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THE
SCHOLAR

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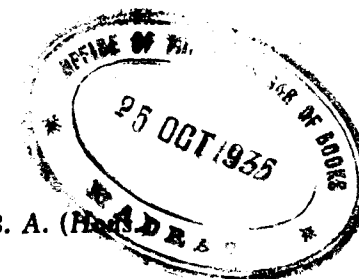
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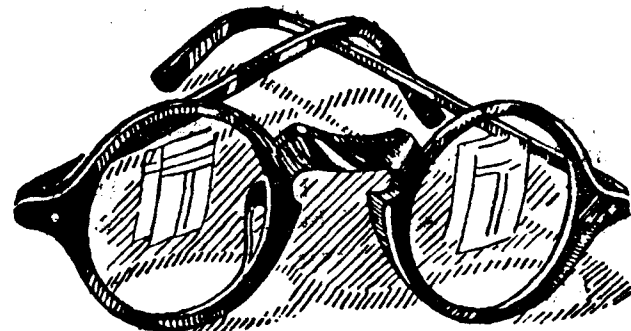
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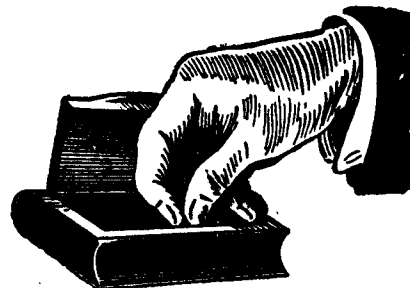
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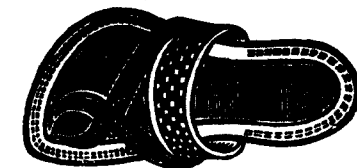
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VOL. X

JULY 1935

NO. 10

Hridaya.

(DIARY LEAVES)

BY Prof. NICHOLAS ROERICH

*Carazon, Kokoro, Sin, Al-kulub,
Del, Cor, Nying, Dzuruhe.*



HT sounds like an invocation! But thus people call the Heart. India, Spain, Nippon, China, Arabia, Persia, Italy, Tibet and Mongolia.

Heart, Coeur, Herz
Serdze

In all their writings, preserve the memory, shout and whisper to each other the precious word of the heart.

The three hundred tongues of India, and as many in the rest of Asia, and again as many in the Russian vastnesses, and again as many in the Americas, in Africa and on all the islands, proclaim the same concept of fire, love and heroic achievement. Words fail to describe all the infamies that have spread all over the earth. The wheels of life are covered with mud. And yet, across all trenches, over all obstacles and pitfalls, universally resounds the word which signifies the heart--the treasury of Light.

People have come to heart-aches. People have covered their hearts with dust and their hearts have grown hairy. Their hearts shrivelled in fear and horror. And yet they have not forgotten the word, which will remind them of the heart--the centre of life.

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THE SCHOLAR

At times it seems that all treasures have been desecrated by man. People have slandered the most sacred. The Highest has been belittled, but they have not forgotten the heart—the cradle of love.

People have become enshrouded in darkness. They have blackened their tongues with evil treason. The most valuable vessels have been broken. They have become choked by the vilest malice. But they have kept the memory of the heart—as of the last refuge.

* * *
“Coming into a new country, first of all ask, what is the name for the heart. Meeting new people, if even you do not know the sound in which they express their thoughts, point from your heart to theirs. Almost everybody will respond to this testimony of sincerity, only a few will be surprised, and perhaps will feel ashamed and only very few will become indignant. Remember that those who become indignant are in their actions evil people. Do not expect friendship or goodwill from them—they are already decaying.”
* * *

There is as yet no Institute devoted to the Heart. There are, of course, entire large institutions dedicated to the fighting of the various scourges of humanity, but there are no special institutions which study this most important moving factor of life. Gradually very important experiments on the heart are being achieved. News has just been received from Italy, that a heart, which has stopped beating, has been brought back to life. At Milan on February 21st a person whose death had been attested by the medical personnel of the Milan Hospital, was brought back to life by injection of adrenolin. All newspapers are full with particulars of this case.

The patient suffered from a complicated form of heart disease and was treated by all means available to science. But in spite of all precautionary measures, he died. Although the physicians were fully convinced that death had actually taken place, yet one of them made an injection of adrenolin by way of experiment. After 30 minutes the heart began to beat feebly, and in a few hours it was working normally, and at present the physicians are in a position to state that the patient is out of danger.

Similar actions of adrenolin were known before; it remains to investigate how this in itself a powerful substance will react upon the function of the organism. Many cases are known when a fatal issue was prevented by an injection of adrenolin, bringing but a short postponement of death. And it was noticed—I speak

HRIDAYA

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in this particular case of children—that nervousness increased and at times became difficult to control. This perhaps was due to entirely different causes, but the above-mentioned makes us think over the use of this radical remedy.

Folk-medicine often reports cases of cures by most unexpected means. And usually these unforeseen and at times strange remedies remain without proper investigation and are lost in the realm of anecdotes.

I recall how in the family of a priest, a child died from suffocation following croup. The priest in despair took the body of the child and ran with it into the church, towards the altar, where he began praying in frenzied exaltation. It so happened that the child had its head hanging down and his father, not knowing it, was shaking the child violently by its feet. Suddenly a large clot of hardened mucus came out of the child's throat and it coughed and began to breathe. The heart had slowly returned to life.

Think how many multiform manifestations of apparent death may take place! History reports infinite cases of re-awakened dead. Various forms of lethargy have been observed and after all cannot be properly determined. Why does the life functioning suddenly stop? Why do the dead again return, and even under such unbelievable circumstances often after burial? Of course there are many explanations to this. But until the world of the heart will be properly investigated, until then these will be only fortunate or sad occurrences.

Of course the profound life of the heart is perhaps the most difficult one to be described in words. Precisely the heart must be studied, not only in pain and anguish, but in its healthy state. If the nervous system of plants reacts to the most minute changes of temperature, upon distant clouds, upon the slightest touch, then how many more beautiful and remarkable resoundings and pulsations take place in the heart. Besides, it is difficult to say, what is a healthy and what is a diseased state of the heart. It is known that many die quickly from heart attacks, having yet a so-called sound heart; whereas others, long ago given up as cardiac catastrophies, live long, very long.

The pulse does not express itself only in a number of beats, but first of all in its quality and this quality of heart beats is but little examined and explained. When one says: “guard your heart” that means first of all not to become irritated, not to get angry, and on the other hand, do not feel sad and do not fall into despondency.

Every minutest detail of life will resound first of all not in the brain but in the heart. Precisely the heart realises and responds to the most distant earthquakes, as the best seismograph. But it is not customary to consult one's heart. It is not customary to consider it as the receptacle of the most High. And when people read direct advices about the importance of such aspirations, they are being condemned as being abstract, abstract, as being invented by some inaccessible ascetics and as being inapplicable. And yet it can be always applied to that which is taking place in the heart, if only one would listen to it frankly and sincerely.

A man who is confident that he does not notice many quite realistic manifestations, first of all does not wish to notice them. He presupposes in his haughtiness, that nothing will take place, that he will hear nothing and that nothing will disturb his peace. Precisely conceit prevents man from perceiving reality. At times the heart beats like a sledge hammer, into a darkened consciousness. A man is ready to pour upon his heart all kinds of poisons in order to stifle it. And he will not think what may be the cause that his heart is so excited, what bad or good has taken place, what usefulness or what harm has caused the knocking.

The smallest to the highest—all is contained within the heart. It resounds to everything that lives. Touching and wise are the ancient reminders of the great significance of the heart.

"The spirit, which is in my heart, is smaller than a grain of rice, smaller than a grain of barley, smaller than a mustard seed, and smaller than the smallest seed of gram. And yet the same spirit which lives in my heart is greater than the entire earth, greater than space, greater than heaven, and greater than all the worlds".

"The messenger of all action, all desire, all perception, smell taste, all-embracing, silent, distant—such is the spirit which abides in my heart. This is Brahman Himself. He who says 'I follow him who exists from this world'. Truly there is no doubt for him."

Thus says the *Chandogya Upanishad*.

Hitler & the Young.

BY S. SCHARPING—TEUBNER



HE late president von Hindenburg once remarked at the close of one of Adolf Hitler's visits at Neudeck, "No son of mine could have been more considerate or kinder to me". On the other hand, however, Hitler's attitude toward young people is that of a kindly, understanding father toward his children. In the capacious filing-cabinets of City Councillor Heinrich Hoffmann of Munich, one of the best and most famous photographers in the Reich, there is an extra large case completely filled with pictures taken of the Fuhrer with young folks around him. These pictures are all much alike—happy children's faces uplifted to meet the kindly and jovial smile of the Fuhrer. Everywhere Hitler has gone the hearts of the children have gone out to him. Those who have witnessed such meetings always mentioned them with deep feeling.

It was on a dismal, cloudy day in 1929 in Nuremburg that a procession of 60,000 passed in review before Hitler, the young people bringing up the rear. The Fuhrer stood almost up to his knees in flowers which had been thrown to him. Suddenly he stooped down and began to throw the flowers back into the ranks of the youngsters. Then there was a great hurrah, everybody making wild grabs in the hope of capturing a flower as a souvenir. Hitler's face lighted up as if illumined by some deep, overmastering emotion—at this moment the sun broke through the clouds, flooding the whole scene with beams of light. Those who were present say it seemed like a kind of prophecy of the future.

It has been repeatedly stated by those in close association with Hitler, that at no time is the Fuhrer's expression so charming or so happy as when he is observing children or young people. Whenever he stands before them and begins, "My dear young Germans", it seems to each and every mother's son among them as if he or she were meant and were being addressed personally. Sometimes, indeed, they do not even give him a chance to speak. On the occasion of the 1933 Party Day in Nuremburg, the boys and girls were so much beside themselves with enthusiasm that it was simply impossible to keep them quiet. Every time that Hitler attempted to begin his speech, the shouts of "Heil Hitler!" were renewed, and hats and caps were thrown in the air. As no signals for silence did any good, Hitler finally called a young trumpeter to him and told him to sound a call. It was then that the excitement reached its highest pitch—the

Fuhrer had called upon one of their own number, from his ranks the clamour subsided, and a silence and attentive attitude spread through the assemblage, as Hitler opened his address to the "guarantees of the future" with the words "My boys and girls".

The intimate bonds of association existing between the youth of Germany and their leader has its purely outward expression in the name under which they are organized, i.e., literally, Hitler Youth, or Young Hitler League. The organization was called into being by Hitler in 1925, and in 1932 Baldur von Schirach was put in charge as Juvenile Leader for the Reich. From the 33,000 boys and girls who formed the original organization, the number now exceeds six million. "He who commands the youth, commands the future"—so goes the saying. But in this case one may also say, "Because Hitler is building the future, youth is marching under his banner."

The organization is composed of boys from 14 to 18 years of age, these to a certain extent forming the nucleus of the Young Hitler League, then the "Young Folks", or boys from 10 to 14 years and the League of German Girls, or girls from 10 to 18 years of age. Germany is divided into 24 districts, the Headquarters of the organization being in Berlin. The organization is supported by contributions from its own membership. It was founded by the Fuhrer for the purpose of bringing together under strict surveillance all the youthful elements, either led astray by the false teachings of Marxism, or aimlessly wasting their young lives, to build them physically and also to weld them together in a true comradeship. Social position and class distinction are eliminated and play no part. The only standard applied is that of moral high-mindedness. In 35 different schools for leaders, specially fitted young people are trained so that they may in turn themselves become leaders, and on the principle that "youth should be led by youth" the leaders are chosen from out of their own ranks.

Boys from 10 years old may join the Young Hitler League, but there is nothing compulsory about it. Children under 10 years belong to the home. But the hearts of even those very little ones are already filled with a glowing affection for Hitler. They have his picture hanging over their beds, and when their enthusiasm becomes overpowering, they write him letters or send him presents. An eight-year old girl in East Prussia, for example, once sent him a Maltese puppy with the following letter: "Most honoured Mr. Hitler, please give the puppy some milk with water right away. If he won't drink it--then with a teaspoon. For his first meal please (give him) fine cut raw beef. The dog is called

Flutta and does not bite, but you can name him something else if you wish."

It is Hitler's endeavour to develop a healthy, happy, and efficient younger generation. For this reason, the family is the first to receive aid and assistance. The father is given employment, the mother is sent away to recuperate her strength, and by means of a more wholesome atmosphere in the home, the children are given a healthier outlook on life. For the children themselves, an exchange system has been inaugurated on a very large scale, which provides for the sending of city children into the country for the summer holidays, and vice versa, country children to the cities, for a change of surroundings. But they are not sent to "recreation homes" as formerly, rather they are placed individually in private families. In 1934, for instance, 50,000 Berlin children were sent to the country in this way.

Notwithstanding that Hitler has said that it is more important to make a healthy child strong and capable for the future ahead of him, than to prolong the joyless existence of a defective child by artificial means, yet it cannot be said that his heart is in any manner lacking in sympathy for the suffering. At a parade in Erfurt a poor little fellow was marching with the "Young Folks". He was in the rear rank and with his hunched back and fore-shortened leg, one could see from his agonized expression that it was all he could do to keep up. Hitler gazed at him thoughtfully. Was the Fuhrer displeased at the bad impression that the sight of this crippled child at the tail of the procession might make? No! Hitler ordered that the name of this boy be ascertained and had one of his autographed photographs sent to him.

The letters written to Hitler by trusting children are countless. Here, a paralyzed child begs for a radio, and it is sent to him, as soon as it is learned that his father is without employment. There a 14 year old orphan boy wants to become a sailor, and he is turned over to the Hamburg-American Line, as soon as his statements have been verified.

And so it is a fact that between Hitler and the children a truly personal relationship exists, such as between good friends, both to-day and always.

New Voices.

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



It is indeed difficult to envisage with any certainty the future turn or development of mind or life in any of its fields. Life and mind never run on parallel grooves: they are more mobile and freer powers. At best one can assess that which is open before one's eyes, and even here the maturer judgment must necessarily wait upon the years. Some possibilities however might be indicated as in store for the poetic mind of the race by following out certain great openings that the genius of recent and contemporary poets has revealed to us.

The poetry of to-morrow promises to be an intuitive revealing poetry of the kind which was in vogue in ancient times. Poetry is the supreme rhythmic language which seizes hold upon the flying vapours of the world and brings into each the light and voice of its own infinite. This is a theory of poetry, a view of the rhythmic and creative self-expression which is distinct from any that we now hold—a sacred or hieratic *ars poetica*. The older poets believed themselves to be near to the gods themselves, and felt their presence in their bosom and thought they had intimations of the divine and eternal wisdom. Poetry with them was something divine. It meant an intuitive peep into every phenomenon that led the poet to the brink of Infinity and forced him to break into rhapsodical language. A power of hypnosis we might say, led him to the edge of the Infinite that he might gaze into it for a moment.

And he saw eternity "like a ring of pure and endless light." Poetry born of such experiences trembles and quivers with eternal wisdom and delight. This kind of exalted poetry is hardly possible in this age of stark materialism. But occasionally there is a call to the older ideal. Although in altered circumstances, in broader forms, with a more complex mind and an enormously enlarged basis of culture and civilisation, we almost appear to be on the point of turning back in the circle of our own course. Alongside the painful verities of life, the promptings of the vital reality of the Force whence we all come are felt gently though not firmly, and we are urged to seek after the spiritual reality of our beings. Once again our hearts and minds are drawn to the perception, intellectually of course, of the self, the spirit of Man and the Spirit of the universe. This perception is but a stepping-stone to the greater realisation within ourselves and in all.

The new ideals of the mankind seem already to be affected by some faint streaks of these yearnings and though it be a faint dawn it will broaden into a bright day ere long. This new vision is not anything infinitely remote, mystic, inward or shielded from the profane: it is an attempt to enthrone the godheads not only in the heart of religion and philosophy, not only in the higher flights of thought and art, but also, as far as possible, in the little unremembered acts of kindness and of love. This vision and venture was vouchsafed only to a microscopic minority—a few illumined souls—even in earlier times. But the endeavour of the new mind is to tear the veils off these mysteries, and pave the way for an age, in which man may thrive in a greater Truth than has hitherto governed his tribe.

In the event of such a resurrection, poetry would recover much of its pristine purity and glory. There will be plenty of poetical writings modelled on the present lines and conforming to the prevailing aesthetic standards. But now may arise poets who are seers and creators in one—receivers and transmitters of a divine and more universal harmony. They will study indeed "divine human faces". But from these they will create "forms more real than the living, nurslings of immortality".

In the outpourings of our older poets, this kind of poetry was much in evidence. Consequent on varied demands on their spirit, they could not sustain these self-exceedings and these were only few and far between. But if an age comes steeped in the possession of a deeper and greater and more inspiring Truth, certainly a higher morale of poetry may be created. Poetry will then ascend "to bring light and fire from those eternal regions where the owl-winged faculty of *thought* dare not ever soar"; it will capture also more constantly the greater tones of that faculty whose throne is curtained within our own invisible nature.

Humanity, despite attractions and distractions, seems to be marching unto a diviner day, and with its advent, there should emerge a new great age of man's creativeness, distinguished from, and superior to, the older epochs in all respects. But as a prerequisite there must intervene a poetry which will guide man's footsteps towards it from the present faint beginnings. It will be aided by new tones in philosophy, a changed and extended spirit in science and new revelations in other arts, as well as high ideals in the infinite aspects of human life. A glint of this change is already visible on the horizon. The conscious effort of Walt Whitman, the tone of Carpenter, the poetry of Yeats, the marvellous achievements of Tagore are its healthy signs. The poet—Seer of old has again made his appearance. This happy combination, and the growth of a still more perfected art of

poetry are necessary to give this emerging power its permanence. The weary, the dejected and the distorted will once more be beckoned to the heights by the "light that never was on sea or land".

Great poets like Tagore not only interpret to man his present or re-interpret for him his dim distant past, but also reveal to him his future, and in all the three, the face of the Eternal. Shelley beautifully puts it thus: "For the poet not only beholds intensely the present as it is, and discovers those laws according to which present things ought to be ordered but he beholds the future in the present, and his thoughts are the germs of the flower and the fruit of latest time". This intuitive revealing poetry was India's memorable gift to the world in the past.

Poetry and art alone could, and should help to bring the truth of the greater power of the spirit and of life to our minds in their essential force and directness. Philosophy often loses itself in dry abstractions and religion, in an intolerant other worldiness and asceticism. Poetry and art could be mediators between the abstract and the concrete, the spirit and life. This mediation would be the one fountain head of their function. Poetry need not for that matter be anything gossamer-like or high and remote: it must express everything in its eternal truth. In soaring into empyrean heights, it should not be a "scorner of the ground": also it should not be merely earthy: it should find too other realities and their powers on man, and thus conquer fresh and new realms for its empire. As Blake puts it most vividly, it must

"— see a world in a grain of sand
And Heaven in a wild-flower
Hold infinity in the palm of your hand
And eternity in an hour."

The poetic spirit thus rejuvenated will move like a wind of light as the soul fares on its lone pilgrimage to Eternity on dark, stormy nights.

Labour Legislation.

BY A. C. RAMALINGAM



HERE is a tendency in certain quarters, particularly in foreign countries, to regard the conditions obtaining for labour in India as anything but satisfactory and to describe the country as backward in regard to labour legislation. While India cannot claim to be on a par in this matter with some of the advanced industrial countries of Europe, considerable progress has been made in recent years in ameliorating the labour conditions. Great impetus was given to legislation in this direction by the exhaustive enquiry conducted by the Royal Commission on Labour and as a result of the recommendations of the same, a good deal of fresh legislation has been enacted during the last few years.

At the outset examining the position from an international standpoint, it would be noted that out of a total number of 33 Conventions adopted by the International Labour Conference, exclusive of the Conventions adopted at the 1933 and 1934 sessions, India has ratified no less than 13 Conventions. Even advanced industrial countries like Great Britain, Germany and France have ratified only 18, 17 and 18 Conventions respectively, whereas Asiatic countries like China and Japan have ratified only 2 and 12 Conventions respectively. Self-Governing Dominions like Canada, Australia and South Africa have ratified only 4, 5 and 5 Conventions respectively. The complaint of Indian industrialists has, on the contrary, been that the Government of India have been unduly anxious to follow international opinion in these matters and that adequate regard for the industrial backwardness of the country has not been paid in giving effect to such conventions.

The Indian Employers' Delegate at the 19th International Labour Conference held in June 1935 expressed the view that India was in this matter of Labour Legislation far ahead of some of the countries with which she was in competition even in the home market, particularly Japan, and that the burden on industry consequent upon such legislation was aggravating that competition. He sounded a note of warning that, therefore, India would have to hasten slowly in such matters in future. On closer examination such complaints are not without justification. The first Convention adopted by the First International Labour Conference in 1919 was in regard to the limitation of weekly hours of work in Industrial occupations. The same is considered to

be the most important Convention emanating from that august body as it affected substantially the cost of industrial production. Of the 49 States which are affiliated to the Labour Organisation only 22 countries have ratified this Convention, of which India is one. Countries like France, Australia, Italy, Germany and Japan have not given full ratification to the same and these countries, especially the last two, are countries, from the manufactures of which Indian industry experiences very keen competition.

Another serious obstacle to British India forging ahead in regard to such legislation is the existence of different standards in such matters as between British India and the Indian Native States. In some of these States there are no factory or labour legislation and to that extent the financial obligations operating on the cost of production on the employers in such States are less. This places them in a position of advantage in the matter of internal competition with their confederates in British India. The membership of the Government of India in the League of Nations is understood to include the Indian States, as on many occasions the Indian Delegations to the League Assemblies included ruling princes or representatives of Indian States. Per contra one would have naturally expected that the decisions of the Labour Office, which is but the Labour Department of the League, when accepted by the Government of India, would also operate on such States. But here, as in many other cases, it suits the States to maintain their separate entity. It is, however, encouraging to note that of late some of the progressive States are falling in line with their British Indian neighbours. But unless by a suitable Convention or otherwise, the application of such standards are made compulsory in all the States, labour conditions in such States will always be a stumbling block to British India going further ahead in these matters. Perhaps with the advent of the Federation, now in embryo, this corner would be rounded up, as Labour is proposed to be made a Federal subject.

The Government of India have put through many recommendations of the Royal Commission on Labour in regard to the amenities obtaining to labour. Further recommendations are under detailed examination and some of them are in various stages before the authorities either in the form of bills or in a form undergoing public elucidation. The recent enactment consolidating Factory Legislation must be considered to be a great step forward. There have been similarly progressive amendments in the Workmen's Compensation Act, and the Tea Districts Emigrant Labour Act. The improvement of the housing conditions of labour has been facilitated by an amendment of the

Land Acquisition Act which makes it possible for industrial employers to acquire land on reasonable terms adjoining industrial factories for the purpose of housing accommodation for their labour. As has been referred to already a number of recommendations are before the country and the Government in the form of bills or in a stage on which public opinion is being collated. To mention a few—the proposal for exempting salaries and wages under certain conditions from attachment, the bill to secure payment of wages within 7 days from the expiry of the period within which these were earned, the proposal to regulate periods for payment of wages to workmen, the proposal to exempt industrial labour from arrest and imprisonment for non-payment of debts under certain conditions—all these constitute a great step forward and will certainly tend to secure a better standard of life for labour in India.

Mention must also be made of the recent step taken by Government of India in putting the Trade Disputes Act permanently on the Statute Book. The Government of Bombay have followed this up with a provincial legislation setting up a machinery for conciliation in regard to disputes between employers and labour. It is to be hoped that the collective effect of these will be a new era in the industrial history of the country.

It may be made clear that it is not the purpose of this summary to claim that all that is possible in regard to industrial and labour legislation has been done. Much yet remains to be done. The efficiency of labour has also to be considerably increased. But in the present stage of industrial development in the country, improvements can be effected only by stages and not all on a sudden.

William Butler Yeats.

BY Mr. FANCIS HACKET

[This estimate of the great Irish Poet appeared on the 70th birthday of the Poet which came off on June 13. We are indebted to the "News Chronicle" from which this is extracted].

IT seems likely that William Butler Yeats is to have the best of two worlds. For two generations his work has been intimately known to the elite wherever English is read, and from English it has been carried into every land where there is searching literary criticism.

A symbol of this awareness was, beyond doubt, the award of the Nobel Prize, one of the most perceptive that men of international mind have made. He has sustained his literary career long enough to have worked his vein to its depths, and its metal is recognisably precious, shaped by a cunning and disciplined hand.

The achievement soars. He himself has spoken of Donne and Landor, but in the long avenue of English a higher light must fall on him, and that is the paradox of his fame.

One may not speak of him as Yeats, the English poet. He is Yeats, the Irish poet. His place in world literature is inseparable from Ireland, by his own choice half a century ago. That choice will be as imperishable as his fame and his fame will be as imperishable as the English language. It is a greater eminence than a hill above Florence, or the dome of St. Paul's.

Since he uses the English language it is true that he, like Walt Whitman or Emerson or Edgar Allan Poe, gives himself the great tradition of English poetry. But what, after all, has the English tradition made of Whitman? The words are English more or less, but the spirit is vastly removed. Whitman uses English but is American. So Yeats is Irish.

As a young man he could have elected, like Shaw or Oscar Wilde, to live in England and write out of it. He did not do so. Still plastic, he returned to a country that had no high living tradition of poetry, that had no great public and no special poetic idiom in English.

It is certainly his distinction, in the eyes of the world, that he was the major, the supreme, poet of the so-called Celtic renaissance. The word was grandiose for a surge of Irish literary activity which took in A. E., Synge, Stephens, Colum, Lady Gregory,

with a Gaelic annex, which could not span O'Casey, which rolled against and excluded James Joyce, Liam O'Flaherty, all the later novelists, and even George Moore. But there was a defined period of inspiration, dramatic and poetic. It produced one rare critic, John Eglington. The crest of the movement was Yeats.

In its essence it was a romantic movement. There was a touch of comedy, which means domestication, but the Irish people were old races and lisped in old languages, using science as a Jacob's ladder. The Celts had become reputed as spiritual, through Renan, Matthew Arnold, York Powell. Theirs was a glamorous past, laden with memory, noble in defeat, with gleams of a pagan heaven. It was not Rossetti's world, or Swinburne's or even William Blake's.

It was a paler, dreamier vision, with other holy books, in which a lovelorn poet moved at first in the country people's fancies, and then captured a faery that was his own incomparable mood. The terms of it were sufficiently vague to answer every need of his excluding sensitiveness. He was almost Druidic. His plays, timeless and without vulgarity, had a necromantic cadence. His many lyrics, limpid, faint with ecstasy, were poised on a shore lapped by eternity, and Celtic twilight dimmed this wavering shore. His words were steeped in that personal intensity which is the poet's gift of himself, yet modulated in an aristocratic idiom.

No troubadour could have been more elusive. It was an emphasis at the other extreme from Ibsen in the theatre, or so it seemed. It was a different music from the biblical banjo of Kipling, a different responsibility from Matthew Arnold's "criticism of life," a revolt unlike Ernest Dowson's or Rimbaud's. Only Maurice Maeterlinck, Yeats's contemporary, a fellow symbolist and mystic, was equally mysterious, until stung by the bee.

The response to Yeats before the War was spread wide. As science took away the happy certitudes of the Fathers, and relaxed the rope-lines of conduct, the imagination still asked for asylum, and so did the affections. Yeats gave refuge to a nostalgic world. He was a poet of sensibility, a wind in the reeds, but his was not nature moralised; it was nature spiritualised, with good and evil as forces outside conduct, perilous to ignore and often tragic to evoke. A return to magic had linked him with the romantic impulse of a hundred years before: he led to vision by moonlit ways, heard voices, and lifted the veil.

The place in world literature of such sensitive introspection cannot be denied. It is not the sunlit place that is given to the literature of generous attachment, but it is perhaps more secure

because it depends less on easy community than on the final delicacies of self-absorption and man's last loyalty—to himself.

But Yeats has two great loves: his love of Ireland, and his love of words. What makes him universal in the English language is the beauty of his line. If one goes back to May in English, to the sixteenth-century poets, one is surprised by the great number of poets whose ear was in the air. But only those who fused this happy expressiveness in the fire of their being, who gave it their own anguish of conviction, stir in us the last delight and the last assent. It is this power that Yeats possesses. He has been a crucible, the crucible of an age. This is his great achievement: he has achieved Yeats. Just as perfection in a rose can only be conveyed in terms of itself, so this quality of Yeats inhabits his line as something so delicate, so personal, as to dissolve when touched.

In its excess it was dove grey and pearl grey, a breath on shadowy waters. In its essence, especially since the War, it is no longer a medium of formal beauty, but, like Beethoven's later sonatas, a mobile medium in which the warmth and impress of mood are communicable, subtle as a pang of light shot by a sun through clear water and quivering to the last drop of the whole versatile medium itself.

By this palpitation Yeats is all there. At first he had an instrument a little archaic, a conscious touch, a remoteness of gesture. He is still Yeatsian, but the sensitiveness has become virile and inclusive.

This enlargement of the theme has been the most Irish thing Yeats has done. The Irish think that they love goodness more than the English and truth more than the French, but it is probable that neither their hearts nor their heads make them capable of evolution so much as their nerves.

It is true that the only Irishman in Shakespeare is a fire-eater and loat, but the essential fineness, and beauty is its ultimate vindication. Yeats's destiny was to refine, to elude mad abstractions and microscopic triumphs, precocity and ingenuity, to arrive by passion and intellect at a larger fidelity to his tremulous self. This self, sheathed at first in nationalism and the esoteric, like a fruit that must encase its juices, at last is exposed still fresh and ripe, untouched by the mere commerce of years.

Had Yeats been educated in a grand tradition, had Coole been at Weimar, he could have been our Goethe. As it is, the world knows him as Ireland's national poet, the one Irishman who has given form to its theatre. He has spread his dreams under Ireland's feet. May she tread softly!

A Grateful Soul.

BY REV. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.

I



ER name was Jessie Wunk, and somehow the name seemed to exactly fit her. She was a 'skivvy' or maid-of-all-work at Mrs. Stubbs' "select apartments for a single gentleman."

I was the single gentleman, and Jessie Wunk waited on me, on Mrs. Stubbs, on Miss. Estelle, Miss. Gladys and Miss. Honoria Stubbs, and last and likewise least on Mr. J. H. Stubbs—but he hardly counted and was a mere cipher.

Jessie Wunk seemed to be endowed with gift of perpetual motion. The last thing before going to sleep I heard was her collecting the boots or winding up the clock, or scuffling about carrying some weight or other. And no matter when I woke I would hear the sound of a broom or the clatter of a bucket—Jessie Wunk was at work.

Yet Mrs. Stubbs was always 'at her'. "Look 'ere Wunk," I would hear her nag "wot's the meanin' of this 'ere? Do yer think yer 'ere to tyke a rest cure, or wot are yer about? Yer 'aven't done NOTHING for the larst arf 'our, 'nrry up there Wunk will yer!"

Jessie Wunk would mutter something about "doin' me best" but she did hurry up, and I think she not only did all the cooking, washing, housework and mending, but dug the garden as well. I certainly saw her so engaged.

None the less all the Stubbs's were down on her, even that nonentity Mr. Stubbs would splutter at her. "Yer dratted lazy bones!"

Mrs. Stubbs, if I ever complained, always held up Wunk as a shield. "Yes sir," she would say, "sorry the roof leaked on yer bed. It did rain 'orrid last night wot accounts for it. And I 'ave no time to keep me eye on hanythink in this 'ouse. We 'ave a reel trollop of a girl as 'ousemaid—that there Wunk! If she'd told me there was a wet spot on the ceiling, I'd 'ave attended to it immediate, but except to eat 'er 'ead orf she's no reel use. I don't like to put 'er out she's a orfing. It's charity reely makes me put up with 'er."

All the daughters had their teas in bed. It was "Wunk! are yer dead, or only stone deaf?" "Wunk!! bring me tea, yer woodenheaded 'ussy." And Joe and Herbie, who had an early

breakfast as they went to school each day were still more exacting and insulting, even if not as spiteful as their sisters.

I supposed that Jessie Wunk must be as stupid as she was active to put up with it all. A mule, if it could do housework, might possibly have accomplished all the Stubbs' demands—no human creature could do more than the objurgated Wunk accomplished.

One day I looked at Jessie Wunk, for the first time I may say, though I had been in the lodgings for over a year. She was always in a kind of shapeless overall of discoloured material, with a wrapper of some kind round her hair. On this day the whole family and I am sorry to say I myself fell foul of her together. I heard Mrs. Stubbs nagging, the Miss. Stubbs sneering, the master Stubbs jeering and even Mr. Stubbs wheezing his indignation.

Jessie Wunk, to escape the combined onslaught, fled up to my room and started to black-lead the grate. While doing this she knocked down some sticks and umbrellas making me start suddenly as I was writing in the bedroom; the door being only half closed I got up indignant.

"Look here, Wunk!" I said. "Can't you enjoy yourself somewhere else at this hour, preventing me writing and knocking down the contents of the room. You are a most careless" and then Wunk looked at me.

I saw for the first time that in spite of a smear of black-lead across her nose; in spite of the shapeless, stained overall and the wrapping on her hair, she was quite a pretty girl of not more than sixteen. The eyes that looked imploringly at me were large, dark and filled with tears.

"Oh sir," Wunk said, "I didn't go for to upset yer brollies and such. I'm that sorry—they're all on me today but you never was on me before. I'll be more keerful in future—I will so" and she sniffed in grief.

I was filled with remorse. "Its quite all right, my good girl." I said. "I know you do your best, and are hardworking and all that. I'm sorry I spoke. I think its the heavy day and the thunder in the air is making everybody irritable. Forget it, there's a good girl."

At the moment Mrs. Stubbs burst in. "So you 're' ere Wunk," she cried. "Disturbin' Mr. A an' wasting black lead." And to me "This wench 'll be the death of me mister. She 'asn't done the steps cause it was rainin'. She's not properly starched me daughter's things, she overdone the boy's eggs for breakfast, she nearly tripped up over Stubbs 'o is delicate and easy worried,

and now she give a wrong order to the butcher—four pork chops instead of five. Yes you lunatic (to Wunk) four pork chops instead of five. Five people to 'ave supper countin' me an' Stubbs and only four only pork chops instead of five. Wot do yer think yer ere? A stuffed figure or a 'umanbein? Four pork chops instead of five, four pork chops....."

"Mrs. Stubbs," I said. "this girl was working at half past five this morning, I heard the clock strike before I went to sleep again, and she was collecting boots at 11.0 o'clock last night when I came in from the cinema. If she had reasonable honrs her memory might be better. Please be a little more considerate".

I really think Mrs. Stubbs nearly collapsed. She opened both her mouth and her eyes, but quarrel with me she dare not. I alone brought any money into the house and several other landladies desired single gentlemen. So when she recovered her speech—which took some time—she said "Well.....well, wot ever yer say, sir, of course. 'Ere you Wunk yer 'ere'ow kind the gentleman talks, try to be a better girl, an 'order five pork chops instead o' four."

But from that day I was Wunk's HERO. Not that she ever told me so, but in little things I saw I was. There never failed to be a bunch of flowers in the vase on the table, which used only to have some dried dyed grass. The room in some mysterious way grew more homelike, the books, papers or litter were always in the right place. My egg for breakfast was never over or underdone. I even noticed an estatic smile of satisfaction if I spoke—say, ordered sausages instead of bacon or asked that my top-cast be brushed.

This would have become embarrassing if it were not that my stay at Mrs. Stubbs' would soon terminate. I should shortly (a fully qualified doctor) become one of the junior medical partners of the great Carvy Carvy, M. D., who had the largest practice in the midland metropolis we will call Buckingham. I departed to the regret of the whole Stubbs family, who would sorely miss my rent, single gentlemen being hard to get at remunerative rates.

As I left the house Wunk rose to the occcsion. She threw a handful of rice on my hat from a window above the steps. I don't know what she meant, nor do I think she knew herself beyond a general idea that it was lucky. So ended a part of my career and the curtain fell on 'Castle' Stubbs and Jessie Wunk.

II

Dr. Carvy Carvy took care that his junior assistants got all the nastier side of his practice and took all the wealthier patients himself.

"It will familiarise you, dear boys," he would say in his best bedside manner, "with suffering in the rough, so important for a young physician to know. It will make you resourceful and (he gave a pious smile) make you, I trust, sympathetic."

He evidently needed no practice of these qualities himself in his own opinion. I had plenty of opportunities of acquiring these capacities. When one morning Dr. Carvy Carvy offered me a seat in his limousine,

"I am taking you to a part of Buckingham near the University, you will probably know it. A young woman has taken an irritant poison, she will certainly succumb, but we may alleviate the discomfort of her exit. Alas! poor human nature!" And the great man sighed a dramatic sigh.

I had not noticed the street we were coming to until we were some distance up it. I now looked, it was the street I used to lodge in. We went on and by all strange coincidences stopped at the veritable Mrs. Stubbs's where I had lodged as a student.

To my knock the door was opened. Yes, the family were still all there.

"Ah, doctor," said Mrs. Stubbs, "glad to 'ave yer. We misses yer greatly, the young man wot 'as yer rooms ain't your class. 'E travels in sewing machines—vulgar I calls it, but we 'ad no choice."

"Who is the patient, Mrs. Stubbs?" I enquired. "I'm glad it isn't a member of the family."

Mrs. Stubbs got red. "No indeed, sir, none of US would do a rash hact. It's that there Wunk! Bother as it is, I can't say I reely pities 'er. Going and doin' a thing like that just when we was spring cleanin', but if yer can fix 'er up enough to get 'er removed to the infirmary before she pops orf I'd be reely thankful to yer. Yer will if yer can won't yer being me old friend and lodger."

I was brought up to the little mean cupboard of an attic, and there deadly pale and with the sweat of death on her brow, lay Jessie Wunk the skivvy. She was now eighteen and had grown into a pretty girl, though death was hovering over her. I did what I could but she was too far gone to be removed and to my deep embarrassment she said just before she died, "I always loved you doctor. I can tell yer now for I'm down and out and goin' West. Yer 'ad a kind 'eart and such a soft 'and, yer shook 'ands with me the day yer left, and yer gave me a ten shilling note, I kept it ever since. 'Ere tyke it back with my kind love. After yer left I got lonesomer and lonesomer, and I got muddled in me 'ed like and so I drank the stuff to get a good rest, and bed-one with cleaning and working for ever and ever."

"My poor girl," I said. "You have been very foolish. Don't you think you ought to say a prayer?"

"'Old me 'and mister, and I'll say whatever yer say I'm sorry I done wrong."

I took the poor little hand roughened by much work it was limp and cold.

"Our Father"

"Our Father which art in Heaven—forgive us our tresspasses."

There was a sigh, and poor Jessie Wunk had found what the dying Rabelais called 'The Great Perhaps'. It seemed all so futile; but all was over now.

III

BANG! CRASH!! a direct hit had been effected by the enemy on the trench in which I was bandaging some wounded. The place was filled with smoke, dust and foul gas. Darkness blacker than the blackest night enveloped everything, there were a few muffled cries, a faint groaning and silence. I was so stunned that it took me some time to appreciate what had happened.

How horrible my fate was! Buried alive in a covered trench, unknown to me and probably obliterated to the sight of any observer, no help was at all likely. It would be assumed we were all killed. Our connecting trench was smashed over an hour ago, and any approach above was under direct fire from the Hun machine guns. The death in utter darkness, alone and forgotten appeared so horrible to me that my mind wavered like a candle in a breath of wind.

I was on the verge of a mental breakdown, then suddenly I saw a light approaching, the awful clarity of despair made me note the minutist details of its advent. It was round and blue-white, peculiarly soft and yet brilliant and I noted with wonder—it cast no shadows—it hung above a girl's hand—and by all that is marvellous and unbelievable that girl was Jessie Wunk.

Her face and hand were alone illuminated, the light cast no shadows but also it only partly and in places dissolved the darkness there was. But the face of the girl was bright and peaceable though I could see she was filled with concern for my awful plight.

She signalled with her hand for me to follow her. I did. We reached an exit. Smiling she faded in the daylight. I reached our trenches uninjured. I am alive today. In life or death, love will find a way!

The Broken Pot.

BY P. R. NARAYANA IYER



DIKSHITAR'S morning bath, *Suryanamaskara* and a lot of other religious functions could not propitiate his wife Subbammal, the deity of his heart. She was an Amazon by birth, education and surroundings. Their marriage was not one of long courting and preliminary wooing. Nor was it one arranged by the tallying of horoscopes. Dikshitar's father and Subbammal's maternal uncle, to whose care and control the girl was entrusted after the early death of her father, were chums and pals from their babyhood. They studied under the same teacher, bathed in the same tank, slept on the same mat and shared the same pillow. When they came of age a secret understanding that Dikshitar should marry Subbammal was entered into between the pals in the presence of NATARAJA during the Ardra festival of Perur. Dikshitar inheriting by birth a religious turn of mind could not free himself from the sacred agreement entered into in the presence of the Almighty Nataraja. When Dikshitar was passing his teens and Subbammal was entering the same, they were linked in wedlock in the presence of Nataraja. Two years later the nuptials took place. We cannot say what happy reminiscences of the longed-for ceremony were cherished by Dikshitar in the inmost recesses of his heart. A semi-circular shiny scar implanted itself on the left cheek of Dikshitar on the nuptial night. It is rumoured that the scar is an indelible impression of the activities of the bridal finger nail displayed on a prominent facial exterior of the bridegroom. From that memorable nuptial day Dikshitar began to perform his morning bath and *Suryanamaskara* which to the last day of his life he carried on with unerring precision and devotion. He often said that his devotion was too meagre to propitiate the female Deity within the walls of his house.

One of the laudable traits of Dikshitar's character was his hospitality to guests. Not a day passed without the extension of Dikshitar's hospitality to one of his fellow beings. Nor could the villagers chronicle a day in which the Amazonian Subbammal did not leave any trace of her displeasure against the actions of her husband. To Dikshitar guests were objects of worship and reverence. To his better half, they were a trouble and pestilence. The adage, "what is sauce for the gander is sauce for the goose" had no application for Dikshitar and his wife.

One evening, Dikshitar was performing his daily ablutions in the sacred river of Perur when he saw an old pious Bramhin.

They casually drifted into the channel of religious conversation which led Dikshitar to invite the old Bramhin for supper. The old man passed the palm of his hand several times around his voluminous abdomen and consented to bless Dikshitar and accept the hospitality. It was 7 P. M. when Dikshitar reached his house. Street lights and kerosine oil lamps were rare in those days. A small feeble castor oil lamp served the purpose of illumination in all houses. Dikshitar politely seated the old bramhin on the pial of his house. The venerable guest began to repeat, in darkness, his rounds of Gayatri when he heard harsh sounds of blows emanating from inside the house. The old man pricked up his auditory organs and funnelled them with the palms of his hands. A dull silence followed. He saw Dikshitar coming from inside the house and vanishing into the street. Half an hour passed and the repetition of *Gayatri* dwindled into inaudible and sleepy tones in the old bramhin's throat. Subbammal prepared the unwilling supper and came out of the house to look for her husband who had gone out in search of a plantain leaf for the guest. She saw in dim darkness somebody sitting on the verandah. She slowly approached him who was snoring melodiously. Melodious snoring was characteristic of her husband. The snoring grated in the ears of Subbammal. Her anger knew no bounds.

"Idiot. Is this how you are bringing plantain leaf? Woe unto your leaf and your guest!" Simultaneously with the exclamation she dealt heavy blows on that somebody who, she thought, was her naughty husband. The old man was unceremoniously deprived of his slumber. He could not bear the brunt of severe blows.

"Beat me no more. I am an old bramhin invited by Dikshitar for supper. Do not behave rudely to an invited guest."

These words produced the desired effect. The virago ceased beating and disappeared into her residential kitchen. When Dikshitar returned home with the plantain leaf, the old bramhin was gone. Subbammal who was holding her head like a sulky cuckoo would not speak to her husband. Dikshitar searched for his guest in vain. He could not be traced. With a heavy heart he sat for his meals and tried to inveigle his better half to conversation.

"Subbu, please tell me what happened. Where is that old bramhin gone?"

"Do I know the whereabouts of your innumerable guests? How much time do you want to procure a plantain leaf? The old man must have felt very hungry. He must have gone to more hospitable quarters."

"May I go in search of him once more?"

"Lazy drone! You need not go on that fool's errand. He will have by this time eaten his supper and slept. Eat your supper and let me alone."

Dikshitar munched his supper. He ate enough. More and more was served on his leaf.

"Subbu, I can't eat so much. Why should you be so generous today?"

"Generous you say? Who will eat the food and curry that was prepared for your absconding guest? You must eat every grain of rice and drink every drop of curry. Eat. You spend thrift! Eat."

Dikshitar pleaded inability to eat so much. He patted his belly and heaved a suffocating sigh. He suggested that the excess might be given to the beggar who was strolling in the street.

Subbammal maintained a few minutes' silence. Dikshitar knew by experience that her silence was nothing but a precursor of unquenchable eruption. The earthen pot in which the rice was cooked was lifted to her hip height and let down with a thud on the bald head of the reclining Dikshitar. The pot cracked and grains of hot rice enveloped Dikshitar.

Subbammal said: "You want me to cook for your guests at untimely hours. Your guests disappear before eating their meals. Let me have no more of your idiosyncrasies."

When Dikshitar evolved out of the enveloping grains of rice his better half was profusely snoring under the folds of her extra saree. Attempt at conciliation proved abortive. *Annabhisheka* (bathing in rice) was half a dozen pinches on the haunches of Dikshitar.

Dikshitar's supply of patience had been well nigh exhausted. He could command no more of patience. A pilgrimage to Benares suggested itself as a remedy for the conjugal misery. Next morning when Subbammal awoke from her unusually long dose of sleep Dikshitar was nowhere to be seen.

II

Years slipped by. Dikshitar visited all the sacred temples of South India. He immersed himself in a thousand and one Thirthas (holy waters). He fasted for more than two thirds of the year. Morning bath and *Suryanamaskara* gained greater intensity and devotion. Subbammal's memory and her graceful tumults did not disturb his devotion. Dikshitar felt that he was beginning to have happy days for devotion. The path for *Moksha* was presenting itself before the mental eye of Dikshitar. Subbammal was forgot. Remembrances of her wifely devotion did not trouble his mind.

One day, long after the cracking of the earthen pot, Dikshitar was on the banks of the Thungabhadra. Rays of the morning sun beamed on his devotional body. Drops of perspiration bedecked his forehead. Other Bramhins, old and young, thronged around Dikshitar. One of them, an old man, carefully surveyed the physiognomy of Dikshitar and appeared to exhibit particular interest in him. Dikshitar concluded his *suryanamaskara* when the sun was just above his head. He opened his eyes and feasted them on the large multitudes of bramhins who were eagerly waiting to invite him for dinner. He had hardly time to make a choice amongst the hosts when the old man who had exhibited special interest in him caught hold of his hands and led him mutely to his humble abode.

The Bramhin street on the banks of the Thungabhadra contained several opulent mansions. Care and want appeared to have no quarters in that village. Females bedecked with costly jewels and rich sarees sauntered in all directions. Men clad in old and dirty rags flitted from corner to corner executing the errands of the village queens. Practically, the village was the abode of the Amazons. Husbands bent their heads low in the commanding presence of their wives. Fathers held their daughters in high esteem either out of fear or dread of kitchen-mutiny. Brothers attended to the wants of their sisters who gave them plenty of work to engage themselves in. It was to this village that our Dikshitar was invited. When the old bramhin took Dikshitar to the solitary hut in the midst of so many mansions he wondered why the rich did not invite him.

No sooner had the old bramhin and his venerable guest entered the humble hut than a sonorous bass of greeting issued from the throat of a human body which, from its huge dimensions, presented the embodiment of a gaint, while the unusually long and broad saree that encircled that being proclaimed its owner as unambiguously feminine. Dikshitar's visual and auditory organs had long forgotten such sight and sound. A few lengthy minutes passed by before Dikshitar could identify in the giantess the better half of the old bramhin. The old bramhin was shivering. Whether the shivering was due to his old age or the respect he owed his better half, our Dikshitar could not verify. He had presence of mind to allow things take their own course. The old bramhin entered the kitchen department to arrange for meals while Dikshitar squatted on the verandah of the hut with perfect equanimity.

The forgotten memories of Subbammal flashed across the grey matter of Dikshitar's cranium when he heard some wrangling noise from the culinary apartment. He knew that Subbammal

was singular and without any comparison. Huge frames of body do not often embosom a belligerent spirit. It was possible that the old bramhin's spouse might not belie her physical formation.

At last leaves were spread and wooden planks of seat arranged. Dikshitar was called in with all the hospitality becoming a true host. The softness and magnitude of the leaves bespoke of a hearty and hospitable meal.

"Now, Seshambal, we are ready. You can serve", said the old bramhin in a whisper.

Seshambal grunted acquiescence in a long hum.

The old bramhin shivered and spilt the tumbler of water placed between himself and the guest.

"Have you no eyes? Why do you thus fidget about?", roared Seshambal.

The old bramhin shivered more awkwardly. But he maintained strict silence.

Seshambal served rice, ghee and dhal. And they were served profusely. Dikshitar thought that Seshambal's huge dimensions were not inconsistent with her liberal service. The process of eating had been half gone through when the sound of a severe thud attracted the attention of the host and the guest. The water pot in the kitchen disengaged itself from the wooden frame on which it was deposited and fell down drowning every article of food in the outflow of its contents. Be it remembered that this identical water pot in which Seshambal carried the refreshing element was of a gigantic size and contained three times the quantity of water that an ordinary water pot would hold. Moreover, Seshambal was immensely attached to this vessel which was one of the prominent items in the inventory of her dowry. The old bramhin pricked up his ears. Dikshitar imitated his host. Thus they sat before their empty leaves for nearly a quarter of an hour. They could neither finish their meals nor get up and walk away lest they should be dealt with, by Seshambal, for having committed either of these blunders. The old man could muster no patience and he called out to his wife to serve the unfinished portion of the meals.

"Ill luck to you and your guest. My lovely water pot is broken. Enough of your guest and your hospitality."

The old man and his guest had no time to realise fully the implications of this vituperation. Seshambal held the rice pot in her hand in approved military fashion and struck the same first on her husband's head and then on Dikshitar. Slices of the earthen pot and grains of cooked rice fell on her husband, while

the circular rim of the pot fell around Dikshitar's neck and served as an apology for a garland of rose.

Dikshitar was wonder struck. The old bramhin laughed heartily and said: "Dear Dikshitar, do you recognise me? I am that lucky old bramhin who was once cheek-smacked by your better half when you invited me for meals".

"Is it you? I am sorry, I forgot".

"I can never forget", replied the old bramhin, "for I anticipated the garland of pot rim around my neck the other day. So I bolted".

"Begone, you idle gossippers", exclaimed Seshambal. "Before you disperse, be good enough to shell out the price of the broken pot. Otherwise I shall starve you tonight".

For fear of getting themselves thrashed, the old man and Dikshitar paid down the money in equal shares and made their exit.

Towards evening they sat under the banyan tree on the outskirts of the village and tried to enjoy the breeze. Dikshitar brandished the circular piece of the earthen pot and said that he was going to keep the same as a memento.

"Of all things in the world, why should you keep this wretched articles as a memento" asked the old bramhin.

"In memory of my wife. I should say that my wife is more amiab than your wife. Subbammal was satisfied with cracking the pot on my head. She did not demand the price of the broken pot," replied Dikshitar.

"Is it so? I had not the pleasure of witnessing the worthy scene".

Dikshitar related in detail the events of the memorable night on which the old bramhin was invited for meals. Instead of being sad at the naughty character of their wives, they laughed and laughed till their ribs were about to break. The old bramhin left Seshambal for ever. The very same day both Dikshitar and the old bramhin left Tungabhadra for Benares. No body knows whether they ever returned after the pilgrimage. They are reported to have enthusiastically related many a time the incidents of their lives and their wifely devotion. Dikshitar was last seen in the streets of Benares with a rim of the broken pot around his neck and a begging bowl in his hand. He had taken to the habit of perfect silence and no amount of pumping could eke out any information as to the whereabouts of the old bramhin. Subbammal and Seshambal lived to pretty old age. Their anxiety to see their husbands returning home was never gratified.

Smile Awhile.

The Branch manager approached the assistant cashier's desk.

"Where is the head cashier?" he said.

"Gone to the races, sir," said the young man.

"What," exclaimed the manager. "Gone to the races in business hours? Never heard of such a thing."

"Yes, sir," said the other. "It's his last chance of getting the books to balance."

The inspector, visiting a country school, asked the children a number of questions. After a while he said to a junior class: "Now I want some of you to ask me questions that I can't answer."

After a few vain attempts a small boy said: "Please sir, if you were stuck in a pool of mud up to your head, and I threw a brick at you, would you duck?"

"The best thing for you," said the doctor, "is to give up drinking and smoking, go to bed early every night, and get up early in the morning."

"Doctor," replied the patient, solemnly, "I don't feel that I deserve the best. What's the second best?"

The motherly old cook was being introduced by her new mistress to the kitchen of the very modern flat. The mistress pointed with pride to the electric range, the geyser, the radiator, the automatic refrigerator, the vacuum cleaner, the washing machine, the steam-dyeing apparatus, the switch boards, and so on.

"Why are you putting on your hat and coat?" said the mistress, interrupting herself in her explanation. "Surely you're not going?"

"I am, ma'am. It's an engineer you want, not a cook!"

They found him wandering around in a dazed condition, bearing the signs of a vigorous quarrel, a blackened eye, and a gap in his front teeth.

Filled with pity, they seized him by the arms.

"Come along, old chap. Let us take you home to your wife."

He groaned, piteously.

"Don't you understand?" he murmured, feebly. "That's where I got it."

From All Quarters.

Costly Errors. *Tit-Bits* recounts some costly errors that have been made by famous people. The famous composer, Charles Wakefield Cadman, firmly believes that we learn more from mistakes than by any other means. The biggest mistake in his life was made when he sold outright his famous ballad "At Dawning" for a meagre two pounds. It awoke little enthusiasm among music publishers; but it soon caught the public fancy, and Mr. John MacCormack rendered it on platforms in every large city and America. So far, more than two million copies have been sold, and the publishers have voluntarily given him royalties. Payne, the composer of "Home, Sweet Home," received only a small sum for his song, which was played and sung all the world over; but the worst error of this kind was made by Edgar Allan Poe, who accepted £ 2 for the entire copyright of his famous poem, "The Raven."

Floating Couches. Sun-bathers at the seaside may now be "rocked in the cradle of the deep" as they slumber on their floating couches, which consist of waterproof pneumatic mattresses. This newest device for sun-bathers is an inflated mattress made of waterproof material. It can be blown up by lung power, by a bicycle pump, or with air from a tyre on a motor-car. When not in use it is deflated and rolled in a small, easily-carried bundle. The bathing bed also can be used in indoor and open-air swimming pools. It can be anchored. Campers and motorists on long tours use the inflated mattress as a regular bed. Several can be carried on a motor trip, stored in the luggage compartment. Air mattresses are made in different sizes and are covered with waterproof materials of various colours either plain or figured.

Ray Walker. Tragedies due to sleep-walking may soon be a thing of the past. For a photo-electric cell device, which projects an invisible ray of light across the foot of the sleeper's bed from wall to wall, makes it impossible for him to reach the window or door without sounding an alarm. Immediately he touches the ray, a bell is set ringing in whatever quarter of the house his nurse or guardian is sleeping, and help comes instantly. Demonstrated recently at the British Industries Fair at Birmingham, this latest use of "electric eyesight" won unstinted praise from many prominent medical men. The first to give it a practical test, a London doctor, found that besides safe-guarding his patient,

the confidence inspired by knowledge of its presence helped her to sleep peacefully, and ultimately conquer her dangerous aberration.

X-Ray Movies. X-ray movies, first demonstrated by German pioneers several years ago and now developed to a point well past the experimental stage, are helping physicians to fight disease at the Victoria War Memorial Hospital in England. The new technique, as used in practical medical work, permits the filming of the bones and internal organs in action. One of its most important applications aids patients with joint diseases; for example it is now possible to take motion pictures showing the action of the bones as a patient flexes his wrist, and, comparing films made toward recovery. A movie camera photographs the X-ray images appearing on a standard fluorescent viewing screen, and the developed film is projected on a twelve-foot screen for examination giving an effective enlargement of the original X-ray picture.

Woman Who Rules the Happiest Island. Sixteen hundred visitors—more than double the population—who come each year to this little island in the English Channel, Isle of Sark rarely see its most remarkable and important inhabitant. She is La Dame de serq, the "Queen" of the island who has by her own methods preserved a feudal State, and a happy one, in the modern world. Every man is his own policeman and must keep a musket in the house. The tiny gaol rebuilt a hundred years ago has only housed two prisoners in its history. No divorces are allowed. Separations are permitted. Licensed hours are from eight in the morning until ten at night yet there are hardly ever any cases of drunkenness.

Sark has its own Parliament of forty which meets three times a year to pass its own laws.

Britain recognises the sovereignty of La Dame de serq.

"I have only four servants here" she said "but I need no more."

"Here we have perfect peace. We are anxious to preserve it. That is why motor-cars are forbidden."

There is no unemployment. On the contrary we often have, to import workers.

"The most important law passed in this island is that which makes it compulsory for any male over sixteen years of age to do at least two days' work on the roads every year. Everybody complies willingly with the law because they realise that its purpose is to save taxation."

The Widow's Offspring.

BY P. M. HARI.



UR words have come true at last!" exclaimed Ananda to his neighbour ere the sun had turned his face on the hemisphere.

"What is it?" enquired Surya.

"Why; did you not hear the new-born's cry in Ganga's?" interrogated Ananda with a stare of surprise.

"No. Has she been delivered of a child?" interjected Surya. Then she is done for!"

"Yes, last night she gave birth to a child. The infant had been crying all night, and she blabbering something in a faint voice," put in Ananda, who was living adjacent to Ganga's house.

"We must see to it," said Surya.

"No more nonsense! We must expel her at once from the village," said Ananda in an excited tone.

The news of Ganga's child-birth was soon broadcast and the village smitten to great commotion which withheld the people even from their morning toilets. Handfuls of people clustered here and there and spoke about it. Women began to peep inquisitively through their thresholds and boys started to whistle and screech. Vile tongues wagged with ruthless virulence. The bathing ghat and temple porch began to ring with talks of Ganga's confinement. Whenever and wherever the villagers met the topic of conversation was the widow's illegitimate child.

Ganga was a lovely middle-aged brahmin widow of a sweet nature and genial disposition, but clean ignorant of the world and its ways. Bereaved of her husband and her parents at a very early age, she lived a complete recluse. She showed her face outside her house only twice a day: once when she went to bathe in the morning and next when she went out for alms. She lived in her ancestral house—a thatched hut—in the rabidly orthodox village of Saratpur and subsisted on the charity of the villagers. Although she often got more than she wanted she never stored up anything. What remained after a simple, solitary meal she would give away to poor mendicants and pilgrims who passed her doors. No beggar crossed her front without getting something; and pious men gladly received *Bhiksha* from her innocent hands and incontinent store. Holy men sometimes traversed the whole village to her threshold to enjoy her scanty hospitality. To them

it was more than the sumptuous offer of a Zemin or other magnate.

The visits of the holy men to the poor widow provoked the envy of the villagers. They opined that she had paramours under the cloak of these holy men going to her for Bhiksha; and the idle tongues of the agra-haram began to wag lavishly at the cost of the poor woman. Boys sometimes mocked at her and the people openly spoke ill of her association with hypocritical Sanyasins and *Paradesies*.

But Ganga was pure and unaffected by the jibes of the villagers. Her innocence took it all in a sportive light. Simple and illiterate, she occupied her days with chanting the sacred name of the Lord, telling her TULSI beads, and contemplating on Sri Krishna. She often reflected on the story of the early life of Gopala that she had heard from her parents and dwelt on his *Leela* with a strange affection. Her unsatisfied maternal instinct eventually manifested itself in a strong love of the Divine Child and she meditated on the wondrous form of Gopala with great attachment and yearning.

One day a Sadhu who received Bhiksha from her hands noticing the holy bent of the woman initiated her into the secrets of Krishna worship. Since then she became devoted to the worship of Gopala. Gradually the thought of Gopala spread through her whole life and being. Day in, day out, awake or asleep, she longed for Gopala; and her life hung on the exquisite form of the Divine Child. But all this was a deep secret of Ganga's breast.

When the mind is strongly possessed by one idea it grows and transmutes the whole life into its nature, and the man is almost lost in the idea. When the mind is concentrated on that idea it becomes vivid and powerful; and when it is an object the mind develops all the qualities of the object conceived; and in extreme one-pointedness of the mind the object of thought spontaneously shoots out into the world as a distinct external thing. This accounts for several forms of the phenomena of *Prathyaksham* in the world of religion. But for the slender subtle relation between the psychology of the person and the object the projection takes effect as a distinct entity outside the person. It acquires clear externality and is sometimes perceptible even to other persons. In extreme cases, it gets beyond the control of the originator and in some cases even overwhelms his personality.

Sometime after Ganga's initiation into the worship of Sri Krishna her contemplation and meditation became most absorbing. She would be so steeped in worship and meditation that on some days she would even forget to go out for alms. But the

kindly women of the village who greatly sympathised with the destitute, sent her something or other through their children if she did not make her appearance in the streets.

When Ganga became scarce in the street the malicious folk began to scandalise her with enthusiasm. They said that her intimacy with questionable characters under the frock of religious orders had set her on the way to motherhood. They awaited the advent of the little one for convicting her of the most heinous crime and sin, and tearing her to shreds.

One auspicious night, Ganga was suddenly awakened from sleep by the cry and scratch of a beautiful child beside her. She got up with a throbbing heart and scrambling, lighted her earthen lamp. What was her surprise to see a bright bony child exactly like her Gopala lying in the mat, crying and kicking up its wee limbs! With tears rolling down her cheeks she took it up and soothed it by rocking it in her arms to the accompaniment of sacred names. The Infant was lulled a little. Ganga clung to the child with a strange feeling of agony and ecstasy. She could not lay it on the coarse mat she slept on. How tender it was! So she cradled it in her lap and drowsily hung over it. But the child soon woke up with an exquisite smile.

Ganga went on drowning her time in *Nama Samkirtana* (calling on the Lord) and care for the child; and did not even know when the day broke.

In the reported birth of a child to Ganga the villagers saw conclusive evidence of her secret immorality. They roused themselves to action. When they saw that Ganga was not coming out either for bath or for alms they forbade their women from sending anything to her. But the women secretly sent boys with victuals to call at the doors of Ganga that they might know the truth about her. The boys called and knocked at her doors but as there was no response they returned saying that they could only sometimes hear the cry of an infant and the indistinct murmur of a faint voice.

Two days passed before the extreme psychic excitement of Ganga could steady or subside a little and restore her to the consciousness of her physical existence. Gradually did Ganga begin to attend to her physical needs, though yet in a dreamy way, her heart being inseparable from the child. One day Ganga found that she had nothing to feed the child with, and so she decided to go for alms, not knowing that the villagers had enjoined their women not to give the wretched widow anything and have been awaiting her coming out of doors to catch her and drive her out of the village.

It was about 10 A. M., when Ganga came out for alms. She had been thoroughly transformed in the last few days and appeared like a lunatic. Feeble and emaciated, she wore an unclean white linen sari carelessly girt and drawn over her head for a hood, and came with downcast face, faltering steps and an absent-minded mood. When she came along men, women, and children crowded on the verandahs to have a glance at the despicable scare-crow and to take obnoxious flings at her; but at sight of her they felt some unknown force hold their breath and body! Unmindful of the gaping throng Ganga moved on with half-shut, tearful eyes and a pathetic cry of Gopala! Gopala! The women of the village, stirred to their depths by the agonising cry of Ganga involuntarily brought the best of food available to her despite the injunctions of their men. The men were simply aghast.

Soon after the midday meal the villagers assembled together to consider the situation created by the widow having given birth to a child. Ganga was a certain menace to the village. She had begotten a bastard and put on madness now to escape her punishment. And the women's sympathy for her was dangerous. She should be peremptorily expelled. They discussed the matter and decided to summon her. A messenger was sent to fetch her, but he returned saying that to his repeated calls and knocks at her threshold there was no response. The conclave, inflamed by the contumacy of the widow, determined to raid her house and drive her out by force. Calling the riff-raff of the village to their aid the furious villagers knocked at Ganga's door and getting no reply broke it upon, and burst into the room only to find Ganga sitting in a deep drowsy state with an exceptionally bright toddling adorned with gems and jewels, and beaming with an exquisite smile on its lips, sitting in her lap.

Ganga was dead to all the savage howl and violence of the people. The unthinking throng became wild at catching her 'red-handed' and made her conscious of their presence with beastly roughness. Their brutal hands made her semiconscious. Opening her eyes the poor woman caught fright. She suddenly lifted up her child and went off into a stabbing shriek of 'Gopala!'; and behold, the sparkling baby melted away in the supreme effulgence that shot out of her face!

Tetanus or Lock-Jaw.

BY A MEDICAL STUDENT



ACCIDENTS are increasing every day. Ignorance in the matter of promptly rendering first aid to those who receive cuts or abrasion on the body, particularly on the heads and the lower extremities of the body as a result of accidents, leads to the development of lock-jaw, which frequently leads to death. Lack of suitable and prompt attention to the injuries considerably reduces the chances of recovery. Lock-jaw is a very dangerous complaint. It owes its origin to bacilli, which enter the blood stream through a cut or abrasion and which set up a toxic condition that frequently leads to death. Prompt treatment is necessary to prevent development of lock-jaw. Any delay is likely to precipitate death. Not even half the cases terminate satisfactorily. The aim of this article is to present in a clear and homely way the cause, symptom, the right kind of treatment and the attention necessary in the treatment of accidents that may develop lock-jaw.

What terror, horror and down-right panic would seize us if only we visualise for a moment the vast havoc that is wrought by those invisible enemies called bacilli, which enter the human bodies. These vile and hideous monsters strike down several men, women and innocent children with lightning speed. Though smallest in size, they are the most dangerous enemies of men. They are so small that a thousand of them gathered together would not be larger than a mustard seed. They multiply and spread with incredible rapidity, producing a family of million germs in a few hours' time. These germs grow in any place that is warm and has a little moisture. The conditions that favour their most rapid growth and multiplication are warmth, moisture and darkness. These germs also grow abundantly in places where there is decaying vegetable or animal matter. Since they are so small so light in weight and multiply so rapidly and can grow in or on almost everything, they are distributed very widely. In fact, there is hardly any place or space we could name, where there are no germs. As a general rule it may be stated that the cleaner and lighter the place, the fewer the germs there will be in it. They are in our mouth and nose, and on the skin; they are in the food we eat and the water we drink; they are on the floor and walls of our house; in the surface soil of our court-yard, in the water of the tanks, wells and rivers and in the air we breathe. Wherever human beings live in the largest numbers there the

largest number of germs are found. The bacilli are found in all soil, more particularly in that which has been frequently manured, with the dung of cattle, horses etc. It is the poison produced by the germs that generally cause almost all the diseases that afflict mankind. These germs that cause diseases do not originate within our bodies; they enter from without.

There are three gateways for germs to enter the human body and they are (1) the mouth, (2) the nose and (3) any injured spot on the skin. The germs enter through the mouth, in our food and drink, when one eats with unclean hands, when children put their dirty fingers into the mouth, through the nose along with the dust that is in the air that we breathe or through the injured part or parts of our skin. The bites of insects, such as the mosquito, the flea, the louse, the bed-bug, etc. cause injury to the skin and thereby enable the germs to enter the body easily.

In cases of accidents immediate steps have to be taken to prevent the bacilli entering the system and it is important that every body should be familiar with the first aid that should be rendered to the injured. Any delay in rendering first aid may make the condition of the injured hopeless.

As pointed out already, the bacilli finds its way into the system through the injured spot on the body by accident or some other cause. These bacilli having entered the blood stream set up a toxic condition that frequently leads to death. It is this dangerous complaint that is generally called Lock-jaw and sometimes known as *Tetanus*. The condition most favourable for the bacilli to enter the body is through a wound or abrasion sustained on the head or lower extremities as a result of a street accident or fall on a dirty soil or place smeared with cow dung or where there is soil manured with the dung of horses, cattle etc. If immediate steps are not taken to cauterise the wound, to clean the wound and to treat the patient with the Anti-tetanus serum death is certain if lock-jaw is developed, as a result of the germs pervading the system. It is quite possible for a person to fall on the ground, to graze the knee and to develop lock-jaw later on. Usually the wound is unimportant, bleeding is very slight and no trouble comes out of it. More serious wounds, which are properly dressed, are less likely to provide a site for the disease, merely because they have received timely and suitable attention. If every wound however slight, which cause blood to ooze or flow is painted with tincture of iodine, cauterized with carbolic acid or painted with heated castor oil and washed with boric acid lotion, salt water, weak potassium permanganate solution or lysol lotion and bandaged properly and the patient injected as a prophylaxis with Tetanus-Antitoxin Serum, the chances of lock-jaw supervening

are negligible. On this account it will be safer always to carry an iodine pencil in the pocket or handbag ready for any emergency. Every house in its medicinal chest should have always some tincture iodine, carbolic acid, potassium permanganate, boric acid or lysol and some cotton ready for use at any time. Not more than half the cases terminate satisfactorily, unless treated with tetanus serum. When the serum is used, its success depends on how early in the history of the case it is administered. If it is used within a day of the wound, recovery is almost certain; but if the symptoms are far advanced, the chances of recovery are correspondingly less. If the serum could be injected soon after receiving the injury, a great number of units may not be necessary as a prophylaxis. If symptoms of tetanus are far advanced, 20,000 American units will have to be injected. This serum would be available in all chemists' shops. Old serum is not very effective. The normal expiry date on the labels should therefore, be looked into before use.

The early symptoms of tetanus are, giddiness; lock-jaw; inability to move the head to the sides; a feeling of extreme lassitude; sleep broken by nightmares; an unaccountable feeling of awkwardness in the mouth and throat and a copious running of the saliva. If the above symptoms are noted, there is every reason to suspect the cause. Later the patient develops the following symptoms: a rigidity of the muscles not only of the jaws and head, but throughout the whole body; ceaseless and terrible pain; periodic spasms; rise of temperature; thirst; constipation; feeling hot all over the body; difficulty to breathe and talk; biting the tongue and lips accidentally to cause injury and bleedings, as sometimes they come between the teeth; difficulty to bend the limbs; eruptions on the tongue and white coating; foul stool; severe head-ache; and bending the body like an arch.

The dangerous and final symptoms are, closing and opening the eyes often; touching the eyes often and pulling the private parts forcibly; tendency to bite the hands and to pinch; delirium; getting angry and using abusive language; mental aberration; refusal to swallow food and medicine; restlessness throughout; rolling on the bed incessantly; twitching the hair; shining appearance on the face; stomach pain; hiccough and high fever.

The treatment for this terrible disease is as follows:—

Injection: at least 20,000 American Units of Tetanus Antitoxin Serum should be given intravenously at the first sign of tetanus. This intravenous dose is directed towards combating the blood circulating toxin. For therapeutic purposes the absorption from subcutaneous or intramuscular injection of Tetanus Antitoxin is too slow to be effective. The life-saving routes of administration

are the intravenous and the intra-spinal and the doses must be larger than those which it has been the custom to administer. Toxin also travels along the axis cylinder processes of the spinal cord and medulla, and the only effective way to neutralize it is to inject Tetanus Antitoxin intra-spinally. The spinal fluid withdrawn should be replaced by approximately the same volume of high potency Antitoxin, 20,000 to 30,000 American Units. The injection should also be checked and controlled by blood-pressure observations. The intraspinal injection should be repeated at first daily and afterwards as the patient improves the intervals may be lengthened. The intravenous injection as a rule need be repeated only once—24 hours after the first intravenous injection.

Prophylaxis:— Upon infliction of a suspicious wound especially, if contaminated with garden soil, cleanse the wound thoroughly cutting away all the dead tissues and inject 1500 American Units of Tetanus Antitoxin subcutaneously or intramuscularly. Usually one prophylactic treatment is sufficient. The skin at the site of injection should be carefully cleansed and disinfected. The outer area of the thigh is the preferred site for intramuscular injection. When administered intramuscularly the antitoxin should be injected deeply and slowly. If for any reason only a portion of the contents of a container is injected, the remainder should be destroyed. There are certain precautions to be taken with the patient. Every precaution should be taken to see that the patient does not bite his lips and tongue. The patient should be given complete rest. Never wake the patient on any account. The knot of the bandage should be on the side opposite to the seat of injury. Lights of all kinds should be avoided in the patient's room as far as possible. The patient should not be touched as far as possible. The patient should not be disturbed by any noise or sound. Crowds should not be allowed in the room or in its vicinity. If the patient is disturbed by noise or sound, convulsion may come often, which will precipitate death.

Book Reviews.

Hydrostatics and Mechanics by A. E. E. McKenzie, M. A. Cambridge at the University Press, 1934. (Pp. X + 272).

This is a neat little book providing an elementary course up to school certificate standard. To a beginner Mechanics is often the duller part of physics and it requires considerable ingenuity to present it as "the basis of many of the greatest engineering achievements." The author has succeeded in doing this in a praiseworthy manner. Every physical law is supplied with a historical background and the definitions of technical terms are given with marked economy of words, without offending the purist or puzzling the beginner. The choice of illustrations is exceedingly happy—mostly photographs of the very latest constructions and plants, provided by engineering firms—and serves admirably to make the scientific theory real and interesting. Care has been taken in adding a number of problems at the end of each chapter to test the boys' mastering of the principles.

The book is excellently printed and bound; and the use of small type to distinguish the more advanced discussions from the general text, as well as the heavy type printing of the more important part of the text, is likely to be much appreciated. The book is heartily recommended. K. N. S.

Ravi Varma (A Monograph). By K. P. Padmanabhan Tampy, B. A. Published by Kripin & Co., Trivandrum. Price annas 8.

This is an appreciative study of the work of Raja Ravi Varma as an artist. The author discusses the basis of Ravi Varma's art and answers some critics who comment on it adversely. In the course of the discussion the author contrasts the ideal of the new Bengal school of artists and opines that their paintings do not "make a direct appeal to the ordinary man who is uninitiated in the ways of mysticism and symbolism and whose head cannot rise high above the heart". Whatever might be the comparative merits of the two as pure works of art, it cannot be gainsaid that Ravi Varma's pictures appeal more to the lay man. As the learned writer of the introduction puts it, "Ravi Varma created a widespread taste for decoration in the Indian home, and cheap reproductions of his famous paintings have, like the ubiquitous Diets lantern, spread to every nook and corner of India". The author himself will not claim that the last word on Ravi Varma's art has been said. His answers to critics are far from being full or convincing. The subject of study has been approached in a spirit of one-sided adoration. Consequently the much needed discernment and critical vision of the writer have to a great extent been impaired. But, the brochure stimulates thought and is well worth perusal.

Lorna Doone By R. D. Blackmore. Abridged by Y. W. Cann, M. A. Macmillan & Co., Ltd.

This story indeed "takes its place among the very finest in the world"; but the original work is tough reading. The writer of this note well remembers how his professor in one of the college classes had to abridge it for the sake of the students. The present abridgment of the work by the learned editor has made the novel easy reading, and the story shines forth in all its rustic splendour and romantic background. The introduction, the short note on the author of the book, and the notes given at the end

are all very good and valuable. The book is charmingly got up and will easily go into the pocket.

Pramehanidanam (പ്രമേഹനിദാനം) by Miss T. Kunhimalu Amma. Price annas 12.

It is well known that the dire disease of diabetes claims its toll of thousands in India. Much of human suffering and life can be saved by having a knowledge of its aetiology. But there are not many books, probably none in Malayalam hitherto, which deal with the subject in a style familiar to the lay reader. So, the attempt of the young authoress to bring out this valuable treatise on the causes, diagnosis and treatment of diabetes is commendable. The book deals both with the allopathic and Ayurvedic systems of treatment. The style employed is simple. It is devoid of technical expressions. Not only trained physicians but also the lay man can easily read and understand the subjects discussed, without any extraneous aid. We congratulate the young lady on this, her maiden achievement and invite the attention, not only of the ailing public but of all those interested in human welfare and prevention of diseases, to this precious treatise.

പ്രമേഹനിദാനം തിളക്കം. — Translated by K. Janardanan
Thampan, B. A., "Janahithan" Publishing House, Pulappatta,
Ottappalam. Price annas 8.

We have in these pages reviewed sometime ago the original of this work by Acharya Vaswani. The translator has done a distinct service to the Malayalam reading public by bringing home to them the "Philosophy of Sri Krishna" as interpreted by this great sage of Sindh. It is hard to translate any work and it is doubly so in the case of works on philosophy. We began to read this book with a little prejudice, for we felt it would be almost impossible to translate in Malayalam the intricate thoughts of the original writer. But as we went on reading, we realised our mistake. The spirit of the original has nowhere been lost in the translation.

The Hindu Mind—Annual Number, June 1935, Tiruvadamurudur.

This bumper number opens with a poem 'A Prayer' by P. M. Hari. Mrs. Rhys Davids writes on "Worth in Will". Mr. Duncan Greenlees writing under the caption "What is the Hindu Mind?" points out what is true vedantic religion and what is not. Prof. K. R. Srinivasa Ayyangar writing on "Ethical & Religious Reconstruction" makes valuable suggestions suited to renovate our moral and spiritual life. An experience in cosmic consciousness by Miss. Laurie Pratt, The Law of Karma by Dr. M. H. Syed, and The Homeland of the Hindus by Prof. Horowitz are only some of the other valuable articles that adorn the pages of this publication. The number also contains beautiful photographs of Sri Ramana Maharishi, and three other great sons of India, Tagore, Gandhi, and Jagadish Bose.

Progressive India, May 1935. Editor: D. R. Murdeshwar
"Radha Nivas", Old Court Road, Mangalore.

This is a new addition to the ranks of Indian Journalism. The place of honour in this the first issue is given to a very suggestive article on "Economic Depression, its cause and cure" from the pen of Dewan Bahadur K. S. Ramaswami Sastry. Mr. K. R. R. Sastri writes on Siddha Sastras. Prof. K. T. Krishnaswami writes an inspiring article, 'A Vision of India'. Besides some other good articles, the magazine devotes separate sections for extracts from foreign and Indian Periodicals respectively, book-reviews and notes. The printing and the general get up are very attractive. We wish our new contemporary a long and successful life.

M. S. K.

Men I Have Known.

T. R. VENKATARAMA SASTRI

BY N. S. SRINIVASA IYER

[The next person to be dealt with is Sir Mocherla Ramachandra Rao.]



It is the tragedy of the Liberal Party in India that it has condemned most of its adherents to the desolate task of wandering in the political wilderness. When the aspirations of educated India became articulate, it was the Liberals who stood forward as the embodiment of national hopes and national ideals and fought the Bureaucracy with a strenuousness, conviction and logic that have compelled the admiration of all persons, who have been called upon to examine the history of the national movement in India. When, largely through their own work, power, however inadequate in extent and quality, was vested in the Electors in India, the Liberal Party was unable to recognise that it had to deal with new masters. Its members continued to repeat the old formulae, they could not adapt themselves to the new political environment; and neglected by the country as well as by the authorities, they have almost committed political suicide. When great leaders like Gokhale, Mehta and Banerjea disappeared from the scene, the successors merely could hark back to the ways of those who went before them, while other leaders and movements got possession of the field and relegated them to the back ground.

A conspicuous instance of the effect of membership of the Liberal Party on the political career of a person is Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri. It is difficult at the present moment to find another instance of a leader, who in uprightness of character, sincerity of conviction, grasp of political problems and an absolutely non-communal outlook, can stand on the same level with Mr. T. R. Venkatarama Sastri. Mr. Chakravarthi Rajagopalachari shares many of these qualities but there is a touch of jesuitry in him which puts him in a different category. Yet Mr. Rajagopalachari is a leader with an enormous following, with a large number of devoted adherents, with undoubted influence over the country, and with a record of work which despite serious shortcomings is unique in character. Undoubtedly the fact that he is the accredited spokesman of the Congress in this Presidency and stands next to the Mahatma in the rank of leadership has greatly contributed to his success. In the case of Mr. Venkatarama

Sastri the position is altogether different. He commands the respect of friends and foes, but it is difficult to state that he has anything like a following. He has demonstrated his readiness to overcome the temptations of high office under the call of conscience and self-respect, but as a figure in the political world he is almost negligible. He holds views as radical as those that have been declared to be part of the programme of the Congress, though he has refused to enthuse over the evangel of independence. Despite all these, he is stranded on the political shore.

Some explanation for this tragic position is undoubtedly due to the fact that he did not take to political work until a late period of his life. He was further handicapped by the circumstance that all his life he has lived under the shadow of another influence. Yet a third factor is a tendency on his part to ponder over all aspects of a question before arriving at a particular decision or formulating a plan. In politics as in many other spheres of life quick decision, ever so unsatisfactory, forms a *sine qua non* for success. It is a tribute to Mr. Sastri's personality and idealism that despite all these handicaps he still commands the respect and assent of the bulk of the intelligentsia of the country.

It is largely as a distinguished advocate and lawyer that Mr. Sastri is known to the country. His advocacy is not of the type which evokes admiration in uncultivated circles. Nor has he ever found occasion to resort to any of the artifices which men of a certain type adopt for the purpose of securing success. For nearly 40 years he has been at the Bar and it will be no exaggeration to say that there have been few persons who have combined integrity with learning, an advocacy of a high order with a resolute adherence to the ethics of the legal profession to the same extent as Mr. Sastri.

Often in his earlier days he had occasion to cross swords with the forensic giants of the time, Mr. Krishnaswami Iyer and Mr. P. R. Sundara Iyer. Mr. Sastri despite the sensitiveness of his character seems to have fared worthily in these contests. His temperament however is essentially of a judicial character, though it has not fallen to his lot to fill the post of a judge at any time in his career. But he had the fullest scope while filling the office of Advocate-General for over a period of four years to display his characteristics. His work as Advocate-General was marked by independence, fairness, and a certain sense of detachment which few who have held that office have shown in the discharge of their duties. During the long period of his professional career, it may safely be said, that he has never hit below the belt or created any sense of resentment in any one who has

appeared against him. His loyalty and generosity to his juniors are wellknown; and today he stands a splendid, unique figure in the world of law, to whose life and work one could look as a worthy ideal to strive after.

I do not feel called upon to enter into any discussion as to the merits of his resignation of the office of Law Member within three days of his appointment. It has been contended not unfairly that the issue on which he tendered his resignation was one towards which he took a wrong attitude. But I believe that it is not so much the actual question at stake as the spirit which animated those responsible for such a step that disturbed his equanimity and forced him to the conclusion that he could not continue to remain in office. It is undoubted that by his action he has demonstrated his indifference to mere power so long as it could not be wielded consistently with his ideas of self-respect. In a country where the lure of office has led very frequently to resilience from the convictions of a life-time, Mr. Sastri's resignation stands apart.

In the sphere of social and religious work Mr. Sastri has a solid record of achievement. He is well versed in our ancient lore and his grip and mastery over the Sanskrit language are remarkable. But he could never conform to the orthodox tenets; and from his youthful days he has been a dissenter. He has little respect for the idols of the market place and he has not hesitated to employ the weapon of sastraic interpretation to shatter the false foundations of a certain type of belief. He is a reformer who has never failed to accord practice with precept; nor can it be said of him that at the psychological moment he has deserted his standpoint merely to placate the feelings of others, or to bow to the yoke of custom. His interest which has never been merely academic in social and philanthropic work, has led to useful results. Free from fanaticism, absolutely untrammelled by the worship of any particular fetish, Mr. Sastri illustrates the effect of a profound study of our scriptures on a critical temperament.

Mr. Sastri is essentially democratic in his outlook. He is accessible to all; and no man with a difficulty to face or serious doubt to settle will fail to obtain the benefit of his counsel. He is devoted to books; and though he has allowed his interests to range diffusely over a variety of subjects, it cannot be said of him that he is indulging in a mere fashionable pastime. He has a winning manner in private conversation and the range of interests over which it travels lends a peculiar fascination to it. His broad humanity is another striking feature; and a happy blend of these qualities makes him one of the most lofty, tender and delicately sober of all moralists. If I were called upon to

choose a concrete instance of one who fulfils all the characteristics of a true gentleman as defined by Cardinal Newman, I would undoubtedly mention the name of Mr. Venkatarama Sastri.

I have often heard it said that Mr. Sastri is a person of careless habits and that he has fits of absent-mindedness which have led to embarrassing results. This is a gross misconception of Mr. Sastri's character. While indifferent to the minor details of life, he possesses the business instincts more often associated with the people of the west. I believe, for years he never finished the day's work without carefully writing the accounts for the day. Also his conception of the inviolability of the plighted word makes it impossible that he could be indifferent to the ordered execution of the work which his strenuous life involves. Mr. Sastri is now in the 63rd year of his life. On his attaining the 61st year very sincere and striking tributes were paid by the members of the public to his character and personality, thereby testifying to the abiding hold which he has over the hearts and minds of our people. Throughout this period he has borne the white flower of a blameless life. Over the surface of a changing world he has not moved lightly, but has had his work and convictions based on the eternal verities of life.

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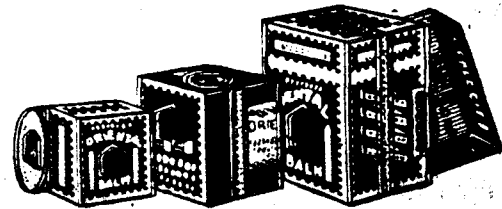
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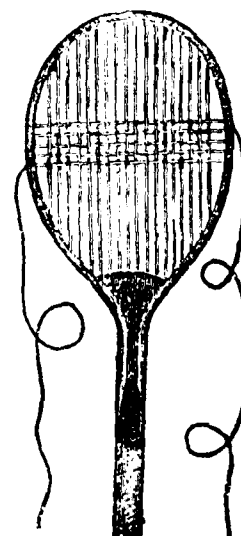
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VOL. X

AUGUST 1935

NO. 11

Justice.

(Diary Leaves).

BY NICHOLAS ROERICH



PEOPLE often speak of obvious injustices and at the same time they loose sight of the signs of justice. Of course, injustice is quite obvious and tangible and justice often manifests itself so very indirectly that a narrow thinking can with difficulty collate the different often disconnected manifestations. Truly the paths of justice are often much more unexpected than the actions of injustice. Such unexpectedness is, of course, only a seeming one. Truth follows the logical course, but the scope of its actions transcends the human horizon.

Man commits some obvious vile injustice. Casual observers see that the perverter of truth not only continues to exist, but even seems to be distinguished and as if encouraged. For the human measures it is difficult to realize that these phantom distinctions are but the road to the gallows. The criminal himself continues to rejoice, thinking in his debasity that his criminal machinations, have fully succeeded and that the hand of Nemesis cannot reach him. But it is also said: "Vengeance is mine; I will repay".

Even some considerable time may pass and around the criminal, whether it be a person, a group or a country, there will accumulate some strange, quite unforeseen and incalculable circumstances. The very distinctions and seeming successes begin

to change into unexpected unpleasantnesses. Of course, the criminal thinking will not pay attention to these small forewarning flashes. In the drunkenness of an orgy of boasting, the evil ones cannot collate and correctly value the seemingly unconnected distant lightning.

Some very instructive unusual psychological moments take place, which can lead the thinker to unusual deductions. But in order to come to such conclusions one must have not only an ability to concentrate, but one must have first of all clean thinking. And it is precisely this quality which is absent in the criminal. One can see that even when some calamity begins to fall upon them, they still remain far from realizing the true causes.

The inexperienced people will ask, why does justice often seem to tarry? This question only proves that the inquirer could not go beyond the bounds of the usual. It is only here, under our conditions, that the dates appear to us as short or protracted. But there exist also other, higher and far more refined scales. And when the human mind succeeds in grasping these fine processes of correspondence, combinations and effects, then a special tremor will arise. The tremor of realization of the signs of Justice. The ancient wisdom says: "It is better to be offended, than to be the offender".

In this is expressed a knowledge of the laws of effects. And the date of process itself cannot be comprehended by earthly measures.

Only when looking back a jurist-philosopher can weigh and collate in exaltation.

17274) *Nil admirare* (admire nothing). The Romans expressed thus not only their satiated cold attitude but also the knowledge of correspondence. One cannot be surprized at justice. One may admire these high laws, which in their harmony attract or repel something and finally yet the beautiful fire of justice will always reign. The criminal burns himself with this fire. Precisely he is singed, that is to say, he singes himself. He himself approaches the fire. He cannot avoid the path of justice.

People believe that a murderer is attracted to the place of murder. In this is contained a deep wisdom of the people. The criminal is attracted not only to the physical place, but he becomes himself involved in the orbit of issuelessness. In his dullness the criminal will imagine for some time that he avoids situations that are dangerous for him. It will seem to him that he not only succeeded in escaping Nemesis, but even received an unquestionable benefit from the committed evil deed.

"When God wants to punish someone. He deprives him of his reason." Precisely the clouding of the brain follows the evil deeds. It is in vain to think that actions of hatred and malice remain without retribution. The evil doers call upon themselves terrible consequences. And every evil, as a spot of rust, eats into the fate of the creator. It penetrates all the deeper, for so-called repentance comes very seldom. On the contrary—a hardened bluntness will try to justify the crime.

It is said that in a certain ancient country all sages-philosophers were called together in order to observe the ways of justice. It may be only a legend to emphasise the meaning of these paths and the actuality of justice, but perhaps this took place in reality. Among the ancient cultures we often meet examples of unusually high thought.

Amidst the subjects of living ethics the word about the paths of justice must be especially convincing. It will teach the young generation from school years to realize the whole impracticability of evil deeds.

Relation of Science to Sanitation and Public Health.

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

THE increasing utility of Science in human affairs, during the recent years, appears to no better advantage than in its connection with public sanitation and public morals. It need not be emphasised that the fundamental principle of science is truth; the fundamental guide of the scientific investigator is honesty; and the fundamental attitude of the scientific worker is receptivity. If truth is sought for dishonest purposes or if dishonest methods are used in seeking truth, we cannot hope for useful results. We cannot also hope that mankind will ever be free from bias and prejudice but we can hope that a man may so rise above bias and prejudice as to be able to see things in their true light. Science, ordinarily, is grouped under two main divisions, the research and the applied. Research is potential science and the applied is dynamic science. All truth is useful no matter how abstract it may be. Every extension of the limits of our knowledge contributes in some way for the good of humanity if only rightly applied. In this sense, all science is applied science.

The welfare of a nation is too often judged by the magnitude of its industry and the balance of its imports and exports viz. the Foreign trade. The nation that sends away more than it brings in is always becoming gradually exhausted, yet the excess of exports over imports is regarded as a mark of prosperity. It is true that neither science nor a nation can advance in the midst of starvation. An abundance of food and clothing and other necessities of life are alike indispensable to the material and intellectual progress of humanity. An excess of these good things, however, is almost as injurious as a deficiency.

There is another index of national welfare which appears to be more certain and that is morality. That science has an intimate relation to morality is not new to the scientific world. The men who have been the Beacon lights in the realm of science have been men of unimpeachable morality. They have been men who could not do a wrong thing knowingly. Thus, it becomes evident that sooner or later scientific investigation would come closely into touch with public morality.

This reminds us of the present practice of the sale of sophisticated food materials and drugs, to the detriment of the health of

the populace, in our Indian markets. The magnitude of these malpractices as revealed by the examination of the materials every day, is so great that it is high time for the public discussion to be excited and the public attention drawn so that ultimately a sentiment might be aroused to make remedial legislation possible. India is said to be keeping pace with other nations, at least, in the matter of scientific progress and many of us are, indeed, guilty of being highly proud of such an achievement. Should we not, then, pertinently question ourselves and understand clearly what beneficial results have been obtained for the betterment of our nation by the application of our so called scientific achievement? Many of us, really, do not feel convinced of our progress in this direction. There is, no doubt a lot of scientific research carried out in some of our Institutions at our cost but so far much of it has not been found fit for application to the nation's progress.

It is this particular tendency of the application of scientific investigation that should operate in securing the legislation for the sale of the Food materials and drugs in our Empire to-day. It was by similar investigations of Scientists and their findings that attention was directed to the fraudulent trade, both in Foods and Drugs, by other nations, who have made laws in accordance with which the sale of impure or adulterated Foods and Drugs is made a criminal offence and many are provided with Public Analysts and other Officers to enforce these Laws and thus punish the offenders. The importance of such a legal control need not be over emphasised. So long we remain indifferent to this aspect of legalising the sale of the Food materials and Drugs in India, it surely affords greater opportunities for the present prevailing fraudulent trade to assume an enormous growth.

There is always a sentiment of peace, of quietitude and patience which is becoming to a nation and is, in itself, an element of strength. This condition permits a nation to pursue its ordinary course without undue deviation. But when great principles are at stake or intolerable evils, like the one pointed above, are to be removed, the people should rise in their strength and indulge in a general house-cleaning. There would be of course, innumerable obstacles to surmount in passing such a legislation. The way of scientific progress will become more obvious if the obstacles which have been and are being encountered are clearly pointed out. It may be said with propriety that the passage of such a general legislation in India would be a distinct indication of our scientific progress made during the recent years in applying science to Sanitation and Public morality. There is, no doubt, some sort of legislation at present in force in certain

parts of India; but, it is very inadequate and in many instances the enforcement of Legislation is very defective. Therefore, towards the remedial measures, in the first instance, it involves the necessity for the establishment of our own standards for all the common and important food materials and drugs based on the results of a thorough and efficient investigation carried out preferably under the initiation and guidance of the local Governments, the established scientific Institutions and the learned Societies without which it is impossible to expect a better future for the supply of pure food-materials and drugs on which only depends the health of our present and future generations. As the Western standards, that are in vogue in certain parts of India, in many instances, have been found wholly inapplicable to Indian products, will our Indian Scientists apply themselves with whole hearted enthusiasm and interest to this vital problem and place it on a satisfactory basis?

Proclamation.**

BY N. G. S.

1

Work tomorrow. The World holds high festival today ; so proclaim. Spring, the King of Seasons, has arrived in splendour heroic. Multi-coloured flags waving on high : the butterflies revel on wings.

2

Sing thou His glory. Plundering the domain of delights, the trophies of war He has laid at our feet. Work tomorrow. In this fleeting hour, let Him depart beggared of his bounties.

3

'A holiday for the world,' so the Wind, Springs herald, trumpets far and wide the message of his Lord. Universal heritage ! Wake thou, and enjoy !

4

String, string thy lyre, my darling, sing thy melodies sweet. The ego in me shall melt in the ecstasy of thy song and dive deep into the unfathomed depths of life.

5

O the hills ! Where they stand, to Nature's commands obedient ; their joy ineffable the full-throated cuckoo cooes ! Methinks, Freedom, in fetters, thrills in the embrace of bliss.

6

The fragrant flowers, light-intoxicated, dance in drunken revelry. On the smiling face of Day the curls of shadow creep, the sportive breeze stirring them in sighs.

** Translation of a Lyric from 'Navatthithi' by Vidwan G. Sankara Kurup.

7

Decked in vesture green of tissued flowers, beautiful and bright, the Sylvan Spirit stands superbly drunk, thrilled by her charms. Bouncing in bird-song, she breaks in ripples of laughter.

8

Let the soldiers of Sorrow who infest the domain of thought lay down their arms. May the dew-drop of life sparkle in the rays of comforting radiance! Divine wrath, dire, descends on him who grieves in such a spring.

The Curse of Eochu Rond

To the Memory of AE

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

(NOTE. The Irish bardic tale of "The Curse of Eochu Rond" is an incident in the mythological epic of "The Exile of the Sons of Doel Dermait." The myth is preserved in a manuscript in the Irish language, "The Yellow Book of Lecan," written, it is believed by scholars, in the fourteenth century A. C. It develops and modifies a much older story, "The Feast of Bricriu," which I am putting also into verse as a future introduction to the whole epic. The story here retold is not a translation. It is a return, after twentyfive years, to impulses and convictions that nourished and fired my imagination, and raised and clarified my thought, when dreaming and working with AE, Yeats and others in the movement that came to be known as the Irish Literary Revival; convictions that, for all the barbaric trappings and doings of the old stories, that at time dragged Gods down to ungodly levels, and sometimes elevated heroic savages to deific thrones, there was no story that merely told what it told, but that all of them moved—solemnly or sardonically, hardly ever, strange to say, humorously—in front of a hidden string-puller who knew what he meant to say. To catch that hidden meaning became the absorbing pursuit of my mind: to tell it as truly and as musically as I could became the purpose of the poet within me. The digressions of life carried me away from the physical location of the Celtic mythology. But I had the curiously challenging experience in my wanderings between the myth-haunted "land of the rising sun" and the pueblos of western America, of finding the persons of the myths change their costumes and names and places merely, and alter hardly a whit their essential story. I learned how entirely right it was that Aengus, the Irish God of Love, and Manannan, the son of the Irish God of the Sea, should once, according to the fifteenth century "Book of Fermoy," have made a journey to India; and that the Goddess Eithne (one of the Irish personifications of the soul), when the enchantments of the Tuatha De Danaan (the Irish Pantheon) failed to cure her of a sickness, should be restored to health by the milk of two cows brought by the returned Gods from India, because India was "a land of righteousness." It was no surprise to me, therefore, though it was a very acute pleasure, to find on a vacation at 6500 feet up in the Blue Mountains of South India (Nilgiris), that neither a quarter of a century of time, nor six thousand miles of distance, nor an elevation as high again as what the geographies of my school-days grandiloquently called "the culminating peak" of Ireland, nor a deeper colouring of the human skin and brighter variegation of the tints of nature, had lessened my young enthusiasm for the Celtic stories, or done other than surround their persons and deeds with deeper spiritual meanings and richer aesthetical pleasures. J. H. C.)

I

Cuchulain sat in his accustomed seat
At Emain Macha, drinking hazel-mead;
For days of travel and tremendous deed
Had rusted the resilience of his feet.

And as he drank, a Druid wind arose
 Out of a cloud that magically spread
 And dimmed the hero-light that round his head
 Had made a mortal terror for his foes.

A blood-hot murmur spread among the spears
 Stacked by the wall. A raven, blazing, cried
 And passed. The red-yew pillar at his side
 Glowed with the sunsets of a thousand years.

Under his feet the Earth, recovering
 An ancient passion, sent through soil and stone
 Invisible flame that burned him to the bone
 And made his blood a swirling maddened thing.

A sudden incandescence in his brain
 Fused in a blinding point thought's ravelled ends.
 Thereat he rose, and cried: "Now, now descends
 The Curse of Eochu of the Golden Chain!"

He dashed his drinking-horn upon the ground,
 And watched the wine flame up about the board.
 He seized his spear and shield, he seized his sword,
 Shaking the palace with appalling sound.

And when he staggered out, those two deep friends,
 Laeg and Lughaid, by marsh and wooded hill
 Followed to meet the signals of his will,
 And whispered each to each: "The Curse descends!"

II

For Laeg, Cuchulain's perfect charioteer,
 And Lughaid who was fire and water blent,
 When Bricriu of the Bitter Tongue had rent
 The Red Branch knighthood with a shattering sneer.

Had companied the hero on his quest
 For mighty deeds to mock the mocker's doubt;
 Had watched him put a thousand foes to rout,
 And dim in dust proud Eochu's glittering crest—

That heavy King of Connacht in whose hair
 Strange sunlight glimmered from a golden chain,
 And round the tortuous pathways of whose brain
 A ghostly question was a wanderer

Seeking to track, down labyrinthine paths,
 The Secret that should mingle First and Last,

And cyclic slumber of fulfilment cast
 On shadowy Watchers in the fairy raths,

Who wait until the dedicated one
 Come, and unhorse creation's galling load,
 And set all captives on the homeward road,
 And the long labour of the soul be done.

So when Cuchulain in his battle-rage
 Made Eochu a great laughter in men's eyes,
 Lacking a weapon for the hand's emprise
 The humbled king flung on him the hard gage

That never, while he sit or stand or lie,
 Shall he have rest till to the restless Ones
 He bring the Secret—why the heavenly sons
 Of Doel Dermait left their native land.

Then went Cuchulain's blood-stream thick and cold,
 Putting a pallid terror in his face
 Of deeds out-doing battle, raid or chase;
 A saga no proud harper yet had told,

Because their eyes saw only the event
 Of warrior's deed and woman's crowning kiss,
 Bridal and birth and burial; but this
 Was crowded round with wild bewilderment

Of what no hand could seize, no eye could see,
 And Powers that would his tree of valour shake
 Till he should drop mortality, and take
 Once more the burden of divinity;

And, counting not who censures, who applauds,
 Surmount Sualtim earthy in his veins,
 Follow the Light of Lugh where it constrains,
 And ratify his kinship with the Gods.

Homeward he hastened, that the doom decreed
 Come not on slackened arm and rusted feet;
 And silent sat in his accustomed seat
 At Emain Macha, drinking hazel mead,

Until the Curse of Eochu on his rest
 Fell as a fire that ran through nerve and vein,
 And broke in incandescence on his brain,
 And drove him forth on the unearthly Quest.

III

And as he hastened onward, says the tale,
 Nine braziers gathered in Cuchulain's path,
 And drew the dread rejoinder of his wrath
 With clamorous demand for meat and ale.

That night the tatlers talked of headless men,
 The poets chanted of a hero's rage,
 Around the hearthstone. But an ancient sage
 Sat in the shadow, and the tale again

Whispered till it became a mystery
 Of fleshly Powers that with the Spirit war,
 Seeking to make a weedy servitor
 Of Life. None heard the hidden tale but he.

So he kept silence. And kept silence still
 When by the fire the talk was all again
 Of hero-anger and of headless men
 On the deep-wooded verge of Macha's hill,

Where, in the shadows of primeval trees,
 Nine smiths of Uladh's king, great Conchubar,
 Laboured on spear and shield and battle-car
 With stroke and din and flaming sorceries,

Until, in grime and sweat,—so runs the tale—
 They set themselves across Cuchulain's path,
 And drew the dread rejoinder of his wrath
 With clamorous demand for meat and ale.

And while the gossips honey-liquor sipped,
 Murmured unto himself the shadowed sage,
 His inner eye upon a hidden page
 Whereon he read, in unrecorded script,

A tale that deepened to a mystery
 Of haughty Powers with spirit Powers at feud,
 Seeking to set the chain of servitude
 Upon the Soul. None read that tale but he.

And that is well, he mused. They who have wrought
 Deeds for remembrance paused not to disturb
 Their passion with compassion, nor may curb
 The body's frenzy with the chill of thought

Till they out-battle the futility
 Of battle, and with luminous laughter break

The glamour of mortality, and take
 Their ancient burden of divinity ;

And, counting not who censures, who applauds,
 Surmount the pull of earth within their veins,
 Follow the Spirit's light where it constrains,
 Till they can gaze unblinking on the Gods.

IV

Eastward and seaward marched the pilgrim three—
 Cuchulain, Laeg and Lughaid ; hand and lip
 Busy with ancient storied comradeship,
 And warm with unperturbed affinity

Of natural sure sovereignty of will ;
 Hand, eye and rein to answer it with speed ;
 And judgment to conform the body's deed
 To spirit purpose with unerring skill.

Over Laeg's forehead and strong shoulders curled
 The waving gold of corn for reaping ripe ;
 And in the flesh of Lughaid was the stripe
 That showed him denizen of either world,

Inner or outer, as became the plan
 Of his liege-lord, whose rage could jar the skies,
 But who, with far-off ardour in his eyes,
 Now hastens on, a dark, sad, silent man ;

A dark, sad man who strides austere on,
 Surely as salmon seek the river-heads,
 Or the hill-eagle lifts his eye and spreads
 Wide wings to catch the colour of the dawn.

V

In waking trance Cuchulain's eye retrieves
 Lost meaning in the bared exploring root
 Eager for high-flung purposes ; his foot
 Wakens a wistful whispering of leaves

Whose awful friendliness becomes a part
 Of some vast Power that in his being shakes
 Bough-bare his tree of valour, and that breaks
 The double barricade of brain and heart ;

So that his essence through a myriad pores
 Into the air invisibly exudes,

And shackles of identity eludes
Past sleepy warders of wide-open doors.

Yet, though of selfhood all divested, he
For no lost shred of satisfaction grieves,
But, rid of date and circumstance, receives
The reinforcement of infinity.

VI

Now to the silent question of the twain,
That knightly twain who stride behind his heels,
Back to mortality he slips, and feels
The Curse of Eochu of the Golden Chain.

Within his eyes a sun of rapture sets.
Yet, as the marsh-fire on a reedy swamp
Lights from past day a reminiscent lamp,
Something remains from all that he forgets.

In tinkling runnel and in chanting brook
He feels Sualtim's blood flow to the sea:
The setting sun edging a forest tree
Is Long-hand Lugh's interrogating look.

Behind him Emain Macha is a fire
Of chivalry that has outburnt its hour;
And Macha's Height a grave of buried power:
Before is the allurements of desire,

Dun Delca and fair Emer; the heart's home,
And quiet that the storms of passion stills;
Northward are hooded inarticulate hills;
Eastward, dim waters eloquent in foam.

VII

And at the break of day—the tatlers told
Around the hearthstone while the gossiping lip
Glistened with honey-mead—there came a ship
With silken sails brodered with gems and gold,

And stemmed and sterned with carven unicorns,
And crammed with royal gifts for Conchubar,
Brought with a king's deep homage from afar,
Choice gifts of silk, satin and drinking-horns.

Then while ship-shape they ordered oars and spars,
The sailors chanted in sea-faring staves:

"Our arms are tired breaking the butting waves.
Our eyes are twisted gazing at the stars."

Crazy with hunger after gale on gale,
They crossed Cuchulain on his questing path,
And drew the dread rejoinder of his wrath
With clamorous demand for meat and ale.

But while the tatlers talked of headless men,
Save him who 'Mercy!' cried, and mercy won
—He being lucky-starred and a king's son—
The shadowed sage pondered the tale again,

Till its unuttered purport he divined;
For he had grown so very wisely old
He knew that not a story had been told
But had another story in its mind.

Through the thin veil of this his ear could guess
Thrice-routed Powers that with the spirit war.
Substance nor strength had moved its purpose, nor
These subtle ministers of friendliness,

Whose offering thrills the hand or lights the eye
With exquisite touch or coloured opulence:—
That, unregenerate, are the pimps of sense,
But, sanctified, may be the Soul's ally.

VIII

"Mercy!" the king's son cried:—so ends the tale:
And let who will its hidden story find;
Feast on the fruit within the tinted rind—
"How should our eyes, moidhered by spume and gale,

"Have sight for anything but that which stills
Hunger and thirst and body-weariness?
How should we recognise, in our distress,
The Hound of Uladh and what deed he wills?"

"Else had our homage clasped his mighty knees,
And our sea-wandering and world-knowing eyes
Been happy lackeys to his enterprise
Among the islands of the Seven Seas!"

Then went Cuchulain's heart out to the lad
Who was a king's son and benignly starred.
The gateway of his friendship he unbarred
Because his heart deep intimation had

That when it sheds mortality, and takes
Once more the burden of divinity,
The comradeship of heavenly ministry
In unexpected hands its offering makes

Of news to steer the eager fated wing;
Not of the landing-place—he being no friend
Who not the means bestoweth but the end,
Breaking the need of high adventuring.

IX

So when Cuchulain's feet kneaded the sand
Restlessly where a wave forever runs,
And swift out-blazed the Question, why the sons
Of Doel Dermait left their native land;

There was no answer on the stranger's tongue,
But in his hand a sea-charmed instrument
That towards far lands a magic finger bent;
And the slim ship with invitation swung

Seaward to waves that woke and stretched and snored
Along the gunwale; and hugely overhead
The silken sails shook out and flapped and spread,
Thrilling with deep sea-gladness mast and board.

Unto the signs the hero-hearts respond,
Cuchulain, Laeg and Lughaid, stung with zest
To hasten forth on the æonian Quest
That shall disperse the Curse of Eochu Rond,

And bring Cuchulain rest for foot and hand,
And bring him Emer's joy, Conchubar's grace,
And a great shout round his accustomed place,
When his returning prow furrows the land

Deep with the harvest of far-garnered swaths,
And the great Secret mingling First and Last
That shall the slumber of fulfilment cast
On shadowy Watchers in the fairy raths

Who wait till Lugh's long-dedicated son
Scatter the darkness with his flaming goad,
And the freed captives take the homeward road,
And the long saga of the Soul be done.

X

In ogham signs Cuchulain carved his name
On his spear-shaft, and gave his victor spear
Unto the lad with words of knightly cheer;
And on his shoulders set the mighty claim

To fill his place at Emain till had run
The toll of days in their home-circling line:—
And to his questing comrades gave the sign,
And leaped on board and sailed into the sun.

NOTES

I. Cuchulain's name was originally Setanta. But as a child, in self-protection, he killed the watch-dog of the smith Culain (the Gaelic Vulcan). In penitence, Setanta volunteered to take the place of the hound (Gaelic *cu*), and so became Cu-chulain, the Hound of Culain. He is sometimes called the Hound of Uladh (Ulster).

Emain Macha was the headquarters of the Irish chivalric order, the Red Branch knighthood. Their exploits are sometimes dated by scholars at the beginning of the Christian era. They probably belong to much remoter times—if they ever took place outside the imaginations of the bards (poets) and shanachies (story-tellers).

II. Cochulain and Laeg are related to one another as Arjuna and Krishna in Vedic literature. They seem to the reteller of the story to figure the same recognition of Will and Intuition.

Doel Dermait is translated, the Beetle of Forgetfulness. He is related to the Egyptian scarabeus and Shelley's Demogorgon.

The epic Quest, of which this poem is a portion, has parallels in its own literature (the story of the Children of Tuireann, for instance) as well as in other literatures (the Labours of Hercules, for example)—allegories arising out of humanity's imaginative response to the flux in cosmic and human life.

Sualtim was the earthly father of Cuchulain, Lugh of the Long Hand, the Irish Sun-God, was his celestial father. He was therefore of both human and divine ancestry—an effort of the Gaelic imagination to create its "Saviour" who is both Son of Man and Son of God.

III. Cuchulain's destruction of those who sought to divert him from his Quest is retold from recent translations from the Irish. But the ancient sage is an expedient of the present reteller to permit interpretation as part of the tale. In the myth, Cuchulain's reason for destroying the braziers and smiths (the makers of vessels for substance and weapons for power) was that they mistook him for a steward.

In the eleventh stanza of the section the Sualtim-Lugh relationship is recognised in all humanity, of whom Cuchulain is the imaginative type.

IV. The inter-relationship of Cuchulain, Laeg and Lughaid is here more clearly indicated—as the Will, the Intuition, and the Mind (the Atman, Buddhi and Manas of Vedic psychology); the three universal essentials of conscious activity.

V. In retelling the story in the light of modern psychological knowledge and his own experience, the author has imagined the momentary attainment of cosmic consciousness by Cuchulain.

VI. The Sualtim-Lugh elements are seen in nature as well as in humanity, as matter-spirit.

To the initiate, the organization of power, as figured in the Red Branch order, and of authority based on power, as figured in Macha's Height (Ard Macha) the residence of the King of Ulster, are things of the past. But he retains the allegiance of purified affection, as figured in Emer.

VII. The substance of this section is in the myth, but the sage's interpretation of the three temptations of Cuchulain (wealth, power and pleasure) is not.

VIII. Moidhered (bewildered) is an expressive and popular Gaelic word.

IX. The gift of the magical indicator and of the ship are in the bardic tale. But the reteller has anticipated the end of the Quest, which will be the subject of another poem, and injected something of its significance.

X. Ogham is an ancient Gaelic script. The substitution of the King's Son (who recognised Cuchulain for what he was—a hero on a spiritual quest, not a lackey to bodily needs) at the Council of the Red Branch in the presence of the King, seems to the reteller to bear the same implications as the Biblical statement that "their angels do ever minister before the face of the Father;" the profound implication that, while the out-turned aspect of consciousness goes through experiences that, in terms of time and space, ultimately bring it back to where it started from, it has never lost its inner connection with its origin.

Inheritance.

BY Rev. F. H. ALDHOUSE, M. A.



VERY year there is a horse fair in Drogheda. You need to be very quick to jump out of the way if you do not wish to be knocked down; for the horses are being galloped all over the streets and often on the pavement too. Even stalls get knocked down occasionally, by inexperienced riders or uncontrolled colts. About the Whitworth Memorial fountain the cheap-jacks congregate—for they can jump up the steps to safety if a horse charges them, also the civic guards are always on duty there and the traffic is under some control.

A number of people were evidently expecting someone for they kept standing about and paid no attention to the various dealers that tried to attract their attention.

"I wonder, is he comin'?" a woman said to the guard.

"Sure, he'll be here," the guard replied, "he's stoppin' at the White Horse Hotel where he came an hour ago. Be'gad, here he is, himself and herself."

As he spoke a sort of cart and carriage combined—known in Ireland as a Shandrydan—drawn by a white horse and driven by a blackbearded man, decently dressed in broad cloth and with a fairly up-to-date top hat, drove up.

There was a murmur of something like applause from the crowd. The man got down and after bowing in response to the greeting he had just received began with the help of an ostler to unharness the horse which was led to an adjacent stable.

The man mounted the shandrydan and proceeded to address the crowd, while a pretty young girl—evidently his daughter—unstrapped several cases and arranged a number of vials and pill boxes on the seats.

"Friends" the 'Doctor'—for so he was called—began. "I am here once again to supply you with remedies of the highest scientific value, and certain curative properties for all known or unknown diseases of man and beast. Are you going bald? My Tara balsam will grow hairs even on a football, as I can prove. Have you boils, blains, pains or sprains? My Coksyorum ointment will make you glad, and why should you be sad? Have you loss of appetite? I have pills to set you right. Teeth are painlessly extracted, only small fees are exacted. I don't profess to raise

the dead, but keep the living well instead. A bottle of the Tara balsam, sir? Certainly, sir. Mave give the sporting gentleman in the white hat the bottle my dear. One shilling. Thank you, sir."

A brisk trade at once began, for 'Doctor' Byrn had been a real apothecary once. He was known to supply genuine and good drugs at low price. His shop had been burned by the Black-and-Tans, and since then he had taken to itineranting. When things slackened the 'Doctor' proclaimed the merits of his preparations, or began to draw teeth at a fixed price of a shilling for one, or sixpence if more than one required removal.

His pretty dark eyed girl rapped up the purchase, took the money and gave the parcel and a smile to the purchaser. She also played on a banjo while her father was pulling teeth, by which means she distracted the attention of the victims, and even to some extent drowned their howls, which were sometimes loud. For when 'Doctor' Byrn had got hold of a tooth he pulled like grim death. "Something's got to come out" he said, and so it did.

Though they had started rather late at the fair, the 'Doctor' and his daughter soon successfully sold out their entire stock of remedies, and still the bald, dyspepsia cases, and people with boils were clamouring for more.

"I'll get some drugs at the depot and make up some more, Mave" the 'Doctor' said. "You had best go into the Hotel and get some lunch, my dear. I'll be as quick as I can, but it'll be an hour or more before we can start again. I had no idea things could be so good. We've made a hundred per cent profit on outlay even now. Have a good lunch and don't hurry, Halligan the ostler will mind the Shandrydan."

The 'Doctor' hurried off and Mave smiling more brightly than ever to see him so pleased betook herself to the Tredagh Hotel just opposite their stand and with an appetite took her midday meal. She had finished and was putting on her hat as a preliminary to going out again, when an elderly man, evidently a farmer, spoke to her.

"You're Miss Byrn, ma'm?" he asked, "the daughter of Doc. Byrn?"

"I am that sir" Mave answered. "Can I or father do anything for you?"

"Ye can so" the farmer answered, "will ye tell your dad that Mr. Mulligan of Fairy Hill wants him to call at his house—'tis but two miles away on the Dublin Road. There's the fee" and he placed a pound note and a shilling in the girl's hand.

"He'll call as soon as we sell our second stock of medicine, sir. What time will you be at home?" Mave replied.

"I'm going back now, you'll find me anytime ye come" the farmer responded.

Half an hour later, 'Doctor' Byrn resumed his sale and being told by Mave of the request and given the guinea readily agreed to go.

The second consignment of remedies went off like hot cakes and while the afternoon was still young the 'Doctor' and the girl started up the Dublin Road and soon drove up to the short Avenue which led to Fairy Hill.

'Doctor' Byrn handed Mave the reins. "I'll not be long, dear," he said. "Some horse or cow is sick, I suppose. I'll come back the very minute I have finished with it, none of your farm-house stewed tea for me."

"Right, dad" and Mave took the reins and also taking the whip leisurely flicked away horse-flies that caused the white horse to fidget and stamp.

Her father was remarkably long in returning but that did not disturb her, for she could hear his voice coming from the open window of the house which was quite close and the day was calm without other sounds to interpose. Finally the 'Doctor' and the farmer came out together, there was a kind of stress on them both, though they had clearly had no disagreement. The 'Doctor' was looking very perturbed and wishing his patient or client goodbye, took the whip from the girl and drove rapidly towards Julianstown as if relieved to get away from Fairy Hill.

"Was it cattle or pigs that were bad, dad?" the girl asked.

"Neither," the 'Doctor' replied. "It's the ould man, he's not ill, but—, well you wouldn't understand, my dear. You'll forgive me not talking about it. I don't quite know what to do, but it's a queer business."

Needless to say that Mother Eve, whose descendant Mave was, was roused to intense curiosity by this evasive reply. Mave knew her father thoroughly and she did not press him then but took extra trouble to cook him a supper which she knew he enjoyed. At first the 'Doctor' played with his food, but appetite was aroused by the delightful taste and after a meal he relished he lit his pipe. Mave by judicious conversation soon got from him what she wanted to know.

"I was prepared for pretty well anything when I sat down in that parlour" the 'Doctor' said. "You never know what those queer, characters, old lonely farmers, will spring on you. He might want a horse doctored, or expect me to interpret his

dreams. He might even be wanting me to look out for a wife for him. He's a widower. That he wanted something very badly I knew. Men like him don't give away halfpence much less guineas without very good reason. But when he broke out his story he certainly amazed me. Well not to put too fine a point on it he believes he's a father. His late wife was childless, but he thinks he has several 'spiritual' sons."

"Poor old man, his mind must be giving out," Mave said.

"Well, so I thought," the 'Doctor' agreed, "but you must hear the whole narration before you judge. 'Doctor Byrn' he said to me, 'I have three sons and a daughter; they are not embodied but are my true children by my late dear wife. What I want to ask you is could any of them be given flesh and blood and become mortal? I want someone to succeed me when I go out, I want one of them to come in.' I know contradicting a lunatic is a mistake and may make them violent, so I said 'which of these young people do you want embodied, Mr. Mulligan?'"

"'Why, this lad, Dr. Byrn' the old man said. 'I'm so delighted ye can see what I see, this freckled boy with the grey eyes and auburn hair, he favours the wife—she was a lovely girl in her time. Do ye think ye can get flesh on Micky. I'll pay well if ye do.'"

"Well my dear I suppose it was the talk and the heat, and my having worked double times today, but as sure as I see yourself I saw in the shadow close to old Mulligan's chair a smiling face and a half visible figure. The face was as clear and as individual as the old man's. 'Ye see he's delighted at the prospect' Mr. Mulligan said, 'he's my youngest, just eighteen. Me and the Missis were proud of him, don't ye think him good looking?' 'He is that' I said almost before I knew, 'but about getting him a body I'll have to think it out, Mr. Mulligan.'"

"Well the boy came out with us or seemed to and when I took the whip from you he waved his hand. Uncanny what? I don't know what to do. I suppose hallucinations are infectious sometimes. What do you think about it?"

Mave did not know what to think, but she pressed her father not to go back to Fairy Hill. The 'Doctor' agreed and went to bed. Next morning, however, he declared both for his own sake and old Mulligan's he must go back and see it out. This time he came out after about half an hour's interview looking much more cheerful. All Mave's questions failed to find out what had happened and she gave up asking.

A year passed, 'Doctor' Byrn had agreed without any objection to Mave marrying a young poultry farmer with very small capital. The 'Doctor' gave the last penny he could afford to

the bride. Mave was just a little piqued—he seemed so willing to part with her, and surprised too, for it would almost put him out of business. Her smiles, her banjo and her help had largely contributed to his success.

Another year and Mave was a happy young mother, a boy which 'Doctor' Byrn—who was godfather—insisted should be called Michael.

Five years were gone by when Mave saw the well known Shandrydan, new painted, driven up to her door with old farmer Mulligan, now very infirm, in it. The old man got out and to Mave's amazement her six year old son, a freckled auburn haired boy (which was different from both Mave's family and her husband's colouring) ran out to the old man.

"Hullo, daddy," he said.

"Thank God, Micky boy," the old man cried, "that I see ye here in the world of men at last."

The story, and it is true, ended in Mr. Mulligan of Fairy Hill adopting Mickey as he was himself the last of his family, and had no other heir. But what makes it most peculiar is that Mickey McGilligan has a distinct resemblance to the Mulligan family in appearance, manner and remarkable aptitude with horses; all of which differ from 'Dr' Byrn, Mave or his fowl managing father, James McGilligan. But strangest of all, the boy seemed to know every inch of the farm he now had inherited—the qualities of every field.

It is a 'Mystery' as the 'Dr.' said, but he has since admitted that the ghost lad or whatever he was had announced to old Mulligan that he would be Mave's child and so come into incarnation. Don't, whatever you do, tell Father Hickey what I've just told you, it might worry the dear old Pastor.

Jacques Maritain's Works.

BY Prof. K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR, M.A.



HE *Criterion* describes M. Jacques Maritain as "the most powerful force in contemporary French philosophy." At any rate it cannot be denied that M. Maritain is the most outstanding exponent of Thomism and next to M. Bergson the leading philosophical thinker in France. Several of his works have been translated into English and published by Messrs. Sheed & Ward. We will briefly refer to a few of them in this causerie.

Perhaps the most academically useful of M. Maritain's works is "An Introduction to Philosophy." In its original French edition it was to have been the introductory volume to a series of seven books that should cover the usual University course in philosophy. The other six volumes remain unwritten; but the "Introduction" stands quite independently by itself. What the author has endeavoured to do in it is to give us "a faithful presentation of the system of Aristotle and St. Thomas and in its light to judge the important systems which have followed each other during the last three centuries and the principal problems discussed by modern philosophy." M. Maritain's "Introduction" is a marvel of condensation. The simplicity of M. Maritain's ideas, the directness and force of his expression and the passionate sincerity of his approach to the problems under discussion unite in marking the book out as an achievement.

M. Maritain is a Catholic and an intelligent disciple of St. Thomas Aquinas. His philosophical writings are thus in effect a counter-blast to the anti-intellectualism of M. Bergson. William James and M. Bergson have tried hard to slaughter the beast of intellectualism in the domain of philosophy and in the sphere of our experience. But M. Maritain has maintained that "intelligence is life and the greatest thing that there is in it."

Another book by M. Maritain is "Three Reformers". It is generally supposed that Luther, Descartes and Rousseau are the makers of the modern mind. M. Maritain assesses their achievement from the Catholic standpoint; no wonder his judgments are not exactly pleasing and no wonder he adopts here and there an ironic tone in surveying their career or evaluating their importance. Even so it is a book of considerable worth to all students of philosophy.

Perhaps the most challenging of his books to appear in English is "Theonas: Conversations of a Sage." Though mainly

polemical, it yet admirably locates the bearings of Thomism in the current confusions of philosophical thought. In this book M. Maritain has appropriately chosen the dialogue as his medium of expression. The dialogue affords a straight-forward arena for the concurrent exhibition of divergent views. The views ascribed to Theonas are, we may be sure, M. Maritain's own. In the Preface to the special English edition, M. Maritain, addressing his critics, says: "Shall I ever get them to grasp that in my opinion it is to Thomism alone that the privilege belongs of reconciling metaphysics and the natural sciences? That Thomism alone is an essentially progressive philosophy, loves movement while holding stability in honour, gives us an exact sense of the renewals necessary in human beings? And may I add that, to my thinking, it contains germinative energies potent enough to burst asunder the superannuated framework of 'bourgeois' and 'anti-bourgeois' thought?" In the eleven conversations in the book M. Maritain justifies the above conclusions with a mass of controversial detail.

M. Maritain's chief contention is that the only acceptable system of philosophy is (in Leibnitz's phrase) "the *philosophia perennis*, a philosophy implicitly contained in the certitudes of common sense, given scientific form by Aristotle and further developed by St. Thomas Aquinas." The current outline histories of European philosophy represent Thomism as mere Scholasticism which died of inanition after the thirteenth century. M. Maritain vehemently objects: he mentions Cajetan, John of St. Thomas, the Carmelites of Salamanca and others: he is sure that in these, who carried on the tradition, "the thought of the master does not petrify, but develops, becomes a living more perfect, more highly evolved." There have been other eminent thinkers in Europe: Descartes, Spinoza, Berkeley, Hume, Comte, Schopenhauer, but (maintains M. Maritain) their philosophies were forged before they were twenty-five, and it is little wonder that they lack, in spite of their brilliance, the all-round validity of Thomism. M. Maritain does not say that after Aristotle or St. Thomas philosophy did not have any change whatsoever: "The thing that came to a stop in Aristotle (or Thomas, should we come down a few more centuries) was not the development of philosophy but the genesis of the embryo, the formation of philosophy: so that, after Aristotle philosophy, being formed, could henceforth develop without end."

Moreover, M. Maritain maintains that Scholasticism or Thomism is no obscurantist cloistered system of ethics with no idea of or relevance to present-day problems but is quite competent to face the complexities of the moment and can harmonise

them with its own principles. Kant, Nietzsche, Karl Marx, Einstein, Bergson: their views on progress, superman, time, revolution, creative evolution and other similar catchwords of recent philosophy are critically analysed by M. Maritain under the searchlight of Thomism and he attempts to prove that they are all wanting, in some essential particular or other. Aristotelianism alone abides. Recent divagations of Mathematical Physics into Philosophy and vice versa are mostly responsible for much of the confusion in thought today. For instance, says M. Maritain, "the relativity of time taught by Einstein thus concerns the art of forming a mathematical systematisation of the sensible measurements that we make of this universe; but regarded as a philosophical doctrine of the real, it is really nonsense it has no meaning at all." Again, more mildly: "Thus Einstein's theories, since apart from Mathematics they have no hold on thought, could not possibly furnish us with any kind of figure or idea of the world—save a sort of myth with no other purpose than to offer a support for the imagination at the end of a chain of mathematical reasoning."

On all subjects under discussion M. Maritain expresses himself cleverly and more often than not convincingly. But precisely it is this extreme epigrammatical cleverness that occasionally raises a suspicion of the full validity of the conclusion—at least to the average reader. M. Maritain, trying to prove that the idea of necessary historic progress is a myth, says: "the idea.....is as self-contradictory as the idea of a square circle. Historic progress involves evolution in time, evolution in time involves matter: but matter involves a radical appetite for the new, an appetite not for the other as perfect but for the other as other; hence the absence of necessary progress....." The chain of reasoning seems to be all right provided we can be sure that the various links are not brittle by themselves. On the other hand, clear statements like the following, having apparently less formal logical sustenance, nevertheless carry their own soundness and assurance: "I was saying that in the field of mere making, of production, industry and the practical sciences, progress must be the rule. In the field of moral life, however, there is no unvarying progress for humanity, but endless vicissitudes: because matter—our own animated matter—is hard to control."

"Theonas" has been reissued in a cheap edition with a new title, "Freedom of the Intellect." It is after all a difficult book to read—its scintillating wit and diverting turns of expression notwithstanding. The conversations stimulate us into thinking out these problems for ourselves. We may not agree with all M. Maritain's conclusions. But the spirit of enquiry is radiant

on every page, enquiry lit by earnestness and not by fanaticism, and to those already familiar with the main tendencies of present-day thought, the book will correctly indicate their bearings in proper perspective.

M. Maritain's latest book is "Freedom in the Modern World" (Sheed & Ward, 6). In the first part of this thoughtful book M. Maritain tries to show "how the universe of Freedom presupposes the universe of Nature and constitutes none the less an order apart, irreducible to that of Nature, with a Dynamism that leads from an initial term of Freedom (which we call the Free Will) to a final term which may be called the Freedom of Fulfilment or of Autonomy." M. Maritain realises that the conditions of existence at present in most states is detrimental to the realisation of the self and of the human personality. A new ideal of state should be evolved and brought within the realm of practical politics, a state "in which would be found united and tempered one by another the three forms of government that classical politics have distinguished." In the second part of the book, entitled 'Religion and Culture', many kindred notions like the idea of order, humanism, the myth of immanence, the church and the christian world, are described and discussed with relevance to the idea of freedom in the modern state. But it is the third part, on 'the Purification of the Means', that is the most interesting. Of peculiar significance to us are M. Maritain's remarks on 'Spiritual and Secular Means of Warfare.' In the course of this illuminating section, M. Maritain subjects Mahatma Gandhi's principles and practice of Satyagraha in South Africa and in India to an intelligent and essentially understanding analysis. He refers us to his statement in an earlier book of his, "the example of Gandhi should put us to shame", and proceeds: "it is heart-breaking to hear Catholics talk of Gandhi with levity and contempt and to find a press which is said to be right-minded covering him with sarcasm and ridicule." He writes in the next paragraph with even finer justice and appreciation: "If the methods adopted by Gandhi have any value, why should Christians not lay hold of the elements of good they contain? True, they have received the word of divine revelation; but they have not a monopoly of truth. To take and to refine every truth that is spoken in any part of the human household is an essential law of Christian life and action."

It must not be supposed however that M. Maritain is blind to Gandhi's vulnerable spots: "Gandhi has no sense of the State." His assessment of Gandhian Satyagraha is to my mind quite justified: "It is capable of achieving partial results of great importance and of changing little by little the moral atmosphere of

a people, of teaching a people to become conscious of its own self-hood, and of putting collective energies into operation with most powerful effect..... (But) at the moment of approach to decisive action the energies it has called into existence are in danger of being dissipated or (what would be for it the worst kind of failure) of being converted to violence and anarchy." But M. Maritain feels confident that "the technique of Gandhi if translated to the intellectual climate of a truer and a more realist philosophy would retain all its truth and lose all its exclusiveness."

M. Maritain's view is that spiritual means should be directed to temporal uses if we desire to reestablish that blessed state of a vanished time when the soul of man and his personality forged their career unencumbered by mischievous material interference. "A fundamental change would follow in the attitude of the soul towards the course of events and towards history." "A soul that gave pride of place to this kind of spiritual activity, whose power is based on laws of Providential order, would come to regard its proper action and the whole course of history as subordinate to a higher purpose." In the last paragraph of this thoughtful and weighty study, M. Maritain, while regretting the darkness and peril that surround the world and the souls of men today, yet believes with St. John of the Cross that "these long nights of agony are also periods of purification that lead those who know how to make use of them to life in its more perfect forms."

The Press in Japan.*

BY CHAMAN LAL



NOT many people in India know that Japan, an oriental country, has beaten Europe and America not only in producing cheap textiles and sundries, but also in producing the best and cheapest newspapers in the world, and the circulation of those papers is in millions, not thousands. The largest newspapers of Britain claim circulation of two millions, but the *Osaka Mainichi* and *Osaka Asahi* (which have also their simultaneous publications in Tokyo) have circulations of 3 millions (30 lakhs) each. If all the newspapers in India pool their circulations together, they cannot beat one paper of Japan. In Japan the poorest papers have circulations exceeding 50,000. These newspapers have their army of aeroplanes and hundreds of pigeons who carry messages, photo films etc., from one corner of the country to the other.

Concomitantly with the cultural and economic development of the country, the number of newspapers in Japan has been increasing annually. There were 1,280 at the end of 1931, but by the end of the next year they had increased to 1,330. Most of the well-known papers are controlled by joint-stock companies, the number of which at the end of 1931 was 221, and the authorized capital of which amounted to 50,938,430 yen.

All the papers in Japan are privately owned and managed; there is no paper directly under Government ownership and management, and since the Great War, more and more papers have been brought under joint-stock organization as the commercialization of newspapers has increased. The shares, however, have tended usually to be concentrated in the hands of a small number of big capitalists.

The following is a list of the main newspapers and news agencies (Sept. 30, 1932):

The *Osaka Asahi* (with the *Tokyo Ashai* under the same management) and the *Osaka Mainichi* (with the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi* under the same management) are the two biggest papers in Japan, occupying an unchallenged position in financial power, size of management, facilities for news collection and dissemination, circulation, influence on public opinion, etc. It is safe to estimate the power of the two companies to be about equal: the *Tokyo*

* This is the substance of an interesting and informative article which appears in "The People" of Lahore. We acknowledge our indebtedness for extracting it.—Editor.

Asahi and the *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi* have daily circulations of about one million each, chiefly in Eastern Japan, while the *Osaka Asahi* and the *Osaka Mainichi*, each possessing a circulation of 2,000,000 exert great influence over Western Japan, (including Formosa and Chosen) and even Manchuria and Chingtao. The *Yomiuri Shimbun*, by virtue of its novel and popular editing, has lately increased its circulation to 400,000 and is now ranked third in Tokyo, but since it has local circulation, it is perhaps just behind the *Hochi Shimbun* in total circulation. The *Chugai Shogyo* is highly valued in the business world for its most detailed commercial news, but its circulation is considerably less than that of the papers mentioned above.

Local papers in Japan have not been developed to the extent that they have in some countries which may be accounted for by their lack of fund, insufficient facilities for news collection, etc. The more fundamental cause, however, is the fact that the remarkable development of transportation has enabled the Tokyo and Osaka papers, particularly the two largest, to invade the local districts. Moreover, the scheme of these two papers of printing "one extra local sheet for each district," harms the local papers, and is made practicable by the railways and by the up-to-date printing machinery with which the big papers are equipped.

With such competition the local papers are fighting desperately to hold their own; the four largest, *Sin-Aichi*, the *Fukuoka Nichi-Nichi*, the *Kahoku*, and the *Hokkai Times*, for instance, have formed among themselves the "Japan Press League" in order to buy news and materials jointly; the last two named have also made an agreement as to their respective territorial quotas. The principal Tokyo and Osaka papers are more or less strictly impartial, whereas not a few local papers represent political or sectional interests.

Among the news agencies, the Rengo News Agency and the Nippon Dempo Tsushin-sha are the leaders. The former professes to be a "public servant", is proud of the accuracy of its news, and represents Japan in the Associated Press of the world, while the latter aims at quick information and popular news, and is particularly noted for its excellent services in photographic transmission. In its own words, it has "been supplying these last ten years more than two-thirds of the total news-telegrams and telephone messages in the whole country."

There are several English papers under the editorship of British and Americans. In former days these numbered nine in Tokyo, Yokohama, Kobe, and Nagasaki; two of these, the *Japan Gazette* and the *Japan Mail*, were even older than any of the native papers. But now none of these old papers remain, some having

ceased to exist and some having been incorporated with others. Only three papers not managed by Japanese are in existence.

The *Japan Advertiser*: established in November 1890; joint stock company with a capital of £ 150 000; American managed independent, but decidedly pro-British in Indian affairs.

The *Transcific*: published by the Japan Advertiser; a weekly giving trustworthy economic and financial information, concerning Japan, China, the Philippines, the Dutch East Indies, Australia and New Zealand; the best of its kind.

The *Japan Chronicle*: established in July 1899, managed by an Englishman: formerly the *Kobe Chronicle* incorporated with the *Hyogo News* (most anti-Indian and anti-Japanese).

As an English paper managed by Japanese, the *Japan Times* is well known: established in March 1900; anonymous partnership; capital £ 50,000, circulation of 25,000. The *Osaka Mainichi* (and *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi*) also publishes a daily English paper (*Osaka Mainichi* and *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi*).

The Rengo News Agency, whose purpose is to complete the network of communications by "co-operating with one news service in each country," has now formed the Associated Press of the world with about 30 news agencies of different countries exchanging news directly or indirectly with each other. The agencies with which it is directly connected are, in order of the closeness of their connection: "Reuters" of France, "Associated Press" of America, the "Havas" of France, and the "Tass" of Russia. Rengo has 18 branch offices and bureaus in Japan, 10 in China and Manchuria to mention the Pacific area alone. There are, among its correspondents, two Europeans, one in Honolulu and one in Scerabaya. Rengo is equipped with its own exclusive telephone line between Tokyo and Kobe, but with no photographic transmission apparatus, for it arranges to use that of the Governmental Department of Communications. Besides supplying almost all the papers in Japan with news, it disseminates news through the wireless telegraph - five times a day it sends 300 words (Roman characters) in Japanese, and, since the outbreak of the Manchurian incident, it sends 200 words twice a day in English.

The Nippon Dempo Tsushin-sha has made a special contract with the United Press Associations of America to use their wide network of communications; it distributes news through 22 branch offices in Japan, 9 in Manchuria and China, and one each in London and New York. It exchanges news with 90 per cent. of the Japanese papers. It possesses its own photographic transmission apparatus, as well as an exclusive telephone line of

800 miles between Tokyo and Fukuoka. Besides Nippon Dempo, only *Thsahsahi* and the *Mainichi* and *Nichi-Nichi* possesses such apparatus in Japan, and the equipment of Nippon Dempo excels all others in that it can be operated simultaneously with telephone messages. Nippon Dempo, too, disseminates news through the wireless telegraph; three times a day it sends messages (in Japanese) totalling 1,000 words daily to the Pacific countries. Its branch office in New York disseminates Japanese news by mails to the Japanese papers in North and South America.

There is little to say about the other small news agencies.

Of the two principal papers, the *Osaka* and *Tokyo Asahi* has one branch office and 19 corresponding bureaus among which are distributed 400 correspondents. It keeps permanently about 30 special correspondents abroad Peiping, Shanghai, Mukden, Changhai, Harbin, Dairen, etc. to speak only of the Pacific area. The paper is equipped with 20 aeroplanes and with an exclusive telephone line and photographic transmission apparatus between Tokyo and Osaka; it is supplied with news, moreover, by Rengo and Nippon Dempo, and disseminates it all over the country, even to Manchuria, Chingtao, etc.

The *Osaka Mainichi* and *Tokyo Nichi-Nichi* has 26 branch offices and 34 news departments in the country; speaking only of the Pacific area again, it has 3 branch offices and 6 corresponding bureaus in Manchuria and China, 1 branch office and 1 corresponding bureau in the United States, and one representative in Russia. Its special correspondents abroad are all Japanese as is the case of the *Asahi*. For the rest what has been said of the *Asahi* more or less applies here.

I might mention besides the two large papers the *Yomiuri Shimbun* which at the beginning of this year concluded a special contract with the Hearst Syndicate in America for the exchange of news, and the *Jiji Shimpō*, which employs several foreign correspondents abroad.

The leading papers and news agencies of the world rely, of course, on the two principal papers and the news agencies for the collection of Japanese news. Those who send their own special correspondents to Tokyo are: the United Press Association of America, the Associated Press of America, Reuters, the Tass News Agency of America, the *Wall Street Journal*, the *Daily Mail*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Times*, the *New York Times*, the *Chicago Daily News*, the Havas News Agency and the *Canadian Journal*. There is also a correspondent for German papers and another for the Hungarian Official Telegraph Bureau.

The costs of news transmission are on an average 60 per cent. less than those of ordinary communications. The rates for inland

telegrams are, besides 5 sen for the address, as follows:— Inland to Ogasawara, Inland or Ogasawara to Formosa, Chosen, Saghalien or Yap (South Seas) 35 sen. Upto (50 letters Japan) upto (10 words Europe) Inland 25 sen. Upto (50 letters Japan) additional (10 words Europe) Inland 30 sen. Upto (50 letters Japan) additional (10 words Europe) Inland.

The "Newspaper Act" of 1909 still remains unchanged. In it we find certain clauses which might be considered inappropriate from the standpoint of freedom of thought and discussion. The gist of a few of these clauses is as follows:

(a) The Minister for Home Affairs may prohibit the sale and distribution of any newspaper which he considers to be contrary to peace and order or public morals; or, if necessary, he may confiscate it. In that case, the publisher and editor of the paper shall be either imprisoned for less than 6 months or fined less than 200 yen.

(b) If a newspaper publishes any news which seeks to imperil the dignity of the Imperial family, to change the existing political system, or to hurt the Constitution, the publisher and editor of the paper shall be either imprisoned for less than 2 years or fined less than 300 yen, and the Court may prohibit the publication of the paper.

(c) The Minister of War, the Naval Minister, and the Minister for Foreign Affairs may by an ordinance prohibit or restrict the publication of any news concerning military and diplomatic questions.

(d) Newspapers may not publish before a trial the minutes of the preliminary examination or, when the (public) procurator prohibited it, the results of any search or investigation, or any case subjudice.

(e) Newspapers are under obligation to publish any correction unconditionally.

The control of telegraphic or telephonic news transmission is less strict, there being even some cases not subject to censorship. But there are, of course, some rules; for instance, the "Wireless Telegraph Act" of 1915 which says:—(a) The Wireless Telegraph and Telephone System is under Government control. (b) Competent Ministers, when they consider it necessary for public communications or for military purposes, may withdraw Government sanction from the wireless telegraph or telephone, or may order a change in equipment, or in restrictions as to their use, or may stop their use altogether. (c) Competent authorities may stop, or order the cessation of, any wireless-telegraphic or telephonic communication, if they consider it to be contrary to public peace or morals.

Muthu the Maistry.

BY 'AAREN'.



MUTHUKUMARA NAICKAN was the Maistry in the Arbuthnot Aluminium Factory and was one who had grown grey in the services of Arbuthnot Esq., and had developed an awe-inspiring tummy.

Now, there is a belief in Tamilnad that the manifestation of an expanding belly is a happy augury of coming riches. Let me tell you at once, this belief was not wasted in Muthu Maistry's case!

May be his salary was only a paltry sum of Rs. 50, may be he had a very large number of mouths to feed, but for all one knew, his salary had nothing to do with his riches!

To the man who but knows how to use them, there are certain privileges devolving from long service, which can readily be turned to remunerative purposes, and Muthu Maistry was not the man to ignore these privileges or have scruples about using them. In fact, Muthukumara Naickan made such effective use of these same unwritten privileges, that soon he asserted himself as the real boss over those who worked under him; in other words, Muthu Maistry established himself as a tin God among the workers!

And Muthukumara Naickan used to,—though only to himself and that in utter secrecy, sort of subconsciously—thank his stars for the day Muniswamy, that 'damn-lucky-dog Muni' to quote Mr. Muthu (you may be surprised, but Mr. Muthu did speak a word or two of English; it was not for nothing that he had served all these 'damn' years under Arbuthnot, Esq.), sought service in the Arbuthnot Aluminium Factory.

Enterprising Muniswamy had caught hold of half-a-dozen bigwigs—some for whom he had worked, some known to those he had worked under—to persuade and induce Arbuthnot Esq., to employ him. The result was that Muthukumara Naickan, the Maistry, graciously accepted Muni on probation for six months.

And for this gracious gesture on Muthu Maistry's part, Muni was to pay him the paltry sum of Rs. 10 only per month throughout the probationary period (which the curious may know, naturally extended itself to ten months).

Why, for that matter, every man-jack of these workers (here Muthu waved his hand majestically in a comprehensive gesture) had paid him ten rupees per month for one complete year in addition to a bonus of Rs. 25 on Deepavali day! And then there was Shanmugham who had offered him one whole 'green note'

to be taken in for the vacancy, and Abdullah who had promised him Rs. 25 per month—that is his total salary—for six months, if appointed to the post—and, but, why multiply instances, he had turned down all their offers and was willing to make the sacrifice involved, merely because he had felt drawn towards Muni—felt a sort of fatherly affection for him, and Muni should recognize these things on his part and feel properly grateful and behave himself.

The magnetic influence exerted by this grey-haired Maistry was such that Muni had not the heart or the courage to retort that it was Arbuthnot Esq., who had put him on probation, and that he would not pay a single pie. As a matter of fact, Muni did behave himself as properly grateful and submissive to such an extent that, he not only paid the instalments regularly, though it forced him to semi-starvation, but also—ah, but that is anticipating the story.

Well, there came a day, during Muni's probationary period, when Arbuthnot Esq. grew tired of his gramophone and became enamoured of the radio—He decided to dispose of his old gramophone, but it would not fetch half its value in the market. Thinking of the best business method of disposing of the same, Arbuthnot Esq., suddenly became conscious of other things he would like to part with, to wit, his rolled-gold wrist watch, which had begun to play tricks with time, his fine-tipped Waterman's that had begun to stain his fingertips and draw lines on paper as broad as the Ganges, and such other things—

A brilliant idea passed through the brains of the astute businessman—Why not hold a Grand Raffle, collect subscriptions from his factory-workers, and graciously distribute his old things as prizes?

No sooner thought than done!

The First Prize, the gramophone with one box of needles and a dozen old English records, was won by holder of ticket No. 374.

Muthu checked his ticket—it was 373!

He looked up the list. The holder of ticket No. 374 was Muniswamy!!

There was a gleam of *satisfaction* in Muthu's eyes. He walked up to the place where jubilant Muni was whistling at his work.

"Stop that whistling, you bloody hound, will you—Remember this ain't your bally bathroom!"

"Yes Sar! Excuse me Sar!"

"That's all right, Muni! But discipline is discipline, you know!"

"Yes Sar! Thank you Sar!"

"So you have won the First Prize, eh? Lucky dog!"

"Yes Sar! By your grace, Sar!"

"You are sure your ticket No. is 374?"

"Yes Sar! Here it is, Sar! You may see Sar!"

"Show me, my son!"

Muni handed it over, his face beaming!

Without even glancing at the number Muthu slipped it into his own pocket! He then fished out a rupee from some hidden pouch and with an air of fatherly benevolence dropped it into Muni's pocket, and patted him kindly, affectionately and encouragingly on his back.

The smile left Muni's lips and a hunted look crept into his eyes!

Just then the office-boy brought the gramophone and paraphernalia, deposited them near Muni, produced a register and asked Muni to sign over the dotted line.

"But—" began Muni.

"That's all right! Sign, my son!" said Muthu.

Poor Muni signed.

"Call a Rickshaw and take these home—to my home," said Muthu.

Muni obeyed, pouring and biting his lips all the way home—to the Maistry's home.

For the fraction of a second Muni's heart rebelled and he thought of reporting to Arbuthnot Esq.

But, supposing the devil Muthu were to paint a black report of him at the end of the probationary period, will he not be chucked out of the job?

Muni resigned himself to the inevitable. 'Lucky-dog' indeed!

Anyway he hadn't lost anything, for he had got back the money he had paid for the raffle ticket—

But the poor chap had counted without his host—

The grinning office boy met him at the doorway to the workshop, saluted him and grinned all the more.

There was no use of expostulating with that boy! He shelled out a tip of four-annas.

The Maistry was waiting for him.

"You took it to my home?"

"Yes!"

"Paid the Rickshawallah?"

"No!"

"Go and pay him! But wait! Here is four annas! I have decided to give a tea-cum-gramophone party to a few selected friends—just you, the head clerk, and two others—at my house this evening. Run round to the Modern Cafe and buy some

Badam Halwa, Masal Vadai and Bombay Mixture! That would be enough! Or, wait, get also half-a-dozen oranges!"

Once again poor Muni had to obey—The rupee vanished, taking with it interest at 100 per cent. for the time it had lain in Muni's pocket!

And now, My dear readers, you think you have understood Muthu Maistry thoroughly and are, no doubt convinced, that Muthu did grow rich though not in the way that Mr. Ford grew rich—in spite of his meagre pay.

But this was not all. Muthu was soon convinced that Muni was a 'damn-lucky-dog'—He decided to investigate the extent of this luck, and if possible exploit the same!

One day, well in the middle of the month, when factory-workers are not expected to have ready 'dough' with them, Muthu sprung an idea on twenty of his subordinates, including Muni of course they should pool together a sum of Rs. 10, just 8 as per head, and buy a ticket on the Treble Event at the next Race day at Guindy!

Willy-nilly whether they relished or not, they had to agree—but only three of them had the ready 'changes' to pay their share.

Of course, that didn't matter at all—Good old Muthu would play the grand-father, and pay for all the seventeen from his own pocket—they could pay him back with a small interest of another 8 as. each, next pay-day.

Accordingly and duly a ticket was taken.

As luck would have it and to the immense joy of these poor workers, the off-chance came off—that is they betted successfully, the only successful ticket,—and the Tote paid for their ticket was Rs. 2400!

Imagine their surprise, excitement and joy! They literally danced about praising Muthu for his idea and Muni for his luck!

Pure dupes! They were yet to know Muthu's idea!

He paid the three men who had contributed ready cash, Rs. 120 each, took back from them Rs. 60 per head being his 'commission,' and then asked the others to go home and have a nice sleep!

"But—" began Muni.

"Shut up, you bloody idiot!" thundered the white-haired Maistry, "How dare you? You haven't paid your share! When an aged man, more experienced than you, and brainy than you, comes and tells you a good thing, you spurn it! And now—! Go home! You can't fool Muthukumara Naickan, the Maistry!"

Death of Dr. G. W. Russell.



R. George W. Russell ("Æ") died at Bournemouth on July 17th aged 68. He returned from America a few months ago after a lecturing tour, and had since been ailing. On the day of his death it was announced that the Irish Academy of Letters had conferred the Gregory Medal on the late Mr. Russell for his eminence in literature. He was an Hon. LL. D. of Dublin University and of Yale University.

The following sketch of his life is taken from the *Irish Independent*.

George W. Russell's life revealed a curious and unusually successful combination of poet, dreamer, artist, and business man. Compelled by lack of means to forego art study on the Continent after leaving Dr. Benson's School in Rathmines, he became accountant in the office of Pim's, drapers, South Great George's St., Dublin, and there laboured for some years. In the intervals of ledger-keeping he adventured into literature and grew famous as a poet. Then came the late Sir Horace Plunkett with his great scheme of agricultural co-operation. Both as editor of the weekly *Journal of the movement*, the "Irish Homestead," and as Sir Horace's aid-de-camp, Mr. Russell rendered invaluable service.

He was well past forty before he began to paint, and his paintings, with their fine disregard of the conventions and mystic poetry of colour and composition, won him added fame.

He was born in Lurgan, and was only seven years of age when he arrived in Dublin. At the age of 16 he passed to the School of Art, where he met W. B. Yeats. Here he also met John Eglinton.

Wanting at one time a new pen-name he chose Æon, but his penmanship was very bad, and the printer could decipher only the diphthong, leaving a query for the other two letters. In revising the proofs, Russell struck out the query and accepted the diphthong.

Under this pseudonym his first collected verse, "Homeward, Songs by the Way," was published in 1894. Another collection, "The Earth Breath," was published three years later. With the publication of the first-named volume both Russell and Yeats, who were close friends, were hailed as the leaders of the "Irish Literary Revival." An event which was to influence the poet was the formation of the I. A. O. S. for the completer organisation of the various co-operative societies and agricultural banks that had

been established, and for the more vigorous prosecution of the idea underlying them.

Some years later, Russell actually came into touch with the Society. In 1897, when Horace Plunkett was looking around for another organiser, W. B. Yeats suggested to him one who, though he was a mystic and an idealist, besides having published a couple of volumes of poetry, might, notwithstanding, be supposed to have a little practical experience by quaint chance of his being an accountant at the drapery house of Pim's.

So "Æ" left his desk, took a bicycle, and set out through Ireland on his new task. Sir Horace Plunkett became Vice-President of the Department of Agriculture and Technical Instruction, and for some years things moved smoothly, but uneventfully for both.

In 1905, Russell was appointed editor of the "Irish Homestead," the official organ of the I. A. O. S., but the poet arose again in his new guise as economist.

The inception of "The United Irishwomen" was mainly due to "Æ's" writings in the "Homestead." This body seeks to organise nursing in home and village, to teach domestic science, and to give care to the woman's part of agricultural life, such as poultry, home-dairying, pig-breeding, bee-keeping, and cottage gardening.

"Æ's" essay in play-writing was forgotten by his contemporaries for many years before his death, but it is interesting to recall, inasmuch as it links with the birth of the Abbey Theatre. Yeats and George Moore had written a play together, "Diarmuid and Grania," which was produced by Sir Frank Benson (not then knighted) at the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin, at the beginning of the new century. "Æ" saw the performance, and came to the conclusion that if this was drama, then drama was an exceedingly easy thing to do. When he reached home that night he straightway wrote the first act of a play dealing with Deirdre, put it away in a drawer, went to bed and forgot all about it. A couple of years later the brothers W. G. and Frank Fay persuaded him to finish the other two acts, and it was produced at the Abbey on April 2, 1902. It attempted no more than a simple presentation of a tale of tragic beauty told in prose as simple.

At this time "Æ" had been promoted to the position of Assistant Secretary of the I. A. O. S., was married and living in Dublin, where he met Count Markievicz, who had just come to Ireland, and who, a painter himself, persuaded Russell to join him in an exhibition. After that, exhibition followed exhibition for a number of years. Some of his pictures are in the Dublin Municipal Art Gallery.

Dr. Russell came into much prominence on the formation of the Irish Convention in 1917, being selected by the Government as a member of that body. His political activities, dormant for some time previous, had become more pronounced following the insurrection of Easter, 1916.

One of the most eloquent of the poetic tributes to the heroism and self-sacrifice of the executed leaders, which appeared under a nom-de-plume, was attributed to him. But he did more than indulge in poetic flights; he set his face to the task of regenerating Ireland on the basis of the principles of equal rights and freedom for all her sons, and meanwhile devoted considerable attention to improvement of the economic conditions of the country.

In February, 1918, "AE" created a mild sensation by resigning his membership of the Irish Convention without assigning any reason, a similar step being taken about the same time by Mr. Lysaght, of Clare. Dr. Russell broke silence on the reasons for his resignation some months later, when he published a pamphlet entitled "Thoughts for an Irish Polity," which contained quite a comprehensive series of suggestions for a more popular and broadly-based system of Irish government.

From 1923 to 1930 "AE" was Editor of the "Irish Statesman." His last book, "The House of the Titans," appeared in 1934.

From All Quarters.

The London University has launched a new scheme for training in journalism and has appointed a practical journalist, Mr. Tom Clarke, who was formerly Editor of *News Chronicle* as Director of the course. There is already a

Training in journalism course in the University founded soon after the war, but it was meant to give rapid training to journalists whose education had been in-

terrupted by the war. But this course is to be much wider in that it will give the students a background of the technical complexities of newspaper work apart from the purely academic studies. The course for the diploma is open to Matriculate students of not less than 17 years of age and to others of not less than 18 years who have attained a satisfactory standard of education. Women are admitted but not under the age of 18 except in exceptional circumstances. Mr. Clarke told an interviewer of the *World Press News* "that Editors eventually will always look to us when seeking young men or young women as beginners in staffs."

University training in Journalism has long been given in America where the instruction given is both theoretical and practical, covering all aspects of newspaper work. The students themselves in the course of their training actually produce a full-size daily newspaper with the most modern equipment. Most of America's leading newspaper men have been trained from such centres, notably the Columbia University. In India also a small attempt was made in the Punjab by Lala Lajpat Rai and in a more effective way in Adyar, which ran for a few years and turned out a handful of students, but which ultimately had to be stopped for want of public support. Universities in India are only slowly beginning to realise what they could do to help the Fourth Estate in this direction and are just beginning to think of introducing a course for journalistic training.

The depression which has overtaken every country in the world has brought in its train the tragedy of unemployed youth. Each country has this problem to solve and something has been done by each government either to solve the problem or to mitigate its rigour. Unfortunately in our country the Government has not done much in this direction. As usual the progressive country of the United States has been a pioneer in this field, as in many other directions. President Roosevelt has taken on hand the

economic and educational re-habilitation of a half million unemployed youth between the ages of 16 and 25 as the aim of his National Youth Administration. An executive order provides for the expenditure of 50,000,000 dollars out of the 4,000,000,000 dollars which has been set apart for the relief fund, and he has chosen for the direction of the Youth Administration Miss. Josephine Aspinwall Roche, who is the Chairman of its Executive Committee and Mr. Aubrey Williams who is the Executive Director. The objective of the administration is fourfold and they are stated to be finding employment for jobless youths in private industry; training and retraining for industrial, technical and professional employment; providing work-relief upon projects designed to meet the needs of youth; and providing for continuing attendance at high school and college.

The result of the experiment and the achievements of the Administration will be watched by other Governments with interest for adoption by themselves later on.

The latest method for treating infections of the brain and the nervous system, such as infantile paralysis, St. Vitus' Dance, sleeping sickness and some forms of meningitis is a "shower bath for the brain", which is described by Doctor **Brain Bath.** George Retan of Sepracuse University, in a paper read then before the American and Canadian Medical Associations. A solution of common salt and water is injected into a vein at the ankle, and fluids that accumulate in the brain and spinal column are drawn off by means of a needle inserted at the lower end of the spine. Why this happens has not yet been explained by even the medical fraternity, but it is claimed that some definite cures have resulted. A paralysed tongue was cured in half an hour; four cases of infantile paralysis were cured and two "brain baths" restored a boy who had been afflicted with St. Vitus' Dance.

Vitamins named after the letters of the alphabet have now reached the letter K. Vitamin K is found in the fat of pigs' livers, hemp-seed and certain vegetables and is said to be useful for preventing anaemia in chickens. Vitamin A., which **Vitamin K.** is found in liver, milk, butter and many green vegetables promotes growth and helps to fight germs. Vitamin B., present in yeast and egg-yolk, wards off neuritis. Vitamin C, found in most fruits and vegetables helps to prevent scurvy. These are the well known Vitamins. But descriptions of the lesser ones is attempted by *Tit Bits* which says that Vitamin D. is found in most substances where A. is present except animal livers and prevents rickets; E. is found in wheat-germ oil, lettuce and peas and prevents sterility; F. is rather a

mystery. A scientist claims to have discovered it but bio-chemists are inclined to suspect that it is one of the familiar vitamins masquerading as something new. G. is found in most substances where B. is present and is good for nerves and digestion. H. is found in milk, yeast, kidneys and liver. Its value has not yet been determined. I. and J. are doubtful starters, their discovery is claimed but not proven.

Among the new industries that have arisen in recent times are the manufactures from plastic materials. According to one expert, in Britain alone plastic materials are displacing 100,000 tons of metals annually, and find employment for a **The Plastic** thousand firms, the turn over of which is estimated **Age.** at 30 million pounds a year. These substances are obtained by chemical processes from the waste products of nature. Plastic glass produced in this way opens out great possibilities and is said to be of sufficient hardness and durability as to warrant its use as false teeth and as an ideal working medium for artists. The best known of all plastics is the Bakelite derived from coal and wood and is capable of being utilised for several purposes. Among the articles made from it are Telephones, Camera Bodies, Aeroplane Propellers, Fishing Reels and Loud-Speakers. Because of its strong insulating qualities it is used by the National Physical Laboratory to protect their Million-Volt apparatus. Gears and pinions manufactured from plastics and put to work in steel-rolling mills, are said to withstand ten times the strain of any metals known.

Smile Awhile.

Daddy was confined to the house with influenza, and Mother was busy sterilizing the dishes which had come from the sick-room.

"Why do you do that?" asked four-year-old Donald.

"Because, dear, Daddy has germs, and the germs get on the dishes. I boil the dishes and that kills the germs."

Donald turned this over in his mind for several minutes, then: "Mother, why don't you boil Daddy?"

* * * *

Said the chairman of a certain society at its annual meeting: "In most kindred associations, half the committee does all the work, whilst the other half does nothing. I am pleased to place on record that in the society over which I have the honour to preside it is just the reverse."

* * * *

"I'm glad to find you as you are," said the old friend. "Your great wealth hasn't changed you."

"Well," replied the candid millionaire, "it has changed me in one thing. I'm now 'eccentric' where I used to be impolite, and 'delightfully witty' where I used to be rude".

* * * *

A teacher told her pupils to write a short essay on "Language," and one boy wrote the following:

"Good language is what we use at home and at school, but among ourselves we generally use bad language."

* * * *

"Yes," said the great man, "I woke up one morning and found myself famous."

"It was slightly different with me," sighed the other. "I found myself famous—and then I woke up."

* * * *

"Marriage is a pottery."

"You mean a lottery, dear."

"No, I mean a pottery—a place for making family jars,"

A true American story. In trying to get the Pennsylvania Station on the telephone the other morning, Mrs. Bowman dialled the wrong number, and when she apologised to the gentleman who answered, he gallantly offered to look up for her the number she did want. She accepted the offer with surprised thanks.

After he'd got her the number, the gentleman did one more surprising thing. "Before you hang up, lady," he said, "I'd like to say that this here number is the Eureka Turkish Baths speaking, which we've just opened up here, and ladies' days are Tuesdays and Fridays."

* * * *

"I've just got engaged to a beautiful and an intelligent girl." "Congratulations. Which one are you planning to marry?"

* * * *

What a world! Nobody will take your last cigarette, but anyone will take your last penny.

* * * *

"I thought," said the tailor, "that I'd met some cheeky customers in my time, but....."

"What's happened?" interjected the boot-maker.

"Would you believe it, these trousers have been sent in to me half-a dozen times to be pressed, and they're not even paid for yet!"

"Pshaw! That's nothing," retorted the bootmaker. "I went out one day to collect a long-standing account for a pair of boots and the fellow actually kicked me out with them!"

* * * *

"If you're the gymnast who guarantees to teach fellows to lift twice their own weight, I'll join your class".

"Oh, are you an amateur strong man?"

"No, I'm a pick-pocket."

* * * *

American Detective: "We're going to be as kind to you as we can before sending you to the chair. Wouldn't you like to have your wife cook your last meal?"

Prisoner: "Yes, then I'd feel more like dying."

* * * *

"Your wife is very broadminded, isn't she?"

"Oh, wonderfully! She believes there are always two sides to every question—her own and her mother's."

In Memoriam.

The death of Dr. A. V. Subramania Aiyar, more familiarly known as Dr. Ambi Aiyar on Monday last removes from our midst a formidable medical practitioner and a powerful personality. He died from the Ernakulam Hospital where he was an in-patient for over two months. From a punctured wound received by running a thorn on his left sole, inflammation set in, and developed into an abscess. It was surgically opened; later on the toe became affected by black gangrene and it was amputated. There was a spread of gangrene and the foot was amputated up to the ankle; but he went through the various operations successfully and he was progressing towards recovery and the hospital authorities had planned to discharge him cured within a short time. On Monday, the 26th August, he had his usual midday meal, and some time after took a reading from one of his medical journals, and then went into an afternoon sleep, from which alas! he never recovered. When the nurse came on her usual round and felt the body and found it cold, the chief medical officer was phoned to and when he examined the patient he found the life gone. The end was a peaceful and painless one. It was euthanasia indeed!

For a period of nearly forty years he overawed the field of medicine in the Cochin State, and the range of his professional influence extended beyond the State and radiated to various centres in South India. No one medical practitioner in his life-time had so many trying and complicated cases to tackle, and no one achieved such signal success in the management of such cases. Moneys passed through his hands, as professional income, in thousands and tens of thousands, but his hands were like a sieve. He did not know what it was to save, and simply dismissed from his mind as valueless, the idea of hoarding. But he was not either a wise *administrator* of the enormous professional income he acquired. He had a natural instinct of generosity, and he obeyed the impulse to be generous, and probably gained his happiness therefrom; but a wise judgment did not come to his aid to protect his numerous acts of munificence from indiscriminations, and that was why his philanthropy and kindliness did not take solid and permanent form.

He was an exacting student of the knowledge he was pursuing, and he permitted nothing to come between him and his subject. He had an extraordinary knowledge of his science and he impressed one as having the spirit of a model research-scholar

in medicine. He was equally at home in medicine and surgery, although for some time and among some people there was a feeling that he was better as a physician than as a surgeon. His remarkable professional triumphs were won both in the field of medicine and in surgery. I know, however, that he effectively protested against the too ready resort to surgery which he seemed to think was gaining ground among physicians to make way for more lucrative practice by striking the imagination of the ignorant and unwary. He called such surgery *medical carpentry* and said he would have none of it by doing violence to science. He took infinite pains to understand the case he was asked to examine. The thoroughness of his examination and the depth of his deliberation were an object-lesson in themselves. He seemed even to possess a sort of intuition to get at the key-facts about a case and straightway dealt with the matter with his encyclopedic learning. His coolness and his courage at the bed side in moments of crisis were unparalleled; his spick and span neatness as a surgeon, and his wonderful capacity for getting his assistants to render him expeditious aid in surgery cases struck one as unique.

No one medical practitioner in any mofussil area earned from single cases the phenomenal fee that he had. Medical men, in superior official position looked small in his presence, and some handsomely acknowledged his superior intelligence and skill. The credit of a physician consists in carrying the patient with him, and while several try to do it by inducing faith and hope, he did it by the solid results of cure that he produced. He had professional integrity of a very high order and never surrendered his knowledge of medical science to greed, or personal ambition or low accommodations.

He had his faults, as which man on earth has not! He had strong loves and hates, and in the centres where he was medical officer, got strangely and unfortunately mixed up in partisan-ship controversies, and lost his professional hold or did not care to strengthen it amongst a section of the community. There were interested self-seekers who played upon his simplicity to gain their low ends, and he sometimes became misused by them. But as a man of honour and self-respect, he held his head as high as he could, never meanly stooped for favors, uttered nothing base or ignoble about the worst opponent and met the highest in the land on terms of perfect equality and cordiality. He impressed any new-comer into his presence as possessed of a chilling and repelling reserve. But when access was gained to his heart, he was softer than a mother to her child, and there was no end to the sacrifices he made on your behalf. Music irresistibly charmed his soul; he received ecstatic delights from

it. Its softest touches and subtlest excellences touched the depths of his being. He had an extraordinary gift of putting up resistance to the insolence of authority. He also had like every strong-minded man, certain fixed and immovable ideas and theories on his subject. He was thoroughly progressive and modern in his outlook, and kept an open mind on all movements of reform.

For over twenty-five years I enjoyed his priceless and invaluable friendship. He did several striking professional services to me and my household from out of the abundance of his love and knowledge. Our families became linked together by matrimony, and the same old love remained in his heart. He was one of the most dependable and steadfast friends I made in my life. So irrepressible was my confidence as also that of my household in his supreme medical skill, that we would not in our worst troubles have thought of any appeal to metropolitan quarters, until the strange workings of destiny brought me into intimate and closest touch with a totally different and antagonistic department of medical learning and experience, namely Homoeopathy. As I plunged deeper and deeper into it, its infinite superiority to every other system of medicament dawned upon me. The comparative valuelessness of every other system became clearer and clearer. I totally rejected medical aid in every other form, to myself and to my household, and my rejection has proved our blessing. From this new view point I have been deeply and painfully concerned with the great misery to my impoverished country resulting from the trial of every other system, and the colossal waste of wonderful brain power, involved in the acquisition of medical knowledge whose benevolent utility to suffering humanity stands disproved before me now. Had it fallen to his lot to take to that department of medicine he should have been hailed as the Mahendralal Sirkar of south India! If re-incarnation be true, and he is reborn for service on Indian soil, I fancy, his spirit of research would lead him on to this new art of healing.

P. V. Aghoram Aiyar.

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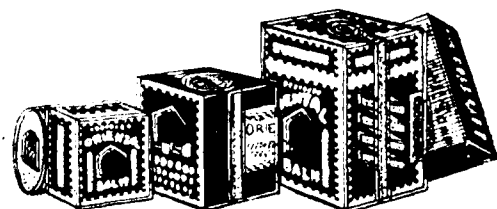
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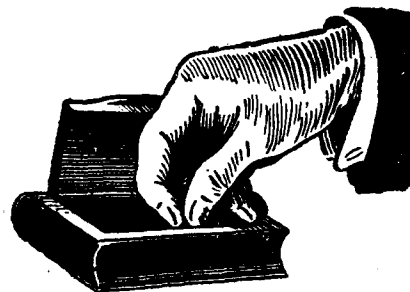
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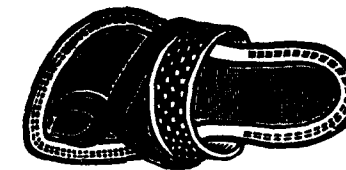
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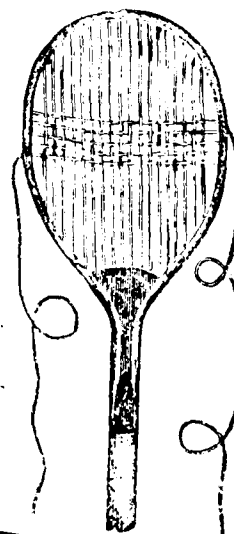
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