforehand
- ...To provide double and treble amounts to your
dependents in case you meet with fatal accidents.
- ...To make your mind free from worry and prolong
your life.

YOUR POLICY WITH

THE NORTHERN INDIA INSURANCE CO., LTD.,
LAHORE

*will make you financially independent at
minimum cost.*



We help our agents to increase
volume business. School-masters! Make
money in your spare time—Hereditary
Renewals—Those desiring permanent
connection will be benefited by cutting
out the coupon and posting to us to-day.

Gentlemen,

I am interested in your
agency proposition. Please
furnish me full particulars
of the same.

Name & Address.

.....
.....
.....

Messrs.

GURURAJAH & CO.,

Chief Agents for

SOUTHERN INDIA

Triplicane,

MADRAS S. E.

FOR HAPPY AND INDEPENDENT OLD AGE

Agents for Mass Investment Scheme
Wanted everywhere.

Investigate into the
MASS INVESTMENT SCHEME
OF THE
PALGHAT TOWN BANK, LIMITED,
(PALGHAT)

Savings Bank Deposits at 5 p. a.
Current a/c " at 1 1/2 "
Fixed Deposits
For 3 months 5 "
" 6 " 6 1/2 "
" 1 year 8 "
Special rate for longer terms.

Loans and overdrafts
granted on approved
securities.

*All other kinds of
banking undertaken.*

K. P. Unnikanna Menon,
Managing Director.

If you require real Cooling & Refreshing oil for the hair
USE

ELEPHANT MARK (Regd.)
SANDANADI THYLAM

(Awarded numerous medals & certificates)

WORLD FAMOUS
NATIONAL FLOWER DUST packets
The Choicest perfume for cloth boxes.

SOLD EVERYWHERE

Manufacturers :

M. KATHERSAHIB & SONS,
Manufacturing perfumers,
MADURA S. I.

Telegram: "MATERIL" Madras.

Phone: 3763

Office: 130, Govindappa Naick Street, G. T. Madras.

JANARTHANAM & CO.,

Import, Stock, Manufacture and Supply all Varieties of Scientific Materials.

SOLE AGENTS FOR
HARTNER'S BALANCE

SPECIAL FEATURES:-

Largest Stock.

Latest Models.

Swift Executions.

Safe Delivery

Finest Quality

Fairest Prices.

Brisk Business.

Business Facilities.

GUARANTEED:-

Jena Glass German Glass.

and Porcelain ware.

Merk's Chemicals and

Re-agents.

Special apparatus made to order from Original Drawings & Specifications.

Health!

Wealth!!

Prosperity!!!

ATTAINED BY THE USE OF

PALNI PANCHAMIRTHAM

The Sacred Abisheka Prasadam of

SRIPALNI ANDAVAR

Relieves all mental and bodily ailments. A sweet and delicious (jam-like) preparation from best Hill Plantains. Best for Tables.

One set of **Abisheka** Prasadams:

1 tin Panchamirtham, 1 packet of Sandal pills and
1 Packet of Viputhi Rs. 5. Sample set Rs. 2-8-0

P. Nataraja Pandaram,

Malaikovil Ayan Miras, PALNI S. I. Ry.

LXXVI

THE TARUR BANK,

H. O. TARAKAD, PALGHAT

Branches at:—

Kalpathy—Palghat and at Chittur Cochin.

Fixed Deposits are received at the following rates of interest:—

4½% for 3 Months

6% for 6 "

7½% for 12 "

Special Rates for Deposits for more than one year.

Savings Bank & Current Accounts opened & interest allowed at favourable rates

Loans & Overdrafts advanced to approved customers on favourable terms

Advances on Gold A Speciality

All other kinds of Banking Business undertaken.

Apply to:—

T. K. Venkitachala Iyer, B.A., B.L.,

Proprietor.

LXXVII

THE MOST RELIABLE HOUSE FOR SOVEREIGN GOLD JEWELS

Set with or without Rubies.

Apply for Illustrated Catalogue:

U. KUTTAN MENON,
JEWELLER,

TRICHUR (S. India.)

Try next time

350 EAGLE SOAP

BIG-SIZED FINE QUALITY

Cake for ridiculously low price

ASK YOUR DEALER FOR IT

Sole Indentors:

DIAMOND LEATHER GOODS CO.,
MADRAS

LATEST ARRIVALS

A fascinating collection of every kind of latest Dressing Materials
CHEAP, BRIGHT AND DURABLE

STOCK FREQUENTLY REPLENISHED

Conjeevaram, Bangalore, Madurai, Coimbatore, Pullup & Salem & Benares
Sarees, Silks & Vesties in attractive coloured borders are a Speciality.
Yarns from 20's to 4's are always available for sale at competitive rates

Agent for west coast:—Vasanta Mills, Limited, Coimbatore.
Sub Agent:—Soony Vaccam Corporation, Tirur & Ponnani.

S. G. KRISHNA IYER,

PIECEGOODS MERCHANT,

CALICUT & COCHIN

THE MALABAR SWADESHI EMPORIUM, LTD.,

WHOLESALE & RETAIL PIECEGOODS MERCHANTS AND
DEALERS IN ALL KINDS OF SWADESHI GOODS

OTTAPALAM (S. Malabar)

Sole Agents for

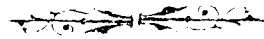
(I) THE MADRAS PENCIL FACTORY
(for Malabar Dt. & Cochin State)

(II) THE INDIAN CRAYON WORKS,
(for West Coast & Mysore.)

THE SHANMUKHA BANK,

AYYAPPANKAVE,

KOTTA YI



Deals in all kinds of Banking Business.

Receives Fixed Deposits at favourable
rates of interest for all periods

Savings Bank & Current Accounts are
opened and fair rates of interest are
allowed

Full particulars on enquiry.

A. K. Ramakrishna Iyer,

Proprietor.

THE NURANI UNION BANK, LTD., PALGHAT

(Incorporated in 1929 under the Indian Companies Act, 1913)

Location :— M. S. M. SHOP UPSTAIRS,

Big Bazaar, PALGHAT.

—:O:—

Capital Authorised	Rs. 1,00,000/-
Issued and Subscribed Capital	Rs. 1,00,000/-
Capital paid up	Rs. 50,500/-

DIRECTORS

1. M.R.Ry. N. R. Ramaswamy Iyer Avl., B.A., L.T.,
Manager & Headmaster, N. H. H. School, Palghat.
2. " N. H. Krishna Iyer Avl.,
Merchant & Landlord, Nurani, Palghat.
3. " N. C. Ramanatha Iyer of N. C. Rama Iyer & Bros.
Nut Merchants, Palghat.
4. " N. A. V. Venkitakrishna Iyer Avl.,
Nut & Hardware Merchant, Palghat.
5. " N. K. Sessa Iyer Avl.,
Tobacco Merchant, Palghat.
6. " N. R. Choodamani Iyer Avl.,
Merchant, Palghat.
7. " N. K. Lakshmana Iyer Avl.,
Nut Merchant, Palghat.

Bank open for business from 11 A.M. to 4-30 P.M.

All kinds of general Banking business attended to.

Current accounts can be opened with Rs. 100 & Interest
allowed on daily balances at 3% up to Rs. 10,000.

Savings Bank accounts with Rs. 5 and interest at
4½% up to Rs. 5000.

Fixed deposits of sums of Rs. 50 and above are received
at the following rates :—

Short term deposits at 3 per cent.	One year at 7½ per cent.
3 months " 4½ "	Two years and above at 8 "
6 months " 6 "	(interest payable ½ yearly).

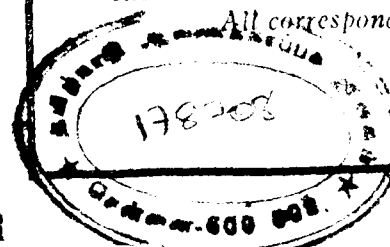
The accounts for the last four financial years have been audit-
ed and dividend at the rate of 8¼ per cent per annum free of
Income-tax has been paid to the share-holders in all those years.

All correspondence to be addressed to the bank.

By Order,

N. R. RAMASWAMY IYER,

Managing Director.



THE
NATIONAL WAREHOUSE,

Big Bazaar, PALGHAT

THE CHEAPEST & MOST RELIABLE HOUSE
FOR

Sarees, both silk and cotton, of approved and up-to-date patterns, of all sizes and colour, carefully selected and manufactured in well known centres like Bangalore, Canjeevaram, Dharmavaram, Salem, Karachi and Benares.

Angavastrams, with and without lace in most attractive borders and finishes of thread. Also silk upper cloths, both mill and hand woven, from Benares and Rajahmundry.

Dhotis, to suit all tastes, both mill and hand woven, with the most popular designs and borders.

*All our Sarees are Colour Guaranteed
We are always on the look-out for New Arrivals,
Latest Novelties and Modern Tastes*

PLEASE TRY US ONCE

Proprietors:

R. S. V. R. Subbarama Iyer & Rama Iyer.



VHR MISKY ASAFOETIDA

FOR TASTE AND FOR FLAVOUR

USE THE WORLD'S BEST

V H R MISKY ASAFOETIDA

PRICE 1 lb. 1-12-0. 1/2 lb. 0-15-0. V. P. Charges Extra.

A tri-colour, Illustrated Booklet on VHR sent post free on application.

VARJIWANDAS HIRJEE & CO.,

Head Office:—
BOMBAY
Branches:—
MADURA & KUMBakonam

194, GOVINDAPPA NAICK ST.,
G. T., MADRAS