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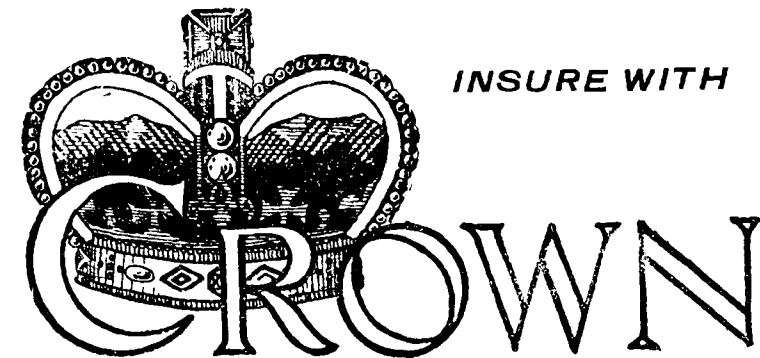
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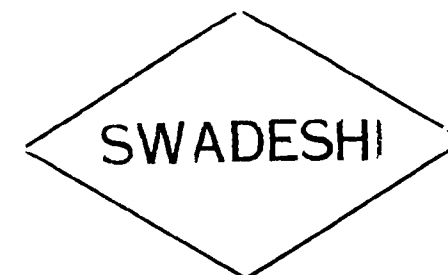
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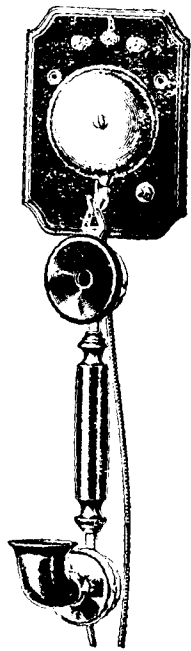
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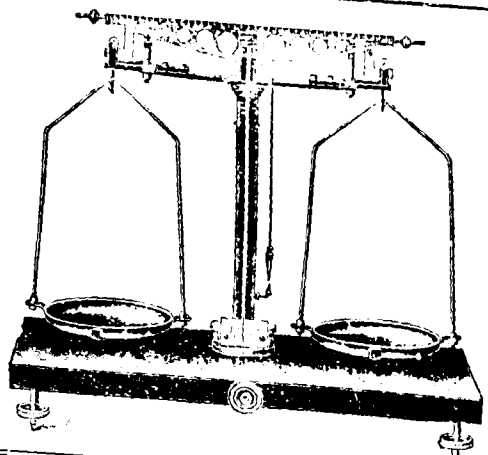
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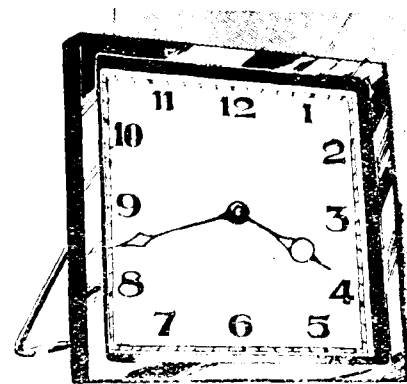
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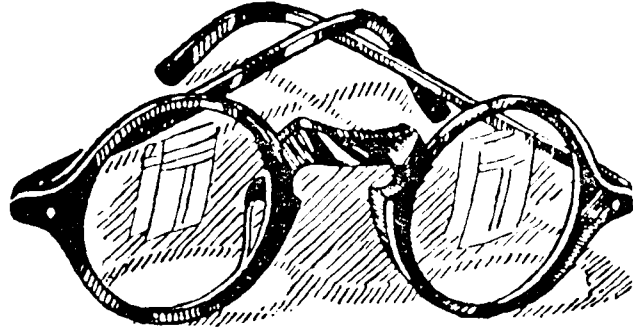
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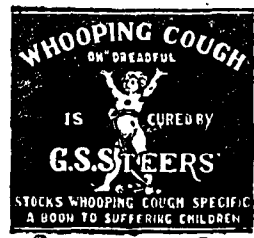
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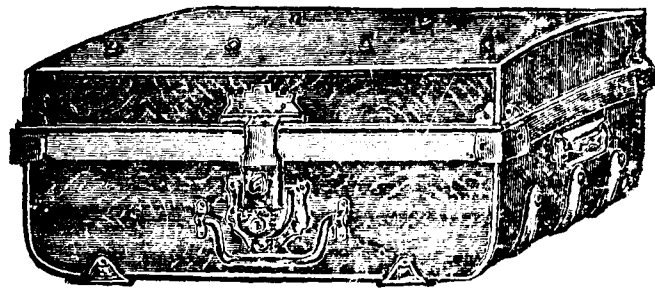
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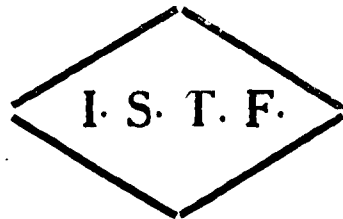
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The SCHOLAR

VOL. XI.

OCTOBER 1935

NO. 1.

FOREWORD



WITH this number, *The Scholar* enters on its eleventh year. On this occasion we take the opportunity of sending our cordial and sincere greetings to our Readers and well-wishers, and also to our numerous advertisers who have given us their patronage. For the continued support and encouragement which they have given us for a decade and more, we are sincerely grateful, and trust that they will continue this support also in the years to come.

It is not an easy thing by any means to run a journal of this kind in view of the obvious limitations and circumstances which attend such enterprises in our country. But even the pardonable little complacency we may feel for our achievement is tempered by our regret that owing to circumstances beyond our control, it has still not been possible for us to issue this special number in time.

The only reward that those who try to keep alight the lamp of culture may look forward to, is the appreciation of their work that may come to them unsought. We have great pleasure in sharing with our readers one such that we have received from distant Himalayas.

"Even in remote Mongolia I have received *The Scholar* and praised it to all friends there. The educational plough-field is not easy and the more glorious are the achievements on such a stony soil. But as said in an ancient poem, 'even the stones will hail the sowers', I shall always be happy to hear from you and send you and all near friends my heartiest greetings. In spirit with you,—N. de Roerich".

Gold Resources of Mysore.*

BY B. RAMA RAO, M. A., D. I. C., F. G. S.

Occurrence of Gold:—The most ancient rocks of the earth's crust, or the Archeans, are generally found throughout the world to be the repositories of many valuable minerals including gold, and from the point of view of mineral assets, it is fortunate that the geological history of Mysore is confined almost entirely to this single period of rock formation. Gold occurs in our State chiefly in veins or reefs of quartz associated with very old crystalline rocks, called the Dharwar schists after the name of the well-known town, in the neighbourhood of which those rocks were first located. The auriferous reefs are either dark grey to bluish white in colour such as those on the Kolar Gold Field, or distinctly white. Gold occurs in both these types as very minute particles seldom visible to the naked eye. Quartz veins also occur in the gneissic areas, some of them being occasionally of very dark colour, but as a rule, they are barren and do not contain any gold.

Old workings:—The gold mining industry seems to have been widely practised in Mysore from ancient times, as could be made out by the numerous old workings which had been discovered from time to time by the officers of the State Geological Department. There is hardly any reliable information as to when these extensive mining operations were conducted. Some of them evidently were very ancient, probably about a thousand years old, and others might not have been of such great antiquity. A few of these old workings were found to have been more than 200 feet deep, and it is really surprising as to how the ancient miners with the simple appliances at their command were able to work to such comparatively great depths.

Kolar Gold Field:—The available recorded information indicates that a small amount of gold was being extracted by crude methods of mining and reduction, about the beginning of the 19th century, near the villages, Ooregum and Marikuppam. But it is only from about 1883 or 1884, when the mines on the Kolar Gold Field began to produce gold regularly on a profitable scale, that the modern gold mining industry may be claimed to have been established in the State, on a stable basis. During these 50 to 55 years of their existence, the various mines have produced nearly 17,909,259 ozs. of gold valued at £ 79,511,684. The

* A lecture delivered before the South Indian Science Association, Bangalore, on Saturday, 2nd November 1935.

magnitude of the total amount of underground work done since then may be gauged by the following figures :

Accumulated workings in the Kolar

Gold to the end of 1934 ... Drives to the extent of 430 miles.

Shafts ... 30½ miles.

Vertical depth below field datum ... About 7600 ft.

At present, all the gold produced in Mysore comes only from the four chief mines on the Kolar Gold Field, and the quantity thus produced forms more than 99 per cent. of the total production of gold in India.

These mines have been producing on an average about 330,000 to 350,000 ozs. of gold per year, and the average grade of the ore treated is now about 9 to 10 dwts. (penny weights) of gold per ton. Re-treatment of tailings from the old dumps which contain about 1 to 3 dwts. of gold per ton yields further about 20,000 ozs. per year. The mines give livelihood to about 20,000 people on an average and enriches the coffers of the State to the tune of about 15 to 16 lakhs of rupees in the shape of Royalty. Owing to the altered agreements regarding the proportions of realisable royalties to the Government according to the terms of renewal of the mining leases from 1940, the total amount of annual royalty realisable is expected to increase.

Reserves and Future life of the K. G. F.—The future life of such a basic industry is of paramount importance to every citizen of the State, and naturally one would be anxious to know as to how deep the reefs are likely to persist and how long the mines could go on working. Since the mines on the Kolar Gold Field show every year only a few years of reserve of ore on hand, the practice being to develop as far as possible, ground containing auriferous quartz of about the same quantity as is extracted from the already developed ground, no reliable estimates can be framed regarding the total quantity left available. The auriferous reefs will continue in depth till they are cut out by the underlying later intrusive granitic rocks. At what depth this is likely to happen cannot be accurately foretold. Anyway, it is expected to be beyond any stage which we could reach in deep mining, due to the physical limitations, such as the difficulty of hoisting and providing suitable ventilation. The deepest portions of the mines show that the auriferous quartz continues with the same type of distribution as at higher levels, and there is no indication of the general termination of the lode in sight. Therefore, there are no reasons why the mining industry should not flourish at least for another 30 or 40 years.

Other Auriferous Areas.—Outside the Kolar Gold Field area, hundreds of old workings had been located as already stated, in

52
100,000
100,000

almost every part of the State excepting the area comprised in the Bangalore district. Many of these were tested by deep prospecting operations during the years 1895–1910 by various individuals and syndicates, the total amount sunk on such investigations being some 30 to 40 lakhs of rupees. But unfortunately, not one single paying mine was located. It cannot be regarded that in all instances it was the general impoverished nature of the reefs which was responsible for the failure. Now that the gold value has risen from 84 sh. per oz. (July 1931) to about 141 sh. (Oct. 1935) that is to say nearly $1\frac{1}{2}$ times its previous value, it is worth considering if any other areas outside the Kolar Gold Field is likely to prove a productive zone of auriferous rocks, under the existing circumstances.

The average working expenses at present on the Kolar Gold Field is about 30–32 sh. (or about Rs. 24) per ton of ore treated, and, therefore, for any profitable working under conditions similar to those of the Kolar Gold Field, that is to say, by mining of steeply dipping narrow reefs, and the recovery of gold by the processes of amalgamation and cyaniding as practised, the ore should contain at least 27 to 28 rupees worth of gold per ton of ore treated. This will be covered under the present ruling prices of gold, by the average distribution of 5 to 5.5 dwts (penny weights) of gold per ton of ore. How long these favourable prices continue is not known. It may depend upon as to when the countries which went off the gold standard will return to the gold currency, and even then it is doubtful at what level the price of gold would stabilise. Anyway, the circumstances being favourable, the following places in the State in which the results of previous prospecting operations suggested the desirability of further exploration deserve the attention of enterprising capitalists.

- (1) Ajjanhalli (Tumkur District).
- (2) Bellara (Tumkur District).
- (3) Kempinkote (Hassan District).
- (4) Amble and Valagere (Mysore District).
- (5) Kudurekonda and Palavanhalli areas (Shimoga District).
- (6) Honnehatti, (Shimoga District).
- (7) Jalagargundi, (Kadur District).

The amount of work which has already been done in these and many other areas are given in detail in one of the publications of the State Geological Department. (Bulletin No. 7 Price Rs. 3 per copy).

Apart from these primary reef deposits, gold is also found, to a small extent, in various other types of rocks such as decomposed bands of ferruginous schists, quartzose conglomerates,

potstones, and alluvial soils on the banks of the river Tunga-Bhadra.

Alluvial Gold:—Amongst these, on account of the inexpensive nature of implements required, the washing of gold from river alluvium used to be widely practised before, by professional jalagars or gold washers, but the average return from such a source, excepting occasional lucky finds was always small, and as such the industry is almost extinct now.

About 1913, an extended series of tests were made by the State Geological Department on the alluvium in and near the bed of the Tunga-Bhadra river where it crosses the auriferous schists between Honnali and Shimoga. Large sample of 1 to 6 c. yds. each were washed and all showed gold, but the quantity was very small. The best results obtained were $3\frac{1}{4}$ grains and $4\frac{1}{2}$ grains per cubic yard valued then at about as. 7 and as. 9 respectively and at present as. 12 and Re. 1. It is desirable to explore this ground further under the present advantageous circumstances.

Gold in Conglomerates:—To the north of Chickmagalur there are long bands of quartzite conglomerates. Panning of this rock material showed some gold and a sample of one of the pebbly layers gave an assay of 2 dwts. (penny weights). In appearance this resembles the Banket formation of Transvaal and to find whether like that auriferous deposit the Chickmagalur Rock would also prove productive large samples were broken and assayed, but out of some 66 assays, though all showed traces of gold none exceeded 1 dwt. per ton. The average distribution is rather poor, but on account of the low costs of working this kind of material, it would be worth while to test it further.

Gold in Ferruginous Ochres.—The ferruginous ochres of certain parts like Bodimaradi and Ajjanhalli had disclosed some values on washing. As no extensive work had been done in them, we have not got much reliable information about their payable nature or not.

Further necessary investigations.—From this brief account it is clearly seen that considerable amount of work has yet to be done before one could condemn the prospects of other auriferous areas of Mysore as absolutely worthless and the future plan of investigations has to naturally resolve itself into (1) further deeper explorations of the already tested reefs of certain parts, (2) the large scale washing of auriferous alluvia and the auriferous ochery schists and (3) the further testing of some of the quartzose conglomerates, like these of Chickmagalur.

I have to point out here that the superficial prospecting of the auriferous conglomerates of quartz reefs and the largescale

washings of alluvial gravels do not require any large outlay, but the deeper exploration of the tested reefs, which involves regular underground development needs considerable capital. So far as surface prospecting of the auriferous reefs is concerned all that could be done with the simple appliances at the command of a prospector or geologist has been already done either by the untiring efforts of the ancient pioneers or by the band of prospectors of recent generations. All the auriferous reefs of the State have been most preservingly located, followed and tested, so much so that any outcrop of quartz in the neighbourhood of which there have been no old workings is not worth bothering about. What is required now is the exploration of the tested reefs further in depth. There is no short-cut to fortune, especially where gold mining of quartz reefs is concerned. The reefs have to be systematically opened, followed in depth, and regularly assayed and then alone, up to the extent thus explored one can say whether the lode is paying or not. Assertions further than that are unwarranted and would be purely conjectural.

Value of Geo-physical prospecting.—What could be done in the way of geo-physical prospecting I am not sure. These methods are no doubt helpful in the delineation of auriferous sulphide deposits, but none of the present practised methods seem to be able to correctly forecast the average grade and quantity of the auriferous quartz veins at depth. Perhaps in the near future it may be possible to improve upon these methods so as to make them serve this purpose also. But till then we have to look upon gold prospecting as a purely speculative venture.

Division of Labour.—It falls to the lot of enterprising capitalists to give a fair trial to the reef deposits which if found productive will bring a proportionately larger return in their wake, which would adequately recompense for the risks they run and the smaller organisations with limited means have to rest satisfied with exploring the auriferous contents of the secondary deposits like the Tungabhadra placers, the gold bearing ferruginous ochres and such other types the testing of which would be within their slender means for which the returns, if any, would also be on quite a modest scale.

Mongolia.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY NICHOLAS DE ROERICH



DO you wish to fly? Why not fly over Mangolia? What about landing fields?..... Mongolia has natural landing fields for "iron birds" everywhere.

Would you like to speed by motor? You can speed over all the roads and across the entire plain. Rarely can one cover such distances without interruption.

Would you care to cross the deserts by camel? You may continue endlessly without an obstacle ahead. And you will find bristling brush for the camels to eat everywhere.

Would you like to gallop on horseback? Gallop ahead. The Mongols conquered immense spaces, as the hordes of Chengis Khan may testify. These spaces seem like waterless deserts—yet very often the water is very close to the surface, sometimes within two or three feet. Besides, as I have often written, there are subterranean currents which even to this day may be heard through the pebbles and boulders. If one wishes to bring the water to the surface, the possibilities are there.

Many vegetables may be cultivated in the forest lands and on the sandy soil here; if one cares to occupy himself with it, he can have results. If one wishes to breed better horses, it is only necessary to cross the local breed with the Turkestan and Afghan horses. In two years of breeding you will begin to see results. The same applies to sheep and cows because there is nothing to prevent the possibility of obtaining the best breeds here.

Future forests are also possible. Not only in ancient times were all these sites covered with virgin forests, but even within a decade were there trees here everywhere. The cruelty of ignorance destroyed them because the cruelty of ignorance does not consider the future. Nor is there anything to hinder the organization here of model farms, under the direction of people of understanding and experience. How much cultivation and planting of grasses could be introduced here in a very short time. And how simple it would be to introduce the best methods of cattle breeding. Schools could also be organized in connection with these model farms, thus permitting the nation to progress along modern lines, without losing any of its traditional virtues. In this way, all kinds of handicrafts may be encouraged and labour

co-operatives also introduced. During the great frosts, blizzards, and the spring 'burans', a vast amount of useful objects could be created by the hands of the people coupled with their creative gifts. However strange it may seem, when you see the inborn artistry of the Mongols in their weaving and designs, you realize how simple it would be to demonstrate to those who have not yet realized it, how much of value could be created here. And this creation would be possible without sacrificing the fine traditions or imitating foreign importations but by working along the traditional and native lines.

In fixed amity with the Chinese Government the autonomous Government of Inner Mongolia is being organized. Its capital is in Batu-Khalaga, which is nearest to the railroad station of Kokokhoto or Guihu-achen. The head of the Government is the local prince, but the actual moving spirit is the Prince of Barun Sunit. All the princes come together at stipulated times to decide the current problems. By agreement with Nanking, autonomous Inner Mongolia decides all its own inner affairs.

Although the mineral wealth of Mongolia is unexploited, the salt revenues from the great salt lakes in themselves afford a vast revenue. It is widely known that Mongolia has a profusion of high grade hard coal, oil, iron and gold. Certain ridges of Mongolia are especially famed for the latter - and in our travels we had occasion to see great nuggets of gold as well as gold sands washed down in the river beds. We also had occasion to see many deserted gold mines, although it was difficult to ascertain whether they had been deserted because the gold had been removed or through ignorance of methods in mining, or because of the military movements here.

Not long ago, we had occasion to write upon the subject of the "Brimming Chalice"—just such a brimming chalice is here before us in Mongolia. In various walks of life opportunity comes to each man to encounter circumstances, which for some reason seem strangely concealed. Although it may sometime seem that mere accident contributed to these concealments, in reality there is no accident, and it is far more probable that these circumstances have been hidden in some great design. Special caution and good will must be exerted when such hidden possibilities disclose themselves, and help should not be withheld. The thought of help and mutual co-operation becomes a vital and humanitarian responsibility; although help should be at the proper moment and in the proper direction. In this case, the help needed is not great—merely that of preventing a child from burning itself at the fire, and permitting it to gain experience along the proper channels.



"Tzong-Kha-Pa"

—Drawing by Nicholas Roerich.

Medical work in Mongolia is thus far in the hands of Swedish, Belgian, Japanese and American physicians, as well as in the hands of local Mongolian lamas. I have always been exceedingly interested in local folk lore and the native pharmacopoeia, but there should be attentive research and study into these subjects. Of course, the people have great need of an established medical help.

The many hundreds of "dzeren" which trot beside the horses indicate that the destructive work of human hands has not yet touched these spaces. From the humane point of view it would be especially regrettable if some new forces would enter here also to apply only the deadening conditions of mechanical civilizations—only with the proper realization of local conditions and with sincere benevolence and constructive efforts will mutual response be aroused. The heart is the one infallible indicator of the proper benevolent mutual efforts.

Recently a rather detestable joke was told us of some travellers who taught the labour-loving Mongol women to rouge their lips. Such perversity among travellers is despicable. If certain conventions have become part of our civilization, it is hardly necessary to contaminate these simple people with these unfortunate customs. Thus early is contagion spread. It is necessary to find the way of good thinking, good vision, good action. Each traveller should spread along his path a helpful benevolence. Although he may be travelling with some special aim, still the help of benevolence is without limits.

hell

I

He had his moments of divine delight
In worlds untainted by terrestrial joys;
And lived his life in daily human sight
With wisdom, wit and work in easy poise.
But in some region set between these twain,
Builded in sleep beyond this obvious world,
A vaster Shakespeare ramped about his brain,
A wilder Shelley lyric lightning hurled,
Staging appalling dooms in burning speech
For human wrongs, till, through his frenzy's smoke,
They found immunity beyond his reach—
And flaming with frustration he awoke,
And murmured (rightening Browning's parable)
“There must be heaven: there is no need of hell.”



The Associated Press of India of November 2 gave wide publicity to the investiture of Dr. James H. Cousins, Principal of Madanapalle College, with the ancient decoration of the *vesra srinkhala*, or bracelet of heroism, and ceremonial robe, by His Highness the Maharaja of Travancore, during the birthday celebrations of the latter. The decoration is the sequel to the organization by Dr. Cousins of the State Gallery of Indian Painting recently opened by His Highness, and is regarded as a unique event since Dr. Cousins is, as far as can be ascertained, the first westerner to receive this coveted recognition of eminent service to the State. The bracelet is the highest distinction in the gift of the Maharaja. It is made by hereditary palace goldsmiths after a traditional model, of patterned gold in short overlapping sections an inch in diameter, one third of the bracelet being encrusted with precious stones in traditional patterns. The robe is of scarlet Kashmir cloth with heavy gold embroidered borders. The two together symbolise high cultural achievement. The *srinkhala* is mentioned in the oldest literature of India.

II

You banged the chair : "Son, if there was no hell,
Where would you put the Catholics ?" and went
Upstairs, and knelt on the bare boards, and spent
An hour in prayer to God to make me well
Of the disease of mind that could not brook
Eternal torment for an hour of sin,
Or shut the soul's adventurings within
The inhibitions of an ancient book.
Yet, in the retrospect of three decades,
Seeing the shattering of Freedom's plan,
How the Ideal shrinks, how Reverence fades ;
I think that you, old flame-eyed, God-drunk man,
Rose nearer to Reality than these
Man's ignominious trivialities.

III

Look from your heaven, where you read and read
 Your Bible, breaking off to bleat a hymn
 (Wesley's) accompanied by seraphim
 On glorified harmoniums: note our need —
 Pride in the soul's disinterested deed;
 Reshaping of the godlike brain and limb;
 Vision discurtained that blind faith made dim;
 The truth that breaks the paralysing creed.
 And seeing, instead of these, life at its roots
 Death-poisoned, where the unsuspecting child
 Is fed on rancour lower than the brute's,
 And even maiden fingers are defiled
 By death-disbursing implements; then tell
 What need has God to dig a deeper hell.

IV

"Lord! I should stand a traitor to the Light,"
 He said, "lacked I remonstrance for the sin
 Of man's hell-laden swift Satanic flight
 That, seeking heaven's empery to win,
 With unregenerate arrogance of power
 Blares its defilement up the lark's ascent,
 And the sweet face of heaven turneth sour
 With homicide's implacable intent.
 For now he spreads the shrike's blood-guilty wing,
 And on the tribesman's dwelling scattereth
 His flaming seed for bloody harvesting
 Of indefensible ignoble death,
 To satisfy that bankruptcy of brain —
 Law whose last word is not of Christ but Cain"

James H. Cousins

Two Women Pioneer-Painters.

BY G. VENKATACHALAM

I

PRATIMA DEVI



HE Tagore family is unique in India. Almost all its members are gifted in one way or another. Not only do we find poets and painters, authors and administrators, singers and story-tellers, dreamers and dancers among them, but saints and sages and even eccentrics. Jorosanko, their home, is an academy by itself.

Men like Ram Mohan Roy, Bankim Chatterjee, Madhusuden Dutt, Chitranjan Das, Lokamanya Tilak, Ranade and Gokhale were individually great, and perhaps, a relative of theirs, here and there, was somebody, but as a family they were just above the mediocre. Even Gandhi, Nehru, Bose, Raman or Ray show no sign of leaving a distinguished family behind them.

It is here the uniqueness of the Tagore family lies. For three generations they have been the pioneers and vanguards of Indian cultural life. Maharishi Debendranath Tagore was a towering personality, who considerably influenced the life and thought of his time; Dwijendranath Tagore was a saint who, like Francis of Assisi, spoke to animals and birds, and was a living sermon of godliness; Dwarknath Tagore was a prince and philosopher as Surendranath Tagore was an author and administrator; Ganendranath, Gurendranath and Srinath Tagores were pioneers of theatre movements in India, Radhanath and Girindranath Tagores were scholars and lovers of art.

Rabindranath, to-day, is a world-poet; Abanandranath and Goganendranath Tagore are master-artists; Dinendranath Tagore a master musician; and the younger members of the family like Rathindranath, Nabandranath and Bratindranath Tagores are all talented artists. Women folk of the Tagore family are no less gifted and even the younger ones like Nandita, are full of promise. Even girls marrying into this family show genius, and Pratima Devi is one such.

She is the wife of Rathi Babu, Rabindranath's only son. The young Tagore is a sort of a general manager of the poet's private and public affairs and an efficient organiser, though as an unofficial designer of Santiniketan buildings he was a failure. Pratima Devi looks after the home comforts of the poet, and is the hostess of his guests.

There was a time when Dr. Tagore lived as a recluse, in a small cottage with just a cook, and Andrews as his only companion for walks and talks, but now he is surrounded by a happy family who love to serve him in a thousand ways. Pratima is his guardian angel and her adopted daughter, Nandini, is the companion of his daughter.

The Tagores have been pioneers not only in poetry, painting and dancing but in play-productions and stage crafts. The poet, of course, is the central figure, the source of inspiration, for the Tagore Players. He is the author, composer, designer and producer of most of their plays. Dina Babu, Nandalal Bose, Suren Kar and Pratima Devi are the ablest of his collaborators.

Dina Babu is the musical genius behind the shows; Nandalal and Suren Kar attend to stage-settings and lighting effects, and Pratima Devi is the creator of the colourful costumes and artistic ornaments that add so much to the beauty and delight of their shows. She is the fashioner of the feminine element in Tagore's plays.

But it is as a painter Pratima is well known to the world. She is, most unquestionably, one of the foremost of modern Indian painters, who has won the appreciation of connoisseurs and critics. She has a commendable mastery over the technique of water-colour painting as the result of the combined influence of Abanendranath Tagore and of the two Japanese artists who visited India, years ago, and taught at Tagore's place.

Reviewing her work, somewhere about 1925, I wrote: "Pratima Devi betrays her family resemblance in some of her ambitious works, the influence of Abanendranath Tagore being obvious. She goes to Ajanta for her inspiration, and the big panels of Buddhist subjects which she exhibited in the Indian Society of Oriental Art, Calcutta, some years back, were distinctly Ajantan in their character. (Some of these panels are now in the collection of Mr. W. A. de Silva of Colombo). One sees a little trace of Japanese influence in her technique but that was inevitable as some of these artists learnt at first hand the Japanese technique from the artists of that country that came to teach them.

"One of the criticisms levelled against the Tagore School of Painting is that their works are very Japanese in their effects and do not show any marked Hindu individuality like for instance, the South Indian Bronzes. This criticism is only partially true. The Indian artists go back to the ancient ideals of their art for inspiration but utilize all available techniques for their full and free expression.

"But what is often forgotten in this criticism is that the so-called Japanese influence in modern Indian art is verily the old

art of India coming back to its birthplace after enriching itself under the aesthetical sensibilities of a picturesque and beauty-loving people. The primitive art of Japan can be traced to the art of the Buddhistic era in India, and with the introduction of Buddhism into Japan, via China and Korea, the art of India was also ushered."

Pratima's "Departure of Siddartha" (in the collection of Mr. W. A. de Silva) and "Siddartha and Devadatta" (with Mr. Jamnadas Dwarkadas of Bombay) are in the best style of this kind. The forms and mannerisms are Ajantan but their technique is Japanese. She has painted several such panels.

One of Pratima's delightful pictures is "Damayanti", (reproduced in the *Modern Review*) in which she reveals her keen decorative sense. Sukumari Devi, another decorative artist of this school, is more a folk artist, like Sunayani Devi of the family of Tagores, while Pratima is distinctly sophisticated and intellectual in her decorative works. It is a pity she does not produce more paintings of the panel type nowadays, and the excuse she offers is the onerous duties of a hostess of a world-famous man, which lie heavily on her shoulders, but even the little she was able to achieve in her earlier years marks her as a pioneer painter of modern India.

II

SUNAYANI DEVI

"The plant does not know when it blooms. Nor do birds sing deliberately. They are active with their whole and inmost being and need no reflective intellect. Sunayani Devi paints her pictures in the same way. She was never taught how to draw, and so her untouched spontaneousness directly blooms in colours and sings in lines.

"Her pictures have no design, for they have grown. Unbroken and unswerving is the flow of lines, for no hesitation deflects them from the course they take as they well forth out of her very nature; they surge in grave tranquillity and clasp groups and figures; they are forceful and languid, self-asserting and full of surrender; their curvature is the same which the passing breeze gives to the heavy ears of corn; all the warmth and light which surrounds ripe fields shines forth from these lines"—in these words Dr. Stella Kramrisch introduced Sunayani Devi and her art to a wider world somewhere about 1922.

My own appreciation of Sunayani's paintings appeared in the Indian papers, a year later: "In the art of Sunayani Devi we see no influence of any of the leading artists of the Tagore School.



NAVANITA KRISHNA

Reproduction about half-size of an image (Vigraha) made of panchaloha. The image was picked up from the village tank of the Editors of this journal, and is now in the possession of Kulapathi J. H. Cousins, D. Lit., Principal of Madanapalle College.

She is distinctly herself and her originality is most admirable. She has coined types of faces which are delightfully her own. Indian artistic convention demands that certain types of eyes alone should be drawn for certain ideal expressions. The Indian artistic anatomy, which permits copying of "ideal forms" from all the kingdoms of nature, gives Indian artists greater freedom of choice and more variety of types.

"The half-closed, elongated eyes which gives an introspective look, for instance, are used to portray divine beings; the fish-shaped eyes, with long eye-brows, are meant for women and royalties; the eyes of a deer in spring time, for lovers; the almond-shaped eyes, for men of pleasures; and the lotus-petal eyes for gods and girls and so on so forth. Every conventional type in Indian art has its deeper significance and purpose; and Sunayani Devi, with the imagination and true instinct of a born artist, has coined her own type for her human and divine subjects, which are at once suggestive and significant.

Her head-studies of Radha and Krishna have the eternal charm of the divine lovers, tender, compassionate and full of mirth and innocent mischief. All these are indicated by the peculiar shape of the eyes she has drawn on those faces. Sunayani's special charm lies in her free and flowing lines and vivid colourings. She is a great admirer of the folk-art of Bengal, and a close analysis of her works will reveal the basis of her art in that. She has most assuredly a great future before her as a painter."

Indian art, like Indian life, is rooted in the villages, and with the gradual impoverishment of that life followed the inevitable decay and degeneracy of Indian art. India's civilisation was, and still is to a large extent, a civilisation of the villages and not of cities; and Indian art, therefore, was, and still is the art of the people. Its exponents were not and couldn't be produced in academies or be turned out of schools as so many ready-made goods.

Mass production is the keynote of the present day civilisation. Not only food and clothing are made to order but artists as well. This is an age of robots and talking machines. Man or machine is the big question mark before humanity to-day. The supreme struggle of the 19th century was between religion and science, and the struggle to-day is between humanism and machinery. It is, therefore, very refreshing to come across a painter of Sunayani Devi's type, whose art is rooted in the soil and which is a joyous expression of the natural impulses of an unsophisticated heart and mind.

Sunayani is a primitive, in the sense Ajanta and mediaeval Italian masters were primitives. Spontaneity, freedom, naturalness, unsophistication, directness, simplicity, boldness, these characterise primitive art. All folk-arts, like *Ola* paintings, pottery paintings, cloth paintings, wall paintings, share these characteristics. This art is practised even to-day by village folks, especially by women, and Sunayani, with her unerring instincts for line and form, movement and rhythm, and her creative imagination, has raised it to the level of classical art as the unknown artists of Ajanta have done.

A fine example of this can be seen in her simple study of a "Baul Singer," in delicate lines, as tender and true as any to be seen on the walls of Ajanta or Bagh. The young wandering minstrel is full of animated movement, so skillfully shown by the gentle bent of the neck and the stoop of the head, while with eyes closed, right-arm up-lifted and an *Ektal* lightly held in his left hand, he is drunk deep with his own music. There is vigour and at the same time a repose in the lines and curves that compose the picture, like the gentle breeze over a golden field, and the charm of it is compelling.

This is the secret of the greatness of Indian master-pieces, whether they be stone or bronze images of the Dhayani Buddha in deep meditation, or the dancing figure of Nataraja in rhythmic movement or the dynamic form of Mahishasuramardini. This "life movement" of lines can be seen in the frescoed walls of the rock-cut monasteries, in the miniatures of the Jain manuscripts and early Rajasthani pictures and in the works of modern painters like Nandalal Bose or Sunayani Devi.

There is a vigour about her drawings and a naive simplicity of colour and composition like the early Indian miniatures. Details are reduced to the minimum and figures are not over-burdened with ornamentation. This is specially noticeable in her studies of women and girls, which, with the minimum of lines and colours, produce rich and pleasing effects. Faces, full and round, eyes, long and eloquent, mouth thin and sensitive, sarees draped in flowing lines, her women are full of the abundance of life and not ethereal creatures that Indian artists love to create.

Dr. Stell's astounding intuition which gets direct at the inner significance of things, pointed out this long ago: "Vigorous fatigue, the relaxation of a fully grown, fully ripened life, clings—dark red, dark green—round girlish faces. Their sarees are not made of cloth but of some tender mood—so expressive are they. They are no longer garments, but cradles which rock with motherly solicitude the pensive, mysterious being of young girls

who have learnt the secret before it is told. Therefore their eyes do not look about; they know where they are; they are messengers from the world within, the world veiled by the sweep of red and green sarees. It is through these eyes, long and steady, yet alert like wagtails, that their thoughts and feelings are sent out and enliven the picture." Her "Radha," "Village Maid," "The Votress" and "Mother" beautifully exemplify this.

Sunayani paints no more in the enthusiastic manner of her earlier years. Family life is very exacting in India, and freedom nor self expression is at a discount in this country. Art is a jealous mistress and is also exacting in her own ways, and no one can serve both with equal zeal and sincerity. An artist's life is in no country and at no time, a bed of roses, and in India it is a prickly-field that cuts and bruises without mercy.

Insects and Man.

BY DR. T. V. RAMAKRISHNA AYYAR

I



HE biological inter-relations between plants and animals are so intimate that from the very early days when half civilised man gave up his hunting and predatory habits for a settled life and began to grow crops and tend cattle, the various lower forms of life associated with these early-possession of primeval man also became his life-long companions for weal or woe. Gradually, during ages of civilisation, as man began to clear wild jungle and grow different crops in large areas for his food, clothing and other comforts, his relations directly and indirectly with lower forms of life became more and more pronounced. Every one of us is more or less aware of the casual relations existing between man and lower animals from time immemorial. But the unfortunate thing is, that, beyond this mere idea, we, Indians know hardly anything regarding the lives of the teeming millions of animal life that surround us. Excepting perhaps some of the higher animals, most of the rest of the animal world, especially lower forms of life, hardly ever receive our serious attention. This ignorance of Nature and even indifference to know anything in that direction must be attributed to nothing else than the peculiar way we have been trained up and the atmosphere in which we get our training. I have often heard it said, that those who love nature are apt to be long-lived and that their lives are likely to be happy ones. In spite of the fact that we have a good many grey-haired old men among us, few people in this country appear to realise that idea. In the western countries we often find a love of nature fostered through early childhood, and we come across men of various occupations who study plants and animals as a hobby or a pastime, or even sometimes, as a relief from the daily drudgery of life. On the other hand, we find very few people who have a leaning towards nature study in this country. It is certainly not because we are unfit for this work but because of the peculiar attitude we assume towards natural objects, especially lower animals; we have been somehow trained to look upon lower animals as unworthy of any attention, and with only prejudice and aversion. Lower animals, especially minute forms like insects, are regarded as a cursed lot specially created to torment and be a nuisance to higher animals. When this is the sort of attention paid to natural objects, we can easily imagine the cause of our ignorance regarding the various remarkable inter-relations

existing between us and lower animals. However, due to various known and unknown causes the conditions are changing, and a marked reaction is taking place. Educated men have begun to realise the fact that of all lower animals, insects play a very important part in the many departments of human interest. The recent discoveries by eminent men of science that small and apparently innocent creatures like the mosquito, the house-fly, and the bed-bug are capable of disseminating some of the deadly diseases among men, have more than anything else brought to the foreground the importance of the study of insects and their ways, and it is hoped that in due course insects will receive better and far more serious attention at our hands than they have had till now.

II

Among the various living beings inhabiting this world of ours, no other group of animals, except perhaps the fishes, can approach the insect community either in numerical strength or in the wealth and variety of species.

The number of known living species of animals has been roughly estimated at about 900,000 and of this number over 60%, or about 625,000, are found to be insects. To give an idea of the comparative size of this group among the various divisions of the animal kingdom, we may take this illustration. If we take the entire distance between the finger tips of our outstretched right and left arms across our chest to represent the size of the whole animal kingdom, then the size of all the other groups put together will not extend beyond the elbow of one arm from its finger tip, while the size of the insect group would occupy a distance stretching from the elbow of one arm across the chest and the two shoulders right up to the large finger of the other arm. In size, however, insects are comparatively small and this varies from one-seventy-fifth of an inch to six or seven inches in length. The apparent defect in the size of insects, as compared with that of other animals, is more than made up by their remarkable numerical strength as has been shown above. As regards the distribution of insects, it may be stated that they are found all over the world; in land and water, on trees and shrubs and households and under the soil. Knipe has described the position very nicely regarding the strength and distribution of these creatures in the following verses :—

And what of insects, present everywhere,
Through sea and land and flitting in the air?
Why, half the matter charged with light on land
These little creatures, countless, must command
See how in orders, legions filled, they rise,
Living alone, and in communities;

From mites so small as scarce to meet the eye,
To ant and bee, and gorgeous butterfly.

To give even a very vague idea of the remarkable adaptations among insects to carry on successfully their vital activities will occupy pages of matter; so numerous, varied and extraordinary are these. Astonishing are the various adaptations for securing food, the structural provisions for offence and defence, the wonderful arrangements for communication between each other and the innumerable adjustments for sexual relations and propagation of the species. Such wonderful phenomena as Parasitism and Social life, the various adaptations in structure, mimicry, maternal instinct, and host of other features in behaviour which Thompson aptly calls "shifts for a living" are things very remarkable and often unique in the world of insects offering opportunities for man to learn many a lesson in life from these minute creatures.

One of the most remarkable phenomena in the whole animal kingdom is the peculiarity in the life history of many insects. Unlike as in the higher animals and many other lower animals there is a phenomenon known as "Metamorphosis" among insects—a series of striking and remarkable changes undergone by an insect as it passes from its childhood to its adult condition. The passage of a common butterfly from the tiny egg to the worm-like caterpillar or grub into apparently lifeless objects—the chrysalis or pupa and the final change into the winged butterfly—all these striking changes known together as metamorphosis are phenomena which even many of our educated men are not aware of, though Shakespeare put it so nicely in the line.

There is a difference between a grub and a butterfly; yet your butterfly was a grub.

III

The study of insects (Entomology) is certainly interesting and absorbing, but what has all this to do with man? What are the relations, if any, between insects and man and how do they interfere with human welfare? This is, of course, the main theme of this short paper. Human welfare, to put it briefly, is more or less summed up in three or four important things and these may be put down as Health, Wealth, and Social and intellectual outlook. Now taking up each of these briefly, let us see where insects stand in relation to each. Health which is the most essential of all human *desiderata*, has a very important bearing on the activities of some insects. The studies on many insects have shown that well-known maladies like Malaria, Syphilis, Yellow fever, Plague, Filariasis, Typhoid, Cholera, Tuberculosis, Surra etc. are spread through the agency of different insects, like mosquitoes, flies, ticks, mites, lice, fleas, etc. This aspect of the

study of insects in their relations to human health is known as "Medical Entomology". Whole regions of the earth's surface are rendered dangerous and even uninhabitable for man by Malaria, in other words by the Malaria mosquito (*Anopheles*). Many of us are familiar with the terrible outbreaks of plague in India about twenty-five years ago and how regular campaigns had to be made against the small plague-carrying flea found on rats. The common house-fly is not the innocent little creature it appears to be. It has no biting or stinging apparatus like an ant or mosquito but has only a soft spongy proboscis; and yet the terrible mischief it is capable of is astonishing. With this soft mouthpiece it visits all kinds of filth and then infects our food-stuffs, transmitting the minute disease germs from unhealthy to healthy things. Now-a-days a regular campaign is made in all big cities, railway stations, army headquarters, hospitals, schools, etc. to check the fly-pest.

IV

Now coming to the next aspect of human welfare viz. Wealth. What is the part played by insects? The answer to this question is effectively supplied by the farmer in the field, the kitchen gardener and the provision dealer in stores and mills. For, these are the individuals who suffer from the depredations of various insects which destroy a good portion of their produce from the fields and their stored stocks and thereby affect their finances. During certain years cultivated crops are entirely damaged by hordes of locusts, caterpillars or bugs, and heavy loss is sustained by the farmers. Though in our country we have no clear ideas as to the extent of losses sustained in this way, the extent of loss caused by insects has been accurately assessed in the United States of America. According to Webster: "It costs the American farmer more to feed his insect foes than it does to educate his children; the estimated damage done by insects comes annually to 400 million dollars while the common schools and higher educational institutions cost together only 300 million dollars". According to Slingerland, "The yearly losses from insect ravages aggregate nearly twice as much as it costs to maintain our army and navy, more than twice the loss by fire, twice the capital invested in manufacturing agricultural implements and nearly three times the estimated value of the products of all the fruit-orchards, vineyards and small fruit-farms in the country". A vast collection of literature has accumulated and is daily increasing on this subject of agricultural entomology. The depredations of *termites* known as white ants are, as we all know, very serious all over the tropics and we may quote Drummond's during his experiences in Africa: "If a man lay down to sleep with a wooden leg it would be a heap of dust the next morning."

Mr. Noel Paton, late Director of Commercial Intelligence, Calcutta some years ago estimated the annual loss in India caused to stored paddy and rice by the small rice weevil at 120 million rupees! Alarming reports appeared in the newspapers a few months ago of a destructive insect pest of stored paddy all over the Southern districts. Every householder is aware of the damage and loss caused to household materials by such insects as cockroaches, crickets, ants, fish insects, etc. Silks and woollens, carpets and upholstery are not spared by these vermin if left uncared for.

Nor are cattle and other domestic animals free from the undesirable attentions of insects. Flies, fleas, lice etc. pester them and some of them often transmit diseases also among cattle, poultry, horses etc. These few facts bring out clearly the most important part played by insects in the economy of man.

Looking at all this one is tempted to ask are all insects bad? Is there no bright side of the picture in the life of insects? The answer, is there is a pleasanter side of the picture though it is little realised or appreciated. As a matter of fact there are beneficial and helpful insects and their beneficial activities may be divided into three or four main categories. Firstly there are those insects which give certain useful products to man, secondly there are those that help man as friends in destroying other forms of life including insects in the capacity of parasites and predators thirdly we have some insects which are helpful in the pollination of various flowers, which otherwise become barren, and lastly we have insects which carry on the very useful work of scavengers and cleaners of the earth by feeding on dead and decomposing animal and vegetable matter and keeping the earth's surface clean. Every one is familiar with such materials as honey and silk—the sweetest of food and the finest of garments—but very few ever give any thought as to the source from which we get these remarkable products. To the persevering and hard-working honey bee and the silk-worm we owe these enjoyable things of life. There are yet other products from the insect world which are not so well known to the man in the street. These include chiefly the *Lac* (from which *Shelloc* a very valuable material is made and used for various purposes like sealing wax, inks, gramophone records, etc., etc.), and the cochineal dye both of which are insect products. It is perhaps not known to all that the wings of some beautiful beetles and moths are used for embroidery and ornamental work and that some insects are eaten also. Under the latter comes the winged white ant (ஈ.த.வ) which is collected and prepared for edible purposes by some of the labouring classes in the Tamil districts of South India. In Burma grubs of various beetles and caterpillars and pickled grasshoppers are said to form delicate dishes.

Coming to the next category of insects behaving as friends helping man in destroying his pests we find insects which are known as predatory and parasitic forms; the former are carnivorous and attack other insects and devour them, and if those that are devoured happen to be pests of crops they evidently help the farmer in checking his pests. Parasites are insects which do not attack the prey to kill and swallow it instantly, but become uninvited guests of the host and eventually destroy the latter by gradually feeding on its body. From this it is obvious that insects like other animals have their own enemies as the doggerel runs:

Those fleas that do us bite
Have other fleas that bite them,
And those in turn have other fleas
And so *ad infinitum*.

and in this way what is called the balance of life is kept up in nature. Taking advantage of such predatory and parasitic habits of some insects, man has often utilised such enemies to check insect and plant pests; one such example of an insect which has been recently used in South India as a weed-killer is the prickly-pear cochineal, which has practically exterminated the prickly-pear nuisance in extensive areas all over the province. The relation of some insects to flowers and the useful pollination work carried out in them is a phenomenon of extra-ordinary interest both to the Entomologist and the Botanist; it has been found that certain fruit trees are barren unless some insects visit their flowers and bring about pollination to produce fruits. The symrna fig tree is a very well known example of this kind, the proper fructification of which entirely depends upon a minute wasp called *Blas-tophaga*. In several cases where plants do not bear fruit, one of the reasons appears to be the absence of proper insect agency for cross pollination of the flowers. This aspect of insect activity doing good to the cultivators is a very fascinating subject and has recently come into prominence.

Coming to the last group of insects doing sanitary and scavenging work we have numerous beetles, flies, etc. helping in the removal of dead and decomposing matter. We have the very familiar dung roller beetles, beetles feeding on dead wood and numerous flies revelling in all sorts of filthy matter.

V

Having now satisfied that insects play a very important role in affecting the material prosperity of man either as pests or helpful agents, we now come to the next aspect of human welfare viz. social and intellectual outlook in connection with insects.

A close study of the ways of insects, especially of such highly organised forms as ants, bees, etc. would reveal to us many

remarkable features which would help man in adjusting his methods of social life and intellectual outlook. To take only one or two examples of the many—the knowledge of the social or communal life among ants and bees have helped us to understand such things as co-operation, division of labour, parental affection and care, team work and so on; similarly from parasitism in insects we learn how in its wake follow dependence on another and the loss of individuality and degeneration. Apart from these facts which might help man in his attitude and behaviour to others, the accumulated knowledge of such forms as insects in their various aspects have supplied plenty of material for man to understand or get at least a partial insight into such remarkable phenomena as variation and heredity and help scientists in formulating the principles of evolution, genetics, eugenics etc.—thereby adding considerably to the intellectual output in science. The classical work on the Pomace fly (*Drosophila*) by Professor Morgan of Columbia and the results so far achieved in that connection will alone stand as one of the most wonderful and remarkable accomplishments in biological science, since it has led to the discovery of the remarkable chromosome theory of heredity in living things. Naturalists like Forel, Lubbock, Fabre, Wheeler, Howard, etc. have through their studies of lower forms of life become intellectual giants in their countries.

To sum up: though Insects and Man stand far apart in their status there exist numerous intimate relations between them which we would do well to get acquainted with and then try to adjust the relations in directions which will tend to the general good of humanity in every aspect. The study of this subject (Entomology), therefore, will not only be found very interesting and absorbing, but would also help us in various ways to promote human welfare.

Quality in Food.

BY PROF. V. SUBRAHMANYAN, D.Sc., F.Z.C.



UNTIL about a century ago, the world's output of agricultural produce was comparatively small, so that the majority of the population had to be content with what they got by way of food. With the spread of extensive cultivation, introduction of mineral fertilisers, breeding of high yielding varieties and a number of other favourable conditions, the production of food materials was greatly increased and brought, not only plenty, but also ample variety, within the scope of even the poorer classes. The result was an increasing demand for better quality.

Quality, as popularly understood, is rather difficult to define. It is, no doubt, partly made up of certain measurable physical properties such as colour, size and shape, as also response to treatments, such as milling or cooking. It also includes a recognition of the general nutritive value—digestibility, energy value, presence of certain essential food constituents and such like—regarding which there is a considerable amount of general impression based on experience. Scientific work in this direction has only recently been taken up, and it is yet premature to state as to how far popular opinion is justified. The prevailing prices are largely determined, however, by two attributes, taste and flavour, which are rather difficult to describe, but are, nevertheless, quite real. Individual requirements of the different items of quality are variable, but there is always a majority opinion which determines the demand and fixes the prices.

Before discussing some of the more recent scientific work on the subject, it may be useful to consider a few specific instances which may be of some interest.

Rice is the staple food of more than half the world and the vast majority of the population in the East. There are thousands of varieties of rice already in existence: hundreds more are being added each year by the breeders. In spite of this bewildering number, the consumer is not often at a loss in choosing his desired quality. It is not always, however, that his choice is also the best from the nutritive point of view. Thus, the small grained, finely polished, white rice, which is generally favoured by the exporters and by a large section of the consumers in the country, is not so rich in essential food constituents as some of the coarser varieties. Hand-pounded rice is not generally white because of the adhering bran, but it is more nutritious than the milled product. There is

some difference of opinion regarding the significance of the colour and the size of grain as measures of quality. In some parts of India—especially on the West coast of the Madras Presidency—red coloured and big grained varieties are greatly favoured whereas, elsewhere, they are rated low. Glutinous rices (which cook to a pasty condition) are not appreciated in India, whereas, in China and Japan, they are very much valued. Another important aspect is the significance of parboiling and its bearing on the nutritive value of rice. It is true that parboiled rice is generally coloured and has a somewhat undesirable smell; it also turns stiff on standing and does not, therefore, commend itself to the delicate palate. On the other hand, there is increasing evidence to show that, in spite of vigorous polishing, it retains a large part of the vitamins and other wholesome constituents, whereas the raw rice does not. A large section of the consumers—especially those of the orthodox communities and those engaged in sedentary occupations—would not, however, use parboiled rice for general cooking, because it is more difficult to digest than raw rice. It would be necessary therefore, to produce a type of parboiled rice which would possess the requisite white colour and cook and keep nearly as well as raw rice. Some useful results have already been obtained in this direction. Thus, it has been found that the degree of parboiling determines the subsequent cooking quality of the grain. The extent of milling can also be so regulated that the colour improves steadily without, in any way, affecting the nutritive value.

A further problem in the quality of rice is the effect of the duration of crop on the nutritive value of grain. As is well known, the duration may vary from nearly one year to barely two months. It is generally assumed that the long duration crop is very much richer in regard to nutritive principles and is generally more wholesome than the short duration ones. Scientific evidence in this direction is still lacking.

It is well known that freshly harvested rice—irrespective of variety—is not only difficult to cook but also leads to digestive disorders when consumed. On being stored for at least a few months, these defects tend steadily to disappear. The effect of storage on the transformations of starch and its digestibility have already been studied by some workers, but further work is needed to fully elucidate the position.

The problem of storage brings us to a variety of other crops which require at least brief storage before being used for human or animal consumption. A well known instance is that of fresh potato which is very tasty and is consequently very much favoured. It is, on the other hand, less wholesome than stored potatoes and

leads to a variety of digestive disorders. Among the feeding stuffs, it is known that tubers such as mangold-wurzel, if fed immediately after harvest, lead to some kind of diarrhoea which is not noticed if the tuber is fed after being stored for some time. Proper scientific explanation of the related phenomena is still lacking. It is known that many of the crops—especially the tubers—contain some unassimilated minerals and nitrogen, which are elaborated into more complex forms on standing; further work is needed, however, to determine the precise nature of the relation between these transformations and improved digestibility.

Next to rice, wheat is the most important grain crop of the world. It is mostly converted into bread and the qualities affecting wheat will largely relate to those of the bread industry. For making good bread the bakers require what they call 'strong' wheat. It is now known that certain varieties of wheat yield stronger grains than others. Soil conditions and manuring also affect the strength of wheat. It may be stated in general that nitrogenous fertilisers improve the strength of wheat. Prolonged storage of the grain, as also treatment of the flour with minute quantities of certain chemicals, can also improve the strength. The latter treatment is supposed, however, to adversely affect the delicate flavour of wheat and the general quality of bread.

In recent years, much valuable work has been done on quality in malting barley. Malt is largely consumed by the brewing industry. The brewers require a type of malt which will yield clear, transparent beer. Incomplete fermentation or cloudiness in beer results in loss of taste, flavour and keeping quality. The researches carried out under the auspices of the British Institute of Brewing show that the undesirable qualities are generally traceable to high nitrogen content of the grain. Barley grown on soils which are either naturally rich in nitrogen or receive heavy dressings of nitrogenous fertilisers is generally deficient in malting quality. Since good class barely fetches nearly double the price of inferior grades, it is found advantageous to either avoid nitrogenous fertilisers or at any rate, apply them only in moderate doses, so that, even if the yield is low, the quality may not suffer.

Much can be said about quality in millets and pulses. Of particular interest is the cooking quality of *dhal* which often presents a serious problem to the Indian housewife. It is now definitely established that hardness of water is an important factor determining the rate and the extent of cooking. On addition of a small quantity of soda, the water is softened and the *dhal* cooks easily. Other factors affecting cooking quality are soil conditions and season (particularly distribution of rainfall),

but the manner in which they affect the composition of the pulse is still awaiting solution.

In recent years, much interest has centred round quality in fruits and vegetables. It is generally recognised that soil conditions, manuring and seasonal changes have profound influence on taste and flavour. Fruit trees generally come out well on light soils, but the quality of the produce is not generally so good as that from heavy soils. Exclusive application of mineral fertilisers yields fruits of poor quality. Sweetness and keeping quality are adversely affected by inadequate root aeration and abnormally high moisture content of the soil. The above observations would also apply generally to market garden crops. The best response—in regard to quality as well as quantity—is obtained from bulky organic manures. Liberal watering increases the yield, but lowers the quality.

The Institute of Agricultural Botany, Cambridge, has devoted much attention to quality in potato. The main requirements are that the flesh should be white and that minimum amount of discolouration should be produced when the potato is boiled or steamed and then reheated. A floury texture is demanded by a vast majority of consumers. It is also important that the potato should have shallow eyes, so that it can be peeled easily and without waste. The tuber should survive storage for long periods and stand transport without damage. When chipped, the outer surface should be crisp and of a rich, golden brown colour, while, internally, there should be a layer soft in consistency. In addition, it is generally considered an important point that as little fat (or oil) as possible should be absorbed during the process of frying. Researches on the various aspects have shown that the cooking properties are largely determined by soil and climatic conditions and, to small extent, by varietal differences.

No other article of human consumption presents such a large diversity of quality as do the beverages and spurious liquors. The quality in this group is, no doubt, partly determined by certain physical properties such as colour and clarity, but the public preference depends largely on taste and flavour for which there is not, as yet, any scientific standard. The prevailing prices are based on the opinion of specialists, who are popularly known as tasters. Thus, we have tea tasters, coffee tasters, whisky tasters and so forth, who carry out their tests under standard conditions, and evaluate the products submitted to them for examination. Although it is well known that the human tongue and nose—especially when they are not well disciplined!—are not very reliable guides it should, nevertheless, be admitted that the specialist tasters are generally consistent in their judgement.

A number of scientific workers have tried to throw light on the nature of the chemical factors determining taste and flavour and the external agencies determining them. The results have not been entirely satisfactory, because, although it has been possible to identify and even quantitatively estimate the main constituents responsible for these qualities, attempts to reproduce the entire effects have not yet been successful. As for the external factors, it is known that soil conditions, season, altitude, composition of water used for brewing, nature of the container and such like have marked influence on taste and flavour. As most of these cannot be easily controlled, the related industries have largely shifted to areas where the conditions are naturally favourable.

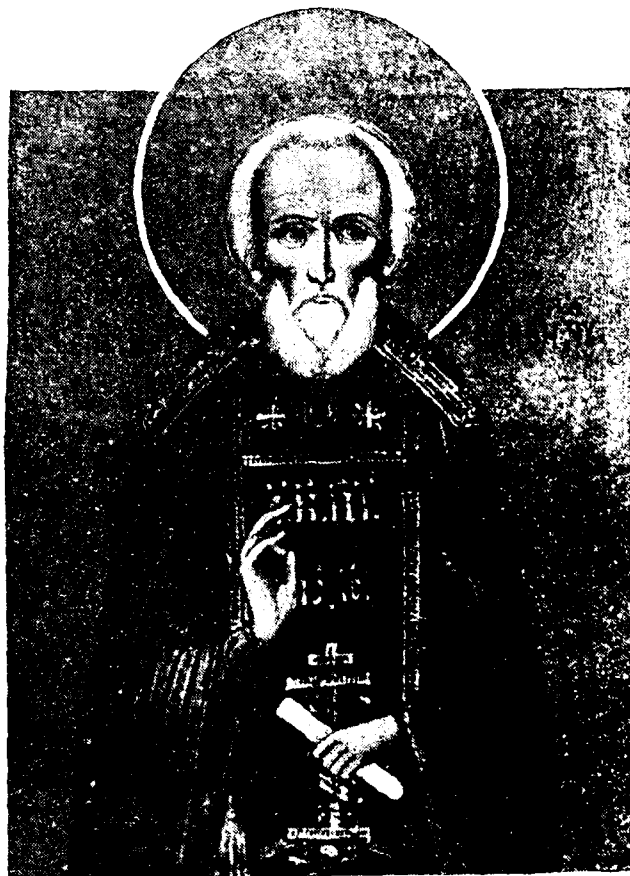
Among the various articles of human food, milk will naturally take a pride of place. It is the chief source of nourishment for infants and invalids; it provides the adults with a rich and healthy drink, supplying a large part of the deficiencies in other articles of food. It is of great importance, therefore, that the milk comes from a proper source and possesses the requisite quality. Recent enquiries have shown that the nutritive value of milk is highly variable and is largely determined by the breed, nature of the surroundings and the type of food which the animal receives. It is well known that Indian milks—especially town supplies—are generally poor in fat, proteins and vitamins. They also lack the essential minerals, particularly calcium and phosphorus. This is largely due to the deficiency of the Indian pastures and other animal feeds in the requisite constituents. As most diseases arise, directly or otherwise, from defective nutrition, it need hardly be pointed out that a great deal more of attention should be paid to milch animals, particularly their feed and general hygiene.

Milk products also merit serious attention. Even in cold countries, cream does not keep well and has to be pasteurised if it is to stand reasonable amount of storage and transport. In India (and in tropical countries in general), cream is not very safe except when it is freshly prepared and should therefore be avoided. Butter keeps better than cream but even that soon turns rancid or develops off flavour if kept for more than a few days. In Indian households, butter is not completely freed from adhering curd: nor is any salt or other preservative added to it, so that the butter gets very easily spoilt. Ghee keeps well, provided it is freed, as far as possible, from moisture and is not exposed to air. These two conditions are not, however, generally observed so that even genuine ghee does not keep well for more than a few weeks. There is very little demand for cheese in India, so casein is generally coagulated by salt and is either sold as such

or converted into sweets. The salt-coagulated product is not easily digestible as the finely dispersed casein of the milk. It would be desirable, therefore, to either use skimmed milk as such, or dry it in such a way that the casein does not get denatured during the process.

A great deal of information is available regarding quality in eggs and meat. The nature of the breed and the feed determine the size and richness of the eggs. In India, the poultry do not receive much attention, but are let loose to take care of themselves. Moreover, no attempt is made to pickle the eggs, so that there is considerable spoilage on standing for even a few days. Meat—irrespective of source—is tender and juicy only if the animal is bred up specially for the purpose and slaughtered when it is young and healthy. In India the quality of meat—especially of beef—is generally bad, because the animal is put to hard work, fed poorly and slaughtered only when it is too old for any service. The Indian pork and ham are also inferior because the animals are not cared for by the owners but have to take their chance on the streets. In these and other directions, there is scope for considerable improvement.

Several more instances can be cited to show that there is general awakening—especially in Europe and America—to the importance of quality in food. In India some useful work has already been done on quality in grain crops, but much more remain to be carried out. The subject is one of very great importance and it is to be earnestly hoped that, not only scientific workers, but also the members of the public will pay more attention to it: that, before long, the producers will aim at quality rather than quantity; and that the consumers will choose their food not on the basis of mere tradition but in the light of newer knowledge of nutrition.



СВ. СЕРГІЙ РАДОНЕЖСКИЙ

FROM AN OLD ICON OF ST. SERGIUS

The Life of Saint Sergius.

BY V. SHIBAYEV

Truly, the lives of the great Rishis of India and the life of the Patron Saint of the Slavonic nation—Saint Sergius—have much in common, and no doubt the noble spiritual achievements of the latter will appeal to the hearts of the Indian readers. The sacred fundamental conception of Guruship is common to both people and there exists in India that deep religious tolerance, which permits to see the Greatest, Noblest and Highest in other truly great beings without prejudice of race, creed and sex. Besides, the acceptance of another great fundamental Law—that of a continuous rebirth of the spirit on its way of unfoldment—brings nearer the realization that Great Souls—Mahatmas—of one nation may have helped at different times their own people under a different Image and thus to venerate the Great Ones in Their various aspects means but to venerate the One Great Origin of all Life.

“**T**HERE are names of historical personages, which lived at a definitely known time, and which created a vital historical achievement, but names, which have already lost their chronological meaning, for they have stepped out of the boundaries of time into the glory of eternity. The reason for this is that their deeds in their significance by far transpassed the limits of their age and by their beneficial influence so deeply imbued the life of the following generations that the person who created these deeds, in the consciousness of the generations, gradually lost all attributes of time and place and became transfigured from a historical personage into a national hero, and his very deeds changed from a historical fact into a practical ordainment—into what we are accustomed to call an ideal. Such people became for the following generations not mere great dead ones of the past, but became eternal companions, even Leaders, and entire centuries reverently repeated their names not only for the sake of rendering gratitude to their memory, but in order not to forget the Commands which they ordained. Such is the name of Saint Sergius!”

Thus stated the famous historian, Professor V. Klutchevsky, for indeed the name of Saint Sergius, despite the six hundred years that have passed, has become more close to the hearts of all true spiritual Russia, than ever it was before. What great heroic achievement had consecrated this name of the Patron Saint of this vast country?

In order to understand this, it is necessary to remember at least in outline, the history of his time. Russia then was not one united country, but consisted of many separate princedoms, which had been conquered for over 160 years by the Tartars, who had subjugated them completely, extorting colossal taxes, and who had left the princes in power, compelling them to collect and pay these contributions. The princes consequently were in continuous quarrels amongst themselves for the privilege to remain in ruling power and this, together with the hopelessness of the position for over one and a half centuries, had demoralised the population, made them frightened, timid and subject to panic and horror at the least news of the approach of 'Tartar hordes. The vast country at the time was only thinly populated, there being no means of communication between the distant villages, except narrow forest paths, and even Moscow itself was at the time but a large village.

Professor V. Klutchevsky continues: "But the distinguishing sign of a great nation is its ability to rise again after a downfall. However great its humiliation, but the ordained hour will strike, when it will gather all its scattered moral power and will incarnate it into one great person, or perhaps several great men, who will lead the people again on to the temporarily abandoned great straight historical path!"

This moment had just dawned, when at the time of the reigning of the national calamity, in 1314, in the family of the distinguished Rostov boyars (nobles) Cyrill and Marria a son was born, who was given the name of Bartholomey, which later, when he joined the monastery and was ordained, was changed for Sergius. The records of his remarkable life were transmitted in history by Epiphany and have been beautifully rendered lately in the book of N. Yarovskaya "Saint Sergius of Radonega" from which many passages are quoted in the following pages.

According to tradition, Bartholomey as a boy was behind his brothers in studying the alphabet and once being severely reprimanded by his teacher and parents for what they considered to be laziness, he went in full despair into the fields. There he met unexpectedly, at the edge of the forest, an old Sage, to whom he confessed his great grief. The old Hermit knelt down with him in deep prayer and blessed him, and ever since Bartholomey became very successful in his studies. He reverently asked the Sage to come to his home and here the old wise man, whom no one had ever seen before nor met afterwards, predicted to the parents that their son would become "a great spiritual Teacher in the name of the Holy Trinity and that he will bring many, many followers to the understanding of Divine Wisdom".

Ever since this Visit, Bartholomey progressed in his studies; he longed to join one of the monasteries, which in those days were the only true places of learning, where man could learn to "reveal the kingdom of God within himself". But his brother was already in a monastery, so he had to stay at home with his parents, until he was 23 years old. When his parents died, he gave away all that they had and went himself to join his brother in the monastery. But the fiery heart of the young seeker of Truth was not satisfied with this life and he decided to go into the forest wilderness, into hermitage. He persuaded his brother to join him and they built a small chapel some 20 miles from Radonega, in the Makovetz forest. This chapel, so beautifully visualized by Prof. Nicholas Roerich in his famous painting "St. Sergius, The Builder", became the foundation of the long series of centers of spiritual education, founded, by and by, all over Russia. The hardships of the terrible forest life were however too much for his brother, and the latter soon left him. Now began the years of absolute solitude, for he was only very rarely visited by an old priest Mitrofan, who later ordained him to monkhood and gave him the name Sergius. During these hard years, Sergius crystallized through patience, fortitude and the rejection of all fear, that pure mighty active Spirit, which later brought him to the consummation of his great heroic achievements. Here in the wilderness he had to fight hunger, depression of spirit, fear from wild animals and the invisible forces of darkness. According to the Nikonov Annals, Sergius lost even all fear of bears—the king of the wild Russian forests, and once, seeing a huge bear, who had come up in hunger to his chapel, he fed him with remnants of his own meagre meal and this bear became a friend and visited him peacefully ever afterwards.

Here in utter solitude, the first miracles took place, for it is recorded, that when once reading the life of the Great Mother of Christ, his oil lamp went out, but Sergius became so imbued with the fire of his Spirit, that the book radiated in a heavenly light, and he was thus able to read it.

News about the great hermit spread over the country and soon the first pilgrims arrived, who wanted to imitate his life and asked him to be accepted as disciples. "Sergius self-sacrificingly accepted them and gave them instruction in labour and prayer, filled their hearts with divine joy and taught them the greatness of heroic achievement. This spiritual joy, which Sergius laid at the foundation of all actions, attracted to him many hearts and thus made the growing community the centre of spiritual culture a stronghold and refuge in the difficult hours of the country". (N. Yarovskaya).

"There soon gathered around Sergius twelve disciples; for everyone of them a monastic cell in form of a log-hut was built and for protection a wooden fence was erected around the place. Sergius himself felled trees for the huts, dragged logs through the forest, cut wood, carried water with two disciples for the whole community, made boots, etc. etc. labouring, according to Epiphany 'like a purchased slave'. In summer and winter he wore the same clothing, neither cold nor heat affected him; despite the meagre meals, he was tall in stature and 'possessed the strength of two men'. He was always first at the morning service. Sergius did not change the original type of Russian monastic life and retained the same as founded in Kiev in the XI century, but he introduced spirituality and refinement into it. Benignness, spiritual clearness and utmost simplicity were his basic characteristics. Being occupied in incessant labour, we never find him encouraging harsh asceticism; there is no indication of torturing the body and carrying heavy chains (called 'verigi', as was customary with certain other religious sects), for Sergius urged but to joyful ceaseless work, both spiritual and physical." (N. Yarovaskaya).

The community grew rapidly. In the beginning there was shortage of everything. "They live like poor orphans" reported a peasant, who had visited the community. And amidst this difficult life, Sergius was himself the true incarnation of the ordainment of Christ, Who had commanded: "Let him who desires to be first, be a servant of all others!" (Mark X, 44 et al.) He was ever vigilant, an observant teacher, who watched and continuously helped all his brethren, especially the neophytes and who despite his tenderness, never permitted any deviation from the established rules. The severe discipline, which he had introduced, demanded from the disciples a constant alertness and watching over their words, deeds and thoughts and this discipline made of the community an educational organisation, which produced valiant, fearless men, educated in self-denial, refusal of selfish wishes, thus making true co-workers for the General Good and creators of the new consciousness of the nation.

One of these rules prohibited members of the community from calling on adjacent villages begging for alms, even when food became very scarce, for Sergius demanded that everyone should live by his own creative labours or from voluntary donation, uncalled for by begging. Here again Sergius was himself a stern example for everyone. Once, having remained for three days without food, and having heard that a monk who had a stock of old bread, wanted a small portico to be built to his hut,

Sergius went to him and asked him whether he cared to have this work done. "Very much indeed," was the reply "but that may be very expensive?"—"It will not cost you much," replied Sergius, "I only wish to have some of the old bread, of which I have heard you have some stock reserved". Whereupon the monk brought two handfuls of worm-eaten bread and said: "If this is enough, you can take it."—"It is more than sufficient", replied Sergius, "but take it away for the present till the evening, for I never take remuneration before my work is completed". And he laboured the whole day until by sunset the portico was completed, and only then did he take the bread. And all the others were surprised to see, how clouds of dust came from his mouth as he ate the dry rotten bread.

Another incident happened a little later, when the community after a severe winter had exhausted all the stock of food, and the disciples began to grumble and showed signs of faintheartedness, when Sergius spoke unto them: "The Bliss of God is not without trials, but according to these, is the measure of rejoicing. It has been said: 'In the evening there may be wailing, but the following morning brings joy'". And hardly had he finished these words, when there was a loud knock at the heavy gates, and the brethren found that cartloads with bread had just arrived from the nearest town. This prophecy they never forgot afterwards. But Sergius found a way to the hearts of men not through miracles and prophecies, which he always prohibited his community from mentioning it to outsiders,—he touched their hearts by being himself a living example of the high precepts of life, which he taught them.

The community, becoming greatly esteemed and beloved by all neighbours, soon received donations and even large bequeathals and consequently expanded greatly. But although the community was no longer suffering from deprivation, Sergius still continued to live the simplest life, fasting often and wearing the most ordinary clothing. His sermons were never long, but short, forceful and convincing. In his Teachings he attached most importance to active labour. He himself knew the inner value of it and therefore regarded work as the condition and means of spiritual achievement. He knew from experience that by perfecting the quality of work, the Highest may be achieved, whereas laziness, idleness and rest cannot lead anywhere, whatever be the spiritual aspirations; for in the latter case they merely remain intentions and do not become reality. Thus in the person of Sergius the whole community had the real example of a true Leader, who laid firm the foundation of actual co-operation.

valiancy. The winning of this battle against the obvious superiority of the enemy is considered throughout the country as the first great miracle of Saint Sergius.

Though Sergius died on September 25th, 1392, at the age of 78, held in highest veneration by all the people, miracles continue to be attributed to his great Spirit even up to now, for there have been innumerable cases of visions in which He appeared to advise and guide his people. The second great miracle attributed to Saint Sergius dates to the time of the great Russian mutiny, in the beginning of the XVII century, when rebels joined forces with the army of adjacent foreign enemies and took possession of even Moscow itself. Again the very existence of the nation was endangered, when St. Sergius appeared in a vision to an ordinary butcher, Kuzma Minin, ordering him to gather an army. Minin, trembling, did not know how to begin and the vision was repeated altogether three times. After the third imperative command, Minin appealed to Prince Pojarsky, who heeded to his transmitted Indication of Saint Sergius, collected an army,—Minin was appointed treasurer—and with enormous self-sacrifice and super-human efforts, the army re-took Moscow on Nov. 27th 1612, reconstructing and saving the empire. On many other occasions Saint Sergius appeared, saving wonderfully the Monastery of the Holy Trinity, his original abode, which had grown into an entire city and centre of spirituality, warning the abbot of the monastery of planned attacks by robbers and invasion.

There are many beautiful episodes recorded in the old chronicles about incidents in the life of Saint Sergius, of which the following are but a few.

Once, when the whole community was assembled at a religious occasion, Saint Sergius suddenly turned into another direction, and bowing lowly, said: "And may the Blessings of God be with you also". As it appeared afterwards, the abbot of a near by monastery, passing the road some ten miles distance, but being unable to call on Saint Sergius at the time, sent him his greetings with a deep bow and blessings, and it was to these that Sergius had knowingly responded.

On another occasion, having for a long time prayed to the image of the Holy Mother, Saint Sergius suddenly turned to the attendant Mikhei and said: "Be ready, there is presently to come a miraculous Visit!" And hardly had he uttered this, when a colossal light, "brighter even than the Sun", appeared and Saint Sergius saw with his own eyes the Great Mother of Heaven, Who vouched for the welfare and success of his work for the community. After this visit, St. Sergius was in highest exaltation all

the time and remained thus till his end, which took place shortly afterwards.

The faith of the people thus knows that Saint Sergius has already twice saved them in moments of utmost need, and the belief is firm amongst them that He will soon help again for the third time. There have been many Indications given about this by the greatest contemporary personalities, but it would take a whole book to describe all these and many other Higher Indications in detail.

"Verily, Saint Sergius was the Elect of the Highest! His whole life from very childhood bears this impression of ordainment. The mysterious Hermit, Whom he met while he was a boy, and the Hermit's prophetic words were already the first signs of a great Ordained Mission. There are also verbally transmitted legends, which are living among the people, that the mysterious Hermit gave to the youth Bartholomey a miraculous stone, with the Indication to hide it in a certain place underground. Nowhere has it been recorded, where the stone is buried, but as the time will approach, this will be revealed. Thus the people know of the spiritual force, which during so many centuries has imbued the country.....This entire life, his great self-sacrifice and offering of his very being to the service of his neighbours, the taking upon himself of the responsibility of spiritual leadership of a whole people and country, the fiery blessing with which he imbued the warriors for a decisive battle whilst he himself partook in it spiritually, upholding communion with Heavenly Powers,—all this makes the Image of Saint Sergius so transcendently beautiful, radiating with the power of a Fiery Great Leader and Builder" (From "St. Sergius" by N. Yarovskaya).

Thus there exist great spiritual Summits adamant in Their noble sublime Service for the Good of Humanity and though centuries may pass, the continuity of Their great spiritual help lives in eternity and in this the people believe and with Their Commands they abide.

A Whiff of Scent.

BY N. R. DEOBHANKAR

I

Patna,

5th October '34

My dearest brother,

There was something on my mind which I wanted to tell you a moment ago and now it has clean slipped out of my head. I fear it is the fragrance of the *Parijat* that has done it. The old tree blooms beneath my balcony and the morning breeze wafts its subtle perfume to where I sit poised for this letter. And straight away my spirit soars into regions unknown or forgotten. Fact merges into fancy; past into present. Scenes that were but sweet memories a while before crowd round me in flesh and blood. Why should scents of flowers cast such strange spells over me? Sometimes they make me doubt the reality of the real. May not to-day's sunshine and laughter be but the empty echo of a slumbering past? Have I really been married seven years? There is Anil's squint-eyed Teddy perched on the table; there are his father's mud-stained slippers peeping from under the chair. Surely these could not lie?

Seven years married! It has been a long vista of joys and love. You may not remember—or believe—but I shall be 30 this Durgā Pujā and you will be 35!

Do you recall the picnic to which Kala Ghose—as she was—had invited us? It was the year she and I passed our M. A. and seems so long ago. She was the belle of my college and a general favourite. Who could resist her, with her shy, clinging ways and her piquant beauty? And I was her particular chum. But, alas! a cloud no bigger than your heart soon rose between us.

When you took your law degree with such high honours and were apprenticed to her father, the famous Advocate, everybody envied you and I too was pleased. But as months rolled by and we saw more of the Ghoses, vague premonitions stirred within my breast, and before I left college I had realised that while the father lavished upon you his learning, the daughter did not stint her love.

To-day I know what cats we women are in matters of affection and how I outdid the cattiest in this affair. But at that time I felt the world slipping away from me. You had been my pride and my monopoly from our orphaned childhood and I was not going to brook a rival, however lovable. In my mad jealousy I

had nearly dropped the picnic that day. But at the last moment, borrowing a brave smile I went for your sake.

That picnic is only a twilight memory to-day. Even as we turned homewards it melted into a gossamer dream. "Tired, Baby?" you asked, patting my shoulder as the car rolled on and I sat silent and preoccupied. I was "Baby" only when you betrayed unusual tenderness. I drew your arm within mine and looking up at you asked: "Haven't I been a horrid toad these days?" "Nonsense, my dear," you replied, making light of my patience. "That Sugar man seemed to have a lot to say to you," you remarked with disconcerting suddenness. I quickly turned my face away but felt your searching gaze and blushed to the tips of my ears and tried to be casual.

Soon "that Sugar man" became a constant visitor at our place. There used to be, of course, Kala and her brother and there were teas, and picnics, tennis and dinners. Those were great days, weren't they, Dada? What heated discussions on Art, on Communism, on the Modern Woman! Did anything under the sun escape our intellectual fire? Were we not the True and Only Redeemers of the Age? What subtle humour and sparkling wit flowed from us unbidden! How the painest raillery had a sweet personal thrill for us! "I say, Kala," you would remark to your fiancé—(the double engagement was already announced by now)—"we spend no money on sugar hereafter. What's the good of having a Govt. Sugar Expert in the family," otherwise? And I would retort: "But would you require any sugar at all, Dada? Kala has only to touch a thing to make it sweet for you now!"

What changes these seven years have wrought! You should have seen your brother-in-law a moment ago as he burst into the room like a cyclone. "Charu! who has been at my razor-blades again? Why can't you people leave my things alone?" he demaded. Oh, how comical he looked in his indignation, with the shirt front flying open, the long hair dark and dishevelled and the face lathered like a soap advertisement! Dissembling my amusement I rebutted the charge. "Well I shall just grow a beard then" said he in bitter resentment. "How does it concern me, pray?" I asked with chilling composure. At this he pounced upon me with a whoop, sand-papered my cheek with his chin and dragged me, laughing and struggling, to where I keep a store for such dire needs.

The greatest change is, of course, that rogue Anil. From nothing at all seven years ago, he has come to be the tyrant of my life today! I know miles off that soft, slow scramble of his tiny feet as he descends the Himalayan stairs—half a step at a

time, advancing backwards. As the last step is reached, the patter will quicken and the air will be rent with "Mummy! Mummy!" Then he will hurl himself at me like an avalanche—(are avalanches ever soft and warm?)—climb into my lap with arboreal ease and pretend to be fast asleep. "Anill! Anill!" I shall remonstrate, but snores—and louder snores—will be the only response. At last the maid will come to the rescue and amidst squeals of happy laughter deport the wriggling bundle to the bath room. * * *

Dada dear, do you think I have gone clean draft! What does the girl mean, you ask, by this drivel about brother-in-law and Kala Ghose and wriggling bundle and all the rest of it? Has she taken leave of her senses? Honestly, *Dada*, I have been a victim of that old *parijat*. It's God's truth that I lived those seven years in this half hour under the spell of a whiff of scent. That glimpse of happy domesticity was only the shadow of a dream. In sober truth I know I am only a plain, sickly spinster of 24 who is paid to harangue sweet, unoffending girls at Patna on the mysteries of Political Economy—and that you are a struggling young lawyer of Muzafferpur, slaving for his ailing sister when he should be courting a pretty wife.

And now, *Dada*, I remember what it was which had slipped from my mind as I sat down to write this and which I was trying to recapture all this while. According to the original plan, you were to take me on the 8th to Dr. Meherbai, the famous Surgeon, were you not? Well, here is a slight amendment which I have carried out: *I have already seen the doctor yesterday*--only to get the worst confirmed. An operation according to her, will give me a ghost of a chance and I am going to stake all on that ghost. And am going to get the whole show over *tomorrow before you arrive*. There is no sense in subjecting you to all that agony while they mess about with my inside. If everything goes well—and after all, some women do recover from cancer—the Great Shadow will have drifted by when we meet on the 8th. If everything does *not* go well, why even then you will be with me within a few hours.

So cheer up, dearest *Dada*, and forgive my taking this plunge without you. Think of our lives sometimes as I have pictured them unblushingly for you in my morbid fancy. This will not be posted till I adorn Dr. Meherbai's table. More strength to her elbow, then—and sharper edge to her thingumjigs!

Your loving sister,
Charu.

P. S.—Do not fail to give my fond love, in due time, to whoever plays Kala in your life.

II

(From the *Patna Torchlight* of the 7th Oct. '34).

Death occurred yesterday noon of Miss Charubala Basu, M.A. at the Chittaranjan Hospital after an operation. The deceased had a brilliant record at the Patna University, and though only in her early twenties, was known as an able professor of the local Women's College and a popular social worker of the city. Much sympathy is felt for her brother who is her sole surviving relative.

The Cousins.

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

I



PROFESSOR Roy was certainly aware of the existence of a huge universe outside the world of books. But he had no precise notions about the mechanism of its working. It was complex; it was intricate—not altogether clean, and that was all that he knew.

His friend Fatik Chand had faded into oblivion for six long years. His sudden visit was a source of secret pleasure to the scholar—for he seemed to link Roy's present with the past. Fatik entertained him with instructive pictures from life—that complex, intricate life that existed outside the library. His exciting narratives made the professor jovial, light-hearted, buoyant. Roy laughed innocently like a baby as his friend's conversation led him through the wilderness of uncomfortable truth.

"Bengal, says the poet, is a land full of fun in spite of disruptions," observed Roy. "I had doubts. I feel now that the poet is right."

This was followed by laughter—a joyous explosion of good-natured mirth.

"You are again mistaken, Old man," said the worldly wise. "The funs, I am describing, are imported commodities. For Life Insurance Policies have come from the west, mind you."

The professor magnanimously saw his error.

Fatik Chand was an Insurance Agent. He was born with the instinct for discovery. He advocated labour-saving expedients. He hated chronologies in text books of History. It was meaningless to learn horrid dates by heart from printed books and then again to scribble them on answer papers. So at the Examination Hall his pocket contained a list of historic dates. He was transferring some of those dates on his answer paper when an invigilator detected him.

Invigilator; the term itself was so un-inspiring, jaw-breaking. Universities themselves do not encourage originality. His particular one put up a poster of 'No Admission' for him at the gate of the Senate House.

But Fatik really hated degrees. They cripple mankind. They check freedom of thought. Now he had a net income of Rs. 400 a month with prospects.

His friend Roy with all his decorations could hardly earn half as much. He had no prospects, with youth movements and the spread of Bolshevich ideas. Roy's gold medal was not worth a quarter as much as Fatik's Muff Chain.

So the friends lamented the tragedy of university education. Fatik Chand has a charming flow of eloquence.

"You see, it is up to everybody to be generous. Selfishness is a curse."

The professor agreed, as a long procession of savants who had enunciated the same principle passed before him.

"The Mother of the Universe has given me the power to pray," said the canvasser with a touch of modest humility. "But I pray not for myself alone but for all my clients. I pray for their long life. I pray that they may be above wants."

"So that they may not find it difficult to pay their premiums," said the professor. He was surprised at the dawn of his practical intelligence.

This was just a slight set-back for the agent.

"Well, yes—he admitted." "I get 5 per cent. on all premiums but my clientele prosper."

He was undaunted.

"Think of the morning prayer of the lawyer, for instance" he persisted. "Oh; our Heavenly Father, pardon the heart of mankind that brother fighteth brother, the father the son, and each of thy sons his neighbour."

"Oh; God" cried the professor in an ecstasy of joy.

"Think what the physician feels," said the Canvasser encouraged, "when there is pestilence in the land. When do you think does his wife's jeweller make his pile?"

The professor had bestowed no thought on this deep social problem.

"When the God of Death knows no rest."

How terrible! Probably it was blasphemy—at any rate running down a noble profession. He intended to dam the flow of his friend's vituperations.

"Do you pray for a man after he completes his endowment policy at fifty-five or sixty years?"

"I am no lad" said the indignant Fatik. "Why shall I poke my nose into other people's concern? Prayer is an intimate communication between a man and his creator. I leave them to pray for themselves."

"You, Scoundrel" said the professor in a tone that made the other laugh also.

"But you must admit that selfishness that feels distressed for others is better than rank selfishness that—"

"Quite right," said the professor, "you mean altruism--altruistic hedonism".

He was in his elements. He could understand his friend thoroughly. But the other was out of his depths.

"Yes, it must be some such horror. But I get busy when a client falls ill. I see his relations and inform them of the ablest doctor".

The wonderful effect of contact. They had been together for full sixty minutes—but this brief intercourse with the worldly wise electrified the practical side of the book lover's brain.

"I see what commission does the doctor pay?"

The canvasser was scandalised. He was not so sordid—killing two birds with one stone.

The professor got non-plussed.

"I was joking" he said, "Now tell me this. How do you compile your list of medical experts?"

"It is a trade secret, my lad", replied Fatik, beaming "Brains, Sonny,—brains."

The declaration spurred the professor's curiosity. He insisted. He was not a rival. He would lock up the secret in the safe steel almirah of his heart.

"Neither experience nor knowledge makes the real physician. It is the healing art. It is the luck—the luck to cure and the pluck to face the responsibility."

"A truism. But how do you collect statistics of cures?"—in modern economics. The canvasser smiled.

"Do you know", said the latter, "that there is an excellent system of Registration of Death".

The information related to the statistical chamber of his brain. So the Professor was aware of the excellent system.

"Do you know further"—carried on Fatik, assuming the pose of a cross-examining counsel, "that there is a marvellous column in that Register".

This puzzled the professor—He disliked mysteries.

"Yes, there is an useful column, old son, the name of the doctor who attends a man in his last illness is chronicled. The rest is easy. Pure mathematics and deductive Logic".

The latter were subjects included in the curriculum of his college. But the professor failed to discover how they applied to the current topic.

"Easy. I simply advise people to avoid doctors whose names appear too frequently in the Register of Deaths. I hold, they sell tickets for the long journey."

Of course, the information astounded Roy. But further investigation became impossible on the advent of an intruder into the room—unannounced—unwanted really.

II

"Yes".

"I am Manohar, Sir".

"Are you? Glad to hear that. But I can't place you, my lad" said the professor.

The youth was good-looking—so far as good looks go, under the circumstances. He had striking modest manners.

"What can I do for you, Mr. Manohar? I am rather occupied, you know".

Evidently the youth wrestled with his modesty, which he overcame in the end.

"I am in terrible distress, Good Sir," he almost muttered. "I am ashamed to confess that I am starving for the last two days."

They scrutinised him in silence. Very slowly, as if overcoming a terrible reluctance the young man said—"I want you to help me, Sir."

The professor felt an awkward vibration in his soft heart. But the man who made living out of the uncertainty of human life very closely examined him—from his shining waves of hair to his patent leather pumps. The youth, with his almost uncanny pretensions was a challenge to his experience of humanity. The caveman in the polished canvasser was up in arms. He considered it his duty to come to the rescue of his saintly friend.

"So that is where his slender income went—the money that could profitably pay premiums for a decent insurance. Yes—poor Roy whose eye-glasses were as thick as a Kabuli's un-leavened bread"—thought Fatik Chand.

But he could not suffer his friend to be robbed. "Aha; how beautifully brushed curls like—the—the"—

Smiles were never in Fatik's line.

"A co-villager of mine", declared Manohar, "is a rich man's motor driver, Sir. Starvation brings in biliousness and bile burns the skin. So as a remedy I begged of the driver a little mobile oil, and I rubbed it over my body. That was a week ago, Sir, Mobile Oil is thick and lasting".

So the first encounter ended in a defeat for Fatik. He was determined to tear the mask of hypocrisy off the youth's face.

"And what about the emaculate shirt and this fine Santipore Dhoti with this ravishing border?"

The professor felt distressed. The youth was after all under his roof—his guest so to say. There was such a thing as the law of hospitality and the rest of it. But the same law prevented him from taking the other to task.

The youth felt the weight of the last blow.

"Of course, Sir," he almost stammered—"that is to say—I mean"—

"Yes, you mean," mocked the victor emphasising all the three words.

"I mean, Sir, honestly these clothes are sample goods".

"Sample goods!"—they said in a chorus.

The youth had recovered his self-possession. He suppressed a smile with supreme effort.

"Yes, Sir, certainly these are sample articles. You can see the name of the tailor in this shirt, Sir."

He triumphantly turned over the sort collar of his shirt to show the name of—"Boral Brothers". He then explained to the silent assembly their excellent business methods. Boral Brothers were pioneers in this modern device for publicity. They clothe indigent starving youths and send them out in the broad world—as contrasts make themselves more conspicuous, of course he was wrong in disclosing their trade secrets—but he had a strong presentiment that none of them intended to start a tailoring establishment.

Another trade secret and a fresh confidence; the professor felt proud. He felt an inward tug towards this good-looking resourceful youth.

But Fatik wanted to see his head on a charger. "And this beautiful hair cut. Is it an advertisement of Nuruddin Barber?"

This was barbarous and not playing the game—thought the professor. He felt a strong brain wave—a sort of brain wave that every ruler of human destiny feels on the eve of an armistice.

He pulled a letter out of the drawer and handed it over to the youth.

"This will keep you from starvation at least for a day, my boy," he said. "It is an invitation to dine. The host has the reputation of selecting a good menu. If anybody asks you about your relationship with me—you may say—well"—

Fatik thought of a relationship. When uttered with reference to strangers it is considered a term of abuse in Bengal.

The youth said—Cousin.

"Yes, you may call yourself my cousin. Oh! Yes."

The boy left the meeting in the attitude of a whipped cur. Fatik admired his friend's tact and beamed.

III

The youth went upstairs where Mrs. Shefalika Roy was mending her husband's clothes.

"Well Manu," said Mrs. Roy—"What have you knocked out of my husband?"

He placed the card in her hand. The host was his uncle and hers, for they were cousins.

"What is the idea, Manu?"

"Sefi Didi (sister) your husband is not such a fool, after all."

Of course, Shefalika stuck to her old idea, being of a conservative turn of mind.

Manohar gramophoned the scene.

She laughed—"Bravo husband".

So he was sent for.

He appeared at the star chamber of his wife.

Shefalika nurtured in her nature both the sister virtues, mercy and charity. But her husband's generous impulses proved it difficult for her to make ends meet. Swindling beggars often robbed her husband.

Roy was an obedient husband. But he preferred to maintain an independence of will when it concerned the practice of charity and the purchase of books.

The experiment was successful—thought Sefa. At least once in his career Roy must have discovered that begging and swindling may form an alliance. It was a sort of kindergarten lesson for the husband, and all that.

The professor came upstairs and found the rules of decency violated. A youth who was caught red-handed, so to say in his attempt at cheating him had the audacity to enter the Zenana.

The wife was right in sending for him—All good wives were right.

"Who are you to enter my house? Do you realise that it is infamous? Who are you, may I demand?"

"Why professor, your Cousin."

Professor Roy felt himself in the soup. Things were a bit confusing as his good wife was smiling.

Shefalika said—Mr. Wisdom, I have now found out the secret. If your friend Mr. Nader Chand—

"Fatik Chand"—Roy said correcting her.

"Very well,—Fatik Chand. If Mr. Fatik Chand was not there you would have ended by paying a little money to Manu.

The professor was truthful. He admitted the possibility.

"But how could you fail to recognise Manu?" asked the good wife.

"If Manus call themselves Manohars and get clothed in sample goods and rub mobile oil on their persons"—

There was a chorus of laughter.

The professor ran downstairs. He had grown jealous of Fatik's wisdom and was happy now that he had failed to detect Manu—

"Upon God I was about to advise you to call the boy Your Sala—the way he behaved".

Roy acknowledged the great defeat.

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The Sikhs.

BY H. C. KUMAR.



HE Shahidganj agitation has brought the Sikhs to the fore again. It will, therefore, be of interest to the people outside the Punjab to know something of the Founder of Sikhism, Guru Nanak.

Nanak was born in 1469 at a place in the Lahore district, called Talwandi, now known as Nanakana Sahib. His father, Kalu, was a Khatri (Kshatriya) by caste, and being Village Accountant under the Lodi rulers of the times, he was known as Mehta Kalu.

Nanak bore unmistakable signs of greatness from his early childhood. His first sermon was preached to the family *prohit* (priest) who was called to preside over his sacred-thread ceremony; his second to the village *pandha* (teacher) to whom he was taken for his schooling. And when Kalu sent him out with the village bard, Mardana, to try his hand at trade, with instructions to effect a 'khara sauda' (good bargain), Nanak invested the whole of his capital in feeding a band of itinerant *sadhus*, and returned home empty-handed, much to the chagrin of the worldly-wise father.

"God created woman to civilise man," said Voltaire. That seems to be the opinion of fathers all over the world. Before long, Nanak was yoked to a wife, and packed off to his brother-in-law, Jairamdas, who held a responsible position under Daulat Khan Lodi, Nawab of Sultanpore. Here he got an appointment as a *Modi* or Storekeeper of the Nawab's household, and settled down for a time to a householder's life. But living *in* the world, he was not *of* it. He shared his all with the poor and the needy, and devoted his spare time to solitude and silence, away from maddening crowds.

And now his Call had come. He had been lost to the outer world for three days and nights, and when he returned, he was a changed man altogether! He resigned his job and set out on his missionary travels. As an old Teacher had said, "I must be about my Father's business."

When Nanak entered upon his mission, Mohammadan rule had been established in India for about five centuries. The Mussalman rulers of the country had brought with them their own religion and culture which, coming into contact with the old Hindu religion and culture of India, gave rise to a number of



GURU NANAK

social and religious problems which still stare us in the face, though on a much larger scale, and still baffle solution after the lapse of five more centuries.

As a result of long servitude to foreign rule, the Hindus had become thoroughly demoralised. They were split up into the same watertight compartments as now, the higher castes tyrannising over the lower, and holding them down as untouchables unworthy of human treatment. The masses were sunk in gross ignorance and superstition, all knowledge being denied to them by the custodians of wisdom, the Brahmanas. Religion had become synonymous with a set of mechanical practices and formulae; the spirit had fled, the carcase was worshipped instead.

This situation, bad as it was, was rendered worse by the bigotry and fanaticism of the religious leaders of the ruling class. The ruling dynasty of the Lodis had made itself thoroughly hated, and bitter persecution of the Hindus in the name of the God of mercy and compassion, was a matter of course. Humility which is the essence of religion, was conspicuous by its absence, and its place had been usurped by arrogance and *hauteur*, hall-marks of egotism and want of spirituality. No wonder, Nanak cried out:

"This age is like a knife. The rulers are butchers, justice has taken wings and fled. In this completely dark night of Falsehood, the moon of Truth is never seen to rise above the horizon."

And when at last, the power passed into the hands of the invading Mughals, it was a case of "out of the frying pan into the fire". Nanak was an eye-witness to the horrors of Babar's invasion, and described them in these words: "It was Death disguised as Mughal that made war on us." The cruelties he saw perpetrated roused the patriot in him, and he exclaimed in his anguish of the soul:

"The Primal Being is now called Allah. The turn of the Shaikh hath come.

There is a tax on the shrine of gods such is the new practice established.

There are ablutions, calls to prayer, five daily prayers, prayer carpets, and God appeareth dressed in blue.

In many houses, they address one another as *Mian*—even our language has undergone a change."

But he soon recollects himself and concludes:

"Since Thou, O Lord of the Earth, hath appointed Babar as ruler, what power have we?"

In pursuance of his mission, Nanak travelled far and wide, not merely over the whole of India, from Kashmir in the north to Ceylon in the extreme south, and from Assam in the east to Peshawar in the extreme west, he was the first Indian Teacher to carry his gospel personally to Islamic countries like Afghanistan, Iraq, Arabia and perhaps even Turkey in Europe. All this he did when the means of transportation and communication were wholly lacking, when there were no roads and railways, and when journeys were attended with great risks and discomforts.

On most of these travels, the Guru had two companions, whom he called *Bhai*, meaning Brother. One was a Hindu called Bhai Bala, and the other, Bhai Mardans, the old bard from Talwandi. Mardana carried a rebeck with him, and played on it while the Guru sang the songs of praise to his Maker, whom he called by the endearing name of Kartar. Music played a great part in the Guru's propaganda, and all his hymns, full of religious fervour and devotion, were set to music. Most of these hymns are in the dialects of the countries visited by the Guru, composed and sung at the inspiration of the moment, and were sufficiently intelligible to his audiences to set their souls on fire.

The Guru's mission was two-fold, first, to call the attention of both the Hindus and the Mussalmans to the inner verities of religion as opposed to outer forms of worship; and secondly, to inspire them all with mutual goodwill and tolerance. He denounced the hypocritical rites and ceremonies which had usurped the place of sincerity and truth, and insisted on the worship of One, True God, the common Father of both Hindus and Muslims. In this teaching he never flinched. When Babar asked him to accept the religion of the Prophet Mohammad, he boldly replied:

"There are hundreds and thousands of Mohammads, but there is only One God.

Many Mohammads stand sentinel at His gate--so numerous that they cannot be counted.

Prophets are sent and they come into the world at His bidding, and when He pleaseth, He hath them arrested and brought to Him again."

And when the High Priests in Mecca and Baghdad asked him, which is better, Hindu or Muslim, he said in the same undaunted spirit:

"Without good works, both shall come to grief. The Hindus insist on saying 'Rama,' and the Musslmans 'Rahim,' but they know not the One God. Satan hath led them both on to his own flowery path."

Again, when the High Priest of Baghdad asked him who he was and to what sect he belonged, he replied:

"I have appeared in this age to show the Way unto men. I reject all sects and only know One God, whom I recognise on earth, in heavens, and in all quarters of the compass."

In propagating his gospel, Nanak had a technique of his own. He would seek for his audience the multitudes that had gathered at a sacred place, such as Hardwar or Kurukshetra, would set about doing something eccentric that would draw men's attention to him, and then turning round, he would deliver his message in the most inoffensive way. Take for an instance his visit to Hardwar on the occasion of a *kumbha* festival which occurs every twelve years. After taking a dip in the Holy river, everybody would turn to the east and offer *tarpan* (water) to his ancestors. Nanak dashed into the water and turning to the west, began to splash the water in that direction, with all the zeal he could command. This was enough. Everybody turned to him and said, "what does this madness mean?" "I am doing the same as you do," he said, with an innocent look. "We are offering water to our ancestors," said they. "And I am sending water to my fields at Kattarpore," said Nanak. "But how can this water reach your fields, foolish one?" asked they in astonishment. "If it cannot reach my fields which are in this world," said Nanak, "how can it reach your ancestors who are supposed to be in the other world?" What could they say to this?

Towards the end of his earthly career, Nanak settled at Kattarpore in the Amritsar district, and passed over to the other side at the ripe age of 70. He was the Apostle *par excellence* of Indo-Semitic unity, and nothing would give greater delight to his spirit than to see peace and harmony restored to the land of his birth, the cockpit of warring communities, the pivot round which move the peace and happiness of the whole of India.

The Place of Soliloquy in Dramatic Art.

BY P. R. RAMACHANDRA RAO, M.A.



HE first appearance of soliloquy as a prominent dramatic device is in Roman Comedy, most notably in the plays of Terence. The soliloquy was unnecessary in Greek Drama, where the hero had a recognised body of confidants, the chorus, to whom he could unfold the train of his meditations more naturally than in a soliloquy. The disintegration of the chorus, apparent even in Aristophanes, into its dramatic and lyrical components left distinct traces in the lyrical soliloquies of the Roman Comedy. From an original tendency to moralising, the soliloquy became informative and developed into a recognised stage institution. Informative soliloquy reduces the *dramatis personae* to automators, mouth-pieces to an all but visible stage-manager. Stage-managery is the worst of dramatist ignominies. Not even Shakespeare was exempt: in that pitiful decline of dramatic genius, his 'Cymbeline,' Belarius is a wax-work moving his lips to a language not his own.

Yet by Shakespeare it was that the soliloquy was most masterfully handled. It became for the first time an index to character, 'the dominant ground-note in the complex mass of self'. Shakespearean soliloquies are the supreme moments to which the dramatic action is focussed: they are the distilled essence of the play-stuff. They look backwards and forwards. They are the Interchapters in the life of the hero, the summits in the dramatic action from which the hero scans his destiny that is to be.

When we have said of Shakespeare we have put the case strongest for the soliloquy. Post-Shakespearean soliloquies are tedious monologues, heterogeneous products of over-burdened intelligences.

Yet the soliloquy must be justified, if a justification there be.

The soliloquy is a monologue different, however, from Browning's literary form in the absence of any but the speaker. Browning's Dramatic Monologue implies the existence and presence of one or more persons besides the speaker and it is the periodical appeals to the sympathy of the audience that constitute its dramatic character. The soliloquy is not dramatic, therefore: it is the articulation of the thoughts of the *dramatis personae* presumably delivered for the benefit of the audience. An extraordinary procedure which in ordinary life charity calls eccentric. Lunacy is a matter of degree.

The soliloquy at the present day subserves two important purposes: it is claimed to be the index of character; it is also understood, rightly or wrongly, that every hero must have a soliloquy wherewith to assure his proper proportions. It is the actor's lounge-suit so to say, his pose *de luxe*. It is where the actor asserts himself, where he is all but the part he impersonates. He walks out of the drama and streets jauntily on the forestage.

It is, however, in the dramatic structure of the tragedies that the justification for soliloquies must be sought. The soliloquy is usually the dramatic centre of the tragedy, the summit of the dramatic complication when the play 'neither way inclines.' It is felt somehow, that the gravity of the action necessitates a soliloquy, for the moment has arrived in the life of the hero for the supreme decision. He must deliberate and do it loudly for the apparishment of his auditors.

This concentration of dramatic expectations leads to a cardinal inconsistency in present-day dramatic grouping—I refer to the inadequate co-ordination of actors. The single personality of a supreme actor so towers above the rest that they are reliefs rather than dramatic entities. A play is what it is for the hero or rather for the soliloquy in which he is known to be at his best. Until he arrives there can be no interest and not until the soliloquy is reached does the play catch. Thus the soliloquy not infrequently is both the beginning and the culmination of dramatic interest.

These manifestos of emotion and character rob the dramatic dialogue of all psychic content. The dialogue is spun out of the merest circumstance and accelerates, retards or stabilises dramatic movement. It is solely concerned with the 'business' of the drama and hardly secures that exposition of 'character in action' so splendidly achieved by two master-playwrights of recent times—Henrik Ibsen and August Strindberg.

Character in Drama as in life is composite. It is the totality of innumerable impressions infinitely modified. These impressions are like the lines of silver breaking through clouds. They illumine. They must be gleaned. They cannot be garnered, catalogued and presented in psychological manifestos.

It hardly needs to say that we have arrived at a stage in dramatic evolution when character-delineation strictly so-called is definitely relegated to the correlation of parts. The interrelations of *dramatic personae* are what conduce to the exposition of character-traits: in fact, the greater the artist, the freer and the more adequately motivated character is. Character in Drama seems, as it were, visibly if slowly, taking shape in the back-ground

of the dramatic frame-work; it grows, that is to say, with the Action and becomes such an important motive-force in Drama that it is hardly possible to strictly differentiate between Character and Action. With the development of dramatic values, Action has become all inward; a purely psychological process, the external manifestation of which is Dialogue. This is how in a larger sense all Drama is symbolic: the external action with the dialogue, merely symbolises and is the visible index of a series of internal phenomena which, in fact, constitute the Drama of Human Life. This is precisely also why these internal phenomena should not be articulated in flimsily-veiled soliloquies. It is easy to see how soliloquies level dramatic symbolism.

The use of the soliloquy involves, moreover, a fundamentally modern problem which concerns dramatic content. The progenitor of ancient drama was the individual man—Man in stupendous conflict with circumstance. The progenitor of modern drama is the *Zeitgeist* as the Germans have it: the Time Spirit that is to say, that composite and complex whole of influences informing humanity in relation to its environment. Man has become an infinitesimal unit in the atomic struggle for Being, an ineffectual force whom Society tramples upon with the supreme ruthlessness of a traction-engine. Modern Drama centres, therefore, on Man at war with Society. We do not have his outpourings any more—the cry of Man is not the same majestic challenge to Circumstance now: it is a cry in the Social Chaos. It is as the murmur of rills to the Social torrent avalanche-swept and thunder-tost.

It is a specious plea that urges conformity to popular standards for a justification of soliloquies. However persistent the tendency of Modern Drama to become more and more a species of popular entertainment, it must be said that this conscious depravation of the foremost of fine arts bodes little good. The Indian Drama was mainly a Brahmanical production making its appeal to a cultured minority. This deliberate disregard of popularity it was which was responsible for the striking ethical and literary qualities of the great master-pieces of the Sanskrit Drama. The grotesque absurdities of modern Indian theatrical prostitution are a fair index of what is generally called the Public Taste. And it is the grossest of insults that can be offered to Dramatic Art that it should be guided and engineered by connoisseurs of Public Taste. Indeed, the application of Taste to an audience is as misleading as it is dangerous. 'For, Genius and Taste are ultimately identical; they are the creative and re-creative

processes respectively of Art; Taste is the interpreter's responding Altitude to the Height of Genius.

That the Drama is a democratic art is a casually accepted truism. It is hardly true that the play-house prescribes and defines the content and form of Drama. The play-house is merely one of a conditioning and composite series of influences which go to make the Drama. And indeed, 'the true tragedy of dramatic genius is the realization that all theatrical representation is but a mode of aesthetic approximation'.

The history of Drama is largely a history of dramatic values. It is the shifting reflex of tendencies that time after time have convulsed the dramatic world and ebbd away. Values take shape, obtain and are knocked down at the altar of dramatic evolution. Such a phantom is the soliloquy. In the constant shuffling of tendencies that constitutes dramatic evolution, the soliloquy has played a mighty part. Its roots have gone deeper beyond the accidents of its inception. It has taken hold and become an obsessive superstition. It was and is not to be. Like all things that survive their time and purpose, it stifles growth, development. It is time, indeed, it were relegated to the limbs of finally-discredited superstitions.

What is Wrong with the World?

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



HE world owes much to Prof. Adler for a proper exposition of world-psychology. This world-psychology does require an interpretation; for, as far as we can judge of the ways of our fellow-beings, we find a contradiction, in what people so much love to preach with so little intention of practising what they preach. One of our greatest troubles in knowing what we so much desire to know, is the personal or national factor in its interpretation of the truth. In France, you get one version of the battle of Waterloo, in Germany another, in England a third. I am giving only a very common instance of the artificial and often fictitious clothing they put on facts; but there are several other facts of great importance in which the same sort of manipulation is practised. Several people belonging to different nations on earth appear to have entered into a clique, not to tell what is true to those who wish to know the reality. There seems to be a continuous apprehension that a disclosure of the truth will be a disclosure of some secret weakness, and therefore some method must be adopted as a counter-measure to shroud this weakness, and make it appear in another light.

This is a human failing, and a veiled exposition of human imperfection. In some cases it is a symptom of morbid fear. It would be interesting to know how human nature gradually comes to assume such false attitudes; and we can best study the problem by noting the behaviour of children.

There is no question that normality is very different from the wanton tom-boyishness so obvious in the behaviour of people, whom we expect to behave differently. Medical psychologists would interpret the peculiar ways of the world as a pronounced form of neurosis, which requires a better training, discipline and treatment for a cure. They are to-day more interested to know what purpose the world means to serve with this neurosis, and what it is trying to attain. On a close scrutiny they find that this nervous abnormality is meant to provide the neurotic with protection and security in life, which may take several forms. We will take the individual as our starting point; and we find that he throws up a breast-work against a weakness conscious or subconscious. He wants relief from duties, enjoyment of certain advantages, social, political or domestic, excuse for neglect, and failures. A child who has a hereditary neurotic taint, or is

spoiled in other ways in the family, desiring to avoid the school, will often work himself up into a headache or vomiting in the morning. In such a case the nature of the illness is very clear; the object he wants to attain is obvious, and it is equally obvious that he is trying to shield himself from an ordeal, that is psychically painful to him. In the case of adults, however, the camouflage may be so ingenious that we are not so easily able to discover the psychic trouble in the back-ground. The adult, however, often behaves like an over-grown baby, though from the nature of his place or position in life, we may at first be unwilling to see the baby behind.

Not all people who appear to act under easily recognisable motives are exempt from the feeling of fear, or inferiority, that prompts the impulse of peculiar acts of behaviour. If a child, for example, is brought into contact with the outer world which is not prepared to regard him with the same indulgence as he was accustomed to at home, the conflict of something lacking in him with the necessities of adaptation, gives rise to peculiar forms of behaviour. He naturally wishes to be known as strong, powerful, capable. Even as a child, he shows his desire in his games; he poses as one of the better class of human beings who would command respect, and would be regarded as a "top-dog". Thus he would play lawyer, captain of the host, doctor, high-priest or Emperor. This is one way of dominating the situation believing in particular instances that he is not acting a part, but living a life. Again, he may find himself in a position of disadvantage when compared to the rough surroundings in which he finds himself thrown. He may be suffering from physical deformity, ugliness or other defects, and his consciousness of these unfavourable circumstances provokes him to make up for these deficiencies in some other ways. If it is not immediately possible to do so, he secretly nourishes the grudge of degradation, and hopes that a time would come, when he will 'give them back' ten times over for the indignity that society had shown towards him in old times. This is equally true of all those whose starting point is bad for social or moral reasons.

What are the ways devised by a youngster to meet these deficiencies? He has already found by previous experience at home, that the secret of self-assertion with indulgent parents lay in shows of stubbornness, wildness or laziness; or he may turn to gentleness, obedience, and become 'goody-goody' because the first kind of behaviour did not carry him far. In either case the child becomes a central point in the family and a compensation is obtained for his defects.

Now habits formed in childhood do not so easily disappear in adult age. Peculiarities of character are formed, which are to serve the purpose of achieving success, that being the direction of the goal. As a school-boy, he was found that he has been able to attain to the semblance of superiority among his comrades, by laziness, disobedience, naughtiness or playing dirty tricks in the class. The same category of resources, modified to suit the circumstances, are again invoked in later life for assuring success. Or he may choose to be a striver and see the goal and nothing but the goal, becoming indifferent and unscrupulous as the means adopted to attain the goal. We see several types of these individuals in life. One individual sees to it that he reaches to the top of his profession, using every means in his power, irrespective of its moral quality, brutality, cruelty, disregard for the feelings of another. A second kind of individual is satisfied to talk of his achievements, while a third tries to dominate the situation by laughing at and criticising the conduct of others, and trying to make everybody understand how much better he understands things. If we proceed to analyse the psychology behind the conduct of several other types of individuals, we shall find similar points of compensatory efforts. Thus the miser, the stingy person, the "pinch-penny" wants to make up for his defects by amassing wealth which gives him a sense of security and superiority over the rest of his fellows. On the contrary, there is the spender, who throws money about and assumes a superior air by crying down the 'tight-wads' who wouldn't spend for a cigarette. Prof. Adler is of opinion that even the philanthropist is not often moved to his philanthropy by his sense of social responsibility. It is quite possible that his benevolence serves to prop up his diminished self-confidence, through an indirect route—Vanity—which in itself is nothing more than an outlet for feelings of inferiority. In the same way, suspicion, covetousness, pedantry, shyness, reserve, cruelty, unpunctuality, and even arrogance may be accounted for, on physical analysis by a lack of mental balance or as a symptom of neurosis.

Prof. Neumann of Vienna says: "It is perfectly clear that an individual must shape his relations to his environment unfavourably, must falsify them, if he views every event only in relation to his own person, only from the angle of whether such an event does him good or harm, raises or lowers his own personality, strengthens or weakens his influence or power." As members of society, we expect certain advantages from society, which in turn demands from us certain pieces of service. The Neurotic creates for himself anomalous position in society and his relations to it are so peculiar that he tries to shirk his

responsibility under the suggestion of a false idea, that his position in life allows him to get on without it. To this school belong the "high-born, the high-placed and the elite", who are generally under a delusion that society must look up to them, if it wants the honour of their recognition.

This account does not exhaust all the factors that distinguish the neurotic from the normal individual. But it should serve as a basis for the recognition and interpretation of behaviour as we are accustomed to see among men and women in our midst. Perhaps, I am not wrong in thinking that already my readers have begun to spot out from their surrounding, individuals—high-brows and big-wigs—who fall within one or other of these categories. Already, they are perhaps, getting interested in the behaviour of people around them; and instead of feeling indignant towards "the oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely and the insolence of office" they are beginning to discover the peculiar mental factors that play the role in these undisciplined impulses of man.

These later discoveries in the domain of psychological medicine are not common knowledge yet; but when they do become as familiar to the public as gravitation to the school students, even silly people will be led to suppose how sillier they once were. What affects the individuals affects the nation; for there is no nation but individuals. And in the present state of our hectic civilisation, we cannot say that a large proportion of the individuals who make up a nation lives in a disciplined atmosphere, whether at home or outside of it. And further, the destiny of nations to-day hangs upon one individual or a small group of men who profess to stand for the whole nation, whatever that pretence may be worth. Further, when we are brought in contact with experiences, diametrically opposed to sane principles in theory, insane in practice, we are reasonably led to suppose, that all is not right mentally, even with those "who merely tell us what to do, and don't do it themselves". For, in a large number of such cases, there is a palpable want of mental stability, even where we are least expected to suspect it.

This would account for the world's madness to-day. But the pity of it is, that in the name of civilisation and progress, we are persuaded to believe in this insanity as a high achievement of man. The neurotic world thinks that never was sanity better exemplified than in modern days. And on this supposition, we are supposed to be making rapid headway. Towards what? Well, there's the rub. Nobody knows where this leaky, lop-sided civilisation is heading to. And nobody cares, so long as our temporary security is assured.

For a period of thirty-five years of my earlier life, I was infatuated with the principles of progress constantly rubbed into my system, from the propagandist bureau of modern civilisation, but during the last fifteen years, I have veered round and learnt to know better. I believe civilisation is like yeast, which can generate a considerable amount of fermentation with heat production, but may ultimately perish in the products of its own manufacture. One has to constantly get rid of the effete products, to keep up the freshness of civilised habits.

Whatever there is to be said with regard to the moral and spiritual evolution of our race, has already been said more than two thousand years ago. Our ancestors have said it and I do not think modern civilisation has even attempted saying as much. Apart from the philosophy of mental discipline as a first step towards a realisation of the better and nobler aspects of the human soul, as insisted in our ancient philosophical writings, I find that even the Ayurvedic literature emphasises mental discipline in everyday life as one of the principles of health and growth. What then have I to learn in this matter from modern civilisation? You speak of the advancement of science and the control of nature by man. I can perfectly understand the extreme importance of both, when they are meant to be utilised for man's general good. As Maxim Gorky said: the fact that we can fly in the air like a bird, swim in the sea like a fish makes very little difference to our sense of security: because we have yet to be taught how to live on this earth.

An ancient Acharya tells us: *Apurnam manyate vyadhi*—Disease is imperfection. And imperfection is so rampant in the world to-day that we are seriously led to doubt whether all our boasted progress is not savagery armed with more deadly weapons. At any rate, if man has progressed, that progress has been very lop-sided. It is a hypertrophy of physical efficiency and an atrophy of spiritual values. Man's morals have lagged considerably behind his progress in other directions.

The Chakkyarkuthu.

BY M. S. KRISHNA AYYAR, B. A., B. L.



THE Chakkyarkuthu, the Kathakali,* and the Ottan Thullal are some of the indigenous amusements wherein is represented the dramatic art of Kerala. In tracing the origin and on analysing the general features of each of these, it will be seen that these had a fundamentally religious foundation. The basis of all human knowledge is religion, and religious works form the foundation upon which the super-structure of all literature is built up. The Vedas, the Sastras and the Puranas are the earliest and the most valuable repositories of all Hindu knowledge about religion, men and things. All the three contain the same inner thoughts, inculcate the same ideals and propound the same teachings. But the Vedas and the Sastras deal with the subjects in such a way as to be not easily comprehensible except to the very learned few and so were written the Puranas for the benefit of the average, ordinary people. The Puranas impart religious knowledge through easy methods, as for instance, by pointing out to the average man the benefit he derives by following ideal men and the evil effects of imitating the wicked.

II

Religious instruction was imparted to the Hindus through the Puranas, which were read and explained usually in the temples. From the time the Aryans settled down in Kerala they tried in several ways to impart religious knowledge to the indigenous population through the Aryan Puranic lore. They seem to have devised a more delectable and attractive method than the reading and interpreting of the Puranas and the result is the Chakkyarkuthu wherein the narrative is accompanied by *Abhinaya* (dramatic action). That the Kuthu had such a religious background is apparent from the restrictions that were imposed upon its conduct, for example, that the function could be performed only in temples, that the subject matter should be always Puranic and that the Chakkyars, who probably were selected from a class of people held in esteem, confidence and love by the Aryans, were alone privileged to recite the story.

The hearers enjoy the Kuthu more than the simple reading of the Puranas, as the Chakkyars intersperse their narration of the story with humorous anecdotes and witticisms coined by themselves, sing and play, improvise verses of their own, make the

* For information on this see pages 503 and 581 of Vol. IX of 'The Scholar.'

characteristics of the community "the butt of their sarcasam and satire", thus imparting the human touch and keep the audience in good humour. More than anything else, the Kuthu was utilised as a medium of public criticism, for the Chakkyar had the rare privilege, in the course of narration, of criticising the actions of high dignitaries and of even the rulers, and that to their very face. In former times, the kings themselves used to attend the performances. The Chakkyars offered free criticisms of the King's actions, and as it was a strict injunction that no one could question the statements of the Chakkyars, the Kuthu became one of the most effective correctives of governmental administration and public morals. Thus the Kuthu served the twofold object of imparting religious instruction and offering public criticism.

The liberty allowed to the Chakkyars and the extent to which they went in criticism are illustrated by a funny anecdote. Once a Chakkyar compared the eyes of the Maharaja of Travancore to those of a cat, in the Maharaja's very presence. The Maharaja, unmindful of the convention, got terribly wild and unsheathed his sword. The vigilant Chakkyar noticing this instantly jumped out of the stage and fled for his life. He was not heard of for some days. One day as His Highness was going on his evening drive, he accidentally found the Chakkyar lurking in one of the by-paths. His Highness with the drawn sword caught the culprit who was shaking and shivering with fear and asked the poor Chakkyar "Am I still the cat? What is your position now, and what do you think your end is going to be?" Whereupon, the Chakkyar blurted out: "My humble self is the mouse in the clutches of a cat".

Then only did the Maharaja realise that such pertinacity is inborn with the Chakkyars and realising the folly of his anger set the Chakkyar at liberty.

III

There are four recognised modes or kinds of enactment of the Chakkyarkuthu. They are the *Kathaprasangam*, the *Koodyattam*, the *Manthrankam* and the *Mathavilasam*. The general feature of each of these is indicated by its name.

The *Kathaprasangam* is commonly in vogue and it consists in narrating in a clear form the Puranic stories with, as we have mentioned, such other interesting original stories, criticisms and anecdotes suitable to the context and suggested by the fertile imagination of the individual actor.

The *Koodyattam*, as the name implies, requires more than one actor and a sort of miniature drama. The subject matter is

dealt with in finer literary form so that the cultured minds appreciate the performance better. The hero with the make up of the important actor chants the verses or slokas clearly, and dances, but does not explain their meaning. The Vidushaka, the humourous companion and confidential friend of the hero, who excites mirth by his quaint dress, speeches, gestures, appearances etc., and by allowing himself to be made the butt of ridicule by almost everybody, gives the meaning. He also coins stories of his own and freely uses them as in the *Kathaprasangam*. If there are two or three characters all of them appear simultaneously in the stage unlike the *Kathaprasangam*, where a single actor acts the part of all and carries on the narrative. The *Abhinaya* is accompanied by Tala and Mela, and musical instruments as Iddakka, Kuzhal, Sankha, Kuthupidavu, Kuzhithalam, etc., are required. The performance will last for one day or more according to the length of the story.

The *Manthrankam* is a sort of performance representing a King's consultative chamber. The rule is that this should last for 41 days. As in the *Koodyattam*, the hero and the Vidushaka have their place in this also.

The *Mathavilasam* illustrates the great God Maheswara's begging expedition. Here there is more of action by Angya and less of conversation.

As to the time when the Chakkyarkuthu was begun to be staged or when it became popular, there is not any clear evidence. But it is believed that this form of representational fine art was fully developed even at the time of the Perumal rule.

IV

The extent to which the Chakkyars had developed their histrionic talents and their genius to make things appear real and life-like are illustrated by an incident that happened in Trivandrum. There was one Ammanoor Parameswara Chakkyar, an unique actor who, by dint of his renown, was patronised by the Maharajas, Chiefs and other rich men of Malabar, Cochin and Travancore. This Chakkyar had once gone, on the invitation of H. H. Marthanda Varma Maharaja (who passed away in Q. E. 1036—1861 A. D.), to Trivandrum. One evening he went to the beach. Among several others the Hon'ble the Resident and his wife accompanied by their favourite dog, a fierce terrier, were also there. The animal, as is usual with the canine class, was going near the people and playfully smelling and licking their feet. But, when it went near Parameswara Chakkyar, he got terribly frightened and cried aloud, Oh! cursed dog! cursed dog!

The Resident and his wife, confident that no harm would be done, did not order the dog back. They stood aside laughing and witnessing the tamasha. The Chakkyar, finding himself helpless, played a clever ruse. As though to pick up a stone he bowed down, then stood erect and waved his right hand forward as when one throws a stone; but really did not throw any, only he enacted the whole show. The dog yelled as with pain and ran away. The Resident and his wife who were witnessing the thing were enraged at this, as they honestly thought and felt that their pet dog was being pelted at and that it was, therefore, crying with pain. They then enquired of the by-standers as to who the perpetrator of the crime was and was told that he was the Chakkyar who had come to Trivandrum on royal invitation. Thinking that it was improper to mete out any punishment without orders from His Highness the Maharaja, the Hon'ble the Resident proceeded to the palace. But coming to know that the Maharaja was in the palace airing, informally interviewed him and preferred the complaint. The Chakkyar was ordered to the presence of the Maharaja and questioned. The Chakkyar explained that he did not actually throw any stone, but only enacted a show of it. The Hon. Resident and his wife asserted that what the Chakkyar said was an ugly lie and that their dog could not have been frightened away if only a show was enacted.

The Maharaja feeling anxious as to how to get out of the difficulty, commanded the Chakkyar, "what have you to say in answer?"

"Let me see if I could satisfy the Sahib too" submitted the Chakkyar. He moved back a little and made a gesture as though he pulled out the heavy stone steps of the palace and threw the same right over the Sahib's head. The Sahib felt as if the stone had actually crushed his skull and cried aloud. "Ah! My Lord!", and fell down unconscious.

The lady too felt that the stone was flung at her husband and naturally was much perturbed. Some time elapsed before the Sahib regained consciousness, and he could speak only after a wash with cold water and exposure to the sea breeze.

The Sahib again raised his hands to make sure that the stone had not fallen on his head and exclaimed:— Our dog too might not have received the stone throw! I have not seen such a clever actor as he anywhere in Europe! That it has produced such a great actor, Kerala might well be proud of! I am sorry I dragged this matter before His Highness without waiting to know the truth, and I apologise to this unique actor for my hasty conduct."

The Sahib did not stop with the expression of regret, but also gave several valuable presents to the Chakkyar.

It was then time to depart and each was taking leave of the other when to the great rejoicing of the Sahib and his wife the dog too arrived gasping!

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It is to be pitied that such an useful institution, which, in addition to affording amusement, served as a medium of public criticism, has now fallen on evil days. Few men cultivate this art, due of course to want of proper encouragement which, in turn, is the result of changed environments. The old order has changed. The rulers and chiefs who patronised this art for various reasons, have not paid attention to these things, being busy with mere vital and fundamental matters affecting their very existence. Again, the Chakkyars have also misunderstood and exploited their functions. Their performance now-a-days is only a string of personal abuses, often mistaking vulgarity for witticism. But it is not difficult to bring back the institution to its old level of excellence, if only lovers of art in Kerala make up their minds.

What Shall We Read ?

BY PROF. DIWAN CHAND SHARMA



RECENTLY a writer wrote in one of the London Weeklies that on an average forty-nine books were published per day in England. Though a few of these books are of professional interest, most of them, I am sure, are meant for the general reader. And when we think of the general reader, we always conclude that he is interested in what is called light literature. He loves to read light fiction, such as thrillers, murder stories, detective stories, books of memoirs, and biographies. But mostly, it should be remembered, he reads light fiction, which means novels that are trivial and trashy; the sort of novels that are much in demand in circulating libraries. These novels, it should be borne in mind, are a peculiar product of this machine age of ours. They are built up on a very simple plan, and mostly they have to deal with the eternal triangle. The novelist first of all thinks of a hero and a heroine, and then he devises certain obstacles, which they must overcome before they are mated. These obstacles might arise from environment, heredity, social differences, temperamental diversities or other things. But they are there in one form or another, and it is these which make the story exciting and dramatic and interesting. If one were to analyse the plots of most of the novels that are published these days, one will find that mostly they conform to this kind of pattern.

But these novels have no enduring vitality. Most of them have a shorter life than one may imagine. They are like journalism of a very ephemeral kind. They have no value as literature, but probably they have some interest for us as a social phenomenon.

To be sure they are the peculiar products of the age in which we live. The man of to-day dreads nothing so much as boredom. He is, therefore, always ready to seek some kind of escape from it. Cheap fiction provides an easy escape, and so he welcomes it. He thus puts it on the same level as a talkie. He does not go to it to learn anything new, but he goes to it to forget himself, to get, as it were, out of his skin, to live so to say, not his own life, but to re-live in his imagination the life of some one else whom he admires or likes. Such books are, therefore, for him a kind of warrant of release from the prison house of his daily life, and he is glad of them.

But as is well known, books should not suggest a kind of escape from life. They should deepen and enlarge our experience of it. They should enable to lead life at a higher level of thinking, feeling and doing. In other words, they should enlarge the scope of our thoughts deepen our feelings, and give us a firmer grip on the problems that face us. All this we should learn from them unconsciously, as it were, and they should make us better men. This does not merely apply to books of fiction, but to all kinds of books; to poetry, biography, essays, books of criticism, history and science. It should not, however, be thought that what I have said above applies only to the reader of England and other countries in the west. It holds true, I believe, in the case of Indian readers as well. In reading, as in other matters, Indians ape the west. They generally acquire those tastes which their contemporaries in other countries practise. They feed themselves as much on cheap fiction as an English reader. They generally read the same kind of magazines and papers, which the men of the west do, and especially as Englishmen do. By saying this I do not mean to discourage the study of English literature on the part of Indians, but I wish to raise my feeble voice of protest against having our reading determined solely by what is being read and discussed in England at a particular time; that is to say, by reading and admiring exclusively those books which English readers show fondness for.

I said exclusively, and this is what requires to be explained. Good books know no geographical or political or racial barriers. Though they might be produced in one country, very soon they become the intellectual property of intelligent men all over the world. It will be futile to say that Russian fiction should be read only by Russians, and English poetry only by the English, nor is it proper to say that Ibsen and Brieux should be read only by their countrymen. Great writers, who write as it were in an international idiom and describe experiences, feelings and situations that are not provincial in their content, will be and should be read by Indians as well as others. But we should cease to be dominated entirely by cheap English fiction that is the rage of so-called educated Indians at present.

What shall we read then? I believe in this matter, as in several others, we should draw upon both the east and the west, or to put the same thing a little more obviously upon India as well as other countries. India is struggling at this time towards self-expression, and Indian writers are doing their best to reveal the soul of India in their writings. Most of them are trying their best to describe India as they see it in the pages of their books. Will it, therefore, not become us to read such books whether

they are done in the vernaculars or in English? Only by doing so can we give the necessary stimulus and encouragement to these writers, and unless we do this, we cannot expect any development and expression of our national consciousness in our literature. We must give the Indian writers a chance if we want to have a national literature, which reflects our conditions and seeks to face and express those problems which confront us. But this is probably something very difficult to do. How can we put aside our beloved writers of cheap English fiction?

But this has to be done sooner or later. We have not merely to read the books written by Indian writers, but also to buy those books. I wonder how many readers of this Magazine have cared to read Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru's *History of the World*? If Pandit Jawahar Lal Nehru had been born in any other country, and had written a book like that, he would have made a fortune out of it. But here in India I am not sure if the publishers have been able to recover their cost so far. Recently the Prabasi Press published two books *Eminent Americans whom Indians should know* and *Science and Religion* by Dr. J. T. Sunderland. It is true these books are by an American, but I believe the Doctor is as much interested in the welfare of Indians as any one of us. He is one of those men who has not only tried to serve India throughout his long life, but has also suffered and fought for it. But I wonder if many educated Indians have cared to read these books, which are full of priceless lessons for us! In the same way, I am not sure if many Indians have cared to read Dr. Beni Pershad's *Democratic Process*. The publishers of this book confessed to me rather sadly that the book had had better sales outside India than in this country. I have singled out these instances at random. There are many eminent Indians writing at present on all kinds of subjects, and their books compare favourably with the best books of the type produced elsewhere, but I am not sure if the educated men in India ever bother about them. How can they, when they are bent upon devoting all their leisure to cheap fiction and wish to invest a considerable part of their savings in trashy novels?

Tagore in the Home of "The Scholar."

BY N. LAKSHMANAN



MAHAKAVI Rabindranath Tagore is well-known as the inspirer and apostle of the Renaissance in Bengal; but his kinship with similar movements in other parts of India is not equally well-known to the public. As a member of Tagore's travelling party in South India, I had several glimpses of his spontaneous admiration for any manifestation of creative activity in art, literature and science. I have elsewhere traced his familiarity with some of the culture-products of the ancient Tamils which he acquired by contact with his life-long friend, Dr. Ananda K. Coomaraswamy. The pilgrimage to Java gave Tagore the social and artistic background for his noble endeavour to rescue dancing from unworthy hands.

Bliss was it to witness Tagore's Buddhist play *Natir-pooja* (The Worship of the Dancing Girl) at his Jorosanko house in Calcutta (1927); and last year he revisited Madras in the role of the "Stage-manager" of his own superb Dance Drama *Shop-mochan* ("Saupa Vimochanam" or Redemption). It was inspiring to see the Sage of Santiniketan in this new aspect. A courageous reformer all his life, he seemed to set the Adyar river on fire by enabling the grown up men and lady students of Visva-Bharati to take part in dancing which is, more or less, a close preserve of the nautch-girls. When I met Gurudev at the Theosophical Society, Adyar, it was easy to see that the *Kathakali* had endeared him to the ancient land of Parasu Rama. Palghat, the gate of Malabar and the home of the well-conducted *Scholar* Magazine, was hailed as the Indian Oxford or Cambridge by Rishi Geddes who saw it in 1916 as the Town-planning expert to the Government of Madras. Of all places in Malabar, Palghat had the first privilege of inviting Tagore in 1919. A casual reference suddenly revealed Tagore's revived memories of Palghat. The unexpected incident is worth recording.

Mallappa Natarajan of Kollegal got Tagore's blessing for reciting Carnatic songs in a carefully trained melodious voice. Natarajan and those present were then agreeably surprised to hear Tagore burst with a Canarese song, almost reminiscent of

the fruitful sojourn years ago at Karwar and Mysore. I added that though Natarajan belongs to Mysore, he was staying at Palghat with the twin object of keeping terms in the Victoria College and learning music from a local Bagavathar. Thereupon Gurudev at once recollected his visit to Palghat in 1919 and sportively remarked:—

“Probably, this young musician was not born when we visited Palghat.”

Long live *The Scholar*.

Birds of a Feather Flock Together.

BY F. H. ALDHOUSE



HERE is a chill always before dawn. Now that I am an old man it wakes me up in the morning. In the winter I get up; in summer I pull an extra blanket over me and fall asleep again.

The morning I write of I felt it more keenly than usual as I drove home in the twilight before sunrise. I am a doctor and had just come from a death-bed. A young man I had known since he was a baby, indeed helped into this world, had met with a bad motor accident. As you no doubt know, when the body is not sufficiently broken to cause death, none the less shock will do this, and sometimes shock can be conquered. I had sat up with the boy, I had done all that surgery and medicine can do—I had failed. As the east faintly shone, my patient had faded out of life. I had to break the news to his widowed mother, he was her only son. It is part of a physician's duty to do this, but I have never got accustomed to doing it. I gave directions to some neighbours, who had sat up with her, shook her stone-cold hand and got out beaten in my struggle with Death.

It is impossible not to reflect on the futility of life at such times. As I drove along the silent deserted road there was nothing to distract my attention from what I had just seen. There was, however, an occasional bird disturbed by my passage, it flew out of one shadow into another.

“So,” I thought, “is our passage through life. We are in the shadow; for an instant our flight is in the light, then back into the shadow we go.”

On, back to Clonmethan, my old mare Shela jogged contentedly. I held the reins loosely in my hand, leaving her to make her steady way. Suddenly, Shela stopped dead in her tracks, nearly throwing me out of my seat and rousing me out of my mournful reflections which had become a half waking dream.

I looked to see what had checked her and this is what I saw.....

In the tree-shadowed field beside the church of St. Mary the bright gold of sunbeams shone, although the sun was yet below the horizon. A number of young people were dancing with extraordinary animation and vivacity, hand in hand the dance we call rinke-foda (round dance) in Ireland. They were not beings of clay, so light their passing feet that not a blade of grass bent as they passed.

The music rang softly as the breeze of dawn, sweetly as the magic sunlight. I felt my very being respond to its call of Joy. My heart just now so sad, echoed its ecstasy but what was most poignant, most wonderful, amongst the foremost of the dancers was Lenny Brennon—the boy from whose death bed I had just come! I cannot tell you how long I watched but as the sun rose the Faerie sunlight became one with the sunrays of the dawn and the dancers with one final spring rose in the air but did not sink down again. All were gone but one.

It was Lenny who remarked—"There are many mansions in our Father's house, doctor. The one I am in is exactly where I would wish to be. I loved to dance. I can do so always. I loved laughter, it is mine. I desired Beauty it is my portion. Do not tell mother in Whose company I am, she would not understand. but you may tell her I am eternally happy, that you know it. She will believe you."

I did and she was much comforted. To each of us is a perfect fulfilment of our existence. All things reach their level. The Fairy Host are the Company fit for many of the Young. Their cup of Happiness may not be a large one, but it is filled to the very brim with Joy. As a man thinks and loves he becomes.....

The laughter and the dancing
The courting and the song,
These to the Fairy people
Are proper and belong.

To some are far horizons
Vision and service here,
These for the older spirits
Provides a purpose dear.

But for the merry hearted
Childhood their lot shall be,
And Fairyland their Paradise
The life of gaiety.

Of Books on Homoeopathy.

BY P. V. AGHORAM AIYAR



WHEN I began to realise Homoeopathy as a unique and as the only valuable and worthwhile system of treatment and when a love for Homoeopathic knowledge grew in my heart, the study of that literature became my concern and I fell to studying several books from it. I would consider my purpose served, if in sharing my experience with the reader, in the present article, I have helped him to make his own choice without the difficulties I experienced.

No one can know anything useful in Homoeopathy without a mastery of the "Organon" of Samuel Hahnemann. Dr. J. T. Kent calls it "The first book for the student to study and the last book for the practiser of the healing art to ponder over." Each time you go into its paragraphs and meditate upon their significance, new phases of the truth flash into your mind. This book is to Homoeopathy what the sutras of Veda Vyasa are to Vedanta. I would link with this original treatise, Kent's "Lectures on Homoeopathic Philosophy" which is an illuminating commentary on the "Organon". You understand the "Organon" better in the light of the commentary. When you make your departure from Allopathic knowledge, several points will be raised in your mind regarding the principles of Homoeopathy and Dr. Kent anticipates your difficulties and gives you most excellent guidance. Without a conviction gained by you as to the immortal truth of the principles of Homoeopathy from these two books your success in the Homoeopathic Healing art will be indifferent; you are apt to be an easy going eclectic, a mongre'ist, a decoctionist, an administrator of crude tinctures and compound tablets and an alarmed opportunist. You will never know the implication of the great truth stated by Hahnemann, "Treat the patient, not the disease", which is the last word on medical wisdom; and unless you have a perception of the truth that disease cause is invisible and is a disturbance of the innermost economy of man, and an affection of the vital dynamis, you cannot grasp the rationale of the use of the individualised remedy and the potentised remedy. When you have these things well fixed up in your mind, you become competent to judge of the value of the Homoeopathic Materia Medica wherein the provings of the drugs and their evolved therapeutic uses are given.

There are several books on Homoeopathic Materia Medica. One must not imagine that any one book on the subject will

suffice for practical purposes. Many of the writers are highly gifted and have left the marks of their originality on their work. There are some writings which are featureless and are in the nature of compilations. I have not yet read Hahneman's "Materia Medica Pura" of which no new edition has come out nor the "Practical part of his chronic diseases" of which again, there is no new edition. From "Condensed Materia Medica" by Hering, I am able to see that the ten volumes of his "Guiding Symptoms of Our Materia Medica" are the Encyclopedic source of the knowledge of our Materia Medica. No new edition is available of these volumes, but they would be a very valuable addition to one's Homoeopathic library; next in order of importance but equal to Hering as a classical treatise on Materia Medica, I would mention Dr. J. T. Kent's "Lectures on Homoeopathic Materia Medica" and Dr. Kent's "Lesser Writings, New Remedies, etc.", the latter of which is a magnificent volume, giving some of the deepest and the most intimate things that Kent knew of Homoeopathy. Various parts of this book are also a popular exposition of the principles of Homoeopathy. The one merit of Kent's Materia Medica is that it drops technicalities of expression and keeps in view the need of even lay men for the use of Homoeopathic knowledge. It gives graphic pictures like cinema views of the symptoms developed by drugs when proved on the healthy. The practiser of the Homoeopathic healing art, these inevitable pictures of Dr. Kent help more than any other study in finding the correspondence or the similimum of the drug symptoms and making an accurate prescription. The clinical experience of Dr. Kent was extensive; he was a *creator* and brought into vogue the ascending scale of potencies and gave us the rationale about them. Many of the phenomenal cures of Homoeopathy we owe to the innovations of Dr. Kent. You never get the genius of Homoeopathy without a highly developed sense of Humanity; of this you find striking evidence in the writings of Dr. Kent. His humanity shines through every page. All that Dr. Kent knew and taught through his books, we have to make our own, if we must successfully use our knowledge of Materia Medica. The very fullness and elaboration of Dr. Kent is sometimes his handicap, and one is apt to feel a sense of getting lost in the multiplicity of details. But the Homoeopathic healing art calls for the clearest knowledge of fundamental principles and the surest grasp of all the wealth of detail. When you read Kent, you sometimes feel that he might have had an eye for brevity.

I would match with Kent, another great writer on Materia Medica namely Dr. Farrington. He is quite a genius and his writings are marked by perspicacity and wonderful power of analysis. It was to me an intellectual treat to study this book. I would

first thank the Indian Publishers of this book for correcting the numerous errors in print that appear in it. On many doubtful and debatable points I have found this book silent. Some remedies are favourites with each writer, probably they had more clinical uses for them. Farrington has his own favourites. His treatment of the Ophidian Kingdom leaves nothing to be desired, but he has not reached the same level of excellence everywhere, nor has he paid as close attention to the examination of mental symptoms as Dr. Kent; while his grouping and comparison of remedies is interesting they do not in many cases offer sufficient guidance for want of the *clinching* detail. Nor is the book of much value for the treatment of chronic ailments. With all its defects it is a great classic, and whosoever has plunged into it has got rich treasures out of it.

Dr. E. B. Nash's "Leaders in Homoeo Therapeutics" is not in any sense a full treatise on Materia Medica. It is a very popular book, and being less costly than the bigger books it commands the widest sale. The book which practically introduced me to Homoeopathy was this. I consider this writer a genius who pointedly draws the reader's attention to the things he wants to say. He is the opposite of Dr. Kent in that he is so brief. I wish he were full. He had extensive clinical experience ranging over forty years and was one of the greatest Homoeopathic Physicians of America. Whatever he has written is worth its weight in gold. I would not think money ill-spent to purchase all his books. His "Leaders in Homoeo Therapeutics" is his *Magnum opus*, but he has half a dozen other books to his credit. "The testimony of the clinic", "Leaders in Typhoid", "Regional Leaders", "How to take the Case", "Sulphur" and "Respiratory Organs" are his other treatises. His analysis of the symptoms of drugs is perfect and his clinical experiences often stated throughout his writings furnish most instructive material to the student. It is a pity that amidst his professional labours, he could not construct a complete Materia Medica. This man is a Homoeopath, pure and simple, and he will tolerate no adulterations, no mongrelism, no eclecticism. No body should make the mistake of thinking any of his books to be complete, lest he should be handicapped in giving a quick turn to an acute sickness by an accurate prescription. In a case of Pneumo-typhoid where most of the symptoms of phosphorus remained, but the expectoration was not *rusty* as stated in Nash, on the other hand thick, white and tenacious, I held back from giving phosphorus for a while but after examination of the matter in Kent's "Repertory", decided in favour of phosphorus, and the result was wonderful.

I have Dunham's Materia Medica, but must own to a sense of disappointment over the book. In my opinion, it is too costly

a book for India. There are so few remedies in it, while our *Materia Medica* is expanding. Even all the polychrests are not treated in the book. There are a few general lectures on the principles of Homoeopathy which are valuable. They are more helpful to an allopath who is resisting the principles of Homoeopathy than to one who is established in his convictions about Homoeopathy. The exposition of the *principles* is superb; The aid to be derived from it for a proper study of the *Materia Medica* is not much. Dunham was a reputed and careful prescriber. It is a valuable book to keep and use in a big Homoeopathic library, but not an indispensable book to one of modest means. Dr. Boericke's *Materia Medica* or Dr. Couperthwaite's *Materia Medica* are not likely to be of much help in practice, if they were the only books one possessed; amongst other books of reference they have their own value, but I cannot place them in the front rank. Dr. Adolph Lippe's *Materia Medica* which was a favourite with Dr. Nash I have not read. I have so high a regard for the correctness of Dr. Nash's judgment that I would like to try conclusions with that book. I am waiting for the opportunity.

I should say that many of the English writers on Homoeopathy have disappointed me. Dr. Richard Hughes, one of the earliest converts to Homoeopathy, was a contemporary of Hahnemann in his later days. He has prodigious learning, and has given evidence of his tireless research in his two books; but of those characteristic *differentia* of Homoeopathy he has so little grasp. Like an Indian purohit who enters into the dry technicalities of Vedantic theories, but avoids getting a vital grasp of its fundamental principles, Dr. Hughes gives a vast wealth of details gathered with infinite patience, but the potentised remedy is a stumbling block to our friend. Indeed, he combats Hahnemann for the advocacy of the potentised remedy, because there is no drug presence in it. Had he lived in the days of Kent, when the highest conceivable potencies came into vogue, he must have taken leave of Homoeopathy for good. I know of no *materia medica* so valueless from the Homoeopathic point of view as this stupendous work of a conscientious scholar, and I have devoted several days of my time to the study of this work! It enabled me to understand the rather thick-skulled Englishman's difficulties in the perceptions of subtle Homoeopathic truths. In his "English Traits", Emerson says "The English are impious in their scepticism of a theory or a principle, but they kiss the dust before a fact". Dr. Ruddock, a favourite writer with careless and indifferent practisers of the Homoeopathic Healing art in India, writes much that is valuable as regards the general nature and the pathology of diseases, but gives practically no help in prescribing a Homoeopathic remedy for cure. He is no better than

Dr. Richard Hughes, though to the credit of Dr. Hughes, it must be mentioned, that he has treated all the important drugs of our *Materia Medica*.

With the aid of Ruddock's books you may become a good *diagnostician*, but as Kent says, "*the more accurate the diagnosis, the more inaccurate the prescription*". The point is, that this writer whose clear-headedness, I consider valuable, goes the wrong way about in understanding Homoeopathy. I would not consider these books indispensable to one of modest means, not even to one who has means enough, but only wants to learn the healing art, and not to learn all things written on Homoeopathy or in the name of Homoeopathy. Dr. Burnett's books have a strong modern journalistic flair about them. His "New cure for consumption", "Curability of Tumors", "Enlarged tonsil" etc. are all interesting reading, but Homoeopathy pure and simple is not *very far* advanced in them, and the clinical cases mentioned by him show that in the hands of great and skilful prescribers like Dr. Kent, they should have come round much earlier and with much greater ease and comfort to the patient. His positive contribution to Homoeopathy is the proving of the nosode "Tuberculinum" and he lives in the Homoeopathic world more through it than through his books.

Dr. John H. Clarke's "Dictionary of *Materia Medica*" in three big volumes, covering over 2500 pages is about the best treatise on Homoeopathic *Materia Medica* written by any English Homoeopath. Though with regard to the polychrests and the well-known constitutional remedies of Homoeopathy, the scheme of this work and even the language is very like that of Dr. Herring's condensed *Materia Medica*, it is several times more useful to the Homoeopathic practitioner or the lover of Homoeopathy than the latter, as it is a very complete *Materia Medica*; all the drugs proved in Homoeopathy, and even those in vogue though not fully proved are carefully treated by the author. Under the head of "Characteristics", Dr. Clarke has referred to the typical therapeutic uses of various Homoeopathic drugs as evolved in the clinics of Homoeopathic physicians. It is more a book of reference than a treatise, for the mastery of the special characteristics of each drug. The absence of a narrative style takes away from its value to the student of Homoeopathy. But these three volumes in combination with Dr. Kent's *Materia Medica* and the lesser remedies would be a very helpful library equipment to a Homoeopath. But I find his repertory a very poor performance for its price. It is very much less in value than even Constantine Lippe's Cheap Repertory; and I likewise find his "Prescriber" a disappointing book.

I cannot leave the English Homoeopaths without mentioning a remarkable living writer, named Mr. Ellis Barker. He is not a professional, but a profound Homoeopath and a well-known social worker and writer on several topics. He is a member of the new health society. His books are really fascinating to the student. I would gladly introduce a stranger with insensate prejudices and too high an opinion of himself, to the books of this writer. He will be delighted and profited by the study of his "Miracles of Healing" in which several of the most extraordinary cures made by Homoeopaths are recorded from authentic sources, and his "Good Health and Happiness" which is the most illuminating treatise on the subject of health written without the prejudices of a professional. I have not yet read his two Books on "Cancer" but I know he has cured several cases on cancer and palliated most. Among other writers, must be mentioned, the queer Dr. Thomas Skinner sometime assistant of Sir James Simpson, for twenty seven years an allopath, and for another twenty seven years a Homoeopath. He lived on to ripe old age and died at seventy-nine. He has written a treatise on "Homoeopathy and gynecology". His conversion came as a result of a marvellous cure he himself had for Insomnia, and he thinks that the greatest claim of Homoeopathy is, that it treats several of the ailments of women non-surgically and with the best efficacy and saves women's modesty.

I should not omit to mention the Indian Chouduri, who has written a real solid work on Materia Medica. His repertory added to the work is valuable. He has dealt with more remedies than many other authors; his treatment of the polychrests is satisfactory so far as it goes, but it is not full. The characteristic symptoms of each drug are well brought out in his work. After all is said and done, Dr. Kent's Materia Medica remains the treasure-house of Homoeopathic wisdom and its unique greatness consists in the fact that no other work gives us such deep insight into the character of the deep acting, long acting constitutional remedies of Homoeopathy. Dr. Kent was a mystic and medical man rolled into one. He was a Swedorborgian in his religious convictions and a faithful pupil of Hahnemann in the healing art. By his mighty genius he fitted the one into the other, and found the elevating uses of both in the combination. The three great master-minds of Homoeopathy are Hahnemann, Constantine Hering, and Kent.

Some Aspects of Milk-Supply in Relation to Infant Feeding in Our Cities.

BY Y. V. S. IYER, L.T.C., (Hons.) F.R.S.A., (Lond.)



It is a matter of common knowledge that the well-being of infants, growing children and adolescents, depends upon an ideal diet, a perfectly balanced one, the selection of which forms a problem of the greatest importance in the modern studies in Nutrition. The recent researches, conducted in this direction in various parts of the world, have shown that the growing body has more urgent needs for the adequate amount of proteins, fats, carbohydrates, vitamins and minerals like the salts of Calcium and Phosphorus in organic combination than has the adult body and suffers when supplied with dietaries which are markedly deficient in these. There is an abundant evidence based upon sound experiment and observation to say that milk is an exceptionally valuable food during the whole period of growth; it would seem, indeed, that apart from the merits which would be expected from its known constituents, namely, its high quality of proteins, its content of easily assimilable fats and carbohydrates, its richness in salts of lime and phosphorus, its less abundant vitamins, milk possesses certain subtle qualities due to some special combination among the constituents to have formed an ideal food, capable of supporting growth.

Thus, our thinking of the special needs of the young, raises an important question of a far-reaching character with respect to the supply of milk in our cities. Considering the great attention now being given, in many parts of the world, to the production of milk and the measures to be adopted to maintain its wholesomeness and purity with special reference to the economic factors involved also, is it not to be hoped that enquiries on similar lines should extend in our Empire, specially in the urban area, where there has been a teeming population in the recent years, as to whether the existing methods of production and distribution of this important food material to the general public are conducive and wholesome and whether the quantity now available is adequate?

To speak of the merits of milk, it is enough to quote the classical and extensive experiments carried out by Corry Mann in 1928 in London and by many others in Scotland, United States,

New Zealand, Japan and lately on a smaller scale in Russia and other many important centres of Research, including India, and the convincing conclusions arrived at by these groups of workers. Added to this bulk of evidence, the system of supplying extra quantity of milk, recently introduced in Great Britain by its Educational Authorities, to school children and the opinions expressed by Sir F. G. Hopkins, the President of the Royal Society, London, and Dr. H. Chick of the Lister Institute of Preventive Medicine, the two famous living authorities on the subject of Nutrition, during the recent lectures delivered before the Royal Society of Arts, in an unequivocal manner regarding the necessity of including milk in diet and its superiority over many others, clearly displays the important role that milk is bound to play in the building up of the future nations.

The composition and qualities of milk, representing as they do, Nature's own effort to provide primarily a food complete in itself for the young ones, support the modern claims concerning the complexity of nutritional needs. Of the many factors that the recent researches have revealed as essential, all or nearly all, are contained in it. Its qualities are doubtless specially adjusted to the period of growth and since growth does not cease with infancy alone, even in later periods of growth, if milk constitutes a portion of the diet, it adds something of quite a special value.

Thus, to sum up the above and put it in a nut-shell, it can be said that pure milk is a vital necessity of the young and no other food can take its place; the qualities and properties of milk being peculiar to itself and definitely related to the peculiar digestive powers of the infants and the precise requirements on which structural and functional developments depend. As is well known, it is when the mother's milk is not available or is of a defective quality, as so frequently happens at the present time, due to the incidence of anaemia and the like, the infant becomes entirely dependent upon the milk of some animal, generally the cow being selected in preference over others. As it is not intended to deal with the chemical aspects here, the reasons underlying for the selection of cow's milk in place of human milk are omitted. In short, it could be said that the resemblance being very close when compared with others, the provision of pure cow's milk is only one of the important measures necessary for the providing of the infant with adequate food. It must, however, be pointed out that even cow's milk, when it forms a substitute feeding, cannot be given without altering its composition by dilution and addition of certain of its ingredients. Besides, in the case of young children, as many have advocated, the milk should always constitute a large proportion of the daily food;

therefore, a plentiful supply of cow's milk, pure and of good quality, is an absolute essential to the rearing of a healthy and strong people, equipped in regard to physical-structure and with those powers of resistance to moderate adversity of environment, which constitute the determining factor in relation to health or disease for a very large proportion of the population.

However, when we come to consider the present condition of milk, as now being generally supplied, we are at once confronted with the fact that nothing in the urban area is so comparatively rare as milk which is pure, reasonably clean and of good quality. It is, of course, possible to obtain pure, fresh milk, produced hygienically and supplied under proper conditions, namely, in sealed bottles in a few cities, but the milk thus produced and supplied constitutes, at present, a minute fraction of the total supply. Further, when we consider the details involved in the production, collection and delivery of milk in the cities, the conditions are so hopelessly bad, the ignorance and carelessness displayed on all sides are so great that, no tangible improvement can be attained without instituting radical alterations by that Department of Health and the Municipal Bodies who are directly concerned with the health of the populace. Even here, the active co-operation, of the public with the authorities concerned, only could prove effective because by mere enforcement of legislation alone, it is not possible to eradicate such existing evils in the social conditions of the people.

Moreover, if we just survey and try to get a picture of the situation, we find that invariably the place where cows are kept is exceedingly filthy; the cow-shed is dirty in the greatest majority of the cases; it is insanitary in the extreme; the drainage and ventilation arrangements could scarcely be worse; everything is soiled with cow-dung, urine, dirty fodder, etc., and the cows, themselves, are covered with filth, dried-dung being its chief constituent and besides, the floor on which these animals stand is covered with an oozing mass of excreta. It need hardly be said that under such conditions, the cows appear to be far from healthy. They seem, in general, to look ill and out of condition. With the introduction of the various artificial fodders like the Oil-cakes, Brewer's grains etc., which have a definitely prejudicial effect on the quality of milk, especially when it is intended for the use of infants and invalids, the usual wholesome food is excluded from the dietary of these animals. These scarcely are fed with green grass, appraised to be an essential in the dietary of these animals, on account of prohibitive cost and difficulty of obtaining it in the urban area.

In addition to all these, in the person of the milkers, who are invariably clumsily dressed, and in all the details of milking, no opportunity of contaminating the milk would seem to be lost. The milkers and the vendors, invariably, fail to keep the milk covered or protected from dust during the storage and at the time of vending in the streets and even at the time of supplying the houses. Most of us are familiar with the sight of such containers being carried by these milkmen in the dusty streets without lids. It is, thus, no exaggeration to say that dirt and dust have been found in numerous cases.

In consequence of the contaminated condition of the milk, as commonly supplied, various methods have been advocated in order to destroy the innumerable micro-organisms, mostly of Pathogenic nature, and thus protect infants and others from effects of contamination. These methods, primarily, include the boiling or sterilising of milk, known scientifically as "Pasteurisation" which has come to be regarded as a desirable practice, typical of sanitary advance and medical progress. Such methods, no doubt, sound well with the principles of general scientific procedure. But, when the health of the infants and invalids is involved, such a treated milk does not give the desired health to them, this food-material having been irretrievably spoiled by such a treatment, definitely destroying elements essential to nutrition. Whilst the interference with the natural process of digestion is so great that the infant fed for any considerable period on such a treated milk suffers severely from malnutrition, directly arising from atrophy of the digestive glands, a point which has been over-looked by a great majority. On this much discussed question of the merits and demerits of Pasteurisation opinions, among the authorities, have greatly differed. However, as has rightly been pointed out by Sir F. G. Hopkins, in such an event where it does affect the nutritional value to a slight extent, might be of a negligible nature, it is a sound policy to encourage the practice of giving orange juice or its equivalent to all milk-fed infants, an important fact to be borne in mind by all, beneficially, in this connection.

There is, thus, a dire need to consider this important question. Milk is a natural article and the business of the milker and the milk-vendor is to supply it in its pure and natural condition. There is only one way by which clean milk can be obtained, namely, by ensuring cleanliness and sanitation from the time of its production to its delivery and giving special attention to the peculiar hygienic precautions indicated by the different grades of milk. Therefore, the present unsatisfactory and baneful system must certainly be checked by the legislature. The continued neglect in this direction, constitutes a deliberate offence in the

accepted Code of Public Health Measures and therefore to free one's self from such a guilt, these methods require to be dealt with in a manner which shall leave offenders in no doubt as to the public view of the nature of their offence. It has become an intolerable evil and should receive immediate attention by the nation.

May we all hope that the Imperial Agricultural Research Council tackles this vital problem and gives a lead to the other local authorities concerned and thus come to the rescue of thousands and thousands of our infants that die annually but are classed under that mysterious heading "Infantile Mortality" which is partly due to this baneful system of the milk-supply carried under highly insanitary conditions?

The Pleasure of Pictures.

THOUGHTS ON THE TRIVANDRUM GALLERY

BY MARGARET E. COUSINS, B. Mus.



IVE a person a book and the first thing he will do is to turn its pages to look for the illustrations. The pictures attract him more than the prose. That is because man gets his sensations more directly by sight than by other senses, and mankind has a natural love for colour and form as focusses and quickly available to his appreciation in pictures.

In Europe and America, every city has one or more picture galleries to meet the natural desire of its residents for the pleasure of looking at pictures. The picture gallery is the civic illustration of the human document of daily life. In India the rock cave temples of Buddhist times, the palaces and the Hindu temples were for centuries the picture books of the people—storehouses of the beauty which skill causes to flow from the creative imagination of artists who worked in paints, or stone, or wood.

For the last two hundred years the Indian painters of pictures seemed to have gone to sleep. But today they have wakened up. They have rubbed their eyes, looked around and briskly set to work again. The result is a new and fresh out-put of original and beautiful pictures and the Indian public is asking everywhere, "Let us see our pictures, the new ones first, and let us revive our knowledge of the old ones". The result is that exhibitions of pictures held for a couple of weeks in the chief cities of Provinces and Indian States have for some years past been very popular. People have visited them in crowds and have asked for more. Permanent collections of good pictures have been added to Government schools of art in several provinces and certain Princes in Indian States have made private collections or placed a painting section in their museums.

Travancore State, however, has been the first where the State Government have founded a permanent Picture Gallery in a building of its own for the use of the general public, has provided for its dignified upkeep, and takes the responsibility of fostering its future growth, all in order to "provide enjoyment, education and development of artistic taste," for the public. It has been truly described as "a great act of spiritual statesmanship," and Travancoreans may well be proud of their Royal Family who initiated the scheme of their Government Officials who approved

of it and of the two men who gathered the paintings, got their locations re-modelled for them, and hung them so beautifully and cleverly,—all taking place within ten months!

Has ever a picture gallery had such an environment? It stands at the foot of a hill which is crowned by a noble structure in strict Travancore style of architecture—the Trivandrum Museum, wherein are specimens of the infinite designs of mother nature in bird and animal life, in minerals and woods, and specimens of the diversity of the designing power of humanity in crafts, dress and jewellery and household arts. The spacious grounds of the Museum are picturesquely laid out with flower beds, distinctive and fine trees and large ponds. Thus it stands surrounded with the world of design of the Divine Botanist, but that is not enough. These grounds are utilised as the State Zoo, and in approaching the gallery ("Sri Chitralayam") we pass the pens, pits, ponds, exercise-grounds of birds and animals small and large which are veritable palettes of colours and copy-books of God's craze for varied designs,—from pelicans and porcupines, from owls and orioles and otters, to great black bears, amazingly striped tigers, (calmly enjoying themselves under trees), great maned lions, until just beside the gallery, the antlers and the spotted coats of the sambur and deer rise to the unbelievable form and design of the two great giraffes who say "Good-day" to us just as we turn into the Gallery garden ablaze with cannas.

A fine pillared portico leads to the Reception Hall of the Bungalow which was an ordinary residence but which has been remarkably well reconstructed to give wall space sufficient for 160 pictures by means of covering in verandah open spaces knocking down partition walls, creating windows near ceilings, taking away doors, etc. The organiser has been fortunate in securing charming tints of cream for walls, rich browns for all wood work and line design and a harmonising buff colour as background for the pictures. The effect of these tones with the red tiled floors and judicious groupings of palms and plants is entirely charming. The shapes of the rooms are irregular and this adds variety to the possibilities of grouping. The Bungalow is in two parts, one of which is two storied and this latter has worked out most successfully for displaying large and long murals from Ajanta and Bagh caves and the Cochin and Travancore temples, on the high stairway and passage walls. The large original pictures of Rajah Ravi Varma also there find their fitting wall space and dignity.

There are ten rooms whose varying sizes, Dr. Cousins has skilfully used for displaying pictures of different categories or schools in classified groups. Number one room starts with the

masters of the Bengal Renaissance School, number two with paintings of its younger members, number three with modern painters, outside Bengal. The two storied part of the bungalow houses the Indo-European and earlier styles of pictures. These oil paintings are very rich in their effect, and fit in peculiarly well with the unique collection of copies of mural frescoes which are shown together in chronological sequence, for the first time linking up the art of Kerala with that of Central and North India.

Hand in hand with beauty one walks backwards through time in moving through these remarkable rooms. The use of the annotated catalogue is absolutely necessary to get satisfaction of the mind in addition to pleasure of the eye, for no picture is completely self-explanatory. In itself the catalogue compiled by the organiser is a Text-book on Indian Painting and should be most valuable to schools of art and students of culture.

The State symbol of the conch shell in gilt ornaments the outer walls and challenges attention while entering. It seems strikingly appropriate therefore that the two first pictures by the entry door are of sea subjects, one of the foamy blue of the Bay of Bengal with Chaitanya and muscians on the sea shore full of joy and praise at the return of the saint from the sea, and the other the cosmic ocean of the waves of the air on which God Indra is riding forth driving his powers (as Celestial Beings) as crests of waves to defeat his enemy. The master-painters, respectively Nanda Lal Bose and Promode Chatterji, thus launch the gallery on a very high standard of the imaginative painting art. Roy Chauduri repeats the sea motif at the other end of the hall with a realistic picture of the Madras Marina and its Catamaran owner finishing his day's work.

It would be impossible to give a description of the gems of the collection—but Chughtai's trio must be pointed out, and the versatility of Gogonendranath Tagore's styles, and paintings on silk and realistic landscapes and subjects representing the way Art leaps over barriers of caste and community. The choice of favourites will depend on the spectator but there are enough varieties to please everybody, if only the use of the catalogue, leisurely observation, and an open mind, heart, and eye, are brought to the new gallery.

Of course the Chitralayam is not perfect; of course it might have had quite a different scheme of display; of course all one's favourite painters are not represented in it; of course visitors cannot appreciate it fully at a first visit. But it is itself only the first sketch of a great picture to be completed in the future; its details have to be worked up; its lighting particularly needs much

thought, expenditure and improvement; it will attract more valuable compositions to it as years go by. But its lay out is fundamentally correct; its selection has been most sincerely, impersonally and artistically made within the limitations of finance available; its dedication opening was a work of art in itself—that synthesis of the young Hindu Maharaja, his venerable Muslim Dewan, his artist organiser the Celtic poet, his archaeologist executive, and behind all the Shakti, the Queen Mother, that group passing from the ornate pandal to the chaste gallery, will remain as an ever-living picture in the memory.

Venezelos.

BY S. V. RAMANUJAM, B.A.



AMONGST contemporaries who have strenuously worked for the welfare of Greece, the name of Venizelos occupies a prominent place. Politician, Statesman, and Pacifist, he lived to create many reputations within a life time. M. Venizelos was born in 1864. He had his early education in Athens and returned to Crete as a lawyer at a time when Turkish misrule was at its height. As in his early days, so now in his manhood, good fortune followed him in the matter of genial associates and happy comrades. He took an active part, a few years after his return in the Akrohii insurrection which brought powers to Crete. Immediately after disorders subsided, his political opponents on the island demonstrated so fiercely that he and his fellow leaders were in grave danger of their lives.

A few years later, Venizelos was proclaimed a national hero. The Turks were supplanted by a High Commissioner in Crete in the person of Prince George. His high-handed action resulted in Venizelos forming an army against him and thus defying the powers in the Therisso revolt. As a sequel to this, the prince fled and shortly after, Crete was united to Greece. His work at Crete was finished. There were greater opportunities for his patriotism in Mother Greece. He landed there in January, 1910, and became a Premier in a few months.

The King was not eager to meet the man who had been largely responsible for the King's son's flight from Crete. However, the feeling of the King changed when Venizelos averted an impending revolution and brought back to Greece, the banished Crown Prince, Constantine. Thus Venizelos settled down as a Premier comfortably.

With the Great War his trouble began again as Constantine had become King and the latter began to thwart the Allies completely. Prince Constantine had a thorough training in the German army. He firmly believed that Germany was invincible. He sacrificed the real interests of Greece and let the country become a field for German espionage and propaganda. The actual alliance between Greece and Germany gradually developed.

Venizelos could not bear these dealings with Germany. He fully sympathised with the Allies. He put forth his protests eloquently and informed the King the destructive results of his

connection with Germany. King Constantine would not listen to his advice. This resulted in Venizelos' dismissal from State service.

Venizelos refused to accept defeat. Just as he had done previously, he chose Crete as his headquarter and Salonika as an important centre. All his plans succeeded. He entered Salonika as the head of the army of national defence. He was greeted and welcomed as the saviour of the country. The King and Queen rushed for safety to Switzerland.

Greece had to enter into war on behalf of her allies. Venizelos was overwhelmed in the election of 1920. Instead of being rewarded for all he had done, he was execrated. He had been away from his country for three years securing war concessions, treaties &c. to Greece. The immediate result of the election was the return of Constantine to the throne.

Since giving up his office in 1932 Venizelos has spent most of his time out of Greece. The sincerity of his patriotism is not denied even by his enemies. Venizelos has no sense of humour. He has been vily accused of vanity and of being selfish. He is accused of making mistakes in choosing subordinates. Opponents distrust him. The most cardinal reason, perhaps, however, for the outbreaks of hostility that has marked the career of Venizelos is probably to be found in the blind and unreasonable prejudice and provincialism of old Greece towards foreigners.

Flora Diva Hiberniae.

——:o:——

O Marigold, O Marigold,
The sun within your heart you hold,
His glory your bright petals fold.

The blossoms fade, they may not stay
The Light Divine abides for aye,
God is revealed from day to day.

Time wars on beauty all in vain,
The lovely go, Love will remain,
Only the shadows shall be slain.

— *F. H. Aldhouse.*

———



A LAMBADI WOMAN

From a sketch by Mr. N. Thiagarajan, Student of Madanapalle College.

The Lambadi.

BY E. N. SUBRAHMANYAM, M.A., B.L.



NE of the interesting and picturesque tribes of the Deccan is the Lambadi. The derivation of Lambadi is obscure. It has been suggested that the term means salt-carrier from the Sanskrit word Lavana (labana). The suggestion, I should think, might be accepted, because I found on enquiry from the villagers of a Lambadi settlement in Madanapalle that their ancestors had carried on trade in salt. Bishop Heber says that he saw in 1825 a number of Lambadis carrying salt. In the Madras Census Report, the Lambadis are described as a "class of traders, herdsmen, cattle breeders and cattle lifters found largely in the Deccan Districts in parts of which they have settled down as agriculturists. They are to be found in most of the jungly tracts living chiefly by collecting firewood and jungle produce. They are wood cutters, carriers and coolies but some of them have settled down and become cultivators".

They live in small mud huts, mostly circular in shape, with their roofs sloping and made of thatch, without openings of any sort on the wall except the front door to let in light and air. A hut consists of only one room doing duty as kitchen, dining room and bed-chamber. The cattle of most of them are tied up outside in any available spot of the village site so that the whole village looks as if it were a cattle pen interspersed with huts built in whatsoever places may have seemed convenient to the particular individual with the result that on entering the village one feels an air of encampment about them which suggests a gipsy life.

Standard of Life. Their standard of life is very low. Their morning meal consists of Ragi Sangati (Ragi flour cooked into a thick paste) and their night meal of rice or ragi and kolumbu made of tamarind, chillies and salt and in some cases a little dal. Very little vegetable is used. Some of them use butter-milk. All adults, men and women, except a few, are addicted to drink and nearly 50% of their daily earnings is spent on toddy.

While the dress of men consists of a dhoti, a shirt and in some cases a turban Lambadi women wear a peculiar dress consisting of a three quarter length full skirt, a bodice with an open back and a head shawl which hangs down over the back, all in rich crimson colour and all elaborately decorated with hand-work of an applique kind and stitchings of various designs. Another

feature is the large amount of cowries which are strung together acting as decoration for the skirt.

The hair of women and girls is worn in ringlets or plaits hanging down each side of the face and decorated with shells and beads. Their arms are profusely covered with bracelets made of horn or brass or bone and in rare cases ivory. They also wear ear-rings and rings on fingers and toes. They pay little or no attention to cleanliness and their hair, once plaited, is not opened and combed for many days. Their bodies and clothes are seldom washed. Their arms are so encased with bone and brass that it would be no easy matter to clean them.

Marriage and other customs. The usual form of marriage is monogamy, though polygamy is permitted. I found in a Lambadi settlement of nearly 100 adult men only one having two wives. Marriages are performed either before puberty or after puberty. Divorce is not in vogue. Public opinion among them seems to be strong against any form of marital separation.

Marriage ceremonies last three days. The bridegroom's parents bring Rs. 80 and 3 bulls to those of the bride and after they have been presented, the bridegroom ties a silver bottu to the bride's neck. As among the Brahmins, the practice of *saptapati*, walking seven steps round a pestle, is in vogue among them. As Brahmins do not marry within the same gotra, likewise, the Lambadis too do not marry within the same group.

Married women are distinguished from the unmarried in that they wear bangles between the elbow and the shoulder while the unmarried have them between the elbow and the wrist. Anklets and bracelets are removed on husband's death. Widow re-marriage is not permitted. Dead bodies of married persons are cremated while those of the unmarried are buried.

They observe some of the principal Hindu festivals, like Dasara, Dipavali, Yugadi and Kamanna Pandiga. They celebrate Kamanna feast with great *eclat*. That is an occasion when women put on new clothes and make themselves merry with music and dance. Their dance which resembles the garba dance of Gujerat is very interesting to watch.

They worship most of the Hindu Gods and Goddesses, in particular, Rama and Hanuman. They are very much devoted to Tirupati Venkatramanaswami and make occasional pilgrimages to that place.

Roerich Foundation in Belgium.



ING Leopold of Belgium has bestowed upon the "Roerich Foundation *propace, arte, scientiae et labore*" in Bruges the honorary distinction to name itself henceforth "*in memoriam Alberti Regis Belgarum*" and to use the Royal Crown in correspondence and documents.

To those who know that the late King Albert has so heartily sponsored the two World Conferences of the Roerich Pact and Banner of Peace held in Belgium in 1931 and 1932, this will be very welcome news. Amongst the latest essays by Prof. Roerich there is one dedicated to the great King-Hero of Belgium.

Besides archives on the Peace Movement, the Roerich Foundation possesses art collections and a special Hall dedicated to the paintings of this great world artist, amongst these paintings being the famous "Madonna Oriflamma". The building of the Roerich Foundation has been presented by the City of Bruges and is in itself a monument of art; it is situated on the famous Square Place van Eyck.

Prof. Roerich is Honorary President of the Foundation, and its President is Camille Tulpinck, Member of the Royal Archaeological Commission. The Board of Honorary Members includes such distinguished personages as members of the Government: Count Carton de Viart, Mr. Jeanson and Mr. Jules Destrees; the Governor of West Flanders, etc.

In Prof. de Roerich's book "**Realm of Light**" there is the following inspiring passage from a letter to the President of the Roerich Foundation in Belgium:—

"It was not by chance that the Conference will meet in Bruges. Unique is the appeal of the beauty of antiquity typified in your city, that living treasury of human genius. May the chimes, which inspired me and which I so greatly admired when visiting your beautiful city, accompany all your solicitous decisions with their victorious carillon. I am often reminded of the music of the opera "*Princesse Maleine*", dedicated to me and based on the beneficent harmony of the bells of old Bruges".

The Whiteman's Burden.

BY U. S. RAMACHANDRAN, B. A. (Hons.)



HE crest of the Vedagiri hillock. It was clothed in green sward broken here and there by clumps of bushes: flowers of variegated hues sparkled in that wide expanse. At the foot of the hill lay a small grey village like a seam or a rag of cloud. Smiling fields and woodland, yellow corn and rippling brooks met the gazer, caressing his eyes and soul with their quiet beauty. Clusters of cottages peeped out of mango groves of lustrous foliage: and a distant forest towered in glorious silhouette against the sky.

The poverty of the villagers threw shades of sadness all over the village. Ill-fed and ill-clothed, they drudged from dawn till dusk to forge a little money. In the thatched huts which ill protected them against the freaks of weather, they huddled like fish—and lived a life of unalloyed misery. The children, sweet, innocent, flower-like beings, were naked, helpless and pitiful.

George Anderson, propped on this shimmering summit, was gazing wistfully at the village below. A genuine admirer of Gandhiji, he had come away from the luxurious and exciting life in his own place in Bristol for helping him in his rural uplift plans. In his pure, snow-white Khadi, he looked unutterably beautiful. He had great sympathy for the Indian peasants. To serve these semi-starved, 'half-naked fakirs' was with him an appetite, a feeling, and a joy that had no need of a remoter charm.

Anderson thought deeply as he stood there of the grinding poverty of the people, more than of the enchanting scenery around. He felt as though he had suddenly come into touch with the concentrated injustice of life. What man has done to man! The picture staggered him.

Anderson reached presently the banks of the village tank. The village gained its name—Periakulam—from the large sheet of water cradled in a hollow near the hillock. It was used as a reservoir and its banks had been built up by means of a thick stone wall.

The noise of the place was hushing to rest. Night was slowly spreading her black wings. Stars scintillated above, as if deriding her foolish audacity. A gentle breeze whispered among the palm trees. A deep calm pervaded the scene. Anderson stood around the reservoir, lost in thought, staring at the great, silent stones.

Suddenly he saw a thin stream of water trickling through a chink between two of the stones. Hurrying to the spot he found that the stones were slightly loosened, and that every minute the stream of water increased in volume. His intelligent eyes took in what had happened, and he saw that unless support were speedily forthcoming the stone-wall must eventually be forced away, and then.....

He shuddered. The great volume must sweep down the steep hillside like an avalanche, carrying all before it. And in its onrush it would wipe the village off, and those within it.

With an exclamation that was half a snarl, Anderson put his shoulder to the loosened stones and heaved. An ejaculation of satisfaction escaped from his lips as he saw that the water ceased flowing.

It was worth the effort! Anderson dug his heels into the turf and put his broad back against the stone-wall. Some one would come along soon, and help would be forthcoming. Hope sprang hot within his heart.

The hours passed; they were like days. Anderson whistled merrily, but no one disturbed his solitude.

He shifted his position, but in that moment a stone was thrust part way out, and a large stream of water shot through. In a second, Anderson backed against the wall with all his full strength, heaving it again into its proper resting-place.

The pressure behind him grew greater, and he dug his heels still deeper into the turf. His strong, white teeth were gritted hard together: the strain, however, was beginning to tell on him.

If he ran along the side of the hillock he could save himself. But he cast aside the thought sternly. Die he would that the villagers might live. He ground his teeth, and pressed hard against the wall.

Long past midnight. Anderson was in a dazed condition. There was silence, unearthly, deadening silence all about.

The water was still trickling between the feet, but a vicious heave of his shoulders checked the flow.

How much longer could he maintain against this unequal war? Surely, someone must see him soon? His heart flowed out after the sleeping village, visible across the tops of the trees, in an ecstasy of longing.

Why was it his heels kept slipping? Surely, his strength was not crumbling down? A country dog thrust against the wall was his answer. The dog barked a greeting at Anderson.

Everything seemed to be on the move now. Trees, hut-tops, fields, all were swirling strangely before his eyes. All were commingled and blurred: objects were represented by their colour only: circular horizontal streaks of colour—that was all he saw. The swirling scene threw him on the turf, giddy and sick.

* * * * *

A little group bustled about a white man, sunk in a coarse cot in a hut. His face was yellow, lifeless, with black circles around his large, blue eyes. Those terrible eyes were fixed motionlessly somewhere in the distance through the mud-wall.

'Would he survive?', the question hovered on every lip.

The children crept close to the strange white man, and peered affectionately into his face. Their face rubbed against his, and their unruly curls strayed on Anderson's forehead. His eyes glowed with infinite love. And a pitiful flicker of a smile touched his lips.

A little later his lips moved; whispered something soundlessly; but the men could scarcely understand them. They saw, however, that death was already on him.

With another smile that seemed to fill the whole place with heavenly light, Anderson had floated into the great beyond.

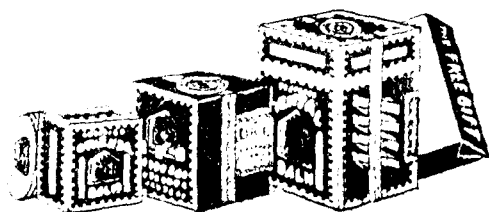
The villagers humbly hoped to meet him again, and to part no more!

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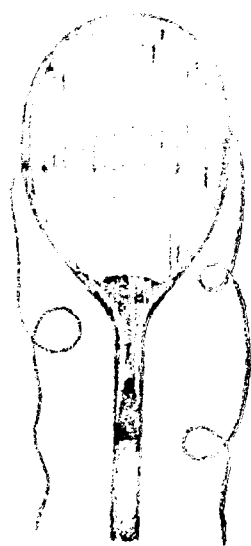
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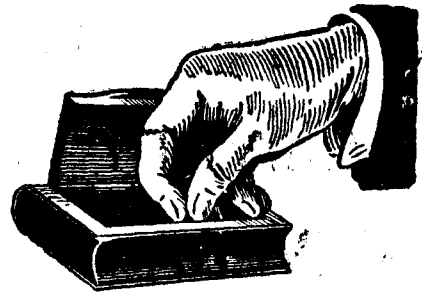
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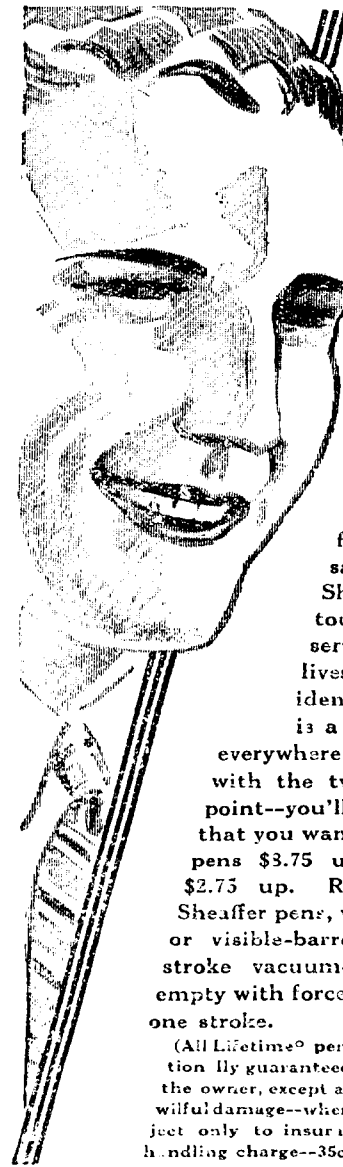
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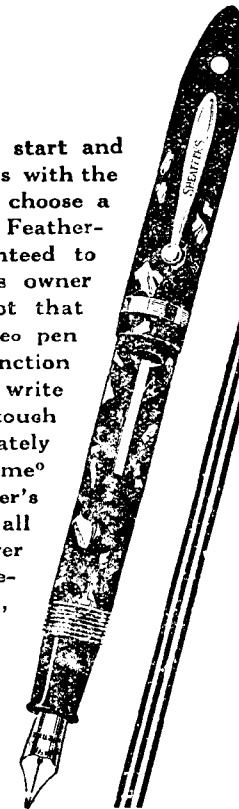


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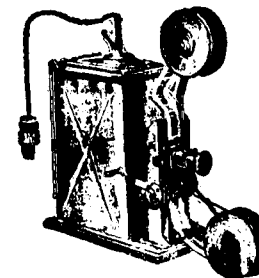
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