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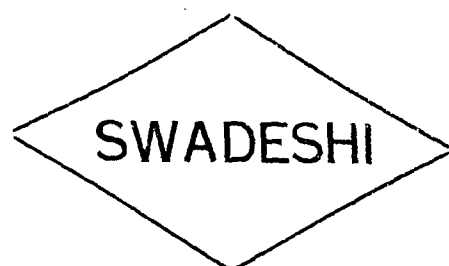
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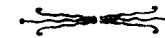
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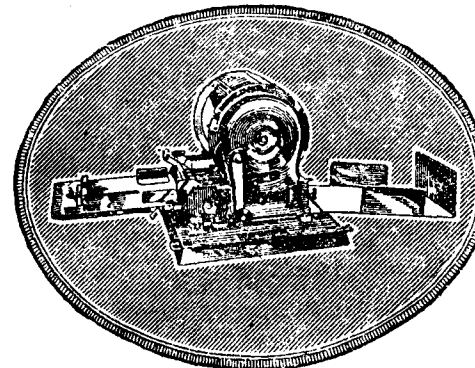
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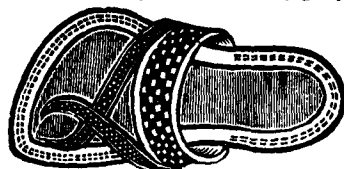
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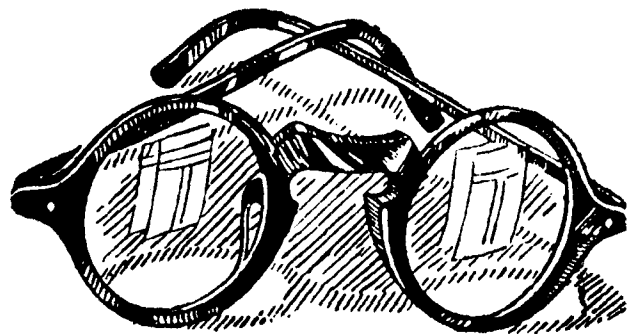
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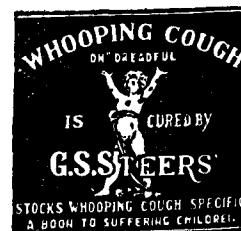
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The SCHOLAR

VOL. X.

OCTOBER 1934

NO. 1.

To Our Readers.



N beginning our tenth year of existence, we send our cordial and sincere greetings to the readers and well-wishers of *The Scholar* and its numerous advertisers through the medium of this Annual Number. We are grateful to them for their continued support and patronage and trust it is an index to the measure of their appreciation of the humble service we are rendering to the cause of enlightenment and cultural progress.

A word of apology is needed for issuing this number a little out of time and with smaller bulk than usual. It was inevitable as a result of certain arrangements that had to be made consequent on the absence of the editor in charge, who has had to be away on other duty. We are glad to announce that every arrangement has been made to bring out the journal as before.

Except in the case of a few newspapers, whose number could be counted on one's fingers, journalism is not yet a paying profession in India. It is not our purpose to trace here the conditions and circumstances that have made the position of our newspapers one of hand-to-mouth existence; suffice it to say that the lot of periodicals, particularly of the type of *The Scholar*, is ten times more precarious than that of the daily papers. The fact that magazines spring like mushrooms in our country is by no means an index to their prosperity; on the other hand it is a fruitful cause for rendering the lot of all the journals more difficult



'EXPECTATION'

By Anisetti Subba Rao.

(By Courtesy, Triveni)

than they need be. The position of the 'serious' journals, which aim at instruction rather than entertainment, becomes well-nigh hopeless when they have to compete with journals which set out to cater only to the lighter side of human nature. That they supply a public need is obvious from both their number and their circulation, and we neither envy their popularity nor quarrel with their creditable success. But it is also undeniable they have indirectly hit the serious section of periodicals.

Despite these depressing factors, we have endeavoured to "keep alight the lamp of culture" as Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Aiyar said in his message to *The Scholar* in one of our previous Annual numbers (see Annual for 1928) to the best of our ability and within the limitations imposed by finance and other factors. Ideas of improvement we have many in view; their realisation is however, dependent on the extent of support we get from the public. We look forward to the day when our hopes will be realised.

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Art, Creation and Religion.

By Dr. JAMES H. COUSINS



HEN Edward Carpenter entitled one of his books "The Art of Creation," he swept into a phrase two declarations with regard to one truth, namely that not only is art a creation, but creation is an art.

All investigation and thought disclose more and more fully the extraordinary unity, symmetry, order, progression, beauty, significance and joy that are involved in the whole process of creation in nature. Where characteristics of the reverse of these are found and studied, they are seen to be stages of life on its way to the affirmation of achievement. The idea of Divine intention and operation in nature, which was intuitionally right, but inadequately expressed to the interrogative intellect, has developed to an ever deepening conception of the art that is seen to be the essential technique of the cosmic expression.

When, on the other hand, we turn to humanity as the most highly evolved instrument in the immense orchestra of creation, we find that it is only to the extent that human life is creative that it can be truly regarded as eligible for the responsibility of living; for cessation of creation is death.

In their early stages the religions of the world are always creative, exuberant in vital expression of individual varieties within the group inspiration, as were the Apostles of the Christian impulse. But the expressions die down into dogma, and become customary and mechanical. That is why there have to come new expressions of the religious impulse age after age, and why in our time, when all the religions have fallen from creativeness, there is a feeling the world over after some new religious impulse on a world-scale that will not only answer the questions of the modern mind, but fulfil the timeless desires of human life.

Philosophy is in much the same state as religion. Its academic exclusion from creative contact with life has injured both life and philosophy. Philosophy, denied the vivification of life, has become almost a dead thing; life, denied philosophical direction, denied the guidance, intensification and purification of philosophy, has developed from illogicality to chaos, and today is immensely cheering the hearts of the pessimistic prophets with signs of imminent ruin.

Science, in some of its aspects, has become not merely uncreative, but destructive, and is beginning to send a few scientists to their knees in prayer that science may be saved from itself.

Now while these aspects of human activity are effective to the extent that they are creative within their own special fields, there is one activity that not merely shares in the universal creative impulse and operation that keeps the universe going, but that, in the human sphere, is the special organ of creation; that is, Art. Art has not creation merely as one of its essentials; it is itself creation; not reproduction, not imitation; and not, on the other hand, the "making of something out of nothing."

The art of creation, that is, the creation of art, is both original and derived. It is original in being the authentic expression of one's own individual response to the universal creative impulse; a response which, because of the position of each of us on a point of space at an instant of time which no other unit of embodied consciousness can occupy, is therefore unique. It is derived, inasmuch as there could be no response of any kind but for our inborn share of the universal creative impulse; and no expression but for the limitations of nature that provide the means of localisation, identity, form, variety, to the creative impulse.

There are two ordinary ways, therefore, of attaining originality in art: one, by being intensely personal, which, however, by emphasis on the external differences between the artist or his art and others, attains, not true originality (expression of origins) but a mere transient peculiarity; the other, by being intensely impersonal, but this, by preoccupation with abstractions or cult-formulae, attains only a group peculiarity.

There is another way, however, of attaining originality in art, and there are various allurements away from it towards mere derivativeness. There is the lure of gain which places the artist's authority and judgment outside himself. There is the lure of sectarianism which colours and beclouds the inner light and gives a spurious intensity to creative activity.

And there is today in India* the lure of nationalism. This statement will probably have roused a question in those of you who have become nationally conscious in the awakening that is taking place in India, and to which I myself have tried to contribute by my work for the orientation of education in India and for the fostering of her indigenous arts and crafts and literature. I must therefore make haste to distinguish between nationalism (note the last three letters of the word), which involves self-conscious theories of the organisation of a group of people inhabiting a particular portion of the earth's surface, together with specialised feelings against that which frustrates such organisation, plus

* This article is based on the author's opening address as President of a Festival of Art in an Indian State.

magnified feeling on the side of the theories induced by opposition; and *nationality* (again note the last three letters of the word), which is the spontaneous expression of individual endowment and group tradition.

Every good Indian desires for India (as every good Englishman desires for England, and as I, as I hope a good Irishman, not only desired but laboured for in Ireland) the progressive elevation and development of his country's culture. By the love of our land, its people, its experiences, its achievements, its aspirations (by the latter most of all, say I), we can vivify the expression of its real self, its soul, in the various aspects of its cultural life; and by a pure love of pure art in all its forms we can uplift our land and its people. But that love of country and of culture must be spontaneous in order to be pure and powerful. In being spontaneous, as patriots or artists, we are everything. The artist is born in a particular country, a particular age, with a particular personal group temperament and outlook, and a particular tradition. These are the materials of his art. Through them—not through his personal endowment only, or through abstractions only, but through all together—he can reach the true originality of art; the personal expression of the impersonal; the unique utterance of the common and the universal.

Art is, as we have stated, the special human mode of expression of the universal creative impulse. Philosophy is the special expressor of the abstract mind, as science is of the concrete mind. Yet, though art, philosophy and science are relatively separate activities of human endowment, each suffers if it renounces the service of the others. Philosophy is not truly philosophical if it has not the accuracy and clarity of science. Science is not truly scientific if it has not the synthetical vision of philosophy; and each of these would be the better of the service of both religion and art.

But, however philosophy and science might manage to get on without religion and art, these latter cannot get on at all without one another. Both religion and art respond with special sensitiveness to the feeling-capacity that is inherent in the universal life. Religion arises out of the intuitive perception of the enfolding cosmic life, and the expression of that perception through feeling. Feeling, which is the fundamental inspiration of creative art, and may take the form of mental feeling as well as emotional feeling, is the artist's personal response to the larger life in which his own is involved. "Art is religion turned outwards; religion is art turned inwards." Both are ultimately one activity. Religion is only truly religious when it is artistic, not only in its formal observances, and in its mental formulations in doctrines.

but in its efforts to ennoble and purify life, and thus to make life more artistic: and art is only truly artistic when it is truly religious in inspiration and intention, that is, when it expresses in the finest manner the artist's finest responses to the finest things in his inner and outer experience. This is what "fine art" ultimately means.

With these truths in mind, we can now understand why all the great art-impulses in world-history have been associated with religion; and why the major religious impulses have had art as one of their most potent means of expression—in ancient Greece, in Gupta India, in post-mediaeval Italy, and elsewhere and at other times. We have also here a clue to the fact that today there is no concerted art-movement of the magnitude of the historical eras discernible in the world to-day, and little art that can be called great in East or West. I make a modified exception to this statement in the case of the modern revival of painting in India, that began in Bengal thirty years ago. It has its own exquisite qualities, but is a heroically pathetically little affair compared with the vast totality of creative activity in this immense sub-continent.

In the Occident, the dearth of great art is due to the absence of the religious impulse. In the few personal cases in which greatness has been achieved, the inspiration of spiritual idealism is present, as in the case of the painters Nicholas Roerich of Russia and Jean Delville of Belgium and sculptors such as Johansen of Iceland and George Grey Barnard of New York. In the Orient, the dearth is due to the apparently paradoxical fact that there is, at any rate in India, too much religion; that is to say, religion is not at present a fresh, living impulse, but a traditional observance, as inevitable, universal, and uninspiring as the process of digestion.

Western art has become irreligious because it has become more and more involved in matters of technique and the enticements of the senses. The art of India has become unaesthetical because it has become almost completely dominated by the theological and metaphysical aspects of religion. Each needs the service of the other for its redemption; not in a mechanical transference of ideas and methods—for this would not be creation but limitation—but in a spiritual transfusion of impulse, through mutual appreciation, and mutual and very determined refusal to be diverted from the living joy and responsibility of rising each from its own roots, however its flowers and fruits may intermingle in the world's festivals of art.

The West can give the East the provoking demonstration of pure aesthetical beauty. The East can stir the consciousness of

the West towards the restoration of the lost impulse to adoration. The latter, however, is the greater gift; the parent of art and the authority of beauty. This is the special gift that India has to offer the world; and the sooner she is set free from external trammels, legislative, cultural, economical, to present her gift in her own way, the better will it be for the art and life of the whole world. India was originally, and still is, the most notable exponent of the pure doctrine and method of the personal realisation and expression of the impersonal which is the super-personal. Because of this, I believe her artists have in their keeping the salvation of world-art. Notwithstanding her unaesthetical life today in grimy temples and ugly homes, she has in her consciousness the truest doctrine of the source and nature of beauty and its expression in the arts, and the loftiest ideal of its application to life in the fulfilment of *dharma* (duty) and the achievement of *moksha* (liberation). Whether India applies these principles or not, now or in the future, they are of universal validity, for they are fundamental.

We observe one phase of that application in the fact that, outside India, philosophy and science are regarded as strictly matters of the intellect, matters that they should not be disturbed by the flux of emotion. In India this arbitrary and unnatural distinction is not made. Philosophical conceptions become the subjects of poetry, because they are responses through the mind to the universal life. For the same reason, Sir Jagadish Chunder Bose has always treated science with religious enthusiasm. The so-called philosophical poets of India vivify their poetry with their emotional response to the Cosmic Personality; and Bose bases scientific enthusiasm on the philosophical conception (which to India is not a conception in the merely logical sense, but a realisation) of the unity of life and its manifestations.

Here we have indications towards a great world-movement of incalculable value to humanity in its present crisis. On the one hand, humanity's reflection of the cosmic activity in religion, philosophy and science must be made creative, that is, artistic. On the other hand, art, being the special organ of the universal creative activity, must lift itself above its present restricted reaction to the creative impulse in the sensual and senseless forms of art that prevail in the West, and renew its forgotten allegiance to the spirit. It must be scientific, that is, "knowing," not merely mechanistic; and give creative expression not only to the mental understanding of life, but to those impulses and moods and apprehensions from the deeper regions of the inner life which are humanity's most intimate and truest responses to life's reality.

Indians in East Africa.

BY C. F. ANDREWS



have been asked to send a brief article to "The Scholar" for its Annual Number and am trying to fulfil a promise which I made last year when the same request was sent to me by the Editor.

All my thoughts are concentrated on the Indian situation in East Africa, and I would like to explain to the readers of *The Scholar* the serious situation which I found there. The whole economic position of the Indians is being rapidly undermined by a system of new economic planning which is taking away their livelihood.

For many generations past, the Indians have been traders in these parts of the world. They have fulfilled a very useful purpose by opening up trade with the natives. This trade began with barter and has gradually been built up on money basis. But now owing to the low price of all agricultural products, the Governments of different countries have decided to introduce economic planning (as it is called) on a large scale which will completely cut off the middleman who is the Indian trader. The Government itself is undertaking the marketing of native products, or else, handing it over as a monopoly to some big business firm which is usually run by European or American capital.

In Zanzibar, the clove industry is to be run as a Government monopoly. In Uganda the groundnut industry is made the monopoly of a European firm.

The result of this new economics, has been to cut out the Indian middleman. As a result, thousands of Indians are coming back to overcrowded India, because their means of livelihood is gone.

Owing to the long and intimate association of India with the East African coast, it would be nothing short of a calamity, if this exodus continues. Everything should be done to stop it.

Cannot some scholar who has made economics his subject study this whole question and help us to find the answer?

So This is Death.

So this is death : to lie so still, so still,
Shrouded and stiff and cold, with never a sign
That yearningly beside its earthly shrine
Lingers e'en yet the new-awakened will :—
For the forsaken dust, now all the skill
Of man avails naught, howsoever benign,
And for the mourner is no anodyne
But Time, compassionate drug of every ill.
Now in this little room I stand alone,
Where life has left this body desolate,
And islanded with Death I see at last
(The living blood throb-throbbing on the bone),
Seething and swirling blindly to its fate,
The tremulous world I know, go rushing past.

— G. K. CHETTUR

A Ten Year Plan for Our Indian Village.

BY K. S. VENKATARAMANI



WARAJ through village reorganisation is both real politics and a stimulating ideal for genuine and productive work. Mahatma Gandhiji's full-time dedication to this work will release a new flood of energy which, shaped to constructive ends, will bring a complete renovation of life to the unhappy millions of India.

If we are slaves to-day, our position is not due to the playful caprices of blind chance, in national destinies. It is due to the deplorable lack of certain primary social and civic virtues and the absence of love of freedom in the concrete sphere of action. This signal work of reorganising on a vast scale the seven lakhs of Indian villages now in uneven stages of decay will itself call forth just the qualities which destroy the slave-mind.

Mahatmaji's dedication to this grand work really marks a new epoch in our history. To one who has given to this worship of the village many dreamy hours of devotion for nearly two decades, this Gandhian cloud-burst is as gratefully welcome as monsoon rains are to a tiller who has been baling out water with a piccottah.

This reorganisation work has got to be done by voluntary effort without any help from the Government, at the best. To confine it merely to village industries even as a preliminary stage will make the work marginal, scattered and perfunctory. It will not touch the heart of the nation. It will remain mere embroidery work which can never improve the texture of the fabric. The Indian village as a whole must be taken up for redemption and its life renovated in all its aspects. Then only would it result in harmonious work leading to Swaraj. Then Swaraj will come as simply as fruit from flower. A Ten Year Plan of work, clear in details and comprehensive in outline and principles, is essential to co-ordinate the activities and create the atmosphere for selfless and joyous work. It must be carried out stage after stage with courage and industry, with love and forbearance, zeal and sacrifice.

The essential features of a clear-cut, constructive programme will depend on a survey of the root causes of the decay of our villages and the revitalising measures they require. Conditions vary so much all over India that it is difficult to classify them to

the minutest detail. But these are the main heads and every district must make a careful survey of its own special needs and work out the reconstruction.

The main heads of reform seem to me as follows :—

1. The formation of a regular rural service corps for each province with only two grades, the rural worker in the village unit and the District administrative head.

2. An efficient village panchayat with a trained rural worker as its president and guide, each holding office for five years.

3. A co-operative store and a marketing organisation, and a bank. The store shall specialise in selling agricultural implements cheap.

4. Good grazing ground and a stud farm for cattle in agricultural areas.

5. A protected water supply for drinking purposes, especially where the main source is not the well but the village tank.

6. A severe penal law for fouling offences.

7. A rural dispensary with a doctor and a mid-wife.

8. A garden school with a little theatre and a reading room and a library preferably as an annexe to the village temple, and a radio set wherever possible. And an industrial section which would foster the local industries and supply the local needs, now catered to by the artisans.

9. A band of choice roving lecturers who will give the rural areas the contacts with higher modern Thought and Science.

10. Facilities for carrying out the latest developments in agriculture.

11. Encouragement of building of houses on garden sites with open space all around.

12. Redistribution of fragmentary holdings into one block for each pattadhar, and suitable laws to stop future fragmentation below a certain acreage or at several places.

13. Proper irrigation and drainage facilities for each block, the absence of which now reduces the yield by one half.

14. Facilities for the redemption of agricultural indebtedness and some law limiting the rate of interest to a certain per cent.

15. An intelligent re-survey and re-colonisation, if necessary, of our scattered seven lakhs of villages into more beautiful and sanitary and compact areas—fixing the upper and lower limits of population of each village, and encouraging free emigration to fresh areas.

16. Large scale production of electric power and cheap supply of the same to rural areas. Steam has vulgarised modern life. Electric power is sure to beautify it.

17. Above all a profound modification of the system of land tenure, which we can carry out only after gaining full political power based on a renascent consciousness of the people by our preliminary work. Encourage three acre holdings and discourage by progressive taxation large concentration in one hand.

How are we to find the money for this huge and nation wide programme, you may ask? Money will be coming if you first get the men. Money will come out in the wake of the men like a river after the rains. If there be good work people will be prepared to give voluntarily one anna in the rupee of their income, till government realise that it is their sacred duty to earmark for local needs a certain percentage of the revenue collected in a village.

But many of these items of work we can ourselves do with some little organisation and co-operation, without government or legislative aid. Only we should display an active mind and an honest hand, some little trust in fellow-men, love and charity. But to carry out one or two of the major items of our constructive programme, we may require political power. But by the time we successfully work out the minor, we are sure to gain political power by the very strength of our disciplined work.

Our educated and uneducated unemployed are countless millions. That is why we have no record of our unemployed except the general census. There is scope under the new scheme of Mahatmaji for honest work for all in the villages. Our educated unemployed, hundreds of our young men are simply waiting for the call of a great leader. Now that Mahatmaji has promised us his full time, let us start on our disciplined march to Swaraj. To the true Indian the call of the village is the sacred and tender call of the Mother. It will never go in vain.



GUHA

—From the painting of Sarada Ukil.

Rain of Stones.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY NICHOLAS DE ROERICH



SOME radio reports that in Ashkhabad artificial rain was produced and that the latter upon analysis proved to contain 5 per cent. water and 95 per cent. other chemical substances. We may leave the responsibility for the truth of this statement to the radio agency, but even in itself, this communication broadcasted the world over, underlines the trend of contemporary mechanical endeavours. After all, if the artificial rain contains 95 per cent. of some "chemical substances" then why not continue the same lines of overstraining higher energies and why not produce a rain of stones?

When merging into mechanical conventionalities it is not difficult to forget the elementary guiding considerations. All the latest discoveries lead to a tension and perhaps even to an overstraining of unknown powerful energies. We call forth to overstrained tension the uninvestigated forces and at the same time are astoundingly indifferent to the study of these cosmic reactions. Such indefinite denominations as electricity, radio-waves or x-rays are pronounced with extraordinary lightmindedness. We are also lightmindedly prepared to acknowledge all the casual aspects of these tremendous energies, not considering the distances along which, nor the consequences with which, these seemingly simple evocations may work.

You can easily observe, how a teacher becomes annoyed, if one will persist asking him what actually electricity is. A multitude of conventional definitions calls forth in the student a light-minded attitude towards them and absolutely obscures his reasoning over the true causes and effects. Every dentist, who offers to examine you with x-rays, will be equally irritated when you ask him about the benefit or harm caused by these rays. One often hears in reply that these rays are neutral and lead to no bad consequences. But if you remind him that these rays, penetrating the tissues, are very powerful and, therefore, cannot but produce some effect, then the physician, not having any definite argument to bring forward, will simply call you an obstinate patient. One should not, of course, blame only the physicians and teachers. The whole of humanity's reasoning is at present guilty of having deviated towards conventional mechanization, without having conducted preliminary exhaustive research.

Formerly it took centuries to build temples and this spiritual burning was neither extinguished nor distorted. But nowadays one often meets with an expression of horror at the mere mention of prolonged experiments, which are to last decades. A discovery had been made that by rays one may investigate the layers of paintings, thus distinguishing fakes and restoration. Overjoyed at such a possibility, people started testing by rays many and even most valuable creations of art. At the same time the investigators omitted the simple consideration, whether such rays may not affect the colours of the paint in the future. It is just possible that such action upon the paint may be beneficial, but it is more likely that the powerful ray will change and perhaps even decompose the substance. But the present times strive only to speed. People are remote from problems which are to last many years and even ages, just as the present-day composer prefers to limit himself with a short song or dance, instead of an extensive symphonic creation, or as the writer, even a very talented one, avoids the burdensome task of writing whole epopees.

Mechanical overcrowding raises the question, whether mankind is worthy of the discoveries, when the spiritual state of humanity is so far behind the "phys-mechanical strivings". Are people worthy to fly, when these flights are connected either with murder, or poisoning, or are but races for speed? Limitations go so far, that prizes are given for the length of hair, or for the beauty of but one part of the body, like hands or feet. And the thoughts about the integral whole and about that which moves the hand or feet, is considered totally unnecessary. It is true, once upon a time, the length of hair was useful for rope making. (of that there are several historical legends,) but of what importance is the length of hair in connection with the scope and depth of thought?

During all the races for mechanical speed, during all competitions and senseless inventions of one-day kings and beauty-queens, the fundamental consideration of the art of thinking is absolutely rejected on to the second plane and yet this art gave so many unsurpassed remarkable schools in ancient times.

Precisely the art of thought would help one to remember that the overburdening of space and usurpations, conquest of basic energies must necessarily lead to a solicitous attitude to these cosmic problems. Electrofication is a fashionable and technically easy occupation. Sometimes the intensity of electrofication goes so far that people are afraid to shake hands, for they receive painful shocks. Some jester boasted that he would collect upon himself so much electricity, that he would destroy

his enemy. And let us also ask each other: does not such oversaturation give cause to new forms of diseases?

We started with the jesting radio communication about chemical substances in an artificial rain. Perhaps someone will think that the golden shower of Danae was a similar product and someone scratching his head will sigh: "If only in a similar manner we do not come to a rain of stones!" In many things humanity as if reverts to biblical times. Again humanity contemplates the construction of a skyscraper of all nations—a tragical reminder of the Tower of Babel. Thus mechanically are being produced from space "chemical substances", the limits of which are not even weighed and discussed. Sometime ago we mentioned the craze for robots, which at a time of increasing unemployment, should substitute human beings in many mechanical contrivances. Again mechanical hobbies without thought about cause and effect. Again deviation from prolonged living experiences. Again the evocation of those unrealized infinite energies, for which humanity has so far not even corresponding definitions.

Humanity should both dare and succeed, but causes and effects come first of all! Some fool wasted his time in calculating how much dynamite would be required and how deep the hole to be drilled for it, in order to explode the whole planet. He probably did not think at the time of the possibility of a rain of stones, which to a certain degree would have been helpful to his "philanthropical intentions".

We know as yet so little! The simplest manifestations perplex a specialist! Quite recently on various continents—in France, Mexico, India—the ocean gave up corpses of some unknown sea monsters. Their reality is obvious, for there exist photographs of them. What causes, what shiftings in the depths, have thrown ashore these animals? Much takes place outside of mechanical formulas and no prizes for speed, no conventional athletics and least of all a golf ball, can help in these realms.

"May we be spared from a rain of stones!"

Who is the Teacher?*

BY DUNCAN GREENLEES, M. A. (Oxon.)



the Student is one who is keen to know the nature of his bodies and the world, so the Teacher is one who is as keen to give that knowledge. He is one called by his inner being and temperament to guide and help souls in young bodies; he can no more resist that call than the bird, the call to mate and nest. Gifted with experience and the passion and power for sharing it with others, the Teacher turns naturally to the school or home, to find there his partner in the mutual exchange of Education.

I have said the *mutual exchange*. It is true, for the Teacher receives in return for his teaching the grateful honour and love of the Student, and can often find in this intimate relationship the only true rejuvenation. From his companionship with the young he renews his youth, by sympathy making his own mind one with his pupil's.

The Teacher is an artist, and like the painter succeeds only by merging his consciousness into that of his subject, or by blending his mind with the beauties of the scene he would portray. Success comes to him only in so far as he can enter his Student's very soul, identifying himself with that, so that he may supply its inner needs.

And because there is but one Soul in all the universe, the Teacher must be training himself along that ancient road of unifying search. He must in a sense be a true Brahmana, seeking and finding step by step that one eternal common platform, the supreme *Atma* that is manifest in all. As the *Vajrasuchi Upanishad* truly says, the Brahmana is not a caste, a training, or a function; he is "one who has directly realised his *Atma*" and the first fruit of that inner realisation is to know its unity with all that is.

So the ideal Teacher is he who can be one with all life. In contact with the knowledge he has gained, he identifies himself with that and with his pupil. In this double unifying, the pupil himself becomes one with his teacher's knowledge, and so is taught. This is the only real mode of education: all others degenerate into cramming of book knowledge imperfectly assimilated even by the Teacher himself. Thus it remains wholly exterior to the Student, and is never transmuted into the eternal faculties of wisdom. Wisdom arises only out of true experience; if the Teacher has failed to experience in his own nature what he

would teach, he cannot convey the essence of that experience to another. True Education is like true Literature; it is the sharing of experience with another.

Realising that life and knowledge are essentially one, the true Teacher is free from partiality, prejudice and all false patriotism. Science, that is Knowledge, cannot exist where there are such limitations, nor can a true vision of what is in the world. The advocate of narrow causes may have his place in the scheme of things, but it is not in the school. The only creed to be tolerated there is the unity of expanding life in mutual service.

Remembering how Education, from the Student's point of view, consists very largely in Imitation, the Teacher is one who lives everything he says. There is no room in him for any but the most absolute sincerity and fearlessness. The least of inner reservations, the least of inconsistency between the ideal he would teach and his own activities, will be sensed at once, and the possibility of that spiritual union with the Pupil's mind will be destroyed.

He must himself be a constant example of devotion to the student's "Aims in Life" which may be expressed as Truth, Happiness and the Welfare of Society. Evasions of Truth, the infliction of deliberate cruelty on any pretext, the harbouring of anti-social selfishness, in his own life, prevent that glad union whereon his success depends and destroy the loving respect which is the Student's share in the mutual exchange.

So he must be fearless and firm for what he sees as right, free from the degrading tendency to flatter those in power over him. Being truly manly, he must be eager always to protect those in his charge from the smallest thing that may do harm, nurturing in them the self-respect and self-reliance that build a noble character. Possessing the synthetic vision which relates scattered elements of knowledge in the wisdom of the innate Unity underlying manifest Variety, his words will reflect that radiant vision into his Pupil's mind. Gentle and sympathetic to all, infinitely patient, keenly aware of the difficulties young folk must feel at first in controlling those bodies which have come from alien heredities, full of love and instinctive reverence for the Student, taking real pleasure in his company,—such a Teacher wins entire and swift success.

If he can see God, the Universal Spirit, incarnate as Sri Krishna or the Christ Child, in the children who play and laugh and work around him, then is he indeed the happiest and finest teacher of those who will be men.

If he truly shares the life of children, seeing things with their eyes of innocent wonder at the newness of the world; if he renews his own childhood in their midst,—then he truly wins their hearts. Becoming once again a child, he finds the class room is

* A Chapter from the forthcoming book, *Guru Shishya*.

now the kingdom of the heavens, the very home of joy and comradeship. Then no disciplinary problems, no talks of punishment arise, no false prestige demands to be kept up. Prestige belongs to pride and separateness; it destroys the very spirit of union on which all real Education must depend; it is a luxury no Teacher can afford. Knowing the *Atma* in the child as one with That in himself, the real Teacher never forgets that personalities are truly equal, and gladly, humbly, receives the purifying simple mindedness the child can offer as his payment for guidance and instruction. Thus in the class-room there is a free exchange of thought; conversation replaces to-day's lecturing and wavering attention; and the old methods of India's Rishis, teaching by dialogue, are joyfully restored in place of the present artificial methods taught in training schools.

Finding his own happiness and the fulfilment of his religious search for the One God in his children's company, the Teacher is no longer troubled by the irritating ways that many children show. They are part of the Krishna-lila, that makes the universe of their lives. Worries in his own private life of themselves evaporate when he comes into that joyous company. Sharing in his own heart the love of fun that is so often mistaken for mischief or even wickedness, he is not led away by anger to cloud that comradeship.

At the same time, rejoicing in the privilege of his work, which has become his greatest pleasure, too, he no longer claims his rights from a Society that cannot understand. That Society in time will recognise the immense value of his very presence. Then it will gladly provide all that his mental and physical life may need, so that he may live in comfort. Then he will be free from those economic anxieties which too often spoil to-day's happiness, and destroy that spontaneous merriment which would be his greatest asset in the teaching life. It is his task now to conquer these anxieties, replacing them with the bright and care-free laughter of the little ones his destiny has thrown his lot among. The courage he needs to show in this will itself be the noblest thing he has to teach.

It seems a very lofty aim, perhaps almost "up in the air", above the reach of all the thousands engaged in teaching even in India alone. Yet it needs only that frank sympathy for youth, that eagerness to share with others that vision of the Oneness of Life and of all Knowledge, without which none should dare to touch what is so often called with barely covered insincerity the *noblest of professions*. Such Teachers do exist, in every district, maybe one or two; and it is for the rest of us to mould ourselves anew into that spiritual Oneness which is the fruit of fearless Truth.

South Indian Folk-Songs.

BY G. VENKATACHALAM



NE of the criticisms often levelled against South Indian music is that it is a music without melody and the musicians are singers without a good voice. This view is common both among the Europeans and a large section of North Indians.

The European attitude is at least understandable. It is really difficult for an average Westerner to appreciate the subtle tones and variations of an Indian *raga*, as you need a trained ear and melody-sense.

In the same way, it is difficult for an Easterner to appreciate European music as he lacks the understanding of its structural grandeur and harmonic beauty.

Indian music is like a pattern on a Persian carpet, full of intricate forms and delicate designs and colours; while Western music is like a piece of architecture, built of harmonies and melodies.

Occidental music, like Occidental painting, is massive and vertical; Oriental music, like Oriental painting, is linear and horizontal. European music is personal and orchestral; Indian music is impersonal and intimate. In their higher forms, however, they serve but one purpose: they reveal the hidden beauties and resplendent glories of the Sound World.

The one chief characteristic feature of Indian music is the richness of its melody, and, therefore, to say that it is without melody is simple ignorance. One should have the eyes of Leila to see the beauty in Majnun!

But there is something to be said in favour of the criticism that the singers in India have no good voice. South Indian singers are the worst sinners in this respect.

They seldom take the trouble to preserve their voice, not to speak of cultivating it. In fact, they are positively indifferent to it.

They, as a rule, care more for technique and less for expression; more for the science of music than for the art of music; more for its mathematics than for its aesthetics.

Even master-singers like Chembai Vaidyanathier, Muthia Bhagavathar, Ariyakudi Ramanujam, Musiri Subramaniam are not above criticism in this respect, though their profound knowledge and expert exposition cover their voice defects.

Musiri Subramaniam, for instance, is any day a sweeter singer than Ariyakudi Ramanujam, though the latter is a greater technician and a master-artist.

A real great singer is one who has not only knowledge and technical skill but also a sweet voice and charm of singing. The late Coimbatore Thayee was of that kind.

Two young girl-singers show promise along that line to-day in South India. They are Kodumudi Sundarambal and Madura Subbalakshmi.

Sundarambal's future as a musician is rather dubious since she has taken to the stage, and the exacting conditions of life there are bound to tell on her art. She has, of late, other interests in life, and it is possible that she may desert the muses for more mundane things.

Sundarambal's sudden rise to fame and popularity was due to her specialising in folk-songs, which ever have a fascination to one and all. She scored a tremendous success in that one song on Motilal Nehru, recorded by the Columbia Gramophone Co.

Other musicians, far greater than she, sing folk-songs, but somehow you miss in them that magical quality which is peculiarly Sundarambal's. It is, perhaps, her voice, which is pure, easy and free; or it may be that she has just the knack of singing those songs in the manner they should be sung.

No less gifted in this kind of singing is young Subbalakshmi, who even at the tender age of 12 showed remarkable gifts as a singer.

Born of a musical mother and brought up in an environment conducive to musical development, she blossomed forth as a sweet singer at a very early age. Bright and vivacious, smart and intelligent, Subbalakshmi is attractive with a pleasant face lit by two dark eyes.

Her voice has a liquid quality, pure and transparent. She sings with ease and grace, and the lack of scientific knowledge and technical skill is easily forgiven because of her age and promise.

I must not be understood to mean that she has no musical knowledge or technical skill at all. She is quite precocious for her age and experience and has her own technique in singing.

Being young, she is still a pupil and has yet to learn a lot both in theory and practice, but these do not stand in the way of her being recognised as a sweet singer of South India.

She flies as easily on the wings of *gamak* as she is at home with *temmangu* or *kavadisindhu*. She is at her best in folk-songs, lyrical, national or comic. Her virgin voice lends charm and

grace to these lighter melodies. She shares with Sundarambal the secret of singing them sweetly and significantly.

Only a woman, I suppose, can sing folk-songs as they ought to be sung. There is something in a woman's voice that gives them life and meaning, like the *lallubies*, which, when attempted by a man, however clever a singer he may be, ends in mockery.

Men can sing folk-songs with great zest, skill and knowledge, but women sing them with more feeling, sweetness and understanding.

I have observed this difference not only in South India but in Bengal, in Sind and in the Himalayas. In Sind you hear *Fakirs* sing Shah Lattif's *Kafee* which touches your heart as few things in the world do, but when you hear a woman sing the same *kafee* your heart simply melts and tears come rolling down your cheeks all unknowingly.

It is the same with the *Yenki* songs of Andhradesa. Even Subba Rao, the composer of these songs, does not sing them half as sweetly as, say, Padmavathi does.

National songs on Gandhi, Nehru, the Charka and so forth are getting increasingly popular and are in great demand by the public, both the educated and the uneducated, the town-folks and villagers, and almost all the famous singers in South India have given gramophone records of them. And even here it is the women singers that score over men singers.

It is a pity that more singers of this kind do not give musical performances and participate in musical conferences, and more of these songs are recorded by the gramophone companies.

The present crazy competition among these voice-reproducing companies for recording everything and everybody and flooding the market with cheap, vulgar songs gives no hope for better artists or for more good songs, but music lovers and music academies should do something to put a stop to this mass production of music by both foreign and Indian exploiters of art.

More than the classical music it is the folk-music of India that is being threatened by this new machine-monster and its too willing victims, and it is for the cultured public to register its protest and to devise ways and means of preserving and popularising folk-music in its pure and true forms.

Utilization of Molasses as Fertilizer.

BY V. SUBRAHMANYAN, D. Sc., F. I. C.



THE rapid development of the sugar industry in different parts of the World and more recently in India, has led to a serious reaction, the effects of which are already being felt. Not only has the production of white sugar—at any rate, until recently—been considerably in excess of the World's requirements, but the disposal of the major by-product, the molasses, has also become an acute problem. In India, the position has just become unfavourable, but it has to be feared that it will soon become very much worse and that the producers will find themselves, before long, with huge stocks of molasses without adequate means of utilizing them. It is a matter for gratification, however, that the Government as well as the promoters of the industry are quite alive to the seriousness of the situation, as may be gathered from the proceedings of the Sugar Conference held at Simla (*Curr. Sci.*, 1933, 2, 58) and the meeting of the Sugar Committee at Coimbatore (*Curr. Sci.*, 1933, 2, 202).

It would be difficult to make even an appropriate forecast of the possible output of molasses during the next few years, the composition of the canes crushed, as also the methods of manufacture, being more varied than in other sugar producing countries. Judging from available records, however, it may be reasonably expected that the average proportion of molasses to the white sugar produced will be greater in India than in most other parts of the World. Srivastava (Supplement to *Indian Trade Journal*, July 5, 1934) estimates the production of molasses in India during the official year 1932-'33 to be 440,000 tons. Assuming that the majority of the new factories constructed during 1932 and 1933 have since been in active operation, it may be reasonably expected that the total production during 1933-'34 was about 550,000 tons and that during 1934-'35 will be about 600,000 tons. There is no reason to anticipate that the production will appreciably diminish in subsequent years, so the problem that we are now faced with is one of finding adequate use for the enormous quantities of molasses turned out from year to year.

The chemical composition of cane molasses is highly variable, depending chiefly on the variety of cane, the system of fertilising and the method of manufacture, but it may be expected that the average Indian product will contain 30-40 per cent. of sucrose (cane sugar), 20-30 per cent. of invert sugar as also some free

glucose, 10-15 per cent. in the form of non-fermentable sugars and other organic matter, about 10 per cent. of ash, and the rest, as free and combined water. The nitrogen content is low, being generally under 0.5 per cent. Among the minerals, potash accounts for a large part, being about 2.0-5.0 per cent. and phosphoric acid, 0.2-0.5 per cent. The product can stand a reasonable amount of storage, but prolonged keeping leads to loss of sucrose, irregular increase in invert sugar and general increases in non-sugars (Browne, *Ind. Eng. Chem.*, 1933, 21, 600). There is also the danger of explosion of the storage tanks as the result of reaction between the metallic sides and the acids present in the molasses, the gases, thus formed, developing high pressure and bursting the sides causing considerable loss of both property and life. The storage of molasses can be greatly facilitated however if it can be converted into a dry product that will not absorb moisture, but, so far, no satisfactory method has been evolved for the purpose. Recently, a patent has been taken for the manufacture of dry molasses by grinding the liquid product with alfalfa meal and spray-drying the mixture in a current of hot air (*Amer. Pat. No. 1,847,732* of 1933), but further information regarding the cost of the process and the keeping quality of the final product is needed before any definite opinion regarding the utility of the process can be expressed.

Various methods have been proposed for the utilization of molasses (cane or beet), but a critical study of the details would show that only a few of them offer scope for extended adoption (*Curr. Sci.*, 1933, 2, 195). The one that is best known and which, no doubt, offers certain attractive possibilities is the fermentation of the molasses to alcohol. The alcohol thus produced can be used for a variety of purposes, particularly as liquid fuel for internal combustion engines, either by itself or in combination with petrol. The wholesale manufacture of alcohol, its distribution and use as liquid fuel are fraught however with a number of difficulties, so that although it was suggested at the Simla Conference (*loc. cit.*) that sugar factories may be licensed to set up distilleries to deal with their molasses, the Sugar Committee, at their last meeting (*loc. cit.*) quite wisely decided to conduct some preliminary investigations before recommending the adoption of such a proposal. Even if such tests lead to encouraging results, there are other problems such as the standardisation of a process of manufacturing absolute alcohol that will work satisfactorily under the tropical conditions, the use of a stabiliser that will prevent the separation of petrol from alcoholic mixtures in presence of small amounts of water, the elimination of trouble connected with carbon deposition and corrosion of metallic parts, devising cheap means of transporting alcohol to different centres

of consumption, and the provision of adequate excise and other technical supervision of admixture with petrol, so that excessive addition or other illicit use of alcohol may be avoided. It may be reasonably expected therefore that it will take at least a few years before the use of alcohol as liquid fuel will become an accomplished fact. In the meanwhile, the stocks will go on increasing—what is to be done with them? In the light of the evidence already cited, it is obviously undesirable and even unsafe to store them indefinitely. Other methods of utilising molasses should, therefore, be found.

During recent years, considerable amount of attention has been devoted to the possibility of utilising molasses, either by itself or admixed with other substances, as fertilizer. Highly satisfactory results have been reported from Java, Queensland and Hawaii which, if confirmed under the Indian conditions, would provide the basis for a system of utilising even the largest amounts of molasses that the country, or even the whole World, can ever hope to produce. In view of the importance of this aspect of the subject, it would be useful to critically examine the results so far obtained and indicate the lines along which further work has to be carried out.

In Java investigations have been in progress since 1911 mainly with a view to standardising conditions for the application of molasses as a fertilizer. As the result of those researches (G. Boberg, cited from *Int. Sug. Jour.* 1932, 34, 417) it is concluded that treatment with molasses at the rate of about 1600 gals. to the acre (calculated in Dutch units) is highly beneficial to the following rice crop, increased yields averaging about 43 per cent., having been reported. The residual effect on the succeeding cane crop is not considerable, an average increase of only about 6 per cent. being obtained. A similar beneficial effect, though to a moderate extent, is also observed in the case of the succeeding cane crop in a three years' rotation.

If the application of molasses is immediately followed by the cane crop, the effect is not so consistently favourable as in the case of rice, increased yields being obtained in some cases and depression in others. Light soils, particularly those deficient in potash, respond better than heavy ones. Retention of moisture by the soil is also generally improved, so that the crops do not suffer if the supply of irrigation water is reduced. The effect on sugar production is not, however, favourable, a decrease averaging 0.19 per cent. being generally observed.

The best results are obtained if the molasses is applied at least a few (3–5) weeks before planting. If the treatment is given after planting, the initial effect is one of depression though

improvement may be observed at later stages. This is supported by the experiments of Arrhenius with *Amaranthus bicolor* (Cited from *Int. Sug. Jour.* 1929, 31, 144) and the observations of Kerr on pastures in Queensland (*Proc. 4th Congress, Int. Soc. Sug. Technologists*, 1932). Heck conducted some systematic investigations in Hawaii adding molasses to the soil at 10 tons to the acre and found that the sugar disappeared completely within 3 days. About half the carbon was converted into carbon dioxide while the other half passed, presumably, into different microbial forms. He is of opinion that the reactions inimical to plant growth will have ceased within a week; that the rest of 5 weeks usually given to soil between the time of application of molasses and that of planting is excessive; and that the successful application of molasses to young canes, even at 30 tons per acre, together with irrigation water should be regarded as a further proof of the fact that the immediate effect of molasses is not so injurious to cane as may be imagined (*Report of the Hawaiian Sugar Planters' Association for 1929 and 1930*). Heck's observations, though quite useful, would not appear to be complete. He does not take into account the possible formation of gases other than carbon dioxide; nor does he allude to the formation of organic acids which is inevitable under the conditions of his experiments (Subrahmanyam, *J. Agric. Sci.*, 1929, 19, 627) and which would, in fact, account for the major part of the carbon which, he presumes, has been taken up by micro-organisms. The acids persist for at least a few weeks in the soil and their action as well as those of other products of fermentation have to be taken into consideration when determining the effect of application of molasses to land. Furthermore, Heck's observations relate to the gravelly type of soils which, being porous, are easily drained and are, therefore, more convenient to handle than the clay and alluvial soils more commonly met with in India. In view of the above and the incompleteness of our knowledge regarding the products of decomposition of molasses in the soil and their effect on plant growth, further systematic work on this aspect of the problem is needed with special reference to the conditions prevalent in India.

Since the handling of molasses on a large scale presents a number of difficulties, the Java workers have devoted considerable amount of attention to the technique of its application to land. The cheapest method would appear to be that of running the molasses into irrigation water at the rate of 1 blik per geul (approximately 1600 gals. per acre) and distributing the diluted mixture on land at least three weeks before planting. If the rice crop precede sugarcane, it is the former that benefits most from the treatment. In the case of sugarcane the molasses may be applied before or after trenching provided three weeks are allowed

to lapse between the treatment and the planting. Even after planting, the molasses may be applied in a highly diluted form (0.1 per cent.) either on the ridge or in the trench. Since higher concentrations are not helpful and since it is difficult to regulate the strength of the solution, treatment with molasses after planting does not appear to be a satisfactory method of application.

In Queensland it was found undesirable to run the surplus molasses into flowing water as it caused pollution and killed the fish. Trials were carried out therefore applying it, as such, to pasture land. The most convenient method of application was found to be that of loading the molasses, preferably the product that comes fresh from the centrifugals, into motorised tanks and then distributing it along the lines of stools. In this manner as much as 30 tons could be spread in the course of 8 hours. As already indicated, the immediate effect of the application of molasses is highly unfavourable to the existing vegetation, which is entirely killed out. This is soon succeeded, however, by luxuriant growth of excellent pasture, principally *Cynodon dactylon*, high yields of which are thus obtained. These observations combined with those of Java workers on rice and sugarcane would point to the conclusion that either the molasses or the immediate products of its decomposition in the soil are highly toxic to vegetation and that the beneficial effect of molasses is to be seen only after resting the soil for some time.

The possibilities of applying molasses to land after different treatments to facilitate easy handling or in combination with other fertilising materials have also been investigated in different countries. In Java, the application of molasses together with furnace ash and filter press cake has been tried. The results would not however appear to have been consistently favourable. In Natal, the molasses is first mixed with the carbonation scum cake. Sufficient quantities of furnace ash and fine begasse are then added, the mixture sun-dried and covered with earth. It is then applied to land (*South African Sugar J.*, 1931). Cesasoli has patented a process of utilising molasses as fertilizer by dilution and absorption in keisulguhr or other diatomaceous earth or porous silica. A fine friable powder resembling superphosphate in appearance is thus obtained. It is said to contain organic matter, 20; nitrogen, 1.1; Potash (K_2O), 4.42; and Phosphoric acid (P_2O_5), 0.35 per cents. respectively. It is placed on the market with trade name, Kaliuzoto.

In Hawaii, a number of methods of combining molasses with other fertilising ingredients would appear to be in vogue. One of them consists in charring the molasses by treatment with

concentrated sulphuric acid followed by additions of rock phosphate, ammonium sulphate and other mineral nutrients, as the result of which a solid, which is easily granulated and portable, is obtained. This product is stated to possess higher fertilising value than the original molasses. The treatment with sulphuric acid facilitates easy handling. It also increases the availability of the added phosphates and potassic salts (*Int. Sug. Jour.* 34, 108, 1932). Another method that has been proposed by the Hawaii workers is to mix molasses with begasse, filter press cake, furnace ash and other factory wastes and then to apply the mixture directly to land. Highly beneficial results are stated to have been obtained as the result of such applications. The above and related methods of converting molasses into easily marketable fertilizers would require careful investigation.

There is no reference in literature to utilising molasses in the preparation of synthetic organic manures. Absence of interest in this aspect of the problem may be due to various causes such as the enormity of the quantities to be dealt with, the difficulty in handling the product and the possible heavy loss of carbon attendant on such processes. It would, nevertheless, be of considerable interest to determine whether the combination of the readily fermentable molasses with resistant cellulosic materials such as cotton stalks or lantana stem, in presence of suitable nitrogenous and biological starters, would facilitate the rapid breakdown of the otherwise resistant materials and thus yield a useful organic manure. The influence of different carbon-nitrogen ratios on the progress of decomposition and conservation of nitrogen would also deserve careful enquiry.

Another method of converting molasses into a useful product, which could be easily handled and which could be used either as cheap animal feed or organic manure would appear to be one of culturing certain forms of microflora allied to yeasts. These organisms grow rapidly in the saccharine medium forming large masses of their body materials, which could be easily separated and dried. Even fermenting yeasts (*Saccharomyces*) may be useful for the purpose, but certain pseudo-yeasts like *Mycoderma*, *Torulæ* and *Sarcinae* would probably be more economical to work with since their use involves relatively less loss of carbon in the gaseous form. Furthermore, such organisms form only traces of alcohol, even under optimum conditions, so that their use would not require any excise supervision. The final product obtained by culturing such organisms either singly or in mixtures would be either a thick surface growth or a heavy deposit which could be easily separated and dried either in the sun or in a current of hot air. Under favourable conditions, the yield of dry product

should be nearly as high as that of solids originally present in the molasses. By judicious addition of different forms of nitrogen and other minerals not only can the growth of organisms be improved but a product richer in different fertilising ingredients than the original molasses can also be obtained. In view of the above possibilities and the increasing evidence that has been recently obtained to show that yeasts and allied organisms contain certain ingredients which help not only to increase the growth of plants but also to stimulate their reproductive efficiency, a systematic enquiry into this aspect of the problem would appear to be highly promising.

The changes in microflora attendant on the application of molasses to soil has been investigated by some workers. It is reported that fungi are prominent when heavy dressings of molasses are applied, while bacteria and yeasts are prominent after light dressings. The latter organisms are also much in evidence when the molasses are applied in the diluted form with irrigation water. In view of the depressing effect observed immediately after application of molasses to soil and the similarity of the attendant phenomena to those observed in the case of soil sickness in general, the study of the part played by those organisms would lead to findings of much scientific interest as well as practical importance. The precise nature of the conditions that determine soil or sewage sickness under different conditions has not yet been fully understood. It is hoped therefore that a systematic study of this aspect of the problem would throw further light on the phenomenon in general.

The nitrogen transformations attendant on the application of molasses to soil has been investigated by some workers. In Hawaii it was observed that exclusive application of molasses led to considerable loss of nitrogen through denitrification. This loss could be checked, however, by the addition of suitable amounts of nitrogen and phosphate as activators. The Java workers observed, on the other hand, that the application of molasses increased the availability of nitrogen in the soil. When molasses added either with the irrigation water or otherwise, the usual dressing of sulphate of ammonia could be reduced by at least half without in any way, impairing the yield of rice or cane. Lumang and Villanueva added molasses in different proportions to soil maintained at different percentages of moisture and followed the changes in the nitrate content. They observed that there was slight increase in nitrate when the added molasses was 3 per cent. of the weight of soil and the moisture content at 65 per cent. (*Philippine Agriculturist*, 1932, 21, 432). These observations do, however, require confirmation in field practice. It is

also probable that the changes observed under swamp soil conditions would be different from those recorded by Lumang and Villanueva. It would be seen from the above that further systematic work is needed to elucidate the nature of the transformations attendant on the application of molasses to soil and to determine the conditions under which maximum availability of nutrients together with conservation of nitrogen can be ensured.

The chemical nature of molasses is so different from those of other fertilising materials that its utilisation raises a fundamental question as to what it is that is responsible for the remarkable increase in crop yield reported by several workers. There are also the related issues such as the need for adopting special precautions in the application of molasses; as to why some time should lapse between the application of molasses and transplantation of rice; how molasses is destructive in its action on the first vegetation with which it comes into contact; and the mechanism of the increase in availability of nitrogen and minerals and, in certain cases, the marked residual effect that is observed. These and related phenomena would require careful elucidation before any system of applying molasses to land can be developed.

After about twenty years of research, the Java workers have come to the conclusion that the fertilising action of molasses is due, almost exclusively, to the sugars present in it, the effect produced by application of equivalent amounts of nitrogen and minerals being very small as compared with that of molasses as a whole: even considerably larger quantities of the different fertilising ingredients supplied in readily available form do not produce effects comparable with those of molasses alone. Some of the earlier Java workers have also recorded that the sugar turns into strong organic acids, which decompose minerals of the soil. They did not however consider the effect to be particularly beneficial. There is also evidence to show that humus is formed and helps to retain moisture in the soil, so that evaporation is reduced by about 50 per cent. These observations would not however account fully for the beneficial effect attendant on the application of molasses.

In view of the incompleteness of our knowledge of the products of decomposition of molasses in the soil and the definite evidence of soil sickness attendant on the application of heavy doses, further work is needed to throw more light on this aspect of the problem. The results would be of much value in standardising a system of treatment that would not only ensure maximum benefit from the application of molasses but would also help to (a) conserve the different plant nutrients in the soil and (b) economise the water required for irrigating different crops.

The observations should be made not only under swamp soil conditions but also those associated with dry farming. The importance of further work on this aspect of the problem can hardly be exaggerated. Suffice it to point out that if the biochemical changes attendant on the application of molasses can be properly controlled; if the field practice under different conditions can be so standardised that the application of molasses can be carried out without any special equipment or technical advice; if increased yields corresponding to those reported from Java can be consistently obtained under Indian conditions, then the utilisation of molasses as fertilizer would deserve extended adoption, even in preference to its possible use in fermentation and other industries.

The Law Member Resigns.

BY N. R. DEOBHANKAR



As expected, Dr. Durgadas Pande, LL.D., Bar-at-Law, of Lucknow, the Swarajist leader in the Assembly, declined a seat on the Select Committee of the Press Bill and was carrying on vigorous agitation against the measure. Naini Tal was his choice as the base of operations and his wife and only daughter had joined him there for the summer.

It was afternoon. Dr. Pande was comfortably settled in a deep armchair reading his daily paper. Though in his latter forties, he looked attractive and forceful, with his square chin, clean shaven face and clear, steady eyes.

Padmavati, his pretty wife, was sitting at a small table near a window, engaged in making a list of shopping. In spite of the sedate air she wore on occasions, as befitting the mother of a grown up daughter, she had maintained her youthful charm and was much admired.

Shashi, the said daughter, was curled up on a sofa, amidst a heap of cushions and was endeavouring to read a novel. She was 18 and had all the loveliness of beauty and innocence. Being reared in freedom, her manner was almost childlike in its frankness and vivacity.

"Are you sure you want nothing else?" asked Mrs. Pande of her husband. "Nothing, thanks—These carpet-baggers!" came the reply. Mrs. Pande knew by now that the exclamatory part was addressed to some adversary in the paper.

"And you, Shashi?"

"I'm coming with you, aren't I, Amma?" said Shashi emerging from the cushions and stretching herself with feline grace.

"You are never of the same mind for two minutes, my dear."

"I finished the story earlier than I expected, Amma,—at least I guess how it ends. Do let me come. It's so dull to-day," and she daintily shielded a yawn, her slender frame going once more through involutions and evolutions like the fumes of incense.

"If you are dressed in time, I'll take you," replied Mrs. Pande and turned to some letters.

Springing out of the sofa, Shashi flitted from window to window admiring the beautiful view, hovering over the flowers in the vases, and tossing her loose tresses now and again like a frisky colt.

"Turncoat! Traitor!", exclaimed Dr. Pande to himself again apropos of the paper.

"A fresh one, Dada?" asked Shashi, with a mischievous smile and sitting on the arm of his chair, leaned over his head to look at the paper.

"You are tickling me, you monkey!" exclaimed Dr. Pande, trying to break through her soft curls that dangled over his face.

Vastly pleased at his predicament, Shashi deftly tied two of the offending locks into a knot and holding it to his nose cried: "See, what a nice moustache I have given you, Dada. Look Amma! Isn't it lovely?"

"Get up, woman, I'm stifled. Have you no respect for your father?"

"You shouldn't be so ticklish, then."

"Make yourself useful, instead of playing pranks the whole day," he retorted, sitting up and shaking her by the shoulders.

"I can't play pranks at college, can I, Dada?"

"Poor angel," said Dr. Pande, pinching her cheek. "Badgered by the wicked matron and sweated by the heartless professors."

"Our matron is not half as wicked as you—and as to the professors, you don't know how they tremble before us," came the arch reply.

"All the greater need for sternness at home. Come along, take down a reply to this imposter"—and he brought his fist down on the paper. "You said you would like to help till the new secretary came."

"I feel so lazy, Dada! Won't tomorrow do?" she cajoled, leaning her head against his.

"Shashi!" called out her mother, putting down her writing.

"Have you entered the laundry things, my dear? Don't keep the *dhobi* waiting, as you did yesterday."

"Oh, dear!" whispered Shashi to her father, "I'm undone." Aloud she added: "Dada is dictating to me, Amma. I'm so sorry."

"Indeed. Pity he is engaging a secretary at all since you are always at it. By the way, when is he coming?"

"Dear me," exclaimed Dr. Pande. "I nearly forgot that 17th was to-morrow."

"You do spring such surprises? I have hardly time to get his room ready."

"I'm awfully sorry. It went clean out of my head."

"I thought secretaries were always women, Dada," interposed Shashi.

"Thank you—not for me! You two are more than I can cope with in the home, as it is. Besides, this is no soft job for a woman. Only the most promising men are chosen for Party secretaryship."

"What is he like—this paragon of yours?" asked Mrs. Pande.

"M. A.—, Bar-at-law and all that. Rather keen on Swarajist politics, I gather."

"I mean—personally, since he is to live with us?"

"I know little about the—horoscope part. Dr. Prakash wants me to leave it out—vouches for it himself. It's to be a month's experiment, any way."

"Must see to his room," she said rising. "Then there is Shashi's friend coming next week."

"Dada doesn't mind,—do you, Amma?" asked Shashi eagerly.

"No, my dear. If you like her we are sure to like her too. I have met her mother, Lady Misra, at functions in Allahabad. Quite a charming woman. They have a son, haven't they?"

"I believe so," said Dr. Pande.

"Well, it's nearly tea-time. Don't work my poor daughter to distraction," she added and left the hall.

"You can't escape now, Miss!" said Dr. Pande to Shashi. "Either the laundry book or my letter. Choose!"

"I didn't know you could be so vindictive," said Shashi with a pout. "Pass me the notebook and pencil, if you please," she added with a toss of her head.

"I knew I had caught you! Now begin: 'Dear sir, it has been brought to my notice'—"

"You read it yourself, didn't you, Dada?"

"Yes, but it's always—er—put that way—'brought to my notice that a correspondent of yours—'"

"One 'r' or two, Dada."

"Two, of course. At least I think so. Don't interrupt.—er 'a correspondent of yours has, under the shelter of a *nom-de-plume*—'"

"Nomdy what,—Dada?"

"N-o-m—d-e—p-l-u-m-e"

"Whatever does it mean?"

"Pen name."

"Then why not say so?"

"Look here, are you dictating or am I?"

"Sorry, Dada. Go ahead."

"displayed his effrontery at my"—"

"Please, Shashi Didi," came the timid interruption from the house-maid. "Mistress says will you sample the hot peas?"

"Hallo! Peas for tea! How jolly. Oh, Dada, do forgive me," and jumping out of the chair, Shashi skipped to the door.

"But—I say—look here—"

"Don't be cross, Dada. I'll get you some," she replied over her shoulder and vanished.

II

It was somewhere near 3 in the afternoon. Mr. B. Nandan, Secretary of the Swarajist Party, was at his desk in Dr. Pande's study. He was a handsome young man of 26 with a sunny temperament, although he wore a preoccupied look at present. A fortnight had passed since he had taken over his duties. His political enthusiasm gave him relish for work and his mental alertness gave satisfaction to Dr. Pande. Finding some spare time, he was writing to Dr. Prakash of Allahabad through whom he had secured the present appointment. He read the concluding portion again to himself:

As to the personal side of the arrangement I am indeed lucky Dr. Pande would not hear of my staying at a hotel and insisted upon my being his guest. They are a charming family, enlightened and hospitable. Thanks to your cordial sponsorship, he has dispensed with further credentials which, as you know, saves me much embarrassment at present.

Shashi entered the room as he was sealing the letter and indulging in a reverie it was not till she leaned across the table that he noticed her.

"Excuse me, Mr. Nandan," she began. "If you are not very busy, Dada says will you please help me with my recitation? You see, Amma gets cross whenever I blunder and Dada has no time. That's why I have to trouble you."

"Not at all. I shall be glad," he said and added a little awkwardly; "Won't you sit down?"

"Thanks" and she perched on his table. "This is my favourite position" she said with a smile.

"That explains the ink stains on your father's table."

"Mother and I are jointly responsible. But, of course, I get all the blame."

"It's a benefit show, isn't it: - I mean your performance?"

"Yes,—for this Brotherhood Fund, this untouchability business. That's why Dada insists and I can't refuse. Otherwise I would rather face a wild bull than an audience. It's—dreadful."

"I know. You sort of sink into a bog, feel hot and cold at the same time and hear nothing but the pounding of your own heart."

"Oh! do you feel the same? I'm almost glad! But there are some who are different. A friend of mine is simply superb. And she is only two years older than me."

"From the Women's College?"

"Yes. We joined at Benares the same year. I liked her from the first, you know. But as Dada and her father used to have such quarrels in the Assembly, we kept aloof for a while.—Why do you smile?"

"Members of the Legislative Assembly don't quarrel; they have controversies or passages-at-arms, if you like!"

"As if the longer spelling hides the truth! Of course, Dada does say political differences shouldn't affect private life and that Sir K. K. is a gentleman, though a Liberal."

"Law Member?" asked Nandan with a slight start.

"Yes,—they call him K. K., short for Krishna Kant," she replied, full of her narrative. "Isn't Dada hard on Liberals? A cook of ours once fell ill, you know. We nursed him back to health and then he ran away with Amma's pearls! What do you think Dada said to that?—'The poor devil is no worse than a Liberal!'"

"Poor Liberals!"

"But I was telling you about Sir K. K.'s daughter. She is a born actress—doesn't know what stage fright means. I wish they were holding this show a couple of days later."

"Why?"

"Because she is coming here by then and could take over my part."

"Nal—I mean Miss Misra coming here?"

"Oh, you know Nalini, do you?"

"No—I mean yes, of course,—that is—er—a little."

"She is from your Allahabad, I forgot. Isn't she brilliant?—and so pretty! I admire her tremendously,—don't you?"

"Ye-s, oh yes. You are *Bharat Mata* in this show, aren't you?"

Shashi had noticed first his embarrassment and now his anxiety to change the topic. Womanlike, she was intrigued, but merely replied: "Yes" and recited from Sarojini's *Gift of India*:

When the terror and tumult of hate shall cease
And life be refashioned on anvils of peace,
And your love shall offer memorial thanks
To the comrades who fought in your dauntless ranks.
And you honour the deeds of the deathless ones
Remember the blood of my martyred sons!

She seemed transfigured in the spirit of her role as she flung her arms wide and sang the lines softly, yet with passionate intensity. "Ah! if only I could express all I feel!" she sighed, descending to earth.

"A little practice—and you will do splendidly. Shall we begin?" asked Nandan.

III

The Press Bill had just emerged from the Select Committee. Dr. Pande and his Secretary were discussing its obnoxious character. "Not a single non-official amendment has got in" observed Nandan.

"What could you expect from a body packed with fortune-hunters? But every cloud has its silver lining. The Liberals seem to have been lashed into protest at last. K. K. is kicking against the traces."

"Yes, I have noticed the *Leader's* interview."

"By the way, at 2:30 I must go to the station. K. K.'s daughter is coming. Spends a week with Shashi. You will have to dispatch the manifesto. Get all the elected members to wire before the Delhi meeting."

Miss Misra duly arrived in the noon and was warmly received at the railway station by the Pande family. With delicate features and a two years' start of Shashi, Nalini had a womanliness and self-possession which the former had yet to reach.

"I thought you were never coming—you put off the date more than once," said Shashi as the two met.

"I was half afraid it would be so myself," replied Nalini. "What with one thing and another, father was grumpy and we were a bit unsettled."

Shashi took the guest to her room and there the two sat locked in each other's arms, laughing and talking on inconsequential matters with such animation and charm as only women can display.

"Urmila is going to Darbhanga as a music teacher, you know. She was travelling by our train."

"Poor thing! She has been so hard up. I hope some one from the committee will fall in love with her."

"And whom do you think Prof. Bhagwandas has married?—a widow from Lucknow!"

"You mean our 'M. A. Oxon'? Hope she will prove a shrew. He is such a dandy!"

"And Sulochana has twins!"

"How clever of her!"

"Vimal is joining the Law College next term."

"Another Portia from our *Alma Mater*!"

When Mrs. Pande peeped in, to see to the comfort of the guest, the girls were still engrossed in gossip. "Good gracious! Shashi, aren't you going to help your friend unpack!" she exclaimed and turning to Nalini added: "If you listen to that chatterbox, my dear, you won't have a minute to breathe. Shall I send tea for you two here, or will you join us in the verandah?"

"In the verandah, if you please, Amma," said Shashi promptly. "We'll be ready within a minute—Do you know why I said verandah?" she asked Nalini as her mother withdrew. "I have a surprise for you. Guess who is Dada's Secretary?"

"A recruit for the family? Am I to understand that you are booked?—You little temptress!"

"He seems to be after bigger game! He is your Mr. Nandan."

"My Mr. Nandan? Don't be mysterious. I know no Nandan."

"Oh, come! Don't try that on me! He blushed at your name and was so confused on hearing you were coming."

Just then a servant brought a note. "It is for the new Didi"* he said and left.

Shashi recognised Nandan's writing. "What did I say?" she asked roguishly, passing the note to her friend.

"But this is—" began Nalini, looking at the writing, but checked herself and tore open the envelope. Surprise was written on her face as she perused the contents. "Oh, you are right. I always get muddled over his name. It is from—er—Mr. Nandan," she said rather lamely. "—And now do be an angel and help me make myself presentable in time."

It was a delightful party round Mrs. Pande's tea-table that afternoon. Dr. Pande was gay; Mrs. Pande was witty; the two girls were all laughter and joy. Mr. B. Nandan alone seemed rather out of humour and silent. "We have met at my father's, haven't we?"—Nalini had said with charming ease to him as he was presented by Dr. Pande.

There followed days of picnics and drives, tennis and cinemas for the entertainment of the fair guest. Mr. Nandan was always invited and often joined. After the first day's constraint he seemed to get on as well with Nalini as with Shashi. In fact, Shashi could not help observing from little trifles that there was a silent but unmistakable link of understanding between the two.

One evening, tempted for a stroll in the beautiful moonlight, Shashi looked for Nalini after dinner. Not finding her in her room, she walked lazily towards the garden, half expecting to meet her there. While passing the tennis court she heard voices and stood still for a moment.

"You know I would do anything for you—but I don't like this secrecy. Father ought to know." It was Nalini, without a doubt.

"He won't approve, my dear girl. I'm old enough and can't wait for people's consent where my future is concerned." That was surely Mr. Nandan.

"But you must think of the complications. How awkward it has been for me here, for instance!"—from Nalini.

Shashi quietly withdrew and returned straight to her room. The moon had lost all charm for her now.

IV

"Ah, Nandan, anything about the Delhi Pact?" asked Dr. Pande next morning as the Secretary came to him earlier than usual.

"No, Doctor. It's a personal matter. Here's a telegram for me."

* Elder Sister, referring to Nalini.

Dr. Pande read aloud: "*Resigned Law Membership. Starting Daily. Will You Accept Editorship? Give You Free Hand. Wire—Krishnakant Misra*" So old K. K. has broken loose! I told you he was too honest for a liberal."

"I have always felt so," murmured Nandan.

"Of course, you must accept. It's a fine chance—your special line. Glad K. K. has such confidence in you. Known you long?"

"Nearly 26 years—He is my father."

"Your *what*?" exclaimed Dr. Pande in amazement.

"Sorry to have kept you in the dark, Doctor. I wanted to be on my own, had a tiff with father over politics. Couldn't understand his-er-moderation in the face of such repression—and said so—"

"Perhaps a bit bluntly, eh?" smiled Dr. Pande.

"Perhaps yes—and he retorted about running with the hare and hunting with the hounds—about profiting by his position without rendering common loyalty—and all that. There was a sort of breeze and—well, I left home."

"That's why Prakash was so dark about your antecedents!"

"Yes. There's a telegram from Dr. Prakash also, urging reconciliation. Father tracked me here through him."

"Well, you must make it up. We shall be sorry to lose you, but it's a fine chance—for you and for our cause. Sir K. K. will be a powerful bulwark to us. It should be a privilege to work with him now—even if he were not your father!"

"I hope you and Mrs. Pande will forgive the—er—deception. My sister's coming here was a further complication. She was not in the plot till she found me here—and was not at all pleased at the line I had taken."

"Oh, that's all right. I understand your motive, young man, —in fact, admire you for it and so will my wife, I am sure."

"That's is a real weight off my mind, Sir. And now, if you will excuse me, I must fix up with Nalini about my departure. I have already given her the news."

V

As Mr. B. Nandan, or, to give him his correct name, Brajnandan, came out of Dr. Pande's room, he saw Shashi in the hall, perched in the window. She was looking out dreamily on the garden, twirling a rosebud in her fingers and swinging her feet in a childlike fashion.

"Where is Nalini, please?" he asked.

"In the garden" she replied and noticed his excitement.

"Has she told you the news? We shall be leaving soon."

"Leaving? Why?"

He handed her his father's telegram.

"Nalini will be so happy," she said quietly and forced a brave smile.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And—you too, won't you?—to be with a friend like her?"

"Friend like whom? Oh, dash it—I forgot you are still in the dark. I am her brother, you know."

"Her brother!" She hardly grasped his meaning.

"Sorry for keeping that back from you—but it happened this way—" and he hurriedly went through his defence.

A cloud seemed to lift from Shashi's countenance. "You mean Nalini didn't know your—*incognito*—till you—till she received your note on her arrival?"

"Exactly."

She was thoughtful for a moment. "And so, you were having your fun—at our cost—all the time!" she said slowly.

"It was no fun trying to keep pace with a tornado like your father!"

"I suppose we were to you just part of a task."

"You know it wasn't so. Why do you twist my meaning?"

"And now you are glad to go—naturally."

"Are you sorry?" he asked gently.

She chewed at the stalk of her rose, dangled her feet briskly and shook her head.

"Not even a tiny bit?" he persisted.

"No—unless—you are," she faltered.

"Of course I am—more than I can say."

"Then why do you—" she checked herself abruptly.

"Why do I what!"

"Oh, nothing."

"I shall miss you tremendously."

"Why should you?" she asked without looking up.

"Because I—I like you such a lot. You are a marvel—a—a marvel—a—a—"

"A marvel—" she suggested mischievously, darting a bright glance at him.

Brajnandan laughed—the happiest laugh he had for ages. "You do care a little, don't you?" he asked anxiously.

Again the stalk of the rose suffered and the swinging of the feet gained speed.

"Just a wee bit?" he coaxed.

"Per-haps."

"I am asking your father to let me—marry you."

"Am I father's chattel?"—There was that tantalising smile again that made her so bewitching.

"Of course I'm asking you first, Will you—"

"No! no!" she cried hastily. "You mustn't ask" and putting her fingers in her ears, shook her head vigorously. Then catching sight of Nalini approaching from the garden, "There goes Nalini—I must run to her—"

"But—I say—do wait a moment—and —"

"Oh, no! I mustn't" and spinning round to the other side, she called out "Nalini!" and leapt on the garden path with the lightness of a bird. Suddenly she seemed to change her mind and stood at the foot of the window and looked up at him. "Go and ask Amma" she whispered shyly and flinging him her rose ran towards Nalini.

VI

"Has it come to the language of flowers?" asked Nalini who had witnessed the end of the last scene from a distance.

"Oh Nalini! Do tell me! Is it true?"

"Is what true, you goose?"

"Is—he—only your brother, really?" Her arms had encircled Nalini's neck and her round eyes were fixed on hers.

"What do you mean by only—and why are you so jubilant over it, you wicked thing?" asked Nalini, lifting Shashi's chin and looking at her fondly.

"How would you like me for—your--" here Shashi stopped short, turned crimson and drawing down Nalini's head, whispered the rest in her ear.

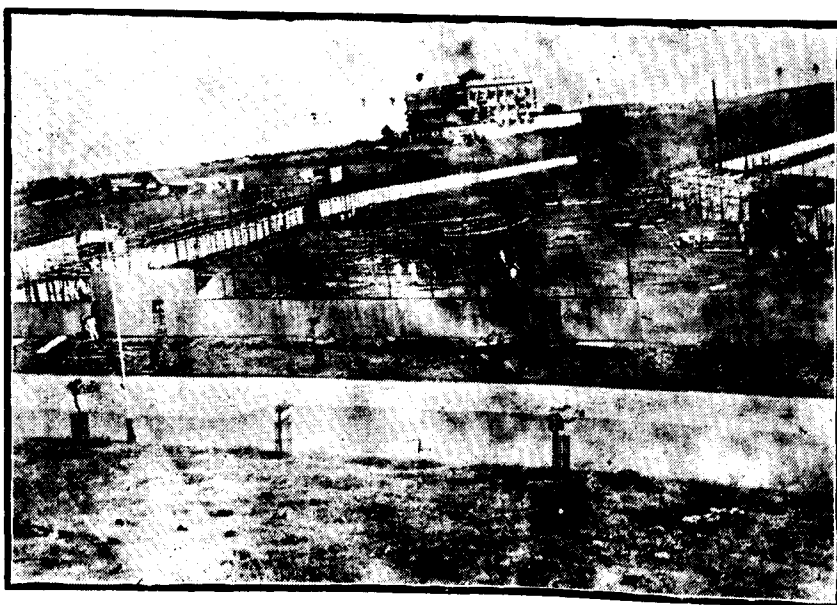
"Well, if I don't like you, I'll have to lump you, that's all," said Nalini, hugging her closer. "But I'm not going to call you *Bhabhi*,* if that's what you are driving at, you scheming witch! I flatly refuse. It must be Shashi and Nalini as hitherto—take it or leave it!"

"Oh, Nalini! You are a—a marvel" the silver laugh that followed was only half understood by Nalini.

* Sister-in-law.



KOTUVALLI BEACH
(Near Tellicherry).



ABDUL GAFFER KHAN NAGAR—Where the Congress met.

Quo Vadis: Whither Philosopher?

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



It has been manifest in the writings of two great Indian writers, namely, Rabindranath and Radhakrishnan, that there must be an adjustment of the life of Indian Spirit to the modern needs or changes in the world.

It is necessary to get rid of the crabbed and confined air of spiritual aloofness and lethargy in order to enter into the full freedom of Universal Consciousness. It is imperative that India with her solid spirituality should give her riches freely to the westernized world. In fact, if the present tendencies go on, we shall cease to believe that there was anything like oriental philosophy and culture. To set the clock of progress of westernization back is impossible. The grim alternative offered is that India must so mingle and so infuse western ideals and thought with the spirit of the east to yield a spiritual peace. It is for this purpose the two educationists are striving, each in his own sphere, but none the less effectively.

Sir Radhakrishnan writes: "Man's never-ceasing effort to read the riddle of the Sphinx and raise himself above the level of the beast to a moral and spiritual height finds a striking illustration in India. The problem of Indian Philosophy to-day is whether it is to be reduced to a cult restricted in scope and with no application to the present facts, or whether it is to be made alive and real so as to become what it should be, one of the greatest formative elements in human progress, by relating the immensely increased knowledge of modern science to the ancient ideals of Indian Philosophy." Dr. Rabindranath also holds an identical view, as could be seen by his recent expressions.

The problem which Radhakrishnan lays before the Indian Philosopher deserves to be analysed into its component parts. It would be firstly necessary to know about the 'immensely increased knowledge of modern science' which are known as 'modern facts'. Secondly, it is necessary to know what the ancient ideals of Indian Philosophy are. Thirdly, the ideal of Indian Philosophy is, according to Radhakrishnan to raise 'man from the beast to the stature of a moral and spiritual being'. Keeping this in mind as the highest aspiration, man should try to reconstruct Indian thought or rather Indian thinkers should think afresh. The old tenets of creation, the systems of thought unorthodox and orthodox, have to be as it were thrown overboard and one should construct Indian Philosophy on the basis of Relativity, Raman-effect and

other theories of the ultimate construction of matter, and also utilise the full resources of modern psychology, which is anything but psychology having 'lost its soul'.

Radhakrishnan himself confesses in his great and scholarly work, *Indian Philosophy*, that at the end of the survey, nothing of vital value remains, and Indian Philosophy is yet in its infancy. In other words, Indian Philosophers had not speculated or declared the great propositions of Newtonian and Einsteinian physics. They did not know about the indeterminacy at the bottom of all reality. They had somehow been content with nature-myths and crude physics and physiology. Their psychology was really interesting, but had not the disinterestedness that is needed in science. The scholastic period which alone comes in for a great deal of criticism had merely preserved in tact the entire fruitless results of the past.

Coming to 'modern facts' which are so ably and completely expounded in his *Idealistic View of Life*, Radhakrishnan finds that 'science has little to do with the fundamental problems of the world's ultimate being or its *raison de'tre*.' If science, then, can give us just nothing, and, if at all, mere aspects of reality so thoroughly removed from the context of the real and the facts of modern science are merely tentative formulations of visionary scientists, how could the future Indian thinker mould his philosophy on the basis of those facts? Facts being undetermined, there can be no possibility of constructing a system like the neatly-knit productions of a Sankara, Ramanuja, Plato, or of a Spinoza, Leibniz or Hegel. A *priori* thinking alone can devise a system of philosophy. It is the despair of the modern thinker that is seen in the vision of his indeterminability, called otherwise freedom, the emergents, and such other vague expressions. Therefore, so far as the modern creation-myths are concerned they lack, as George Santayana expressed himself, even in the charm and naive qualities of true art of the old myths.

Perhaps, the modern facts have to be construed as the material, industrial and economic gifts offered by way of increased comfort, increased unitariness, the conquest of space and time, and racial and cultural contacts. India, which refused allowance to foreign thought and fusion of alien culture must face the modern world with its complicated machinery. Indian slowness and unassimilative genius must now be made to adjust to the modern conditions of living. This is a possibility. The wisdom of the silence, which has been the chief characteristic of India might be made to quieten the speed and excitement of the west. The throbs of western speed must find their solution in the meditation of the East. It is upto the East to give it the meditative mentality which

alone can make its material nature spiritual and human. It is upto the West to release the dormant nature of the East and make it figure in the World as the prophet of peace and poise.

Too sharply have the two been divided, too hopelessly have materialism and spirituality been divorced, that it would require a supreme temper to see their unity and complementary character. It would require a wholistic attitude to see that psychology and science are not identical but complementary. If psychology is reduced to mere science, then, as Dr. Radhakrishnan says, we can never find the *raison de'tre* of the world, least of all of ourselves. It is the business of the Indian Philosopher of the future to apply himself strictly to the discovery of the self which is not available in the west. His purpose is to discover for the sake of the world the truth of existence which is his spirit, which is human, unique and creative of supreme harmony. As Gandhiji has expressed himself, even lately, it is his purpose to discover the truth whose power is infinite, human, and supremely making for harmony. The function of the future Indian thinker is clearly this, to discover the self, which is the portion of the Divine, in terms of space and time, in the figures of mutual relationship in the world, so that the individuals may enrich the society, whole humanity, with the sacred perfume of the eternal here and now.

If, on the other hand, the Indian thinker should go on trying to adjust his philosophy to the changing conditions and findings of science, we shall, as Mr. Joad said, go on adjusting our philosophies every ten years. And yet we will not have anything to live by. Further, the aspiration of Dr. Radhakrishnan can never be realised by such efforts. Man would yet be the animal he is, and the divine event, for it is nothing less than divine when man becomes man, can never happen.

It is only when man becomes really man or human, that he can be trusted to use the knowledge and powers that science grants wisely and for all. Else it cannot but become a menace not only to humanity and civilization but to life itself. Such a disaster to civilization must at all events be averted, and, finally, be made impossible. To avert we have the niggardly League of Nations and compromising League of Intellectual Co-operation. But to make it impossible, is wanted a genuine culture of the individual, the discovery of his immortal essence, supreme spirituality and integrality and humanity. In other words, what is required is the finding of the uniqueness of each individual, his self which is supremely divine. This is the supreme truth, 'the ancient ideal of Indian Philosophy.' Not all the centuries that have rolled by can retract their supreme value, and their promise is the guiding hope of Indian Thought through millenia. It is this

that Rabindranath constantly speaks of as the contribution that India can make to Humanity at large.

It is this discovery of the Self that can transform all animal values and create the world of man. That alone can make the world safe for applied science. It is the true spirit of Religion that can safeguard life. And the 'religion we need' is the 'Religion of Man.' The constancy with which an Indian thinker follows this goal, and the fidelity to it at all costs, whatever may be the outcome just at present, will mark him out as the supreme Indian Philosopher. To ape the speed of the West, to coquet with western science, and to model one's thought on the findings of the West, can only compromise the situation, and will never lead to the aspiration expressed by the ancient Seers!

Eminently are both the thinkers, Rabindranath and Radhakrishnan, fulfilling their allotted task of interpretation of the West to the East and the East to the West. But it is very clear that Gandhi alone does it on the lines of the ancient aspiration of "self-discovery."

The Art of Chromium Plating.*

BY K. B. PAREKH, M. Sc.



THE last decade has seen an enormous development in chromium plated finishes applied to a variety of domestic and industrial articles. The merits of chromium as compared with either nickel or silver plating have been thoroughly established. Perhaps the most striking characteristic of an electro-deposit of chromium is its stainless brilliancy and the ease with which the surface of chromium plated articles can be restored to their original lustre merely by wiping with a damp cloth. In addition, its extreme hardness and resistance to tarnish furnishes a plating that amply justifies the popularity it enjoys for numerous purposes.

Although chromium plating was known eighty years ago, the perfection in the art reached to-day is of comparatively recent origin. This is due to special difficulties of a technical nature involved in the process of chromium plating, which could be solved only after a prolonged and intensive study of the problem.

Electro-plating is concerned generally with the deposition of metals on metal objects with the help of an electric current. Metals can also be deposited by other means. The principle of this process is very simple, and consists in that the metallic ions which carry a positive charge, when placed in a steady electric field, move with the direction of the current and are deposited on the negative electrode from which the current flows out.

Long before the art of electro-plating was discovered, the fact that certain metals become superficially coated or plated with other metals when dipped into suitable solutions was known to the ancients. A process of coppering iron and steel is described by the Greek historian Zosimus in the fifth century. Faraday (1833-34) studied the laws of deposition and showed that the amount of the metal deposited is proportional to the quantity of electricity which passes through the electrolyte.

The present day success of electro-plating is due largely to the combined efforts of the chemist and the engineer. To the chemist is due the credit of pure chemicals, the nature of the baths and other details of control, and to the engineer the mechanical development of the dynamo and apparatus such as acid pumps, filtering devices, mechanical agitators and suitable means for mechanical cleaning and preparing the surface.

* Lecture delivered before the South Indian Science Association, Bangalore, on 24th September 1934.

A successful deposit must be smooth, bright, and at the same time hard. This success of an electro-deposit is governed by a variety of factors that have to be carefully controlled and to this end a great amount of careful investigation has been carried out. The result is that the modern art of successful plating is carried out under apparently complicated conditions, some of which are preserved as secrets.

The effect of the intensity of the current is of special interest to electro-platers; because it is usually desirable to produce a certain result in the shortest time and thereby maintain the maximum output. As the current intensity is increased from a low value, a finer grained deposit is obtained but beyond a certain limiting value, a spongy or porous deposit begins to form. If too high a current density is used, a cracked or rough deposit is formed. This shows that there is a definite limit to the rate at which metals can successfully be deposited.

It is possible to produce good deposits at a high current density by providing an increased metal supply. This can be achieved either by increasing the metal concentration of the solution or, what is cheaper, by bringing to the cathode a fresh supply of metal ions by means of suitable agitation. Another advantage of agitation is that gas bubbles from the cathode are swept away. In spite of these beneficial effects of agitation much electro-plating is carried out in still baths. This is because, by agitation the bath sediments are also stirred up and these set on the objects to be plated and spoil the plating.

Temperature is another important factor that controls the quality of the deposit. For a given current intensity, an increase of temperature of the bath produces coarser deposits; still, warm solutions are frequently employed successfully in commercial work. Because, the solubility of the salt is increased and so the bath of higher concentration can be employed, which permits the use of higher current intensities. The conductivity of the solution is also increased, which reduces the cost of power and the tendency to a coarse deposit, technically known as 'treeing'. The tendency to the formation of porous and cracked deposits is decreased.

The use of well conducting solutions is obvious economic advantage, as it reduces the cost of power. Good conductivity is also important because it reduces the tendency towards the formation of trees or rough deposits. Highly conducting baths are particularly used where thick deposits are to be made.

Metals such as zinc, lead, iron, chromium, etc. cannot be easily deposited from acid solutions, because they contain a considerable number of hydrogen ions which will be discharged

more readily than the metal. Actually, however, it is possible to deposit zinc from a solution containing appreciable free acid. Even in such solutions it is necessary to limit the acidity in order to secure a high cathode efficiency and a successful deposit.

Improvements of the usual plating baths have often been claimed by adding certain foreign substances and a number of patents have been taken. These foreign substances are known as 'addition agents' and are supposed to produce very smooth or bright deposits and permit the use of high current intensities. In chromium plating also a number of these addition agents, such as boric acid, salts of lithium alkaline earths, heavy metals, etc., are used. These are more or less empirical and stand under the category of trade tricks or secrets.

In spite of all these conditions and controls, the nature of the objects to be plated upon is of extreme importance in determining the plating range. The plating range on copper and brass is approximately twice that on steel and nickel. It is obvious from this that irregularly shaped objects of copper or brass can be much more readily chromium plated than those of steel or nickel. For this reason steel or nickel articles are first plated with copper and then with chromium.

It must be emphasized here, that bright and adherent deposits are not obtained if the articles to be plated are not well polished and cleaned from the last traces of grease and mechanical dirt.

There are besides in the case of chromium plating certain peculiar problems to be overcome.

Instead of the simple form of soluble anodes employed for every other form of electro-plating, chromium plating calls for insoluble compound anodes whose composition also influences the success of the operation. Anodes commonly employed for chromium plating are steel, lead and lead-antimony alloys. Most suited anodes are those of lead-antimony alloy (lead : antimony = 94 : 6).

In the usual chromium plating bath large quantities of hydrogen and oxygen are evolved and they carry along with them chromic acid in the form of a fine spray. These gases can perforate the nasal septum and cause sores on the hands and feet of the workmen. The chromic acid spray can be minimised to a certain extent by covering the bath with a layer of kerosene or paraffin oil. But in commercial plating, these gases are removed by adequate ventilation. The danger from chrom-holes on hands or feet can be practically prevented by cleanliness, the use of rubber gloves, aprons and shoes, and frequent and thorough rinsing of floors.

At any given temperature the character of the deposit and also the cathode efficiency vary with the current density. On irregularly shaped articles the current density is never uniform. Consequently in plating such articles it is difficult to obtain a bright deposit over the entire surface. The coating on a recessed part may be very thin or entirely lacking. This poor 'throwing power' is a decided handicap and has taxed the patience of those engaged in commercial chromium plating. Best results are obtained by expedients that make the cathode current intensity more uniform either by increasing the distance between anodes and cathodes, or by using special shapes of anodes.

In chromium plating on account of the high current densities used and consequent high hydrogen evolution the plating is frequently full of pores and cracks if suitable precautions are not taken. Very thin coatings contain round pores. As the thickness is increased the porosity decreases to a minimum, after which an increase in thickness is actually accompanied by the formation of cracks either parallel or at random. Under the usual conditions of deposition there is a minimum porosity when the chromium coating is about 0.00002 in. thick.

Finally due to the extreme hardness of the deposit it is impossible to buff or burnish the articles to obtain a bright finish as is the case with articles plated with other metals. It is essential that the articles be polished, burnished and finished to the highest order before plating, as the final lustre depends much upon this preliminary operation.

The automobile industry is the most extensive user of chromium plating. During the past five years almost every American make of car used it for the metal trim including radiator shells, lamp bodies, bumpers, hub caps and door handles.

Another important application of chromium plating is in the plumbing industry. The experience of the last five years indicates that it is generally preferable to plate brass fixtures with a relatively thick coating of nickel, followed by a thin film of chromium, rather than to apply a thick coating of chromium directly to brass. One important precaution to be observed with all chromium plated fixtures is to protect them against the action of hydrochloric acid that is often used to clean new tile work. This acid attacks chromium and in some cases has ruined large installations. A heavy grease coating on the fixtures during the cleaning period will usually protect them.

Most of the applications of chromium to domestic equipment are ornamental and involve little or no contact with foods. There is, however, no evidence that small amounts of chromium salts

are toxic, and there is little doubt that they are as harmless as aluminium salts, which are present in most foods. The most serious objection to the use of chromium plating on actual food containers such as milk cans and cooking utensils, is that it is very difficult to produce coatings of chromium that are and remain sufficiently impervious to prevent corrosion of the underlying steel or brass.

While the applications of chromium plating for appearance are more extensive than for wear resistance, the latter uses are more likely to increase in number and extent. One of the most successful applications of the hardness of chromium is on measuring devices such as dimensional gauges. These chromium plated gauges have a longer life than any other gauge except those of expensive tungstencarbide ("Carballoy").

Chromium has been successfully applied to forming dies including those used for drawing nickel and copper tubes and those for shaping sheet metals, especially steel and brass. In addition to increasing the useful life of the dies the chromium reduces the tendency of the metals to stick to the dies, and thus speeds up production.

Chromium is also very valuable on dies for moulding plastic materials, such as rubber, bakelite, clay and glass.

One of the outstanding applications of chromium is on variable printing plates on which the wear is principally by abrasion. The life of certain textile machinery and equipment has been surprisingly increased by this means, particularly as regards copper printing rolls and Schreiner rolls; because its coefficient of friction is much less than that of most metals, its natural smoothness makes it particularly effective on tensions, guides and holders, outstanding glass and porcelain. The chromium plated surface will withstand at least two million impressions without requiring retouching.

In conclusion, chromium plating has taken its place amongst the established plating processes and has ceased to be a novelty. It is probable that its use in the automobile industry for appearance has reached its peak, and that from now on the competition between chromium and the alloy steels will be one of give and take, depending upon such improvements in either process, as affect the cost, convenience and durability. The same problems will be met with in other industries where an attractive permanent finish is required on metals.

Scoundrelism as a Fine Art.

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

I



THE recent public executions in the Punjab, which called forth a storm of protest from newspapers and publicists, threw me into a brown study and made me reflect upon the profession of those ill-fated victims whose career of crime ended at the gallows.

Theft and robbery are as old as the hills and rivers. It is, after all, one of the fruits of the endless economic struggle between the "haves" and the "have nots." As long as property and wealth are in the possession of a few, and the majority of people have to toil and moil for their bread, and often to starve, there will always be many who will be forced to resort to underhand methods to ~~eke out~~ their livelihood. Is it not sheer poverty, the sight of his hungry wife and children, that drives many an honest but desperate man to take to the road?

A country, in which the Central Government is weak and disorganised, and which is cut up into a number of mutually warring States, is a fertile breeding ground of shady characters. And where wild forests and dense jungles lie between the busy towns and flourishing villages, nature also aids and abets the nefarious work of the evil-doers.

The thief, the burglar and the highwayman are, in the eye of the law and the moralist, the born enemies of society. Genius is, they say, the great power exhibited in the adaptation of means to an end. If so, setting aside the moral aspect of the question, the pickpocket or marauder has every claim to demand that he should be judged on the merits of his action. The intelligence, courage and resourcefulness revealed in carrying out his daring exploits are of such a high order that his work, far from being a sordid trade, deserves to be ranked as a craft or art. When genius or temperament leads a man to the exercise of his peculiar skill or to indulge his special aptitude, the brigand is entitled to claim our respect and elicit our admiration.

Woman and gold, as the proverb says, are the source of most of the troubles in the world. When the world was young and man almost a savage, the barrier between warfare and robbery, as exhibited in cattle-lifting, was very narrow. Property invented Theft. As civilisation advanced and the forms of movable property became more varied, thieving became a profitable and elegant profession.

But don't imagine that the life of the bandit is a bed of roses or it rains gold always. It is not all that are light-brained, light-limbed or light-fingered. It needs cool courage to face an enemy under the starlight or beneath the shadow of a tree or bush. His is the reckless gamble that stakes all for some present advantage. He has to call into play all his intelligence and foresight to discover booty behind the coach-door or within a full-buttoned coat-pocket.

Chance is the god he worships; for though he might fail or be disappointed to-day, he is sanguine enough to hope for better luck or success in his endeavour to-morrow. He hopes till the last moment even as a jail-bird, and walks finally to the gallows with a bold face. Unlike the ordinary run of mankind he despises power and influence. Provided he has the creature-comforts, a smart coat on his back, and a wine bottle, his modest ambition is gratified. At the same time, he has an inordinate love of notoriety and a boundless desire to win fame, and is vain enough to wish that his name should be in the mouths of men,—may be a nine days wonder.

Above all, the highwayman is very superstitious, a creature of times and seasons. He is terribly afraid of the "evil eye", and to ward off its pernicious effect he carries amulets and charms about his person. He never undertakes a bold adventure without consulting the omens. He chooses the occasions of his pillage with scrupulous care; and if they are unfavourable, he would refrain from action though it might promise a fair chance of success. He would never walk under a ladder though he would without the least hesitation, cut a throat for self-defence. And if the 13th of a month happens to fall on a Friday, he would rather starve than cut a purse on that inauspicious day. At the same time, forget not that he is as fond of home-life, and affectionate towards his mother and wife and children as you and I, timid stay-at-homes.

II

"Is there honour among thieves?" it has been asked. Who has not heard of the famous Robin Hood and his merry men, the absolute monarch of outlaws, who used to dispense a kind of rough and ready justice, and who nobly observed the rules of fair-play in robbing the rich and paying the poor, and who delighted in taking revenge upon the lazy and well-fed monks and clergymen?

In the spacious days of Elizabeth, while Shakespeare was depicting the villainies of Iago and Lady Macbeth, and while Drake and Hawkins were plundering the richly laden Spanish galleons, Moll Cut-purse, the queen of scoundrels, ruled her shady underworld

and reduced her craft for the first time to a set of wise rules and regulations binding upon her subjects and followers. She was noted for her keen intellect and audacity and feats of prowess, and realised the value of discipline not only for success in their undertaking but for escape from detection.

The 17th century was the Golden Age of the robber and the robbed in England. It was the age of the most valiant and graceful robbers the world has ever known. The Civil War encouraged the profession and the stage-coach gave the opportunity. The highwaymen, who loved the merry Charles and hated the Puritan Cromwell with equal zest, were scholars and gentlemen, who tempered their sport with merry wit, and who plundered with due regard for propriety and observed the rules of the game. They were well mounted and fairly robed Englishmen or Frenchmen, who stopped the coach packed with armed people and courteously demanded their purse, and the travellers yielded whatever they had with the best of tempers.

The scoundrels of these happy days were artists, imbued with an aristocratic pride in their profession, who detested what was mean and dishonourable. They were not vulgar ruffians who gloried in bullying and torturing. Simon Fletcher, the greatest artist of his age, was as much a gentleman as a statesman. It was generally regarded as a distinction to be decently robbed by a master of the road like Captain Hind. When he surprised a party of travellers and demanded "stand and deliver!" in a polite and graceful tone, the victims were not only willing to give up their purses but were inclined to admire and extend their indulgence towards him.

Some of the highwaymen of those troubled days have, by their daring adventures and courtly behaviour, gained notoriety and a sort of immortality in after-ages. Claude Duval, the prince of robbers, is said to have stolen as many purses as ladies' hearts. Dick Turpin, riding on his Black Bess and with his winning manner, has gained an almost legendary renown like the illustrious Alexander and his martial horse. Who knows not the brilliant achievements of Jonathon Wild, "the great Machiavelli among thieves", the spirited hero of Fielding's novel, the thief catcher, the spy and trusted agent of justice, whose boast it was that he often skilfully managed to pillage the treasures which he later on restored to their grateful owners for a handsome reward?

Scoundrelism has assumed diverse forms according to the social conditions of the times and the special talents of the scoundrels. As long as people were carrying purses concealed about their person, the skill of the cutpurse was directed to the art and mystery of clipping the treasures with their scissors. But

when the dexterity of the cutpurse led to the careful invention of the pocket, this fresh precaution acted as a challenge to the finer cunning of the thief. Then the wielders of the scissors turned their natural aptitude to the more difficult and delicate task of the *pickpocket*, which called into play the wonderful skill of the crafty fingers of brigands like Simon Fletcher, who were destined to lighten the burden of the travellers' pockets.

It is well known how in India in the 18th century, when there was no settled government after the decline of the Mughal Empire, the whole country was infested by gangs of robbers known to history as the *Thugs*. The organisation of those roving bands was as complete as the execution of their heartless work was thorough and methodical. Well mounted and decently dressed, they would mix themselves freely with other travellers, offer them protection, gain their confidence and get into their secrets. No sooner did they arrive at a convenient lonely spot in the dark night, than they would with their handkerchiefs strangle the unfortunate travellers to death, and bury them among rocks or in the sandy beds of rivers, and the world would hear no more of them.

III

Burke has remarked truly that the age of chivalry is gone. Since the middle of the 18th century, the heyday of the highwayman's profession has received a set back with the spread of democracy. It became the pursuit of cowardly braggart and vagabond loafers, who could not even ride a horse, and who felt no shame in robbing the poor man of his hard-earned pittance.

In the place of the aristocratic Captain Hind, the wily pickpocket became master of his trade. It is true this new craft also demands perfect strategy and remarkable sleight of hand, as personified by Dickens in the character of Artful Dodger and Charli Bates. The breast pocket behind the stoutest coat presented new difficulties, but what could not nimble brains and lithe fingers penetrate? They developed a new *modus operandi*, which their ingenuity cunningly suggested. The sudden collision, the victim's murmured apology, the hasty scuffle, the booty handed over to the ready accomplice, who is out of sight before the alarm of "stop thief!" could gather a crowd—these were the tricks of the new trade evolved by their resourceful brains.

Again what a change has the dawn of the 19th century witnessed! As an author finely remarks, "The world which was the joyous playground of the brave highwaymen and pickpockets is now the Arcadia of swindlers". The South Sea Bubble opened the eyes of mankind to the new danger it has to face at the hands

of unscrupulous financial blackguards. They delight in plundering widows, simple workmen and foolish clergymen from the security of their office. The promoters of many bogus Insurance Companies and other fraudulent financial concerns, dressed in silk top-hats and heavy fur-coats, choose the byways of busy cities and the advertisement columns of newspapers to dupe the guileless public and ruin numerous families without risking their own skin or losing their respectability. And they are even looked upon as benefactors, who now and then utilize their ill-gotten wealth to promote charities and help humanitarian societies. Verily, wonderful are the arts that Satan inspires his tools to pursue!

What shall we say of the 20th century villains, the kidnapers of rich men and innocent children for the sake of ransom, or the daring gangsters of America who make use of the latest scientific discoveries and inventions in carrying on their reckless and nefarious trade in broad daylight? In comparison with these latter day vampires those gallant highwaymen were angels.

Last scene of all, that ends the strange eventful history of the scoundrel, is the gibbet. Dame Fortune, proverbially fickle, after favouring her devotees in many headstrong adventures, at last beats them at the last point in the game. And many a highwayman has furnished a splendid example of brave and dignified death. Their journey from the jail to the gallows was a triumphal procession, when maidens cast wreaths upon the way or pinned nosegays on their coats.

They made a brave show at the gallows and died gaily like singing (or swinging?) birds. If they knew not how to live, they would at least show the craven world how to die. Realising the humour and delicacy of their situation, they have endured the rope without flinching, and given up the ghost without swagger or remorse.

Tom Austin at the gallows is said to have expressed his last human desire as follows: "Only there is a woman yonder with some curds and whey, and I wish I could have a pennyworth of them before I am hanged, because I don't know when I shall see any again".

"Little villains oft submit to fate
That great ones may enjoy the world in state".

The Structures that the Chemists Build.

BY M. A. GOVINDA RAU, M.A., Ph. D.



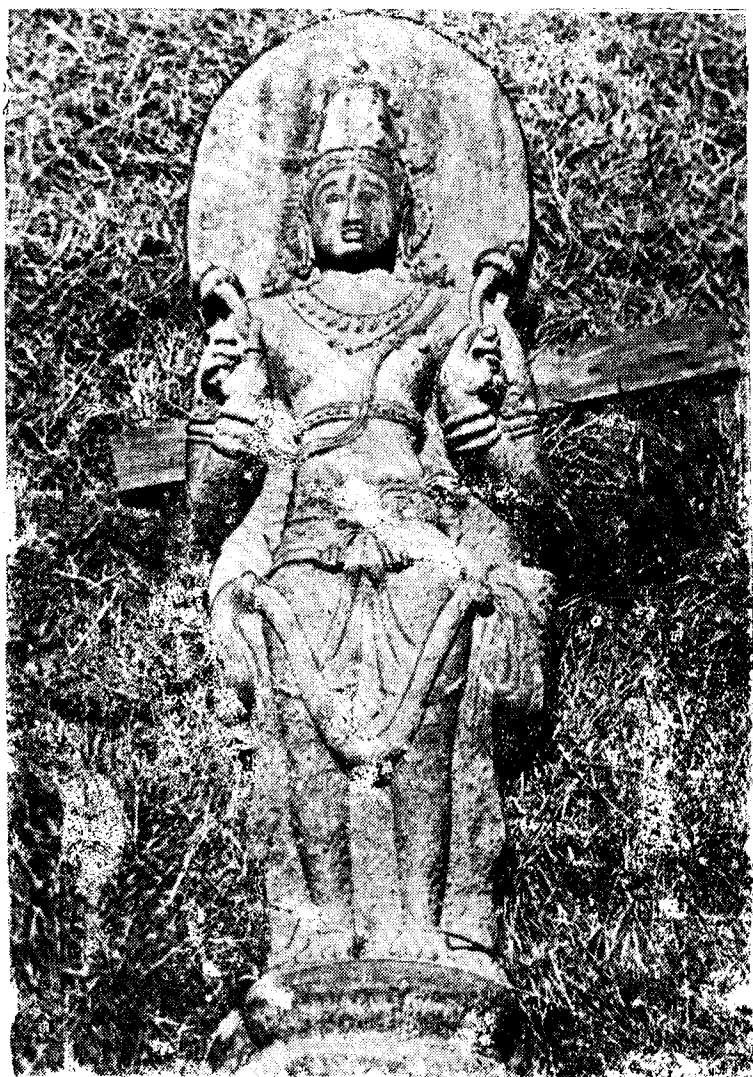
ONE of the most fascinating of hobbies keeps engaged a class of scientists known as organic chemists. They evince the same interest and enthusiasm that an intelligent boy does with his Meccano set, or set of building stones. They delight in building up complicated structures from fundamental units, or in pulling down any new structures found so as to find out how they are built and then refashion the same structures. But unlike the children's set, the structures and hence also the fundamental units of the organic chemists are imperceptible to the eye. These units are indeed so small that the ratio of their size to that of a ball two to four inches in diameter is the same as that of this ball to the size of the earth. The units are called Atoms, and the structures built out of them are called Molecules. The binding material between the unit atoms are drawn from the atoms themselves, and there is no foreign material to correspond to the building mortar or the binding screws. These molecular structures constitute the bulk of matter and determine the chemical properties which it exhibits: hereby is explained the reason for the enormous interest exhibited in the actual structure of molecules, as then new ones can be built to order so as to have any desired chemical or even physical properties. The wonderful artistic skill of generations of chemists has achieved considerable success in this direction by the application of purely chemical methods.

The chemists, however, have been so much preoccupied with their work of construction that in general they have devoted no time to investigate the exact nature of the binding between the atoms, the rigidity of the bonds, the resistance to deformation of the completed structures and such other more or less engineering details. It has been sufficient for them to know the arrangement of atoms in space, and the general styles of architecture adopted. Yet the importance of more precise and quantitative information in these matters cannot be over-emphasised. Every industrialist, however successful he has been in carrying out his processes by dint of past experience or by purely empirical methods, realises the need for a quantitative and precise scientific knowledge of the details. Even so is the case with the organic structures. This quantitative side has been developed through the application of purely physical methods depending upon the use of X-rays, measurements of spectra, determination of dielectric constants and so on.

The use of X-rays, and more recently in cathode rays has given us exact ideas regarding the distance between the centres of linked atoms, often to an accuracy of one part in a hundred. Next, the angle between these links is given by the measurement of "dipole" moments. Each bond, particularly between unlike atoms is characterised by a "dipole" moment depending upon the unequal contribution of the electronic charges of the two atoms to the link between them. From a knowledge of the bond moments, and the resultant moment of the whole molecule, the angles between the bonds can be estimated easily. It now remains to determine the force or strength of binding between the atoms, that is, its resistance to twisting, stretching or compressing, and bending. Till recently these force constants could be determined only by means of very laborious experiments using the invisible infra-red or heat rays. But in 1928, Sir C. V. Raman gave one of the greatest impetuses to the advancement of science by discovering that the force constants and connected details regarding the modes of vibration of the atoms in a molecule that has been shaken up, could be determined much more simply, and by almost any one who could get hold of an ordinary spectroscope. Ever since this discovery was first announced at a meeting of the South Indian Science Association held at Bangalore on 16th of March, 1928, our knowledge of the structure of these molecules, carefully built and analysed by organic chemists, has advanced by leaps and bounds.

More recently, a group of mathematicians have entered the field and have more or less successfully attempted to elucidate the structure of molecules by what may be called purely pencil and paper methods, and with in general, a supreme disregard for the common laboratory artifices. Although confronted with almost insurmountable difficulties, they are advancing rapidly into the domains of chemistry and physics, and converting many of the practical scientists to their methods of reasoning and thinking.

I have been so far referring only to what may be called simple structures as compared with the much more complex structures that Nature builds and stocks in plenty in the animal and plant kingdoms. The elucidation of their structure is baffling the combined attacks of trained organic chemists who have taken for this purpose the physiologists and botanists to help them. The physicists and mathematicians are also ready with their help as and when needed. It will be the final and crowning triumph of science, when all these scientists combine together and solve the greatest of all problems, viz., what is life itself. Needless to say, we are quite a far way from it.



STONE IMAGE OF SUN GOD,
(Found at Jingi)

The Problem of the Second Chamber.

BY S. V. RAMANUJAM, B. A.



POLITICS, it is said, is a living subject to-day. It is because we have to face many a lively and complicated political issue connected with our present life.

Another reason that can be assigned is that there are many political problems, which have become and which will continue to be the life-work of many a statesman. Much has been said and more has been written about the problem of the second chamber, and yet we are no nearer solution to-day than when the Bryce Committee was appointed to investigate and report on the problem.

There is a general consensus of opinion amongst writers on constitutions as to the necessity of a popular legislature. A popular legislature alone can be in conformity with the aspiration of the people to-day in democratic governments. Most of the countries of the civilised world have adopted democratic principles in running the constitutional wheel. As the end of the State is the good of the people and since the maximum good can be realised only under conditions of popular government, democracy is hailed as the ultimate goal of every nation. Whether democracy is an end in itself or only a means to an end, is beyond our present discussion. Our discussion centres round the problem as to whether all that is implied and is meant by the term 'Democracy', can be achieved in a state with a unicameral legislature or whether the presence of a second chamber is indispensable. Abbe Sieyes, the arch-constitution monger of the French Revolution, said that "if a second chamber dissents from the first, it is mischievous; if it agrees with it, it is superfluous." This problem could be solved by reference to the actual composition of some of the second chambers of different countries.

In various countries of the world attempts have been made to devise a satisfactory method of constituting a second chamber with a view to avoiding frequent conflicts and deadlocks between the two houses. The constitution of a second chamber must depend to some extent on the functions and duties which it is expected to discharge. In the year 1917, the ruling ministry in England appointed the Bryce Committee to re-organise the second chamber. The Committee suggested various plans, but every one of them seemed to be unsatisfactory. Bryce is a confirmed believer in the necessity of second chambers in democratic

constitutions. At the same time, he notes "their decay regrets their decline, but makes few workable suggestions". Bryce has admitted that "every method of choice has proved to have its defects and nowhere have the results attained given complete satisfaction".

The case for the institution of second chambers has been differently stated varying with the needs of time. The nineteenth century writers favoured a bi-cameral legislature for reasons many of which are obsolete to-day. Many of them looked with suspicion and horror at the rapid democratisation of political institutions. They thought they could check the progress of democracy by the creation of a second chamber more conservative than the popularly elected house, or as they put it, "a second chamber was necessary in order to check the characteristic tendency of a democratic assembly to hasty and precipitate legislation". They believed that people 'were carried away by the hypnotising words of the demagogues' and did not bring into play their faculty of reasoning. Really capable men did not take the trouble of expending much on elections. In the interest of wise legislation, therefore, it was necessary that a second chamber be constituted to which the truly wise and experienced people could be nominated. Another argument usually advanced by the Victorian writers is the necessity of revision even if the legislative work is done carefully by the first house. The second house with a fresh and different outlook is best suited to revise measures.

Such were the arguments put forward a generation ago. To-day the case is stated differently. The chief function of a second chamber was the "interposition of so much delay (and no more) in the passing of a bill into law, as may be needed to enable public opinion to be adequately expressed on it". This can be attained by the appointment of standing committees even in a uni-cameral legislature. The second chamber, however, is not necessarily the storehouse of wisdom and knowledge. It exists not to thwart the will of the people but, on the contrary, to see that the general will prevails. The will of the general public, no doubt, must be given great prominence. But the question is whether the 'cumbrous and complicated' machinery of the second chamber is necessary to secure supremacy of the general will in legislation. Elections, they say, are fought on momentary or isolated issues and on other subjects the verdict of the lower house does not necessarily represent the general will. Though the term of the English House of Commons was seven years instead of the present five, and when there were few opportunities for the people to make their influence felt, even then, says Bagehot "a steady opposition to a formed public opinion is hardly possible

in our House of Commons", because "so incessant is the national attention to politics and so keen is the fear in the minds of each member that he may lose his valued seat". These words are even more apt to-day. Constituencies watch the actions of the members more keenly to-day than they did ever before. Consequently there is no necessity for a second chamber for the purpose of securing the supremacy of the general will.

Most of the writers on constitutions hold that a second chamber is absolutely necessary in federal constitutions. A second chamber is expected to protect the claims of the State, each State being given equal representation by nomination or election. Second chambers would not be required to fulfil that identical function, but a possible function of second chambers would be to protect communities and interests which may not be adequately represented in a democratic lower chamber elected on a wide franchise. In the course of examination and revision of bills, a second chamber may be able to protect minorities and prevent unjust and undesirable laws as far as possible. The Parliament of Australia has two chambers, the House of Representatives and the Senate. The principle of direct election is adopted in the selection of members to the second house—one half of the members retiring every three years. As regards question of powers, the makers of constitution avoided the simple means of solving deadlocks as in U. S. A. or Canada, where deadlocks meant death of the bills. On the rejection of a bill passed by the House of Representatives, the Governor-General convenes a general election, which is largely in the nature of a referendum. Even after election, if the bill is refused by the Senate, a final solution is adopted. The two houses enter upon a joint sitting in which the majority decides the issue. The result is, of course, obvious. Since the House of Representatives contain twice the number of senators the bill is passed without any difficulty. In all such cases the Senate has merely put forth inefficient protests.

Another argument for a second chamber is that "full and free discussion of large and important questions," such as those of foreign policy, at moments when the lower house may happen to be so much occupied that it cannot find sufficient time for them. After all this function is merely a secondary function. Moreover, the democratic control of foreign affairs can be secured by establishing a special standing committee (as in U. S. A.) which can deal with greater freedom and more secrecy. Is a second chamber best fitted to examine and revise the bills brought from the lower house at a time when it is 'obliged to act under special rules of limiting debate'? Short time means more efficient work and less wastage of time and more concentration on

salient problems. As regards examination and revision of bills, neither the upper house nor the lower house can do anything in the matter. As pointed out by Sir Sydney Low in "Governance of England" "new laws are made by the ministry with the acquiescence of the majority and the vehement dissent of the minority; the crown has nothing to do with the matter and the House of Lords very little".

It is not the purpose of this paper to discuss the broader issue, as to whether India is at present or likely to be ripe for full democracy, but it is taken that it partly is and progressively would evolve into a fully responsible government. The Government of India act provides that a bill shall not be deemed to have been passed by the Indian Legislature even if it has been agreed to by both chambers either with or without amendments. "If a bill which has been passed by one chamber is not within six months passed by the other chamber, either without amendments or with such amendments as may be agreed to by the two chambers, the Governor-General may refer the matter to a joint sitting of both the Houses". One wonders with such wide powers for interference and veto, the Governor-General would go out of his way ordinarily to refer a bill in dispute to a joint sitting if he and his government are opposed to the provisions of such a bill. More than all we see the provinces in India have been able to go on with a uni-cameral legislature for their ordinary legislation and so far one has been able to see no case has been made out to show that these legislative bodies have been foolish, hasty and ill-advised.

So far we have discussed the futility of second chambers in modern democratic countries and now we pass on to an examination of the methods employed in creating an ideal second chamber. But no pains have been taken to suggest a method of constituting an improved and effective first chamber.

Firstly, there is the method of nomination for life which has been in vogue for more than 50 years in Canada. The Governor-General, in making the nomination, acts according to the accepted constitutional doctrine on the advice of the Prime Minister. The Prime Minister, who has won the support of the country on a certain policy, cannot legitimately be expected to place in the Senate, men who will attempt to thwart Government measures. The result is the Prime Minister recommends none but his own supporters. The first Senate in 1867 was drawn fairly evenly from both the Conservative and Liberal parties. But under the Conservative Government, as places became vacant they were filled predominantly by Conservative supporters. So that when Alexander Mackenzie came to office in 1873, he found only a handful

of Liberals to support him in the Senate. The actual result has been to produce a chamber where a body of elderly politicians enjoy a pension for the remainder of their lives at public expense in return for party services. The experience of the Canadian Senate shows us that it has freely amended or rejected the minor bills of private members, has from time to time refused the Government measures, but in the case of legislation involving party consideration, it has for most of its history given no evidence of life. Under the system of nomination the Senate contains an increasing number of nominees of the Prime Minister and in all important cases where party interests were concerned, registered his vote with complete loyalty. The curious result has been that Canada, while according to its constitution has a second chamber with powers greater than those of the House of Lords, has in practice lived for most of the last half of a century under "a virtually single chamber Government." But there are certain periods when the Senate seems to spring up "when a party which has been in opposition for a long time comes into power, it suddenly realises that Canada possesses a powerful second chamber." But it is a second chamber of an indefensible type. Mr. Lees Smith points out "such a chamber can make no claims to be a means of securing an impartial decision on vexed questions. It is merely a party instrument that has been defeated at the polls still succeeds for some years in securing an advantage over its opponents." Decision whether right or wrong reached under such motives cannot command respect. The result is that nobody in Canada now defends the composition of the Senate. Now we find that the Dominion second chamber has led us to the inevitable conclusion that it unfairly interferes if a different party has secured the majority in the lower chamber and it ceases to function when its own party is in power.

Another method adopted in constituting second chambers is nomination for a limited number of years as in the case of New Zealand. The result of the working of this system has been carefully summarised by Mr. Lees Smith as follows: "When a ministry is in office for a long time, nomination for a limited period produces a more subordinate chamber than nomination for life, as members depend for re-appointing upon the favour of the Government. When the Government is defeated, it leaves behind it a chamber made up of its pensioners and partisans. The nation, therefore, alternates between single chamber government and second chamber government of an indefensible type". The principle of nomination in India has the further disadvantage of defeating the popular will. It must be an ally and not the opponent of the public will. We possess bitter experience of the subservience of the nominated members. Nominated members cannot

be expected to make any display of courage or independence in thinking or voting, and this is so especially when tenure is of short duration.

The next method in vogue is the method of constituting the upper house on the basis of nobility, as is the case in England. Blue blood is the chief qualification of membership, though political service, genius and wealth may also help a person to become a member. With regard to money bills the House of Lords has no voice. Its quorum is five. Private members' bills are generally carried through by the process of legislation by formal order. The House of Lords in England is, therefore, virtually a non-entity and hence superfluous. Mr. F. W. Wilson aptly says, "It is high time that the House of Lords is relegated to the museum of national antiquities".

Indirect election is again another method adopted in constituting upper houses. This was tried in India in the old Imperial Legislative Council before the Montford Reforms and was found to be quite unsatisfactory, because there is absolutely "no connection between the supposed primary voter and the man who sits as his representative on the legislative council". The defects of this method, in short are (i) that it leads to the election of the elderly conservative men and fails to give adequate representation to advance parties, (ii) that there being no direct contact with the people, the members do not feel any sense of responsibility (iii) that "each local body comes to be divided on partisan lines prescribed by national issues which have little or nothing to do with its proper functions" (iv) that a sense of competition is created with the Lower House which leads to quarrels and dead locks between the two houses.

The next method in vogue is the system of direct election. We have already seen how direct election fails to secure an effective second chamber. The result of this election, in the words of Bryce, is the creation of "two rival chambers composed of the same kind of men". Cannot the will of the people be expressed through one? Besides in countries which have responsible Governments as in Australia, the situation becomes difficult and awkward. The rivalry and bitter conflict and deadlocks between the two houses make the position of the ministry unbearable. The direct election would tend to make the second chamber a mere replica of the first chamber. In India a chamber elected on this would mean large constituencies and expensive campaigns.

Direct election by restricting franchise is adopted in India. The nature of the Indian Constitution and its second chamber is somewhat like this: The Council of State is elected on a very

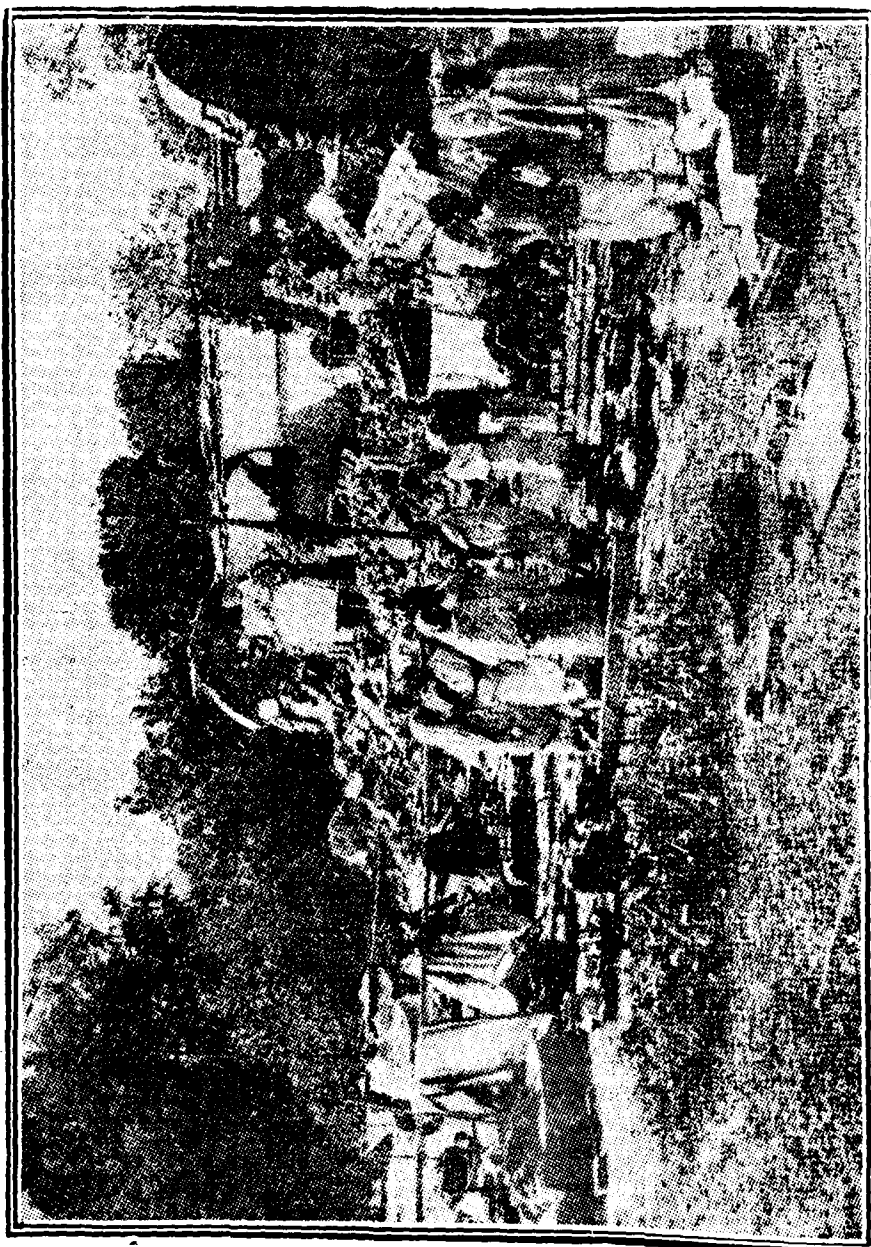
narrow franchise. High property qualification, nomination, election, class representation all, in turn, have their place in the upper house. It was devised to attract men of wisdom, experience and knowledge. Usually it does not contain men of greater distinction than those in the lower house. The Government of India Act provides for a joint sitting of the two houses at the discretion of the Governor-General in case of conflict. This provision sounds farcial to us when the Viceroy is vested with immense powers of vetoing and certifying. On many an important problem the second chamber has actually opposed the Assembly. If the decisions of the Assembly are in conflict with the Government of India, then the Viceroy has ample powers to interfere at any stage. If the Viceroy is sympathetic the Council of State is powerless, because in a joint sitting it will command only a minority. If the Viceroy is not sympathetic, the Council of State is as good as non-existent. "The Council of State is neither fish nor flesh and it is anomalous to a certain extent". The following extracts culled from an old newspaper "The Leader" gives in a nutshell the work of the Council of State. "The Council of State has to its discredit a record of humble obedience to the Executive, of reactionary decisions and of more or less successful attempts to undo the good the Assembly has done. It is an effete body. It is young but not vigorous; it is not old but it is senile."

Finding each method equally unsatisfactory, some tried to adopt a combination of the above methods. The South African Senate is constituted on the principle of nomination, indirect election and election by the members of Parliament. The senators must be men of substance and of mature age and must possess immovable property within the Union. The Senate is purely a revisory body, with power only to delay legislation for one session. In case of difference of opinion the Governor-General is required to convene a joint session of the two houses after the lapse of one session. And as the legislative assembly contains thrice as many members as the Senate, the preponderating voice is secured in the lower house. This clearly shows the futility of the second chamber in the South African Legislature.

The only instance where the so-called second chamber worked well is the Norwegian system. "Storething" the Norwegian legislature, is elected on the basis of proportional representation on universal franchise. It consists of about 150 members. It elects itself about one-fourth to form "Lagthing" and the remaining three-fourths goes by the name of "Odelsting". As a matter of fact, it is the Odelsting that controls the Executive. This system has facilitated matters. But whenever any disagreement

arises between Odelsting and Lagthing, they sit together and the matter is decided by the Storething. The Lagthing is, as Professor Lees Smith points out, 'more a committee of Storething to which all the law bills are sent rather than a second chamber'. This system has worked well in Norway for over a century.

Thus we have been able to answer the theoretical and practical advocates of second chambers and come to the conclusion that a second chamber is a superfluous, mischievous, complicated and invidious institution. It is a costly ornament in a democratic constitution. An unbiassed examination of the nature and the working of the second chamber of the European nations indicates the progressively diminishing functions and powers and is tolerated as a costly organisation. Therefore, the only way of improving legislation is by doing away with the second chamber and making the lower house more effective. A second chamber in a democratic constitution of the present day cannot be anything but a "pompous futility and avoidable luxury".



HAVOC CAUSED BY THE EARTHQUAKE AT JAMALPUR

The Study and Profession of Accounting.

BY P. S. SUBRAMANIAM



ACCOUNTANCY as a career has found much favour in recent times, both in England and India, owing to the considerable expansion of commerce and industry and the consequent demand for qualified Accountants in both countries. In India, especially, hundreds of young men are taking to this profession with an earnestness which is no less than that in regard to Law, Medicine, Engineering, Agriculture and other vocations of which we are all familiar. Further, the statutory obligations of a Public Accountant in India have been tightened, and he now enjoys a status worthy of the great traditions of this profession in other parts of the world. In spite of it, however, the layman in India knows very little of accounting and accountants, and is completely oblivious of their true function in the commercial world. The Public Accountant in India has yet to come in the limelight and his worth is yet to be judged by the public at large who have no knowledge of his education, professional skill and integrity.

To be a Public Accountant who knows his work, a person should have acquired a very sound knowledge of not merely accounting of an advanced nature, but also of the intricacies of the business world, of taxation, of the law relating to Companies, Arbitration and Awards, and many other features of present day trade. In India, Government have made sufficient provisions for the education and experience of persons who will be called upon to perform the very onerous duties of Public Accountants and to bring them on a par with the best of Public Accountants in England and the West. The result is that we now have at least begun the making of a very capable community of accountants and auditors to watch the destinies of our trade, to prevent corruption and to promote prosperity; and it would be interesting to review our position and see how far we have advanced on the Western model.

The British Institutions which turn out Public Accountants are many in number, and most of them enjoy widespread influence as very respectable and efficient societies. Of these, the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales is the oldest body incorporated by Royal Charter in 1880. This Institute makes most of the Chartered Accountants of whom quite a large number are now practising in India. There are four other Societies

which rank equally well with the Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales, and they are

The Institute of Chartered Accountants in Ireland,
The Institute of Accountants and Actuaries in Glasgow,
The Society of Accountants in Aberdeen, and
The Society of Accountants in Edinburgh.

All these societies are incorporated by Royal Charter, and are competent to award the title of "Chartered Accountant" to successful pupils.

The next important English Society is the Society of Incorporated Accountants and Auditors, which is formed under the English Companies Act with exemption to omit the word "Limited" from its name. Many young Indians have qualified from this Society and enjoy extensive practise in India as "Incorporated Accountants".

Next in importance come the Corporation of Accountants Ltd., Glasgow, the Central Association of Accountants Ltd., and the London Association of Accountants Ltd., the members of which are respectively styled "Corporate Accountants", "Associated Accountants" and "Certified Accountants". These three institutions do not require personal attendance of candidates in England for study or examination, and consequently many young Indians have qualified for their diplomas by taking the examinations in various centres in India. But in India, under existing regulations, none but Chartered and Incorporated Accountants in the above mentioned list are allowed to practise as Auditors, excepting, of course, G. D. A.'s and other approved Accountants.

Until the passing of the Auditors' Certificate Rules in 1932, the G. D. A. was the only diploma awarded and recognised by the Government of India as the requisite Indian qualification for Public Accountants. In many cases, however, persons of long experience in Accounting but lacking in educational qualification were awarded certificates which enabled them to practise as Public Accountants. But the new rules have nearly finished their career, and it must be considered almost impossible now to enter into the profession without qualification and experience as laid down in the Rules. The Auditors' Certificate Rules now require every such person to pass a preliminary examination (also called "First examination"), undergo service under Articles for 4 years (5 years in the case of undergraduates) and then pass a "final examination". These examinations are held under the direct superintendence of the Department of Commerce, and exemption is granted only to persons who have passed the G. D. A. examination before 31st December 1934. On the completion of

service under articles and on passing the examinations, the candidate's name is entered in a special Register kept by the Governor-General in Council, he is designated an "R. A." and is allowed to practise as a Public Accountant and auditor without any restriction.

The new R. A. Regulations are in some respects parallel to those of the Institutes of Chartered Accountants in Great Britain. The Chartered Institutes require a preliminary examination before commencement of Articles and an "Intermediate examination" during the course of Articles, in just the same way as the R. A. Regulations prescribe the "First examination" before commencement of Articles. The English candidate then enters Articles in his employer's office (a practising auditor) and during the course of 5 years (3 in the case of graduates) obtains a very good insight in practical accounting and auditing. The Indian candidate's procedure is also the same, he commences articles under a practising auditor, and assists his employer in the details of various audits. After passing the "Final examination" the English candidate and the Indian candidate are allowed to set up practise as independent auditors in their respective countries.

It is merely in respect of the syllabus of study that we find a little difference between the Chartered Societies' Regulations of England and the G. D. A. and R. A. Regulations of India. The "Intermediate examination" of The Society of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales consists of papers in General Commercial Knowledge, Book-keeping and Accounts and Auditing. As against this, the "First examination" under the R. A. Regulations consists of papers in Accountancy and Auditing, Mercantile and Commercial Law and General Commercial knowledge. The Chartered Societies' final examination consists of papers in Advanced Book-keeping and Accountancy, including costing and taxation, Auditing, Partnership and Executorship Law and Accounts, Bankruptcy and Company Law, Mercantile Law, Economics, Banking, Currency and Foreign exchanges. The R. A. Final examination includes the above with the exception of the last three-named subjects. So far as proficiency in Accounting and Auditing is concerned, it is not necessary to consider the absence of the last three subjects mentioned above, and from this point of view, there can be no material difference between the knowledge possessed by a Chartered Accountant of England and a Registered Accountant of India for Auditing purposes. Further, from the same point of view, there is no material difference in knowledge for professional purposes between a new R. A. and an old G. D. A. in India. It must, of course, be conceded that by virtue of his examination syllabus, a Chartered Accountant is much more than a mere Accountant or Auditor.

A very important aspect in regard to Accounting is that a young Accountant need not necessarily depend upon the profession for making a living. Not all qualified Accountants can be successful as professional Auditors; a great many of them may not practise as Auditors at all, and might be well contented with finding important and well-paid appointments in commercial and financial undertakings. In this respect, Indian students would do very well in qualifying for the Membership and certificates of the Corporation of Accountants, Glasgow, the Central Association of Accountants Ltd., and the London Association of Accountants, for all of which provision is made to enable Indian students to take the examinations in India. Service under Articles are not obligatory for admission into any of these but preference is generally given to persons practising as audit clerks or working in well-established offices and firms as Accountants. These advantages must be very unique in the case of hundreds of Indian students who fail to get through the G. D. A. examination, and who will be satisfied with getting employment as Accountants in commercial undertakings.

There is yet another source of income for the Public Accountant in India which is coming into vogue in connection with Income-tax assessments. Many auditors now hold themselves as experts in the matter of preparing correct income-tax assessments for their clients, and in this respect they depend upon the double entry system of Accounting. On behalf of their clients they conduct appeals against assessment made by the various income-tax officers, and secure them considerable relief. There does not appear to be any provision which entitles an Auditor to step into the shoes of a solicitor as in this case, but the Auditor is looked upon as an expert who can state a case for the authorities and explain the correct principles of assessment. All over India hundreds of Auditors have taken to this new opening which is a great deal lucrative and a suitable substitute when the Audit season is bad.

It will not be out of place here to mention a few features of the newly constituted Indian Accountancy Board. The Board will consist of not less than fifteen and not more than twenty members appointed by the Governor-General in Council. Of these, two members shall be persons in the service of Government and of the remainder, not less than two-thirds shall be professional accountants. One of the members in the service of the Government shall be appointed Chairman of the Board by the Governor-General in Council and shall have power to depute any other person in the service of Government to act as member and chairman on his behalf. The Governor-General in Council may also

constitute a Local Accountancy Board for any area and may designate the headquarters of each Local Accountancy Board so constituted. The Local Board shall consist of not less than three and not more than eight members who shall be appointed by the Governor-General in Council on the recommendation of the local Government concerned. It will be noticed that future entrants to the Accountancy profession have to forward their applications for enrolment to the Secretary to the Government of India, Department of Commerce, since the Accountancy Diploma Board, Bombay, ceases to function from 31st December, 1934. Another rule says that an approved Accountant shall, on ceasing to practise as Public Accountant, inform the Secretary to the Government of India, Department of Commerce, of the fact within thirty days from the date on which he ceases to practise.

A great deal has been said both in the Press and on the platform as regards the injustice done to failed G. D. A. candidates on account of the total abolition of the Accountancy Diploma Board, Bombay, as a result of which no further examination for the G. D. A. is to be held. It is an interesting fact, though, that a very large number of the G. D. A. candidates are anxious only to get suitable appointments in firms and corporations, and think that a failure in the G. D. A. is a great handicap. The "First examination" under the new R. A. Regulations ought to answer well their requirements, though it may be said that this examination is not a complete test for accounting purposes. The line must be drawn very clearly between a candidate who is anxious to enter the profession as a Public Accountant, and the one who stops half-way and takes up some suitable job which his education entitles him to.

The cost of education and training for the Accountancy profession is a matter of some interest to prospective students and their parents. It depends more or less on the particular employers, and there are many auditors who do not take a premium at all from their apprentices (articled clerks), but would be content with the service given to their business by the articled clerks. It is also not safe to speculate on the possible amount of success for a prospective auditor; success can only be obtained by real hard work, concentration and integrity and abundant common sense. The responsibility of an Auditor, both statutory and moral, are very great and unless he employs great care and skill in the performance of his duties, he should be inviting trouble of all sorts and be losing his practice in addition. It is more or less correct to say that great risks have to be taken before a person desires to enter the profession in earnestness or out of necessity.

Dynamic Gospel of Sri Krishna.

BY SWAMI JAGADISWARANANDA



OPĪ Gita of Srimad Bhagavatam contains the teachings of Sri Krishna of Brindaban whereas in Srimad Bhagavat Gita of the Mahabharat we get the dynamic gospel of this great Hindu Teacher. For several centuries in the medieval age we have adored and worshipped the Sri Krishna of Brindaban but unfortunately we have almost forgotten the Sri Krishna of Kurukshetra and Dwaraka. Modern India is a Kurukshetra, by no means a Brindaban; we badly need his dynamic teachings as depicted in the Gita.

When at the battlefield of Kurukshetra Arjun shrank from his duty, Krishna taught him the doctrine of Swadharma, which is the central teaching of the Gita. As a Kshatriya his immediate duty was to fight without any thought of consequences, but overcome with sentiment and passivity he refused to fight. Sri Krishna exhorted him to cast off his faintheartedness and obey the stern call of duty and not to yield to unmanliness. Arjun's refusal to do his Swadharma shows his heart overwhelmed with Dourbalyam, Karpanyam and Klaihyam. Arjun typifies the struggling soul. Krishna addresses no particular individual, but the society in general and the nation at large. Sayings of the Teachers have always a universal significance. They are meant for the whole race for which they come down. So they are quite applicable to the modern Hindus. This religion of Swadharma which Krishna taught Arjun in the turmoil and tumult of the battlefield is one of the most dynamic gospels ever preached to the Hindus. The Teacher himself was the most perfect illustration of his own teachings. He was his own disciple. His life was an exemplification of Duty as religion. This doctrine of Swadharma is a dynamic philosophy of life, a dynamic religion. How often in our life we fail to do our duty for want of moral and muscular courage and succumb to Tamas in the name of Sattwa? Tamas, Rajas and Sattwa, or inertness, activity and serenity, the three states of the mind represent the animal, human and divine natures in man. The first and the last always look alike, like the wise and the fool. The extremes are seemingly similar as the slowest and quickest vibrations of light. But in fact they are poles asunder. Tamas, is passivity but Sattwa is intense activity coupled with profound calmness. Silence of Sattwa is more eloquent than the sound of Tamas. Tremendous activity with full detachment and disinterestedness is serenity. If a man wills to be on the human plane he must struggle hard to put

down his animal nature and to rise to the divine plane. The animal in man tries to be dominant always. What is life but an incessant struggle between lower and higher natures? The unanimous verdict of modern psychology is that animal instincts sway human nature. In the course of his long evolution man has not been so far able to transcend his animal nature fully. Man minus his artificial gloss of civilization is a brute, a wild creature.

So human life is a continuous battle to immolate the animal in man and to embrace the divine. Life is a process of being and becoming. Struggle is the inevitable accompaniment of life. Without struggle life degenerates and approaches death. Struggle is God's gift, says Vivekananda. It is the only sign of life. Without it enrichment of life is impossible. Struggle means constant renewal of strength and courage. Sakti and Sahas, Abhih and Abhayam, fearlessness and firmness must be the watchwords of our individual as well as collective life.

It has been contended that Sri Krishna's exhortations in the battlefield of Kurukshetra are no better than a myth, because it was not possible for a teacher to teach a philosophy of life at the outset of a tooth and claw fight. But it is when death draws near that man feels impelled to think of the eternal values and verities of life. At the door of death alone man reviews his past life and thinks of the hereafter. The best dialogues of Socrates were given a few days before his death after the capital penalty had been pronounced upon him. Socrates and Plato rightly define philosophy as the continuous practice of and preparation for death. He was a true philosopher in the proper sense of the term and by life-long practice of philosophy he conquered death and so cheerfully he swallowed the hemlock poison. A dynamic philosophy of life dispels the fear of death from the mind. It is told of the philosopher, Emperor Marcus Aurelius of Rome, that he was more attached to philosophy than to his dominions. He was of all the western rulers, the singular exception who combined political greatness with philosophic wisdom. According to Plato, the city and the society may be free from evil under the benign government of such wise emperors only. However, Marcus Aurelius, before going to an internecine warfare in which he was unfortunately killed, held philosophic discussions consecutively for three days in his imperial palace with the thinkers and scholars of his state. In India specially, philosophy has never been divorced from the lives of the great men. So it is relevant and pertinent that Sri Krishna should have delivered his dynamic gospel to Arjun in the bustle of the battlefield. Sri Krishna's inspiring sermons removed all disinclination to duty from Arjun's mind. Arjun awoke and arose to do his duty. Like Arjun may

we, the modern Hindus, wake up to our duties to family, to society and to the nation as well? May our lethargy and unwillingness to do our duties be removed by the Lord's celestial song. For Sri Krishna's teachings still ring in the atmosphere of India. Certainly it rings in many hearts; may it ring in all and energise us to our duty. Very often we are confounded as to what our present duty is. We cannot differentiate between remote and immediate duties. Sri Krishna has pointed it out in the Gita. Arjun mistook his remote duty to his clan for immediate duty to his country. Our scriptures have clearly laid down our duties in every walk of life and have extended the sphere of duty, not only to man but also to creatures (Chutas), seers (Rishis), manes (pitris) and gods (devas).

Sri Krishna was an ideal teacher; he never decried Arjun by calling him an abject sinner or the like. His gospel was emphatically positive and not negative. This characterises his teachings. Like the semitic prophets he did not believe in the original sin of man. Man is a sinner only by forgetfulness of his real nature. All moral training will inevitably fail if we neglect this core of his gospel. Negative teaching does more evil than good. Thus it is unwise to hold up the black side of one's character. The best way of life is to find out the good within ourselves and to see the goodness of others. We see evil in others because there is evil in us. When evil is totally eliminated from within we shall not see evil in others. When you point out a sin in a man you only cover a little more his true nature. By seeing one's goodness we help one to remove a little of his darkness. Psycho-analysis has definitely demonstrated that social censure is the root of all suppressions and repressions in human nature. It does not expedite elimination at all.

That is why Sri Krishna in the second chapter of the Gita describes the Nitya-Buddha-suddhamukta nature of man. He simply says "it does not behove thee to behave so." He drew Arjun's attention to the omnipotent, omniscient and omnipresent nature of his soul. This emboldened Arjun fully and he fought and won victory. As cotton cannot cover fire so our misdeeds cannot hide permanently our nature. As water cannot wet the lotus leaf so our so called sins cannot pollute our heart for good. Our misdoings are nothing more than superimpositions on our real self and will vanish like mist before rising sun as soon as we know our nature. We are oblivious somehow or other that we are the ocean of omnipotence. That is why Sri Krishna thunders to Arjun "Arise, awake and manifest the Divine within."

We thus get in the gospel of Sri Krishna a beautiful definition of sin and religion. Whatever weakens or emasculates one

physically, mentally and morally is sin. Whatever strengthens and uplifts one in these three-fold ways is Religion. Religion does not consist in belief in a God but in the undying belief in one's own self. Real faith in God is preceded by a strong faith in one's own self. The religious reaction visible in India has come upon us with Buddhism and Jainism. Bhagawan Buddha, in attempting to make the whole nation monastic, made it effete and effeminate. It is going against nature to try to initiate an entire nation, into monasticism. The after effect was dangerous imbecility. Sri Krishna was a wise teacher. He knew that highest spirituality cannot be successfully practised by mankind. It is reserved for the rare few. A comprehensive scheme of life cannot solely be based on *moksha* alone. A sound philosophy of conduct must include all the four *vargas* of life, Dharma, Artha, Kama and Moksha.

The mind should be emancipated from the thralldom of fear and weakness; because they are milder forms of death. The poet has rightly said that the valiant never taste of death, but once, but the cowards die many times before their death. With the poet we Hindus can utter with trumpet-voice "of all the wonders I yet have heard it seems to me most strange that man should fear." Man who is divine and immortal is afraid of death! Man whose Atman is not killed by sword, nor burnt by fire, shudders at the name of death. It is only because man has forgotten his real nature. Plato has truly observed that the body is the tomb of the soul. Entangled in the net of fire bhutas the Brahman weeps. "Thine is the hand that holds the rope that drags thee on. Let go thy hold and be free." Hence constant remembrance of our real nature is absolutely essential. Dynamism, vitalism, activism, pragmatism is the true philosophy of life. Life is a conquest of death, a continuous Tapasya.

Towards the end of his life Swami Vivekananda used to say that the real spirit of religion can be summed up in one word. It is manliness. He said, "The older I grow, the clearer it appears to me that this one word contains the whole meaning of religion." Once he told some youths that they would be nearer to God through football, than through the Gita. We will understand the Gita better with muscles of iron, nerves of steel and strong blood in our veins. Modern psychology also defines character as strength. The Gita voices the view of the Upanishads. Quintessence of the Vedas and the Upanishads is fearlessness, Abhaya—Abhayam. Fear is the cause of all failures, weakness is the root of sins. So these must be got rid of. Strength is what we want and the first step in getting that strength is to uphold the Upanishads and believe "I am the Athman."

Renunciation is not retreat from the struggle of life. It is a conquest, a mastery over the self. Krishna here echoes what has been the border of all religions. All the religions have tried to turn life into a battlefield rather than a bath room. All have striven to make man strong for death rather than life. Sir Philip Sidney's greatness is a conquest of death. It is the height of renunciation. We have long worshipped the Beautiful aspect of God and have almost ignored the Terrible aspect. God manifests equally in Beauty as well as in Terror. We must love terror or death for its own sake. That is the significance of Kali worship. We must embrace misery, not happiness, pain not pleasure. "Who desires misery, love and hug the form of death, dance in destructions' dances to him the mother comes." We have to recognise the Divine in evil, terror and sorrow as in goodness, beauty and sweetness. How the western youths are jubilant over enterprise and adventure. They are flying from one corner of the globe to another; climbing to the sky-kissing peaks of the Himalayas, probing the bottom of the sea and flying to the depths of strato-sphere. They have tasted the immortality of life. But we are more dead than alive. Krishna combined in himself the soldier and the Sannyasin. Vivekananda was of all modern Indian teachers the nearest approach to Krishna. He is the modern Krishna. He was the apostle of strength. Weakness and fear were alien to his nature. His ideal was the giant of a saint whom they killed in the Mutiny and who broke his silence of fifteen years to say to his murderer "And thou too art He." It is told of two Hindu youths who received the order of their death-penalty with smiles. They were accused of patriotism and terrorism. The last few days they lived, they recited the Gita and wonder of all wonders, they gained a few pounds in weight before death. The joy of sacrifice was so strong in them that the death-news bettered their body and mind. They conquered death. They are the real disciples of Krishna. How many of us who read the Gita daily like parrots rejoice at death?

Hinduism requires a dynamic transformation. Sir J. C. Bose has rightly said that True Hinduism is that which makes man work, not dream. Real Hinduism is the gospel of strength and fearlessness and it teaches that death is a passing phase. Hinduism is very static and stagnant today. It must become dynamic and militant, aggressive and progressive. It is at present a mere congress of divided sects and warring creeds. It must be a single undivided living whole capable of welcoming and embracing the entire development of modern thought. Krishna is the living embodiment of the true spirit of Hinduism. The soul of Hinduism became Krishna in flesh and blood. We marvel now at the many-sidedness of his character. He lived and taught a comprehensive

philosophy of life. He was the Hindu model of ideal manhood. He teaches us how to live a full fledged life. Harmonious development of head, hand, and heart,—thinking, feeling and willing,—Karma, Gnana and Bhakti,—is the goal of Hinduism. The only way to avert the imminent crisis of Hinduism is to follow the dynamic gospel of Sri Krishna. It is a thousand pities that Modern Hinduism lacks the spirit of Sri Krishna. Hinduism needs complete assimilation of modern consciousness. Pesta Lozi has truly said that man follows his race in his development. Man epitomises in his evolution the History of his race. The height which an individual of a race has reached may be attained by all. Every Hindu may become a Krishna in his own way if only he follows his teachings. To think is to become. Vivekananda used to say that when you meditate on the brain of Buddha or Shankar and realise identity with it, in spirit you become Buddha or Shankara. We are potentially all Krishnas. The Krishna spirit is latent in us. Only we must manifest it by steady practice. The true commemoration of Krishna's birthday is to install him in our heart. He is not as all other great souls, born once a year but every day. When Krishna reigns in our heart, every day is a Krishna-Janmashtami. When he is enshrined in the altar of our heart life becomes transfigured.

Pritha, that men trod in all ways." "Yo yo yam yam tanum vaktah sradhayarchitumichhati, thasya thasyachalam sradham tameva vidadhamyam:— Whatever form a devotee seeks or worships with Sradha, that Sradha of his do I make unwavering." "Yat Sankhai prappyate sthanam tat yogairapi gamyate, Ekam Sankhyamcha Yogamcha Ya pashyati sa pashyati:—The plane that is reached by the Jnanins is also reached by the Karma-Yogins. Who sees knowledge and performance of action as one, he sees." Indeed, the Gita is the marvellous book on Samanwaya or harmony. Strange to say, those very people who wanted to bring out, expand and elucidate this great book on harmony, that is, the commentators, Vashyakaras and Tikakaras, have only succeeded in bringing out more of disharmony, discord, disunion and abuse of each other.

Since the time of Lord Krishna an effulgent galaxy of illustrious supermen arose in Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Solomon, Christ, Mahomed, Zoroaster, Buddha, Mahavira, Sankara, Ramanujam, Nanaka, Chaitanya, Lao Tse and Confucius in different periods of the world's civilisation to fulfil their respective spiritual missions. It was in the last century, however, and in Calcutta that the Doctrine of Unity and Harmony had its fullest play and expression in the saint of Dakshineswara, Bhagawan Sri Ramakrishna. Unlike the other great teachers of the world, this poor Brahmin priest of Dakshineswara remained illiterate in the ordinary sense of the term but was more learned than the so-called Ph. D's. of the Universities. Although he did not enter the portals of a university, yet he attained the imperishable wealth of knowledge by merging himself into the ocean of Samadhi. If Vidya or knowledge means the knowledge of Reality by which a student gets a true perspective of the Real and the Unreal and thereby enjoys infinite bliss, then such knowledge Sri Ramakrishna did actually attain by following the strenuous paths inculcated in the sacred lores of the various religions. The admirable message that was delivered nearly 5000 years ago at the Flanders of Kurukshetra was given shape, form and expression at the Temple of Dakshineswara by Sri Ramakrishna. Not by philosophy or metaphysical quibbling by mastering the scriptures of the various religions, but by living the life of intense and sincere activity culminating in realisation or *Swanubhuti*, the prophet of Dakshineswara demonstrated that the Harmony and Unity of Religions is not a mere object of speculation and ratiocination but a rule of life which could be lived and realised.

Indeed, the life of the Saint of Dakshineswar is a veritable embodiment of the doctrine of Harmony of Religions. He brought lasting peace and concord amongst the warring sects and

societies by showing in his own life the underlying synthesis of all religions and by harmonising the several paths, rather processes, of Sadhana inculcated in the Hindu Sastras. His attainment of Samadhi at the age of seven in the field of Kamarpukur at the sight of a flight of snow-white birds under a piece of a dark cloud, his vision of Lord Shiva during the Shivaratri Day, his burning yearning after God-vision culminating in the Darsana of the Divine Mother at the Dakshineswara Temple, his strenuous practices and consequent successes in the 64 Asanas of the Trantick Sadhana, sitting at the feet of the devout Brahmani Yogeswari Devi, his Vaishnava Sadhanas and last but not the least, the Advaita Sadhana under the enlightened Guru, Totapuri, nay his realisation of God following the paths of Christianity and Islam, testify that the harmony of religions is not the phantastic creation of a fertile brain but is an admirable ideal which can be practised and realised, provided an aspirant has the intense faith in the doctrine, infinite patience and perseverance and capacity to withstand the onslaughts and shocks of alien forces coming in the wake of spiritual practices. In the course of one of his lectures in America, Swami Vivekananda says, "Before the idea of holding the Parliament of Religions penetrated into the brain of any gentleman in this country, I had the rarest privilege of sitting at the feet of one whose very life was the embodiment of the Parliament of Religions." Rev. P. C. Mazumdar of Calcutta speaks about the Prophet of Dakshineswara. "It is orthodox Hinduism, but Hinduism of a strange type, Sri Ramakrishna Paramahansa is a worshipper of no particular God. He is not a Shaivite, he is not a Shakta, he is not a Vaishnava, he is not a Vedantist. Yet, he is all these. He worships Shiva, he worships Kali, he worships Rama, he worships Krishna and is a confirmed advocate of Vedantic doctrines. He is an idolator, yet he is a faithful and most devoted meditator of the perfections of the Formless Infinite Daity Whom he terms *Akhandasatchidananda*—'Indivisible Existence, Knowledge and Bliss.'"

The Hindu does not believe in dogmatic religion nor in eclecticism. He knows that so long as there exist various temperaments and dispositions, so long there would remain several religions and religious creeds, which are like so many radii converging into the centre of God or Truth. And the Sastras, therefore, enjoin on every aspirant and devotee to have '*Istamstha*' i. e. unalloyed, unsullied and undivided love for his chosen ideal, and simultaneously the mind should be purged off all the dirt of hatred against and disrespect for other gods and goddesses. Sri Ramakrishna Deva used to give a very interesting parable of the daughter-in-law:—"The daughter-in-law loves her father-in-law, mother-in-law, and other members of the family with the

eye of equality, but has her mind fixed on one, i. e. her husband." Sri Mahavira asked by Lord Rama about his *Istadevata* replied, "*Srinathe Janakinathe abhed iparamatmani, thathapi mama sarvashya Rama rajivalochanah*—Although I know full well that there is absolutely no difference between the Lord of Lakshmi and the Lord of Janaki, yet, the be-all and end-all of my life is that lotus-eyed Lord Rama." While it is admitted by the law-givers of the Sanatana Dharma that the necessity for the existence of the multifarious deities arises because of the multitudinous temperaments and tendencies existing among the devotees at large and while each aspirant must follow his own chosen ideal and thus slowly and steadily proceed, towards his goal, yet, the aspirant should make it a principle in his life not to slip into the pit of dogmatism and fanaticism. Once the demon of dogmatism surreptitiously enters into the heart of the aspirant, the tide of his spiritual progress is arrested and gradually his religious life becomes dried up and finally culminates in decay and extinction. It is the same God as appears to one as Hari, appears to others in the forms of Zeus, Christ, Shiva, Vishnu and Kali. But it is the misunderstanding of the ignorance of the people which is the breeding place of wranglings, contentions, fights and quarrels. This reminds us of the story of Sri Ramakrishna. Once upon a time, there was a fight, says Sri Ramakrishna, between Lord Shiva and Lord Rama which lasted several months and at last terminated in truce. Once again good relations were established between the two deities; but the war that was waged between the followers of Lord Shiva, i. e. Bhutas and Pretas, (ghosts and devils) and those of Lord Rama i. e. Hanumans (monkeys) is, still going on even to-day. Too true, indeed, is the story of the Saint.

The intuitive experience of the unity of God-head and the fellowship of faiths by Sri Ramakrishna is a great land-mark in the history of human civilisation. His unique life and experience have thrown a flood of light on the whole outlook of life individual as well as collective and have removed a great need by supplying the remarkable basis upon which all nations can come together and live in love, amity and mutual co-operation, and the only ground upon which all humanity can feel its essential unity and identity.

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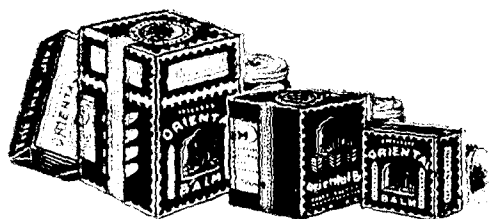
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The Smuggler.

By KESHAB CHANDRA GUPTA, M.A., B.L.



NDIA", said the Jestling Pilate, "is a land of depressions". Well! But he is always provocative although immensely interesting. Evidently he has not met one of our holiday crowds. The spectacle is instructive, exhilarating, almost magnetic. The eagerness of the holiday traveller to put miles between himself and the field of his daily toil, accentuates a dilemma in practical psychology. Life ceases to be a heap of ruins, a blasted proposition the moment one secures a job. But while in it, he feels the strain of the slave, the helplessness of the dumb, driven cattle. The poor innocent! He feels rotten to the marrow of his aching bones while at work--impatient, weak, disgruntled. But at the blast of the trumpet that announces a holiday, from his innermost soul creep out job's own patience and gradually the strength of a Sandow. He joins a hustling and jostling crowd. It does one's soul some good to see the holiday-maker capering at the railway station. His agility of limbs does not suggest ennui any way.

I did not philosophise then, although to a professional man, holiday spells cessation of income. The spirit of freedom elated me. I was indeed a part and parcel of the holiday crowd myself, sharing all its joys and anticipations. So was Sergeant Ross, I thought, when he saluted me at the Railway Station.

"Hullo, Ross, so you have got leave also, eh?"

"Hullo, you, Sir, see the buttons. No more C. P."

"Why, what's the great idea?"—I asked him.

"Idea, Mr. Sen? Why, no more standing on the road like a lamp-post for me. I've done with the police soore. Goin' back to me own regiment the Loals".

A cheerful young officer was Sergeant Ross—vivacious, polite and witty. He had always a kick against the lamp post in his conversation. He had a longing eye on the post of a patrol Inspector and its paraphernalia—the Harley Davidson with its side car and all. It was always a pleasure to cross-examine this young officer who was truthful but ever on the alert, lest some facts damaging to the prosecution escaped his lips.

"See more of you tomorrow, Mr. Sen, to talk of the old times"—was his final promise, as he was swallowed up by the surging crowd. I fear, my cheerio missed him.

"No depression in the transport trade."

I turned round and saw an old friend whom the trade depression had plunged into the crowd of the down-and-outs. Of course, he vanished without waiting for an answer. He could not afford to talk matters out as he had to look for a seat in the unreserved portion of the Holiday Special. He also expressed the holiday buoyancy, however, by the quickness of his steps.

Ross evidently felt the urge of the old times, very badly. For after only three hours of run, he peeped through the window of my compartment, at Asansole.

"Slepin' sir, already?"—inquired his cheerful voice.

"I wouldn't answer you, if I were, Ross. Got a comfy seat?"

"That's what I call a lawyer sir, how smartly you answer. Yes thank you, Mr. Sen, I'm comfortable aright."

"Well, a very pleasant night isn't it? No clouds, young moon and a light breeze."

None of the three phenomena had any use for Ross. He was then grossly worldly-minded. He postulated a mundane problem.

"No more fees and no more cross exams, Mr. Sen and for how long?"

"Unfortunately, for a month, Ross, my lad. But, Ross, I would not miss either fees or the pleasure of bullying a witness. Look here, son, I am free and that is enough. As free as a Scotchman."

He expressed sympathy. He appreciated the compliment to his national freedom from the member of a nation that had none.

"Igh court is aright, sir. But the police court is noisy."

"You have echoed my inner voice, Sergeant, yer Private Ross. Oh the hum and eternal buzz of the infernal place. But some one has to do the work of the place anyway."

"And earn tons o' money," he replied. His Scottish outlook of life must have received a stimulus from my observation about his national freedom.

"Where is your Regiment, Mr. Ross? I saw the Loyals playing in Calcutta for the Shield."

"Oh the Loyals are in Jutough aright". His serious mood subsisted. "To be honest, Mr. Sen, I was in a manner o' sain' bluffin' you."

"Not the right game to play with an old man like me and the head of a family too," I expostulated. "Even when you are not on oath you mustn't tell an untruth. Well, then, what is the bluff?"

Ordinarily I am not interested in the autobiography of soldiers or sergeants of the police or in their moral outlook of life. But I resented all bluffs. And after the declaration that this young Scotchman had bluffed me, all the instincts of a lawyer rose in revolt. I was determined to probe the depth of this bluff.

"I am as much a private in the Loyal Regiment as you are a—I mean to say—er—"

"The Chief Justice, let us say," I suggested to find an outlet for his obstructed rhetoric. The figure of speech pleased Mr. Ross and he beamed.

"To be plain, I mean to say, to be honest I am a smuggler at present."

"What! Smuggler! What the Deuce do you mean? A smuggler!"

I could control neither myself nor my language at the announcement. Ross was unperturbed.

"A plain, downright, Smuggler, Mr. Sen. An opium smuggler; Why my! "This is the startin' whistle soore! Good night."—he almost screamed as he showed some sprinting. The train had already started.

II

The countryside was flooded with the pale light of the young moon—six days old. The glories of light and shade, of shining verdure and waving reflections added a fairy charm to my spirit of freedom. But it was a short-lived glory, for before the hillocks of the coal district were reached the land was plunged into darkness. The train careered along, vigorously, madly. It had no dread of the unknown, no prejudice against the enveloping darkness. The powerful engine was defiant, mocking, noisy but rhythmic in its triumphant on-rush. Its rhythm lulled my children to sleep. My wife was enjoying the grimness of the seeming vacuity, out of whose bosom were shooting up fantastic figures of the trees and rocks. But she too was caught in the silken net of slumber before long.

I switched off the electric light. My eyes gained magic powers to unravel the mysteries concealed within the dark veil. The shadowy forms of the mighty Pareshnath Hills were discernible at a distance, dreamy, weird, structures struggling for self-expression.

The story of conversion of young Ross mingled in an uncanny manner with all my musings. The lawyer who does original criminal work develops a highly sensitive nature. Every phase of human life with its enigmas presents itself to him. Its riddles demand quick solution. A smuggler! From Lal Bazar to a smuggler's den, with its atmosphere of mystery, suspicion and watchfulness! But oh! the lovely hills—sublime, imposing, majestic even in their vagueness. Why did the Government deprive Bengal of these hills when naturally they belonged to that fair province?

Then again I pondered over the romance of smuggling—its expedients to counteract the activities of the authorities—moves

"I am glad to hear that. I think they have selected the right man for this important detection work. Yes, sergeant, you'll do."

Another click followed by another salute.

I knew the particular Deputy Commissioner,—a gentleman whose sense of humour never forsook him under the most trying circumstances. He had a marvellous knack of selecting his men and instilling courage into them.

He unfolded his scheme to Ross. The Calcutta smugglers imported opium sometimes through the agency of well-dressed Anglo-Indian women. A few of them were detected and punished. The convictions checked the employment of that class of agents, as the fear of punishment practically prevented recruitment. The enterprising smuggler with the resources of his productive mind entered into a new line in his career. The situation was alarming from various points of view.

The smuggler was now employing a few British soldiers to help him in importing opium from some Indian States and the Frontier into Calcutta. The device threatened many interests. The authorities were determined to nip this evil in the bud.

I myself had heard of such a case or two. My own idea was that the smuggler's men dressed some riff-raffs of the European roughs as soldiers. A large number of them were always available in or about Calcutta. It was believed in the police circles that the smuggler's agent made friends with the likely recruit on the Football ground and with the good things of the Chinese Restaurants and the lure of lucre and drink achieved their object.

It was a very difficult affair to detect these soldiers, if soldiers they really were. A false step might lead to a brush with the Army; and in any tussle with the Army the police were bound to come out second best.

The better way seemed to the police to lay a trap for the smuggler—a trap that would ascertain if any soldier was employed in the nefarious trade and would discover the gang that engaged them.

"You have to put on the uniform of your regiment, see" said the D. C. after the preliminary explanations.

"Yes, sir."

"I shall get you the necessary permission. Our informer will put you in the way. You will sit next to the smuggler's agent in the general enclosure on the Football grounds, see."

"Yes, sir, sit as a soldier, cheer the military team and shout down the Monbagans."

"That's right."

Then followed detailed instructions. Mr. Baring was an officer who hated leaving details to chance. He instructed Ross how

to fall victim to the smuggler's wiles. He was to fight like a coy maiden resenting and resisting approaches and overtures, but slyly encouraging the tempter all the time.

"He is a real witty man, the D. C., although English....." declared Ross, who like all his countrymen from the other side of the Tweed, declined to credit Englishmen with the faculty of being witty. He beamed. He showed me his gold-tipped front teeth to their best advantage.

"Oh my! This is what he said, the D. C. 'Look ere Ross' he says.....Be'ave like the gal who says—Ah ye wicked 'un I'm angry you kiss me, know. But wont forgive you if you don't kiss me again. Isn't he a real 'un, the D. C., Mr. Sen?"

I had to admit the reality of the D. C.

He gave me all the details of the flirtation, the wooing the winning over, "in a manner o' sain'." He had detailed instructions as to the steps to be taken. The arrest was to follow the import into Calcutta. Ross was to get as close a view of the master-minds of the smuggling business as possible. I had doubts about the success of that part of the undertaking of Ross, but I felt what a great menace to society were these members of the smuggling confraternity.

IV

From my experience of the caution and vigilance which form part of the everyday routine of the smuggler, I was almost sure that Ross was being watched in the journey. His first enterprise was doomed to failure, and it was a great pity that I was the indirect cause of that failure. The notoriety of a busy practitioner travelled far outside the court-room and every adept of the master criminal knows him as well as he knows the noted police officer. The moment it was discovered that this soldier was hand and glove with a Bengalee lawyer who practised in the criminal courts, doubts will crop up in the mind of the watcher. A British soldier seldom makes friends with an Indian civilian.

Ross should never have come to cowtow with me at every important halt. When he came to me in the afternoon, I was determined to warn him.

"Pretty 'ot day, Mr. Sen"—he chimed.

I agreed. Must I put a wet blanket on all that enthusiasm of this honest young officer by conveying to him a hint that his adventure threatened well-nigh to lead nowhere. I decided to give him just a gentle hint.

"You see, my friend, you haven't acted quite wisely."

"Never 'ad the reputation of doin' that Mr. Sen,"—was the frank confession.

"It just strikes me that you may be watched by the smuggler's man or somebody, you see."

"There is none o' them within miles of me, sir."

"How do you know?"

"I made soore before I recognised you, Mr. Sen."

So he had foreseen. But how could he be so cocksure?

"I am no darned fool not to foresee that. They are to meet me at the junction station. This train does not go to Kismetpore, you know. It is a native, I beg your pardon, an Indian State."

"Shall you have my secret now? I am going to Kismetpore myself. My brother-in-law is the doctor to His Highness."

"Ow odd," he exclaimed. "At the Junction Station you and me are strangers, Mr. Sen. At Kismetpore we never meet, of course."

I wished him luck but I had a shrewd suspicion that the smuggler had put some one on his trail.

"Of course, the smuggler bloke knows that soldier and lawyer are no friends. Almost 'gainst Army Reg'lations."

I never knew till then that to their wide culture the opium smugglers added the knowledge of Army Regulations.

In the Restaurant car I stumbled on Prof. Mackenzie. He introduced me to his friend, Mr. Cameron of the Indian Police, whose services had been lent by our Government to the State of Kismetpore.

"Kismetpore! How strange!" I exclaimed. "that is exactly the place where I am going to spend my Pujah week, you know".

Inwardly I wondered how my fate was linked with the criminals and the police and with Scotchmen in this particular trip. I swore in my mind; and then I wondered if I had uttered my oath loud enough to shock the goody Joe Mackenzie, who had such a fame for piety amongst his students. By Jove! it nearly cost me my reputation with the Scottish Mission.

A genial fellow was Prof. Mackenzie full of Christianity and faith in Scotland's Mission to Bengal. Duff and others had done more for our province than any Englishman, was the considered opinion of this reverend gentleman.

Two beggars were fighting on the platform over a loaf of bread which the generosity of a passenger had thrown away.

"See, Mr. Sen, the utter ignorance of these men fighting over a gift that they might divide and enjoy—the utter absence of Christian consciousness".

I had a very vague conception of that virtue myself. Mr. Cameron who evidently had, grinned and very cynically answered.

"In a Christian country there would have been more serious punching and not this tame tugging, as we notice here. In Mesopotamia, knifing may be."

Mr. Cameron was in Mesopotamia with the Camerons. The professor blushed.

"The police has spoilt you, James"—was all that he could say under the circumstances.

I took up the shred of the conversation.

"Surely, professor, this is the working principle of life. Nations as well as men, work on this principle. Think of the Great War. Certainly, nations fought for that which they could divide and enjoy according to that excellent Christian line of conduct you have indicated."

The Rev. Mackenzie regained his sense of humour.

"Yes, you are right, both of you men—limbs of the law."

We all laughed at his Christian resignation.

The conversation ran on general lines. Mr. Cameron showed clear indications of cultivating me. I knew myriad men in his profession and it did not require any great imagination to discover the object of his amiability. As a rule men in his position are standoffish. Some of them are positively rude; and almost all of them are anxious to give the men of my profession as wide a berth as they can do with common courtesy.

"Nose as best as you can, Mr. Cameron," I thought, "You will find me as slippery as a greased eel".

In the meantime, the victorious beggar had reached a bush of henna. Out from the shadows emerged a sickly child in rags. Very tenderly the bread was handed over to the youngster. The other beggar approached also but showed no signs of fight. And wonder of wonders, he brought out of the secret recesses of his tattered garments the remnant of a guava which he very affectionately placed at the disposal of the crown prince of his erst-while enemy.

"Look," said Captain Cameron, "This is Christian charity—"

"How delightful," exclaimed the good man, "Humanity is indeed a riddle".

"The best study of mankind is man himself," pompously declared the police man.

I was in a combative mood.

"I beg your pardon," I said, "The best study of mankind is the animal world."

"Ah! but man is also an animal," rejoined Mr. Cameron, unwilling to yield.

"No doubt. You must admit, Mr. Cameron, that man is the only animal who is very often not an animal."

Probably I expressed this philosophy with unusual vigour. For, simultaneously with its promulgation there dropped a spoon out of the hand of the lady who was seated at the next table.

On the way to my compartment, Mr. Cameron asked me: "Who is the young fellow who had his breakfast with you?"

"Just a soldier, you see. You make strange friends in the cinema and the Football ground in Calcutta."

He notified to me that I was a liar and that he refused to swallow the pill I catered to him.

"Oh! just that, is it? You must have been appreciating some art or game, the way you were talking to each other."

This man will get on in his profession, I thought. A Bengalee sedition-monger trying to foment-trouble in the State with the help of a British soldier, must have been his reading of the situation.

The enthusiasm of youth, I thought. When there is earnestness in a man, he can never hold his soul in peace until he discovers new path-ways and outlets for his extra energy. Cameron was young and loved his work evidently. I wished him good luck in his search for a mare's nest.

I thought of warning Ross in time, to prevent this officer from ruining his enterprise.

V

Kismetpore at last. The Branch line train poured out its motly crowd. The platform was full of life. I saw Ross passing—his small luggage on the head of a cooly who, he had told me, was the smuggler's agent. A signal had been arranged between him and the smuggler. He was to have engaged the cooly in possession of the signal.

I was arranging my things when Cameron came near my compartment.

"Well, getting ready, Mr. Sen?"

"Yes, shipping my oars."

He smiled and passed off.

While near the exit of the Station an Indian Police officer came and politely asked me what help he could offer. I was the friend of his Captain Saheb and he had orders to look to my convenience while I stayed at Kismetpore.

He saw my host Dr. Sarkar who had come to the station in person to welcome me home.

"Oh! Doctor Sab! The Advocate Sab is to be your guest. I am so pleased."

"I knew he had friends in the Calcutta Police," said the doctor "but I never suspected that he was known to the police in Kismetpore".

The gentleman benignly smiled and in his high-flown Urdu said that a notable man was revered in all lands. "Like the smell of the musk his fame travels far and fast".

For three days I had no communication with Ross. I met him on the fourth day near the grounds of the famous Jumma

Musjid of Kismetpore. He was alone. He had left his car in the village and was walking about, seeing sights.

I had a shadowing officer also, thanks to the detective zeal of Captain Cameron of the Regiment of his own name, now detective Superintendent of the Kismetpore police force. I detected the man, on the very first day in the godown of the doctor talking to his driver about the healing art of a Fakir of the city who could raise dead men from their tombs. Accidentally, he was interested in the movements of the Calcutta Saheb and the class of people who visited him.

I took him aside when I detected his presence.

"Look here, Daroga Sab, "I said," if you want any information, come to me direct; the driver is likely to misinform you."

He salaamed me. He had nothing to do with my affairs. But as the lives of great men are instructive, he was anxious to know how I spent my life.

"I will give you my autobiography if only you have the requisite patience, understand. As printing charges, here is a small sum of five rupees."

He was grateful and expressed the hope that his superiors will know nothing about my discovery of him and the arrangement. I was sure there was some one shadowing friend Ross too.

When I was sure that there were no eavesdroppers or spies about, I enquired of Ross of the prospects of success.

"All O. K."—he replied, in his cheerful optimistic way, "Tomorrow the stuff reaches the station. A man dressed as my servant takes the opium to the train in a portmanteau that will be considered mine. He will travel as my servant in the servant's compartment. At Calcutta when the men come to take delivery, well, click."

"You see Ross, that fool of a superintendent of police, has put a spy on to me. He suspects that you and I are out for some mischief—something political, something revolutionary, you know, and by unearthing our plot he will save the Empire or this State."

"The jackess"—was all that Ross could say about this important affair.

"Have you revealed your identity to the police here and shown them the token and the letter?"

"No fears. Not till I am thrown into the prison as a smuggler. I don't want the police blokes in this blooming place to take all the credit of detection when the credit belongs to the British police in Calcutta."

"The right mentality. But look here, old son, they have put a spy on me as I said. Are you sure nobody is watching you?"

"Let there be a 'undred and one watchers dancing round the Maypole, they can discover nobody."

"Why! the smuggler's agent who is communicating with you?"

"There isn't no such blighter, Mr. S. Soore".

"But who gave you all the blessed information about to-morrow and the servant and the portmanteau and the rest of it?"—I asked. "Why, Mr. Sen, whatever is the matter with this bear of yours"—he replied, almost in an insolent manner, indicating with his thick finger the part of my body named, "I 've not seen one blessed mother's son since I camped in this rotten 'ole. In a manner o' sain', I am like shipwrecked 'ere"

"What is it then? Television?"

"I am no scholar, Mr. Sen, although Lord Kelvin had a soft corner for Guvner in his 'cart, yer know. It is the hotel khit, Mr. Sen, the khit. He is the smuggler's agent and when no one is about we 'have a quiet chat; one is the wiser for it. See."

I admired the sagacity of the smuggler. I wished Sherlock Holmes himself was out in India to tackle some members of a powerful gang of Indian smugglers

"That's clever," was all that I could say in my mental estimate of the brain powers of the lawbreakers.

"You see the very taxi-man who brought me out to-day and dropped me near the bridge is a gangster. The hotel boy gave me his number, I sort of accidentally tumbled in his car. He goes away. Half an hour later another son of a gun will loiter near the bridge. He says, dilloo, and I know him. He takes me to the 'otel. Isn't it, all rum job, Mr. Sen? I call this fonny I do, Mr. S." He vanished.

I sauntered along till I met my family in the temple. Mrs. Sarkar was full of praise for the Kismetpore roads. Of course, they were very suitable for motoring. But they were so dusty. She had planned to keep me in Kismetpore another two days, although my heart longed to reach the heights of Mussourie. The heat of the plains was awful, especially that scorching dry heat of the State and its neighbourhood.

VI

To study a new place one should wend his way through all its lanes and alley-ways. For, the heart of a city—its naked bosom—is in the lanes. The people live their real lives in the crowded quarters of an Indian city. Those who live apart live a double life, the life of a cosmopolitan and an Indian Social life—a life of regrets and disappointments, prejudices and irritations.

I strolled along the pavement of the Burra Bazar. The Indian Inspector, Maulavi Rasool Buksh, greeted me. The narrow



60' PILLAR OF LIGHT AT KADIRI, MANGALORE

pavements on both sides of the street were one stretch of shops. Varied wares, mostly made in Japan, were spread out. Each one was extolling the excellence of his goods to the top of his voice. A tradesman with powerful lungs was offering each item of his valuable merchandise at the ridiculous price of six pies a piece. The vociferous doctor of a pavement dispensary offered remedies for all diseases from enteric fever to corns. On the forearm of a man rested an uncanny reptile, an overgrown lizard or a diminutive crocodile. He eloquently explained to the appreciative audience the efficacy of the oil squeezed out of the tail of the reptile.

"You have no law against street obstruction, Inspector Saheb."

He smiled amiably. "You see, Vakil Sab, there is law for everything. But the poor people of the State must live. They are like the children of the Nawab Bahadur. The house-rent in this city is Satanic, Vakil Sab."

I never knew the relation between the Fallen Angel and house rents.

"I was looking for you, huzoor. I have seen the doctor Sab. Your friend, the Captain Sab, is dying to meet you. When would it please you to visit his house of fortune?"

"I am sorry I have not a minute to enjoy the very pleasant company of the Captain Sab. I am going to Mussourie to-morrow, Inspector Saheb."

I could not express myself with greater politeness on account of my ignorance of the Urdu language.

"You may come this afternoon, Vakil Saheb. Your slave will be at your service to point out the Captain Saheb's bungalow to you."

I thanked him for his courtesy as best as my limitations, both linguistic as well as conventional, allowed me. He was intelligent and I hoped with an effort of the mind he could interpret my meaning.

"Have you any idea, Inspector Sab, why your Sab is so anxious to meet a poor man like me? Have you any idea?"

"The great meet the great."

"Not Greek meeting Greek?" I asked him.

It was a misfire. He failed to appreciate the joke. He tried further persuasion.

"You see, Vakil Sab, the rose blooms in the Shalimar, but the bulbul who is a creature of the wind hovers over the rose to sing its praises."

I could not distinctly make up my mind as to my status. What was I, the rose or the bulbul? I failed to find apt expressions to return his courtesy. I thought of the stream and the sea, the mountain and the goat, but none of them seemed suitable.

So, in very plain Urdu, I told him that I shall try to see Mr. Cameron if I could find time in the evening. He need not help me to find out the Bungalow, as the residence of such an important person as his boss must be known to all and sundry in the town of Kismetpore.

With a deep bow and an appropriate salaam the functionary left me. Out of a side lane emerged my shadowing Head Constable.

"Hullo! Buksh Elahi, is n't Inspector Rasul Buksh in charge of these streets? He seems to be a good man. He never prosecuted these street-hawkers because they cannot afford to pay shop rent. He is great, isn't he?"

"Certainly he is, huzoor, when he takes eight annas a day from each hawker who obstructs the footpath. Of course, the money is divided, but he gets the lion's share."

"What happens to those who do not pay the tip?"

"What is unknown to the huzoor? They are sent up for street obstruction and fined according to the sweet will and pleasure of the Honorary Magistrate who sits on the Bench. Some are kind and punish poor people lightly. But there are some who believe that they will be in the good graces of the authorities and inflict heavy fines in these petty cases."

It was very much the same in Kismetpore as in the second city of the Empire, the City of Palaces. There are public kitchens on the pavements of its best Avenue and the whole street is a bed-room. Hundreds of men and women sleep on the pavements at night, but in the afternoon the poor cobblers who mend old shoes of poor pedestrians or the old women who sell pan on the street corner, are hauled up in batches like ordinary felons to the police station. They spend a few hours at the station and perhaps the whole of the next day at the police court. Some Magistrates come to the court at two in the afternoon and proceed to try these delinquents. However, I was in the benighted State of Kismetpore, and civilised Calcutta and its methods did not matter.

"The Satan Bahadur is a very juburdast hakim."

"Who? The Satan Bahadur?"

"Yes, huzoor. His Government title is Rao Bahadur. People believe he got his khetab by inflicting fines on the poor people. He is a Baid but has no patients."

What a parallel! But we call his Calcutta double-Petty Bahadur.

I thought I should not dive deeper into the police court politics of this place. I changed the topic. We side-tracked into an alley way. There I met the usual Indian crowd. Saint

brushed shoulders with sinner, the pandit with the butcher and the Darwesh with the pick-pocket.

"What are your instructions about me, Elahi, my good man?" I asked him for the fifth time.

He had evaded the enquiry in the past always. But to-day he was in a critical mood. The sham and hypocrisy of the men in power had worked him up to a cynic. His tiresome perambulations over much-trodden ground in my trail had also acted as a key to the secret repository of his official secrets.

"All tamasha, Saheb. The stupid fancy of a fat-headed Burra Sab. I am to report your visitors. If you meet any Gora soldier or any Congress Babu, I am to get their names and overhear the conversation. Can you think of worse folly than that?"

"And what about my movements? Are you not to report where I go?"

He salaamed me with all the courtesy of a well-bred Indian. He smiled.

He said I was an all-knowing man. That was exactly what an educated Indian should be. The Bengalees were the flowers of the race of Indians, although they could not fight. And then came the staggering declaration that Mahatma Gandhi should have been a Bengalee.

Dear old Buksh Elahie! How little he knew that I had made the water at the source of his information muddy! From day to day I instructed the driver to give him the names of places that I never visited. And the official record of Superintendent Cameron was full of falsehood. If he correctly interpreted the places of my visit, he could form only one estimate of my character—that I was a devout Hindu, whose one object in life was to visit temples and shrines and holy men. How he made that fit in with his personal knowledge of myself, the spectacle of the man devouring ham and egg and pigeon-pie and shipping-soup which might be the extract of any carrion.

But, any way, there was the will to save the State of Kismetpore from a revolution and the resources of the State to checkmate the wickedness of the revolutionaries.

VII

I did not see Mr. Cameron, of course, at the sacrifice of a beautiful motor drive. After dinner we discussed, as usual, the latest Bengalee novels, as my hostess was a great reader. It is almost a paradox that the Bengalee, outside Bengal, is the real Bengalee. For, he is a keen spectator of the activities of his compatriots; and the cultural attainments of his countrymen have a greater value to him than to those who live in the country. The writers of fiction specially are more appreciated by our ladies outside Bengal than by their sisters in our Motherland.

Needless to say that at every step Mrs. Sarkar gave me points. She could quote chapter and verse from the latest novels to prove the trend of the current literature. But her husband had a supreme disregard for every branch of knowledge except hygiene.

"Think of the great waste of public energy," he said, "These writers are clever. But if they had written books on hygiene, sterilisation of the unfit and carpet cleaning, they would have done public service."

His wife would not listen to such nonsense. They are useful topics, no doubt, but they should be taught through novels artistically. People did not read books on technical subjects, was my wife's opinion and the result of such publication would be simply to stuff our Library. Shastras that reiterate moral laws are seldom read. But the Ramayan and the Mahabharat have always shaped the ideals of the Hindus because their moral teachings come through the characters.

These very interesting discussions came to an end with the ringing of the telephone bell.

"My son will never be a doctor," said the doctor's wife.

"It is past ten and half. Kismetpore is in bed, all perhaps except my husband's patient."

But it was not her husband's patient who rang. It was Mr. Cameron.

After the preliminary hulloes, Mr. Cameron said "Do come over, Mr. Sen, it is most important that you should".

"But can't it wait, Mr. Cameron," I asked, knowing what the answer would be. "I am awfully fagged, you see."

The tone at the other end of the telephone was agitated eager and peremptory.

"It cannot, Mr. Sen. Do come over, will you? It is an urgent matter of the State."

"Is it?" I was surprised at my own coolness. "How could I grow so important in such a short time to solve urgent problems of the State?"

"Oh, cut it out, please. Look here, as a police officer, I am asking you to come over. I can issue a summons, you know."

I imagined to myself the supercilious, arrogant face of the man. His veneer of good manners had dropped. Too much salaaming and huzooring are apt to spoil any man.

"I had better wait till you do, Mr. Cameron; and in the meantime let me ring up the Residency, you know. I happen to be a British subject and that means a few rights."

I wish I could see the discomfiture of this State servant.

"Mr. Sen". The tone was different, almost plaintive.

"Yes?"

"Hold on the line, please. Do come as a friend, for God's sake. Well to tell you the truth, Mr. Sen, the fool of my inspector had dropped me in the soup. Do come."

"After that I think I ought to come without a summons. Righto."

And I reached the superintendent's place in my host's car. Mr. Cameron received me at the gate. He looked terribly perturbed. He was smoking a cigar which he had forgotten to light.

He practically pushed me into a small room, the only furniture of which was a secretariate table and three chairs.

"Your friend Ross is a mystery man, Mr. Sen."

"Is he?"

The matter probably would have ended differently if he had met me elsewhere. But in that room Cameron was used to command and be obeyed. The coolness of my tone probably had something to do with what followed.

"Oh please, do not pretend, Mr. Sen. I am pressed for time too."

"I am sleepy."

He coloured. "By jove, I wish I had not meddled in your affairs."

"I do not remember to have invited you to do anything of the sort, Superintendent."

He was intelligent. He was educated. He took measure of his adversary. He kept quiet, gave a hard pull at the cigar and solved its mystery. He inspected it and all that he could say was 'Damn.'

He then lighted his cigar, rolled it over between his thumb and the forefinger and smoked in silence for a few seconds.

The smoke gave him inspiration. He changed tactics.

"There appeared to be something mysterious the moment I noticed your unusual friendship," he resumed, "The army is very jealous. It discourages friendship between the soldier and the civilian and specially, you see what I mean."

"Very clearly," I replied, "friendship between a private and an Indian gentleman."

"Exactly. I smelt mischief. Either you were out, I mean... to."

"Create disaffection in the Imperial Army stationed at Kismetpore".

"Well, yes. Or that the man was no soldier at all and had donned the uniform of one for some ulterior purpose. In short, an imposter."

"That you were what you professed to be" after a short pause, he said, "I had no doubt on the testimony of Prof.

Mackenzie. But as to your antecedents, I mean your views on politics, and the rest of it, I had to obtain information."

"By jove," I said and repented immediately afterwards for having betrayed even that little impatience, but Cameron was so absorbed in his statement that he overlooked my conduct.

"I wired to the Calcutta Police and have an excellent opinion about your character and political views."

"So that is that. However, I thank you for your frankness and I thank the Calcutta Police for their estimate of my character."

I was flippant, he thought, and that caused irritation. But he continued the line he had chosen. He apologised to me for this officiousness and he added that in the interest of the peace of the State it was his job to take every bull by the horns.

I agreed with him and assured him that I had no bone to pick with him, for he meant to do his duty. He was encouraged to continue in the diplomatic course.

"But we were wasting time, Mr. Sen. I dared not ask for information for Ross. He might be a soldier, for all I knew. In that case, His Highness would have been blamed for my inquiry."

"Why did you not approach the Resident or the Col. of the Regiment quartered in Kismetpore? They would have solved your mystery."

This he did not brook. No outsider ever gave him any directions as to the manner in which he should carry on his work.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I didn't. And I think I can do things without stage directions."

"I beg your pardon. I humbly withdraw the suggestion." I said.

"Ross did behave very mysteriously, you see. I set a watch on him. But oddly enough this mystery man did not see a soul, during his stay in this town. He spent full four days all by himself eating, drinking and reading novels—a most wonderful behaviour on the part of a man in his station in life."

He watched me as he spoke. His was not the face of a man who was pleased with himself. He must have been cursing the hour when he took it into his head to meddle in our affairs.

"You know what has happened to-day."

"I haven't the ghost of an idea about the day's occurrence."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, how could you? Do you know that Ross is going back to Calcutta to-day?"

"Is he? I wish I would go to Mussourie."

"Now, indeed, you can tell me who Ross is and what his mission is in Kismetpore."

Now indeed I told him.

"You will agree, Superintendent, that it is base to betray secrets. The spy is a God-forsaken creature and well deserves the odium which attaches itself to him. You are a cultured man, Mr. Cameron, an important official in this State, and I put it to you should you encourage me to betray the secrets of a man you describe to be my friend?"

He was non-plussed.

"Well, I have never dealt with the Bengalee Babu," he said "but I have received help in my investigations from educated people in these parts."

"It is quite their affair. But educated people are spared these little worries, in our part of the country."

The statement set him thinking.

"Well, as a Police Officer, may I not examine you?"

"Under the law of British India you may, within certain limitations."

"Well, I will examine you then as a Police Officer."

He went outside. Some Indian Police Officers were waiting in the next room apparently. I could hear him talk to them. He came back to the room with Ross.

We exchanged no words. Mr. Cameron took up a piece of paper.

"Look 'ere, Sir," said Ross, "I am due to clear out of this place by the mail that leaves this bloomin' place at 2 A. M. I understand that I am allowed to sleep in the train at the siding from half past ten, it is 11 O' Clock now. Why am I 'ere?"

"Well to help me in my investigation, you know."

"Am I a prisoner?"

"Certainly not".

"Then I am off. Good Bye, Mr., what do they call you?"

The Superintendent got up from the seat to which he had helped himself unasked.

"Wait a minute please," he said.

His mood changed; he fumbled with the pen. And at that moment a tall European entered the room, much to the relief of the young officer. Cameron greeted him.

The gentleman nodded affably.

VIII

The new arrival, Mr. Emerson, was the Inspector-General of Kismetpore. He politely nodded to us and then went out with Mr. Cameron for a consultation.

"All in a jiffy"—whispered Ross.

"Seems so, Big Tamasha"—I whispered back.

Mr. Emerson was introduced to me after this reappearance in the room. He smiled the smile of a man of experience who wants some work done by a stranger.

"Private Ross, you wouldn't mind waiting in the next room, for a minute, would you?"

Ross, a disciplined soldier from his early youth, obeyed Mr. Emerson, because he is used to obey people with decisive voice.

"I am sorry you have been inconvenienced, Mr. Sen. It seems my young superintendent has rubbed you up the wrong way. May I count on your help in the matter, Mr. Sen?" He told me.

"Certainly, Mr. Emerson," I said, "any honourable co-operation."

"Oh yes, undoubtedly. Your relative Dr. Sarkar is a trusted servant of the Nawab Bahadur and I presume to count on your help on that score also."

"Yes, Mr. Emerson, I quite follow you."

"Mr. Cameron, you can bring the man now".

Aha! I thought so there is a man in the affair. The plot thickens!

The man was brought in. A hollow-eyed tall man dressed in white livery, the usual make-up of a servant of an European house. I had no doubt that he was the man Ross spoke to me about—the smuggler's man who was to follow him with the portmanteau.

"Do you know this man, Mr. Sen?"

"Not from Adams," I replied.

The man was asked if he knew me.

"Never, Huzoor."

"This part of the inquiry is closed, Mr. Cameron. Will you bring in the private?"

Ross was brought in. He stared hard at the man and smiled.

"Do you know this man, Mr. Ross?"

"This man? Why seen many like this 'ere bloke, in the mess rooms and the cantens. Not this part'clar sample." He made his tongue particularly broad. We all smiled.

The khitmatgar was asked a similar question and he denied all knowledge of Ross.

Then came the portmanteau. A beautiful leather bag with a covering of Khaki cloth. Ross was asked if he knew the article.

"I am not so green as not to ken a leather bag, sir. Moiguvner got one from Lord Kelvin, Sir. My sister got it as her trousseur. He is a real 'un, my brither-in-law, Alfy."

"Not this particular one, Mr. Ross, I suppose," said Mr. Emerson with a smile.

"Well, Sir, I don't moind 'aving it as a present."

The man was cross-examined by the Inspector-General. Why did he say that the portmanteau belonged to Ross Saheb?

The man hung his head. "Protector of the port," said the penitent, "Your slave has been to the school and can read the

names of the Angres huzoors. When I was challenged I thought the name of a huzoor will protect me from arrest. The name Ross was written on the ticket near the seat and I took that name Huzoor. Your slave is penitent. Satan put the wrong intelligence into the stupid head of your slave."

The man was removed. Turning to Private Ross, Mr. Emerson said—"Mr. Ross, you will find my car waiting at the gate. It will take you to the station in a trice, you see. I hope you have enjoyed your trip to our city, Good-night, Ross. Oh, I forgot to tell you that I am glad that Lord Kelvin presented a bag to your father."

"Thank you, Sir. But wat am I to report to 'eadquarters about this bag and the reception in this room."

"None whatsoever, Private. You see, my good man, you came here on a friendly visit to the private quarters of your compatriot, Mr. Cameron. He is a student of Lord Kelvin's perhaps. Are you, Mr. Cameron?"

"I am from Glasgow, Sir" he said to keep up the joke but his discomfiture was writ large on his sharp features.

"You do not seem to know all the facts, Sir, in a manner O' sain" said friend Ross, who had all the tenacity of his race. "Me was makin for the station when a native, I beg pardon, Mr. Calcutta gentleman, I mean an Indian blighter comes."

"I have heard all that Mr. Ross. He is an Inspector of the Police of this State."

"So he told me and if I did not punch his black face for 'im I am not to blame, for he had the King's uniform."

"You see, Ross, there has been a mistake. The Indian you saw was arrested, on your seat, with that portmanteau. We had information, at least my Superintendent had, that the portmanteau contained opium".

"Hopium, Sir, did you say? It is gettin interestin."

"Yes, Private, it is interesting, you see. The man is probably an opium smuggler. When he was caught, he said he was the servant of Ross Saheb. You have heard what he said."

'Ow could I, Sir, when I don't know his language".

He explained the statement of the prisoner. Ross was enraged.

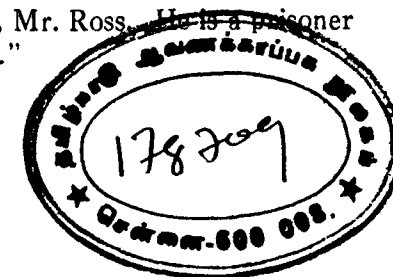
"May I 'it'im, Sir, for his piggish lies? Only a few left 'anders if yer like, Sir."

"You may do nothing of the sort, Mr. Ross. He is a prisoner and it is against rules to hit prisoners."

"Lyn' natives?"

"Yes, even lying natives."

"Rules is rules."



"That's right. You see when a man tells lies, native or European, it is the rule to give him the lie. You follow."

"Rules is rules, I've said."

"I am glad you understand all this. I like clever young men. Under the rules, we invited you to come over here to give the lie to the man".

"All right, Sir, I'll report like that. But if every soldier in His Majesty's force was to have friendly visits in this 'ere place, the Army headquarters will 'ave to be shifted."

"And who am I to contradict, Mr. Emerson?" I asked. I must confess to my lack of the spirit of a sportsman as I enjoyed the plight of Mr. Cameron.

Mr. Emerson laughed. He said "Do you hear Ross what Mr. Sen says?"

"Mr. Sen is he—the Calcutta gentleman. A fine man. He stood me a grand breakfast with plenty of drink. He is Monbagan."

We all laughed. I admired both Mr. Emerson and Ross—the one wanted a corroboration of the story I had given to his superintendent and the other repeated the story I had told him near the mosque.

I explained to Mr. Emerson how I met Ross as a member of the enemy's team, but in sports rivalry melts outside the playground.

"You Bengalees are awful footballers. Mr. Sen, but your cricket records are not of the finest".

I explained to him that cricket was a richman's game and as at present our moneyed people were not patronising the players, cricket was in a bad way.

Mr. Emerson took me aside. He said—"You are an experienced lawyer, Mr. Sen. If it is reported to the Army that this man was arrested, by the fools of a Native State's Police, you know how the Nawab Bahadur will suffer for no fault of his.

The British Parliament will perhaps want the head of the Ruler on a charger."

"I quite see your point, Mr. Emerson. There was no need for this bungling."

"You must admit, at that age, we were all ambitious. You seem to have influence over that Tommy. Manage him, Sen, old man, and see that he does not report this matter to the Headquarters. I wonder what he came here for?"

"Some secret reconnoitring or watching the Army or something. The man is no fool. And I am convinced that he speaks English better than he did to-night."

"I could feel that. I am an Englishman and I know many dialects."

I promised to manage him and as a preliminary, I advised him to treat the man to a glass of whisky.

"That's clever."

IX

Why had he not disclosed his indentity to the Inspector General? Well that would have been to give credit to the Superintendent. He resented the espionage and he wanted to get the whole credit for the Calcutta Police. As it was the credit slipped out of his hands. The enterprise collapsed because the intermeddler of a Cameron poked his nose into the affair.

"What are you going to report to Mr. Baring?"

"Why the whole thing from the beginning to the end. He will enjoy the bluff on Cameron all right."

"The man was really obnoxious, setting spies on us and arresting a soldier for smuggling."

"He be blowed. Say, Mr. Sen, did you drink that whisky? It was abominable."

I had to admit the bad quality of the whisky, and to make amends for what my friend, Mr. Ross called abomination, I had to spend a few rupees in obtaining drinks at the Railway Restaurant.

The next day I had tea with Mr. Emerson who informed me that an informer had told the police about the portmanteau and its contents and on that information the smuggler Aga Beg was arrested.

"Did the information say anything about the Tommy?"

"Not a word, and that is where the mischief came in. You see Cameron had the soldier in his brain, and as accidentally the culprit was arrested in his compartment, he arrested Ross and got into the soup. He telephoned to me fortunately and I wanted him to release the man at once without giving him offence. He rang you up."

"And wanted to arrest me and the rest of it. If he plainly put his—"

"I understand".

That very night I left Kismetpore with my family. But the mystery remained—who could be the person who gave information against Aga Beg?

In the whirlwind of cabarets, tea parties, cinemas and hill-climbings, memories of serious events fade at Mussourie. But just as to sorrow one cannot bid good morrow, so to the criminal and his varied diversions one cannot bid farewell if he belongs to that branch of the bar that pleads on the criminal side.

Mr. Nehal Chand was my new acquisition in the domain of friendship. He was a lion of the criminal Bar at Lucknow. He also wanted to rest his tired nerves in the cool heights of the Himalayas.

"There is the report of a wonderful opium case in this newspaper from Kismetpore, see," said Nehal Chand in spite of the glorious reflection of the early sun on the snows of the Upper Himalayas. The sight was superb.

"Now, now, Nehal Chand," I said. "Again you are talking shop. You are spoilt. You are rotten and your profession has chased the artistic sense out of your being. I am sorry for you, Nehal Chand."

He smiled and said. "But, my dear chap, art is art. Your Calcutta criminal cannot come within twenty miles of this Johunny here."

"I have not seen one who can approach the Calcutta artist in crime. It is the same as in politics. What Calcutta thinks to-day the rest of India thinks to-morrow."

"This pride will be the end of the Bengalee"—he said. "Read the 'Kismetpore Thunderer' and see the magnanimous conception."

So I had to read to justify my narrow provincial patriotism.

A COMEDY OF ERRORS

Tremendous Hoax.

The sensational case of Aga Beg, the Opium smuggler who was arrested at the station with a portmanteau supposed to contain contraband opium was disposed of by the City Magistrate, Khan Bahadur Hashim Khan. The gentle reader will remember that the efficient Detective Department who are always on the alert to keep up the prestige and the good name of the administration of the Nawab Bahadur's State, spotted Aga Beg carrying a leather portmanteau to the station. The man suspected the pursuers and like the rabbit seeking protection from the attack of the hound, ran into a second class compartment and sat on a seat reserved for a European gentleman of light and leading, who having heard the fame of the Riyasat of Kismetpore came to visit this city of Good Fortune. But the Police were clever.

Lala Guru Gambhir, the able Inspector of the Detective Department, arrested the person under the able guidance and help of the most efficient Superintendent Sahib, Mr. Cameron. When the case was in progress, Pandit Gagaram, Advocate with whom appeared Maulavi Syed Martuza and Lala Finkimull, prayed to the learned Magistrate for a chemical examination of the contents of the arrested portmanteau. When that was done, lo and behold, the stuff was not opium at all. It proved to be beeswax coloured like opium and smelling like opium too. The prisoner Aga Beg was acquitted amidst roars of laughter and the learned Magistrate, who is by the grace of Allah a very witty gentleman has ordered the opium to be kept in the Kismetpore Art Gallery."

Before I could visualise the situation Mr. Nehal Chand was up with his attempt to belittle Calcutta.

"What do you think of this, Sen? Look here, old chap, take this paper to Calcutta and let your clients learn a thing or two"—he laughed outrageously.

"And let the editors of our newspaper learn a composition from this blooming 'Thunderer'. My dear Nehal Chand, my proposition stands. Calcutta started this fifteen years ago."

I narrated to him how the Calcutta smuggler used to prevail upon some subordinate officer of the Court or the Police to change the stuff. Beeswax was one of the materials used to save their contraband and liberty and shantonine and even powdered chalk for cocaine. The authorities became careful and now, the moment there is a seizure, the stuff goes under sealed cover, to the chemical analyst.

"Calcutta is great," admitted Mr. Nehal Chand.

But the whole affair gave food to my thought. Did the portmanteau originally contain beeswax or was the opium substituted after seizure? If the original content of the portmanteau was beeswax, it must have been put there with a view to hoax the Sergeant. And then there was the mystery of the informer. Was he one of the gang? I felt out of my depths in solving the mystery of the leather bag and the hoax.

I could only say with Shakespeare, there are more things on heaven and earth and the rest of it.

X

I got an answer to my dilemma after my arrival at Calcutta.

I met Bunkim Dutt quite by accident near the Cenotaph. Bunkim had a remarkable career. In his early youth he entered the Bengal Police as a Sub-Inspector. He was detected red handed taking illegal gratification from a dacoit's agent and convicted. After coming out of jail he entered the service of a zamindar. But ill-luck pursued him. For defalcation he got six months' hard labour in jail. What happened to him later, his biographer could not state. But I knew him as the law agent of the famous smuggler Bhagwan Din, who was a partner of the more famous Sher Affgan. Bhagwandin confined his attention to the opium trade alone while Sher had a well-organised business in opium, cocaine, hemp and bhang. He occasionally imported a few firearms, mostly old-fashioned pistols, as a side line. Once he tried the export trade in peacock's feather but the business did not pay. Kuth root from the Kashmir State gave him a few thousands. But he was religious-minded and gave up helping the idolators of China and Japan by smuggling the article to those countries.

Bunkim's face resembled the neck of an old-fashioned soda water bottle—the two depressions on the sides were due to the disappearance of his molars and premolars, through the ravages of age. His eyes were not visible at a cursory glance, but once seen they haunt the observer for sometime.

"Hullo Bunkim Babu," I said. "How is business? Still with Bhagwan Din?"

"Yes, Sir," He said coolly. "I am still the law agent of the trader, Bhagwandin by the grace of God."

"Well, how is his business?"

"I am only his law agent, the same as an attorney you know, Sir. I do not interest myself in his business. I believe in my pujahs and prayers, you know me."

"Most thoroughly," I responded. If it was a question of mere fine I would have strangled the scoundrel.

"How did you like Kismetpore, Sir? I understand you have your brother-in-law at the place."

In a flash I understood that it was Bhagwandin's Gang that had employed Ross.

"Yes. I understand that Bhagwan has an arat there."

"May be huzoor. I am a simple attorney. At my age the real thing is the name of Hari."

"Yes," I replied. "I am talking of his law cases, one of his men was arrested at the station and put up for trial. He escaped as the stuff proved to be wax."

"Wax. How wicked? Hari! Hari!"

It was useless trying to pump information out of that old sinner.

The mystery was solved by Bhagwandin himself when he met me a few days later.

"You see, Vakil Sab, you saved us from disgrace".

"How?" I asked him in amazement.

"My man who shadowed the soldier saw him talking to you. Then the rest became easy".

The splendour of my honourable profession!

"We knew we were safe," He continued. "So long as the Sergeant remained in Kismetpore. We detained him there with promises and in the meantime, imported a consignment of opium to Calcutta".

"Did you?"

"Why it was easy. The Police would give up watching the station till they heard from their agent provocateur. They were preparing themselves for the coup, you understand."

I did. The day after his departure they had imported another consignment. Ross reported the arrest of the smuggler's man in Calcutta and for a day or two they slackened. It was the opportunity of the smugglers and they availed themselves of it fully. I admired their brain powers. I wanted to know the mystery of the beeswax.

"You see, huzoor, we could not afford to disoblige Ross. He might communicate with the local police, get some members of our Subordinate staff whom he met there arrested. The Kismetpore Police does not care for legal evidence."

"So you hoaxed him with the wax. Clever indeed."

"Your humble servant. We informed the Police of the smuggling through our agent. We thought that would lead to the arrest of the Sergeant and his explanations, verifications and the rest of it would take time. We thought we could import a few seers of opium in the meantime. But as the events turned out however."

I looked at the receding figure and wondered why all this wisdom and energy were not utilised in the interests of legitimate trade.

But I forgot that honest trade was a time affair to those who wanted to live in perpetual excitement.

Love's Labour Not Lost.

BY F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.

I



am accustomed to find that 'misfortunes never come singly'. They appear in pairs at the best, but generally in swarm. I was sitting in the teacher's room at St. Cyprian's Church School, E. C. copying out returns for publication. I hate that worship of statistics which the C. of E. delights in, but on this occasion, I was almost glad to have something to concentrate on. I had been having a wretched time. Money which used to pay good dividends did so no more, and stock was only saleable at ruinous sacrifice. I had found my housekeeper blind, drunk and quarrelsome one evening when I came home late and tired out. Her successor though sober was incapable and seemed semi-idiotic. There had been most unpleasant troubles in the parish, and to crown the whole, I had that morning received a letter from Ireland that a sale of land I had hoped would replenish my income had proved abortive—owing to Sinn Fein interference.

At that moment a clatter of feet outside the window disturbed me. I got up angrily. Outside a child was dancing. In spite of my annoyance I noticed it was dancing the real thing, graceful and purposeful. It was 'Fairy' Mulligan, a girl of eleven, a pretty, dark eyed, soft faced child who was the offender. I went out into the yard and was going to say something sharp when Fairy ran over to me. She took my hand in hers and stroked it.

"Ow! Mr. Donnovan, I'm that sorry to see ya lookin' ser worried." She said.

The accent was cockney, but there was a softness in it. In fact Fairy had an Irish grandfather, and occasionally that fact peeped out. By intuition she had learned I was unhappy, and wished me to know she sympathised.

"Thanks, dear," I said, "what's the name of that dance?"

"Ow!" she cried, "you know it? Whoy it's a Irish one—'The humours of Glyn'."

"Very pretty," I replied, and I did my best with the statistics, despite the patter of Fairy's feet, whose activities remained unchecked.

There is a sort of undeviating drabness in London slum lands, one rookery like another, one set of workmens' superior dwellings built exactly the same as another. God forgive me, I have thought the inhabitants also were all of one type, but He never

made two souls alike, however much poverty and deadening monotony may strive to do it.

Mrs. Mulligan, Fairy's mother, was a former ballet girl; she had hurt her knee and was always rather lame and of course had to give up her profession. She was, by the standards of the parish, well-to-do, for she left lodgings and had a small house of her own. Still as she had to do everything herself it must have been hard labour enough, but she kept Fairy spotlessly clean and well dressed.

Fairy's brother, who was older than Fairy by several years, was a Telegraph Boy. He had been christened Carol after one of our Irish heroes, but on his father's death Mrs. Mulligan called him Charlie—'for short' as she told me.

There was in both the young people a taste for the bizarre (from the English point of view) and Fairy had in addition inherited her mother's love for the art of Terpsichore.

She was a most lissom and graceful little dancer, and she had a very affectionate nature. She was with strangers shy, but with anyone she knew and found kind very friendly; and as I have said she had an uncanny gift which some pet animals and the Celt possess, of knowing if you were happy or not simply by one glance.

Carol or Charlie sang in our choir, he too had the artistic temperament and did solos when our exhibition choir-boy, Tommy Smith, was prevented from attending by his father having gone to jail for sending Tommy's mother to hospital.

"I sure guess you've some tough babies here," an American friend said to me.

"Oh no, Hiram, 'Soggy' is what the French would call *le mot juste*, to describe them. Or perhaps 'Mushy' would make the meaning clearer to you.

"They've impulses, but little mentality; except for the criminal classes."

"Gee whiz!" was Hiram's comment.

II

I now occupied rooms in a somewhat more pretentious lodging house within a few doors of Mr. Mulligans' "Select Apartments." I was the sole lodger in that house having given up housekeeping myself, as housekeepers were a 'washout'.

I was reading the 'Daily Mail' when the following dialogue sounded from the street, the protagonists being Fairy and another young lady named Madge Howlet.

Fairy: Oh, you are a one you are! Woy are ya ser cruel? gimme the poore thing.

Madge: Aw! ya let me go I siy.

Fairy: I won't, gimme that! an' I'll giv ya a peppermint corf drop. The ones wot ma tykes.

Madge: I don't want no corf drop! Yah tyke yer 'ands orf o' me or ya'll git a smack on yer jor.

Fairy: Wo'd gimme a smack on the jor?

Madge: I would.

Fairy: Ya would not. I dare ya!

Madge: I would so

but I cam out of the door before hostilities had actually begun.

"Well, ladies," I enquired, "why this thusness?"

Both the fair combatants at once appealed to me.

Fairy said, "Ow, Mr. Donovan, that Madge Howlet is ser cruel! She's goin' to drown a biby mouse in that puddle."

Madge said, "Ow, Mr. Donovan, this here Fairy Mulligan's a tryin' ter tyke the mouse trap orf o' me. Ma sent me out to drarn a nasty mouse wot gnaws our food; an 'she's a interfearin' cat is Fairy Mulligan. Make'er let me be, won't ya, please."

I took the trap and examined the prisoner.

"It does seem rather young to leave this wicked world," I said, "but of course Madge, you don't want mice juvenile or aged in your one room apartments. How do you think a penny would meet your views in exchange?"

Madge Howlet beamed upon me.

"Or'l right mister," she agreed, "ser long as 'e don't come back to me an' ma, an' the rest on us, ya may 'ave' im. Gi' us the splosh."

I allowed Fairy to put the rodent into a paper bag, and I believe he bit a hole in it and got up her clothes for I heard shrill little shrieks later in the morning; none the less Fairy was grateful for my action.

III

Two days after the mouse episode the Great War burst like a tornado on the trembling but hitherto unsuspecting world. That afternoon Fairy Mulligan was killed by a 'taxi cab. I picked up the beautiful, lifeless little body.

"You brute" I said to the driver. "I hope you get jail for this."

"Oh give us a chance, Padre," the 'taxi man said. "The kid carn't 'ave croaked! I barely brushed 'er, the ole keb never crossed 'er."

Sure enough I could see no outward marks.

An ambulance removed the poor dead child.

I cannot tell what course the police took, for within a week I was a Chaplain in the Army, and before a month was passed, I was lying wounded in eight places, in a shell-hole. Oh the weary, slow hours, the wounds burning and biting, the fear of death which is in all human beings and none the less the yearning for it. But worst of all the wish for water! I seemed all one lust, just for a drink. I had learned what Dives must have felt in Hades.

Whether I had fallen into a sleep of utter exhaustion or fainted I cannot tell, but I awoke with absolute clarity of mind and misery of body; and there standing beside me in a dress of what looked like luminous gossamer and with dragon-fly wings on her shoulders stood Fairy Mulligan. She had two water bottles in her hand and without a word but smiling with a kind of elfish pity she gave me one. Oh the relief of that drink, the cool water was worth anything to me. Then I spoke.

"I suppose, my dear child, you are come for me? Welcome God's little angel."

Fairy spoke but no longer in Cockney English.

"Slan leat, a Soggart, Agus, Dia leat! (God and good health be with you, my Priest)"

This is what she said further in the speech.

"I am one of the Sidhi, father. I wanted to see what mortal life was like, the body you thought was killed was only a tavshe (appearance). I tried to make the children dance Our dances and sing some of Our songs, and feel as We do. I was not very successful. I knew the Great War was coming and left before its horrors broke like a wave on the earth. You let me drive sorrow from you with my dancing, that was one success to my score. You loved me that was another. You helped me to save a harmless life when all your instincts would be to destroy it. You are a Priest and near Our world. I have come to you to beg you to go on living. You need not do that and if you go back to your East End parish much sorrow and disappointment await. Would you do it for my sake? You did love me you know; you could do what no fairy errant could, you have powers in the sacraments before which we bow in awe. You can help this sad world on its weary round of pains. Perhaps for the sake of a little dead girl in your memory. Perhaps for my sake in living Dunsidhi maid, "who will get into your heart at times and help you."

"I will darling" I said.....

I am back at my terrible job. I think Fairy does help to make me merry when all is black.

The Tragedy of Education in India.

BY PROF. DIWANCHAND SHARMA, M. A.



was going about in the company of a retired officer and his son, a bright young man who had passed his M. A. in the First Division, to canvass support for the latter for a post for which he had applied. We had seen many persons, but none of them had given any re-assuring answer. All of them had said that many others, more highly qualified young men with foreign qualifications were in the field and that they could not promise their unqualified support to this young man. These answers of the persons had evidently subdued and even embittered the young man. He looked sullen and gloomy, and even miserable. We were also infected, to some extent, with his gloom. I especially felt at that time the sad plight of that young man. I had known him for years. He was one of the best students that our University had ever had. He had always been a prize-man and scholarship-holder. He was one of the best speakers of his time. While he spoke he displayed such ease and self-possession as even his elders envied. He had a way of marshalling his arguments and driving home his points that was commendable. His diction was always apt and his fund of ideas adequate. Every one of his teachers had prophesied a bright future for him. He had also been conscious of the great destiny that lay in store for him. He had tried his hand at the Indian Civil Service examination and also at various other competitive examinations, but everywhere he had drawn blank. And now he was one of the unemployed. It was no wonder that he hated the world and despised himself.

We had all been, for some time, indulging in reveries of our own when the young man suddenly looked up and asked, "Have you ever thought what is going to be the end of all this higher education?" The question was so direct and terrific that it demanded an immediate answer. It was also such as involved a comprehensive examination of the present system of education. But no sooner had it been put than it brought to my mind the tragedy of the present system of education. It is really a tragedy in the fullest sense of the word. Tragedy, they say, implies some sort of waste and our present system of education also implies tremendous waste.

First of all, think of unemployment that has been a bane of our educational system. It is true this is not peculiar to our country only; it is a world phenomenon. But this fact does not mitigate its rigours in our country. Even a casual reader of

newspapers knows the dire consequences to which this unemployment amongst educated young men has led. Hardly a week passes when we do not read of the suicide of some young man whose powers of physical endurance have given way under continual disappointments to secure a job. We read of men taking poison because they could not bear hunger and cold and because they found it so difficult to support their families. Only the other day I read of such a man in the newspapers. He had a wife and two children. He was a graduate with a good pass degree. He had knocked at many doors for a job but everywhere he had been unsuccessful. Finding it difficult to continue the struggle longer he took poison. His relations found a note in his pocket saying that he had decided to die with his own hands because he had found it so difficult to secure employment anywhere. Such instances of desperation indicate that there is something wrong with our body politic when every young man thinks that he must get a job or perish. They also establish the fact that our education leaves some people spiritually bankrupt. They find the struggle of life too hard for them and are miserably beaten by it.

Again, one cannot help thinking of the strange devices to which educated young men have sometimes resorted to earn a living. What greater condemnation can one find of this too literary education of ours than this that unemployed young men should think of earning their living by becoming boot-blacks. Only the other day we read of a young graduate who had taken to polishing the shoes of others as a source of livelihood because he had failed to secure a situation as a clerk or as a teacher. That young man was not, however, apologetic about his vocation. He felt superbly proud of it. He told the representative of a newspaper that he was quite happy, for he was making two rupees per day. He said he could not have made even half as much if he had taken to one of the approved literary professions. We have read similar things about one or two Oxford graduates also in this country.

These are cases of unqualified unemployment. There are cases also of partial unemployment. In the Punjab we hear of so many graduates and under-graduates seeking employment as Police constables on rupees eighteen a month. Some time back the authorities of one of the colleges in the Punjab conducted the census of unemployed or partially employed amongst their old students, and it revealed an extremely deplorable state of affairs. The gentleman in charge of the enquiry received letters from all parts of the province which were pathetic in their tone. All these letters showed that a considerable proportion of the graduates and undergraduates never find any decent ways of earning their livelihood.

All these facts may well make us ponder over the whole problem of education in our country. No one can deny that the present system of education teaches young men to aim high without giving them the necessary equipment to have their aims satisfied. It gives them expensive standards of living but not the capacity to earn the wherewithal to maintain those standards. It makes them despise manual labour and unliterary professions but does not provide them with many openings in the so-called respectable professions. It undermines their physical stamina and, therefore, renders them unfit to put up with hardships. It does not provide them with any adequate moral discipline, and thus throws them into the world without the strength to bear the disappointments cheerfully. It fills their minds merely with dreams of professional success and, therefore, makes them despise every kind of unliterary labour. In short, the schools and colleges and Universities in this country generate only discontent in the minds of students, and this discontent leads to many unhappy results. It was a high judicial officer who, in his Convocation address, said that it was discontent born of unemployment that was responsible for many of the activities of the terrorists in this country.

What then is the way out of the difficulty? I believe we have had too much of this literary education in this country. It is said that in ancient India when somebody went to read philosophy at the feet of a sage, he subjected the would-be disciple to a very severe test in order to find out his capacity for receiving instruction in such a difficult subject. In other words, the teacher tried to sort out the fits, unfits and mis-fits. I wish the educationists in our country devised similar tests for sorting out those who were fit for this literary education. Not every student who goes to a college is fit to receive training there, and yet we admit students in our colleges indiscriminately. Similar is the case with High Schools. It is, therefore, necessary at a very early stage to have two types of education in this country—one literary and the other practical. The practical education should be such as would enable a student to earn a decent living. After receiving that education the student should be able to go back to his farm or shop, factory or workshop. The other type of education should enable a student to qualify himself for one of the so-called learned professions.

It is high time to appoint a Royal Commission to go into the question of education in India and to evolve a suitable scheme. Unless that is done our schools and colleges will remain only as centres of discontent and will appear to be places that have outlived their utility.

Kerala Vyasa.

BY M. S. KRISHNA AYYAR, B. A., B. L.



To translate the Mahabharatha verse by verse and in the same metrical stanzas as the original is a stupendous task and to accomplish it in less than three years is indeed a marvel, nay, according to ordinary human conceptions, impossible of achievement. But yet, this is what has been done by a modern poet of Kerala, who consequently came to be known as "Kerala Vyasa" an appellation after the celebrated sage, believed to be the author of the great Epic. Undeterred by the prodigiousness of the task, this poet kept as his life ambition the translation of all the eighteen Puranas. But the cruel hand of death snatched him away before his last named work was completely seen by him in print.

This poet, familiarly known as Kunhikuttan Thampuran, was born in 1865 with a prectic heritage—for his father was the well-known Malayalam poet, Venmani Acchan Nampudiripad—in the ancient royal family of Codungalloor (or Cranganore in its anglicised form) which was the traditional and time-honoured seat of all oriental learning in Kerala, the rendezvous of all poets, scholars and savants and the training ground for all seekers of learning and knowledge, and which continues to be so up to date, though in a lesser degree owing to the vicissitudes of life. Picking up the three R's and studying a few *Balakavyas* under the family teacher, he had mastered before he was in his teens *Sahitya* (literature), *Tharka* (logic), *Vyakarana* (grammar) and even *Jotisha* (astrology), for the study of which he was indebted to his revered mother and scholarly uncles. After *Upanayana* (sacred thread wearing), he learnt all about Kshatriya rituals. As occasion arose, he had independently studied other Sastras as well. In the meanwhile, he spent some time in *Bajanam* (a period of special service, worship and adoration) at the shrine of the family deity, Sri Bagavathi, to whose influence is ascribed the superior cultural position of this family and whose choicest blessings seemed to have been showered more upon our hero than on any one else.

Born poet as he was, he began to compose verses even in his student days and this appears to have lured him away for some time from his other legitimate studies. He composed some *Stotras* on the Goddess during the period of his *Bajanam*. But recognition of his poetic talents and genius came only later.

Later on Kunhikuttan Thampuran attended several Pandit Sabhas and literary conferences in his own place and elsewhere

such as Calicut, Kadathanad, Kottayam and Trivandrum wherein congregated men of culture, and fought many a literary battle scoring the first rank in all. If one was ever born who took to poetic composition as a profession and a daily avocation, it was our hero. In other words, poetry was the breath of his life. By profession is not meant any remunerative job, for he never cared for any remuneration and the several Malayalam periodicals had for the mere asking his poetic pieces, and prose articles in writing which also he excelled.

His works are so large in number that to catalogue even their names would take too much space. He has successfully tried his hand in almost all kinds of literary work known to Malayalam literature, such as Kavyas, Natakas, Attakathas, Sastras, Puranas, Thullals, Vallapattu, Tharattu, Kurathipattu Etc. In addition to all these he wrote several Stotras and some dramas in Sanskrit, a work on Malayalam grammar, a pamphlet on children's diseases and their treatment, a Kavya in Malayalam on the History of Malabar and translations or rather adaptations of Shakespeare's Othello and Hamlet. He was a recognised authority on Karma-kanda, the code of Hindu Rituals and especially the age-long customs of the Brahmins, so much so that he was often consulted on these matters.

As may be judged from the translation of the Mahabharata, the genius of Kunhikuttan Thampuran consists in the remarkable ease with which he could write and the surprising shortness of time he required to do the writing. It is said of the great Sanskrit poet Bavabuthi that he composed a drama of ten Acts in one night. Kunhikuttan Thampuran performed a not less remarkable feat, for he wrote in the same, if not less space of time "Nalacharita," a drama in ten acts, wherein the slokas alone number three hundred. The poet himself incidentally mentions this in a letter that he then wrote to Naduvath Achan Nambudiri, another poet. Then again, in 1892 at the first meeting of the Bhashaposhini Sabha at Kottayam in which a poetic combat was held, he wrote a drama "Gangavatharana," in five hours and eight minutes. His powers were put to severe test by H. H. the late abdicated Maharaja of Cochin, a scholar of great reputation himself, when the latter during an interview unexpectedly desired the poet to compose a sloka in commemoration of a temple that was being constructed by a private citizen in a neighbouring locality. Seated before the Maharaja, our Thampuran recited the sloka on the spot and evoked the admiration of His Highness.

To the development of Malayalam language and literature Kunhikuttan Thampuran made such original contributions as *Mahakavis* alone are capable of. Just as Thunjath Ezuthachan

and Kunjan Nambyar introduced anew the 'Kilipattu' and the 'Thullalpattu' respectively, and Kerala Varma the Nataka and the Sandesa Kavya, Kunhikuttan Thampuran for the first time showed by example that it was practicable to write Kavyas using Malayalam words alone without admixture of Sanskrit. Further, he paved the way for the translation of any Purana without unnecessary elaboration and the consequent increase of bulk and it is after him that short Kavyas having for their subject matter some special portion of some Purana or other came to be largely written. Again, he brought into vogue the art of letter writing in verse. He was so fond of it and such an adept in the art that he even versified the addresses. The number of letters that he has thus contributed is, on a modest estimate, put at about a thousand and the slokas ten thousand.

Two stray, but interesting anecdotes revealing the miraculous powers of the poet and his poetry are recorded. The unbeliever or the rationalist may scoff at it, but there are some persons still alive who it is said can testify to their true character.

Once, a little niece of his was so seriously ill that all hopes of her recovery was given up and all treatment was stopped. Thampuran then composed a few verses praying to the Goddess Bhagavathi and suddenly were seen signs of recovery in the patient and she got alright.

In the year 1901 or so, one night in the dry month of Kumbham (February-March), some friends had gathered in the palace at Ernakulam of H. H. Appan Thampuran of Cochin when some one exclaimed:—"As Kallur Nambudri stopped the rain by composing verses, can any one cause it to rain by composing verses?" and as a test and being pressed by friends, our poet composed straightaway a few slokas and hardly had they been uttered when clouds set in and delightful rain for more than an hour flooded the earth.

Kunhikuttan Thampuran passed away in 1913 to the grief of all lovers of art and learning when Mahakavi Vallathol wept saying: "Here has passed away a noble soul who held all in equal respect and esteem, whose heart was as sparkling and as pure as the bright glass, and one who was the beacon light to many an aspiring poet."

Our Present Knowledge of Gland Products.*

BY Y. V. S. IYER, L. T. C. (Hons.)

V

Digestive Ferments. Somewhat distinct from the pharmaceutical products already discussed are the digestive ferments, or enzymes, which are prepared from three sources, viz., the stomach lining from hogs, which produces pepsin, the lining of the fourth stomach of calves, which produces rennin, and the pancreas of hogs, which produces diastase, lipase and trypsin.

Of these the most widely known is Pepsin, which was one of the earliest pharmaceutical products manufactured in the packing industry. Pepsin is pale yellow, and when manufactured as a pharmaceutical, appears as lustrous scales, granules, or springy masses, or as a fine white or cream-colored amorphous powder, nearly odorless, with a slightly acid or saline taste. In the making of pepsin on a commercial scale, the glandular part of the hog stomach is cut up and separated on the killing floor room from the muscular tissue, washed, chilled, and kept in this state until used. When this raw material for pepsin making is processed, it is mixed with water and hydrochloric acid, and digested artificially at a temperature a little above normal body heat. The product is then allowed to stand, and most of the mucin settles to the bottom as a precipitate. On the completion of this step, the golden-yellow liquid is filtered and purified either by dialysis or fractional precipitation. Finally, it is dried in a vacuum at a low temperature, not above 120°F, and appears in a spongy granular form, ready for sale. For certain types of trade, this product may be powdered and packaged in various sizes.

Recently a method for isoelectric precipitation of pepsin has been developed by Fenger and Andrew, of the Research Laboratory in Organo-therapeutics, Armour and Company, Chicago. For future rational development of medicinal products, it is necessary that in each case the active principle be isolated and studied very carefully. By purification and isoelectric precipitation a fraction was isolated which showed a proteolytic power of 1:70,000. This means that one part of the enzyme is capable of liquefying 70,000 times its own weight of hard-boiled egg white, under the conditions specified by the United States Pharmacopoeia. The purified enzyme is a nearly ash-free protein, quite

* For previous parts of this article, see our issues of April, June, August and September 1934.

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insoluble in distilled water, but clearly and completely soluble in acidulated water.

The chief and very wide use of pepsin is in cases of failure of the digestive functions of the stomach. Pepsin is a substitute for the natural gastric secretion, both for old and young. For example, it is beneficial in the peptonizing of milk for infants; and for adults, for a prolonged illness such as typhoid fever, small amounts of pepsin, administered with a dilute hydrochloric acid, aid in the proper digestion of food. An interesting fact is that pepsin ferment is inactive when given as a medicine, unless combined with hydrochloric acid. Another use for pepsin is that of removing tissue from unhealthy wounds. Essence of pepsin is usually produced from the fresh glandular layer of hog stomachs, and contains the active gastric enzymes in palatable, stable liquid form, which is used principally to relieve gastric discomfort resulting from insufficient peptic secretion.

The second digestive ferment, which acts in acid media, is rennin, which is the purified and activated enzyme from the fourth stomach of suckling calves. It is largely used in cheese making and in the manufacture of ice cream. The commercial product will curdle 30,000 times its own weight of pasteurized milk in twelve to fifteen minutes. By isoelectric precipitation Fenger has separated a highly purified rennin which curdled more than 2,000,000 parts of fresh milk in ten minutes. The pancreas from herbivorous animals, such as cattle and sheep, is not suitable for the production of pancreatin. It is employed almost exclusively for its insulin contents, a fact which indicates its possibilities.

The third group of digestive ferments is produced from the hog pancreas through three enzymes—diastase, lipase, and trypsin—which are necessary for the proper digestion of starches, fat, and protein, respectively. The official preparation contains these three enzymes in activated form, and is called pancreatin. Diastase is used for the predigestion of starches, and trypsin for the pre-digestion of foods in general. A technical use for trypsin is in the bating process of leather tanning.

Peptones. The peptones represent a distinct group of pharmaceutical products, although they are not made from the glands of animals. Of these, peptone solution is prepared from the straight lean muscle tissue of beef, and is used hypodermically in the treatment of urticaria, migraine, bronchial asthma, and other allergies of obscure digestive origin. Another product, peptonum siccum, is a peptone used in bacteriological research, e. g., in making culture media for the examination of water, milk, sewage, etc. Other forms of peptone have a use as predigested foods.

For example, beef peptone is made from fresh lean beef by a special peptonizing process which renders all the food elements in the beef soluble. It is then ready for use by food manufacturers in preparing liquid forms of food of special service to invalids. Another product called "peptonal" is predigested lean beef and malt extract, which is of benefit in cases of malnutrition and where the stomach cannot retain solid food and ordinary ingredients of diet.

Thromboplastin. A pharmaceutical product which has proved of great use as a blood coagulant is thromboplastin, a specific hemostatic agent made exclusively from the brain tissue of cattle. However, due to the fact that the stunning of cattle in ordinary slaughter operations injures the brain tissues, rendering them unfit for the manufacture of thromboplastin, the material for its production comes from koshered cattle which are slaughtered without stunning. After the animals are bled, the brain tissues are removed, carefully trimmed, washed and cleaned, and from this material a solution is made containing the hemostatic principles. This thromboplastin solution is useful in checking capillary oozings. Its method of treatment is by means of a spray upon the bleeding surface, or directly by means of gauze or cotton.

A practical method for making thromboplastin solution was first outlined by Hess in the research laboratories of the New York City Department of Health. Professor Howell, of the Johns Hopkins Medical School, has shown that the thromboplastin from every source contains the phosphated kephalin, and that the facilitating influence of thromboplastin on coagulation is due to the action of the kephalin.

Liver Extracts. Pernicious anemia, a disease that almost always is fatal, may come within the practical control of science. And ordinary beef liver is the source of the material being used in the treatment. Scientists have established as a fact that a diet rich in liver increases the number of red blood corpuscles and their hemoglobin content in patients with this disease, and they are now endeavouring to isolate the active principle or principles in liver responsible for this improvement. A considerable number of patients have been successfully treated for from one to three years with a diet containing approximately 200 grams of liver a day. Even if the individual with pernicious anemia knows that he is the gainer thereby, a daily diet of liver in the quantities necessary to replenish the blood with red corpuscles is difficult to take for a long time. Consequently a small dose of liver extract daily that does as much good as 200 grams or more of the whole liver represents a big advance in the treatment of this disease. The causes of this fairly common malady are obscure, though it is believed by some that a predisposition towards it is

inheritable. This disease should not be confused with anemia due to common causes.

Minot and other members of the Department of Physiological Chemistry in the Harvard Medical School have isolated a fraction of liver that promptly produces young red blood cells and permits the total number of red blood cells to increase. Others are determining the effectiveness and the clinical uses of the successively purified extracts that are being prepared. These scientists report that the most concentrated preparation that has thus far been administered produced about four times its weight of erythrocytes, or red blood cells, within a fortnight. An effective daily dose amounts to about one-third of an ounce, or 10 grams. Nine patients with pernicious anemia have been fed on the extract with entire success recently.

Chemists are still uncertain as to the exact amount of the effective substance in the liver extract, since, despite the fact that the purification has proceeded far, a large part of the material in the present mixture may eventually prove to be inert. After further purification, it may be possible to isolate the chemical substance or substances that are specifically involved, and thereby learn more of the reactions and of the physiological mechanisms that are disturbed in this disease. The development of the use of liver extract in the treatment of pernicious anemia may be as important in its way as the outstanding achievement in the treatment of diabetes by the use of insulin.

Another product of medicinal value secreted by the liver is bile. One of the functions of the bile is to emulsify the fats, thereby aiding the fat-splitting enzyme, lipase. Purified bile in inspissated and desiccated forms, as well as the isolated bile salts—sodium taurocholate, and sodium ptaurocholate—are employed extensively in the manufacture of various medicinal preparations.

A pharmaceutical product which is of considerable importance but cannot be considered as a gland product, is extract of red bone marrow. According to Leake, of the Department of Pharmacology, University of Wisconsin, red bone marrow stimulates the production of red blood cells. The erythropoietic agents are stable under heat at 100°C., are soluble in water, do not deteriorate on standing in sterile solution, are effective by mouth, and have no untoward accessory pharmaceutical actions. Red bone marrow is often prescribed in conjunction with spleen preparations.

Surgical Catgut Ligatures. Surgical ligatures made from the intestines of sheep are logically considered under the head of pharmaceutical products since they are distributed by the same channels to the medical profession; but they are not produced from animal glands, nor are they made from catgut, as is so often

thought by the general public. Surgical ligature material comes only from inspected sheep, and the whole manufacturing process is carried on under careful chemical and bacteriological control and standardized methods. The perfecting of processes for such surgical ligatures has resulted in significant advances in methods of surgery and greater comfort and speed in recovery for thousands of people who have been operated upon for various ills. The sheep intestines to be converted into surgical ligatures are kept at a temperature near freezing, in order to eliminate fermentation and bacterial growth, and after thorough cleansing, the intestines are carefully sterilized. The intestines so treated are then spun, dried, and polished until perfectly smooth. All moisture is removed by careful drying processes, the finished product is placed in tubes covered with strong fluid, and after sealing, these containers receive a final sterilization before the ligatures are put into distribution for the use of surgeons.

Thus, summarising our knowledge, it may be said that the gland preparations, as outlined above in a general way, indicate the great range of human diseases which are benefited, if not cured, by the administration of those products under capable medical direction. The service rendered by these has been of inestimable value from a social point of view. The volume of these products is increasing enormously year by year, however, as the demand from the medical profession is ever greater. Incidents have been cited especially those regarding insulin, which indicate that scientific discoveries are being made continuously which are constantly extending the use of these gland products. The remarkable progress in the last ten years would seem to show that prophecy regarding the ultimate extent of these therapeutic agents fall far short of the actual results. The final analysis of the mysterious and elusive phenomena that are encountered in the field of endocrinology will no doubt continue to fascinate and challenge the intellect of investigators for centuries to come and at the same time the fruits of research afford greater beneficial effect on the suffering humanity.

(Concluded.)

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Thakore Sahib Sir Daulat Singh of Limbidi.*

BY P. M. HARI



E rises in all climates at 3 a. m., when he bathes, and retires to his meditation room for prayers. He spends at least five hours daily at his prayers, and it is in order to avoid encroachment on his other duties that makes him rise so early." "His popularity amongst his friends and his people is unquestioned. So deeply do his people love him, so engrained is their faith engendered by long experience of his purity of heart and clean chaste way of living that the simple people make 'vows' to his person. And strange stories are told: by one who has his eyesight restored, one another who lost his black leprosy, another whose fever left as if by magic." When that can be said of every Indian prince we are at the threshold of a glowing new era.

In these days, when the heads of most Indian States obsessed with Western ways of life and run after sensations, pomp and fashion, it is refreshing to see the ruler of the small State of Limbidi living a clean, simple, unostentatious life 'devoting the greater part of his private income to charity,' making himself an affectionate father to his subjects and seeking only their welfare and that of his soul. He is as alert, circumspect, and busy as a cashier at the counter, and as pure, simple and selfless as a Sanyasin. His life is one of continued austerity for the uplift of the people that Providence has placed in his hands.

The life and career of Dadbha (that was the early name of the Thakore Sahib), though not remarkable for thrilling adventures or romantic achievements, is yet eventful and inspiring. From the position of a police officer his merit soon led him to the position of the Commandant of the Jamnagar Lancers which he occupied long with great distinction and dignity. "A splendid soldier" or "A splendid officer" is a testimony that rarely comes out of the mouth of an English Commander in respect of an Indian officer; but it was repeated many times officially about Dadbha by more than one Officer Commanding Imperial Forces in India. While his merits were being appreciated by Indians and Europeans alike Fate took him stealthily out of his place in the

* Thakore Sahib Shri Sir Daulat Singh of Limbidi, Kathiawar by Elizabeth Sharpe, with a foreword by Sir Rabindranath Tagore published by John Murray, London, price 7 s 6 d

military and after some incidental training in administrative work placed him at length on the 'Gadi' of Limbidi.

Limbidi owes its present position and prosperity to the courage and independence, skill and sagacity, and incessant toil and farsightedness of Sir Daulat Singh. Despite the commendable sense and good government of the late Sir Jaswant Singh, Limbidi was only a small, cramped, crippled, dusty, old state with almost all kinds of disadvantages, discomforts and inconveniences at the time when it came into the hands of Sir Daulat Singh; and as Mr. Fitzgerald (afterwards Sir) presaged in his installation speech the Thakore Sahib had 'no easy task before him'. But Sir Daulat was equal to the occasion. On his accession to the 'Gadi' he addressed himself steadily to the improvement of his state. In town-planning and water supply, in education as well as in economic uplift; in every bit of remodelling and administration of the state, and works for the well-being of his subjects, he himself studied the subject, exercised his intelligence, took the initiative and vigorously worked out the present advanced condition of the state. He has acted in a manner worthy of a hero and a genius in one; and richly does he deserve the uncommon homage that his subjects pay him. That Sir Daulat Singh captured the hearts of his people immediately after his installation speaks volumes about his character and ability.

Sir Daulat is notable not only for the performance of his public duties, but also for his private life. The worthy scion of a noble line of warriors and administrators, the Thakore Sahib is a true Kshatriya with God in his heart and sword and shield in his hands. The prince has the head of a scientist and politician and the heart of a mother. In spite of his exalted position he still carries in his bosom the pains of a subject, the pinches of an administrator and the philanthropy of a saint. He is a rare combination of the best parts of the East and the West; he has the culture of the Hindu and the dash and push of the European; and, therefore, has he been able to work his state as his family and make it one of the foremost in India in so short a time.

The Thakore Sahib has an excellent biographer in Elizabeth Sharpe. She has closely followed the life and career of the prince and writes with great understanding and sympathy. She gives us an unvarnished account of his life and career, cleverly bringing out the harmonious combination of godliness and worldly wisdom in his personality. Starting with remote ancestors the book traces the genealogy, early days, career and progress, and the present life and work of Sir Daulat Singh. It also shows with the aid of facts and figures how remarkably the state has advanced under the Thakore Sahib's administration. The volume is

pregnant with important suggestions and interesting and instructive anecdotes. It is a short study written in a clear, lucid style and will be an eye-opener to many. It carries a message to every Indian prince. But we should like to see that the mistakes that have crept into the book through the author's want of acquaintance with Kerala (Malabar Coast) and its folk are corrected. It is news to us that the Raja of Kollengode (wrongly spelt as Kulangar in the book.) is a "high class Brahmin."

Although the book contains many important administrative achievements of the Thakore Sahib, it does not tell us what the chief has done for the revival of our ancient Sanskrit culture or renovation of our Dharma or for Indian arts and sciences. These things could not have escaped the attention of so sage a head. The world is ringing with the emptiness of modern civilization, and crying for the spiritual waters of the East to allay its materialistic fever! And the pathetic degeneracy of the Hindus! Who else would revive their culture and attainments but a Rajarishi? Would not the Thakore Sahib cultivate in his country what he has gathered in himself: the culture and Dharma of the Hindu!

The spiritual bent of the Thakore is striking especially in face of the outlook of many modern Maharajas. While they waste their valuable time and energy and the more precious money of their subjects over foreign boards and pastimes and return home with weak bodies, vacant hearts, and empty hands, this prince takes his subjects at his own cost to the seats of the tetelar Deities of India; to Kedar and Badri; Kanchi and Dwarka, and recruits the powers of his soul and enriches the life of his subjects. One is happy to follow him on his pilgrimage and notice the expansion of his sympathies and intensification of his spiritual consciousness. But it is a matter for regret that on his excursion to Malabar this pious soul had not been advised to visit the oldest and the most sacred shrine at Guruvayur which holds the most ancient and most sanctified of idols of Sri Kris na, the idol being a contemporary of the Lord and Blessed by Him.

One, however, closes the book with a great sense of relief, a desire to know more about the subject and a prayer that the Prince may long be spared to rule over his state to the great happiness of his fortunate people and the credit of the Motherland.

The Death Penalty.

THE CASE FOR ITS ABOLITION

BY E. N. SUBRAHMANYAM, M. A., B. L.



THE question of the complete abolition of death penalty is brought forward again and again after every sensational execution. The Saccho-Venzetti executions in America a few years ago created widespread horror, which found a vivid expression in Upton Sinclair's great novel "Boston" published soon after the executions. In our own country public opinion has been considerably exercised over the Lahore and Larkhana executions. We are glad to be informed by the London Correspondent of *The Hindu* that the National Council for the abolition of the Death Penalty is in communication with Sir Samuel Hoare over the Larkhana episode and that the Secretary of State has called for a report on the affair from the Government of India. Let us hope that there would be no repetition of the Larkhana episode.

It is time that a more systematic and organised effort was made for the abolition of the Death Penalty all over the world. It is a survival from an age which accepted unquestioningly the theory that fear of consequences is the dominant factor in the prevention of crime. This theory stands today utterly condemned. The study of human behaviour has shown that most of the crimes are committed without any fear of consequences. Manifold are the causes of murder. A large majority of them are crimes of passion, some of them are the outcome of wretched social conditions—poverty, unemployment, etc. A few of them are deliberately planned for the purpose of gain. Murders of the first type are committed regardless of consequences. Improved social conditions are bound to reduce largely crimes of the second type, while premeditated murders being the work of professional criminals could be prevented by better supervision and vigilance on the part of the police authorities.

The objections to the Death Penalty are briefly summarised here.

1. *It is not a more effective deterrent than other penalties.*

The chief argument in favour of the Death Penalty is that it has a deterrent effect, and if hanging were abolished, there will be an increase of murders. Though there are many reasons for believing that the fear of death strikes the imagination of ordinary men and women more powerfully than any other punishment

known to the law, yet we must remember that the lessening severity of punishment has not been followed by an increase of crime. On the contrary, in countries where the Death Penalty has been abolished the homicidal rate has definitely decreased. It may be interesting to quote instances. According to Herr Woxen, Chief of the Prison Administration, a steady decrease in murder followed abolition in Norway. This is also true of Sweden. The United States of America show an astounding state of affairs. Curiously enough where the Death Penalty has been retained, we find the highest homicidal rate; and in Maine, where it has been abolished since 1887, the number of deaths by violence has been the smallest on record. The experience of the late 18th and early 19th centuries proves that the fear of hanging was powerless to prevent crimes against life and property. The hanging of 30 men a year by the Bank of England for forgery was powerless to stay the current of that offence, and where the death penalty failed as a deterrent in the case of lesser crimes, it is unreasonable to suppose that it is more effective against premeditated murder.

2. *It precludes the possibility of any redress in cases of miscarriage of justice.*

A strong part of the case for the abolition of the Death Penalty is the number of instances of miscarriage of justice that has come to light. Where the punishment consists of imprisonment, something in the nature of reparation is possible; but the death penalty permits nothing more in this direction than the posthumous removing of the stain of an unjust conviction from the executed person's character. Here are a few instances where there was a thorough miscarriage of justice:—

A case was reported from Germany where a ghastly mistake was made in 1927 and discovered three years later. A man named *Jakobowski* was executed on a charge of having murdered his four year old son. He was very carefully tried. Three years later three persons confessed that they gave false evidence which decided *Jakobowski's* fate.

Even England which considers herself to be a model of legal efficiency recently received a rude shock to her complacency. *Oscar Slater* sentenced to death, was reprieved by a tender-hearted Home Secretary, and served 18 years penal servitude before evidence could be produced to prove his innocence. A broken man, the best years of his life passed in a state of mental agony under a wrongful punishment, he was released and given a State pension "as compensation". No man could give him back eighteen precious years; but if he had been hanged, as almost happened, what then? Lord Buckmaster, in his evidence before the Barr Committee discussed the question of whether an innocent man is ever

hanged and instanced the case of *Oscar Slater* and said, "He was very nearly hanged. Had that happened there would have been no agitation. The matter would have ended and people would have gone on saying, 'no innocent man is ever hanged.' He recalled also the *Adolph Beck* case where the man was sentenced to death for a murder to which *Charles Peace* later confessed. Far more mistakes are made by courts, prisons and executioners than the public ever realises. Until men acquire new faculties and are enabled to decide upon innocence or guilt without the aid of fallible and corruptible human evidence, so long will the risk be incurred of condemning the innocent.

3. *It has a demoralising influence.*

The death penalty is an advertisement for killing. Its existence throws a glamour over murder trials, enlists public sympathy on the side of the murderer and engenders a morbid interest in crime. This concentration of thought on the evil things of life induced each time there is an execution, is bound to have evil consequences on the mental and moral life of many individuals and on society as a whole. With its abolition the nauseating publicity given to certain murder trials would be eliminated. "A trial will no longer be a fight for life, a gladiatorial show for slick lawyer performers, and criminals will not be elevated to the status of public heroes". Instead it would become a quiet efficient affair in which passions and prejudices are severely curbed.

4. *It inflicts unnecessary suffering on others.*

The carrying out of the sentence of death lays on prison officials a burden which should not be placed on public servants without overwhelming proof that it is necessary for the protection of society. General Dudgeon, Governor of the Edinburgh Prison in his evidence before the Barr Committee spoke of the horrors of the execution shed.

Besides, it inflicts suffering on the relatives and friends of the murderer sometimes more acute than that of the offender himself. Mr. O'Connell speaking at Exeter Hall, said, "I defended three brothers. They were indicted for murder. The evidence was most satisfactory. The Judge had a leaning in favour of the Crown-Prosecution and he almost compelled the Jury to convict them. I sat at the window as they passed by. Sentence of death had been pronounced upon them. There was a large military guard taking them back to jail positively forbidden to allow any communication with the three unfortunate youths. But their mother was there; and she, armed with the strength of her affection, broke through the guard. I saw her clasp her eldest son who was 22 years of age. I saw her hang on the second who was

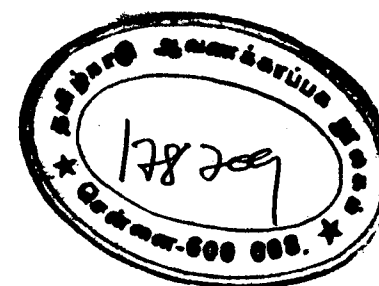
20. I saw her faint when she clung to the neck of the younger boy who was but 18; and I ask what recompense could be made for such agony?"

5. *It militates against the true object of punishment.*

"The legitimate purpose of punishment," says Salielles in his monumental work, *Individualisation of Punishment*, "is to make of the criminal an honest man if that be possible; or, if not, to deprive him of the chance of doing further harm. For the view that punishment is the infliction of an injury for an injury, there is substituted the view that punishment is a moral instrument, a means of regeneration for the individual as well as for the protection of society. Punishment has thus a social end directed to the future, while hitherto it was regarded only as the necessary consequence of a past act. The Germans call it *Zweck-strafe*, punishment for a purpose as opposed to *Vergeltungs-strafe*, punishment by way of compensation or retribution. The function of punishment must be accordingly directed to its social purpose and adapted to that purpose as an instrument is adapted to the operation in view. Accordingly it is the future not the past, not the crime committed, that sets the goal and purpose sought." If we agree that the object of punishment is to serve as an instrument of reform, is to serve for the regeneration and rehabilitation of the criminal, is it morally justifiable or defensible that society should take away the life of another without giving him full opportunities to reform himself?

After all one should not forget that no human tribunal can determine the exact degree of guilt and the appropriate retribution for a crime. Men commit crimes, because they are driven to it by various circumstances of life. Inherited tendencies, environment, a thousand causes lying outside the criminal's will, may have hurried a man to the terrible deed. Often a criminal is diseased in mind. The machinery of law may, as it ought to, restrict a murderer's liberty, for his own sake and that of society; but when it settles his fate irrevocably and shuts out for ever every hope of reclaiming him, it usurps the right of the Omniscient.

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Faith.

BY PROF. H. C. KUMAR



HIS happened on the Hardwar-Rishikesh Road, in the early hours of dawn, in June last.

My companion was a man well known in those parts, for his services and his sacrifices in the cause of Cow-protection. Seeing a man emerge from the right, he exclaimed: "Hello, Brahmchariji, you here! Where are you off to, bag and baggage?"

The Brahmchari was a rugged, broad-shouldered middle-aged man. He was bare-headed and bare-footed, carried a bamboo staff and a brass lota in his right hand, and a little bundle of kit under his left arm. His raiment consisted of a short *dhoti* round the waist, and a loose *chaddar* on his body. A thick growth of hair monopolised the greater part of his face.

"I am off to where I know not", answered the Brahmchari.

"What, have you not taken leave from your Guruji?"

"Frankly speaking, no. I left without informing anybody. A feeling had been oppressing me that though I had left hearth and home, I was still as far from self-realisation as ever. So, I am adrift again, and here you see me."

"And what do you propose to do next?" asked my companion, curiously.

"I shall sit under the vow of Silence for a time", replied the Brahmchari.

"Where, in Uttra Khanda?"

"I don't know. Wherever God leads me."

"If we knew where you are likely to be, we might be of service so long as you are observing your vow."

"It is so kind of you. But I don't really know myself."

"Well then, may I give you a little money I have?"

"Many thanks, I have got sufficient for the nonce."

"How much have you got?"

"Three pice. This is sufficient for my next meal, and God will see to the rest."

So saying, the Brahmchari bade us final adieu, and was gone.

"Three pice!" These words still haunt my memory and remind me of the words of a Master of Wisdom:

"Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow. They toil not, neither do they spin, and yet I say unto you, That even Solomon, In all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these. Wherefore if God so clothe the grass of the field, which today is, and tomorrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith?"

XXXVII

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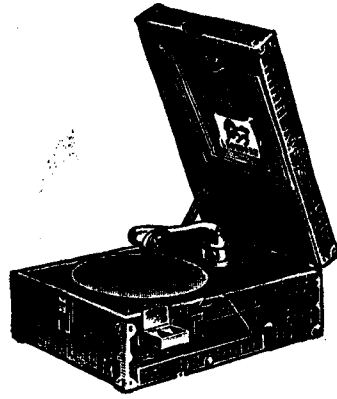
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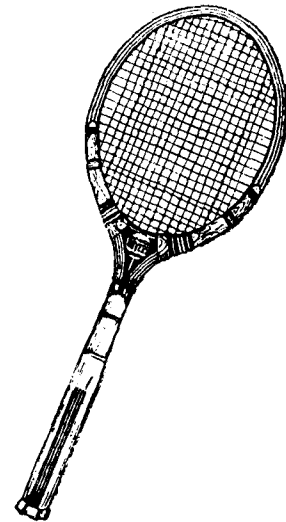
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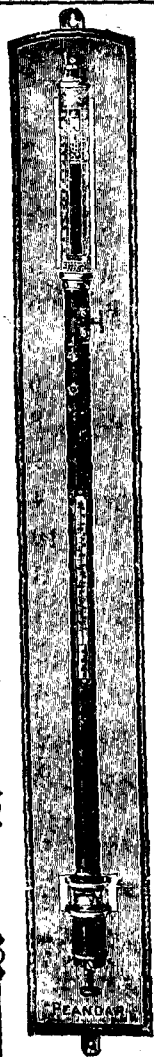
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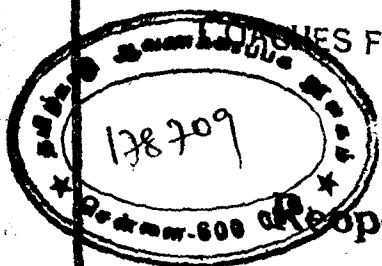


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