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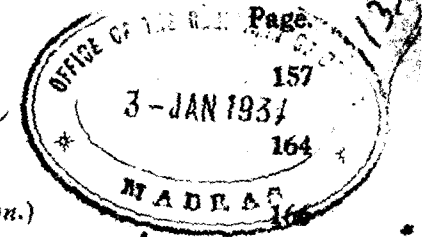
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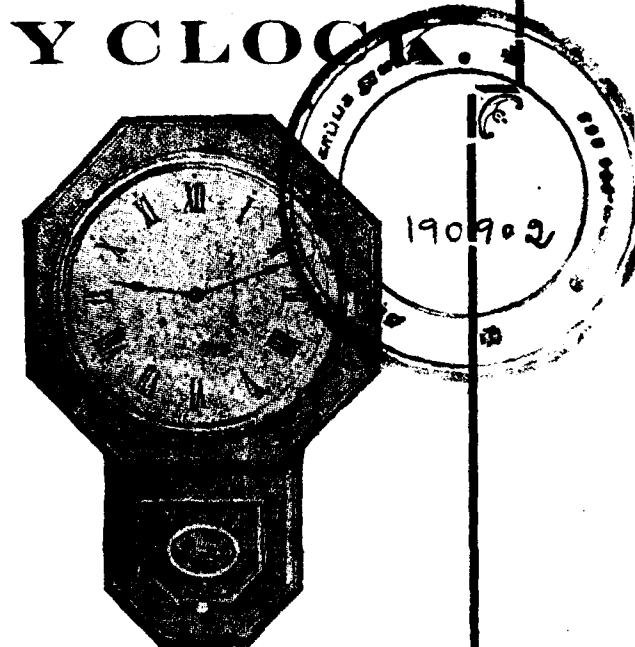
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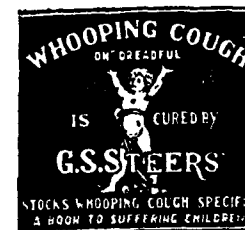
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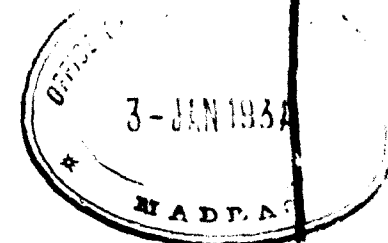
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## The Vision of China.

BY SWAMI JAGADISWARANANDA.



CHINA, like India, in her golden age produced a wonderful culture in Religion, Art, Literature and other walks of her national life, greater in many respects than those of Athens under Pericles, the primal source of Western civilization. The Religion of China reached its zenith in the vision of the world-spirit which the Chinese call Tao. Taoism, the cult of ancient China, in the words of Browning, in short is: "All earth is crammed with Heaven and every common bush afire with God." The Art and Literature of China and Greater China, i. e., Japan, based on the ancient religious philosophy of insight and adjustment of the unit into the Great Unity were also developed to a very high degree. So the re-interpretation of her unsullied past will shed light on the problems of the modern nations.

From the beginning of time, China had but one religion, that of Tao, which is the Cosmic Law or the order of the world. When the world began, the Universal Tao divided itself into two parts, the Tao of Heaven and the Tao of Earth. The inevitable goal of Taoist Philosophy is a unity where the two are one and the same. Though Lao-tze was the prophet and preacher of Taoism, yet Confucius also followed this ancient doctrine of China. Confucianism was the ethical system of the North and Taoism was the idealistic system of the South. Both the systems acted and reacted so closely upon one another that it was a fashion to say of a great man that he was Confucian in hours of work and Taoist in his leisure.

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China. Man is identified with Beauty or Being. In the words of Keats 'I live in the eye'. He the Artist becomes a vision. China has compared the receptive mind with water as it receives and reflects. There was no revelation of the supernatural in Chinese Art that was not born in Religion. To these anchorites of ancient Beauty, these mystics of woodland, mountain and flowing stream, every grove and garden was paradise where God walked in the cool of the day.

During the Tang and Sang Dynasties from the 8th. to the 13th. centuries A. D., China reached the acme of her glory. Tai Tsang, the Emperor held himself above the rivalries of creeds and sects. His capital was open to Nestorian Christianity, Manichaens and Mahamudans alike. In 634 A. D., Christianity was introduced there by the Syrian monk, Olopun. Simultaneously, attracted by its fame and prosperity, embassies poured into it from all quarters—from India, Nepal and Tibet. The Ambassador of the Greeks reached the court in 640 A. D. From the first Caliphs of the Muslim power of Persia, Omar and Othman and neighbouring kingdoms of Korea and Japan also came ambassadors. A fleet of Chinese junks sailed up the Persian Gulf while thousands of Arab merchants settled in the coastal cities of China. About 5000 youths of foreign birth studied in the schools of China then.

"Art and Religiousness," says Cranmar Byng in his *The Vision of Asia* "and the visions which beget Art were the constant, perhaps the only absorbing interest of China. The course of all administrations and the conduct of human affairs, according to the Chinese is spirituality. The word China for the ordinary citizens of the West stands for utility rising into beauty, whereas the Chinese would have put it the other way about. Heaven must descend to earth before earth can respond to heaven for earth is the pulpit of heaven."

"The appeal of all great Art is," as Mr. Hugh Fausset puts it in his *The Proving of Psyche* "is not to our minds or senses as self-sufficient faculties but one whole being. Art is the act of communal worship at the shrine of nature". "Art was never divorced from national spirit in China. The sort of life that came upon China may be called the most idyllic illumination of all human experience." Statesmen, artists, poets, zen priests, met upon a basis of spiritual equality and were close friends interested in each other's works and often combined functions in one and the same person. The spells of Chinese culture were first localised in favoured spots of China, but later the whole nation sat at the feet of Chinese masters, poets, philosophers, artists and even Calligraphists.

In China religion was the very basis of Art, Education and politics, for assuredly the religious feeling is infinitely wider than any of the many forms into which it crystallises. Religion wants the whole orientation of man towards what is called Truth. Painting, poetry and calligraphy—always an art in China—combined together in one canvass. Buddhist priests living far up the hill-slopes in their pine-shadowed temples were among the finest landscape-painters of the age. There were no sealed compartments keeping Art and Religion apart. Art in its three-fold forms of music, painting and poetry is the interpretation of life and truth.

Laurence Bunyon in his *The Flight of the Dragon* says that "Art is not an adjunct to existence, a reduplication of the actual. It is a hint and promise of that perfect rhythm, of that ideal life: Whatever rhythm is it is something intimately connected with life—perhaps secret of life and its most perfect expression." Art is the Religion of the Beautiful. K. Okakura in his *The Ideals of the East* says "At the magic touch of the beautiful, the secret chords of our being are awakened, and we vibrate and thrill in response to its call. Mind speaks to the mind. We listen to the unspoken. We gaze up the unseen. The Master calls for the notes we know not of."

According to the Chinese, the music of man must conform to the principles in nature. Van Aalst in his *Chinese Music* says: "The Chinese table lute is 3'66 feet, because the year contains a maximum of 366 days. The number of the strings were five to agree with the five elements. The upper part was made round to represent the firmament, the bottom was flat to represent the ground and the 13 studs stood for the 12 moons and intercalary moon. The music of China is tuned with the Universal interpretation of all things through music that flows all notes of the world scale from the forest bass to the mountain treble." Music, the most universal of all arts in China, was based on Religion, the ancient Religion of nature worship and linked up with the act of painting through form and colour. Painting in its turn is connected with literature through the art of hand-writing. Chinese words are painted rather than written. Since there is no alphabet in the language, its place has been taken up by ideographs which are themselves built up of simpler root-ideas. The Chinese sky is one vast mirror reflecting the movement of thought and dream-vision and aspiration and the strange adventures of human sky-farers among the constellation.

Chinese poets also are more impersonal in their treatments as for them power behind the Universe cannot be expressed in

words. The Chinese poet is an interpreter of the eternal moment when he has stood still with time halted upon the threshold between night and day. For that rare moment, when personality is stripped off as a garment—dissolved as a mist—nothing of variety of form and type remains, only the sense of Being, of Unity and cessation from strife and pain, of becoming and ending of adventure in the achievement of the quest. The Vision of China has sensed the underlying Unity of all differences and verities.

Yone Noguchi in his *Spirit of Japanese Art* says: "Their artistic work was not a sort of prayer-making to satisfy their own imagination—not a thing to show. They drew pictures to create absolute Beauty and grandeur, that made their own human world almost trifling and directly joined themselves with eternity." "Art for them was a question of faith and not a question of mere reality in expression. Merely reality of the external world had ceased to be a standard for them who lived in the temple studio." For them in the words of Laurence Bunyon, "the hints of the divine one is to be found everywhere, in the leaves of grass, in the life of animals, birds and insects. No occupation was petty or menial to be invested with beauty and significance." The spirit of Chinese Art was a world-spirit of Universalism to whom no order of creation was negligible. Through Rhythm the Chinese artist vitalised even the inorganic. His bronzes, his pottery, his ornaments seem literally to be the products of a living force hidden within them and the surface is the flowering of the inner spirit.

M. Emile Hovelague in his *China* says: "In the eyes of the Chinese artists spirit is everything. In all things it is the invisible spirit within them which must be set free and expressed and not their visible reality." Art is the flower of life in China. Frank Baker in his *Myth, Nature and Individual* says that "every work of art is the symbol of the Cosmic Life. Artists live in a world of ideas—Idea of life and for them the purpose of Art is to bring Idea into contact with form. Art brings down to earth pollens of immortality for mankind." "The artist is the sown and the sower, but the fertility of all depends upon the gem of inspiration that vitalises. Where there is no inspiration there is no harvest of art."

Li Po and Tu Fu acclaimed as the two greatest poets of China, were wanderers. Tu Fu was a painter and a poet a wanderer on foot and horse-back, sailing along great rivers and wide waters. He was a world-spirit to whom wife and children and home meant but a few sorrowful lines of parting, some rapturous chords of return. "Life-long I have found inspiration in lovely

places," he testifies. Their affinity in this respect with the Celtic birds of Wales is remarkable. Identification with the spirit of nature was their goal as their religion proclaims kinship between man and nature in all her aspects, the beauty of flower, the grandeur of waterfall and the indomitable spirit of trees. Even it goes beyond—linking up man with the animal world. The Chinese poet does not try to teach anything, he does not argue, he simply is. The poet becomes what he sings. A young obscure poet approached Li Po with the request: "Master, teach me how I can become a great poet." Li Po answered him, "First learn the rules of poetry, then break away from them at will." The Chinese poet was a master of the art of life. Poetry was the outcome of their many sided experience of life.

Painting and poetry are nearer akin in China than elsewhere. A poem is a painting with visible shape, and painting is poetry put in form. Tu Fu's poems are like pictures—like the branches of still trees reflected in water. The Art of China is founded on a philosophy of vitalism implying two essentials of life—vitality and growth. Wu Tao Tsu and Wangy Wei are the two greatest painters of the race.

You can grasp the cosmic with the individual as one would graft a rose on to a briar. Rosa Mundi of Universal love is latent in every man. Chinese poetry abounds in lines of suggestive stillness when the mind through silent contemplation is held in unity. Driven by the Urge of the Beyond to far horizons a poet has sung:

I entered through the convent gate, the abbot bade me welcome there,  
And in the court of silent dreams, I lost the thread of worldly care,  
That Holy man and I were one, Beyond the bounds that words cannot  
trace,

The very flowers were still as we  
And Truth eternal flashed in me.

The Poet Po-chu-i sings:

Within my heart no sorrows can abide,  
I feel the great world-spirit through me thrill,  
Thus strong in faith, I wait, and long to be,  
One with the pulsing of eternity.

## A Talk.

BY KRISHNAMURTI



SOME people maintain that the truth of which I speak can be realized only through renunciation and solitude, through utter abandonment of the world and withdrawal into the seclusion of a monastery or the quietness of a forest. It happens still in India that some men frequently withdraw into the jungles, away from the conflicts, the turmoil, the competition of the world, and there try to lose themselves in meditation.

You need not withdraw into a monastery, you need not go into a forest to find truth; I say that wherever you are, whatever your work, there, through your adaptability, through your understanding, through your struggle, you will come to the realization of that which is eternal. To understand life, truth, or any other name, you would like to give that living reality, you cannot escape responsibilities; you must understand them in a new way, so that they no longer bind you. Through this understanding you will come to discern the true. The constant discernment without motive, without molding yourself to an ideal, without the desire for escape, makes the mind alert and pliable.

If you have not a mind that is serene in the discernment of the true, then you cannot understand that which is beyond time. You imagine that through perfecting talent or technique you will eventually arrive at that realization, that oneness of life in which there is no death. By the gradual expansion of your own consciousness, your own individuality, ego, which is but the growth of capacity, you think that you will arrive at perfection of mind.

I say that the perfecting of the mind does not depend on the accumulation of experience, nor does the careful collection of many virtues lead to truth. However beautiful selfishness may become, however glorious, inclusive, it will always remain imperfect. Therefore you cannot realize truth, that loveliness of life, through accumulation, through growth, through the expansion of self-consciousness. By seeking the understanding of experience in the present, you not only change your environment, but you step out, as it were, from this false idea of progress.

Capacity is time. Through time you learn how to develop a particular capacity. That capacity, however fine, however clear, however dynamic, will not bring about the realization of truth.

If you are ~~really~~ interested in this living reality, you will not be concerned with time. Most people in the world are troubled by the problem of death and the hereafter; but I say that a man who is seeking the understanding of life cannot be concerned with death. If you regard death, either with aversion or with the desire to escape from the present, you are painting death on the canvas of life, and therefore you create the illusion of time. Only through understanding, only through freedom from the bondage of ideals, longings and consolations can you come to be aware of the true significance of the present; and to me this understanding of the present is the infinite.

Infinity is not time prolonged. There is only the now, the present. If you can understand the present, you are free of time altogether, and thus there is life everlasting in which the illusion of individuality has ceased. Individuality is the very root of time, the creator of time.

So, from my point of view, the idea of progress as the acquisition of understanding through time is utterly false. What gives you understanding is your intense desire for it. If your desire is to seek understanding, then you will not be bound by any theory, by any idea, by any institution, by any religion, or by any person; your mind will constantly be alert and pliable, and out of that continued alertness and pliability will come illumination. For that realization I do not give you any system to follow. When you follow a system, your mind becomes limited. To a man in search of truth, every day, every incident, brings a new understanding.

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he who comes in filthy clothes or with a mind befouled can hardly claim a right to enter. But who shall judge the cleanliness of heart and mind ?

Just now I am living at a little place called Baraling. There are several temples there, and the Brahmin who looks after them once opened them to all who came. One day some Harijans came from a neighbouring village, fresh from the worship of a spirit other than divine. They entered with a toddy-bottle and thus replied to his remonstrance at their drunken shoutings, "You believe that God is everywhere; He is in this bottle, too," and began to drink again within the temple. That can hardly be endured; it comes from lack of real education.

Three things belong to all mankind which no one has a right to corner for himself. Water, Air, Knowledge. They come from God, yet some have dared to steal them for their own exclusive use, and rob the Lord of Heaven.

We hear of schools which actually have closed because the boys withdrew when a "Harijan" was admitted. In the dry rocky country of the Deccan there are villages whose women have to walk three miles to fetch water they may use. Such men as steal water and knowledge for themselves are thieves. And if the Law is meant to earn respect, it must surely punish the crime of theft. If it cannot act in such a case, how can it claim obedience ?

I demand that the members of any committee which debar "Harijan" children from a school be prosecuted for the theft. I demand that any village authorities whose wells are not all open for the use of everyone be likewise sued for theft.

So far as social intercourse is concerned, we need not speak of that. For marriage and friendship cannot be truly happy where between the pair there is too great a difference in culture. We have made that difference great by stealing culture for ourselves, and we must first restore what we have stolen before we can deserve to meet our victim on an equal footing.

To me, it seems, the wisest way to get rid of untouchability and all such stupid customs is to ignore them, and to see only God in everyone, as true Hinduism has enjoined. To stir up feeling and intensify the segregation by claiming special privilege or safeguard, cannot be very wise, and each such action brings its own reaction in anger and resentment.

I had in Gorakpur a Hindi Primary School and an Anglo-Vernacular Middle School. The boys of the former school were all dirty and neglected, and some were from the very lowest castes. Two months of bringing their classes into the main building,

against departmental rules, and letting them play hockey with the others, worked a miracle. Almost every boy was clean, and no sense of difference in caste survived. Yet I hardly once spoke to them of cleanliness.

This Harijan problem is not of India alone, it is throughout the world. There is a book by the American novelist, Upton Sinclair; it is called *The Jungle*. The hero of that book through poverty sinks even lower in the social scale, until at last he has to make manure from the bones of swine. His clothes so stank that when he got into a bus the others edged away, and as he walked along the street, men chose the other side, their faces showing their disgust. That is American untouchability, of which Miss Mayo, may be, never heard.

It is a world problem of the oppressed, and some day justice will be done. The "Harijans" have long been very patient and endured their wrongs. It will be very well if justice comes before they lose their patience.

The world for centuries has striven towards a common culture, a humanitarian society, whose blessings are equally for all. We must choose if we shall help it or stand in the way on its onward progress. We must choose if we shall cleave to this silly childish thing, this sop to our own little vanities, or if we are big enough, Brahmin enough, to teach the world the way of freedom and of brotherhood and unity.

If we cannot grasp the opportunity to-day, the world will go on towards its goal, but we shall drop behind. Nature will be disappointed in us and count us as her failures; our sons, wiser in their youth than we, have no patience with such dotages, and they shall tread the path we cowards fear to tread.

If we look forward to the glorious future,.....India as the Teacher of World-Union to the world,.....and turn from the darkened past of cruel superstition, Nature will take pride in us as real Brahmins and worthy heirs of all the ages. So shall we bring in that day when all humanity shall be one people with one only God, God's own People, and that will be the true and longed-for Harijan Raj.

Further, life has not only to be victor over matter. It has to realise itself in full, only by mingling with other lives. The lure of sex is but the first step in such self-enlargement of life. Patriotism is another step. Love of humanity is yet another step. Love of the neighbour is by itself not the summation of life. It must be consummated in the love God.

War has been well described as a disease of civilisation. Not that it was unknown before, but it is deadlier than ever because of the aid of science. Even in barbaric times there was not only the warfare of man, but there was also mutual service and co-operation of man. Cupidity and pugnacity fostered war, while religion and art fostered sympathy and co-operation. In the sceptical modern age religion and art are becoming less, and cupidity and pugnacity are becoming more. Intellectual power has been on the increase and has been feeling less and less the restraints of the ethical life. The result is that the war-fever recurs oftener than before and persists until there is the onset of delirium.

Those who justify war and those who like Von Mottke would declare war to be a holy institution, look to the past history of man and insist that his future should be like his past. But is their reading of the past correct? There were mutual conflicts of men as individuals and men in groups. But collective wisdom and mutual love also grew apace. Further, when one civilisation overthrew another in war, there was no guarantee that the victor was ethically superior to his vanquished foe. The survival of the fittest meant often only the survival of the survivor. Further, Kilkeny cats could have no time to think or dream or create. Even if the past was bloody, should the present and future be bloody also? But unfortunately scientific invention and democratic government have not improved human nature. The German, who is a disciplined soldier and slave of the state, is but the old Spartan back again, with better weapons of destruction. Personal bravery and chivalry, which redeemed the red conflicts of the past, have vanished now. The bomb thrown from a dug-out can be thrown by even a third-rate man and does not need the mighty arm that hacked with a sword. A bullet will as easily kill a Samson as it can kill a consumptive patient.

He who hopes to overcome the malignant demon of war by a sermon on the economic welfare of the world is a person hugging a great illusion to his breast. Only by an inner revolution, supplanting selfishness by love and feverish love of sensation by passion for peace, and the endless distractions of life by concentrated meditation, can we reach the golden age. To-day man draws all sorts of imaginary lines on the earth and calls them

frontiers. He imagines all sorts of diversities of blood and deduces fictions of race from fictions of imagined diversities of blood. National and racial pride, accentuated by economic exclusiveness and selfishness, result in bigger and bigger armaments and higher and higher tariff walls. A man whose patriotism makes him so love his country as to hate all other countries is his country's worst enemy, because the peoples of the world must stand or fall together. Will modern man in his blindness and self-delusion and egoism see all this at all? Is not Tennyson right when he says:

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O purblind race of miserable men!  
How many among us at this very hour  
Do forge a life-long misery for ourselves  
By mistaking true for false and false for true?

Further, life has not only to be victor over matter. It has to realise itself in full, only by mingling with other lives. The lure of sex is but the first step in such self-enlargement of life. Patriotism is another step. Love of humanity is yet another step. Love of the neighbour is by itself not the summation of life. It must be consummated in the love God.

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## The Spirit of Hinduism.

BY SWAMI SUNDARANANDA



O a casual observer Hinduism may be only a jumble of conflicting beliefs and creeds, each as divergent from the other as the poles; so to a common onlooker it presents nothing but a bewildering spectacle. It is almost impossible for an ordinary man to find out a common basis of Hinduism, but if any unbiassed student carefully makes a proper study of all the prominent scriptures of Hinduism he is sure to discover a wonderful unity in the midst of the apparent diversities. We shall try to study in this essay the unique symphony of Hinduism arising out of various apparently contradictory phases.

It is well-known that the word "Hindu" is of foreign origin. The Persians used to pronounce S as H. So people living on the bank of the Sindhu or the Indus were called by them "Hindus." Ancient Indians termed themselves Aryans and the Religion they professed was called Sanatana or Arya Dharma. Nowhere in our scriptures will one come across the word Hindu. Sri Krishna chided Arjuna in the historic battle-field of Kurukshetra when he was about to break down, calling him by the name of an Aryan. In the original *Ramayana* one will find the word Aryan very often. So Aryan was the common designation given to the cultured people of ancient India in contrast with the aborigines who were called non-Aryans. Those who accepted the authority of the Vedas were known as Aryans or Astikas and those who rejected it were cast out as heretics or Nastikas. Even the Mimamsakas and Sankhyavadins who were atheists, although in a sense regarded as Nastikas, were accepted into orthodox fold because of their allegiance to the Vedas. Again, though the Jainas and the Buddhists had many ideas quite in common with the Hindus, they were rejected as Nastikas as they did not adhere to the Vedas. So the Vedas can be regarded as the common basis of Hinduism. From the highest spiritual flights of the Philosophies to the lowest ideal of idolatry which go by the name of Hinduism, everything owes its origin to the Vedas. The germ of all that obtain in the Hindu society can be traced directly or indirectly to the Vedas. But with the passage of time this tremendous river of Vedic spirituality flowed far and wide into different rivulets till it has come down to its present stage. Although we find different doctrines and dogmas in Hinduism yet each one of them has its common back-ground. So some knowledge of the Vedic doctrine is essential to understand the later-day development of this wonderful all-absorbing thought system.

Many people will admit that every religion has three aspects; the philosophical, the mythological and the ceremonial or ritualistic. Philosophy gives a rational interpretation of the basic principles of religion. It is the life-blood of the religious system, but as it is very difficult—nay almost impossible—for the average man to appreciate the subtle thoughts of philosophy, the mythological aspect has been introduced. Mythology explains the fundamental principles of philosophies in the form of legends and parables, and clothes abstract truths in forms of flesh and blood. Mythology came into being to make religious conceptions easily comprehensible to the mass mind. But mythology is not sufficient for most backward men to put religion into practice, hence the need for rituals. The rituals also present the same truths of philosophy. They lead ignorant people by the hand to the goal gradually. They are the kindergarten of spiritual childhood to us. A considerable portion of humanity resembles spiritual babies who have to pass through ritualistic discipline to the higher practice of religious life. Hinduism has a highly developed system of philosophy, a very rich mythology and an infinite variety of rituals suitable for all kinds of temperament and mental capacities. Perhaps no religion in the world will stand the test to-day of the modern discoveries of science as Hinduism and no religion permits so much freedom in the choice of paths to truth as our religion, and that is why a common observer finds himself lost in the maze of the apparent diversities of Hindu creeds, but to know the marvellous inner unity underlying its variegated surface one has to dive deep to the source, viz., its philosophy.

As elsewhere so also in India, the ancient mind began to ask the how and wherefore of cosmos. How has the world come into being and what is the first principle? In philosophy there are three aspects, the first principle, the first cause called God; the second principle, his relation with the manifest universe; and the third, the nature and value of individual or man; and these three principles are commonly known by the name of God, matter and soul. The fundamental value and nature of these three different entities have been the eternal quest of all the thought systems in India. In India, so far back as the Rig Vedic period, these questions were raised and solutions offered.

Men in every age and clime found themselves limited. Even the men who are almost in the primitive condition, even the aboriginal tribes in the most backward state, knew vaguely of the conception of an ultra-cosmic being—a manipulator of the forces of the Universe—and worship Him in their own way. After all, men in their heart of hearts feel their limitations and also feel

the existence of a Being who is not limited in relation to them. No doubt in pre-Buddhistic age the conception was rampant, that all the different forces of creation were controlled by different agents called Gods and Goddesses, as God of the sun (Suriya) God of the Moon (Chandra), God of the sky (Indra), God of air (Pabana), God of water (Varuna), God of death (Yama), Goddess of learning (Saraswathi), Goddess of wealth (Lakshmi) and Goddess of energy (Kali and Durga) etc. But in the Vedic Age these conceptions were sublimated. The Vedic Rishis took hold of the same symbolic representations of the Gods and Goddesses, but the idea itself was synthesised. They hold that the different forces are only different manifestations of the One Force. That is, the same God who is in the Sun, is also in the Moon, Sky, Air, Water, and so on. This is the Vedic synthetic divine plurality termed by Prof Max Muller as heno-theism.

The Vedic Seers started with the idea that the universe has come into being by some super-physical entity called God out of Nothing. But later on the questions arose as to how something could be created out of Nothing which seemed logically absurd. Then they realised that there must be some material as well as efficient cause for the existence of the universe. Thus they accepted two principles, one an intelligent principle and the other a non-intelligent entity; this intelligent principle has brought into being this phenomenal universe out of the non-intelligent entity called matter; but this theory was also supplanted later on by a higher school of philosophers who argued to the effect that there cannot be two ultimate principles, two Realities or Infinities or two first causes, because one would necessarily be limited by the other and so the theories of dual primal principles were abandoned as *illogical*. Then there arose another group of thinkers and they held that the universe has been created by an ultra cosmic Being called God out of His own being. This phenomenal universe is the Virat-body of that Supreme Purusha. The creation is the concrete manifestation of the creator. The Creator pervades the universe and He is impersonal and immanent like the fire and its burning properties. Another section of most profound thinkers repudiated the above idea saying that what is known by the word "transmutation" or "change" (Barinam) is not possible in the first principle as there cannot be any change without time, space and causation. To admit that the first principle has become the manifest universe is to tacitly accept that the first principle is within time space and causation, and therefore subject to decay and death. So they firmly hold that the world is nearly "in appearance" and the universe is a projection of that reality. He pervades the universe as an intelligent principle In and

through this manifest and unmanifest universe He exists and He is also beyond them. What we see as matter cannot defile his real nature, because His intelligent principle is quite separate from His creations. He is transcendental as He is not conditioned by time space and causation. He is the ultimate Reality of the universe. According to Hinduism, from the physical plane God is personal, from the mental plane He is impersonal or immanent and from the spiritual plane He is transcendental and Absolute. This is, in short, the gradual development of the philosophical thoughts of the Vedic Rishis. One may find it very difficult to reconcile these dualistic, qualified monistic and absolute monistic conceptions of God, but they are not at all contradictory from different stand-points. Swami Vivekananda aptly illustrates the position as follows: "We may take a few pictures of the sun from different latitudes, and although two of them may not be the same or equal, yet they all are the pictures of the same sun. Similarly, the different aspects are different pictures of the one universal religion". One leads to the other till one realises the beatific vision of Oneness which is the highest achievement of the spiritual experiences declared by sages of different religions.

The great cardinal doctrine of the Vedas and the Upanishads is that the supreme reality is a transcendental entity and he has joined His power, or Sakti to create this universe and that this universe is a mental image viewed as objective Reality; man's life is a circle of involution and evolution, that is to say, man has come from Him and will go back to Him; he is a ray of the Divine sun, a wave of the ocean, an image of His divine nature, and in this life man's destiny is guided by the law of karma. All our different systems of worship are based upon this fundamental Truth.

In Hinduism, from the highest transcendental Samadhi to the lowest idol worship, all disciplines and beliefs underlying them are true and necessary. Idol worship may not be necessary for the highest type of men but it is essential for lesser folks. As Swami Vivekananda says, although every man has a body, each requires a different kind of coat, long, short, or wide according to tall, fat or dwarf shape of bodies. So Hinduism prescribes different methods of spiritual discipline according to the mental and temperamental bent of other religions and directs all men to follow only the path sanctioned by them. This doctrine of Hinduism is called "Istha Nistha" or the theory of chosen Ideal. In Hinduism we have all sorts of worships to suit different tastes and temperaments. This is the beauty of Hinduism which most organised religions lack. On the ritual side we have Yagna, Dana, and Tapa, the three corner-stones or pillars upon which the whole structure

of Hindu ethics rests. If one can understand the different aspects of Hinduism, however divergent they may seem, they will in the end be revealed as a homogeneous whole. Hinduism in the accepted sense is not one religion but it is a common wealth of religions, a synthetic whole, having different methods and modes, but the one central theme of all these is to lead man step by step to the realisation of supreme truth.

The life of Sri Ramakrishna has proved beyond the least shadow of doubt that the different methods of worship lead man to the same goal. After realising God through one method he actually verified his spiritual experiences by practising others successfully and found that each and all of them led him to the same goal. His life was an actual demonstration of the utility of the different paths of Hinduism and other religions. All the systems that go by the name of Hinduism are contributing each its unique note in the harmony of religions, nay they are absolutely essential for the great symphony.

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## Gitaic Moments.

BY U. S. RAMACHANDRAN



HE *Gita* is sometimes regarded as a mere Yogic scripture. It is not merely that: it is something more. The *Gita* contains lessons for the whole humanity and not for India alone. The teachings of the *Gita* can be applied to daily life without excluding its follower from the ways of men, but by purifying, refining and chastening all who earnestly believe in it. Those who have made its teachings part of their view of life know that it is a living and not a dead teaching. The Sage, the devotee and the man of the world are therein shown their *dharma* (duty) and reminded of the truth that God appointed to every man his own mission at birth and that it quickens the progress of mankind to do our piece of life's mission, whilst to do that of another obstructs it. Each doing his bit well, the great puzzle of the Karmas of men fit together and the wheels of life run smoothly for all. The *Gita* has a great many plain and true things to inculcate in us, things which should be cherished even in the ordinary little affairs of this prosaic world. All these teachings tend to one's emotional refinement, intellectual awakening, philosophical advancement, religious chastening, spiritual unfoldment, which are all, to quote the poet, "the parts of a stupendous whole whose body Nature is, and God the soul". They are all ways, all means to an end, means essential and valuable in themselves, ways that make us realise our own divinity, that lift up man to God, that enable us to realise the Truth, the goodness, and the beauty of God.

Arjuna, when he saw his kinsmen arrayed against him in stiff battle, found himself in a vicious circle of doubt and difficulty. The thought of quelling them all agitated him and in that tense moment, Lord Krishna came to his rescue. He strove to convince him beyond all doubt that it was but meet to participate in the Great Battle and in so striving, He taught him to answer the clarion call of duty. His profound thoughts on performing one's duty hold good for all times, for people of every creed and caste. "Better one's own duty, though destitute of merit, than the duty of another well discharged. Better death in the discharge of one's own duty; duty of another is full of danger." In this sublime yet simple teaching consists the absolute secret of success in every walk of life, whether temporal or spiritual. The truth of these remarkable words may be seen exemplified in the rise and fall of the prominent nations of the world.

Almost the same spirit underlies the haunting melody of Wordsworth who sings :

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God,  
O Duty, if that name thou love,  
Who art a light to guide, a rod  
To check the erring and reprove.

When we look at the West, we realise that its true greatness is largely ascribed to its prominent sense of duty and duty alone. That, this teaching on the performance of one's duty is eminently practicable is evidenced by millions of men and women following it even to-day.

If the man of the world unequivocally realises his immortality in the following ineffably beautiful teachings, his view of life shall suffer immediate change and his trials and tribulations shall end. "Nor at any time verily was I not, nor thou nor these princes of men, nor verily shall we ever cease to be, hereafter. As the dweller in the body findeth in the body childhood, youth, old age, so passeth he on to another body; the steadfast one grieveth not there-at."

That right understanding is accompanied by right conduct is a well-tried maxim and enshrines a great truth. Most people of the world look through the wrong end of the telescope at life and the ultimate destiny of man, with the result that they lack strength of mind and of character. Some of them drag on a reckless and drab sort of existence because they labour under the misapprehension that life after death is a Sphinx's riddle, that as nothing is known of what happens beyond the grave, it is well that the present life should be enjoyed to the fullest extent by indulging in every pleasurable activity, in scorn of future consequences. Death becomes an obsession with men because they think they are only bodies and that with the disintegration of the body, the whole being droops and falls. Many people who have only the faintest notion of the life after death and who believe that the short span of life is all the gift of God, suffer from a fear of death. For they think that its icy hand will remove them from the stage of life for ever and from all they hold dear. Truly, under such circumstances, theirs is a natural fear. But the *Gita* relieves them of their harrowing anxiety and terror, by reminding them that "this indweller in the body of every one is ever invulnerable." For "as a man casting off worn-out garments taketh new ones, so the dweller in the body, casting off worn-out bodies, entereth into others that are new". If one realises truly that the soul remains though the body perishes, there would be no wrench in this wearing out of the earthly garment. Death is looked upon as something hideous and sad. But

it is the friend and not the foe of man for it enables him to replace the worn-out garment by a new one. The true man is a soul and this body is only an appanage. Death is not the end of life but merely the waking into another stage of it.

We all know that much of the world's progress is hampered by want of unity and harmony among various races, countries, castes and creeds. People look upon one another as aliens, having no common bond of love to hold them together, forgetting the one life that all share. The *Gita* constantly emphasises the fact that He and He alone is the life within everything and by Him everything lives, moves, and has its being. "I am the self seated in the hearts of all beings. I am the beginning, the middle and end of all." "If men hate each other, they hate Me in the bodies of others and in their own: if men torment bodies, they torment Me also, seated in the inner body."

One who realises this supreme fact of the indwelling spirit of God in everything, is sure to love one's neighbours as one loves one's own self. It is impossible for a man with this ideal to do any harm to his fellow-beings. No man can gain the affections of his fellow-creatures by an outrage of this ideal of unity and harmony. A proud, sullen or irritable man scarcely in any true sense succeeds in life. People who have made any mark have always been kind and loving unto all. It may be that their love is not so deep-seated and all-embracing as that of a Sage who treats equally a cow, an elephant, a Brahmin, a dog and a chandala. Love and kindness are the vital breath and sustaining principles of success in life.

All great thinkers tell us that an Immutable Law rules this world of ours. Whatever cause a man sets up brings in a definite result with the whirligig of time. Some people, failing to see the immediate result of an action, feel in their ignorance that all their labour is lost. That is impossible. No effort is vain: no energy is dissipated: the just Law brings in fulness of time the result of our doings. The Bhagavan teaches us: "Thy business is with the action only but not without its fruit: so let not the fruit of action be thy motive nor be thou to inaction attached". The effect is thus inherent in the action itself and definitely connected with it in the relation of cause and effect. A man who believes in this perfect justice need not bother himself about the fruit of his action. Make sure of the flowers and the leaves, the fruit will take care of itself.

A man who carefully and properly fulfils his duty and leaves the rest to the Good Law is really an efficient worker, and signal success crowns his efforts. Once the task is done, there is no

turning back, no morbid playing with doubts and one is fresh and free to go ahead with other work. This "skill in action" enables him to greater output of work than one who is ever intent upon the effects of his action. A man who is a stranger to this "skill in action" is full of hurry and flurry: his thoughts are diverted: his mind is divided: his work imperfect and unsatisfactory. Well has the Lord said "Not for the unharmonised is there concentration: for him without concentration there is no peace, and for the unpeaceful how can there be any happiness?"

The *Gita* permeates the daily life of those who seek repose in it. It is an exceedingly vivid and real thing to one who has comprehended it: it permeates and pervades his very life, leading him gradually along the paths of spiritual and moral evolution. The *Gita* draws out our existence at all points, endows us with greater and greater capacities of feeling, thought and action and helps us to realise the sober tones in human destiny. Its mighty truths sustain and strengthen our lives and enables us to live "long life in little space" and "keep our souls in one eternal path."

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## Martin Luther—His Influence on Modern Times.

BY V. R. BHATT



ON November 10, all Germany, nay all Europe, celebrated the 450th. anniversary of the birth of Martin Luther, a man whose memory is kept fresh not solely by the religious dogma which he propounded, nor by the heroic courage with which he dared to confront the Papacy and the Empire of 16th. century Europe, but also by the impetus he gave to freedom of speculation which, breaking through the shackles of medievalism, has given us the modern scientific civilization.

Viewing the Reformation from a wider outlook than that of a religious partisan, we become aware of its widespread influence on all sides of human life in Europe. It marks a tremendous alteration in the history of the West, and through the West in the history of the East. From the Reformation flowed not merely new communions but a beginning of an emancipation from a single school of dogma, the denial of the claim of the Papacy to a monopoly of revealed truth, the assertion to freedom of speculation, which in course of time opened the way to liberty of thought and speech.

Martin Luther has always been remembered as the originator of this tremendous change. But though the most prominent figure in the Reformation, he cannot be called in any sense its originator. No change in history is brought about by any one person. If we single out any change in History, for instance, the French Revolution, we will find that the ground has been preparing for a long time, that its causes are to be garnered throughout a century or more before it. So with the Reformation. Many causes existed for such a change; there were widespread clerical abuses, the indulgences which specially infuriated Luther being but some of many. The fiscal oppression of the Papacy in all Europe was strangling, and the Popes and the whole clerical hierarchy were in general utterly disregardful, not only of morality but of decency in their lives. What was more, there was the repression of all freedom of speculation; only the Papacy and the clerics could think, others must follow.

Many reformers had risen against this, had tried to break through the fetters which bound the human mind, Wiclif and Huss being the most notable. But they had failed, for the time

was not ripe. But the revival of letters (as the Renaissance has been called) in the 14th. and the 15th. centuries, that is a renewal of interest in the masterpieces of classical antiquity, the expanding content of knowledge caused mainly by the discoveries of the astronomers and by the opening up of new lands by the discoveries of navigators, and the dissemination of all this by means of printed books, brought about an intellectual revival which breathed new life into the dry bones of European thought. For centuries men had thought of life but as a preparation for the greater life to come after death, and hence their interest in the moving phenomena of this earthly life had been meagre. But the Renaissance changed gradually this outlook, opened up visions of a fair and pleasant world, and through the study of the philosophy of the Greeks, who had been the most secularly cheerful people in the world, opened their eyes to the manifold beauties of Nature, and of the human body.

It was at such a time that Luther came to the forefront, first as the Professor of Theology at the University of Wittenburg, who thundered against a single clerical abuse, the Indulgence, and then as the challenger of the very doctrines of orthodox religion. It was very significant that opposition to the Papacy should find its first voice in a University, and still more significant that it should arise first in Germany. For, nowhere else had the ecclesiastical taxes become more burdensome, nowhere else was there as much social discontent, and nowhere else had "religious humanism as distinct from intellectual humanism struck deeper root".

The career of Luther is too widely known to need enlargement. But three points in it are worth special attention. The excommunication of Luther by the Pope, his translation of the Bible into German, and the protection he received from the powerful electors and Dukes of the German States. The invariable custom had been that a man who was excommunicated was immediately burnt at the stake, but Luther, in spite of the Pope's excommunication and the Pope's special charge to the Emperor Charles V to see that he was punished, had escaped the stake. His translation of the Bible is of far greater importance. The translation into German gave a tremendous stimulus to national language and literature and reached the masses. It indicated too the break with the idea of a single universal Christendom having a single universal language, Latin, and the dissolution of Europe in the near future into strongly and intolerably nationalistic states, having their own literature and their own body of tradition. In every country of Europe where the Reformation touched, the Bible was translated into the native tongue. The protection which Luther received from the German electors,

especially the electors of Saxony, was of importance in that by this protection, the Reformation, from being a purely religious movement, became linked with politics. Through this came the religious wars, which deprived the Holy Roman Empire of any real power in Germany and left it only the husk. From the protection that the electors gave to Luther also sprang the popularity of the idea of the divine right of kings, for Luther was obliged to preach unquestioning obedience to the king. The idea that the Church was above the king gave away; only the king and the king alone could wield authority in a State and in the institutions of a State.

The Protestant doctrine which Luther propounded,—justification by faith, the use as well as the authority of the scriptures, the rejection of the doctrine of trans-substantiation, the headship of the Pope, and the adoration of the Virgin and the Saints, spread rapidly in all Teutonic Europe. It must not be forgotten also that Calvin propounded even more militant Protestant doctrines which spread in North Europe. But, on the whole, the popularity of the doctrines of Luther denoted the rejection of the leadership of Southern Europe, especially that of Italy in the realm of thought and religion, a leadership which it had maintained from the break of the Roman Empire and of course earlier. From this time the centre of flowing, advancing thought shifts to Northern Europe, to Teutonic Europe generally, to Holland, England and Germany, and with this shifting goes the supremacy on the seas and on the land—Spain with its immense Empire decays, and northern kingdoms take her place.

The Reformation has often been compared with the French Revolution. Both went to shape Modern Europe. Both brought about far-reaching changes. What the Revolution accomplished in ideas, social and political, the Reformation accomplished in the realm of religion and thought. Both were revolts against authority; the Reformation tore the power of the Pope and the clergy, and the Revolution did the same with the authority of the parasitic privileged orders—the nobility. The first was the beginning of democracy in matters religious, as the second was the beginning of democracy in matters political. Both were of the utmost importance in the evolution of Europe, and Europe would not have been what she is now, if these two movements had not quickened her slow moving blood. And the greatest claim that Luther to remembrance has with every thinking man is the part he played in this tremendous change, this Reformation.

## Economic Planning.

By T. R. PARTHASARATHY, B. A. (Hons.), B. L., F. R. Econ. S. (Lond.).



THE proposal of the Government of India (see A. P. I. Message dated November 20th, 1933 from New Delhi) to appoint an expert Committee to initiate a comprehensive economic survey brings to the forefront the problem of economic planning. The Government themselves have given the reasons for their decision which will be referred to later in the course of this paper.

It will be interesting to go back a little into the history of recent economic philosophy while on this question. The diatribes of the Physiocrats and of Adam Smith destroyed the mercantilist philosophy. In its place was preached the new gospel of economic freedom. The hold of the new doctrine on the minds of the people synchronised with a period of great economic change, namely, the Industrial Revolution. So the nineteenth century, the period *par excellence* of modern economic organization, had for its philosophic guidance the slogan of "Laissez faire, laissez passer".

But as the century wore on, considerable qualifications were engrafted on the principle in the shape of factory legislation, limitation of hours of work, and so on. It was also urged that it was time to re-think the fundamentals of economics. In politics, German idealism, anglicized through Green and Bosanquet, was crying for a more positive conception of the State than the Spencian one. The slow and permeating influence of the Fabians had slowly diffused collectivistic ideas among the people.

On the side of economic organization also, fundamental changes were going on. Trade unions had established themselves as legal bodies and were growing enormously in number and in influence. The very vastness of modern industrial operations and problems connected with supplying markets diffused over wide spaces, the problem of obtaining raw materials from all over the globe—all these conspired to slowly make the various industrial units come together for some sort of combination. Price-fixing agreements, pools, quotas, combinations, trusts, cartels and mergers were becoming increasingly common. However, these were as yet merely treated as foot-notes to the general theory of economics based on the assumption of a competitive industrial order.

At this stage came the War of 1914–18. War implied dislocation of markets on the international side and a diversion of

the general direction of industrial production within the national frontier. The Governments controlled the main channels of economic life and altered the course of the industrial organism into channels necessary and desirable for the due prosecution of the war.

The War ruined the industrial arrangements in the vanquished nations, and even among the victors, the normal and automatic functioning of the industrial order, which was the assumption of classical economics, had been considerably undermined. Some sort of economic initiative and control from the State became an imperative necessity. The German Board of National Efficiency started economic reorganization on a comprehensive scale by "rationalising" industry. The need for economic control was further provided for by the provision of an Economic Council in the Weimar Constitution. The Supreme Economic Council was to act as an advisory body to the Reichstag. Rationalisation spread from Germany to Britain and elsewhere. It implied deliberate planning of industrial production.

Again, on the international side, the International Labour Organization and other economic organs of the League of Nations were attempting at securing uniform economic conditions in various countries. This again meant governmental interference in the economic field.

Moreover, the Revolution of 1917 in Russia had violently attempted a break with the general economic philosophy of the world and ushered in a new era of state-guided and state-controlled economics. The N. E. P. no doubt was a concession to existing facts but, on the whole, the Russian State had a wider and more permeating control of economic life than any other in the world. The Russian State used its economic initiative to further schemes of industrial and agricultural progress by deliberate and carefully-laid plans for long periods ahead. A State Planning Department (the Gosplan) has become a regular limb of the Russian Government.

The example of Russia, together with the dire need of some communal direction and initiative in economic matters, which was felt universally as was seen above, set all economists and Governments thinking on this question. The Sir William Meyer Lecturer of last year of the University of Madras took for his theme the subject of Economic Planning. Dr. Thomas, the professor of the same University, has been delivering a series of lectures on the same thesis. These are just two examples in our own province of the interest of economists on this subject. Now, the Government of India have felt the impact of world forces and

tendencies and have appointed an expert committee to make an economic survey as part of a general plan of economic scheming.

The Government of India have stated their reasons thus: "In the first place, as a general reason, it may be said that the world is moving towards a stage where economic planning by the Governments is becoming more and more necessary. One example of such a necessity arises in connection with the Ottawa Agreement, the effect of which must be carefully watched not only as regards its immediate results, but as regards its bearing on the future economic development and the changes in the flow of trade which it may influence. Then again, another important special function of economic intelligence and statistical records which has to be kept in mind is of providing information which may be required by the new Reserve Bank of India for the purpose of guiding its currency and credit policy."

As a first step to economic planning, the Government state that they have set up an economic sub-committee of the Governor-General's Executive Council. A Central Bureau of Economic Intelligence and Statistics has also been created at the Headquarters out of the Staff of the Director of Commercial Intelligence and Statistics.

The present survey, which is to be the basis of a comprehensive economic planning, is to be initiated by Professor Bowley, the London Statistician and Mr. Robertson, the Cambridge Economist, with three Indian Economists (one acting as secretary). The idea is that the Indians thus associated in the initial stage will be able to supervise the survey in its later stages. The Government hope that Local Governments, Universities and other organizations would help them and lessen the cost of the survey. The scheme of inquiry tentatively proposed is this. It consists of three aspects:

(a) A survey of India's contemporary economic conditions, with special reference to developments in the past two decades and immediate future tendencies.

(b) A survey of India's existing statistical organisation and a plan for the future.

(c) A thorough and complete economic census on the lines of that of the United Kingdom.

Our Government have brought themselves into alignment with modern world tendencies by initiating a scheme of economic survey as preparatory to a system of economic planning. If the personnel of the experts announced is to be an index of the quality of the work, we can expect, one may well say, that the Government have begun well and the ancient saying goes "Well begun is half done".

## On Memorials.

BY Dr. A. R. PODUVAL, M. D.



I have attended several memorial meetings, and have occasionally been asked to draft an address of the type generally demanded for such functions, but never had the complacent cant to do so. I have always regarded the facility to write a memorial address an achievement.

My great difficulty has been to see the hero, the sage, the saint, the man of parts in the ordinary individual who is memorialised, especially when it is well known that the individual in question has more than his ordinary share of human foibles, and sometimes an excess of human sins. To put down in stark, precise words, "Sir, you are a great man or a good man," when the man's antecedents would not bear testimony for greatness or goodness, is an effort to which I am not equal. And a memorial amounts almost to nothing if you call a spade a spade; or if you fail to discern in the rickety mental and physical constitution of the individual a spark of the Promethean fire. The art of composing a memorial address has to be obtained from another point of view altogether. You just forsake the model in front of you, and construct your picture from parts stolen out of men and women who have justified their lives in the world's record of excellence. You must forget the tilted nose, the bent back, the voluptuous lips, the hang-dog look, the swarthy complexion, the psychical twist, the mental eccentricity, and perhaps the ominous and obvious signs of organic and functional degeneration, and create out of them the figure of an Antinous, with the dignity of a Jupiter, and the goodness of a Marcus Aurelius. I am not particularly inclined to be starkly realistic, being something of an artist, but I confess that I can hardly paint a palace out of a peasant's hut.

My forte is characterisation, or at least that is my artistic aim. We shall be exhausting all our resources in a very short time if we should invest every man to whom we offer a memorial marks of classical excellence. That is why most memorials are flat and unimpressive, except for the refreshments offered on the occasion to get the stomach ready to digest what is to follow. In all these memorials, a standard has been set; certain excellences have already been settled upon, and people know more or less beforehand what the memorial will contain. Almost everyone of the memorialised has done great good to mankind; they possessed exemplary character, and are being deeply lamented in

the event of their retirement from public activity. The proportions of character have all been fixed like that of form according to the laws of Medes and Persians. And the art is to adjust the individual to these pre-determined measurements as much as possible.

I distinctly remember one of these memorial addresses presented to a gentleman of my acquaintance on the eve of his retirement from public service. To be perfectly just to him, he was not one of the worse sort, but I know, he himself had no extravagant notion of his heart or head. Being a bit of a cynic, he told me he was going to be inflicted with a memorial, but felt sure that the process was going to be perfectly harmless both to the givers and taker, except for the boredom involved. He was of opinion that a little sociability, with refreshments and cool and warm drinks, would be very much appreciated. And as the standard of excellence in him to be printed in the memorial had been fixed already, he had nothing to say contrary to their presentation of him. Most of us knew the man. I think he himself knew what he has been, and that is the only redeeming feature in the case. The self-knowledge—to see ourselves as others see us—is an exceptional gift; and the gentleman in question had glimmerings of his real personality, whatever others might eulogise about him. "I have lived my life and there is hardly a sin that I have not committed," he used to say in mock-heroism about himself, long before the memorial was contemplated. He would not admit, if one were to say of him, that he had grown grey in iniquity, but that iniquity had grown grey with him. "And after all," he would say, "I don't believe in being too goody-goody; I read no philosophies except *Omar Kayyam*, and that is worth all the other philosophies ever written." A loaf of bread, a flask of wine, these contain the essence of living.

The function came off as usual with all the frigid solemnity of the occasion, varied by the warmth of the anticipated drinks and refreshments. My friend was set up as the hero of the hour, and a sublime eulogy was delivered in which he was represented as a model of virtue, loyalty, good faith and an example to others. A few days afterwards, we met in private, and when I told him how splendidly the function had gone, he chuckled over the incident, and said: "It is the same old game, the same old lie." Of course, it was an instance of the glistening and softly spoken lie, with which the world is gourmanding to distraction. "That casket was excellent," he said, "but the scroll inside—I never had the boldness to read it a second time. By the way, may I ask you for whom the picture was meant?"

## A Thousand and One Names.

By F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.



HE Druid-novice, sword in hand, waited by the wooden temple of Angus Oge which stood in a grove. He knew that the converts who followed Tall Can ('Adze head' St. Patrick, so called by the heathen Irish because of his broad shaved forehead and thin-pointed beard) would surely come. They would burn the temple, but not till he was dead first. Also some of them. He grasped his sword fiercely in his feverish hand. The tense passion which had keyed the youth up to do and die exhausted him. He fell into an uneasy sleep. In the cool of the setting sun a voice sweet and gentle as the warblings at eve of the birds called him.

"Fintan." The boy—for he was little more—sprang up sword in hand. Before him stood a figure wrapped in a flowing white robe with a hood pulled down, casting a shadow over the face.

The novice gasped and almost fell. He saw marks on hands and feet which he recognised, the dress was that worn by the Christian Culdees, but a light proceeded from and encompassed the gracious form.

Fintan bowed low. "I see, Sir," he said. "You have come to see how your worshippers have treated the temples of our Gods against whom You are at war. By some strange oversight, they have failed to destroy this one, but doubtless you will make an end of it Yourself. Might I ask You as a favour to deprive me of life first? I was prepared to fight in its defence against hostile men, but I am aware that against You all weapons are in vain."

"You know Me?" the Divine One asked.

"Yes, Sir," Fintan replied. "You are Christus Rex, God of the Romans. I ask but one gift of You, let my death be swift."

"Why, my child, should I desire to harm you? I respect loyalty and fidelity. Even if it is given to wood and stone images. I am called Christus by the Romans, as you say, but I have an older name than that; my most ancient name is Love."

Something in the words reached the full heart of the young Druid; he began to sob.

"Ah Lord, your words are sweet, but your worshippers' deeds are bitter if your true name is Love. That is also the name of my God Angus, the Ever Young, whose temples have been given to the flames."

"Ever Young," the Divine One answered. "Yes, I have been man's companion since first a human soul dwelt within his breast. Since the world began he has loved Me passionately, and hated Me above measure. I am He that was dead by his hand, but behold I am alive for evermore. I have a thousand and one names. Christus is one, and another is.....Angus."

Fintan threw himself at the holy feet trying fervently to kiss them.

"Dear Master," he sobbed. "Most gentle Lord, they have destroyed your temples!"

"But I am not homeless; the whole Universe is my dwelling place, and I am He that inhabiteth Eternity. But my dearest dwelling is in the hearts of my lovers. Yours, my son, and others."

"But, beloved Lord, is it by your will that the Christians do these deeds? If not, permit me to die in defence of this ancient house of Yours."

"My son," the radiant vision answered. "Do you protect Me, or do I protect You? I have spoken a New Word for a New day. The old passes away, all things are made New. I am the first, I am the last. By whatever name men have invoked Love, they have prayed unto Me. They saw love in this green land as a happy boy; they must know him also as a Man of sorrow and acquainted with grief."

#### SONG OF THE VISION

Men who have outcast Truth have outcast Me.  
When under any guise I come to them  
And they saw Love, that was their Bethlehem  
The Holy place where they met Mystery.  
Truth, Beauty, Love, these are a Trinity,  
Each is itself, yet each the other twain.

They live eternally, though oft times slain.  
Adore them, and your worship is to Me.  
Where Beauty is, there is the place of prayer  
That is my Temple, My abiding place.  
Where you and I shall meet: yea face to face  
And beauty which I give is everywhere.

"No, my son," St. Patrick said next day to his new adherent Fintan. "The temple you have served shall not be destroyed. Place an altar dedicated to the White Christ in it, worship the 'King of Friday' (Christ) and all will be well. I recognise there was good in the ancient religion, let that good be preserved."

As he said, so it was; and Fintan continued to worship Love, Ever Young, Who has one thousand and one names.

## The Tragic Surprise.

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



HANULINGOM with his gang had become quite intolerable. The road across 'Anakkad' had grown very unsafe for travellers. Cases of highway robbery and even mutilations and murder were reported day after day. The villagers around lived in perpetual fear of the dacoit and his hellish hounds. Petitions and telegrams despatched to the authorities brought no response. Such was the terror that the very name of Thanulingom had created in the minds of the villagers that no one ventured to take the lead to convene a public-meeting and to arrange to send an influential deputation to the powers-that-be, to take prompt action against this Indian 'Robinhood' and his 'Merry men'.

Thanulingom knew no half-measures. He carried on his nefarious trade with bewildering thoroughness. He had his own spies in hundreds everywhere through whom he knew hour after hour all about the travelling public. All on a sudden he and his men would swoop down like a whirlwind from the thick of the forest and fall upon the unsuspecting travellers even in broad daylight. Monied men were forced to make payments in cash, and rich women, to part with their costly ornaments without a murmur on pain of murder. He had in his pay a few well-tried, and well-seasoned black-smiths and gold-smiths, merchants and cart men and some low-paid officials even who connived at his marauding expeditions with a loyalty that was surprising. He was a friend of the poor and the needy who loved and adored him as a god.

Where exactly Thanulingom and his gang lived, nobody knew. There was a hazy belief that their haunt was somewhere in the heart of the forest. As no one had dared to pierce into its depths, none had any definite idea of the topography of 'Anakkad,' the fascinating mountain range which is an important spur of the Western Ghats and which, with its high and craggy hills and deep woody glens, had once been the abode of tigers, leopards, bears, and haeynas. Even herds of huge tuskers used to roam about there in wild freedom nearly two decades ago. But of late, many of these 'denizens of the forest' had receded far into the interior of the gigantic ghats giving place to the rapid and irresistible advance of man with his gun and his rubber plantations.

Every inch of these forbidding forest grounds was known to the bandits, whose movements among them were characterised by lightning speed. They could climb up the steep and slippery

craggs with the agility of a mountain goat and jump over the rapids and cataracts with the ease of an adept monkey.

The robber-chief was a sturdy young man of thirty-five, tall and fair-complexioned. There was something on his face, some lustre in his eyes—which marked him out as one who was born to command and to rule. His fore-head was broad; and his nose slightly aquiline. A past-master in the art of disguises, he would sometimes descend from the woods in the guise of a Brahmin 'Purohit' or a rich merchant or an ordinary hawker. Very often this guisard moved about through crowded bazaars and populous streets without raising the slightest ripple anywhere. Different people drew different interesting pictures of Thanulingom's personal appearance, and as very few had seen his real figure face to face, their descriptions of him were often wrong and always misleading.

Weeks and months rolled on; but the bandits' horrible onslaughts and rapacity abated not a whit. On the contrary, they showed a tendency to increase. At last, driven by sheer desperation, the rich and influential villagers living far and near resolved in secret conclave at first, and at a public-meeting later, to bring the deplorable state of affairs to the notice of the authorities by a well represented deputation. Money poured in, in thousands, and signatures for the monster-petition, in hundreds of thousands. Newspapers in large head-lines started a vigorous campaign against Thanulingom and his abominable activities which were causing such wide-spread fear and despair. And when the leader of the proposed deputation and the proprietor of a prominent news-paper fell sudden victims to the assaults of the cruel dacoits, and when one or two high officials also got badly belaboured, the authorities opened their eyes and began to look into the matter with some seriousness.

The official machinery moved with unusual speed; and yet, a fortnight elapsed before Mr. Thrivikrama Das was posted on special duty at 'Anakkad' with a posse of Policemen to study the situation in detail and to take such action as might be deemed fit and proper with a view to capture the notorious 'Mountain Squirrel' and his gang.

Mr. Das was an efficient Inspector of Police, whose honesty and extraordinary capacity to detect crimes had won general approbation, and who had the reputation of being a very resourceful officer. He was as shrewd and as clever as some of the famous officers of Scotland Yard. Though forty-five years old, he looked younger by nearly ten years. He was tall in stature and fair in complexion. His uniform glittered with many stars with which

he had been decorated on many an occasion before, for commendable detection and suppression of crimes. Lean and wiry in body, his movements were very nimble and quick like those of a cat or a tiger. In short, the name of Mr. Das was a guarantee for success, and his appointment was, therefore, received with much satisfaction by the general public.

For nearly a month Mr. Das and his lieutenants who were armed *cap-a-pie* moved in secret batches day and night in disguise far into the interior of the forest and made elaborate sketches of innumerable valleys, rocks, caves, and tracks. To them 'Anakkad' seemed strangely innocent; and except for a few stray tigers and foxes, there was no trace of the marauder anywhere in the grounds traversed by them. They kept nightly watches, lay in hourly ambush and had recourse to a hundred other means of detection; but all in vain. The policemen grew tired and even Mr. Das was at his wit's end.

"This case," muttered Mr. Das to himself as he was slowly pacing in front of the camp-shed, "baffles me. I have used all my brains and all my wits, but to no purpose—not even the slightest clue yet!" "What next," he asked himself again; and the question found but an echo in his troubled heart. "I am afraid I shall be beaten this time," he groaned, rather in resignation at last, and his bright face fell to an unusual gloom.

Mr. Das was never a pessimist. He was at his best in the gloomiest of situations. His mind saw light where others found none. Risks and dangers were to him mere trash. Such an officer was alas! on the throes of desperation—stood there utterly unnerved.

Just then, as luck would have it, information was brought to him that a wealthy banker and his servant lay on the ascent of the forty-second mile-stone plundered and badly wounded. Mr. Das and two of his trusted lieutenants immediately hastened to the spot and ascertained at first-hand, how Thanulingom and six of his followers fell upon them and snatched away from the banker, his purse containing currency notes worth Rs. 5,000 and his two diamond ear-rings priced at Rs. 1,000 and how the servant was felled to the ground by a blow on his knee-caps.

It was further elicited that the dacoits had retreated into the thicket facing east and that if the forest could be surrounded immediately and a vigorous search instituted, the game could be bagged. Telegrams in code-language flew to the Head-quarters for the expeditious despatch of additional policemen, and before night-fall a hundred constables, four Head-constables and two Sub-Inspectors fully armed were seen guarding all possible traces and mountain paths leading to and from 'Anakkad'.

It was about 11 p. m. in the night when all arrangements for the epoch-making search became complete. The watchword flew from lip to lip: the signal followed; and the party consisting of fifty chosen men in police uniform began the march up the hills led by the redoubtable Das. They moved on and up in the faint moonlight slowly and cautiously across steep ascents and thorny bushes for nearly an hour and a quarter, and came opposite to what looked like a gaping crag. Presently one of the Policemen hastened to Mr. Das and, pointing to a deep den a few yards off, whispered something in his ears which made the Inspector instantly alert like a hunting dog which has scented game. He signalled all to stop there, and accompanied by four constables who readily volunteered to face all dangers with him, Mr. Das sprang to the mouth of the narrow cavern with amazing agility. To enter into the depths of the unknown darkness called forth no ordinary sort of courage. Even Mr. Das, who like Nelson knew no fear before, hesitated for a moment. The risk he was running loomed very large before his eyes. A few seconds more and he might be in the thick of a mortal struggle: he must be prepared for the worst. It was a supreme moment in the life of Mr. Das. If only he captured the bandit leader, what fame, what position would be his! An immediate promotion—a medal—a fitting reference in the official gazette,—were these not worth having, worth striving after? Such thoughts flashed across Mr. Das's mind in the twinkling of an eye, and he made up his mind finally to face the danger at any cost. Two policemen went in advance while two more walked behind, and Mr. Das moved between them into the bowels of the den, occasionally pressing the button of his torchlight to relieve the astounding darkness. The loaded rifles were, of course, in their hands ready for action. And as he advanced on his knees a little more inside the low and suffocating cave a shiver ran through the entire frame of Mr. Das, his heart palpitated and his hairs stood on ends with feelings akin to terror.

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The Police force waiting outside in the meanwhile had their eyes and ears wide open. Each one of them kept himself ready for all possible emergencies. There was not the slightest whisper anywhere among them. A sepulchral silence pervaded the forest air. Suddenly a few exchanges of shots were heard from inside the den. The struggle must have commenced in right earnest, they thought. But what meant the silence that followed?

More than a quarter of an hour passed in utter suspense. And then, out sprang the Inspector and three constables dragging behind them the notorious dacoit with his hand and foot bound and with his face veiled.

'Three cheers' to Mr. Das rose with remarkable spontaneity and the whole forest reverberated with their triumphant clamations. A minute or two later the party was ordered to march back to the road where the captive in chains was safely secured in a waiting car. Two Sub-Inspectors and two Head-constables also got in under instructions, and the car on a signal from the Inspector started immediately to the Head-Quarter station 26 miles off to the accompaniment of vociferous cheers and applauses. The entire police force followed soon after in a special bus; while the Police Inspector and the three constables for whom another car lay waiting walked in silence a few yards in the direction of the camp-shed and soon disappeared from view.

\* \* \*

The day had hardly dawned when the car containing Thanulingom drew near the Head-Quarter station. The captive, who looked too weak to move about, was soon conveyed to the strongest cell in the station and duly secured. Six policemen stood outside guarding the prison doors with drawn swords. The D. S. P. and A. S. P. soon arrived and entered the room. The thick cloth with which the dacoit seemed to have covered himself was ordered to be removed and then, as they looked on, what a tragic surprise greeted their eager eyes!! Was it the famous Thrivikrama Das dressed in the garb of the highway robber who lay there almost unconscious, gagged, and bound hand and foot? Had Thanulingom's unlettered ingenuity triumphed again?

## The Torn Shoe.\*

By K. V. S. R.



MY shoe was old and worn out and in one place torn also. While removing it from off my foot, I tore it all the more. It was irreparably torn! I got vexed with it and threw it away in a corner of my room instead of thanking it for its past services. But when I looked at it again, it appeared to be laughing at me, for its torn portion simulated our open teeth. Somehow this pricked my conscience and the shoe appeared to talk to me as follows:—

*Shoe:—*Well, Sir, what is my fault that I should be treated thus?

*I:—(Carelessly)* Why do you laugh? I throw you because you are useless hereafter. That is your lot!

*Shoe:—*Alright, Sir, throw me if I am useless, but why throw me so recklessly? Is this the way you thank me, Sir?

I laughed at its pride and said:—Is there anything more mean than you? You adorn our lowest parts, our feet. You are being rubbed in rubbish every moment, never allowed into society, never in healthy surroundings because you add filth in places where it is not found. Your worth is due to us, the persons wearing you.

Now there was a silence for a second or two. I thought I had silenced my shoe but surely not.

The shoe began:—Well, Sir, you may say I am proud and mean, but any sane person knows the true fact, for he does not think as you do. You say I am mean, but I say I am not. I am skin, but you people call me hide and you too have it. I am the same skin as yours! Same life! Same softness and same touch, if not better! I had all these once and the same blood, as in your skin, was flowing in mine! It is after my death that my condition is elevated. I did not putrify, but by the kind care of skilled persons, I have the honour now to adorn your feet. But, kind Sir, think of your human skin. Is it of any avail? No. The moment you die, your skin putrifies, nor is there any race which puts your skin to use. Well, what about me? I have lined the hat on your head and your overcoat, and your very belt is all from me. You are fond of these. Are you not?

I was thunderstruck at the sense of the shoe. I could not keep quiet but made reply.....

*I:—*But what about a shoe? You are not a tope, a belt or a coat. Are you? No! You are but a torn shoe not worth a pie! Have you no shame to think of dignity?

*Shoe:—*Never mind, Sir. My dignity depends upon the person wearing me. It is my lot that an ungrateful person has worn me! If I were the shoe of a king, you would kiss me. Am I right? If I were the sandals of your teacher, you would respect me and carry me on your crown. Am I right? It is, therefore, my lot to have been your shoe!

I was astonished all the more and stood blinking.

*Shoe:—*It is thus I lost my share of respect from you because, your status is not a bit better than mine! Is it not so, Sir? It is, therefore, true that I got my meanness through you. I met you and became your inseparable companion till this moment, but now I am deserted by you! Think you grateful?

I lost all hope of argument and said:—Do you, therefore, think you are my better? Well, it is all for argument that you plead so much.

*Shoe:—*Well, Sir, to argue and contradict is man's nature but not mine! None boasts except a man! I had no leisure even to think and decide on our comparative greatnesses, for I was always hand in glove with you. May I say 'fact in shoe' with you? Whether you agree with me or not, I think one thing.....

I stood mute and anxious and at last said:—What is it?

*Shoe:—*Every one has his or her appointed duties and those that do them properly and wi fully are alone respectable! There is nothing in the world that is mean. Every act is noble, provided the doer of it has the right spirit in him.

*I:—*Surely so.

*Shoe:—*Then I am by far your better. I have never missed doing my duties. I served you most willingly. You took me to good places and to bad ones. I did your commands because you were my master. I obeyed you at all times, whether you walked on rubbish, on stones, or thorns, in mud and mire! I was very badly hurt, but I did not grumble for my fate under your care! I never argued about good or bad, but implicitly obeyed you as your most humble and trustworthy servant and did my duties. Well, Sir, now kindly tell me whether I am mean or you and who is the bet er of us two.

I now hung my head in shame!

\* Adapted from an Urdu journal by kind permission of the author.

## The Marudur Murder.

BY T. K. VENKATARAMAN, M. A., L. T.



stretched myself and turned to Gopu. "The day is fine. Let us start to-day," I announced.

I had come to see Gopu in his village, responding to his repeated calls, and within a day, I had repented of my folly in coming. I had found him surrounded by detective fiction of all kinds, and I had been soon bored to distraction, as Gopu never talked on anything else now-a-days except what various detectives did. As I have already indicated,\* Gopu has a mania. He regards himself as a detective of marvellous capacity, whose worth an ungrateful world has not so far recognised. His tone was one of great self-pity, as he greeted me in sorrowful remarks of how even the villagers did not estimate him at his true worth. "Imagine, Balu," he exclaimed, "living with such incorrigible idiots. The other day, I was speaking about my ability to discover things, when an old man asked me to discover a "buried treasure" for him, as an astrologer had told him that he might get rich one day. Another believed me to be an astrologer and asked me to cast his child's horoscope." After a good deal of argument, I had induced him to come out with me for a walking tour round some of the neighbouring villages, and he had consented reluctantly.

We had walked for nearly three miles, Gopu speaking all the while on his usual topic, and I making a pretence of listening to him. There appeared before us now a small village which, we learnt, was called Marudur. It was destined that our walking tour should end here, for we sensed an air of excitement in the people, and very soon learnt its reason, and as soon as Gopu heard the details, our walking tour lost all further interest for him.

It was not merely the tender age of the victim, but the gruesome nature of the outrage itself that stamped the murder at Marudur as one of the most terrible in the annals of crime. Marudur is far remote from any railway or motor communications, and is connected to the outside world only by a dreary, sandy path. Two days ago, an ox-wagon was moving, creaking and jolting along this path, when the driver of the vehicle saw something in a cluster of prickly pears. Filled with curiosity, and yet a nameless dread, he got down and approached it, and found the early morning sun shining on the horribly lacerated body of a young boy. An alarm was raised, and soon it was discovered that the victim was the son of the richest man of the

village.....Swami Pillai....., a child of ten years, who was missing from the previous night and for whom frantic search was being made. The costly ornaments worn by the child were missing, but what filled the crowd with horror and indignation was that the body was stabbed in numerous places and that some fingers (which evidently contained rings) were cut off. It must have been a cruel death, and so far, the police had not found any clues.

Gopu flung himself with ardour into the matter of unravelling the mystery. He rushed to and fro, asked sundry questions of sundry people, and regretting that he was not able to see the body, visited the scene of crime. Here, he inspected the ground thoroughly, took out samples of the sand and prickly pear, and made measurements of all possible places. A number of men watched these proceedings and some of them, too polite to express themselves, significantly tapped their foreheads. All the while, Gopu was expressing at intervals his sorrow that he did not possess a number of things, and I gathered that these wants included:—

1. a telescope, 2. a microscope, 3. a machine for testing intelligence, (whatever this might mean), 4. a bloodhound, 5. a knowledge of chemistry, 6. acquaintance with ju-jitsu, 7. powers of arrest and interrogation, 8. an automatic revolver etc.

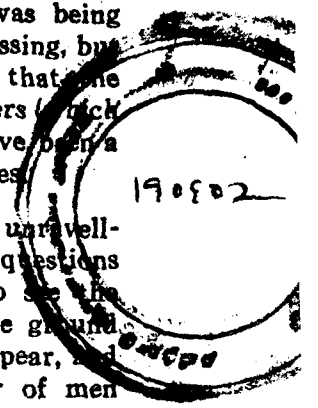
I suggested that he might begin his career as a detective after supplying these deficiencies, but he turned on me a glance of withering scorn. "My dear man," said he, pityingly, "how dense you are! Do I not possess extraordinary skill in reasoning? Do I not have marvellous powers of intuition? These adequately compensate.....".

I, used to such long harangues, cut him short: "No offence, Gopu, of course, you are right. Meanwhile, while you are tracking the murderer, I shall watch your further progress with interest from Madras. I wanted to tell you that I am leaving by this night's train."

In his new enthusiasm, Gopu did not mind my departure much. He simply said: "Must you really go? All right. I shall write to you soon about the result. I must thank you for taking me out on this walking tour. This unique opportunity is going to be my making. I shall not be surprised if, within a week, I get a cushy job from the Government, besides appreciation of my brilliance - though belated."

He went down to his work, and I silently departed.

\* See Annual numbers of *The Scholar* for 1930, 1931 and 1932.



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I was hard at work on a problem connected with the Indus civilisation, and the Marudur affair entirely passed out of my mind. When I saw, therefore, one day Gopu seated in the University Library consulting a number of books on anthropology, I was taken aback. He nodded to me with great satisfaction, and waited till I was ready to go out with him. "Things are going on very well," he confided. "I hope to reach definite results in about a week, and then, I can furnish the information to the police which is going to electrify the whole of India. Did I not tell you, once, Balu, that the world is after all, a small place? You must carefully remember also that, in spite of man's emergence from barbarism, he still remains a savage at heart. Scratch the modern, civilised man, and you will find a dark, sinister being of the primitive world."

I stared at Gopu in surprise, and wondered whether his pre-occupation had driven him mad. Gopu laughed at my bewilderment. "All explanations in good time, my friend," said he. "Hold your soul in patience till that great day when the mystery is laid bare to the world by your humble servant. Yet, I shall furnish you a clue. Try to work on that. The murder was committed on a New Moon night, and the victim is a child. There, you can build on these clues, if you are clever." He got into a passing tram and left me gaping, staring after him.

A week passed, and I need hardly say that I, absorbed in my work, had forgotten all my conversation with Gopu. I came home one morning late and began to read the newspaper which I had no time to peruse the previous evening. While half way through it, the servant brought a letter. I found it was from Gopu, writing from Malabar. He wrote, "My dear Balu, you might be surprised to see where my investigations have taken me. My work is not yet complete, but, I believe, it will be over in another week or fortnight at the most. I am sure that you have puzzled yourself over this affair and yet seen no light, though I had put you in the way. Now that my work is practically nearing its end, I can supply you some more information. The police and the public believe that the child was murdered for its jewels. Possibly, you also think so. But a trained intelligence penetrates deeper and is not deceived by superficial appearances. It was clear to me at once that the robbery of the jewels was a mere blind—deliberately meant to conceal the sinister act of the assassin, to blindfold the world and divert its attention elsewhere. The cardinal factors in the situation were:—

- (1) the fact that the time chosen for the murder was a New Moon night.
- (2) the fact that a child was the victim.

Do you not perceive the momentous significance of these? Do you not see that these furnish the key to the awful tragedy? The New Moon (Amavasya) is the favourite time for the pursuit of Black Magic. It is notorious that the malignant agencies counted through this have to be propitiated by sacrifices, and we can very well understand that the higher the kind of sacrifice the better would be the result. What higher form of sacrifice is there except a human sacrifice, and even there, the sacrifice of a tender child uncontaminated by disease? Remember the horrible way in which the body was lacerated. It became as clear as the noon-day Sun to me that we were face to face with a heinous kind of Ritual Murder,—possibly the only one of its kind in India in recent times.

Once I got the key, I worked on it. The question to which I addressed myself was—whether there was any adherent of magic—either open or secret—in the village. Here I was temporarily baffled. There was no reputed magician in the village, but there was an old man whose father was supposed to be skilled in exorcising demons from the possessed. I pursued this clue, and learnt from the old man that his father, who had died about ten years ago, had lived in his youth at Cochin, and might have learnt his art there. I proceeded to Cochin, but here, I lost all trace. But, a true detective never despairs. The problem before me is—can I establish a connection between the old man at Marudur and the magician in Malabar who might have taught his father his craft? I am now engaged in tracing out this connection, as I am quite convinced that the old man in Marudur is not so innocent as he looks and that he worked out this crime under secret orders from some powerful magic-man here."

I threw down this letter with a bitter laugh on the table, for facing me in the newspaper was a news item at which I had already glanced with interest.

Mr.....Sessions Judge.....delivered judgment to-day in the case in which Samban, an Adi-Dravida labourer, stood charged with the murder of Devaraju, the ten-year old son of Swami Pillai of Marudur, for the sake of the ornaments worn by the child. The accused, who had confessed the crime, was sentenced to the extreme penalty of the law."

## The Circus.

BY "AAREN"

"**H**ULLO, Aaren, what news?" Raju accosted me.

"Good news."

"Been to the Circus?"

"No."

"You should! Such an opportunity occurs only once in a life-time and one should not miss it by any chance. What a fine Circus! What first-rate actors! What thrilling feats! What captivating prizes! On no account should one miss the thrill, delight and excitement! You get your money's worth and more! When that boy jumps on the taut rope you feel like jumping yourself! When that artiste trembles on the wire your heart seems to tumble out of your body! When those fleshy gents fly in the air like birds on wings, your heart well nigh stops in its beat and waves of anxious excitement splash throughout your body! And when that seven-foot tiger is brought out on the leash to the open ring to do battle royal with an unarmed man, pleasurable excitement, mingled with the terrible suspense of fear, reaches a climax, and one feels as if one such moment in one's experience would compensate for a whole life-time of bored monotony! And the comic interludes—what masterpieces! Note me, Aaren, do not miss the sight!"

His enthusiasm was catching. I resolved to go to the performance that very night.

Later on only I learnt to my cost that Raju had been the recipient of the last and best prize, a cycle, on the previous night.

### II

It was raining hard. The thunder and lightning, mingled with the roars of the lions and the shrieks and whistles of the hooligans in the crowded galleries and pits, threw the place into a perfect pandemonium.

As luck would have it, I had no umbrella; nor had my four companions. The rain filtered through the canvas sheets of the tent and sitting on the carpet galleries we were all thoroughly drenched. A sympathetic gentleman behind lent us an umbrella, and we squeezed our five heads underneath it. Oh, the agony of the posture! Huddled up with aching limbs; eyes blinded by cigarette smoke—my four companions beginning to smoke—; ears

closed by the deafening din; teeth chattering; clothes, clinging, soaked through and through; a veritable hell indeed! All these to crown a perfectly boring performance, falling far short of expectations, absolutely devoid of the promised thrills! The last remaining remnant of the zest and zeal with which we had started, oozed out of us!

But yet we remained and carried on the part of the cheering spectator, listless and bored, wet and suffering, with a patience born out of the fever of the lottery that burned in every nerve and fibre of my body and held me hard by its Octopcean tentacles, oblivious to all pain and humiliation.

At last the performance neared its end. A repenting Almighty held back the rain. The distribution of Prizes began. We jumped to the front rows in expectancy.

With each lucky number that failed to be ours, we kept on a chain of grumbling. The box is not being rotated enough; even when rotated counterfoils do not get well-shuffled; the fool of a lad does not dive his hand deep enough into the box; and so on and so forth.

The last prize—the lucky number was being called out in a stentorian voice with a palpably French accent:

"Two Thousand, Five Hundred, Forty—".

Enough! I waited not to hear the finish. My ears were already ringing with it. With one jump I rushed into the arena and flashed my coupon triumphantly before the smiling Manager.

I could hear the hooting of my companions in the rear. The idiots! To be jealous of me and my luck! They ought to rejoice! I could see thousands of depressed faces all around. Fools all! What more could they have expected? Surely, they didn't expect that every one of the thousand spectators would each get a prize?

One among a thousand! Favoured of the Gods! Proved beyond doubt, in the very eyes of a cosmopolitan crowd! My heart swelled with pride and joy. My face was radiant. My eyes flashed.

The rotating board met my gaze. 2545 was written on it. The blundering fools; 2544 it was, 2544 it ought to be. To make such a silly mistake, don't they understand King's English?

Just then the words of the Manager jarred in my ears. "Pity Sir, the lucky number is 2545. Yours is 2544. See! this is the lucky counterfoil. Compare! Right?"

My heart leaped down. I don't know how many fathoms deep. Shame and chagrin took possession of me. What a sad, blundering ass I had made of myself! How to beat an honourable

retreat? Blood rushed to my face at a terrible speed. I became very hot and very red. To conquer myself and retire in grace was beyond me. I do not know to this moment how I turned back or what impression I created in the crowd. I am certain of one thing: I cut a very miserable figure in the eyes of the thousands who enjoyed a hearty laugh at my discomfiture.

On my way back home, I was furious. Ordinarily a modest, retiring figure, I assumed that day the role of the Orator of the Bus.

"If only I had been Chairman of the Municipality," I began, "I would bar all such performances in the interests of the suffering public. I would not allow such troupes even to tread the precincts of the Municipality. In these days when paddy is selling at twenty rupees a cart-load, when people are distressed to no ends by pecuniary wants, when they are literally flying on air driven by the severest depression that had overtaken them for centuries, what a gruesome, traitorous act it would be on the part of the protector of the rights of poor people to allow a few canny, well-dressed rascals from over the seas to knock off tens of thousands of rupees in a week! The Municipality exists to look after the welfare of the people and not to earn its entertainment taxes! Is it not so, Master?" I turned to one of my companions.

"Yes!"

That one dry cynical word "Yes," expressive of the speaker's deepest unconcern and utmost indifference towards any discussion on the matter, put an air-tight stopper to my lips and I relapsed into a moody silence.

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## Swami Vivekananda in London.

By SRI MAHENDRANATH DUTTA

The series of articles, of which this is the fourth, are compiled by Swami Jagadiswarananda from the Bengali memoirs of Mr. Dutta, the brother of the Swami. Dutta had gone to England to study Law, but being dissuaded to do so by his illustrious brother, the Swami, he studied other subjects. He has travelled widely in Russia and Palestine and other countries in Europe and Asia. He is an epitome of the Swami physically, mentally and spiritually. He is a bachelor, a saint, a Rishi in white robes. He is an erudite scholar of encyclopaedic intellect and a profound thinker and author of about a dozen books both in English and Bengali. His book on the psychology of Art has been highly appreciated by Romain Rolland, Rabindranath Tagore and other savants.

—S J.

### IV



OX was so much charmed with Swami's genius that she used to accept his opinions as final in all matters. While talking to her about social history he observed once that the French are the Persians of Europe, i.e., as the Persians of Asia were given up to luxury and splendour so the French are in Europe. The French are so much inebriated with natural beauty that the cult of nudism has permanently entered into French Art. They were the inventors of tailoring dress, and other nations have copied this from them. The Swami remarked, in this connection, that Indian complexion was fair in the time of Magasthenes. Owing to spread of Buddhism, both Varna-Sankara and Dharma-Sankara resulted in India, and so the nation of philosophers lost the sharpness of their metaphysical brains.

One day the topic turned on the Roman Emperor, Vitalius. It is stated in Gibbon's *History of the Roman Empire* that the few years he reigned he was particularly bent on eating delicacies. The Swami said that Mayana birds from Assam and peacocks and other kinds of birds from other Indian provinces were exported to Rome. Vitalius used to eat the brain-substance of the Mayana birds boiled in milk. White foxes from Siberia were brought for him, and he used to relish its liver-preparations. Thus the Swami went on giving glimpses of the history of Greece, Persia, Assyria, and Babylon, which are not available in current books and are unknown to the general readers. At the sight of a flower or a picture the Swami told us their histories in different countries. The Swami was a historian of rare calibre, and epoch-making events of world-history were always fresh in his memory. At the

encyclopaedic genius of the Swami Fox remarked that learned intellectuals of America cannot equal the Swami in any way. Some Yankee professors of repute said about the Swami that he was equal to all of us put together in intellect. The Swami's method of study was also super-human and extraordinary. Owing to Akhanda Brahmacharya and yogic powers he could read pages, sometimes a chapter at a glance, whereas the most talented readers can at best only read a big sentence at a glance. While convalescing in the Belur Math towards the last days of his life, one of his disciples was told by the Swami that he perused about a dozen volumes of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* in a few weeks. The disciple could not believe his ears, but when he put some questions of the *Britanica* to the Swami he quoted even the lines of those places in question; so thorough was his study in so short a time of such voluminous book. He attained what is known in Hindu Psychology as Brahmamedhia or Drubea Smrithi.

One day, while recounting his American experiences, the Swami said that the Yankee nation was money-mad. Dollar is their God, and they care not to think of anything else. In the Chicago World's Fair of 1893 two American gents once collided with each other on the heads by chance and instead of begging pardon mutually, they exchanged advertisement cards of their respective businesses to see if in this opportunity they could make something of their trade. So intoxicated with business were they. They repeat the mantram of hoarding money day and night. When America will become very wealthy the nation will produce great thinkers, scientists, musicians and artists. National genius flourishes exuberantly only in the hey-day of opulence. It is troublesome to go to a haircutting saloon in America. You must go with an identifier—as the living certificate if you have the brown complexion. Colour-bar is so much dominant in the American Society.

One day at about 2 or 3 p. m., the Swami was sitting quietly in a chair in his room and was thinking something very deeply with eyes closed. There were some intimate friends in the room. All on a sudden he stood up and said seriously addressing Fox, "You see, I was thinking of St. Paul and Christianity. The religion of an insignificant nation was spread by a few fishermen. Greeks and Romans were great nations in those days, but the Jews were a subject nation. Paul was then the foremost advocate of the Jewish thought. He was a learned fanatic and so overturned the Greek and Roman civilizations. Like Paul I am also a learned fanatic, and I like to create a band of learned fanatics. But, after all, you see fanaticism, is a sort of brain-disease and is very harmful to the future of a religion." Romain Rolland has rightly remarked that what Paul was to Christ.

Vivekananda was to Ramakrishna. One day after the morning discourse, the Swami was climbing down the staircase with Miss Muller, the old land-lady who had then a slight hitch over trifles with Swami Saradananda, and to remove that he said: "We are all monomaniacs, I am a monomaniac for my preaching of Vedanta. You are a monomaniac for your whims. The world is full of monomaniacs."

One day the Swami had sat down for his breakfast and already taken in a few spoonfuls when he was reminded of an engagement that very day, and there was only a few minutes more to the appointed time. He left the meal and got up. He became a little restless to dress himself in such a short time. Faithful Goodwin helped him to button his coat, as well as to brush and lace his boots, and so on. That day he had an invitation at the house of a Duke in Park Lane. The Duke was a devoted friend and follower of the Swami. On return the Swami smiled and said to his brother-disciple how respectfully all attention was his host. The Swami made hundreds of friends in all the four continents he travelled on his mission. Dukes and other men of position whom the 'big guns' India could only interview with credentials, far from dining became his disciples. The Swami infused high respect in them for Indian thought and culture so much so that thenceforward their outlook on 'poor benighted' India was wonderfully changed. That is why Dr W. Norman Brown, Ph. D., Professor of Indology in the University of Pennsylvania (U.S.A.), remarks: "Perhaps the most contributory of all was Vivekananda, the hero of the Parliament of Religions at the Chicago World's Fair, who in a few months' time obliterated much of the contempt for Hindu religions that existed especially in America." Mr. M. R. Jayakar, Bar-at-Law, while presiding a few years ago over a Vivekananda anniversary meeting at Delhi, made a learned speech in which he remarked that Vivekananda's name is a passport for Indians to the cultural centres in the West.

Once in a summer a box of mangoes came to Miss Muller from India. As the mangoes were a bit dry, the Swami got down some ice and preserved the mangoes in ice to increase taste in them. The Swami used to joyously entertain his distinguished friends with his country's fruits and taught them how to eat them by cooping out with spoon. He also talked to them about the various kinds of delicious mangoes rare in America and England. Goodwin once said that the Swami achieved miraculous success in a lecture at Detroit (U. S. A.) in which about five or six thousand people were present. That was one of the biggest audiences the Swami ever addressed in America next to the Parliament of Religions. In that meeting the Swami evinced

such a divine power that all of them were really inspired. Swamiji interested Tesla, Edison, Josia Royce, William James and other American celebrities in Indian culture. James and Royce were considerably influenced in their philosophy by Vedanta and their philosophical works contain quotations from Vedantic literature.

In 1896 hair-cutting saloons were almost monopolised by the Germans. English shops were comparatively few. The Germans worked with small wages whereas the English demanded more. In the saloons people may have a shave and a crop, but pairing of nails is not done there. Colour restriction was worse in America than in England. Though the English were conservative diehards in politics and economics, in social matters they were liberals. The Swami remarked that in America there were a hundred kinds of nail-pairing instruments. He said when he was a guest in the house of Hales at Chicago, he wanted a pen-knife from them to cut off his nails. The children of Hales at this vied with each other to avail themselves of the opportunity of service to the Swami. At last the eldest of them most respectfully knelt down before him, put off his shoes and socks and paired his nails. Then they cracked jokes with the Swami, laughingly saying, "Swami, now give us 2/3 dollars as remuneration. We Americans do nothing without money." The Swami was no less equal to the occasion. He jested with them with the words: "But what are you going to give me for the privilege I have granted you to touch my legs which I ordinarily do not do?"

The Swami's English friends used to send him costly and rare fruits from different countries. Once a pine-apple came from an unknown source. The Swami himself tried to prepare it with a knife but when he could not, Goodwin did so according to his instructions. Mixing sugar with them, the Swami distributed them among his friends who were very glad to partake of this Indian fruit. Goodwin was glad to eat them too for he did not know that such Nector-like fruits were available in India. Swamiji said about the pine-fruit that it was a Chinese fruit and that it did not exist in Ancient India. Possibly, the Chinese or the Dutch introduced this in Europe. It was called 'Annanus,' which was corrupted into the Indian term 'Anarasa,' but now in India it is available abundantly. Indian soil is so fertile that many foreign fruits may be easily grown there.

The Swami was telling to Sturdy one day the story of an Irish peasant. He heard this in America. This peasant never attended the churches in his life. Once he happened to hear a sermon in a church in which he came to know that Christ was

crucified by the Jews. He flew into a rage, and coming out of the church found a Jew on the roadside. He ran there and began to strike him right and left. The Jew was at a loss to make out the meaning of it all, until the fanatic told him that it was they who killed his Lord. The Jew said it was 1900 years ago. The Christian retorted saying, "This is the first time I hear it." With this the Swami and Sturdy began to laugh heartily.

Goodwin once told the Swami about his family. He lived in the village of Froem as a subject of the Marquis of Bath, with his widowed mother and two unmarried sisters. He was only 24 years old, and they lived from hand to mouth with great difficulty with the little money that Goodwin sent them. He knew stenography and as jobs were not to be had in one place he had to hunt for them in England, America and Europe. From Australia he returned to England via Colombo but did not land in India where he came along with the Swami and died eventually at Ooty. He learned the various colloquial tongues of the English-speaking world. He said that the English colloquies of different countries were very much different from one another and that they were not understandable at all. In India also English was taking a different shape. We could not understand him at all when he spoke samples of various English dialects. Goodwin had the hobbies of card-playing, gambling, dancing and at the same time he was a cricketer, footballer and playwright. He had all English traits.

One day Goodwin told us that in America the Swami had an artist couple as intimate followers. They had great devotion for the Swami and they came often to see him on push-byke with their painting utensils. They took many pencil sketches of the Swami's figure and drew many pictures. They used to compete with each other in trying to see how accurately they could draw pictures of the Swami. The Swami once told us that from Calcutta one of his numerous friends used to send him *chutney*, pickle and other native preparations to his liking. He carried them from one place to another and occasionally he broke his dietetic monotony with them. He used to share them with his close friends. Though the Swami was a Sanyasi imbued with the true spirit of renunciation, he lived in a princely style in the West under painful necessity. The 'Superstitious and Savage' Indian, however great he may be in those days, had no admittance to the cultured society of the West. They were hated and sneered as 'niggers.' The leonine gait and regal stature of the Swami, of course, did not deserve such a title and was a protest against this feeling. The dignity of his carriage was remarkable. People often remarked that he must have been a prince in pre-monk days. He once said that as he

was a brown man his dress and style among other things helped him to make way in the high society of the West.

After breakfast the Swami spoke to us about Vedanta and India's future. He said that he tried his luck in teaching and law and he did not get any success, but when he took up Vedanta his path of duty became clear. He remarked that man must try all possible avenues of success in order to explore his own self and greatness reserved for him by fate. Then he turned the topic on India. He was mortified to hear of India's premature mortality, while the Americans and the English lived usually long healthy lives. The 'wretched and cursed' Indians must improve their diet and should follow the Western ways of scientific living. He said that when he was in America he suffered from no disease except a little cough now and then. He worked tremendously hard but that did not tell upon his health owing to the nutritious diet and wholesome climate. He said that physical weakness was the root of one-third of Indian misery. "I tramped over the country preaching Vedanta to the rich and the poor alike, but instead of getting any response I was ridiculed. It is all due to bodily debility caused by centuries of foreign domination. That is why I ran to the West to preach Vedanta, and they accepted it. When the West accepted Vedanta India opened her eyes to do so. Hindu Rishis of old were blessed with the revelation of Vedanta, and their brains and hearts were equally developed. But when the nation degenerated they cooped up this treasure in a corner." He continued: "The mission of life is to bring out Vedanta from forests and the temples and a class of narrow-minded people called the priests, and I shall make it universal property by broadcasting it to the world at large. Except Vedanta no religion gives the philosophy and such a variety of spiritual disciplines and experiences. So Vedanta alone is fit to be the Universal Religion."

It has been said that Swamiji once cured my malarial fever by sheer will-power, but chronic indigestion was still troubling me. One day he opened his trunk and taking out a small phial said to me: "Take this Carlsbad salt, and after meals use one or two spoonfuls every day. No omissions of meals for this is necessary. There is a small town either in Austria or Hungary, where there is a spring of mineral water. There are spacious fields around the spring and musical band is playing there always. All the dyspeptics of Europe crowd there for cure, drink spring water and walk about in the fields hearing the concert and thus cure their dyspepsia. That is one of the best places of changing climates in Europe and this Carlsbad salt is made out of that spring water."

One day I went to the British Museum where I came across a Chinese youth who could speak English. He was kidnapped in London, and he was about to be murdered by a diplomatic conspiracy. But somehow he was released. I was very well acquainted with him. He became later a great leader of China. He was no other than Sun-yat-sen, the great Chinese patriot—then in the prime of life.

One day, reading a report in the newspapers that an old lady named Mrs. Dyre will be executed the Swami said: "The Thames' water is turned into a baby's soup". The thing is some daughters of high families of England bear children before marriage, and they hand over the newly born babies with some money to Mrs. Dyre of Reading for maintenance. The lady was a brute caretaker and used to kill them by the necks and throw them in the Thames. In 1866 the Thames got dried and many skeletons of babies were found. The Police made enquiries, and caught the guilty lady Dyre and condemned her to death. The Swami at this remarked: "Western society is corrupted to the very core. Moral sanction has disappeared from Home and Society, and unless they overhaul their social ideals they are doomed to destruction."

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## Roerich Peace Pact.

[The Convention at Washington, U. S. A., which held its sessions on the 17th and 18th November, '33 and in which 32 nations participated, unanimously accepted the Peace Banner, the national representatives participating pledging their adherence to it. The Convention also appointed a permanent Committee to work in furtherance of this great idea. The nations are free to adopt the Flag by acclamation. America's support, as evidenced by President Roosevelt's response when the resolution was presented to him, was distinctly encouraging. Prof. Roerich's message to the Convention is printed below. — Ed.]

### THE MESSAGE

*Dear Mr. Chairman and Friends,*

To you, who have gathered in the name of the sacred task of Peace, I send greetings. Not without cause does the world concern itself about peace, because enmity and mutual hatred have truly reached their boundaries. The violations against creative life seduced generations into the abyss of savagery. Nor can the external signs of civilization conceal the savagery of the spirit. In such hostility, in the midst of earthly unrest, the true values, the creations of the human spirit, are being destroyed. Let us not look back to those dread precedents, when men were compelled to inscribe upon their tablets the memorable words: "Destroyed by human ignorance—rebuilt by human hope". But, precisely in the name of humanity's hope for a better future, for true progress of the spirit, it is necessary to preserve these true values.

I will not recount the history of our Pact, the furtherance of which has been actively moved by several Committees, by the Union Internationale and by two International Conferences. The validity of our ideal for peace is confirmed by the existence of the Red Cross. If the Red Cross cares for the sick and physically wounded, our Pact protects the values of human genius, thus preserving spiritual health.

The world is thinking of peace in many ways. In each proposal for peace is contained the identical aspiration towards world progress and welfare. Each one, in his own tongue, repeats the benevolent formula of goodwill. Thus, we also are convinced that in safeguarding all the creative values of humanity, with a special Banner similar to the Red Cross, we are thus destroying also the very concept of war. If the entire world will be canopied with the Banner for the protection of treasures of true culture, there will be no place for war and hostility.

There have been those who have asked why we think of protection, when it would apparently be simpler to stop war completely. But at the very moment when these voices have arisen, new treasures of Humanity were being destroyed and the earth was covered with new marks of shame. Hence, first of all let us sacredly protect the creative treasures of Humanity. First of all, let us agree on that which is the most simple, so that, as with the Red Cross, the Banner may significantly summon the conscience of men to the protection of that, which in essence, belongs not to one nation alone, but to the entire world, and constitutes the real pride of the human race.

We may be asked why we think of war. But no one has ever stipulated that the Banner was needed only during a formally proclaimed war. As a matter of fact, the principle of the protection of human treasures is necessary also in numerous other cases of upheaval. Truly not only war, but many other human calamities and convulsions for some reason are wrathfully thrust against the monuments of culture. One may cite an infinite number of sad examples.

Somebody has mentioned that the Banner could hardly be a protection against the long-range guns. But, the Red Cross is not visible at long distances, yet no one would deny the great humanitarian expedience of the institution of the Red Cross. Of course, we must not forget that, at the inception of the Red Cross, there were many soulless critics, who argued against this highly humanitarian idea, but such ignorant condemnation is characteristic of each innovation. Let us not forget, that Edison's great invention of the phonograph was regarded as charlatanry by some Academicians.

Thus, let us not give importance to such fettering reasoning; for the Red Cross, with its noble benefits, has sufficiently indicated, that even with long-range guns, air attacks and the inhumanity of gases, the conception of the Red Cross still must be regarded as highly imperative and irrefutable. When a Red Cross ambulance rushes through the streets on its mission of salvation, traffic is arrested because every one realizes that something extraordinary has occurred which demands urgent measures. And now in the midst of human calamities the S. O. S. signal already resounds. The best minds have arrived at the determination of the necessity of broad measures for pacification and disarmament. But physical disarmament alone will not help. There must be a disarming of heart and spirit. Thus the World Banner of Peace, protector of the true treasures of Humanity, will be a broad reminder of those forces, which must be sacredly guarded as the milestones and guaranty of a radiant future.

School children must be firmly reminded from earliest childhood that wherever there flies the Banner, the protector of human treasures, special measures of preservation and special care must be exercised for dignity and friendly co-operation, in the name of Bliss!

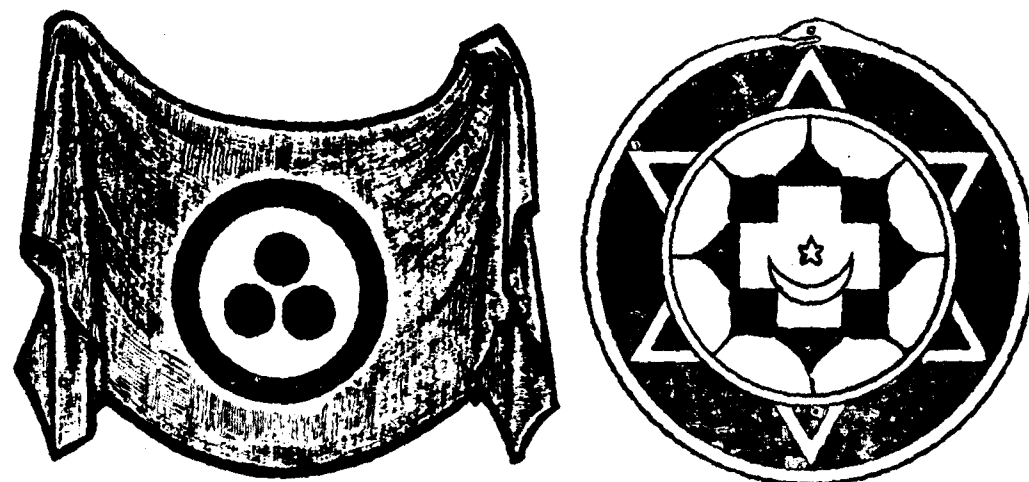
As with the case of the International Court of Justice at The Hague, the International Postal Union, the Red Cross,—our Pact and Banner does not represent in its essence any international difficulties. On the contrary, the Pact is a summons to one more step of co-operation: a summons to the appreciation and cataloguing of religious, artistic and scientific treasures and to the establishment of a mutual cultural respect.

We need not fear, that military authorities will raise any irresistible difficulties. Strangely enough, it is just from the military milieu that we have had no refutation; quite the contrary, we have constantly heard voices of sympathy and consideration regarding the entire practicability of the Pact. Even such undeniable authority as the Marshall of France, Hubert Lyautey, has expressed himself very definitely in favour of the Pact. It is only necessary to familiarize ourselves with the written opinions of such scholarly military authorities as Baron de Thuen, who has already introduced lectures concerning the Pact into the military schools, to see once again how apparently simple it is to carry out the humanitarian task of the Pact.

It is true that one scientist expressed the opinion that the Pact might impede military actions. But, if the Pact would not only impede but arrest military actions, then its indubitable merit would lie therein. For the entire world is now concerned only with the renunciation of mortal and fratricidal clashes.

People understand profoundly that no official decrees alone can transform the material crisis into prosperity. For the heart of man must consent to disarmament and co-operation. And this pan-human postulate comprises everything to remind us that the true culture of the spirit, creativeness and constructiveness must be protected and affirmed.

We have received many thousands of sympathetic opinions regarding the Pact, from high representatives of the cultural world, from governmental and educational institutions. Organizations numbering many millions of members have done honour to the project of the Pact through enthusiastic resolutions. The Museum's Commission of the League of Nations has likewise unanimously endorsed the Pact, the President of the International Court of Justice at The Hague is the Protector of the International Union of the Pact, founded in Belgium.



The Roerich Banner of Peace. and The Madanapalle College Flag of Unity.

Of unusual significance for me now is the Convention in America. Many formulae of a peaceful social constructiveness have emanated from America. America, in her unprecedented composite of all nations, has more than once been the champion of peaceful and humanitarian ideas. Hence, I consider that the public masses of America, as well as the Government, which exemplifies the high spirit of the Nation, will actively support the Pact and Banner of Peace, for this agreement will be one added link towards peaceful world prosperity.

I deeply regret that to-day I cannot be with you. But with the entire power of my heart, with my entire friendship, I invoke you firmly and imperatively to erect one more mighty pillar for the flourishing of creative treasures of the Spirit. I am certain that the Government of the United States, to which you will transmit your resolution, will respond to it undeferrably with its customary cordiality.

If humanity recognized the Red Cross as a protection to the physically wounded and ill, then it will also recognize the Banner of Peace as the Symbol of peaceful prosperity and health of Spirit. I greet you reverently from the Himalayas and beg you to help this symbol of the health of the human Spirit.

I thank you, my Friends.

Urusvati, Himalayas, )  
1933. }

—Nicholas de Roerich.

## A Consecration Ceremony.

A beautiful folder appealing for support to the Theosophical College at Madanapalle, describes the education imparted there as an "adventure". One could not find a better or more happy illustration of its adventurous spirit than in the inspiring and impressive function that took place in the College on the day of the Washington Conference (November 17), when the Flag of the Roerich Banner of Peace was unfurled and the new College Flag of Unity hoisted. The Flag was consecrated by the representatives of three great religions of the world—Hinduism, Christianity and Islam. The significance of the unfurling of the Banner of Peace and the consecration of the College Flag was stressed by Dr. James H. Cousins, the Principal, in these words:

From all parts of the world, ideas as to how to establish peace among the nations will be gathered around Professor Nicholas Roerich's "Banner of Peace" at the Convention in furtherance of world peace in Washington to-day. On this same day we here in Madanapalle College have unfurled the Banner of Peace; and it will remain in the Besant Hall as a perpetual reminder of the essentials of peace—truth, beauty, righteousness, within the circle of unity. Truth in thought, beauty in feeling, righteousness in action—these are the three foundation-stones of the everlasting Pyramid of Peace. Each needs the other for the perfecting of them all; their synthesis is not to be found in thought only, in feeling only, or in action only, but in their perpetual interaction. External unities may easily fall into disunity. Political alliances have failed in international history; economic alliances will fail. Forced unities will either collapse or be drastically modified by struggle. But a real *unity of spirit* cannot fail to fulfil itself in all the varied activities of life. Madanapalle College, therefore, being based on the spiritual synthesis of the great religions, sends to Washington its affirmation of "Peace through Spiritual Unity," and has to-day unfurled, along with the Banner of Peace, its own flag, which declares its allegiance to the ideal and practice of spiritual unity. The design consists of the background of the One Reality behind all external varieties, symbolised by the *serpent* of eternity (which also symbolises the ultimate wisdom) and the *interlaced triangles* of spirit descending to matter and matter re-ascending to spirit, which is the perpetual process of life. On this background of universality are imposed symbols of the three great cultures represented in the College: the *Lotus-circle* of Vedic culture, which in its beginnings was at one with Zoroastrian culture, and in its elaborations includes the Sikh culture, and in all its phases affirms the unity of all beings in origin, experience and destiny; the *Eight Petals* suggesting the "Noble Eight-fold Path" of Buddhism, and linking Madanapalle College in sympathy with Buddhist Asia; the *Cross* of Christian culture which links the College in spiritual sympathy with all true followers of Jesus Christ all over the world; and the *Crescent moon and star* of Arabian culture, which links the College with all who have been born into, or have dedicated themselves to, *Islam*—the "self-surrender" which brings peace. From the Vedic *unity*, the Buddhist *calm*, the Christian *love*, the Muslim *selflessness*, comes individual peace; from their future spiritual interaction in the general life of humanity will come the ultimate and assured peace among the at present distracted nations.

## The Scholar Science Corner.

By B. H. IYER, M. Sc., A. I. I. Sc.

### *Dowsing: A Puzzle to Science.*

In ancient days use of the divining rod for discovering the presence of water or a mineral underground, was very common. This art of divining is known as dowsing. The person who is gifted with this art is called a 'dowser'. A dowser walks leisurely and solemnly over the area under survey with the rod stretched out before him until it points suddenly toward the ground at a particular spot. It is believed that this downward motion of the rod indicates the presence of a vein of water or a mineral in quest. Very often these indications have been found to be true. Efforts are afoot to find a scientific explanation for this very interesting phenomenon. A thorough knowledge of hydrology has been attributed to the various successful water diviners. But no such simple attribute could be made to those who have successfully divined the presence of a particular mineral in a particular stratum by means of the divining rod. For many it might seem superstitious that such a simple method of divination should lead to useful discoveries. For a few investigators, the accumulation of data might stimulate eagerness to look for the principle underlying the theory of the divining rod. Is there really anything in it, or is it merely a superstitious belief strengthened by chance discoveries? With a view to arriving at some definite knowledge about this point, the German Society for the Solution of the Problem of the Divining Rod (*Deutscher Verband zur Klärung der Wunschelbrutenfrage*) was started in 1911. Summarising their results in an article entitled 'The Problem of the Divining Rod' (*Scientific American*, November 1933) Count Carl von Klinckowstroem states that the phenomenon of the divining rod is a complex problem necessitating the help of various branches of science for arriving at any explanation. If the dowser really reacts to a force given out by water flowing underground or by various minerals or underground structural peculiarities, then it is the task of the physicist and the geo-physicist to discover the nature of this hypothetical force and its manner of working at a distance. Experiments of physicists like R. Ambronn of Gottingen and von Haschek and Herzfeld of Vienna have shown that the dowser is verily affected by physical changes in the conformation of the earth's surface. Further, a sort of physiological or psychological reaction might cause an involuntary drop of the rod's end or a

drop due to expectation, desire or thought. Therefore, the concerted attempt of physicists, geologists, physiologists and psychologists have been harnessed to gaze at the truth of the divining rod. France and Italy also have their respective associations for peering into the facts about this 'Rod of Aaron'. Would these attempts be crowned with divine success!

\* \* \* \*

### **Sandpaper : A Misnomer**

Sandpaper is a very commonly used thing. It finds application in factories and workshops as also in dwelling houses. Perhaps it may be a surprise to many to know that sandpaper contains no sand at all. Specially crushed flint or garnet or aluminium oxide forms the abrasive part of Sandpaper. In fact, sand is of no use for this purpose, as the particles thereof would not have the sharp cutting edges intact due to the action of water on sand. The main factors in obtaining a good sandpaper are (1) the hardness of the particles, (2) their uniform crystalline nature, (3) uniform size, (4) uniform distribution of the particles, and (5) the proper embedding of the particles with their sharp edges facing outwards. The perfection of the electric furnace has put into the hands of manufacturers of abrasives, two hard synthetic minerals, aluminium oxide and silicon carbide. These two, along with garnet, are exclusively used for sandpaper coatings.

For effecting a uniform spraying and a regimental laying of the abrasive particles, the process of electro-coating is employed. The method is somewhat akin to electro-plating. The apparatus consists of two metallic electrodes, oblong in shape, placed one over the other at a distance of not more than an inch from each other. An endless belt passing over the lower electrode, which is connected to the negative terminal of a high voltage direct current supply, carries the well-shaped, crystalline abrasive particles into the electrical field. The particles get polarised, and due to the mutual affinity between the top-end charges of the particles and the charge on the top electrode, stand vertically. Then due to electrical attraction they are evenly embedded in the glued paper passing beneath the top electrode. Saving of time and getting a product of uniform quality are some of the special features of this electro-fixing process. (*Scientific American*, November 1933).

\* \* \* \*

### **Popular Uses of the Rare Gases:**

In addition to the common gases like oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen and carbon dioxide, the atmosphere contains many more

gases which occur only in minute quantities. Owing to their sparse occurrence, they are called 'Rare Gases'. These are, neon, argon, krypton, xenon and helium. Perhaps the first and last-mentioned ones are sufficiently well known, as many are aware of the beautiful "neon tubes" and the use of helium in aeronautics. Mr. A. P. Peck, in an article on "How Rare Gases Give Beauty to Lighting" (*Scientific American*, October 1933) tells us that 'neon tubes' do not always contain neon; argon, krypton, xenon, helium and mercury vapour are also used. Electric current has already become the servant of mankind in so many ways. It helps locomotion; it gives high and low temperatures, whichever and whenever necessary; it gives light; and what more -- it gives sunlight. Now it finds use in artistic advertisement and illumination also.

When a high voltage electric current is passed between two electrodes placed in a tube filled with any one of the rare gases, a coloured glow, the characteristic of the gas inside is observed. The application of a strong current of electricity shoots a stream of electrons inside the tube. When such an electron, shooting as it does with a tremendous force, collides with an atom of the gas inside, it knocks out an electron from the gas-atom, thus upsetting its equilibrium. The loosened electron, however, resumes its original position immediately and restores the equilibrium in the atom. This action is known as ionization, and during ionization the gas 'shows itself out in its true colour'. The laurels of the discovery of this phenomenon is due to the German Physicist, Geissler; but, as often happens, he did not reap the benefits of the achievement. It is due to the French scientist-inventor, Georges Claude, who worked with neon-filled tubes, that the gas-filled tubes have become popular objects. The successful production of a discharge tube depends upon many factors. They are, the cleanliness of the tube, the completeness of evacuation, the proper filling with a pure gas, and above all, the proper alloy of the electrodes. Different gases give differently coloured glows. Neon gives a red glow. For blue tubes argon is used with mercury acting as a catalyst. A blue glow inside an amber-coloured tube gives green. Helium, if used alone, gives a white light. If it is used inside a yellow tube a golden colour results.

\* \* \* \*

### **Consanguineous Marriage: Good or Bad?**

In almost all civilized as well as among less civilized people, consanguineous marriage, i. e., marriage between closely related individuals, is tabooed and is considered a social stigma. The North American Indians, Africans, South Sea Islanders and

Malayans, all alike condemn marriage between relations. Nonetheless, consanguineous marriages do occur depending upon the tradition and custom of a place. It is reported that marriage between an older brother and a younger sister is permissible among the Weddas of Ceylon. It seems that in ancient Persia marriage between parent and child was allowed. The Ptolomies of Egypt and the royal family of the Incas practised the brother and sister marriage. These families no longer exist. It is thought that the disappearance was caused by this unhealthy inbreeding. The Eskimos of the Behring Strait in Alaska favour the union of first cousin or even closer relatives.

Unfortunately, such a sort of inbreeding is very prevalent among the South Indian Brahmin community even to-day. Cases of boys marrying their sisters' daughters, i. e., maternal uncles marrying their nieces, as well as marriages between cousins, are of customary seasonal occurrences in the South. Therefore, to know something about the sociological and biological effects of such unions would be of interest to many.

Leopoldo S. Clemente, in his paper on "Inbreeding in Man thru First Cousin Marriage" (*Natural and Applied Science Bulletin of the University of Philippines*, July 1933) reviews and discusses this very vital problem of intra-marriage, in addition to recording his observation. Bemiss has statistically proved from 833 cases that consanguineous marriage results in the production of off-springs that are short-lived, mentally inferior, such as imbeciles, idiots, and pathologically abnormal individuals. On the other hand, East and Jones have opined that inbreeding in itself need not be necessarily injurious. In the words of Davenport, the explanation is as follows: "Consanguineous marriage *per se* does not create traits; it permits the defects of the germ plasm that may not appear in the parents, to reveal themselves in the offspring. If there is no insanity or albanism in the stock, consanguineous marriage will not bring it out; and strictly, it is not at all consanguinity that brings the trait out, but the increasing liability that consanguinity affords to the mating of two similarly defective germ cells."

Since consanguinity facilitates easy mating of the defective cells and thereby aggrandises the defect, it is better left unpractised. The desire to concentrate wealth and power seems to be the main cause for this bad practice.

Clemente has studied the case of a respectable Philippine family where a number of inbreeding through first cousin marriage took place. The occurrences of a number of outbreedings, i. e., marriages with outsiders, in the same family made correlation of results more reliable and interesting. He studied the

case through two generations. In the first generation the average number of children in the first cousin marriage is 1, while in the unrelated marriage, it is  $5\frac{3}{4}$  children. In the second generation, the average number of children in the first cousin marriage is  $2\frac{1}{2}$  as against  $6\frac{2}{3}$  in the unrelated marriage. No complete sterility was found as a result of inbreeding. But outbreeding increased the fertility by three-folds.

It is worth suggesting that our naturalists should study this problem in South India and pronounce the good or bad effect of such a vulgar practice on human society.

\* \* \* \*

## Book Reviews.

**The Way Out: What Lies Ahead for America:** By Upton Sinclair. Published by the Author, Los Angeles (West Branch), California.

The unprecedented nature of the depression, into the throes of which the nations of the world were suddenly thrown, found its politicians and economists making frantic efforts to solve the problem. And America, though a creditor country, was no exception. Her problems, if not more complicated on that very account, are sufficiently grave. The National Recovery Administration is one such attempt. And Upton Sinclair's "Way Out" is another. The difference is only that, while the one has the support of the whole national forces, the other claims that of every right-thinking individual.

While Sinclair is neither a politician nor an economist in the accepted sense of the terms, he is still entitled to our attention for the reason that he had prophesied this catastrophe some three decades ago; and what is more, he recognizes that he is one of us. "Like other businessmen, he is a passenger in this airplane which has gone into a tailspin," and it is to avoid the inevitable and imminent crash that he has come forward to take the wheel and make a safe, if not perfect, landing. He is vehement, nay even violent at times, because the situation is extreme, demanding drastic rather than diplomatic handling.

What is wrong with America? This is admirably summed up in the first few pages of the book. "The farmers are burning corn instead of coal, and having their autos drawn by horses because they have no gas. Everywhere fruit is rotting on the ground because it does not pay to pack it; everywhere vegetables are being dumped into bays and rivers, to keep up the price of what is left..... At the same time, in the cities are children in rags, for lack of cotton; children going to school hungry, for lack of the fruit that rots on the ground, and the vegetables and milk that are dumped. Children in such a condition of suffering that the teachers pay their own money to feed them .....when the teachers' salary checks are held up, because the city government is bankrupt, and cannot pay its servants."

And how does he propose to cure these ills? The panacea is State Control of Industry and Agriculture. He wants that every industry should be bought, if necessary, by the State and worked by the State itself. This, he assures us, will eliminate the wastes of competition and the ravage of the private capitalist. America will have enough because she has the requisite natural resources and the necessary labour to produce what she needs. Foreign trade should no longer be the ambition. The dollar should cease to be deified. Private exploitation of the public will end, since control and direction will be relegated to councils of workmen. If this ideal state of affairs could be achieved, there will be peace and plenty for All America.

The plan is, indeed, an epic one. The splendid enthusiasm and the forceful earnestness of the author carries us off our feet before we make any attempt to criticise his plans. The book has its good points in its perfectly

sane outlook, its lucid exposition of the case without any of the technical jargon that we usually come across in economic text-books and the almost pointed directness of its attack. The author himself accepts that his ideas are not original, and what is more, acknowledges the sources of his information and inspiration.

Of course, the weakest link in his scheme lies in the question of what is called "initiative". In a world where every one gets what he needs, what is there to encourage and reward originality, art and genius? It is to be rewarded by the public recognizing such people and trusting them with "power," with the opportunity to govern and shape the social machine and its future. They are to be its leaders, not its bosses.

But can we trust the public to discern between the worthy and the unworthy? Of course, we can, provided we give them the necessary education. So the ultimate solution lies in education, in education of the right kind, an education which instils into the masses noble notions about State service, and national ambitions. Such service is to be its own reward, the reward of initiative and intellect alike.

Such is the nature of the "Way Out". It is a noble scheme, and if America is not so enthusiastic about it, it is because it has blinded itself to reason and to Sinclair, whom it has condemned as one of the revolutionary muck-rakers; it is because of its snug belief in its "big businesses" and in its "multi-millionaires". If at all it has been rudely shaken by recent events, it is as yet too dazed to see clearly. But when it does see, would it be "an Utopian dream, that once in history a ruling class might be willing to make the great surrender, and permit social change to come about without hatred, turmoil, and waste of human life?"

—R. V. Sreenivasan, M.A.

**Indian History for Matriculation,** by K. P. Mitra, M.A., B.L., Published by Messrs. Macmillan and Co., Ltd. Price Rs. 2.

In writing this book, though the author has strictly followed the syllabus of the Patna University, he has also kept in view the requirements of the Madras S. S. L. C. Examination. The results of the most recent researches have been utilised as far as practicable, and the history has been brought down to December, 1932. The subject matter has been treated topically and to remedy the defect inevitable in the topical method, there is a chronological presentation of events for stated periods. In view of the impending constitutional changes, the last chapter is devoted to a brief study of the growth of the Indian Constitution. References have been made to all political events and developments of recent times. The book is profusely illustrated by pictures of our leaders and other celebrities. We are sorry to miss the picture of Dr. Annie Besant and hope the omission would be rectified in the next edition of the book. The book is well printed, neatly got up, and moderately priced. We are sure that it will serve as a useful text-book.

E. N. S.

## The Street-Lamp.

BY GURDIAL MALLIK



**L**T shines the whole night long. It welcomes all, the virtuous as well as the vicious, and it makes no invidious distinctions between the rich and the poor. It stands like a sentinel to guide the traveller homeward. In the midst of enveloping gloom it looks like the third eye of the ever-watchful god. To the slum-child it brings a strip of paradise, to the labourer it is his legislative council chamber, to the starving student it is his study and to the working woman it is her recreation room. And to the love-lost lover it is a vantage-ground, where he waits in hope for his heartless beloved. To the gambler and the guilty it is a policeman—a priest, to whom they feel compelled to confess their sense of shame.

It is all this and yet what is it? A glow-worm! A small speck of light! But the sun, the moon and the stars are its cousins—companions. It has "connections" with the mightiest of orbs, and yet how humble it is. Its highest reward is silent service. It does not flare like the glass-lamp, it does not dazzle like the electric bulb.

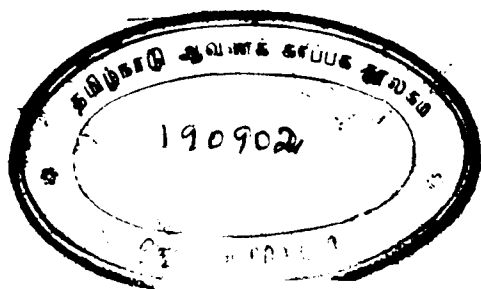
It is a watch-dog of the Eternal Beloved, in whom the tender and the terrible are blended. It is an angel that has come down from heaven to grace the banquet of Night.

It is a watcher of the sky. It is a lover of the stars with whom it converses like a coy maiden in winks and in wistful looks.

It is a singer of joy.

It is God's own child. It has its individual uniqueness, else it will bear no number. It is non-transferable, for the gifts of God must go back unmitigated—if they cannot be multiplied—to God.

Ah! what would I not give to be a street-lamp in the City of God!



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