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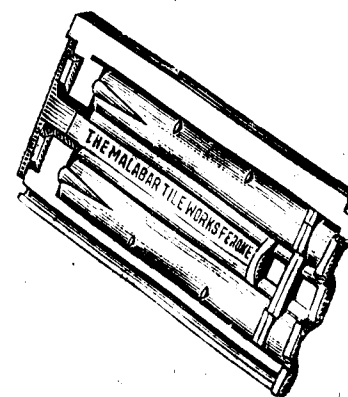
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Editorial

It would be pertinent to dwell upon the subject of ambition which is such a mighty force worthy of being pursued in the interests of one's own welfare and happiness. The term is derived from Latin, and is closely connected with the Roman system of going about canvassing votes in order to qualify themselves to some office of importance. From ancient times, it has come to mean an excessive desire for securing power and superiority of any kind. There being no royal road to the heights of fame or rank, and ambition is associated with a certain spirit of restlessness to acquire with patient labour, and "upward striving of the soul," as Mathew Arnold calls it, the aims and ideals, which we have conceived and planned for improving our condition in life. Great is the heritage to which man is heir to in the world, but for want of ambition, much that is the best is lost to man.

The spirit of ambition must be accompanied by an earnest effort, and the great enemy to this wonderful power is laziness. It is no day dream or an idle fancy, but earnest attempt at improving one's condition so as to be the wiser, better, and happier, is what is significant of ambition. The spirit of ambition may be just and noble, and if it falls short of a virtuous mark it will defeat its own end. The mind ought to be attuned to elevate moral excellence and usefulness to our fellow-men, which is the right direction in which it ought to be perceived. If we set up before ourselves a lofty standard of rectitude and selfless service to humanity, our ambition will be valuable, and will lead us to a high state of perfection.

While contentment is at the root of retrogression, ambition cannot be allowed to be without its limitations. We have

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all heard of the fate of Macbeth, whose ambition "overleaps itself," and makes him a victim to a weakness born of that very great quality which otherwise makes him a hero in the eyes of Shakespearean readers. Our aims may be noble, but our means may be base, and hence, it is very necessary, that ambition should strive to realise its aim by strictly moral and righteous line of action. In this utilitarian age, the desire to be rich pursued with unscrupulousness has degenerated itself into avarice, and has degraded instead of elevating man, producing a good deal of unhappiness. How does this arise? Mere wealth cannot by itself promote virtue, nay, it is really an impediment to a happy existence. Not seldom have we seen that the man who has attained ambition of amassing fortune is very short lived, and finds to his bitter regret that he has followed a slippery track. With him, as Shakespeare says, "virtue is choked with ambition of the fouler's sort." This

is the reason why a certain reproach is usually attached to the term ambition.

But, this need not necessarily be the case, for a man can pitch his ambition on a high and noble end in life. There is no reason to condemn legitimate ambition which is calculated to stimulate our energy, and save us from indolence which destroys all the significance of life, and is sure to promote spiritual and material progress. No man with really good intelligence and strong character can afford to be without ambition, and those that have realised that life is an effort and a struggle can never afford to be inactive and dull. While the man who seeks self-aggrandisement is deemed to be low and despicable, he who seeks self-improvement by reason of his ambition is bound to be respected and renowned. "He who has natural gifts and aptitude, he who feels in him a spark of the God-given light in him, must be kindled with ambition, which only means a wish and a struggle for improvement and progress."

Maharshi Devendranath Tagore

By K. Lakshman, B. A., A Retired Police Officer, Mangalore.

India, the land of our birth, has produced ever so many saints and sages, who have devoted their entire lives to gain the Infinite, and patriots, philanthropists and reformers, who have spent their whole lifetime in the service of mankind; but balanced souls, who have striven both to gain the Infinite and also to serve mankind, have been very rare, indeed, in this land of ours. It is only once in a way that one comes across with such balanced souls. In the Hindu mythology is spoken of such a soul—Janaka, King of Mythila, who, though immersed in the affairs of state, had his mind always absorbed in the thoughts of the Infinite. 'But King Janaka' you will perhaps say, 'is mythical personage; his age is too far removed from ours; the conditions of modern life are different to us of the present day; he is little more than an abstraction and a name.' Well, that may be so, but did not our country produce only in the last century a man, cast in a very similar mould, who lived, worked, and died for the good of its people, though his mind was wholly absorbed in the contemplation of the Infinite; and that man is no other than Devendranath Tagore, the illustrious father of Sir Rabindranath Tagore, the renowned poet, and popularly known as the Maharshi.

The scion of one of the noblest and wealthiest of families in the Bengal Province, Devendranath could

have, for the mere asking, been a Maharaja, but he chose to be a Maharshi, giving up his property, pomp, power, place, position, and privilege, put on the garb of humility, and wore the ashes of self-denial. Born and bred up in the lap of luxury his earlier years were spent in worldly pursuits. It was the sight of suffering, that first turned his thoughts to God. While lying one night on the banks of the Ganges, his heart bursting with sorrow at the approaching dissolution of his beloved grand-mother, whose emaciated body, stretched on the sands near the Burning Ghat, was struggling in the throes of death, his ears listening to the mournful chants, sung to soothe her dying agonies, the idea of the fleeting nature of worldly things dawned on his mind, and awakened in him the desire of renunciation. The question of the settlement of the enormous debts, contracted by his spendthrift father, who died just at that time, gave him a golden opportunity for the exhibition of his newly awakened spirit of renunciation. His astute father had so cleverly devised his bequests, that his numerous creditors could not lay their hands on the properties, bequeathed to Devendranath, who though not legally bound to meet the demands of his father's creditors, but true to the dictates of his conscience, offered to them voluntarily, not only the whole of his properties, to which they had no legal claims

whatsoever, but even undertook to pay off the balance to the last pie, which he discharged to the full, bit by bit, though it reduced him to utter poverty and privation. What a noble example of self-sacrifice and moral rectitude in these days of exploitation, greed and selfishness!

It was a torn leaf from the Isopani-shad, blown by the wind, and accidentally picked up by him, that led him to go in search of God. The leaf merely contained the word:—'loveth not other's wealth, but seek the Eternal.' But those wonderful lines had a magic effect on a mind engrossed with thoughts on God. He looked upon those lines as an express message of God to seek Him. Giving up his worldly pursuits, he set out in search of God, and retired into the depths of the Himalayan mountains, the universally believed abode of God. Plunged in deep meditation and silent communion with Nature, his soul was lifted up to etherial heights, and with his inner eye, he beheld God face to face. With the revelation of God came to him the desire of the service of man. Burning with missionary zeal to elevate mankind with the experience, so wonderfully revealed to him in that abode of bliss and peace, he came down to Calcutta to preach to mankind the gospel of God's Truth. The Brahmo Samaj, which Raja Ram Mohun Ray, his father's co-adjutor, had established at Calcutta, afforded to him an excellent field for his labours of love. He used the Brahmo Samaj as an instrument to reopen the channels of spiritual life, which had

been obstructed for many years by rank materialism. His deep learning and piety, his extraordinary zeal and enthusiasm which eminently fitted him for the glorious work of ministry, soon secured for him the venerated place of Pradhana Acharya, i. e. the chief minister of the Brahmo Samaj. Though Raja Ram Mohun Roy was the founder of the Brahmo Samaj, Devendranath was its real Maker. To him belongs the credit of having given to it a regular constitution. Before his Samaj activities began, the Brahmo Samaj was only a body of stray worshippers, who met occasionally for prayer and recitation of Vedic hymns. There was nothing however to prevent those worshippers from participating in religious observances, antagonistic to the spirit of the Brahmic creed, as there were neither rules nor regulations pledging them to the Brahmo faith. By introducing the ceremony of initiation, Devendranath formed them into a compact body, bound by pledges and observances, which they could not but conform to. It was he, who infused into them the spirit of Anustanic life. The rules, which he framed for their guidance, made it impossible for them to take part in anti-Brahmic observances. The innovations, introduced by him into the Samaj, which went to sever the connections of the youngsters with their orthodox parents, roused the wrath of the orthodox party, who by way of revenge, subjected him to ostracism and other social indignities. But persecutions served only to make his faith stronger and deeper. It was

his devotion and zeal, which drew young Keshub Chunder Sen into the fold of the Brahmo Samaj, and paved the way for its zenith, which it attained in the palmy days of that great disciple of his.

Devendranath's spirituality was of a high order. To a man of his spirituality religion was a living reality. His spirit naturally moved in it, as birds fly in the air, or as fishes move in the sea. He seemed to live and breathe in an atmosphere of the Spirit. He was a devotee who often realised his closeness with the Infinite. The sense of the Divine, which his devotional studies and exercises generated in him was his spiritual food. Daily worship of God was a part and parcel of his life. Spiritual fervour, the light of the Spirit, which burned in his bosom so brightly, always prompted, marked, and guided all his actions, and he transacted the minutest details of his life in the guidance of that light. Whenever there was a doubt to set at rest or a difficulty to solve, he would retire to his prayer closet and seek Divine guidance. He was a man of very pious disposition. Such sweet, serene, modest, and unassuming piety is rare to find. He was a man of exceptionally pure mind, and he lived in the midst of high and lofty ideals. His life was a uniform devotion to noble aims. His talk was dignifying and elevating, his company enlivening and chastening, his spiritual experiences inspiring and exalting, and his sermons ennobling and edifying. His faith in the All-ruling Providence was as strong, as it was deep. A message

of high-souled faith runs through all his writings specially his auto-biography and his hymns, with an intensity of conviction, buoyancy of hope, and a persistancy of purpose, which is undoubtedly marvellous. His was a nature, which would never get unruffled or upset even under the sorest of trials, or the gravest of provocations. The spirit of calmness and resignation, with which he bore the sorrowful news of his eldest son's death, bears eloquent testimony to the equanimity of his mind. His was a well-filled mind, in touch with the latest literature of the day, and his friends, who had occasion to visit his study room, were surprised to see on his table the latest books of the day, whose publications till then they had not even heard of. His love of fine arts was a passion with him. He was not only a lover of arts himself, but he also took delight in imparting that love to his children. It was the inheritance of that love, that turned one of his sons into a world-famous poet, another into an eminent artist and one more into a great musician. He was an ardent admirer of the Beauties of Nature. He had a deep sense of the beauty of Nature and an intimate feeling of companionship with trees, stars, clouds, rivers, and in fact, with all secluded nooks and corners. His contemplative mind loved to linger amidst beauties of Nature. He would, while sailing up and down the river, of which he was so fond, spend sleepless nights, seated on the top of the boat, wrapped up in deep meditation; and he was wont to retire frequently into the depths of forest.

where he would spend days together, absorbed in silent communion with his Maker, utterly forgetful of the world. With the advance of age, his thirst for meditation grew, so much so, that, bowed down as he was with age, blindness, and deafness, he spent the evening of his life at the foot of the Himalayas, absorbed wholly in contemplation, as one completely dead to the world. His fame as Maharshi spread all over the land, and worshippers from all parts of the country flocked to his retreat, eager to have his blessed *darshan*, and his ashram became a regular place of pilgrimage to thousands of votaries. Everyone, who enjoyed the blessed privilege of his *darshan* emerged out of his retreat, purer and holier. Each one of them felt that he breathed, as it were, free and pure air in his hallowed company. His very sight purified the beholders, and from him emitted rays of purity, vibrations of *tapasya*, and magnetic currents of love, which killed the evil germs around him, and purified the moral atmosphere about him. He lived up almost to be a centurion, as a standing illustration to the world, revealing the heights, which through spirituality, a man can aspire to scale. Thus passed away, full of years and honours, the great venerable sage—the spiritual Guru of modern times, who illustrated in his noble life that, being in the midst of the world, it is possible to be out of it, and that for the realisation of God, the world is no impediment but a helper.

Devendranath's was a dual existence. He lived in the world, and yet out of it. He performed all actions in

life, but kept his mind ever fixed on God. He did his work with one hand, while with the other, he held on to God, so that when his work was done, he clung to God with both the hands. In his life is illustrated the truth, 'The joys and delights of the world attracteth not him, that hath caught a glimpse of God.' He lived in the world, but took care that the world did not live in him. He floated on the waters of life like a boat, which, though on water, kept the water out of it. His dual life recalls to our mind the life led by our Rishis of old, who though most of them were *Grihastas*, attained to Godhood. Though he did not believe in the infallibility of the ancient Hindu Scriptures, he had the greatest reverence to most of their sublime teachings, specially to the utterances of the sages in the Upanishads. 'Teaching what is learnt from the Vedas is the work of the Rishis,' says Swami Dayananda Saraswathi, and 'who-ever does those Ancient Masters the service of teaching the wisdom to others is a Rishi himself.' And in that sense too, Devendranath deserves the appellation of Rishi, as he did a great service to the country, not only by expounding the holy texts of the Vedas and the Upanishads and broadcasting them in his learned expositions for the benefit of the masses, but also by living those truths in his life. This great service, rendered by him to the country, as also the high spiritual life, which he lived after the manner of the Rishis of old mark him out a true Rishi, a Maharshi, a worthy descendant of those great ones, who inspired and enriched the life of Aryavarttha.

Say it in Poetry

(By Ajit Krishna Basu)

We are a family of would be poets; everyone of us is a poet in the making. Our sole ambition is to be great poets and we are all absolutely sure that this noble ambition of ours will be fulfilled cent per cent some day.

Of course you have never yet heard our names at all, let alone read some of our poems. We admit that to be entirely true. The fact is that we have not yet published or cared to publish any poem. We are yet unfinished products, as it were, and we do not like to present unfinished products before the public.

We are always conscious of our great mission and we always try in every possible way to develop that poetic capacity which is sleeping within us. We almost eat, drink, speak, walk and play in poetry, because we believe that practice makes perfect.

One day feeling hungry I said 'I would like to eat something, mother.' Father paused for something in great anger and then, casting an angry glance full on my face, said:—

'you awfully foolish girl of ours! why not exercise your poetic powers? Say it in poetry, or remain silent. if you speak in prose, I'll be violent.'

I was awfully hungry, but I knew I would not be allowed to eat anything unless I could please father by saying it in poetry. I had never before made an attempt at poetry, and so I was in

a very awkward and difficult situation. After an effort which caused great mental strain, I slowly and sadly said:—

'Mother, I am very hungry. Believe me To eat something please give me.'

Ridiculous? Perhaps. But remember these two lines represented my very first attempt at versifying. My father seemed exceedingly pleased, and, for getting himself, gave his inward pleasure an outlet by the expression 'That's very good.' Immediately the idea dawned on him that this expression was prose, most prosaic prose. So he thought for a while and said:—

'That's good indeed, my girl. You are my jewel, you are my pearl.'

And then he said, turning to mother:—

'Go, satisfy her appetite. I see her future shining bright.'

After I had a hearty meal father explained to me that he wanted our to be a poetic family in which every member is a poet or poet-in-making. He told me what makes poetry far superior to prose, how glorious and honourable the life of a poet is, how everyone who is not born dull can be a poet by regular and earnest practice and so on. Of course he said every thing in poetry, and therefore took more than three hours to say what might be more than said in less than three minutes in prose.

Mother, let me tell you frankly, is a great lover of fame. One moment of fame, she always thinks, is worth a whole life in which you live well nigh unknown. She always disliked Pope's philosophy in 'Thus let me live unseen, unknown;

Thus unlamented let me die;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.'

So when father told us the glories of a poet's life she felt terribly tempted to become a poet herself and earn undying fame that would live even after she leaves the world. And she too began to say everything in poetry, and to remain silent whenever the Muse failed her. In fact she became so awfully possessed by this Say-it-me poetry habit that one day when father forgot to take his racket when going to play tennis, she could not point out his mistake to him, just because she could not say it in verse, then and there. I understood her great difficulty. So I resolved to help her out of it. Father was already in the street. I went on wondering what rhymes with 'racket'. I began from the beginning of the alphabet, thus:—Acket, Backet, Cacket, Dacket, Facket, Gacket, Hacket. Jacket. 'Jacket will do' I thought. And, although I had no jacket on me then, I had to utter a lie for the sake of rhyme. I cried aloud:—

'Father, father, look at my jacket.'

And then, as soon as he looked back at me, I said:—

Hav'n't you forgotten your tennis racket?'

Father at once returned to take his tennis racket, and mother was exceedingly pleased. She expressed her great gratitude by kissing me lovingly and father expressed himself by:—

'Thank you, darling, sweeter than morning-dew.
I will bring a box of chocolates for you.'

I wondered whether I was really sweeter than morning-dew, and whether there really is any sweet taste in it; but the hope of having a box of chocolates pleased me beyond description.

That night I heard mother and father talking about me.

'Believe me dear, if she proceeds thus As a poet she will be greater than us, Though young, a promising poet I find her.'

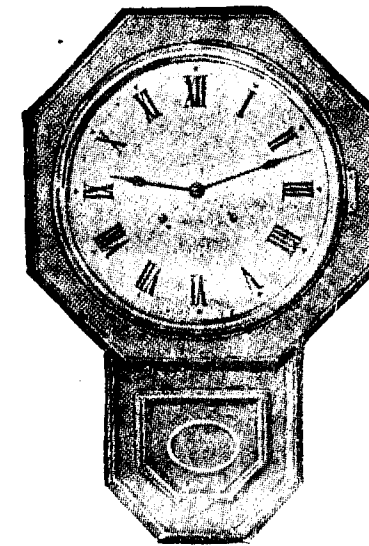
Soon we shall fall much behind her.'

Mother remained silent for a while, undoubtedly trying to versify what she had to say, and then said:—

'Let us thank our Lord Jesus
For sending such a genius daughter to us.'

I could not see her from where I was, but I think mother was then looking at the large picture wherein our Lord is seen crucified, for soon after she had uttered the couplet, I heard her bursting into a fit of grateful and devotional sobbing.

My younger brother, who is now a school student, was then scarcely half-year old. In our small family of four he was the only member who was not practising versifying, or, if you allow,



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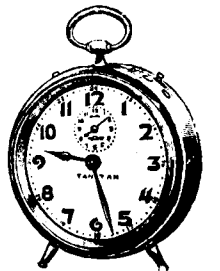
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poetrifying. The difficulty was that he could only cry, and it was not possible for us to make him cry in poetry. This was indeed a problem and father, unable to solve it, expressed his supreme despair by saying with a sorrowful sigh:—

'Ah what a curse! Ah what a curse!
We can't make him cry in verse.'

We had to endure what we could not cure; and we all waited for the time when he would become big enough to be able to talk. We did not wait in vain, because he at last grew up big enough to be able to utter various words. Father and mother tried their best to make him speak in poetry, but he persisted in uttering disconnected words, to the great vexation and disappointment of all of us. My father sorrowfully lamented that this boy was going to be the only unpoetic member of our poetic family.

But now we find him the most poetic member in our family. He is most fluent in versifying. Moreover he has invented an excellent short-cut which enables him to say all he has to say in poetry without the slightest hesitation. Do you want some examples of how he uses this short-cut? The day before yesterday he came home with a bundle. Father looked at the bundle for some time and then asked:—

'My dear son, just truly say
Inside the bundle what are they?'

Now, the bundle contained some brinjals. If I were he I would surely take a long time to answer the question, for I would wonder what might rhyme

with brinjals. But my brother was ever-ready. He promptly replied:—

'Inside this bundle there are some
brinjals
As sure as my name isn't Christopher
Crinjals.'

Father could not help laughing at my brother's curious but prompt answer. He then said:—

'Your answer is funny rather.
Well, go, take them to your mother.'

My brother, as he was going to obey father's order, said:—

'Your order, daddy, I will obey
As sure as I am not Albert Day.'

So you see, his trick comes to this. Whenever he is to say something quickly, when there is not enough time to think out a happy word to rhyme with the last word of the first sentence, he will put the constant expression 'As sure as my name isn't' or 'As sure as I am not' in its place and finally put after it a name, however peculiar or absurd, that rhymes well with the last letter of the preceding line. An ingenious device no doubt; perfectly workable although some what crude.

In this connection I remember a somewhat similar device I used to employ during my school-days when in my exam I was asked to make sentences with words whose meanings I did not know. For instance, suppose I were to form sentences with Bask, Symbol etc. I would write sentences like 'Bask is an English word consisting of four letters', 'I do not know the meaning of the word Symbol' and so on. But this is all by the way. Let me turn to the topic proper.

So by continuous practice we have now-a-days become so accustomed to poetry that we often find it difficult not to drop into poetry during our conversations with outsiders. One afternoon while returning home from college I asked my chauffeur to stop before a book-shop. I asked the old book-seller whether he could give me any new novel of outstanding merit.

'You may take Albert Fool's WHEN DOGS TASTE CHOCOLATES, madam' the book-seller said. 'It is one of the best sellers this year.'

As a matter of fact I did not at all like the style and plots of this writer. I said:—

'Albert Fool? A best seller his book may be,
But I wont take it even if you give it free.
Barton Brackett is a writer better than him
Though people hold Fool in greater esteem.'

Everybody in the shop at once focussed his eyes on me. I felt myself in an awkward situation and made no delay in leaving the shop and getting into my car.

When mother goes a-shopping (shopping is her favourite hobby) she often suffers from the same difficulty. And father one day so suddenly dropped into poetry when consulting a doctor that the doctor suddenly burst into loud laughter.

But we are not at all worried for this. Rather we feel awfully happy

that we have become so accustomed to poetry. One day I suggested to father that having already become so accustomed to poetry we might well begin to write poems with a view to bring out nice volumes of poetical works that would give us immortal fame. But father advised us to wait for some time more in order to attain greater excellence; and we are all following father's advice.

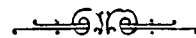
Before parting I shall tell you a some what funny incident. I have, for several years, been in love with a jolly nice young man whose name I will not tell you. One fine evening we sat side by side in our garden and whispered love into each others eyes. I suddenly dropped into poetry and began:—

'Dearest, you are so nice!
I know your heart is full of'

I at once found myself in a fix. What would rhyme with Nice? I must not show my 'poetic' weakness by pausing. So I rhymed Vice with Nice.

'My heart full of vice?' he said, and left me, not letting me have time to explain. Later of course I explained that Vice was used only for rhyme, and he was more than satisfied

Now, to conclude, I shall say something to my reader (if any at all) who have followed me thus far. If you aspire to be poets have as little to do with prose as you can. Whenever you have something to say, say it in poetry.



The Two Great Modern Problems

Two great problems of vital importance, which affect the well-being of society, are now facing the world today. The one is the problem of the educated unemployed, while the other is the problem of communalism.

Most woeful is the present day sight of shoals of educated young men with plenty of brains and energy, and enthusiastic to earn some work and make an honourable living, roaming about, without any work, idling away their time, and wasting their energies. The unprecedented economic depression, the sudden fall in the prices of commodities, the heavy increase in birth rate, and the false dignity of labour, are some of the main causes, which have contributed to the present *impasse*. The dangers of unemployment are not pleasant to contemplate upon. The idleness of young educated brains, who wish to work and earn a living, but find nothing to do, is undoubtedly a most dangerous thing. Such idleness is not merely a question of starvation, but also a breeder of tremendous evils. There is certainly a great amount of truth and force in the oft-quoted saying, 'An idle brain is Satan's workshop.' What is it, which is diverting the energies of many of the modern educated youths into the Terrorist Movement and several other objectionable channels but their idleness, due to unemployment? Unemployment has been productive of another great evil, and that is, it has

resulted in the disappearance of self-reliance and independent thinking, which has been productive of slave mentality in the educated youths. Those evils should serve as eye openers to the baneful effects allowing the educated youths to remain idle without employment.

Most of the present day educated young men entertain the idea that only certain occupations are dignified and not others. The sooner they rid themselves of that false idea, the better for them; they will do well to bear in mind that every kind of labour is dignified, even the meanest, as long as it is actuated with the noble spirit of service and sacrifice. To the refined minds of the educated youths, however, only the ranks of the intellectual profession have sufficient attraction. Having spent large sums of money to defray the expenses of their education, they do not care to enter ranks, which do not hold out adequate means of remuneration. Their sense of self-importance and self-conceit, the necessary accompaniments of modern education, is such, that the ranks of the non-intellectual profession refuse to tempt them. The inevitable result is their mad rush into the ranks of the intellectual profession, though therein, the scope for employment is very limited. That mad rush accounts for the overcrowding of those ranks. The Bar is nowadays so overcrowded that the number of briefless advocates

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is swelling from day to day. Government service is so tightly packed, that the scope for employment therein has reached its saturating point. The Medical Service is so overloaded that several of its members, who had put in some years of service, have been summarily turned out to seek their bread elsewhere. The scissors of retrenchment are busy cutting down the pay and increment in services, both official as well as non-official. The education acquired at great cost, has thus become a burden, rather than a qualification in the struggle for employment.

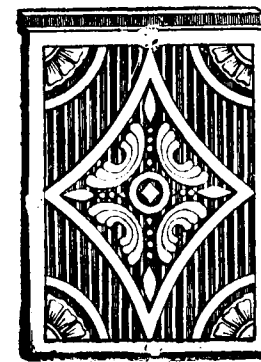
The rapid increase of unemployment everywhere is causing great concern. The vital problem calls for immediate action. The situation today requires speedy remedy. Unless the problem is tackled in a serious and earnest manner, before it reaches alarming and uncontrollable proportions, grave harm is sure to result from it. The only radical step to root out the evil of unemployment is to work for the removal of illiteracy from the land, and the relief of the poor and the oppressed, and the improvement of their conditions of life. The rural area presents a fine field for the activities of the educated unemployed. The opening of Rural Reconstruction centres in the heart of villages, with the object of reviving ancient schools and industries, the introduction of cottage industries, the establishment of village dispensaries, and the carrying on of village-uplift propaganda work, will not only contribute to the welfare and prosperity of

the poor villagers, but also provide work to the educated unemployed. The efforts made at present by the Educated Unemployed League in the City of Madras, to open new avenues of work to the educated unemployed, such as the establishment of a technological school under its auspices, wherein provision has been made for the imparting of instruction in modern tailoring and watch repairing, and also to promote, through propaganda, work, the starting of sister leagues in the various centres of the district, are indeed commendable, being steps in the right direction.

The communal tension, that is now straining the relations among the various communities, is threatening to wipe out society altogether. Communal differences have now become the order of the day. Communalism would be good, if confined to the promotion of communal good; but if it were allowed to invade the province of nationalism, then woe unto the people, for it retards, not only the evolution of national freedom, but also the development and progress of national life. The struggle for existence, which is growing keener from day to day, is stimulating the spirit of communalism; and people are not wanting, who are using it to further their own selfish ends. The spirit of communalism, if allowed to go beyond certain limits and become aggressive, is bound to result in evil. The spirit of communalism has been producing many great evils to the detriment of the public good. It is to a large measure responsible to the depths of the pre-

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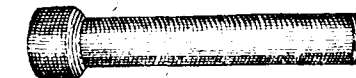
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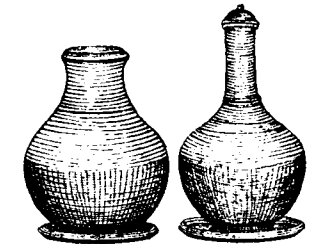
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sent day degradation and misery of society. The havoc, wrought by the spirit of communalism is simply appalling to behold. Its effects have been deadly and fatal like poison. Communal spirit is not only unhealthy, but also suicidal, for it has brought ruin to every community, that has indulged in it. The present communal outlook is most dismal, and presents an ugly sight. The communal question has now assumed such serious proportions, that it is a standing menace to the peace and prosperity of the land. The bogey of 'each community for itself', is the bugbear of the day. There is at present not a single branch of human activity, which communalism has not trespassed. It has become the prevailing practice for each community to strive to get precedence over each other in every field of activity. In the sphere of education, the influence of communalism is not only strong but even alarming. Even from the purely educational point of view, the harm done by a bitterly communal outlook, has been productive of great evil. In the matter of Government appointments, each community has been clamouring and struggling against each other to get the loaves and emoluments of office for the members of its own class. In the province of religion, the slightest religious disagreement is enough to set ablaze the fanatical fervour of rival sects. The harm done by communal riots, which are almost of everyday occurrence, is really horrible to contemplate upon. In the social world, communal differences have largely been instrumental in widening the gulf of misunderstanding and ill-will among the various communities. The manifold evils of communalism,

which are rampant everywhere, must serve as eye-openers to one and all. As long as the communal problem remains unsolved satisfactorily, there can be no security for either educational, moral, or social progress of any community, there can be no assurance for the peaceful progress of any community. Diversity of worship, language, culture and race, want of mutual trust and good will, and absence of brotherly love, are very largely responsible for the growth of feelings of estrangement and apathy among the various communities. Cordiality, based on love, and the raising of the edifice of fellowship are the only sovereign remedies for all communal ills. The real solution of the communal problem lies in the creation of a healthy atmosphere of mutual understanding, trust, goodwill, and love. The salvation of the now warring communities lies in universal love and peace. To be in a state of brotherhood is verily heaven upon earth. For the settlement of communal strife, there is need of unity of worship, community of interests and aims, and the spirit of cordial comradeship. A common religion, a common language and culture and a common race are indispensable for communal amity.

The above two problems have now become world-wide problems. They are engaging now the attention of the best brains of the country. All the leading men of the day are employed at present in tackling those two growing evils, and finding out a solution for those two problems, and are busy devising avenues of escape from those two curses. May their efforts be crowned with success, and may our land be rid of those two growing evils.

Peace! Peace!! Peace!!!

(A Brahmo.)

In Lighter Vein

Married Love

'Married love can never be transient,' explained Mr. Iyer, and with a meditative mood took his easy chair to ponder over the subject of his dreams of days gone by. His little child just two summers old, came in, and called him Daddy. He became distracted, and began presently to attend to Daddy's darling baby. With all his seriousness, the child could never understand what the father was absorbed about.

'Baby, will you go to your Mummy and leave me alone,' he said.

'Daddy, Daddy', was the only reply.

The poor old fellow looked through the window, and sought for relief by calling out to his wife, 'Aiary, Aiary'

There was no answer.

The evening shades were falling, and the moon was peering through, almost mocking at the desperate philosopher. 'Well,' he said, 'I am going to make the best of the bad bargain. I can still if I am a philosopher, find solitude in a city'. So saying, he took up the child, and pointed out beautiful nature outside, thinking or rather forgetting that he was only in company with an innocent babe.

'Moony, moony', the child cried.

'Yes, the moon, my child', he said, and thought it was a happy relief in the alternative—and he was already in the moon himself.

'Will you keep quiet my child, I am going to tell you a story,' he said.

The child wondering looked at him. It was really mysterious how the child cast a listening look to the grand old Daddy. In the meanwhile, in came the messenger to say that Mrs. Iyer was coming in. It was a trying time to accommodate his mind to leave this scene of philosophical speculation to the prosaic matter of fact question of merely being ready to receive Mrs. Iyer, who had developed a particular fancy to be greeted in the Venetian style with a kiss and shake of the hand. However, there is no cloud without a silver lining, he thought, and went straight into the drawing room with the child.

'Tat! Tat!! Tat!!!,' the sounds came in, and it was evident that Mrs. Iyer had come in. She belonged to the family of aristocrats of wealth and nothing more.

'What have you been doing all this while', she said, addressing the distracted husband.

'I was meditating on the subject of love and marriage; they are most enthralling subjects to me. I am fortified with all experience to give a decisive opinion on the matter'.

'Oh! really, perhaps you want to appear in newspapers at all costs, but if you do publish your experiences, do not forget that this is the fifth year of our married life; 'but,' said he,

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'Oh, No! It need not be the unhappy marriage and transient love that should always get publicity. The eloquent voice of this child of ours can never make us cynics. They are only young and silly folk that speak of marriage being the grave of love. I for myself would call it even now, the shrine of love'.

hope, it will be so. Even between five and fifty and not merely between five and fifteen.'

'Would to God that the happy silver wedding day yields place to the Golden one in the same lovely strain as it is from five to fifty.'

'The Queen of Night confirms it,' he said, and smiling impressed a most affectionate kiss on his wife and child, 'saying I married her for her face and not for her 'figure', though 'figure' she has to command.

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On Sleeping Alone

Waking may be great, but sleeping too is so. We usually pay more attention to our waking state and neglect the sleeping state, as if we are nothing when we are fast asleep, and as if sleeping is of too little importance to be paid any attention to.

But if we think deeply, sleeping should not be neglected. It occupies too large a portion of our existence on earth. And there are many whose lives have more sleep than waking; I am one of them. I am most probably a descendent of the Lotus-eaters who sang, through Tennyson, a long and famous song which has become a treasure of English literature. My mother compares me with Kumbhakarna, the famous brother of Ravana, who used to sleep six months at a stretch. But this is all by the way. I was telling you that sleep occupies too large a portion of our lives to deserve our neglect.

After the toils of the daytime how pleasant it is to drop down on bed and fall asleep. You don't drop into slumber as you can drop into your bath-tub at a moment's notice, but you approach sleep slowly, slowly, very slowly, and you don't know the moment when finally you yield to slumber. Very interesting, isn't it?

A sweet situation indeed! You on your cosy bed, the lamp extinguished, and calm darkness in the room which shuts you from the world and lets you

in silence commune with yourself. Or perhaps there is sweet moonlight flooding your room with celestial light, illuminating but not scorching. That light too is so unlike daylight that it takes you out of your worldly existence to a sweet region of dreams where everything and every idea are vague, and beautiful, because they are so vague and undefined. You recollect the dear memories of your past days and seem to live in the past, thanks to your imagination. And after that, sweet sleep spreads her magic charm over you, little by little, just as after sunset darkness covers the world by slow degrees.

As I have said very frankly just a little ago, I am a sound sleeper. And I prefer to sleep alone; I need or like no sleeping companion. I never sleep in a room where another will also sleep, I always try to get a room where I am the monarch of all I survey. Sleeping, I think, is a great art and such an excellent art cannot be well practised unless entirely free from disturbance or free from all uneasy feeling. I feel awfully uneasy with a comrade-in-sleeping. I shall tell you why. Please attend.

You may have an excellent friend and love him even as Damon loved Pythias or Pythias loved Damon. Now, suppose, out of friendship, you let him sleep with you. And on the same bedstead. What happens? Well, he

may be quite excellent when awake, but quite the opposite when asleep. He may dream awful dreams of riot, scuffle or something like that; and begin to kick, box or elbow with fearful violence. Some of his unwelcome blows may land on your ribs, your face, or in fact anywhere; and you may feel the consequence bitterly. Don't think I am writing all nonsense. I am telling you the plainest and unvarnished fact, as I have had bitter experiences in this line. You would do well to learn a lesson from my experience and beware.

Even if you let your good friend sleep on a separate bed, you may not

sleep well. He may shout, abuse, and even sing in his sleep; all of them equally unpleasant. Of course, he may be a very good singer, and may begin to sing his masterpiece in a masterly style, but then, there is a time for everything, and even his wonderful masterpiece may not at all be welcome, when your only aim is to enjoy a sound undisturbed sleep. Your friend's wonderfully sweet music would be as unwelcome to you as a dainty dish to a person suffering from severe stomach-ache coupled with nausea.

It is, therefore, best to sleep alone.

(A. K. B.)

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Among The Wild Babies of South Kanara

RAJA AND RANI

On the 19th of August last, information was brought to me at about 4. p. m. when I was in the Court of the District Judge, Mangalore, that a pair of panthers were seen with two young ones in my forest in Kudpoo village about eight miles distant from the town. I immediately went over to the village and found that the panthers had disappeared and owing to heavy rain any

nor help themselves. I had, therefore, recourse to the crude method of putting them down on their back and forcibly feeding them. But soon I gave them the feeding bottle and the cubs immediately took to that method of feeding and in a few days' time accustomed themselves to holding the bottle with their forelegs without human aid and sticking on to the bottle



attempt at following them was impossible. But I was able to capture the two cubs and brought them away with me in a car to the town. They were quite small, only 10 or 12 days old, had hardly opened their eyes and could just crawl and roll about on the ground. They were of some size about one foot in length and five inches in height; one a male and the other a female.

At first it was a difficult problem to feed them, as they could neither see

until the last drop was drained. After about one month the feeding bottle was discarded, and the cubs took the milk from the cup itself and also began to eat small bits of meat.

The third month was a very bad month for the cubs. They were attacked by various ailments, constipations, worms, stomach-ache and even paralysis. By looking at them, one could see that they were suffering severely. The female one was disabled in its hind

legs, back, and waist by paralysis, and for full one week it was lying flat on the ground, continually mewling and crying with agony. It was a most touching sight to see the wild young ones being tortured by such ailments. All hope of recovery was given up for some time. But the local Veterinary Doctor, Dr. S. N. Tammaya, to whom I ran in despair, took very great personal interest. He treated and nursed the cubs with his own hands by mixtures, enema, massage and fomentation, and was able to cure both of them

pounds of meat each per day in addition to the usual quantity of rice, milk and eggs. They need plenty of water and a big vessel full of water has to be kept accessible to them throughout the day. I also kill a large number of wild birds and give them daily. They are now about 10 months old, quite tame and affectionate towards me and the servant boy, that looks after them.

There is a well constructed cage for them, but they are allowed to move about in the house to play like do-



completely of all their ailments.

After these ailments passed, the cubs were able to gain in strength and activity. During the fourth and fifth months they were given a feed of four ounces of boiled rice with one cup of milk at 7 a. m. and about half pound of meat each at 10 a. m. and again at 3 p. m. followed by a cup of milk with one raw egg each, at about 6 p. m.

After the sixth month they began to relish some raw beef and pork. And at present they require two to three

mesticated animals. At the sight of other animals, however, they show signs of excitement. They recognise me by sight and voice and obey my discipline. When their play goes too far—I scold them and on showing my U. T. C. stick they immediately quiet down and retire to a corner. They are accustomed to go out in the motor car for a drive and they seem to enjoy it immensely. When the car comes to the doorway, they move down of their own accord from the hall to the car, and get into the car and sit there

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Mangalore, Date 23-8-1934

MRS. W. M. D'SOUZA.

Editress, 'Educated India,'

Margaret Villa, MANGALORE.

Madam,

We heartily thank you for our advertisement published by you in your July issue, and also for reference to us made in the article on Elephantiasis etc.

We are glad to inform you that hundreds of patients are flocking ever since, and we can hardly cope with the increasing work. This only shows what patronage your Magazine has gained within such a short time. If business concerns could find a place for advertisement in your valued Journal, they would have no anxiety as regards success in their business.

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Yours faithfully,

(Sd) S. Fernandez.

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Merchants and Manufacturers' Representatives, Mangalore, 22nd May '34.
Madam,

We thank you for the review published by you in your May issue re: the Calendar, we gave you from our Zandu Pharmaceutical Works Ltd. The review, we are glad to inform you, has done its work splendidly, for though it was published a few

days ago, we have been receiving several enquiries, about our medicines from far and near. We conclude from this, that your magazine commands good circulation. We would strongly recommend your magazine to all our friends in business, as it is, in our opinion, a paper which no business man should miss to advertise, if he wants to introduce his products in the market.

We heartily congratulate you, on the popularity earned by your magazine within so short a time of its inception and wish it all success and popularity in future.

Yours faithfully,

(Sd) C. R. KAMATH

Proprietor.

THE 'MANGALOREAN. BOMBAY' says:

'We welcome in our midst another Mangalorean periodical 'Educated India', edited by Mrs. W. M. D'Souza. The Journal shows considerable enterprise and has a variety of topics which must interest the educated. As it grows in standard, it is bound to attract a very wide circle. We wish it every success.'

'ONWARD' SAYS

We are really very pleased to go through the pages of this infant monthly, and its Sept.-Oct. issue contains some very useful contributions dealing on a variety of subjects ranging from an article on 'Tuberculosis' to a note on 'Some English Idioms'. The editress has purposely refrained from publishing the names of the

contributors, thus placing the articles before its clientele to be solely judged on their merit. **Educated India, we are glad to remark, is the right type of journal for students and deserves all possible patronage from the public.**

S. N. M.

'THE GEM' SAYS

We have great pleasure in welcoming in the field of serious periodicals, the addition of a monthly magazine 'Educated India,' which is edited and published by Mrs. W. M. D'Souza, Mangalore, and the 5th number of which has been sent to us by Mr. Ernest Alvares, M.A., L.L.B., for review.

The number for August-September contains quite a number of interesting articles that, we have no doubt, ought to appeal to the public, demanding treatment of various popular, if at the same time, serious subjects. Thus opening up with an editorial on women's education, the journal narrates the story of 'The Last Days of Socrates', with a short article on Raja Ram Mohan Roy, the well-known Hindu pioneer reformer supported by 'Reflections on Italian Fascism.' There are, besides, several short articles and notes which touch several themes of general interest.

The monthly has no doubt a great future before it and we trust will develop into the well-written, serious Indian journals as fresh features are added on to its contents. We may also be permitted to express the hope that the position at present occupied by the advertisement department in the character and contents of the editorial writing will disappear in course

of time as the journal grows up and the range of its production widens. It is hardly necessary to add that such a journalistic venture deserves, in view of the possibilities of its scope of work every encouragement and support.

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Realm of Sensation

THEFT OF NEPAL PEARLS

A reported case of Baindur Police Station

One hot May morning in the year 1914, Narendra Vikram Bahadur, the exiled Prince of Nepal, who had settled down for good in the City of Benares, was poring over the letters received by that morning's post reclining on a lounge chair in the well-furnished drawing room of his palatial mansion in the city. Within his reach lay a beautifully carved table with an alarm bell thereon. Suddenly straitening himself up, he stretched his hand at the alarm bell on the table, and pressing its button summoned his Private Secretary to his presence.

Prince—Look here Rao, Mr. Smith, my friend at Allahabad, has just written to me to say that he has booked our passage to England. We start to-morrow for Allahabad enroute to England, do you hear? See that everything is kept in readiness for our departure to-morrow. I want to give you certain instructions in the connection.

So saying, the Prince gave him all the necessary instructions, and the Secretary then withdrew from the room.

The Prince arrived at Allahabad the following evening with a small retinue, and putting up at the Grand Hotel Allahabad, sent for Mr. Smith immediately, and was closetted with him in consultation in the room allotted to the Prince in the hotel. After discussing with Mr. Smith about the

details of the approaching trip to England for a while, the Prince suddenly pulled out from his coat-pocket an exquisitely ornamented leather purse, and opening it took out something, which he gently placed on the table closeby.

Prince—There is something Mr. Smith, which I wish to show you. See are they not beauties?

Mr. Smith—(Seeing some dazzling stray pearls of great brilliance on the table, and jumping up in sheer delight) Oh, how lovely they are? Where did you manage to get them, I wonder?

B. R. Rao, the Private Secretary of the Prince, who was seated in a corner of the room, busy at his table, suddenly glanced up, started, and felt quite dazed at the brilliancy of the pearls. All of a sudden, a peculiar look came into his eyes, which he tried to avert and conceal from the Prince and Mr. Smith.

Prince—They are the pearls of the Royal House of Nepal. I intend to make a present of them to Her Majesty, Queen Mary. Shall I get them strung into a necklace here, or put it off till we reach England. What do you advise.

Mr. Smith—If you care to follow my advice, you will do well to get them strung in England after the English fashion, which you know,

would highly suit the fancy of Her Majesty.

Prince—Well, thank you, Mr. Smith, I think, I will do well to follow your advice, and see that it is done after we reach England.

Mr. Smith—How many pearls have you got in all, and what would their cost be, you think?

Prince—I have in all 55 pearls, which I think, would suffice for a decent necklace of double strings. I have however, no idea of the value of these pearls; for, believe me, I did not purchase them. They were in our Royal House of Nepal, long before I ever saw the light of day. Any how, so far as I could estimate their value, they will not cost less than a couple of lakhs of rupees.

It was midnight. The hotel tower clock had just struck twelve. Every one in the hotel had retired to their beds long ago. Perfect stillness reigned within the hotel. The only soul awake at that midnight hour was B. R. Rao. He was sitting upon his bed in the room adjoining the one, where the Prince had locked up his coat, containing his purse. By his side, lay Govardhan on another bed, snoring soundly. Under his pillow was safely hidden the Prince's key, which secret B. R. Rao was in the know. B. R. Rao's bed had not been slept in. His mind was busy scheming. Signs of agitation were writ large on his face, wherefrom beads of perspiration were streaming down in pearly drops. Before his mind's eye were dancing the the Prince's dazzling pearls. Scratch-

ing his burning temple, he muttered between his teeth, 'I fear, I will go mad, if I don't lay my hand and get possession of those damned pearls. What is life worth without them? I would most willingly lay down my honour, my liberty and even my life to possess them. I am prepared to sell my very soul and go to perdition for their sake. The Prince, my benefactor! Let him go to the blazes; for what do I care for him, so long as the pearls become mine? Who is there to stand in my way? The pearls are within my grasp; the coast is perfectly clear, the key is there under your pillow. I have but to stretch my hands, and lo! the pearls are mine, mine for ever. I will secure them first, and off to Lucknow I go this very night, and to-morrow I slip away to Goa. I snap my fingers at the police; let them trace me there if they dare.'

So, quietly slipping from his bed, he abstracted the Prince's key from under Govardhan's pillow, got into the Prince's room, and getting hold of the purse, decamped from the hotel stealthily, and took the night train to Lucknow. Examining the contents of the purse in the train, he found to his great satisfaction, that besides the 55 stray pearls, it contained also ten currency notes of a thousand rupees each, 27 sovereigns, some loose cash, and a pocket book of the Prince, in which were noted the numbers of those ten currency notes. The following day he changed in Lucknow bazaar one of those notes into notes of minor value, and with a view to evade his arrest, he took train to Goa, where he

knew he would be immune from arrest.

The theft was discovered the following morning, and there was a huge commotion in the Grand Hotel. The Prince was stunned at the astounding news. Retiring to his room, he flung himself into a lounge chair. Lost in deep reverie for a little while, he suddenly started up, and gave vent to his pent-up feelings, 'oh, the base ungrateful wretch! Whoever thought he would descend to such low depths! Three years ago, I picked him up quite accidentally in a hospital at Benares in a dying condition. Moved with pity and compassion at his forlorn state, I acted the good samaritan that I was, and got the hospital authorities to snatch him out of the jaws of death. But for my kind intervention, he would have been dead long ago; and this is what I get in return for my misplaced benevolence. Far better it would have been, if I had left him then only to die; but whoever thought that he would repay me thus? Oh, how I loved him like my own son, and heaped on him favours after favours. Who would have ever taken an utter stranger like him into one's service, without even a reference to his past, and raised him to the confidential post of Private Secretary, as I did for him? The loss of my property is nothing compared with the base villany practised upon me by one, whom I raised from death to life, namelessness to position, and lowliness to grandeur. I am rightly punished for my want of forethought.' Suspicion naturally fell on the missing Secretary. A complaint against

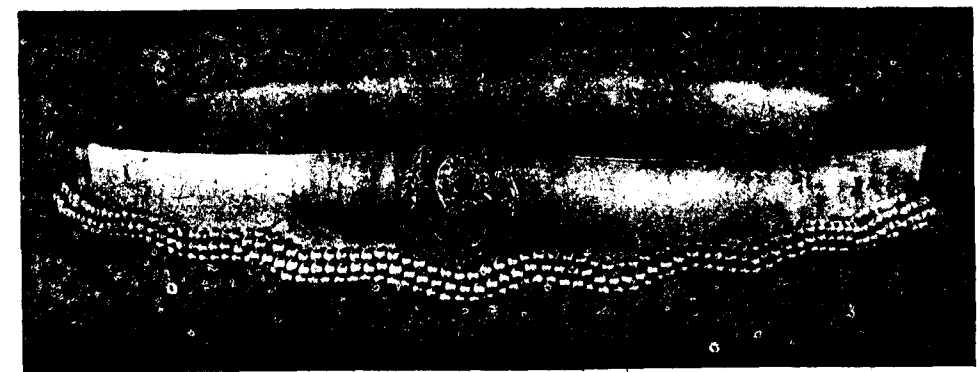
him was lodged at once at the nearest Connington Police Station, and a reward of Rs. 500 was offered in writing by the Prince for the recovery of his lost property. Vigorous enquiries were set on foot, but all the efforts of the Police to trace the culprit proved quite fruitless, as nobody could throw any light on his antecedents. The Prince had picked him up quite accidentally in a hospital at Benares in a dying condition three years previously. Moved by pity and compassion at his forlorn state, he had stretched his benevolent hand, and got his recovery effected. On his recovery, the Prince, who entertained a deep affection for him took him into his service without any reference to his past, and heaping on him favours after favours, ultimately raised him to the position of a Private Secretary. The base ingratitude, with which he repaid all past favours, hurt the feelings of the Prince deeply, not so much the loss of his property, which he had deprived him of. Nothing further was heard of the missing Secretary, and it seemed as if the earth had opened at his feet and swallowed him completely. Looking upon the theft as an inauspicious augury, the Prince gave up the idea of his trip to England and returned to Benares crestfallen, sadder but wiser after the event, and shut himself up in seclusion. Seeing no chance of detection of the case after a few months vigorous inquiry, the case was shelved into the long list of undetected crimes.

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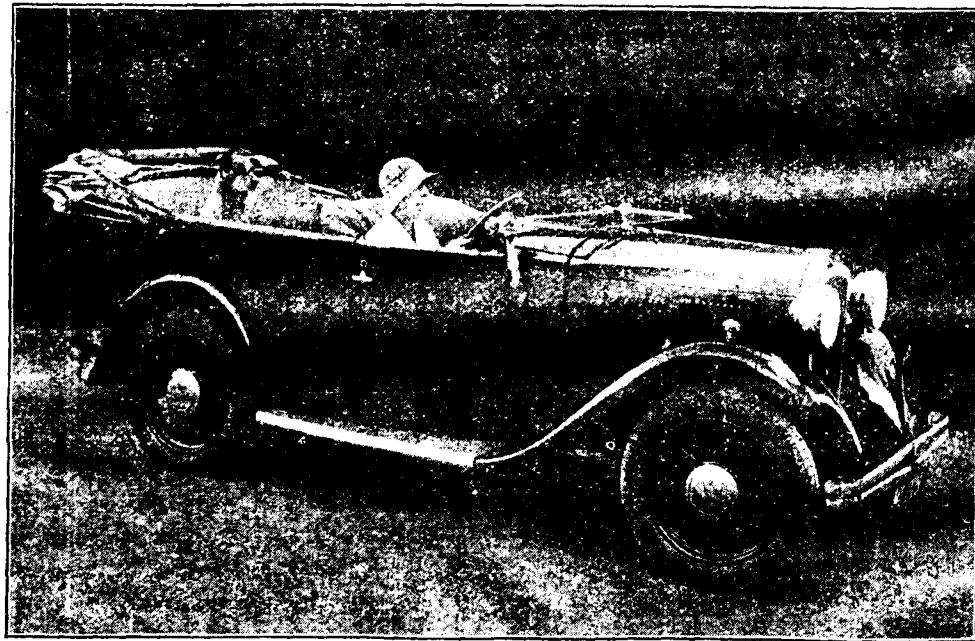
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N. MUHAMUD ALI,

Proprietor.

December 1934

EDUCATED INDIA

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brilliantly lit up room, were seated together a handsome couple, richly dressed. One of them was a young man of prepossessing appearance, while the other girl of transcendent loveliness, budding into a glorious womanhood. The young man was reclining on a nicely cushioned sofa, and his companion was seated by his side on the same sofa, fanning him with a gilt-edged delicate fan. Each was gazing into the eyes of the other in love and fondness. Perfect silence reigned in the room, which betokened of wealth and luxury all round. The young man, need I say, is no stranger to us. He is our old friend, the Secretary of the Prince of Nepal and his companion Jivana a young courtesan of which Goa is so full. At last B. R. Rau broke the stillness and opened his lips.

B. R. Rau—These ten months, Jivana, my love, have been verily a perfect paradise for us, but alas, the time is now drawing near when whether we will or not, we have to part from each other. Part we must; for there is no other go. Do not cry, dearest; day after to-morrow I mean starting home. You know I have been away from my people for the last 8 years or so. True, they believe me dead and gone, but need I tell you blood is thicker than water. Go I must, but what about you, my darling?

Jivana—(Heaving a sigh, and rubbing her moistened eyes with her kerchief) What shall I say, my life? You know you picked me up from the gutter, and made what I am now. Can I stand in way of your heart's desire? Ah no! I

am not so despicable as that. Do with me as you will, but only pray do not desert me. Take me with you wherever you go. Leave me and I die. Death, believe me, is far sweeter to me than life without you.

B. R. Rau—(Hugging her to his breast and trying to console her) If I take you with me, what will my people think? They will find you out sooner or later, and make your life a misery to you. Oh, I cannot bear to see you slighted even by my people. Oh, what shall I do? Ah, there is no help for it. Come what may, you shall go with me.

Jivana—(Wiping away her tears in joy) God bless you, dearest! You know not, what that means for me. You have saved my life once again. Oh, how shall I repay you for all that you have done for me!

B. R. Rao—Now that it is settled you are to go with me, I will not withhold the truth from you, my dearest. Can you guess what it is that takes me to my people. If not love of them, as I just now pretended, to tell you the truth, it is the hatred I cherish against them, it is the remembrance of the bitter humiliation, to which they subjected me prior to my departure from their midst. Do you know my darling, my mother thrust me out with a broomstick, my relations shut their doors against me, and my numerous friends turned their backs on me, when they found that I had spent away for their amusement every pie of Rs. 800, bequeathed to me by a distant uncle of mine, who died without any issue. I have a great mind to see, how they

treat me, when I go back to them, rich enough to dazzle their eyes. Ah! how sweet will my revenge be, to see them prostrate at my feet.'

That very night, B. R. Rau despatched a wire to K. Narsing Rau, his sister's husband to the effect 'Returning home, meet Shirur day after to-morrow evening.'

B. R. Rao's wire came to his people like a missive from the dead. Seven years and a half ago, they had received a wire from Bombay to say that he had died at some suburb of Bombay, and acting on the information, had performed his obsequies, and mourned him as one dead. No wonder, therefore, a curious look came into the eyes of K. Narsing Rau, B. R. Rao's brother-in-law, as he glanced at the wire. Seeing that peculiar look, B. R. Rao's mother and sisters gathered round Narsing Rau, curious to know its contents, and when the same was announced to them, they could scarcely believe their eyes and gazing into one another's eye they burst into uncontrollable laughter. Narasinga Rau, joining in the general merriment, was scarcely able to control himself, and jocularly remarked, 'strange that the apparition of B. R. Rao should take into its head to visit his people after such a long time! If it could come as far as Shirur, there is nothing to prevent it from visiting us here. Let it come here, and we will give it a warm welcome why go to Shirur to welcome it? A roar of laughter which accompanied the utterance resounded in the household; and the wire was torn to

pieces, and consigned to the waste paper basket.

B. R. Rau arrived at Shirur with his bag and baggage and his beloved Jivana, on the evening of the day of his announced arrival; but none of his people were there to greet him. Though greatly disappointed, he suppressed his feeling.

My people still believe me to be dead, and regard my wire an utter hoax. We will see, whether they believe me alive when they actually behold me in flesh and blood. What a surprise in store for them? Let us push on to Baindur without delay'. So they hastened on to Baindur, where they put up for the night in the Travellers Bungalow. The startling reappearance of B. R. Rau, long-believed to be dead, quite astounded the Baindur public and bewildered them. The news spread through the town the following morning like wild fire. His old friends, who could scarcely believe their ears, flocked to see him. His relations, also getting wind of his arrival, hastened to meet him at Baindur. When they saw him in actual flesh and blood, they stared at him in wonder and amazement doubting the evidence of their eyes, whether it was the same B. R. Rau, who had disappeared from their midst about 8 years back a pauper in rags, but who had now returned into their midst clad in rich raiments like a prince glittering with gold and gems, in company with a lovely female, richly attired like himself, and decked with jewels and diamonds. The marvellous change in his circumstances from destitution to un-

told wealth was a deep mystery which they could not unfathom. They felt curious to know how he came by his vast fortune and where and what he was during the period of his mysterious disappearance. With the curiosity, which the human mind is ever a prey to, they assailed him with questions and cross questions.

But B. R. Rao, who had anticipated such a contingency was quite prepared to satisfy their curiosity and allay their suspicions. He told them an ingenious tale as to how at Uganda State in Africa, he amassed a fortune, and how while there, he fell in love with the widowed sister of a Railway Superintendent of his own community and married her, and brought her over here with him. The tale, though, it looked plausible, failed to convince his female relations, who with the shrewdness of their sex could easily single out a common courtesan from a respectable lady of their fold.

'Well, my people don't believe me' B. R. Rao laughed to himself amusedly

'Never mind, I shall yet humble them. With wealth at my command, what is there, I cannot achieve? I shall buy back caste, which they think, I have lost. Even our Swami of Shirali Muth I shall bring round and make him take me back into the fold.'

We shall leave him for a while to think out and mature his plans, and see whether Nemises is also not busy making its plans to hurl upon his head the thunder clap of retribution.

(I. Instalment of the Serial.)

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Some facts in Life

We can see going on all about us the process of evolution in the individual life. It is represented in the cycle of birth, growth, development, maturity and so on to the completion of its course. The individual comes into the world; he grows; he has to adapt himself physically to certain inexorable conditions, or else he must cease to exist.

The process of the evolution of species, however, covers a vast expanse of time. It is impossible for the human imagination to comprehend the real significance of the immense span of time.

But the story can be read in the open book of nature. Geologists have discovered that there are no remains of back-boned animals in the lowest rocks. The oldest fossil graveyards of the earth are filled entirely with invertebrates, because away back in that remote period of our planet, when these cemeteries were being filled, there were no back-boned animals in existence.

All subsequent creatures have developed directly or indirectly from these primordial ancestors of animal life on this globe. Every animal goes through a series of changes or process of evolution before arriving at maturity. Regardless of whether it is a worm, a fish, a mouse, a hippopotamus it always begins as a one-celled animal *protozoan*—a mere microscopic

speck. We all go back to the beginning of life.

The Law of Recapitulation, or Biogenetic Law is a useful hypothesis in illustrating the fact of evolution in individual life, and showing the universal kinship of all living animals. This law means a certain uniformity which exists from the beginning of life, namely: *Every organism in its development repeats the life history of the race to which it belongs.* For example, every reptile is a fish before it is a reptile, every bird is a fish before it is a bird; every mammal is a fish before it is a mammal.

In the embryonic development of all higher vertebrates, there is a time, when they have not only a fish shape, but breathe by gills like fishes and have two-chambered hearts and the peculiar circulation of the fish.

Whereas, fishes have two-chambered hearts; frogs have three-chambered hearts; reptiles have hearts with three chambers and the beginning of a fourth; and birds and mammals have complete four-chambered hearts.

A bird or mammal does not develop a four-chambered heart the first thing. The beginning of the circulatory system of a bird or mammal is a pulsating tube, as in a worm. Later it acquires a two-chambered heart, like a frog, next the beginning of four chambers, like a reptile, and finally the complete four-chambered heart of its species.

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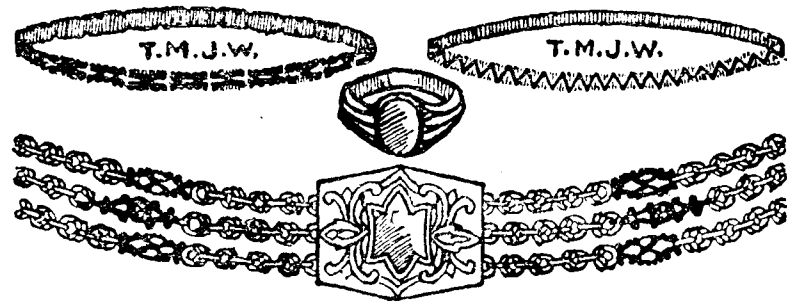
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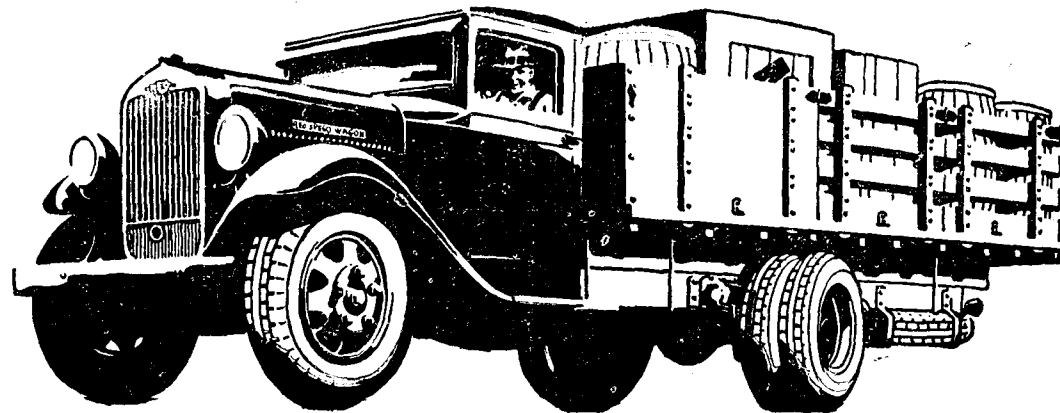
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In the developing embryo of the vertebrates to pass over the lower orders—which begins with the protozoon, it will eventually get a series of bones extending along the back, through which runs a nerve-cord with an enlargement at the front end called the brain.

In the case of the frog, it will finally abandon its gills as breathing organs, and develop lungs and legs, and the three chambered heart, as we have mentioned.

The fishes were the pioneer vertebrates, and all other vertebrates have evolved from them, and so all the higher vertebrates as individuals pass through the fish stage in fulfilment of the biogenetic law. Human beings are no exception to this rule, and go through this process of embryonic development. The human embryo, in fact, is surrounded by a watery substance, the *amniotic fluid*.

All mammals, still carry the birth-marks of their common ancestry from the fish, the amphibian and reptilian species. A chicken of three or four days' incubation has four gillslits on the side of its neck. All reptiles, birds, and mammals, have them. They serve no function with

purely air breathing creatures, and except in rare instances, close long before hatching or birth. In the early stages of all high forms of life the notachord is formed—the dorsal stiffening axis of the lower vertebrates. This disappears as the backbone develops.

It is understood, of course, that because of the rapid prenatal development of the individual—which, in the case of the human being, evolves from the microscopic, fertilised ovum to the completely formed baby in nine months the stages are not clearly defined nor distinct.

The individual in a few months passes through changes that have taken the race millions of years to undergo. A hundred million years may be as good a guess as any. The individual development, therefore, is not a detailed recapitulation of the racial development, but an outline or synopsis with the various stages largely fused and indistinct.

But not withstanding the omissions and modifications, the biogenetic law remains as one of the most interesting and significant hypothesis in the whole range of biology.

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The Educated Man

(By Bonhomie.)

'Education' is the most misunderstood and misused word in the English language. What it means in ordinary parlance is a certain amount of supererogatory literacy which enables man to do as much good as harm. Except for the ability to read and write, which he acquires by struggling his way through 'a forest of pencils' as the Chinaman characterises a University, he is no different from the unlettered man. The lessons a man learns at School give him an air of learning so superficial that the mental fog of inherent anti-social prejudices remain undisturbed. Whereas the Caveman was a head-hunter, his modern descendant finds a religious, political or racial excuse to declare war on his fellow man. Though nominally older in wisdom and surrounded by scientific conveniences, as not so in the uncivilised times, the Savage still peeps through his refined personality and causes havoc on a larger scale. If the early barbarian was brutally intolerant of those who crossed his path, his well dressed representative to-day uses fire and sword to get the better of those who are racially, politically, and spiritually distasteful to him. It was a retrograde step he took when he discarded the sober and civilised heathenism of later times and developed a religious fanaticism so blood-thirsty that he went about exterminating unbelief wherever found. Having spread disaster enough in the guise of a ruthless foe of reli-

gions other than his own, he has at last settled down to a quieter practice of hatred which is no less disquieting. No man if he be a member of a proselytising religion is content to leave other faiths alone, but must suppress them by all means in his power. However highly educated a man may be, where religion is concerned, he clings to some saviour of tradition, discussing all prospects of the world, producing a better man than he. Unlike the sentimental benefactors of mankind, other more tender-hearted men have come and appreciably reduced human suffering without in the least being deified. Such unreasonable devotion to 'the one true god' is psychologically born of detestation of other peoples' Gods and, so led by spite, man becomes so misanthropically other-worldly that he fails to serve the best interests of his brethren. In order to be able to pile up spiritual merit, he releases an army of 'Gospel-pushers' to go about Collecting Souls for his special heaven all for love of spiritual prosperity on earth, these purveyors of Salvation strive hard to extend the sphere of their influence, so that it becomes possible for them not only to increase God's revenues but also to make their profits out of births, marriages, piety and deaths. Thus does man, who is as good as uneducated in this respect, sink deeper and deeper into a morass of futility and selfdeception,

he being as unsure of why he is about it as ever in the past. Centuries of unreasonable bigotries and concentrated spiritual effort have not lifted the veil of mystery by so much as a hair's-breadth, and albeit religion enforces its claim to sit tight on man in order that he is made to obey the dictates of morality which receive their compelling sanction more from political and economic necessity than that a doubtful moral life be preserved by paying the unnatural price of religious antagonisms.

Politics is another dangerous mania which he inherits and turns to more disastrous use than ever his early progenitor did. The tribe and its belongings have to-day given place to the country and its wealth, to safeguard which and to add to them in all callous selfishness, standing armies, war ships, and other murderous armaments are being maintained to disturb the peace of the world. An innocent political consciousness of old has now developed two other deadly hydra-heads, the one earth-hungry, and the other afire with race prejudice, which together with religious unreason, contribute to make man diseducated and dangerous to the extent that he takes credit for being educated. The greedy wheels of the chariot of territorial expansion cause the enthronement of the conquerors and the enslavement of the conquered with demoralising consequences to both. The social inequalities of religious planning which has brought into existence the favoured, and the heathen, the blessed and the unblessed classes have their counterpart in politics

known as the superior rulers and the inferior ruled. The ruling men sit on a pedestal of superiority, enriching themselves at the expense of subject peoples who to propitiate the former perform worship of 'might' in a most degrading fashion. If political power becomes superadded with an arrogant race instinct, the havoc that results is worse than can be imagined. Race prejudice such as sweeps the world today has not only raised such alarmist nightmares as the Black menace, the yellow peril, and the asiatic pestilence—but also made racial amity impossible between fellow-citizens of different races. We in India who are familiar with the mildest form of race prejudice such as claims social and political superiority which is too dignified to give the inferiors equality of association with it, realise with ease why in the interests of race prestige, coloured human beings are being humiliated, oppressed and even lynched. With the little knowledge I possess of one pernicious zone of colour prejudice, I feel disinclined to treat the white-man with respect for the reason that he goes about recklessly undoing the imperial principles in a way unbeneficial to the good health of the Empire. In the British portions of South Africa, almost all whitemen with few exceptions are so incurably white-minded that they take a delight in making things humiliating and unbearable for the African and the Indian. There are highborn whites and others belonging to the lower levels of commonalty who give such free rein to their frenzy of colour prejudice that they give rise to

embittered feelings all about them. For the present, it is not my purpose to describe the laws both political and social which are in force to degrade the coloured people, but to show by demonstrable evidence what a long way man has yet to travel to deserve being called cultured. Left to himself, it is his instinct to play the game of religion and politics so as to inflict torture and unhappiness on a fellow-being. Intoxicated as he is with pride and infallibility of notions, it is unthinkable that he will allow himself to be restrained and rendered harmless, but unless strong disciplinary

measures are adopted to suppress the growing monster in man, he will turn the world into an uninhabitable purgatory. Rightly does Sir Norman Angell observe 'certainly in the motives' behind the vindictive and fanatical nationalisms, Hitlerisms, communisms, (and I add too, the other piousisms) 'of our world today, there is far more of the desire to satisfy some hungry emotion of retaliation, resentment, fear, partisanship, herd instinct, sheer irritation and impatience. The problem is not at its foundations an economic and technical one, but one of human nature and its most elementary discipline.



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Should Banns Be Banned?

A War-View of War-Marriages.

Sir, to you—

Forwarded, suggested, one. 'That a National Society for the Control of War-Marriages be called into being without delay'.

AU GRAND SERRIEN. Hast noticed all the soft stuff written daily of 'our new era of romance,' of the 'rosy capture' and 'blessed bliss' of *marriage a la mode*, the happy influence of the Great War in bringing young dreams, and other things, to fruition? And all the rest of the nauseous trash? Why instead of blindly encouraging these abnormal leave spasms, public opinion should be putting the brake on, hard.

Far be it from us to crab all war marriages. Despite the necessary hysteria of their origin, many should never be regretted. The war, for instance, has broken down all sorts of barriers which otherwise would never have been broken and united twin souls; take again the numerous instances of men marrying damsels they have known of old, or the case of the man who will be able to support his wife in ease and security when he comes home. But are these the majority?

Let us analyse the W. M., cause and effect A. D. 1914—youth, one, £ 60 p. a. Regular hours, regular meals. Amusements, Golder's Green tennis, Golder's Green Empire. Nice boy, still

fond of his sisters, not other people's. Knowledge of world: *Nill*. A. D. 1916—Tempy Second Lieut., one £150 p. a. Persistent bank balance of £150 due to inability to spend money. From educated office boy has leapt at bound into shoes of, and assumed outward dignity of man who hunted four days a week all his life, and whose school of life was the Regular Mess (the finest schooling of all in the fair sex.)

What happens? Take the lamentable case of 'Mumps', only one of the thousand who is being flattered and cajoled into making a damn fool of himself before his time. For the first six months, while the battalion is learning to put one foot before the other, in a little Dorset town, he has all his time cut out learning his job and assimilating the lesser, and more conspicuous, characteristics of the officer, however, tempy. The daily contact with a score of new companions, his mind naturally opens he may even have run up to town for a week end, who knows! But he is the very junior sub still, when he comes out after Koos. From the beginning our hero displays distressing symptoms. He discovers a dull and aching void. He cannot compete with those mess tales of a bygone day, of wonderful little things all fluff and kisses, of conquests tempy and permanent. Then there is the matter of H. M. mail. To some come crackling,

kissable 'just- a suggestion-of violet envelope, plus the contents, reaching the recipient to a strange and ominous silence. *He* gets only 'family stuff'-welcome, aye, a thousand times, but still..... something missing.

* * * *

There you have the germ. Soon it takes root and expands. 'Mumps' gets broody-like. He will have a girl, too. 'I'm due for leave next week', thinks he. 'Besides, what chance has a fellow of getting through this business? Get his mentality in approaching heaven-sent matrimony?

He's home now out to meet and Marry something, somehow 'Home on leave'-what a wonderful superman sensation for the uninitiated. Fifty of the best at cox's! Makes him think he's a millionaire! Makes the girl think so too, because fifty pounds spreads out uncommon well over five days. Restaurants, theatres, hats, and chocolates, and blouses, salutes galore, the glamour of it all—and Golder's Green in the small hours only. Why the war's worth it! So works the germ. Where did he meet her? Heaven knows! Who is he? Heaven knows! Who are her people? Heaven won't split.

* * * *

Of course he has'nt stopped to think that she may conceivably be out for his pension, that, *minus* his uniform, she would'nt have even turned round, that for months and months she's been aching to be able to say, 'Jack's at Ypres! Jack's at ypres!'..... isn't there just a suggestion here of the sentiment that stirred the women of

Pompeii to cheer on their gladiators? perhaps not!

* * * *

Anyhow, here's the awakening, in our way of thinking. The W. M. carries with it a surfeit of while-you-wait romance, plenty of money—and a passable pension, an absolute release from domestic cares, a hero-husband-and a honeymoon every few months. The mentality of the contracting parties is no more abnormal than the immediate married life that follows. Yet think of the return to the *Status quo ante* and all it will entail to many a war-mad couple. The clashing of temperaments in earnest for the first time. Our hero's discovery in the first flush of youth that he's paired himself off for the duration with a girl he'd never have thought twice of normally. And the girl Don't forget her. Her hero in tweeds, all dressed up and no place to go, then the sickly city job at £120 p. a., the suburban retreat, the peace baby -ugh-haunting, fatal memories of A. D. 1916, and—oh, well, that's about enough to nail our point. Otherwise we might be called a pessimist.

* * * *

So it will be with thousands who return from 'the great adventure.' The average subaltern could get married any day twenty times between Victoria and Piccadilly, and unfortunately, to a large extent, he's doing so. With none to say him nay. What are Bishops or the birth-rate as opposed to the known workings of human nature. What is the use of 300,000 war-babies in England if half of them never know their fathers, be it through death or separation? It's a deep subject. Think it over. Mr. Editor.

The Bystander.



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The most exciting up-to-the minute serial picture in the history of the screen comes to the Premier Perfect Talkie Picture Palace on 18th December 1934, with the opening of the first instalment of the Adventure Pictures chapter-play, 'The Phantom of the Air'. Thrill follows thrill with the story centering around the attempts of a villainous band to steal the secret of a newly invented device the 'Contragrav', designed to overcome the effects of gravity. Every hair-raising aeroplane 'Stunt' ever thought of is included in the action of this exciting film, and the swift-moving story is crammed with exciting incidents. There is thrill a minute in 'The Phantom of the Air.'

Thomas Edmunds has almost completed an invention, the 'Contragrav' which he believes will revolutionise aviation. He needs the assistance of an experienced aviator to help him to finish his task. With his pretty daughter, Mary, he visits a big air meet, and there engages young Captain Bob Raymond to aid him. His daughter is disappointed, for she had hoped that he would hire Mort Crome, an aviator in whom she is interested, who had taught her to fly. Crome in reality is the head of a notorious gang of smugglers and hopes to secure the secret of the 'Contragrav'. At a secret meeting between Edmunds and Captain Raymond, Crome has one of his gangsters listening in. In

making his get away, Blade, the spy, leaves a window open, thus warning Edmunds that his secret has been overheard. Next day Crome and Raymond are stunt flying in one of the meet events. Raymond is leading in the race, when a guide wire on his plane snaps, due to tampering by one of Crome's men, and Raymond crashes, the plane bursting into flames as it hits the ground. Bob Raymond escapes injury through the breaking of his safety belt. Edmunds, Mary and Bob depart in a high-powered airplane to complete tests on the 'Contragrav'. At Crome's office, Blade reports what he has learned the previous night regarding Edmund's invention. Inspired with the idea of controlling aviation, Crome decides to steal the Contragrav, and a hold up of Edmund's secret workroom is planned. In his subterranean laboratory, Edmunds, Mary, Bob, and Munson, a confidential assistant, prepare to test the Contragrav. 'The Phantom of the Air', a specially built plane, is taken up by Bob for experimentation. The Contragrav is pronounced a glorious success. Bob and Mary, leaving for a ride, are attacked by Crome and his masked men. In the confusion, Bob is knocked senseless, a glass tube containing poison-gas is broken. Mary becoming unconscious from the fumes, screams, and the attackers leave.



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Edmunds and Munson return in time to save Mary and Bob. Through a powerful periscope from the subterranean

workshop they discover the plane with the smugglers aboard, and Bob now fully recovered, goes after them. Mary follows in her father's automobile and sees the air-battle in which Bob is forced down in a crash landing. Mary rushes to Raymond, and arrives, just as her father's 'Phantom' plane frightens Crome's men off. 'The Phantom', unpiloted, stages a spectacular air-battle with the enemy plane, the entire proceeding handled by Edmunds through his elaborate remote control switch board, located in the desert airport workshop. Mary and Bob, aboard 'The Phantom' are being guided back to the air-port by Edmunds. Edmunds is attacked by Crome's men as he is in the act of landing Bob and Mary. 'The Phantom' goes into a spin and Bob finds that the controls are locked.

Bob and Mary succeed in bailing out, before the doomed 'Phantom' crashes to the ground. They are taken back to the airport by Scothy, an old desert rat who happens along and they rescue Edmunds. Bob on duty as Captain of the Border Patrol, spies a suspicious plane and signals it to come down. The pilot, one of Crome's men, recognising Bob, fires on him. Bob is wounded in the hand and forced down, but flies his plane straight into the adversary's ship. They lock and both are hurled to the ground. Meanwhile, Mary makes the first flight in the 'Phantom'. Her father gives her a key to unlock the controls after the ship is in the air, but she carelessly loses it. Her father and Munson watch her through the periscope and

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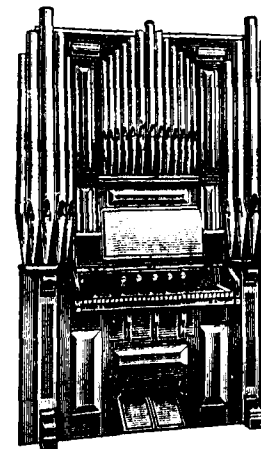


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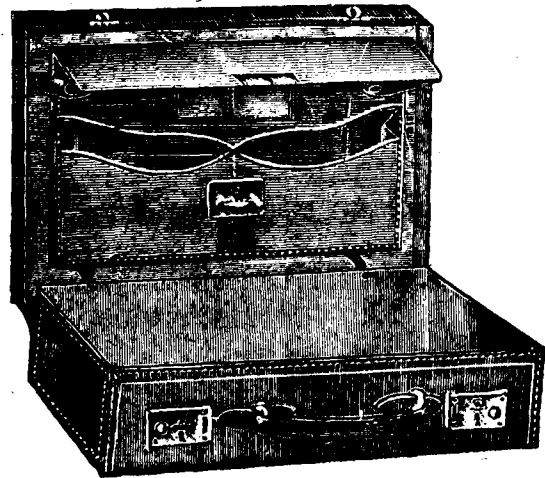
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are appalled when the plane gyrates dangerously and starts downward.

The tilting of the ship loosens the key from its hiding place on the floor, and Mary snatches it up and unlocks the stick. Mary plans a surprise visit to Bob. As she heads for the border, two planes in combat lock and go hurtling to the ground. Making a quick landing, she runs to the wreckage. Bob, wounded, but still able to walk leaves with her in 'The Phantom'. Edmunds and Munson dress his wounded arm, he borrows a plane and return to his post. Crome's accomplice, Joe, piloting the contraband, recognizes Raymond in a borrowed ship and opens fire, wounding Bob again. Mary, following in 'The Phantom,' frightens the smugglers and they retreat across the line. Mary radios her father to control 'The Phantom' from his workshop, while she goes aboard Bob's plane. The girl cannot move Bob's inert body. They are headed downward!

Bob moves slightly. With a frenzied effort Mary shoves him aside and snatches the stick. She guides the ship safely through the arch of the bridge below. Bob and Mary reach the Patrol station in safety. Bob is sent immediately to the harbour where it is said the smuggled goods are being held. He orders a plane to shadow his movements, and arranges for Mary to return by car. At the harbour, Bob is shang haied and carried out in a speed boat. By a ruse, he signals the plane sent to shadow him, and escapes by climbing into the plane above by means of a rope-ladder

which the pilot of the plane has lowered. Crome's men intercept Mary's car, knock her driver senseless, and carry her off. The driver recovers and reports back to Bob's station. Raymond follows, locates Mary, and swings off the plane on the rope ladder dropping squarely into the car. During the battle that follows, the car turns over.

Mary and Bob jump from the car as it swerves and falls. Bob gathers Mary up in his arms, and they embrace tenderly. They return by plane to Edmunds. Bob borrows the 'Phantom'. He plans to force the smugglers to abandon their ship. From the air, Bob drops a note on the deck of the 'Lottie Carson' commanding Crome's accomplice, Blade, to abandon ship. Before going over the side, however, Blade lights a fuse attached to a blast of powder in the hold. Also, he hides a valuable small box under his coat. The harbour police go in pursuit. The smugglers open fire just as Bob radios Edmunds to take over, 'The Phantom' through remote control so that he can go aboard the 'Lottie Carson'. Bob swings on to the deck of the vessel, but the next instant a terrific explosion splits the air.

Raymond manages to save his life diving off the deck an instant, before the ship is blown up in a terrific explosion. Bob is picked up by the police launch. Meantime, the smugglers have escaped. Crome is told that the 'Lottie Carson' has sunk with Bob Raymond on board. The precious small package that Blade has filched from the contraband ship, is entrusted

to Skid to carry it to its owner. A fast plane is serviced, and Skid is ordered to leave it, should there be any danger of his capture, but—he is given a time bomb and told to set it before he bails out. Bob receives orders to stop a fast plane that has been sighted near the desert airport suspected of carrying contraband. Bob borrows a late model 'Phantom,' overtakes Skid, and goes aboard Skid's plane. Skid bails off. A second later, the plane explodes in mid air.

Bob is safe, and the small heavy box is undamaged by the explosion. He and Mary hasten with it to the airport to inspect the contents. Blade, landing in his parachute, watches and reports to Crome, who decides to go after the smuggled package himself, and also get hold of the Contragrav at the sametime. Crome and Blade fly over the desert airport and drop a note down asking for assistance. They come down, and Mary and her father greet Crome, he having been Mary's flying instructor some time previous. Crome asks for directions to a gold mine location. While they are all gathered in the sitting room, Crome's Henchmen attack, wounding Edmunds. He is carried to the plane, Mary following. Crome shoots at Raymond.

The bullet intended for Raymond, misses its mark. Bob rescues Mary from the bandits, but they escape with her father, flying in Crome's airplane. Bob sees Crome hurrying to 'The Phantom' and runs after him, climbing aboard the plane as it takes off. Mary learns that Crome is the leader of the

smuggler gang and radios the news to Bob. Bob gets the message in 'The Phantom' and it is overheard by Crome who promptly covers Bob with his gun. They have a terrific battle. Bob wins in the end and makes Crome bail out. Crome is picked up by Blade in a car, and they return to the airport where Munson at the controls is taking charge of 'The Phantom'. Crome, holding up Munson with a gun gains control.

Mary surprises Crome and Blade at the controls, and confusing them with a smoke-screen from a hidden vial, covers the pair with a gun, while Munson saves Bob in the nick of time, telling him to hurry back. Crome and Blade overpower and knock out Bob, after a stiff battle. They carry Mary's limp body to the plane and take off in 'The Phantom'. Bob comes to in time to see the ship leave, but does not know Mary is aboard. He breaks down the closet door, only to realise too late that Mary has been abducted, and rides with Crome and Blade on the doomed 'Phantom', which is being directed to destruction by Munson.

Mary regains consciousness in time to break the Contragrav's contact and save them. Crome has bailed off. Mary radios the situation. Following her directions, Munson and Bob calls out every plane in the country for a spectacular search for Edmunds. Crome reaches his private airport. He tries to force Edmunds to give him the secret of the Contragrav. Edmunds explains that it is a formula, and can be determined only in his own work-

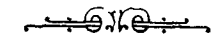
shop. Crome orders his car and takes Edmunds back to his laboratory. Crome tries to force Edmund's secret from him. The inventor opens a switch and the entire place is blown to atoms. Mary and Bob land and find Crome demolished. Edmunds still alive! Rejoicing, they embrace.

The dashing Tom Tyler most recently seen in 'Clancy of the Mounted,' plays the featured role in 'The Phantom of the Air', and his supporting cast includes Gloria Shea, William Desmond, Hugh Enfield, Le Roy Mason, Sidney Bracey, and Jennie Cramer. The picture was directed by Ray Taylor master maker of serial productions, and supervised by the famous Henry Moe Rae. If you see the first episode of this spine-tingling chapter play, you will follow the entire twelve instalments with breathless interest.

Ray Taylor has always produced results. Every episode of a Ray Taylor serial is sure to lead the audience gasping. The general preparation of this serial is ofcourse under the immediate charge of Henry Mae Rae, associate producer in charge of serial production at University City, the story by Ella O'Neill, with continuity by Basil Dickey and George Plympton. It was photographed by John Hickson, who has had plenty of experience in photographing air pictures. He needed all of his experience to photograph this serial. One reason is because it has the fastest airship in the United States, which will be used by Tom Tyler in many scenes. This airship was flown by Colonel Roscoe Furner in the recent

American air championship, and it won the east-west trans-continental flight without even a close second.

Every serial story has to have something to fight about. 'The Phantom of the Air' has plenty. During the course of the serial, there are many astounding manoeuvres. One of the remarkable scenes shown in 'The Phantom of the Air' is a phantom airplane operated by remote control, engaged in a terrific battle with another plane operated by smugglers. The end of this battle is a collision, both planes falling and bursting into planes. In another episode, the hero, a captive in a speed boat, grasps a rope-ladder into an automobile. A stunt which is very seldom tried is transferring a man from one airship to another in mid-air. This is one of the feats which will be attempted by Tom Tyler in this serial. Another stunt which will be shown is fitting a new wheel to an under-carriage which has been damaged in a take-off. All of which goes to show that 'The Phantom of the Air' is likely to set a new standard for thrills.



NOTICE.

The Editress announces that "Educated India" will be published on the 1st of every month in future.



"The Son-Daughter."

'The Son-Daughter', colourful drama of San Francisco's China town, with Helen Hayes and Ramon Navarro in the principal roles is the talkie attraction opening on 15th Dec. 1934 at the local Shri Krishna Theatre. The picture, a dramatic romance of the struggle of Chinese revolutionists and royalists in America, is based on the well-known David Belasco stage hit in which Lenore Ulric created one of her most successful roles. The plot of 'The Son-Daughter' deals with a Chinese girl in love with a Chinese prince who is in America *incognito*. As a result of political intrigue, she is auctioned into marriage in order to raise funds for the Chinese revolution. Royalist spies learn of the proceedings, and the highbinder to whom the girl is sold kills her father and wounds her lover. She, however, proves herself more than a match for the plotters, and an ingenious twist in the drama enables her to slay the highbinder and to rescue the prince. In the end, they make their escape together to China. The story of 'The Son-Daughter' is fraught with melodramatic incidents.

Dong Tong, a Chinese Doctor, is one of the leaders who are against Manchuria in San Francisco's China town. He and his associates must raise \$ 100,000 to help the cause in China. He has a beautiful daughter, Lien Wha, who is in love with Tom Lee, a Chinese student. A mysterious highbinder, known as the 'Sea-Crab' is in the employ of

the opposition party. Sin Kai proposes that Tong and three other Chinese to sell their daughters in marriage to raise the money. Then Lien Wha, who has always regretted that she was not her father's son, decides to sacrifice herself, that she may be his 'Son-Daughter', and do her duty to China. Fen Sha, a rich gambler, who secretly is 'Sea-Crab', buys her for \$ 100,000, planning later to kill Dong Tong and recapture the money. He knows the entire plot. Tom Lee is then disclosed to be Prince Chun living *incognito* in America. He is hidden in the joss house. Both he and the girl are heart-broken, but decide that wedding is a duty, and that he must return to China to lead his father's troops, the latter having been reported killed in battle. The wedding ceremony is held. Meantime, Tom Lee, disguised as an altar boy, gets into the house. The girl alone recognises him. He overhears Fen Sha consulting Fang Fatty, the Emperor's envoy, learns that Dong Tong has been murdered, the money stolen, and that the murderers are seeking him. He manages to steal money, but is stabbed and left for dead. So he is found by the girl, but is stabbed and left for dead. So he is found by the girl, and she learns the whole plot. She strangles the gambler with his own queue, drags his body to the joss altar, and she and her Prince reach the ship bearing the arms, pay the money, and leave with it for China.

The Oriental roles in 'The Son-Daughter' present a high-water mark in character delineation for both the picture's stars—Miss Hayes's part of the Chinese girl being a far cry from her table portrayal of 'The Sin of Madelon Clandet,' for which she won the recent Academy of Motion picture Arts and Science's award; and Navarro's role, likewise, presenting a forcible contrast from that of his work in 'Huddle' and 'Mata Hari'. Makeup played an important part in the filming of 'The Son-Daughter', Miss Hayes having to undergo changes in hairdress and facial contour; while Navarro sacrificed his appearance for 'art's sake', to the extent of having his head completely shaved. Others, who went an adroit transformation from Occidental to Oriental, include Lewis Stone, Warner Oland, Ralph Morgan, Louise Closser Hale, and H. B. Warner.

The picture marks the first screen appearance of Miss Hayes since she was awarded the academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences' honour for the best performance of an actress during the past year. A distinguished supporting cast includes Lewis Stone,

Warner Oland, Ralph Morgan, Louise Closser Hale and H. B. Warner. Lesser roles are filled by Frederick Burt, Edward Mc Wade, William Burriss, Dell Henderson and Sumner Getchell. The film was directed by Clarence Brown, who was responsible for many of Greta Garbo's hits, and whose last production was the Crawford-Gable co-starring success, 'Letty Lynton.'

'The Son-Daughter' is said to have required construction of a number of unusually elaborate settings, depicting various typical China-town locales. Joss houses, gambling dens and San Francisco's catacombs are among the scenes reproduced, and the settings also include ambitious reproduction of colourful Chinese marriage rituals, Oriental celebrations, and the nefarious tong arars. Listed as 'high spots' of the picture are the dramatic sacrifice of the Chinese girl for her country; the auctioning of the bride; the wedding ceremony with the great Chinese dragon carried on the shoulders of a hundred bearers; the oath of vengeance before the joss; the episode in which Miss Hayes strangles the highbinder with his own queue, and the escape of the lovers to their native land.

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"This Day and Age"

(A Paramount Picture.)

Across from North High School is the tailoring and cleaning establishment run by Herman. While he is pressing a pair of pants for Sam Weber, a student, a bomb hurtles in and wrecks the shop. Later, he is given an ultimatum by Garrett to sign up with his racket organisation. Herman defies him. That night, Garrett frames an alibi at his road house, and drives to the shop where he kills Herman.

The murder is witnessed by Steve Smith, one of the high school boys. When boys' week arrives on the heels of these events, Smith, who is made district Attorney, Billy Anderson, who becomes Chief of Police, and Gus, who sits in as Municipal Judge, decide to use these offices to convict Garrett of the crime. However, they find themselves helpless in the toils of legal red tape which sets Garrett free.

The boys decide to find their own evidence of the crime. Searching Herman's tailor shop, they find half of Garrett's cuff link, and Sam Weber, Gus, and Billy Anderson decide to ransack his apartment to find the other half.

Gay Merrick, sister of Don Merrick, one of the boys, goes to Garrett's road house with Morry Dower, another student who revels in his intimacy with gangsters and who is Steve Smith's rival for Gay's affections. She tells Morry of the plan, thinking that the

boys had dropped the idea. He thinks it a great joke and relays it to Garrett.

The latter returns to his apartment and catches the boys in the act. He shoots and kills Billy Anderson and frames the murder on Gus. Steve Smith calls a meeting of all the presidents of all the City's student organisations, and they plan to give Garrett a trial of their own, free of red tape.

Through a subterfuge, they plant a coloured boy from the school at the Shoe Shine Stand which Garrett visits with his body-guard, Toledo, every evening at eight. Morry Dower and Gay, knowing that they are partly responsible for the death of Billy decide to help. As Toledo has a crush on Gay, a rendezvous is arranged at which Gay is to keep him occupied while Garrett is captured.

The kidnapping is effected, and several thousand boys take Garrett, in a spectacular scene, to a deserted brickyard, where the midnight tribunal wrings a confession of guilt by lowering him into a pit full of rats which the boys had collected.

Toledo learns of the kidnapping, discovers that Gay has been framing him, and leaves to round up his gang and rescue Garrett. Gay steals a parked car and races to the brickyard to warn the boys. She is stopped by a traffic cap to whom she tells the story. With several motor-cycle caps,

the sheriff goes to the brickyard just in time to stop Toledo and his gang from spraying the boys with machine-guns.

The boys then march Garrett through town on a rail to the house of the Judge who had freed him after the murder trial. The Judge is dragged out of bed and made to convict Garrett on the strength of the signed confession. It implicates all of the higher-up crooked politicians in town who are forced to leave town.

Steve Smith and his pals are the heroes of the hour, but as Steve leaves the courtroom, Morry rushes over with Gay to reveal the heroic part she played in the affair, and they sit in the car discussing it. Ironically enough, at the height of their glory a cop pinches them for being in possession of the car which was reported stolen.

Richard Cromwell and Eddie Nugent of the cast of 'This Day and Age' are '9' personalities. De Mille, before starting to 'shoot' the picture, went through the entire cast, and changed names right and left, making their bearers

'8' or '9' personalities. Judith Allen, the heroine of 'The Day and Age', made her first performance in an attic theatre. Now she is in the principal feminine role in Cecil B. De Mille's first modern spectacle, 'This Day and Age' opening on 8th December 1934 at the Premier Perfect Talkie Picture Palace, Mangalore. 'This Day and Age' is her first assignment. She was prominent in amateur plays, spent her summers in a New England Stock Company, and by dint of perseverance and ability, worked up to ingenue leads in such hit plays as 'The Trial of Mary Dugan', 'Benkeley Square', 'Prunella'.

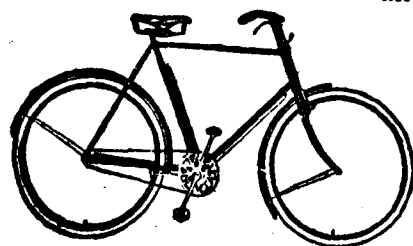
The characteristic feature of 'This Day and Age' is action—on a large scale, with tumultuous episodes, conflict between hundreds of people, as well as tense, dramatic scenes between individuals, all relating a swiftly moving story as modern and up-to-the minute as tomorrow's newspaper. 'This Day and Age' is *modern spectacle* and calls for an advertising which has the *appearance of excitement as well as the actual creating of excitement.*

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"Educated Wife"

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Out of the filthy Ocean, a gem of sweetest innocence shone, out of the desert of poison, an oasis of nectar sparkled.—It was Malti, the daughter of Jagmohandas, who was the sum total of all filth in life. He owned a mill, through his monkey business, he acquired wealth. When Malti was in College, she grew sweet over Vinod, and they decided to become partners in life.

While Vinod's father drank the cup of poison, because Jagmohandas hooked his prestige which was terribly dear to him. Jagmohandas played a mean trick with Vinod's father in business, and Vinod's father preferred death to dishonour. Vinod smelt the foul game—he decided to pay Jagmohan in the same coin. As Vinod lost his father, he started a fast life to drown his woe. He took to wine and women. He even gambled—He wanted to marry Malti and thus wanted to give a blow to Jagmohan by maltreating her. When Vinod saw Jagmohan for the marriage, Jagmohan flatly refused the proposal but Vinod had proofs of Jagmohan's evil deeds in his possession—hence Jagmohan had to keep mum. He tried his best to convince his daughter not to marry Vinod, but Malti kept on saying—'I shall marry him,' and she was dead certain that she will be able to put Vinod on the right track of life—she had the faith of an Indian wife.

Sudhakar, a collegian, also worshipped Malti, but when he realised that she was to marry Vinod, he promised to love her as a sister; and according to Malti's advice he married Nalini, a showdy type of girl. Their lives drifted—both were different in their notions of life. Malti did her best to coach Nalini up.

Vinod's main activities concentrated on intoxication and dissipation. He started right in earnest in harnessing Malti, but she never lost her peace of mind. One day Vinod was gambling heavily, while he had no money to keep up the game—then he saw Raghu, who worked as a jobber in Jagmohan's mill—Raghu—Let us know his bygone incidents. He had a pretty wife—once the mill manager expressed his mean desire before Raghu's wife—she resented, Raghu smelt this and he kicked out a row with the result that he was beaten and was wounded—while he was in this condition, Malti stepped in the mill and she began to nurse him—from that day Raghu decided to look after the welfare of Malti.

And now Raghu came forward to help Vinod—then Vinod had to face the music of the gamblers, and when there was a row, Raghu came to his help—he paid the amount from his own pocket and then they went together. Vinod after reaching his place was looking after money, but he could not find a

coin—when he saw Malti, he asked for her jewels—without any hesitation, she took out her ornament and handed it to Raghu—and Raghu flatly refused to accept this ornament from Malti.

Vinod once invited a cheap woman at his place. She started songs—Vinod was being saturated in this mean atmosphere, when Malti heard all this through a telephone. She was at—Sudhakar's place. She left them and appeared on the scene. Vinod grew wild. He ordered Malti to clean the feet of that cheap woman—and Malti did it with utter calm—while that songstress was taking leave, Malti stopped her and presented her with a necklace.

'I admire you—you could please my husband, while I am an utter failure—accept this present from me as a token of admiration.'

And that woman's stone-heart was changed into human heart—she promised to fling off her mean profession. Yet Vinod did not change the ways of his dissipated life. He was passion incarnate.

Now it happened that Nalini came to Malti's residence—when Vinod saw her he decided to possess her. Malti immediately grasped the whole situation, she clearly managed to send Nalini away—and Vinod's plan was shattered. He beat Malti—lashed her, kicked her causing wound on her delicate body.

And Malti left Vinod. She went to her father's place. When Sudhakar came to know this, he saw Malti and began to nurse her. When Sudhakar

was nursing Malti, Vinod appeared on the scene. He wanted to knock out money from Jagmohan, but when he saw Sudhakar treating Malti, he grew wild—he named them as sinners—out came the shining revolver from his pocket. And there whizzed a shot. Sudhakar fell stone dead on the ground—Vinod bolted. Malti followed him. She requested Vinod to find some safe corner. Vinod was mad with rage. He was not himself—ordered Malti to meet her death at his hand—a smile flickered on her face. Before she was to die, she wrote a chit. 'Dear God, I am not afraid of death—on the contrary I am glad that I will embrace death at the hands of my husband. But I am sore at heart, because I could not fulfil my ideal. God! In my next birth give me this same husband so that I can realise my dream—' Vinod trembled before this attitude—revolver fell from his hand—then the police arrived; Vinod was taken to custody on a charge of murder.

WHAT HAPPENED THEN?

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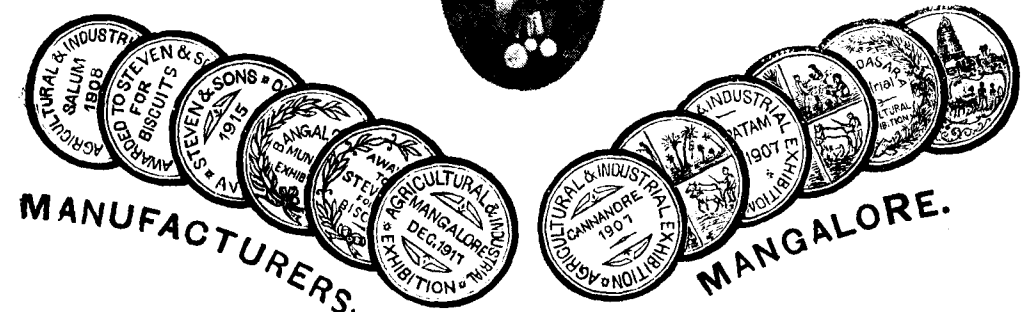
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South Sea Island

(Charles Bickford—Famous Star of "East of Borneo")

That is the enviable status of Charles Bickford, perhaps the most puzzling personality of the Hollywood film colony. And he has acquired the island with a very definite purpose in mind.

His flaming red hair and his impressive physique have made Charles Bickford one of the most picturesque figures of American drama.

He was born in Cambridge Massachusetts, on the first day of January, and educated at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, where he studied construction engineering. Though he followed his profession during summer vacations, he became an actor directly following his graduation, and after playing in stock in many cities, finally arrived on Broadway. Among the stage plays in which he starred were 'Dark Rosaleen,' 'Flames,' 'Outside Looking In,' 'Glory Hallelujah' and 'Gods of the Lightning'. Bickford made his motion picture debut in Cecil B. De Mille's 'Dynamite,' and has since played leading roles in such pictures as 'Anna Christie', 'Hell's Heroes' 'South Sea Rose', and 'The Sea Bat'.

In Hollywood recently, the strapping red-haired, red-faced actor gave an inkling of his plans. 'I make no secret of the fact', said Bickford, 'that above all things I prefer an outdoor life. In so far as I am able, I want to lead a simple existence, with the

elements of life given their true values. Many of my associates have formed the opinion that I am temperamental, but in reality I am simply fighting for the things which I feel are truest and best.

'And so, some day, I am going to take my family and enjoy a long vacation on my little islet in the South Seas—away from people, telephones, everything. It is not the old pose of wanting to get away from it all, but a simple desire to get back to Nature and really live.

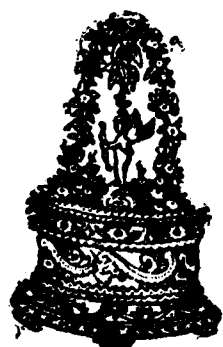
'The island is merely the tiniest speck in the Pacific Ocean, three miles long, by less than two miles wide, and lying about 160 miles from Australia. Not long ago I bought it from an attorney representing an Englishman who had resided there for many years, but who had returned to England on inheriting a title.'

The island supports a population of 200 natives who live in the simple, carefree life of the South Seas. Money is unknown and unwanted, since the island produces sugarcane and many edible fruits and vegetables, as well as an abundance of cocoanuts. The latter, in fact, constitutes the link which connects the islanders with the outside world, since they are constantly accumulating a store of copra, and secure cloth and other manufactured articles by bartering this com-

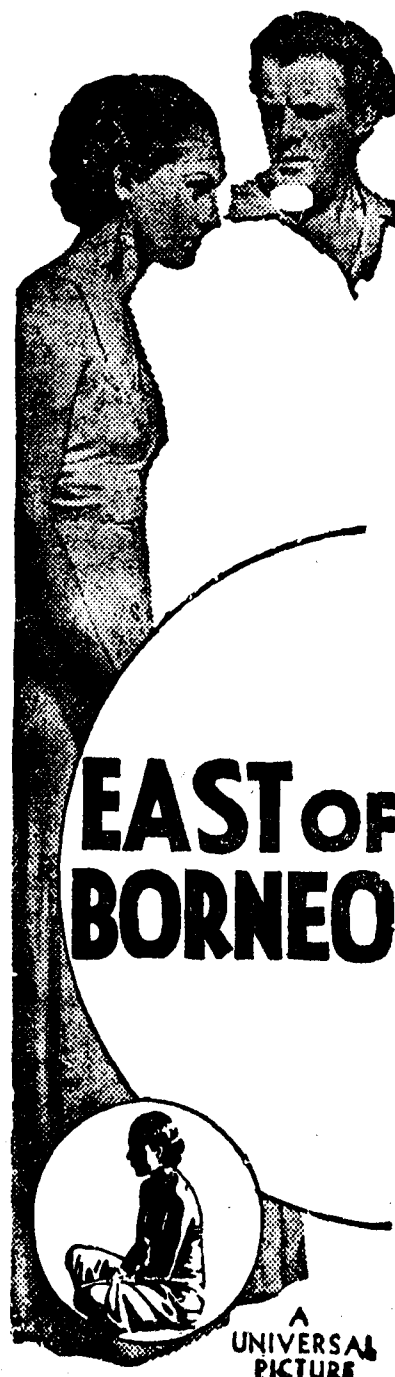
modity with the captain of a trading vessel which stop at the island every three months.

The former owner left on the island a modern dwelling, which is maintained in order and cleanliness by three native servants. Except for these three, no native would think of entering the house, no matter how long it might remain vacant. And so, if Charles Bickford ever disappears, look for him 160 miles from Australia.

And Bickford is just the man to do it. He is a man of strong opinions and unchangeable decisions. Usually the most pleasant of men, willing to help and anxious to please, there do come times, quite unexpectedly, when he puts his foot down, his jaw hardens, his eyes flash fire and he says 'No!' No quibbling, no temporizing, no evasiveness—just a definite, grim and rather chilling 'No!' One realises that that is exactly what he means.



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Love and Sacrifice.

(By Rose Hobart, "Beautiful Star of East of Borneo")

'To a woman,' says Rose Hobart, noted actress of stage and Screen, 'no sacrifice is too great, if it be made in the name of love'.

'So completely does the average woman's heart rule her head that she will do and dare anything within the range of possibilities, provided her affection be involved. Love is every thing, and the world is forgotten or disregarded.

'It is often said that man, as opposed to woman, is polygamous by nature, and it may be that this explains much of the difference between two sexes. If a man loses his loved one, it does not become such a hopeless tragedy, as is the case, when a woman is confronted with a similar situation. He tells himself that there are still other fish in the sea, while she can only tell herself—and believe it—that, for her, this is the end of the world.

'In such cases, woman does not hold resentment as does a man. The depth of her feeling will not permit her to do so. Not only is her whole nature fundamentally against such a course, on account of her deep-seated yearning for her mate, but this very feeling prevents, even a pretence of indifference for any great length of time.

'I realize that these opinions can apparently be disproven by particular

instance, but I am discussing now only the average man and the average woman—and I feel that in a general sense I am correct.

* * * *

'Thus I feel that 'East of Borneo', my latest picture, presents a true picture of life. Through a series of misunderstandings, I have been divorced from my husband, played by Charles Bickford, and the early scenes of the story find me following him to the other side of the world in an effort to win back his love. Though he is the only white person living in a little kingdom in the depths of the jungles of the Malay Peninsula, I go to him without a thought of the dangers involved in such a journey by an unaccompanied woman.

'And, quite naturally, it seems to me, my former husband receives me coldly and with cruel indifference!'

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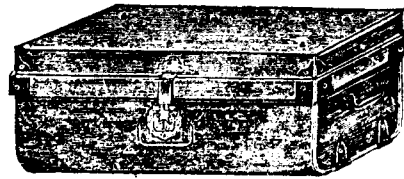
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