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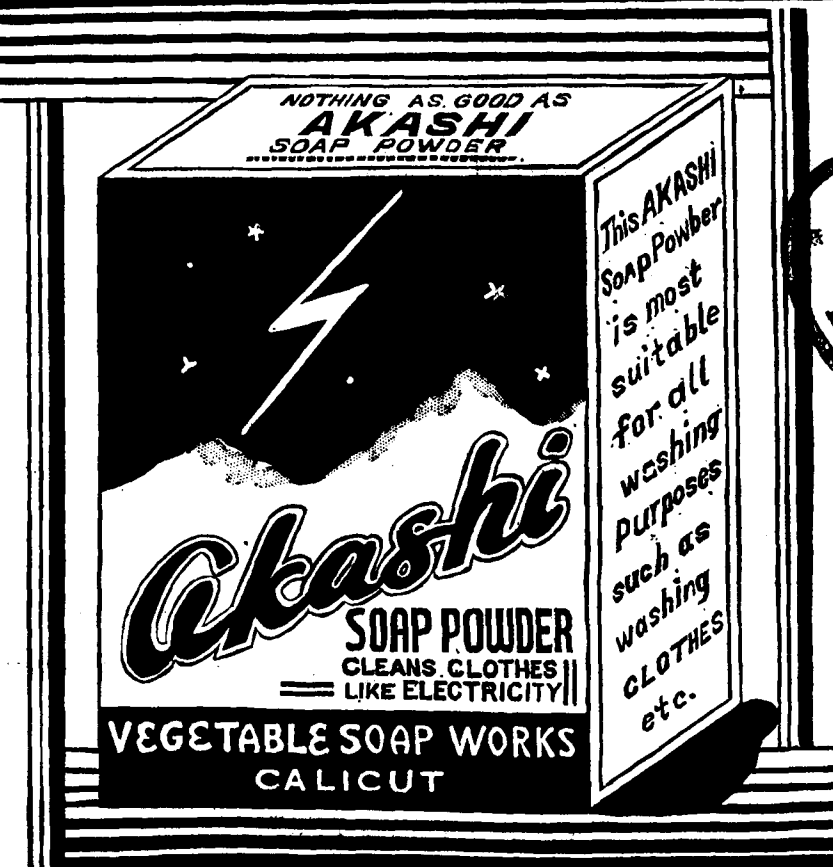
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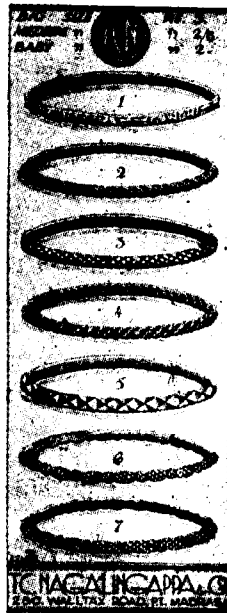
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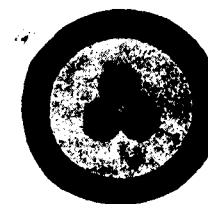
The SCHOLAR

VOL. XII

FEBRUARY 1937

NO. 5

PAX PER CULTURA



ROERICH PACT PEACE BANNER

On Vigil for Peace!

(DAIRY LEAVES)

By NICHOLAS ROERICH.



HE main thing is to start the movement and to give direction to the thought. Later on thought will readily flow assuming a world scope. Of course there always will be, imitations, repetitions, elucidations, comments and affirmations..... Everything is for the good. Dangerous is only a morbid stagnation.

The friends of our Pact have again cause to feel encouraged. In the League of Nations there have been proposed useful measures for the protection of Art treasures. The League urges bomb-proof shelters for art and museums are to be isolated from military objectives.

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"The building of bomb-proof shelters for portraits and restoration of the medieval sanctuary system for statues are recommended to all countries by the League of Nations International Museums Office in a report recently issued. It proposes that pending an agreement for the protection of Art, competent authorities everywhere shall put their national art on a war footing along these lines:

"For movable or easily transportable art works, the building of reliable shelters, within museums offering the same efficacy as those designed, for example, for protection of the civil population against aerial bombardments.

Equipment of museums with a view to the removal of Artworks to these shelters in cases of impending danger.

"Drawing up drilling instructions for training museum staff in these delicate operations. Acquisition of material that can be rapidly utilized for protection against effects of bombardment of Art works difficult to remove.

"For architectural monuments, adoption of the same protection measures by competent departments with a view to insuring, in the event of aerial bombardment, the safety of more fragile parts (stained glass windows, bas-reliefs and other sculptural features) both inside and outside monuments. Acquisition of appropriate equipment for dismantling these parts.

"Steps to be taken with public authorities with a view to clearing in peace time certain artistic monuments of outstanding artistic or historic value of all surrounding buildings, works, aerodromes, lines of communication, etc., used or capable of being used for military purposes.

"Lastly, and in view of facilitating and concluding an international agreement acceptable to the military authorities of all countries, construction outside urban centres and in places that give rise to no misunderstandings from a military or from a strategical viewpoint of shelters and depositories to which movable objects to be protected can be transported wherever possible; or appointment of a town or centre in each country to be declared strictly neutral and to serve as last asylum for humanity's laws."

Thus the League of Nations also ponders on the protection of the beautiful. We shall not discuss the details of these proposals, some of them are more feasible, others less. This does not matter. It is important that the thought about the safeguarding of cultural treasures is spreading all over the world. Many more golgothas and burning pyres will yet fill the world with confusion and awe, and these horrible signs imperatively will remind the world how indeferrable are the questions of the protection of all flowers on the field of Culture.

Some time back we suggested to our Pact Committees to gather and summarize all proposals regarding peace, emanating from manifold organizations. Much indexing and many catalogues have to be made in order to reveal the world thought about peace, about the protection of world treasures, about agreements possible in this direction. There is endless work to accomplish and world events prove the real necessity of these efforts.

Similarly, to the many branches of the Red Cross, there will arise around the Banner of Peace various problems for decision. Without envy and enmity every country will have to bring its mite into the treasury of true achievements.

In schools, from early childhood, the foundation will be laid for the saving of the Beautiful. This year will mark the 34th anniversary of our peace pact movement. During these three decades many people have approached, many opinions were expressed, but one thing remained unalterable—the indeferrability of action. World events have but confirmed this.

Newspapers communicated that the Spanish Government with difficulty saved the Cathedral in Barcelona from its own mob. It was necessary to paste large posters on the walls of the cathedral urging its protection and to call out troops with machine guns. Is this not a striking example how necessary it is to educate the people's consciousness? Before our very eyes deplorable and irreparable destructions are continuously taking place and

only a powerful moral impulse can save humanity from a repetition of fatal annihilations.

The Pact for the protection of cultural treasures is needed not only as an official regulation, but as an educating law, which from the first school days will imbue the young generation with the noble idea of safe-guarding the true values of the entire humanity. The Pact has already been signed by 22 countries. No doubt this large number will gradually be joined by all other countries as well. Our Pact has justly been named the Red Cross of Culture. Truly it stands in closest relation to the great Red Cross, which at the time of its inception was received rather sceptically, but now has become an undisputably humanistic foundation of life.

To show the imperative necessity of all peace movements, let us listen to some statements of leading militarists. "If previously peace wished to subject war to its own laws and regulate it by legal limitations, and tried to compel war to respect its morals and values, now it is the opposite: peace should be subordinated to the demands of war, which has become the ruler of the age and has shifted peace to a mere concept of armistice. This emancipation of war, that constitutes the main feature of our era, demands for its realization the introduction of the last decisive step: the abolition of the present social order, which is based on the assumption of peace, and the substitution of this order by a militaristic one. The establishment of such a militaristic constitution is the specific aim of to-day."

Let us not burden the reader with too many such depressing quotations. There exist entire volumes, as for example, "The Total War" and "The War for Annihilation". They describe a war in which the whole population of the nation is to take place, with the object of the complete annihilation of the enemy, by all available means, without any restrictions whatsoever, without mercy. Thus the "Total War" is directed not against the enemy's army, but against entire nations as such. "War is the highest manifestation of the vital will of the people and, therefore,

politics should serve military supremacy," so the militarists assert.

One can easily understand what is meant by the "complete annihilation of the enemy". This covers also all accumulations of culture. In face of the cruel aims of the "Total War" the merciless methods of conquerors of the past will appear as child's play. If humanity has reached such unheard of monstrosities, one must the sooner direct all efforts towards the protection of cultural values—both in artistic and scientific treasures and in the person of cultural representatives themselves.

It is deplorable that after millions of years of existence of our planet, one has still to reiterate such axioms. Hence, if at our previous Peace Pact Conferences we called for a doubling of efforts, the present condition of the world demands that our efforts should be increased threefold! On vigil for Peace!

Devotion

BY GENE FOSDICK

THE foundation of success must be devotion to the cause. For devotion is an unqualifiable condition, as absolute as is the degree of color—white. Devotion forges the link of attachment between mother and child, between hero and his cause, remaining unassailable even to the forfeiting of life. "Of what do we speak?" asks Eastern Wisdom. "Of the quality of devotion—irrepressible, all-conquering, creative, adorning the path. Devotion is measured only in a difficult hour. Love, readiness, solicitude—these people cite in place of devotion. But these fragments of devotion are as a smile of sympathy; devotion itself is aglow as a warrior ready for battle."

Why then not cultivate the quality of devotion in all our works, in all our strivings that they may be shielded by the very might of their sincere existence from the material influences which attack and undermine any degree of sincerity up to the unassailable devotion.

"Devotion does not resemble a windmill, nor a hired singer of praises. It rather resembles a firm tower upon a summit which the enemies avoid in awe, but in whose chambers a shelter is ever prepared for a friend."

Let us insure the future by evolving its beauty upon a foundation of Devotion!

Maharaja Who Made History

BY C. H. V. PATHY

IN a cold misty morning in the twenties I stood shivering near the Race Course in Ootacamund. The rays of the early sun were struggling through the blanket of the white. Suddenly my eyes alighted on a smart young figure, sitting on a grey horse, happiest in breeches and leggings coming out of the "Dilkush Mahal," the usual residence of the Maharani of Vizianagaram. Close behind was another figure on horse-back. A jockey suddenly pulled me up from behind and said: "Look, yonder rides the boy who will shortly be the ruler of Travancore."

Four years later, in the ancient Durbar Hall of Trivandrum, I was a witness to the magnificent pageantry of the investiture of Chittarai Tirunal. The boy I saw in a flash in riding breeches in Ootacamund was the cynosure of a huge concourse, ruler of an area of 7,625 square miles of charms and palms and picturesque back-waters, holding sway over nearly six million people. With the halo of immemorial ages beating on his royal features, in unfaltering accents, in that hall of hushed silence, where the notabilities of the State and a few celebrities from outside, including "Sir C. P." were gathered, he replied to the Viceroy's *karitha*, read by the Agent to the Governor-General for the Madras States. Later, amidst the roselight and the romance of that day, he drove in splendour through streets thronged with joyous people, waving to them, on to Kowdiyar Palace, situated on a hillock, four miles away from the city.

The next day I was seated in an artistic drawing room of the Palace when the Maharaja pelted me with a multitude of questions. He had nothing of the splendour of Ind about him, he was not in gold-braided dress uniform but in plain dhoti and a silk shirt.

His features are clear-cut and artistic and he has an aquiline nose. His penetrating eyes, with their perfect symmetry suggest a picture of Ravi Varma come to life and when he pauses in between the talks, you have the vague feeling of being in the presence of one who is prepared to fight long odds and is convinced of his ultimate success. They seem to say: "I will do this and I will win."

Soon this boy ruler, inheriting the traits of his talented mother, assisted by one of the shrewdest politicians in India, Sir C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, who was appointed as the Constitutional Adviser, was to break every tradition of the State and create history. Instead of building a new palace to reside as is customary on a ruler's accession to the Throne, he renovated Kowdiyar, where his grandfather lived and died, furnished it tastefully and took his residence in its splendid isolation. Riding over the ripples of unreasoning orthodox opposition, His Highness, accompanied by his mother, brother and sister crossed the seas to visit Europe—a thing unheard of in the annals of Travancore royalty. On his return, he gave the bold order to dig up the buried treasures in the Trivandrum temple, so that he could utilise them properly.

Never losing the point of view of a plain man, he is today forging ahead to make Travancore the ideal State in India. Trade is booming, industries are revived and the breath of progress has made even the dry bones of the interior instinct with life. He has laid out a charming aerodrome and opened a first class hotel in the capital of the State. In between his busy hobbies and studies, in disguise he visits the slums of the poor and staggers many a shop-keeper by offering fancy prices for trinkets.

No wonder he is very popular. His picture is hung up in hundreds of houses. It stares at you in the coffee stalls of Travancore. It hits you in the eye in the schools, colleges and libraries.

Youth, energy, courage and determination are written across his features. A fine rider, an ardent musician, a good tennis player, a great lover of fine arts, his character

keeps a perfect balance which charms us in no other Indian ruler. His reign has marked a renaissance of art in the State. Recently, Dr. Cousins opened an Art Gallery thanks mainly to the inspiration and the efforts of the Maharaja.

When Lord Willingdon was honoured with a farewell dinner at Delhi on the eve of his departure by the Princes of India, the privilege of proposing the toast on behalf of the Princely Order fell to his lot—a task he performed admirably.

It is, however, his recent Temple Entry Proclamation that has blazoned his name over all corners of the world. Ardently religious himself and anxious to avoid collision with public opinion, he convinced even the orthodox section of the public about the justness of the attitude he has taken, and today he is hailed all over India as the pioneer of an epoch-making reform.

It has been decided to erect a statue for him in Madras and Mahatma Gandhi whose heart gladdened at the magnanimous gesture of the Maharaja has sung loud his praise for the world to hear.

"The Story of Prophecy"

BY MEA



OW few, if any, can resist the fascination of prediction! Who among us is not interested in the future? Even though the interest may be purely selfish, and when prognostications come from various sources and still foretell similar events, it is impossible for the most sceptical to remain uninterested, and when predictions for the future are supported by predictions, which have been made in the past and which have proved to be more or less accurate, it would be merely obstinacy to deny the possibility of accurate prophecy, whether it is made in the form of inspired visions, by scientific calculations based on the measurements of the Pyramids or by means of astrology or any other of the numerous methods by which certain individuals are able to see into the future.

In *The Story of Prophecy*, by Henry James Forman (Cassell) is an amazing collection of famous prophecies, by Nostradamus, Tycho Brahe, Mother Shipton, Cagliostro and Madame Blavatsky. The author appears to have made a hobby of collecting these prophecies and has accumulated a mass of intensely interesting information. He remarks that "it is difficult to find a prophet whose average was a hundred per cent. correct", but in many cases the average appears sufficiently high to be uncomfortably convincing, and he quotes Cicero as saying, "Never could the Oracle of Delphi have been so overwhelmed with the significant presents from all kings and nations had not all the ages proven the truth of its oracles." That true and direct oracles must have been numerous can alone explain the survival of Delphi as an oracular shrine for hundreds of years.

It has always been a mystery to me why anyone should treat the vapid vapourings of H. G. Wells seriously, and he appears to have proclaimed his ignorance pretty effectually in the following passage which the author quotes

from Wells' "Outline of History" in which he speaks of the Pyramids as "unmeaning sepulchral pilesof an almost incredible vastness erected in an age when engineering science had scarcely begun,"—in the reigns of the three kings, Cheops, Chephren and Mycerinus.

Among prophecies for the future there seems to be a consensus that Paris will be completely destroyed by fire, and we are told that Prince Wilhelm will come to the throne of Germany before the end of the present year, while Hitler is to meet his downfall as a consequence of a civil war, the overthrow of Mussolini is also predicted for the present year. There is to be an Eastern war, probably between Russia and Japan, in 1938. The United States will pass through a critical period between 1940 and 1942, and "Armageddon" takes place between September 1936 and August 20th, 1953.

The year 1936, the author states, has loomed large in prophecies for centuries past and he quotes Nicholas Roerich, the famous artist, scholar and philosopher, whose home is in the Himalayas, as stating that "the year 1936 appears as truly momentous for human fate." He has pointed out, the author remarks "that throughout the East, in India, Mongolia, even in Siberia, there is a tense expectancy that the forces of light are about to gain an appreciable advantage over the cohorts of darkness." He quotes passages from Roerich's book *Altai-Himalaya* in support of this statement. It is not to be denied that many events which took place in 1936 will have far-reaching effects on the history of the world, and the historians of the future may be able to point out the year of 1936 as one which was "truly momentous for human fate".

It is also interesting to note that in March, 1934, upon his arrival in New York from India, Professor Roerich told the author, while speaking of prophecies current in the east "to mark especially June 11, 1936, as a predicted date of great significance. More than 2 years later, on June 12, 1936, the newspapers of the world announced that on the preceding day, the 11th, the Soviet Government

of Russia had submitted for discussion to its people a new constitution establishing a bicameral parliament, the lower house to be elected by secret, universal ballot; freedom of speech; freedom of worship, and certain other liberties not theretofore associated with that particular dictatorship. An undeniably momentous event for Russia, it may exert a far-reaching effect upon the entire world."

This particular chapter (Chapter XVI) which is concerned with more recent prophecies concludes with the following reassuring statement: "The year 1936, in short, with which prophets have long been preoccupied, has the forces of light gaining the upper hand and turning the tide against the darkness so long pressing upon the world.

Altogether "The Story of Prophecy" is an intriguing and intensely interesting book and likely to have a large sale. It can be confidently recommended to all who are interested in fortune-telling; clairvoyance; oracular statements and prophecy in every form, and who is not?

'Sonti' Fermentation

By Prof. V. SUBRAHMANYAN, D. Sc., F. Z. C.



THE present article relates to an interesting type of rice fermentation that is practised in certain parts (especially Chittoor and Nellore districts) of South India.

The object of the fermentation is two-fold:— one is to prepare a good flavoured, well tasting and easily digestible form of rice; the other is to obtain an alcoholic beverage which, in addition to its stimulating quality, is also claimed to be a good tonic, particularly in seasons when certain diseases (chiefly cholera, typhoid and small-pox) are prevalent in epidemic form.

The fermentation is initiated by the use of a material known as the *sonti* seed. The latter is sold (at 2 to 3 for an anna in the form of small balls which for all outward purposes, look like lumps of paddy husk together with some fibrous plant material. The procedure for the preparation of the fermented rice (*Sonti Annam*) is as follows:— The stipulated quantity ($3\frac{1}{2}$ seers if white rice is used; 3 seers if red rice is used) of well dried rice is three quarters cooked (as judged by the feel) and spread on a new mat till thoroughly cooled. Powdered *sonti* seed (each seed weighs about 10 grams) is then sprinkled on it in small quantities at a time and well mixed. The treated rice is then transferred to pots which have been previously steamed (this is traditionally done by boiling a few pieces of cactus with a small quantity of water). The pots which are only three fourths filled (thus providing for swelling due to gas production) are tied round the neck with pieces of cloth and buried up to the neck in paddy. After 60—70 hrs., carefully trained nose can detect a pleasant odour reminding one of well ripened plantain or jack fruit. Under favourable conditions, the smell permeates the whole house and even the neighbourhood. If no such odour is noticeable within the stipulated time, it is concluded

that the preparation is not a success. (The failure is generally attributed to evil eye). The badly fermented rice is generally found covered with a black mould and emits a foul odour. Such a product is not consumed by human beings, but charitably offered to the cattle who are generally appreciative of the unexpected gift. If the fermentation is successful, the preparation will be pearl white with a pleasant blend of sweet and sour taste; the alcohol combined with the esters emits a pleasant vinous odour.

Ordinarily, the fermented rice is consumed at this stage. It is easily digested and is sufficiently stimulating to give a pleasant sense of well-being. Its average percentage composition is as follows:—total acid (as lactic acid), 2.07; volatile acids (acetic acid), 0.095; lactic acid, 1.826; alcohol (ethyl), 9.76; acetaldehyde, 0.011; esters (as amyl acetate), 0.118; fusel oil, 0.061; dextrin, 1.368; sugar (glucose), 14.04; starch, 10.35. The rest is made up of water and mould growth. The product is easily digestible and has the additional advantage, that it can also help to digest (through the agency of the active principles in the mould) other starchy foods that may be taken at the same time.

Certain section of consumers—especially those of the working classes—allow the fermentation to proceed for a week or more. The product is no longer solid, but becomes a turbid liquid with a strongly pronounced alcoholic odour. It is then filtered through coarse cloth and the amber coloured liquid which passes out is drunk with great relish. This product is definitely an alcoholic beverage, the alcohol content being even higher than that ordinarily found in the common brands of toddy or country beer.

The preparation of the *sonti* seed, which is the basic material for the fermentation was until recently a close secret, carefully preserved by the *Besta* (fisher folk) community. The researches of Mr. K. Rami Reddi have now brought much valuable information to light and have shown how an illiterate and generally backward community can, through centuries of experience, develop empirical methods which can stand the most rigorous tests of modern science!

The ingredients used for the preparation of the seed are (a) roots of whole plant previously dried, (b) roots and herbs in fresh condition, (c) finely ground paddy husk, (d) rice bran, and (e) rice flour. Hand-fuls of (b) mixed with $10\frac{1}{2}$ seers of powdered husk and $4\frac{1}{2}$ seers of bran and well powdered in a mortar, while hand-fuls of (a) are mixed with $1\frac{1}{2}$ seers of rice flour and powdered separately. The two lots are then mixed together and enough water added so as to roll them into balls.

The balls are now subjected to a process of ripening. A description of this stage as translated from the very words of an old gentleman who revealed the 'secret' is as follows: dry straw (from a recent harvest) is spread on the ground. A new palmyra mat is spread on this. The *Sonti* balls are placed on the mat and then covered first with a new mat and then with fresh straw. The floor should not be damp. The whole room should be warm as in a bakery. After 3 or 4 days, the balls which are now fairly dry are swollen in size like bread in a bakery. In practice, the goodness of the ripened *sonti* seed is tested by its colour (which should be light yellow) and pleasant odour. When these are satisfactory, the seed is taken out, dried in the sun and then stored in a dark place.

Although the above procedure bears a general resemblance to the preparation of the "Chinese yeast" and the fermentation has a few common features with the preparation of rice beer in Japan, Formosa Java and in Assam (*Bakhar*), it is yet very different from others in certain important aspects. Thus, the roots and herbs used in the preparation of the seed are different from those used elsewhere. The checking of the fermentation at the intermediary stage of *Sonti Annam* is practised nowhere else in the world. Lastly, the micro-organisms present in the *Sonti* seed are very different from those responsible for the other types of rice fermentation.

The researches conducted by Mr. Reddi at the Biochemical laboratories of the Indian Institute of Science have shown that the active agent responsible for the *Sonti* fermentation is a new (hitherto undescribed) species of

mould to which the name *Rhizopus sontii* has been given. It is extremely powerful in its action on starch (especially rice starch) and converts it first into an easily digestible dextrin and then into sugar (mostly glucose). In this respect the *Sonti* organism is even more powerful than all the other moulds (including *Aspergillus oryzae* from which Taka-diastase is prepared) so far described. The activity is best seen on rice cooked in the manner usually adopted in India. Uncooked rice is not easily attacked, while overcooked (pasty) rice is not readily penetrated by the white velvety growth of the organism. Polished white rice is best suited for the fermentation. Unpolished or coloured rice (which have generally thick bran coats) are not easily attacked. Par-boiled rice is not well suited to the fermentation. The mould is not very efficient in its action on other cooked grains such as ragi, cambu or cholam. These have either thick outer coats or contain starches of a different type which are not readily attacked by *R. sontii*.

In addition to predigesting starch, the *sonti* organism also produces fairly large quantities of alcohol. During the first two or three days, the quantity of alcohol produced is comparatively small. After the starch is mostly broken up and converted into sugar, then alcohol production begins. The quantity tends steadily to increase until, at the end of about a week, it is between 20 and 30 per cent. on the weight of the original rice.

The manner in which the mould enters into the composition of the *Sonti* seed is still not clearly understood. It is presumably derived from the paddy husk or bran used in the original preparation. Further researches in this direction will yield highly interesting results.

There are other organisms associated with the *sonti* fermentation. One is a hitherto undescribed species of dematium which works in close association with the *Rhizopus* in the digestion of starch. It does not produce much alcohol. Another organism which is of some interest is a round type of yeast which attacks the sugar formed by the moulds and converts it into alcohol. There is no doubt that this yeast is partly responsible for the high alcohol

content observed in the later stages of fermentation. There is also a pseudo yeast (torula of a new type) which produces small quantities of alcohol and causes turbidity in the final beverage. In addition to this there is an acid and gas producing bacterium which indirectly affects the production of alcohol in the medium. There are a number of other bacteria and moulds associated with the *Sonti* seed, but these play no important part in the fermentation. The conditions in the medium are such that only the *Rhizopus* and the few other organisms mentioned above are favoured.

The relative contributions of the different organisms to the degradation of starch and production of alcohol has been studied. It has been found that the digestion of starch is most due to the *Rhizopus*. That organism is also responsible for the production of about two-thirds of the total amount of alcohol (20 per cent. on the weight of the rice) found in the medium. The remaining third is contributed by the combined activities of the yeast, the dematium and the torula. On the other hand, the bacterium uses up the sugar for other purposes and in its presence production of alcohol is distinctly reduced.

During the fermentation, a number of active digestive ferments are secreted by the various organisms. The most active and the one with considerable practical possibilities is the starch digesting ferment (amylase) secreted by the *Rhizopus*. This ferment is particularly efficient in its action on rice starch and since rice is the staple food of most of the tropical countries (especially in the East), it should be of considerable therapeutic value in relieving human suffering arising through indigestion.

It has been found that the maximum amount of alcohol is produced in the first week after which if the fermentation is allowed to continue, there is considerable drop in the alcohol content of the medium. After about three weeks, less than a third of the original quantity of the alcohol is left behind. The product develops an undesirable smell and a sour taste. These show that the other micro-organisms originally present in the seed produce certain secondary changes destroying the alcohol formed

in the medium. Among the other factors influencing the production of alcohol, mention may be made of the proportion of water to rice which should be at least of the order of 2.5: 1. On lowering the proportion of water there is corresponding drop in the quantity of alcohol produced. The proportion of seed to rice does not ordinarily make much difference unless it drops below 1: 500. A small quantity of seed does not produce enough quick growth to withstand extraneous infection, so that the production of alcohol is adversely affected. As already mentioned, the extent of cooking is very important. The cooked grains should be soft and yielding and should at the same time remain detached from each other. This will facilitate the mould penetrating quickly throughout the mass. Under-cooked grain is only partially penetrated, the hard inside portion remaining intact for a long period. When the grain is over-cooked and the swollen masses adhere together, then the mould grows only on the outside, leaving the inner portion largely intact. The importance of the variety of rice has already been indicated. Raw, polished white rice (which is mostly starchy) is best suited for the fermentation. Par-boiled rice turns stiff on cooling and offers some resistance to the growth of the mould. Temperature is another important factor determining the production of alcohol. The most favourable temperature is 30°C. (86°F.) at which the yield of alcohol would correspond to about 30 per cent. on the weight of the grain. A lower or higher temperature causes a marked drop in the production of alcohol. In South India the favourable temperature is attained only during the winter months, so, that would appear to be the best season for the production of *sonti* beverage of best quality. Addition of small quantities of starch or sugar (as is sometimes done in brewing practice) does not appreciably affect the course of fermentation, the yield of alcohol being about the same in all the cases. Addition of different mineral salts or nitrogenous substances does not very much improve the rate of fermentation, the seed already containing most of the essential nutrients required by the different organism. Some of the

salts if supplied in more than minimum quantities, do, in fact, lower the yield of alcohol. Exposure of either the original seed or the fermenting rice to direct sunlight lowers the efficiency of fermentation. The active organisms are either killed out or devitalised by the radiations.

There is a remarkable agreement between the method of fermentation as practised by the *Bestas* and the scientific findings cited above. The conditions for the preparation of the seed, the variety of the rice to be chosen, the extent of cooking, the proportion of rice to water, the temperature of fermentation—all these are already realized and skillfully applied by those people.

The influence of various roots and herbs on the course of fermentation is still obscure. There is no doubt that some of them supply certain essential nutrients required by the various organisms. The seed is fairly rich in nitrogen and minerals which are essential to the growth and active functioning of the fermenting organisms. In addition to the above, some of the added materials will improve the flavour and enhance the medicinal properties of the finished product. Some of the herbs used in the preparation of seed are well known digestives and carminatives used in the Indian systems of medicine and there is no doubt that useful quantities of the aqueous as well as alcoholic extracts of these substances will have passed into the composition of the final product.

While there is no doubt that the fermented rice is an easily digested product and hence a safe food to take, it cannot be claimed to be highly nutritious human food. *Sonti Annum* suffers from most of the deficiencies inherent in the use of polished rice. Its nutritive value can be greatly improved, however, by a suitable admixture of substances rich in nitrogen and phosphorus. Small quantities of eggs or milk will make a useful supplement and will greatly add to the health and well-being of the consumers.

It is well known that during the monsoon and post-monsoon months, many of the commoner diseases (especially cholera and typhoid) are traceable to the

consumption of polluted water. It is also recognised that alcoholic fermentation suppresses various putrefactive and pathogenic organisms so that the use of Sonti beverage would be a means of eliminating dangers through water pollution. This is well known and practised in many parts of France where the surface waters are often polluted. The use of a mild alcoholic beverage in place of water improves the taste and adds to the safety.

The above arguments do not, however, justify any immoderate use of the Sonti beverage. In fact, there is the potent danger—especially among communities unaccustomed to temperate habits—of increasing drink habit which would be extremely difficult to get over. A further danger lies in the possible addition of drugs—especially certain narcotics—which are known to enhance the intoxicating properties of alcoholic beverages. These are known and practised in the case of other Indian beverages. In the case of Sonti, they can be easily incorporated in the seed and great care will be needed—especially on the part of the Excise authorities—to see that, what is otherwise a wholesome process, is not misused to satisfy the perverted tastes of man.

Vallathol & Nalapat

BY V. M.



O a votary at the shrine of Malayalam poetry Vanneri holds a thousand thrills. It is the home of Vanneri Poets, Vallathol and Nalapat. The picturesque expanse of its palm-clad gardens and paddy fields rimmed by bamboo bushes, the roar of the nearby sea, prodigal and unmeasured the year round, the glory of the straightforward morns, the amazement of sunsets, the changing shadows, have all inspired the famous Vanneri poems and on that account have a special charm of their own. Situated midway between Guruvayur and Ponnani in South Malabar Vanneri has, to the casual visitor, nothing much in it to distinguish it from the rest of the Malabar Coast. To the student of poetry, however, it is sacred and enchanting. I found it so when on a summer evening I wandered into it. On every cottage front I could see the exquisite kneeling form of the Moplah housewife whom in four score lines Vallathol has transformed into a heroine as sweet as Shakuntala herself. On both sides of every hedge that bordered my path, I could see the two supreme lovers of Nalapat's Teardrops worshipping each other with the blossoms of their love bathed in holy tears. It was impossible to look at the starlit sky without calling to mind the dismal picture it unfolded to Nalapat's forlorn eyes on the night of the terrible tragedy in his life, nor at the lengthening shadows without visualising the army of skeletons that disturbed Vallathol's sleep on the varandah of his nearby house. At every turn of my path I was confronted with some character or emotion that leaped out from the Vanneri poems. There was no getting away from them.

The Vallathol who welcomed me in the portico of his modern looking house that nestled with appropriate modesty among the closely planted palms was every inch of him a complete contradiction of his picture that had

somehow got into my mind. The turn-out of Malayalam scholars on the rare occasions I had met them had chilled me; and Vallathol was an eminent scholar and among other things had translated Valmeeki's 'Ramayana.' I had once listened to a full-blown celebrity among them and he had given me the queer impression that he was a channel for the dull flow of the bookishness of the past, the present and the future. I was relieved to find that this poet whom I had sought had no scholarship about him. The alert figure in early fifties who after bidding me to be seated, reclined on an easy chair had no pontifical aloofness or freezing ways. I went prepared to be bored by one of those learned lectures that are inflicted at the ponderous session of Sahitya Parishads. But I was thoroughly mistaken. A gentleman of culture with winning manners, gay and companionable; it was a pleasure and a privilege to be in his company. The pleasant serenity of his face is its most distinct charm. It sets him quite apart in this modern world of distracted nervous faces. He retains the effervescence of youth. He is capable of entering into the humour of any situation. That is a wonderful asset to him and a help to others, as I found out for myself to my great relief as a host when some months later the three of us—Vallathol, Nalapat and myself—found ourselves lost in the wilds of Behar after many hours of motoring, because the bright driver of our car had never heard of Tagore or Shantiniketan and lacked the modesty to admit it.

Nalapat radiates vivaciousness in all directions. Vallathol makes the horizon lively. Nalapat has no horizons; the sky is his limit, and between him and this limit there is nothing that is not vividly glowingly vivacious. Neither in poems nor in conversations he draws rigid boundary lines. There is an orderly progressiveness in Vallathol's treatment. A tender idea in his hands unfolds itself slowly as the fragrance of jasmine whispered by a packet of forgotten love letters you unexpectedly come across. You get it slowly, in convenient doses. In the sweetest of his love lyrics the rustic village maiden, Radha, is made to uncover her burning heart with a discipline and orderliness one

would associate with a trained nurse dressing a painful wound. Nalapat when confronted with a poignant sentiment sends it flying all over the place. You are just hurled into with scant mercy and left to make your own terms with it.

With Vallathol art is an empire over which he rules, benevolently. In the case of Nalapat art is not distinguishable from himself. Art to him is the expression of his soul. His personality, his philosophy, his pleasures and sorrows, are everywhere in what he writes. His poetry gives the impression that he has found that tragedy—a good part of it at any rate—is soluble in ink, misery can be exterminated by getting it down on paper, the best way to get rid of a broken heart is to put it in a book. Vallathol takes us into the land of glory supreme where the far-flung music of fairy bells greet us. Nalapat too shows us many a new but deeper world, but there mingled with the shimmer of temples and the elusive perfume of the newly opened lotus are flashes of sternness, wailings and laughter all mingled with the throbbing of a unique intellect working at high creative speed. Vallathol would think a thousand times to contradict; Nalapat would contradict off-hand in his debonair way. But what delicious contradictions!

Vallathol wore every symptom of well-deserved triumphs, of the uninterrupted march from success to success, from *Chitrayogam* to *Sahitya Manjari*. It was different with his younger colleague. His path to fame was rugged. He translated a third rate novel and a first rate classic, scribbled the usual love sonnets, dragged with four-footed tongs out of her well-earned retirement a Ramayana heroine (Sulochana) and made her behave with the appropriate degree of decorum dear to the pundits; and then he fell-down the stairs. And the man who scrambled to his feet was a new man—the author of 'Tear-drops,' the translator of 'Pavangal', the exponent of a new mode, an overpowering force in the realm of thought, art and culture of Kerala.

Vallathol is the *kokil*, pouring out melody throughout the year, in all seasons, from all tree tops. Nalapat is that

elusive bird who, from some unknown plane, sweeps over the Kerala coast just at the outbreak of the monsoon, sings a distinct song its own, interpreted by many in many ways but setting everybody to think and to solve, and then disappears as suddenly as it appeared for the space of another twelve months.

Vallathol is no ascetic. If he were one it would have been an irreparable loss to our literature. He loves the bubbles of life in healthy wholesome fashion. He is emotional and impressionable. Observing the changing expressions of his face and the decisive gestures of his hands as we passed from subject to subject in our conversation, I could understand how he breathed the breath of life into quite ordinary things. He can converse as he writes and is a selector but not a miser of words. If a woman suggests to him the fragrance of spring you feel he would not hesitate to tell her so with imagery. He would not be miserly with words. He would scorn coppers when he can lavish on her the gold of language. There is nothing pessimistic about him. He believes in success. His approach to this elusive goddess is not that of a devotee but that of an overlord.

Speaking of success, his friend, Nalapat, with the streak of fundamental philosophy underlying his attitude towards life and with the experience of all the storms that have burst on him and around him, is prone to look at it in his usual indifferent way. You have only to talk to him for half an hour to understand that. According to a Western writer success is the immediate and persistent reaction to environments. If he means sympathetic environments Nalapat would have had no success at all because the publication of everyone of his important works has invariably created bitterly hostile environments.

When "Teardrops" appeared, the pundits hoisted the black flag, beat their breasts and went into mourning. Yet it is to-day recognised to be an outstanding poetic achievement and a landmark in our literature, and with

the publication of its English version in London, it is winning approbation from a wide circle of readers outside the Malayalam speaking area. When "Pavangal" took the stage there was a regular uproar. Mild scholars forgot their manners and became abusive, methods of controversy that are only once removed from the dust-bin were requisitioned. Thunderbolts were hurled from the seats of the mighty. Harmless bafoons armed with any odd weapon they could get hold of joined in the holy crusade. Malayalam saili was the rallying cry. This man Nalapat was discrediting it, was giving it new forms and characteristics which offended against the good old conception of what a respectable saili should be. It must be saved for orthodoxy at any cost. Above all, the young generation should be kept away from the pernicious influence of this new *mode*, this Nalapat *mode*. Yet today the "Pavangal" style, which is the Nalapat style, is perhaps the most sought after and widely followed style in the language. For those who crave for clarity, force and directness of expression, the "Pavangal" style is the ideal to follow. The appearance of flight is still kept up and "Pavangal" is still taboo in a steadily diminishing circle of old timers. But these old timers are as much alive to the heart-beat of Malayalam as the polar bears are to the warmth of the tropical sun. It is amusing to watch the rump of the crusaders tragically tottering to a last defiant stand. His latest poem "Chakravalam"—in my opinion the best of all his poems and in which is recorded a whole voyage of philosophical contemplation—has stunned his public and may have given it up as hopeless. From bewilderment to comprehension is a slow process. But people are beginning to comprehend and the history of "Teardrops" will soon be repeated.

Nalapat thrives on adverse criticism and would probably feel that his art was getting thin if any of his works on its first appearance had anything other than a stormy reception. He serenely wears criticism as a crown, as a symbol of triumph. On the contrary if anybody

invests him with a halo he does not flaunt it; he rather carries it under his arm.

To appraise, to compare and to contrast the art and achievements of these two Vanneri poets is no easy task. Neither are these vignettes a proper medium for any such detailed study. As I have said earlier in these impressions, to Nalapat, self is his favourite theme and hence his art is more intimate. Vallathol alights on self sometimes, but to him that is one of his many themes. Vallathol has developed expressionism into an elaborate philosophy. Nalapat's devotion to it is imperfect. Vallathol's pride is in craftsmanship. There is nothing in the language to overstep his "Magdelene Mary" as embodiment of flawless craftsmanship through and through. He is ready to turn his pen to anything provided it could be done well. But Nalapat is much more fastidious in his choice and applies his art to fewer subjects. Vallathol broadens and spreads himself—sometimes even spreads himself thin—while Nalapat retracts and concentrates and would even sacrifice easy lucidity for the sake of solidity.

Vallathol writes in golden ink, often on gold-tipped paper. Even when reading his Mappu there are visions of gold dust dancing shyly before one's tearful eyes. Nalapat does not use ink always. He wrote *Pulakankuram* in ink, "Teardrops" in blood and *Chakravalam* in a mixture of both.

Vallathol drinks and bathes in colour, indulges his lust for colour in all sorts of ways. He covers his ideas with the golden embroidery of language; he lifts his undulating periods, props and upholds them by the witchery of words, until they have gathered adult strength, and then places them before the reader with due ceremony. Nalapat, on the other hand, confronts you with massed ideas with little or no trappings, and your amazement is never smoothed down by the beat of silky words. You face stern stuff and there is no padding provided to make impact softer. Vallathol uses gloves; his young friend prefers the bare arm.

When Vallathol attacks an opinion he does it vehemently, but at the same time sympathetically, but Nalapat with more energy than sympathy, riddles the enemy with quick words and lays its prostrate form with cruel logic.

To those like the present writer whose approach to Vallathol is through his poetry, his preoccupations of recent years with the Kerala Kala Mandalam that promotes the *Kathakali* dance is a disappointment. He has left Vanneri and with it the atmosphere that was so congenial to the play of his poetic talents. He is isolated from his literary associates. His companionship even with Nalapat, which is one of the most charming phases of modern Malayalam literary history, is all but a thing of the past. As the active president of a large institution with a miscellaneous crew of actors and performers to be trained and looked after and with business affairs to be attended to, his muse is forced out of the sovereign place she used to occupy in his thoughts. Her loss is the gain of *Kathakali*. The advocates of *Kathakali* have won and those like the present writer cannot escape a feeling of disappointment.

The Gond Seva Mandal

BY L. N. GUBIL



TEN miles from Amarkantak and the source of the holy Nerbudda is the beautiful Karanjia Valley, hidden from view on every side by the high walls of the Satpura hills. Into tiny villages, lost among the trees, wild beasts from the jungle which cover the hills find their way night after night in search of cattle or of some smaller prize to carry away.

It is in the middle of this valley, on a half circle of hills, that the first ashram of the Gond Seva Mandal was brought into existence. At one point of the semi-circle, the main building stands; and this is known as "Sri Dinabhandhu Ashram" and is that part of the Mandal which is specially dedicated to St. Francis; it consists of a walled court, rooms for brothers, and a tiny mud chapel of St. Francis for the use of Christian members of the Mandal. On each of the other spurs of the hill, a house is built, all in the Gond style, so that the general effect is that of a Gond village. The houses are made of mud and wattle thatched with grass; their normal cost was Rs. 40 a piece, and the biggest of them "Sri Gandhi Jnana Mandir", the Library, did not come to more than Rs. 60.

The Ashram is lost to sight from a little distance among the jungle that enfolds it. It is part of the "Dongar", or Mountain, and as such is familiar to the people to whom the "Dongar", is the main source of occupation, excitement and worship, for it supplies them with almost everything they need. For their houses there is bamboo and the plentiful clay of the jungle: for plates and cups the broad green leaves of mountain trees; for making their coarse rice more palatable, herbs and roots for the seeking. All day long you may see men, women and even children, armed with axe for woodcutting or defence against wild beasts, going to and from the "Dongar", some carrying bundles of leaves on their heads, some staggering under a double load of firewood or a heavy basket of white earth.

The Gonds who live here are a tribe of aboriginals, once kings and rulers until they fell under the conquering Maharashtrians and later under the British Raj, into their present state of misery and servitude. Yet still the blood of ancient chieftains runs in their veins and their ancestry is written in their free carriage, in their soft and musical voices, in their ready laughter, in their generosity and regal indifference to the demands of time and labour.

In spite of the extreme poverty, the houses in which all but the poorest Gonds live are clean and beautiful. The mud walls are whitened and decorated on doors and walls and pillars with jungle creatures, trees and simple designs in "high relief".

The normal food of the people is the poorest rice made into watery soup with herbs and occasionally a little vegetable when there is any to be found. The tax on cows and she-buffaloes, which amounts to nearly a month's income, makes it impossible for all but the wealthiest to taste milk.

Although all but a handful of the villagers are illiterate, they are for the most part anxious to be educated. At first it was difficult for them to believe that a group of Indians and English, Hindu and Christian, had come for any other purpose than for that of converting them to Christianity. The integrity of Hindu members and visitors was questioned, because it was unbelievable that any Hindu would eat with those outside his own caste. So for a time all suffered the fate of untouchables. But now the villagers are satisfied that they are among them simply as their friends and servants without any ulterior motive. Shy and suspicious as they were at first, they are now without trace of either. The Ashram rings with the sound of the children's voices, whether in school hours or out of them; their meals time is usually a favourite time for men to drop in for a chat on their way to or from the jungle late at night. Every tale of woe—a calf carried off by a panther during the night, a villager intimidated by some unscrupulous merchant, a field barren through lack of money to buy a plough-ox and many another is poured into the members' ears daily.

The Gond Seva Mandal has already started a school for little children on the most modern lines. They have some of the best Swadeshi Montessori apparatus, purchased from the Kamdar Karyalaya of Bombay, and they have tried to make the school garden a little paradise for children, with rough swings and poles for climbing clay and sand for building, and garden plots which one day will be little seas of colour. The children are so poor that even on the coldest morning when they are glad to wear a blanket until the sun is high, they come to school with one poor cotton rag to keep out the bitter cold. On arriving they all give themselves a warm bath in a sunny corner of the garden and run into school, where each child has a garment hanging on a picture-labelled peg. When all are clean and dressed in their simple one piece suit of gaily coloured Khadi cloth, they look like bright butterflies as they run and dance, for they love nothing so much as to imitate the wonderful dances of their elders, in the sunny garden. It is hoped that these children and the others who will come to these schools would be the future saviours of their people. They are being educated not for the cities but for the leadership of their own people—leadership in the matter of improved agriculture and cattle rearing, in reviving the cultural life of their past, its dancing and songs and art, and in bringing the best ideas of other peoples and other ages into their own civilisation to enrich and develop it. To this end they are starting a Gond Museum (in which they need the co-operation of the public of the C. P.), for the use of the Gonds themselves; and already one of its members is doing a good deal of research into their thought and customs. To balance this they include as an important part of the school programme the study of religion in its widest sense, literature and history but not so much as set subjects as talks and discussions with the boys and girls. Neither do they neglect what Tolstoy called the "bread-labour" side of education. There are classes in carding, spinning and weaving, carpentry, gardening and all the other crafts, which are, or should be, an integral part of rural community life.

The saddest part of their life here is the terrible disease which surrounds them; with malaria and imported diseases too awful to describe, these poor folk come to them as their only help—and although they have a dispensary, without a doctor they can do so little for many of them. To reach the nearest hospital, they must tramp twenty-two miles through lonely jungle and over two wild mountain ranges, which for months are almost impassable, because of torrential streams. It is a whole day's journey for a strong man by the shortest route, but a much more serious matter for one with great wounds or terrible pain to carry with him. Much of the disease is preventable and with more funds and workers to help to carry on an intensive campaign in the villages against illiteracy and disease they may hope for great things.

The present personal of the Ashram is made up of the co-founders, Father Elwin and Brother Shma Rao, Mani Patial—a graduate of the Agra University, Srikant formerly of Sabarmati Ashramam, and Sister Mary Gillett who has had experience in the most advanced methods of children's education in London. Their great need is for two more Hindu members.

Many people, find it difficult to understand both the method and the motive of the Mandal. Yet they are very simple. By fighting the battles of the poorest and the most exploited of India's children it is doing its share towards that unification of a people free and educated, which is the dream of all who are suffering for the same cause in jail or working for it in Councils. Their motive is religious in that they want to bring fuller life to this splendid but down-trodden race, political in that they mean to see them freed of external oppression.

Their method is equally easy to understand. They are not here to drag unwilling horses to the pond—even though it be the water of education that they offer. By their respect for the people and by their identification with their ways of living they hope to become their friends, so that as friends they can share whatever they have of good that has been denied them.

Emotions

BY R. MAHADEVAN, B. A. (Hons.)

THE bane of intellectualism has been in its having brought into its train, the habit of reification of concepts. When we say, 'curiosity carried me away' we seem as if to mean 'curiosity' as an object, while it is only an emotional experience. Here it would be better to use the adjectival form rather than the substantive, wherever possible. So the question, what are varieties of emotional experience, would be more appropriate than, 'what is an emotion?'.
 "We may say, that directly or indirectly, the instincts are the prime movers of all human activity..... The instinctive impulses determine the ends of all activities and supply the driving power by which all mental activities are sustained; and all the complex intellectual apparatus of the most highly developed mind is but the instrument by which these impulses seek their satisfaction, while pleasure and pain do but serve to guide them in their choice of the means" says Proff. McDougall. He recognises thirteen instincts, the instinct of escape, of combat and of repulsion; the parental instinct, the instinct of appeal, the pairing instinct, instinct of curiosity, of assertion, the gregarious, food-seeking, and constructive instincts, and to satisfy the superstition, laughter is also taken as the fourteenth instinct. Now, emotions have an instinctive basis.

Every emotion is based on some corresponding instinct. We can explain the impulsive power of emotions, as adaptations of the organism to the modes of instinctive activities. That is why adequate bodily adjustments are essential in every sort of emotional experience. These changes are known as the expressions of the emotion and there is also the conative factor in the total experience.

"Conative experience is the felt impulse to action and it is felt or is prominent in experience in proportion to the strength of the working of the impulse (instinctive). Such

felt impulse is present in all emotional experiences. When we are afraid, we feel an impulse to run, thus proving that appropriate secondary adjustments of bodily organs are necessary. Professor William James of America, tells us that appropriate bodily adjustments, determine the nature of emotional experience. This view is not easily comprehensible. Surely, we run since we are afraid and never do we fear because of the fact that we do run.

Emotional experiences are subjective and may vary in different people at different times or the same subject or incident, may arouse different experiences in the same man, at different times. The same man who trembles at the snake super-imposed string, at a later stage may use it to tie his bundle. The term, 'emotion' is used both to denote the quality of an experience and also the whole mental and organic changes in a man when he is under the experience. Conation is an important factor in all these experiences.

There are some psychologists who identify emotions with sensory experiences that is, kinaesthetic and motor sensations and deny any conative factor. But a study of pathological cases and an unprejudiced observation of normal beings, do not show any connection between muscular actions and mental effort. Mental effort can never be identified with bodily effort.

It is usual to make a distinction between primary and secondary emotions. As we said, every emotion has a corresponding instinctive basis and conversely, every instinctive impulse is accompanied by some emotion. Such emotions are known as primary emotions. The primary emotions, serve as the indicators of the nature of the instinct at work. This, along with the secondary bodily adjustments serve to gauge the mood of an individual at a given moment. To the individual who observes, it is easy to know before hand the nature of the instinctive impulse and make adequate preparations. These instincts are innate and hereditary. The force of the impulse depends upon the nature of the inherited force. That is why emotional experiences also, do vary in individuals according to their

inheritance. The fact that any obstruction to our normal course of actions excite our emotions, is true only of the emotion of anger.

It is a fact that two or more instincts can be at work at the same time. The individual, now would be beset by so many emotions. The conflict can very easily be observed. That instinct, which by inheritance is of more force, determines the course of action to be adopted by the individual. But the different emotions excited by the different instincts, blend into a mixture and the resulting emotion is known as a secondary emotion.

Pity, sympathy, gratitude, reproach are instances of secondary emotions. Take the case of a mother who is called upon as a witness against her son, for a serious crime. Suppose the crime is murder of the younger son. What would be the nature of emotions experienced by the mother and the judge? Anger, distrust and love would characterise the nature of the mother's mental state. The result would be secondary emotion, Reproach. The judge's emotion may be characterised as sympathy, a blending of anger and pity. Only objects for which we have acquired sentiments or enduring affective-conative attitudes, evoke in us, some of these secondary emotions like, reproach, admiration etc.

There is another class of emotions; derived emotions. Those emotions which do not have any particular, definite instinctive basis and which can be evoked by instinctive impulse at work, are derived emotions. Hope, confidence, pleasure and pain are such emotions. These can strictly be called feelings. They are the result of our appreciation of the probabilities of success or failure of the conations in our imagination. With the development of the powers of imagination we are able to fuse pleasure and pain as when we 'taste a lemon'.

Stolen Smiles

A teacher asked a little boy to spell 'responsibility,' which he did. 'Now, Tommy,' said the teacher, 'can you tell me the meaning of that big word?' 'Yes, mum,' answered Tommy. 'If I had only two buttons on my trousers and one came off, all the responsibility would hang on the other.'

The man rushed excitedly into the smoking compartment. 'A lady has fainted in the next carriage! Has anybody any whisky?' Instantly half-a-dozen flasks were thrust out to him. Taking the nearest one, he turned the bottle up and took a big drink; then, handing the flask back, said: 'Thank you! It always did make me feel ill to see a lady faint.'

To the surprise of the magistrates, and especially of the official concerned, the prisoner in the dock called the police superintendent as his witness as to character. 'But I don't even know the man' complained the 'super' indignantly. 'That,' returned the prisoner, smiling at the bench, 'is my proof of respectability. I've lived in this one-horse town for five years, and the police don't even know me.'

A man was charged with assault and battery and brought before the judge.

Judge: 'What's your name, occupation, and what are you charged with?'

Prisoner: 'My name is Sparks, I am an electrician, and I am charged with battery.'

Judge (after recovering his equilibrium): 'Officer, put this man in dry cell.'

The old miser was nearing his end and was dictating his last will and testament.

'And to each of my employees who has been with me five years or more, I bequeath the sum of two thousand pounds.'

'That's very generous,' said the lawyer, in admiration.

'Not at all,' said the sick man, 'there's not one of them who has been with me for more than a year, but it will look well in the papers.'

From Press and Platform.

George Arliss on Vegetarianism. George Arliss, the famous actor, Film Artist & Author, has contributed the following foreword to the Annual Report of a Vegetarian Home for Children in England:

There is, I believe, no valid argument against a vegetarian diet. If the scheme of Nature were such that men and women and children languished and died when meat was withheld from them, or even if we were not able to arrive at the full vigour of what is known as "manhood" without being fed with animal food—if such were the case we might have to say, with a sigh, "It seems cruel, but evidently it is God's will," and continue to take the lives of other living creatures that we might live. But it obviously isn't God's will, because there is not the slightest doubt that we can live just as well and become just as strong, without eating meat at all. And when I say "just as well" I am merely trying to avoid any argument with the meat eaters as to what is good and what is bad for us. Personally, I think we are a great deal better, both mentally and physically, if we avoid meat. We know that we have so many diseases that the doctors have to display a good deal of ingenuity in order to find names for them; it seems reasonable to suppose that we were not sent into the world to die of disease, and even "specialists" admit that most of our physical ailments come from wrong eating. Doesn't it seem probable that many of our diseases are the result of eating meat? It's an unpleasant habit anyhow, if you come to think of it—eating kidneys and liver and picking bones, and using blood for gravy; we shudder at the very thought of cannibals, but is there really much difference? A great many vegetarians maintain their youthful appearance and their strength and endurance to a surprising old age. There are many good arguments in favour of vegetarianism, and very few, I believe, in favour of eating meat.

But let us suppose that meat doesn't hurt anyone, that it is just as good a food as anything else, is that any reason why we should eat it? Why should we placidly permit creatures to be slaughtered to supply us with food, when we can get all we want without the sacrifice of life? People tell us that Nature intends this; that "big fish eat little fish," etc., but we are not fish: because animals prey upon one another—that is no excuse for us: we have the opportunity of selecting our diet, and our higher

reasoning powers which give us dominance over the animal world should lead us to mercy and forbearance.

My wife and I gave up eating meat as a consequence of seeing the misery of animals on large ranches, and their suffering in transportation. We decided that if the production of meat entailed so much suffering to these 'gentle creatures, we at least would not be parties in the crime.

Although I believe that it is wrong for us to kill to live, I do not regard meat eaters as wicked people. We have been brought up to eat meat, and have been told systematically by doctors (who ought to know better) that meat is necessary for our existence. People eat meat without a thought for the hideous suffering involved before it is served for their consumption.

And so I welcome a Home that shall emancipate the children from the bondage of meat eating, and shall educate them from their earliest years to appreciate the happiness that comes from showing mercy and compassion to the animals.

Anniversary of the Santiniketan Ashram. The thirty-sixth anniversary of the Santiniketan Ashram was celebrated in the last week of December when poet Tagore delivered a morning sermon to the inmates of the Ashram, in the course of which he referred to the inspiring guidance of his revered father. He said:—

"This morning I woke up to find the eastern sky blackened with murky clouds. It seemed as if our joyous festivity was to be threatened by a weather that looked forbidding. My next thought was that true joy was difficult to secure. The path of spontaneous happiness was menaced by troubles that visit us very frequently from outside. The source of 'ananda' was not to be found in this world of everyday realities. It is sunk deep into the soul. Perhaps it is ordained by God that man should look into this source within his own self to attain joy worth the name.

"Man has come into this world with many serious limitations. Unfortunately to-day, he has his full share of the ferocity and grossness along with the other creatures of this world. To overcome these well nigh insurmountable barriers, and to realise the possibilities of the soul with which he has been endowed, seem to be the mission of his life. I think this is the truth writ large upon to-day's sky. Man is here to tear asunder the veil of darkness, and discover the fountain of life and light which lies deep within his own soul."

Continuing the Poet said: "To-day I am reminded of my revered father who throughout his life tried with the passionate intensity of his soul to conquer this darkness and death. To

secure deliverance from the crudities of this world, he sought for 'Amrita.' His vast earthly possessions could never bind him down. Luxury and comfort could never curse him to a life of self-complacence and ease. This quest of greater ends of life made it possible for him to stand the rude shock of penury which over-came him with the suddenness of an earthquake.

"Over and above this, he had the supreme gift of spiritual detachment which nothing could ruffle. His strong soul freed from the deadweight of wealth, realised the joy of renunciation, but he never shirked the responsibilities of a busy family and social life. He lived in the very truth inculcated in the Gita which says "*Karmanyavadhikarastu ma falesu kadachana*". He was like a sailor who navigated his fully laden boat of life through the trials and tribulations of a perilous sea.

"To retain a supreme self-detachment, in spite of the busy battle of life; this was the lesson which I imbibed from my father's example, and this I can say with confidence, has stood me in great stead during the forty years of my building up of this institution. In the course of these years I have been baulked and buffeted by many and various bad fortunes. I have sustained many a loss, suffered many a grief, faced the heartless indifference of an apathetic public.

"In the teeth of this opposition, the spirit of my father has given me the inspiring guidance which I consider to be one of the greatest assets of my life. Through a long period of my life I have tried despite many obstacles to build up this Ashram not with any material object in view, but with a strong desire to realise in and through it the best ideals of my life. This place is not for those who seek selfish ends and beat their own drums, but it is a meeting place of such people who would share in a common aspiration for the inner regeneration of man through a cultural fellowship of love and brotherhood. This is the message of the day which we celebrate to-day."

Enchanted River

Through shelving fields where wild flowers sway
Beneath the shade of leafy boughs,
Where linnets sing and cattle browse,
Clonmethan river takes its way.

The skies may gloom or gleam with light,
It will reflect each passing change
Through wood and dell its waters range
While sun rules day and stars the night.

All those who listen to its croon
Will hear it sing and never cease,
Murmuring for ever "Peace, sweet peace,"
Singing at midnight and high noon.

And oh! what wonders it has seen
For haunted wood and magic dell
Lie ever 'neath the Fairies' spell;
They dance upon its margin green.

The mystery of Their elfin Life
So fills the place that those who pass
The shadowy wood, the emerald grass,
Know all the vale is with it rife.

The old, old Beauty ever new
The wondrous Dance which lasts for ever,
The happiness which ceases never
Are mirrored in the waters blue.

F. H. Aldhouse.

Match-making

By T. RAMALINGAM PILLAI, M. A.

THE problem of unemployment has of late assumed very serious proportions and the educated young folk, no less than the uneducated old, have to face it. Young men wish to get over the situation by seeking the hand of rich heiresses, and for this they take to newspaper advertising. But advertisements are perhaps, not as effective as travelling agents who move from village to village, town to town and city to city. Thus have arisen itinerant match-brokers, who gain a rather easy living by following the profession. Up till recently it was the astrologer's voice that was final in bringing about marriages. But now the astrologer is replaced by the photographer. The match-broker carries with him photos of prospective brides and bride grooms, even more than their horoscopes. Horoscopic agreement is now only of secondary importance; in fact, it is even held at a discount; for the worst that might happen in marriages, that are horoscopically ill-matched, viz., the death of either party, is remedied by the re-marriage of the widow or the widower, as the case may be. Marriages after all whether effected after astrological consultation or not, go by destiny. Even in cases where love-matches are made by mutual consent and after a period of wooing, some marriages end in divorce sooner or later. Marriages are, at best, lotteries in which only a few draw prizes. The match-making itinerant agent has no faith in horoscopes, and he cites instances of marriages which have been performed after due astrological consultation but which have ended tragically rather too soon. Marriage makes or mars a man's or a woman's life, but as it is no more regarded as a sacrament but treated only as a contract, the parties to it are at liberty to dissolve it by divorce. The new woman as well as the man practically recognises it only as a temporary alliance. It is no life-long transaction; at least that appears to be the modern view.

Personal attraction or beauty largely settles the affair. Intellectual accomplishments and moral considerations hardly count for anything in the choice of brides and bridegrooms. But monetary considerations seem to weigh the most. Even a blackimore or 'blackie', with little or nothing personal to attract a romantic young man would be most sought after by the worldly wise and 'versity men, provided she is heiress to a fortune. Selection of brides and bridegrooms through photos is mostly misleading. The artist can easily make an ugly duckling a thing of beauty. The most unattractive person can be made to be most acceptable by the deceptive touches of the photographer. In the artist's light and shade, even a rickety thatched shed appears to be a most beautiful structure. So also, with the help of the tailor and the barber, even the deformed and the weak are made to appear hale and hearty by the photographer. Modern articles of dress serve to conceal positive personal defects and even skin diseases. The European costume is very useful indeed to the man with an amputated arm, in enabling him to thrust his false fingers into his trouser pocket. So also is he protected by his never absent shirt or coat, from the penetrating gaze of the curious on-looker. He never removes his shirt except of course when he bathes. But he always takes his bath in closed rooms and never ventures to bathe in a public tank or in a river or in the sea. Many an innocent girl has been led astray by the photographer and the marriage-broker. Again the educated man falls an easy prey to the machinations of these professionals. The prospective bride is most richly bedecked with costly jewellery in the photo when she is really penniless. Her eye-glass and her side hair-line with false flowers are attractions to the unwary young man who revels in dreams of rolling in wealth by marrying the heiress or in having for his partner in life a veritable Rati. But both the bride and the bridegroom are soon undeceived, when they come in actual contact with each other as wife and man. Cases of false personation are not extremely rare, where photos go to decide marriages.

The broker who stands to gain from both parties of the marriage contract proclaims to the world that he is thoroughly self-less and that he does a great piece of social service when, through his kind offices, he enables men and women to obey the Lord's Command to marry, multiply and replenish the earth. But if you don't keep him in good humour by making valuable presents to him either in cash or clothes, you run a great risk of becoming a loser in the game. Every community in Hindu India, at any rate, has quite a number of match-makers who are professional brokers. But in carrying on their trade, sometimes consciously or unconsciously they become match-breakers, as many a desirable match is broken by them. In the eyes of some hyper-critics these well meaning brokers are veritable social pests. But they seem to be indispensable to modern life-conditions. Even in the petty concerns of life such as buying firewood or other bare necessities of life, brokers play no inconsiderable part. It is no wonder, therefore, that in the great concern of life, viz., marriage, the broker is a necessity. If he is an evil, he is a necessary evil.

May he live long and flourish!

Book Reviews.

The Story of Mira Bai by Bankey Behari, published by Gita Press, Gorakhpur, India—Price 10 As.

Whatever of real sweetness remains in the spiritual renaissance movement that stirred India deeply in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries is attributable chiefly to the lyrical outpourings of Mira Bai. Around her name, no school of spiritual thought and philosophy, grew up, like that of Chaitanya of Bengal, or in a minor degree of Ramananda and Kabir in Hindusthan.

She remains unique in her loneliness and loveliness, and we remember along with her, two other isolated Vaishnavite saints, Lilasuka, the author of *the Krishna Karnamritam*, and Jayadevaswami, the author of *the Gitagovindam*. These three isolated Vaishnavite devotees have immortalised for us, the idyllic story of Krishna's boyhood in Brindaban, and his love sports with the innocent Gopis there! Lilasuka and Jayadevaswami have sung of Krishna in the language of the Gods, Sanskrit, while Mira Bai has sung of Him in the dialect of the people. The spontaneity of Mira Bai is not equalled by the other two devotees. The story of Krishna's boyhood in Brindaban is unfolded for us with a thousand lovely touches by Mira Bai, and her lyrics excel in elaboration the other two compositions.

Krishna's boyhood in Brindaban is a much misunderstood affair; propagandists of other religions blaspheme him badly and accuse him of low things. The unbiassed student of Krishnaism knows that more is meant than meets the ear, and that his life was immaculate. Mira Bai's realisation of truth in and through Krishna, by unquestioning love for Him, makes really a greater landmark experience in the History of Hinduism than we are prepared to acknowledge.

Down the ages, our women have exhibited great heroism and true depth of soul. In the period of the Upanishads our women had taken a just share in the enquiry into truth, in the forest universities in ancient India. In the Epic age we produced great women characters. In the fight with the moslems and the Moghuls, the Rajput women evinced unparalleled heroism. This princess of the Blood royal of Rajaputana and wedded to a great Rajaput chieftain, exhibited heroism of soul in bravely enduring

the persecutions that were carried on against her, and unflinchingly pursued the goal she had set her heart upon, and gained her quest, and has left for us, an imperishable heritage, in those soul-stirring strains which lay bare to us the storms and calms of her inner being. By her spiritual achievements, she has made the name of woman dear and sacred to us.

The story of her life is told by the author with a truly affectionate heart, and he who goes into it should feel thankful to him for providing him, at least for some time, a real cleansing of the heart and purification of the emotions. The illustrations in the book belong to highly developed art, and the English rendering in loose verse of some of the lyrics of Mira Bai leaves nothing to be desired.

P. V. A.

An English Course for Foreign Children by L. Morris.

Of the making of books, especially of English Readers, there seems to be no end. Each tries to draw upon the latest theories of Educational Method, and the advocates of each uphold their choice with the enthusiasm of racehorse fanciers. Macmillans have just published another for Rs. 1-6-0., which compares favourably with all others on the market. It prefaces each reading with carefully planned oral drill, and follows it with points of grammar and exercises in composition. The selections are mostly interesting for children, and the standard of this Third Book will be found suitable for Form I or II in Madras and Class IV in North Indian Schools. Books I and II in the series have already been published. The printing of this volume is excellent.

—Duncan Greenlees.

കണ്ണീർ തുള്ളി (Tear Drops) by Nalapat Narayana Menon. Published by Vanneri Book Depot, Punnayurkulam. Price 12 annas.

Of the few elegiac poems in Malayalam, the one under notice wherein the poet mourns the death of his wife after an all too short period of married life, has come to occupy a high place in the literary firmament. At the time it was first published there were not a few who denounced the poet, for he had given the go-by to the conventional *chakravaka* bird, the inevitable moon and the unavoidable lotus etc. of the conventional school of poets. "Tear Drops" has proved that 'true love' could be depicted without resort to the age old forms and that real poetry is that which springing from the soul ennobles it. Herein the poet examines subjectively the mixed character of man's life, that is the intermingling of happiness and misery, and consoles himself as to its

inevitableness by studying the conflicting forces of nature itself. He leaves the reader to feel for himself if suffering alone is not the path to supreme happiness, if really happiness and misery are not convertible terms and if the mere appreciation of this truth will not lead one to the ultimate realisation of the oneness of the Universe. The poet's *Pranaya* (love) for the *Vyakthi* (individual) is absorbed by his love for the whole creation.

The poem has stood the test of time. The book is now in its third edition with an appreciative introduction and useful commentary by Mr. Kuttikrishna Marar, the well-known student and advocate of the Vallathol school of poetry.

രമനൻ (Ramanan) by Changampuzha Krishna Pillai. Prakasam Printing Press, Ernakulam. Price Re. 1.

Ramana, a poor shepherd and Chandrika, the daughter of a rich chief fall in love with each other, without stopping to remember the distance that separated them. They never thought then of the evanescence of love. Ramana alone remains constant in his love. Chandrika induced by her near ones has to change her mind. She marries another. Not being able to bear the torment Ramanan commits suicide. This in short is the substance of the story depicted in this dramatic poem in three parts composed in Dravidian metre. Though the conception of the story is a bit unnatural, it is told in such mellifluous verse that it enthralls the reader and raises him to the highest emotional pitch. While emotion has its place in poetry, the intellectual element is more important. While the former produces but a temporary exhilaration in the reader's mind, the latter leaves behind something permanent. The want of the intellectual element is a defect that one cannot fail to point out in this poem. The tragic element is so cleverly interwoven that it is perceptible from the beginning to the end of the story. We congratulate the young poet on this, his successful production of an extremely readable poem and wish him a bright future.

M. S. K.

The Bird with the Golden Voice. Stella Mead. Published by Oxford University Press. Price 3½ annas.

This little book of 48 pages printed in neat bold types contains four short stories inculcating sound moral lessons to children. The stories are written in simple idiomatic English. The book is useful for general reading of school children from the first to the third forms and may also be prescribed as nondetailed text for them.

A Hand Book of Play and Games (in Tamil) by K. S. Venkatraman, M. A. Macmillan & Co. Price 10 annas.

The publishers of this book are often pioneers in bringing forth fresh publications with fresh ideas and thus facilitating healthy ideas among children and those who have to deal with them. The publication under notice is an instance in point where the author has collected in a methodical manner the games that are useful to the development of the physical side of children. The games have been grouped under five headings and under each heading they have been classified as being suitable to children of differing physical growth and capacity. Parts of the book dealing with the need and indispensability of scientific physical education, the hints given to teachers to make physical instruction classes interesting and the ten golden rules of the games given are particularly instructive. One other noteworthy feature of the exercises and games suggested has especially to be noted in these days when the increasing cost of education of school children seems to confound many a parent and it is this that most of the games do not require any expense at all and even in cases where something is required the amount is comparatively insignificant.

സംഗീത ശാകരമു. By Vydiaratnam P. S. Varier, Arya Vydiasala, Printed at the Norman Printing Bureau, Calicut, Price Re. 1/-

Owing to the contact with the Tamil stage a taste for the musical Drama came to be developed in Kerala and as a consequence a few dramatic compositions giving importance to songs and music were made here and there, and locally enacted. Some composers have placed their hand in "Sakuntala" itself, but none of them had the good fortune to complete their work. What they failed to do Mr. Varier has now accomplished. Though the author has thought it fit to make some departures from the original they are few and far between and of very minor importance from the point of view of the rapid progress of the story or the effect of dramatic representation. It will not of course be considered as decrying the present work if we say that those who have enjoyed the literary excellence and musical elegance of the original may find it irksome to go through several portions of the work in its new garb. Mr. Varier's verses are sweet and simple and his prose good though not entirely faultless. We are not aware if this drama has been put on boards by his own well-known Paramasiva Vilas Dramatic troupe and if so how it fared on the stage and how much time it occupied.

M. S. K.

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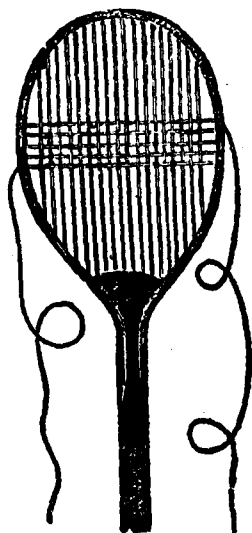
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VOL. XII

No. 6

THE SCHOLAR

MARCH 1937

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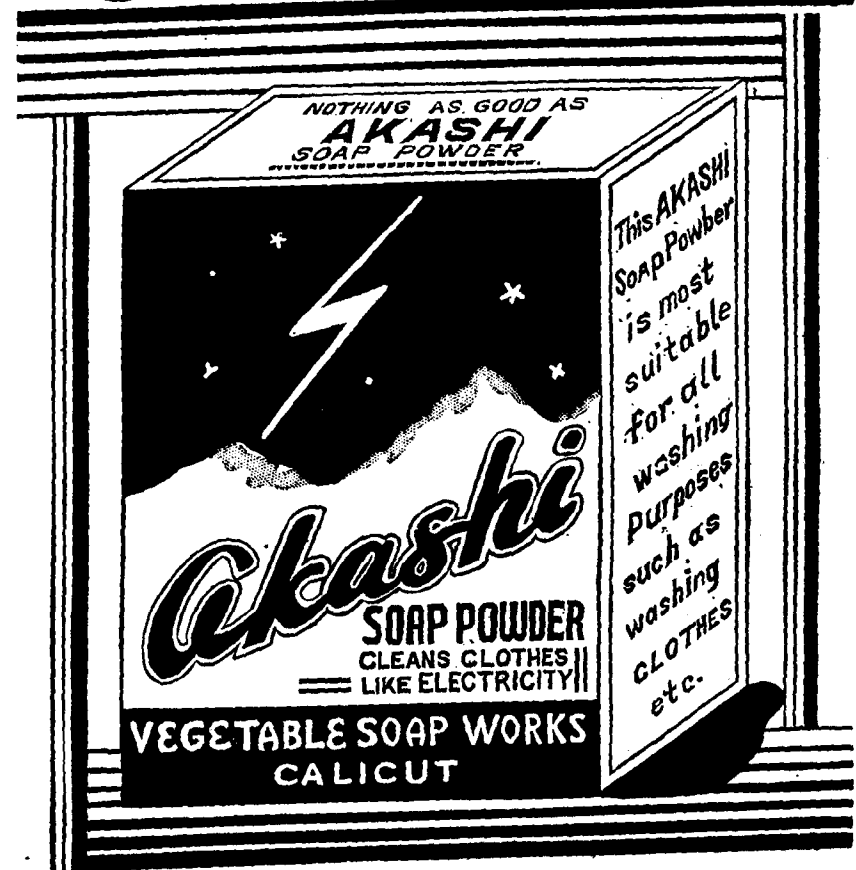
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Dr. ANNIE BESANT



VOL. XII

MARCH 1937

NO. 6.

Masons of Modern India: Annie Besant

• BY Dr. JAMES H. COUSINS

[The following interesting study of Dr. Annie Besant as a Mason and Nation-BUILDER was broadcasted by Dr. Cousins from the All-India Radio Broadcast Delhi Station, on February 21—Ed.]

THE late Dr. Annie Besant was attracted to masonry in 1902 in England, and before she had finished this life in 1933, ten days under eighty-six years of age, she had not only reached the highest masonic degree but also the office of First Lieutenant Sovereign Grand Commander and Vice President of the Supreme Council of International Co-masonry, Le Droit Humain, an order which admits women, to use a masonic term, on the *level* with men.

Dr. Besant's entrance to free-masonry, and her fidelity to its responsibilities for over thirty years, were natural to her temperament and character. The passing phases of her long and unusually active career sometimes brought her into wordy conflict with others that gave her the semblance of a fighter, and gratified her hereditary share in the Irish love of disputation. But she was essentially a builder. She was not, perhaps, a creator in the sense of

rearing a structure bearing aggressive signs of the builder's personality. But she was a supreme craftsman, a person of power—in the original meaning of "craftsmanship"—who worked incessantly, calmly but intently, to rear an edifice of life as near as possible to her vision of the ideal ground-plan and elevation granted to her by Master Builders to whom she bowed in characteristic masonic obedience.

To those who remember Dr. Besant's varied enthusiasms, a masonic interpretation of her life may, perhaps, not appear to cover the whole ground, particularly so in view of her world-wide advocacy of Theosophy for almost half a century, and her election as President of the Theosophical Society for a fourth period of seven years in 1928. I believe, however, from long association with her in both activities, that the Theosophical Society and the Co-Masonic Order were so closely related in her mind as are the two aspects of doctrine and observance in a religion; the one explained the universe and humanity, the other expressed the explanation in dynamic symbolism. It could hardly be otherwise, indeed, since the basic principles of both are the same, and were reflected in Dr. Besant's characteristic qualities and public activities, which sometimes puzzled those not having access to the plans and specifications of her ideal House of Life. A brief comparison will make this clear, and give a basis for the better understanding of the three major "pieces of architecture" that she gave to India in religious purification, educational expansion, and legislative reform.

The Three objects of the Theosophical Society are (1) Universal Brotherhood, (2) Understanding through comparative study of all forms of human expression and achievement, (3) Extension of higher human capacity.

I am giving away no masonic secrets, but only restating what has been freely published, in saying that the three main attitudes of masonry are (1) meeting on the level, (2) acting on the plumb, (3) parting on the square.

It does not require any subtle thinking to see that the principle of Brotherhood and meeting on the level are only

differently phrased recognitions of the essential unity of humanity; that understanding is only another way of making an intellectual square deal, of rectitude in human relationships; that the higher capacities of humanity are those that make for plumbness or uprightness.

If we translate the three masonic attitudes of level, plumb, and square into the more general terms, democracy, aspiration, and rectitude, I think it will be agreed by those who had close association with Dr. Besant that we have in them the three fundamental attitudes of her own life, out of which arose consistently the edifices that she sought to rear from the disorderly materials in the builder's yard of daily affairs.

From early womanhood Dr. Besant worked for the constitutional attainment of equality in basic human rights and opportunities. But also, as a good mason before she knew anything intimately of free-masonry, in order to safeguard rights and opportunities from possible abuse, she worked for equality of duties and responsibilities, recognizing a hierarchical order of administration based on universal eligibility for office without restriction save that of fitness. Her long life was marked by a constant striving upwards both in the comprehension of truth and in its expression in conduct. This, is, I believe, the clue to the occasional moving of her centre of interest and action, which gave to the critical the impression of instability. But it was only the movement, so to speak, from one masonic office to another, now on the floor, within the entrance of the Lodge, or outside the entrance if occasion required, now in the South or the West, but always upwards, and always towards the exalted East, the place of light. Her personal rectitude and sense of moral obligation were proverbial among her colleagues. One example must suffice. When the suspension of the National University of India became inevitable through failure of financial support, she might legitimately have turned its students away to look after their own futures. But Dr. Besant's moral sensitiveness compelled her to maintain the organisation until those enrolled before suspension was decided on were taken up to graduation; and it is now known that she did so by parting

with personal belongings to an extent that reduced her to virtual poverty.

When we return to Dr. Besant's work in nation-building in India, we see in the succession of its phases an institutional, if not a conscious, response to fundamental masonic principles. Her first work after her arrival in India in the early 'nineties was the setting plumb of the religious life of India which had fallen from its ancient ideals. To her, as to masonry, aspiration towards the highest was an essential preliminary apprenticeship to the development of capacity in the craft of masonry and life.

Without diminishing her work for religious purification, Dr. Besant began in Benares in 1898 the educational movement that developed under her constant guidance from the preliminary stage to graduation. She made possible the creation of the Benares Hindu University for the levelling up of the education of the Hindu People. She brought into being the National University which, between 1917 and 1923 gave a demonstration of how Indian education and the Indian People could, if educational authorities so willed it, be put on the level with education in other countries.

In 1914 she began her political campaign which had as its ideal the securing of a square deal for India in the management of its domestic affairs and in its relationship with the British Commonwealth. For this she had, in her educational work, made provision for the creation of an educated electorate.

Looking at this three-fold work, according to level, plumb and square, in what we may call its static rather than its chronological aspect, we observe again that Dr. Annie Besant worked as a true mason: she built from the foundation upwards, though always with the whole plan up to roof and final in her mind's eye. In her efforts to purify the indigenous religions of India she counselled each to get down to origins and fundamentals; for she had gathered from long and wide study of religious history that in these would be found an almost complete unanimity of view regarding essentials and an identity of aim in personal realization of individual association with the Supreme Life of the

Universe and organized work for making earth a reflection of heaven. For herself, though she expressed a preference for Hinduism, the forms of religious observance mattered but little. She belonged by spiritual right to the *vana-prastha ashrama* of Hinduism, in which religious observance is optional. Her mind was as a masonic lodge in which followers of all faiths meet on the level. All she pressed for was that every follower of a religion should know what he and she followed. If proselytism and change of faith were inevitable at the present stage of humanity's climb up the spiritual plumb-line, so be it. But one intelligent convert would be worth a thousand unintelligent perverts from motives other than spiritual.

The four corners of her educational ground-plan were spiritual culture through the student's own faith; physical culture through indigenous systems; national culture through the student's mother-tongue; international culture through English—always from bases towards culminations.

But 'perhaps' the most striking example of the natural masonic bent of Dr. Annie Besant's mind is the Commonwealth of India Bill which, after two or more years of incessant labour with the collaboration of a group of political experts, she succeeded in getting through a First Reading in the House of Commons in 1925. Perhaps seven years previously, in Liverpool, I heard her expound her idea of a future constitution for India, which would rise from the foundations of village representation in expanding stages towards a central co-ordinating legislature. I had no knowledge then of the masonic import of what appealed to me on its plain merits as a drastic but wise idea. The Commonwealth of India Bill was based on the foundations of India's vast village life and traditional experience of government in the old village *panchayats*. Who knows but it may yet, in the evolution of India's political life, become the stable basis of a future Constitution, giving scope for a true masonic constructive inter-action between all phases of the national life such as would delight Annie Besant, the nation-builder?

necessary to conduct researches upon these nourishing helpmates in life of man! Indeed, outside of their unquestionable nutritive qualities, these plants undoubtedly have also medicinal properties which could unite nutrition with direct aid to healthfulness. Among the cultivated garden vegetables, their medicinal properties are far from always investigated and applied. It could be so easy to combine both a nutritive and medicinal diet. As for that, in the most ancient covenants we see how a weekly change of food was proposed, by which was foreseen not only the nutritive factor but also the remedial. Instead of a great number of patented surrogates, the most natural solutions of many problems have been placed at people's disposal in nature itself.

If the imagination be not stimulated about the paths along which to seek the solution of such problems, then let us turn once again to history, ethnography, to the study of ways of life in all their details, even those apparently strange at first glance. Rural doctors and healers, for the treatment of animals first of all ascertained what herbage they were eating at the time of their falling ill. By such a natural experienced way were found many useful remedies.

Among many peoples we have learned of articles of food not only useful but also most excellent, such as young bamboos, rose petals and other unexpected but nutritious adaptations of surrounding nature. We are not intending to compile a vegetarian cook-book, but through many travels, each one has been struck by the employment of wildly growing plants. Each one who is acquainted with their broad usage involuntarily advances a question as to why such plants should not be investigated scientifically from all their points of usefulness.

We see that up to this time new forms of flora are continually being disclosed. Even from this side the investigations of the vegetation of the planet are far from concluded. It goes without saying that in the sense of study of nutrition and medicinal properties the question is likewise far from being elucidated. But for each keen-sighted one it is obvious that the age-old experiences of many peoples can be broadly and usefully applied.

Moods and Modes in Music

By DEWAN BAHADUR K. S. RAMASWAMI SASTRI



THE last week of December in every year at Madras is a feast of sound, but is it a flow of soul? That is the question which rises to every one's lips and which is never answered. The English poet sings:

When music, heavenly maid was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shall
Throng'd around her magic call,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possesst beyond the muses painting.
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, raised, refined.

These four words—disturbed, delighted, raised, refined—contain the very essence of musical emotion and emotional music. In spiritual realisation we have the integrated white light. But art's prism breaks up the white light into many lovely glowing colours. The disturbing refraction of art, however, delights and raises and refines the mind in a manner very like and very kin to spiritual joy and upliftment and refinement. That is why the joy of art is called the brother of the bliss of spiritual realisation (*Brahmananda Sahodarah*).

The real fact is that we are wrong if we imagine that we hear music with our ears. It may be asked, what else do we hear with? We hear with ears and with the mind—in fact more with the mind than with ears. The primary function of music is evocation of joy, and joy is primarily the nature of the soul. The sounds that fall on the drum of the ear have two effects, viz., the minor effect of a concordant and agreeable physical sensation and the major effect of the joy of emotion. These effects may be briefly called agreeability and loveability. Bharata is said to stand for Bhava, Raga, and Tala. Tala is but the outermost core consisting of the Annamaya Kosa of music. The

Pranamaya Kosa is Raga. But the Manomaya and Vijnanamaya and Anandamaya Kosas are Bhava, Sthayibhava, and Rasa,—which are emotions in ascending grades of intensiveness and extensiveness.

There is undoubtedly a wonderful charm in pure sound. Sound—nada—is ethereal though it is *manifested*—not produced—by the vocal chords. The Indian philosophy sees that the subtler states of sound—*Para, pasyanti, madhyama*—are intangible and inaudible, where as the *Vaikhari* state alone is tangible and audible. The inter-relations of sounds have an added beauty. The coming in of rhythm brings an added delight. A well-known writer says that “in submitting sound to rhythm, we do but plunge it a second time in the fountain of its birth”. The graces (*gamakas*) bring us a yet more remarkable element of wonder and delight. The same writer says: “Music assumes nothing; it unfolds a world out of a note”.

But do these elements of delight belong to the very soul of music? No—not any more than alliteration and assonance and rhyme and rhythm and cadence and even figures of speech or even style belong to the very soul of poetry. Rasa is as truly the soul of music as it is of poetry. In fact, when feeling or *bhava* attains a certain state of intensity and incandescence, it passes into rhythmic expression. When such *bhava* fills the mind for sometime and gives rise to keen delight, it becomes a *rasa*. We can, therefore, see easily that a *raga* which is only a “link’d sweetness long drawn out” in the realm of sound must have its source in *bhava* or feeling.

I know that there are divergent views in regard to tonal and emotional inter-relations. Mattheson says: “In every melody we must pursue as principal scope an emotion of the soul”. Marpurg says: “The composer’s purpose must be to excite passions at will, to depict, life-like moments of the soul and tendencies of the heart”. Hand says: “Every feeling and every state of the soul has in itself and, therefore, in music its own peculiar sound and rhythm”. Richard Wagner says: “Sound is the organ of the heart, music its artistically conscious speech”. These

and others who advocate emotional aestheticism thus affirm that feeling is the soul of music, while tone is its frame. But Hanslick urges that it is not possible to say that the elements of music—pitch, rhythm, interval, chord, accent, speed etc.—have any definite emotional suggestions and that music is a mere tonal architecture.

But the truth seems to lie midway. While it may be true that we cannot formulate definite and demonstrable equations between particular sounds and particular feelings, we realise that a certain evolution of sound (*Raga*) has a subtle *Raga Bhava* and is subtly evocative of one or another of certain dominant moods or emotions (*bhavas*). Nilambari is exquisitely soothing and pre-disposes the hearer to composure of mind and to the joy of sleep. Lullabies and croons are best composed in it. We have rightly associated Bhoopalam with the calm clarity of mind that comes to us in the early hours of the morning after the joy of undisturbed sleep in the night. Mukhari and Nadanamakriya are rightly associated by us with grief and melancholy. Kamas and love seem to be inseparable. Even in the west it has been recognised that there is a reality in music deeper than mere tonal construction. The war drum and the funeral march are as far apart as the poles. When even the intractable marble and the more tractable but still static colour scheme expresses and evokes emotion, how can music with its subtle and sensitive and dynamic medium of sound exist without expressing and evoking emotion?

“There is an unmistakable parallelism between emotion and its expression in sound. Emotional rise is characterised by a rise in the pitch and volume of sound and emotional fall is similarly characterised by a fall in the pitch and volume of sound. This is what may be called vertical parallelism. Similarly there is a horizontal parallelism. Heroism demands quick movement and sorrow demands slow movement. It is also to be noted that grace (*gamaka*) notes introduce an element of sweet prolongation and amplification of the expressed mood. The time-element adds its own contribution to feed the

feeling-element. When the heart beats quick in excitement, the timing also must be quick.

The matter becomes more complicated—and at the same time more elevated—when words come in and *sahityam* is added to *sangeetham*. The connection between a pure note and its cognate feeling is subtle and hard to seek. The connection between a particular succession of interwoven notes and a dominant mood (*bhava*) is more obvious though it is difficult to grasp and formulate. But words come to us charged with the feelings of countless generations and are directly evocative of feeling. If we are able to know and feel all these aspects we shall be able to fuse sound and feeling into a wonderful unity. Indeed, Shelley went even further and said :

Sing with your dear voice revealing
A tone of some world far from ours
Where music and moonlight and feeling are one.

I may add a word here about a further contributory factor viz. *abhinaya* and dance. If the human voice is wonderful and words are even more wonderful, I may say that the human eyes and hands are most wonderful. The eyes are well described as the windows of the soul. They flash fire when a man is in a mood of flaming ire. They send melting glances in moods of pity and of love. They droop and look listless in moods of heavy grief and sorrow. In the same way the gestures of the hand can convey a wonderful gamut of emotions. A threatening fore-finger causes more dread than many words or fearsome looks. The *abhaya* and *varada hasthas* give more solace than a multitude of words or loving looks.

It is well known that Sangita is more than Gita and includes *gita* (vocal music), *nritya* (dance) including *nritya* (dance with gesture), and *vadya* (instrumental music). We must aim at making all the three contribute by way of expressing and interpreting and intensifying emotions. Bharata says :

Evam gānam ca nāṭyam ca vādyam ca vividhāśrayam |
Alāṭacakrapratimam kartavyam nāṭyayoktrbhiḥ ||

The *raga* chosen must be inter-twined with the emotion and be its appropriate vehicle. The words should feed the emotion further. Dance and gesture must complete the interpretative endeavour and take the expression of the emotion as far as we could take it.

How are we to find out the tonal and emotional inter-relations and inter-intensifications? In this realm of subtle affinities, we shall be at sea if each one begins to dogmatise. Tradition as well as the rich adventures of gifted geniuses should be our guides in such a labyrinth. Tradition embodies the treasured experience of the race. Many unknown geniuses as well as the racial genius itself have contributed to its growth and enrichment. An iconoclastic mood in regard to tradition is dangerous at all times and in all spheres, but it is particularly dangerous and deleterious in respect of art. No doubt we should not get imprisoned in tradition. We must use it as a springing board, but can we spring high if there is no such board at all? Further, the daring assays of gifted geniuses like Jayadeva and Tyagaraja is an even greater guide. The world abounds in mediocrities and charlatans and if we begin to heed them our art will be ruined. Let us follow tradition and genius alone if we are to succeed in our endeavour to link up musical moods and modes and to enrich Rasa by Raga and Raga by Rasa.

University—Finance and Buildings

By E. S. SUNDA, B. A., B. L.

THE recent pathetic appeal of Pundit Malavaiyya ought to set us thinking. Readings of the Annual Budget Estimates and Expenditure of all Universities bring before us the real features of universities' finances. In fact no university can say that it has enough to meet all requirements. University reformers have been hard put to find retrenchment measures and invariably it fell on the heads of the staff. Persons who are connected with the Annamalai University know that the present grade of the Professors was the old grade of Readers—rather Readers are now called Professors with no old emoluments attached to the latter's status! Similarly the fate of the teaching element can be dissected. No serious attempt has been made to study the essentials as opposed to non-essentials in university-life.

A mixture of new ideas with our old simplicity has now become obviously impossible to many who control university affairs! Many seem to feel that bricks and chunam make better men! Though they do not hesitate to pay lip sympathy to the ancient Gurukula ideal in education, they do not seem to attach any value to the Gurukula *atmosphere*. Should buildings constitute the main item of expenditure in any university education? This may be a shocking question to those whose eyes always associate degrees and diplomas with massive structures and imposing erections! None need deny that so far as advanced courses in science or scientific subjects, big halls and operation theatres may be necessary. Barring these, what objection can we have to rooms or halls constructed under thatched roof in a hot country like ours? This idea is not utopian. The good old lady, Dr. Beasant, did run her Adyar University under big thatched roof lecture-halls. She had a thatched hostel, thatched dining-room and everything thatched. The whole university block was simple and

least costly. What do you see in Shantinekatan? How did the Andhra University run its convocation in the uplands of Waltair even last year? Was it not in one of the magnificent theatres erected for the purpose?

Why should not all the university courses be run in humbler surroundings? Is it not too much that the Benares University, in spite of the heavy resources it commanded, should still have to go a-begging? Our great Pundit may have to revise his notions in this matter. It is a pity that the Andhra and Annamalai Universities are on their extravagant building programmes, when at every step, they do not hesitate to plead want of funds to start newer and remunerative courses to those who enter their portals.

I believe that a bold policy has to be undertaken. Our education ministers ought not to be going on awarding grants to Universities and educational institutions on the basis of buildings. Our national income ought to be concentrated and expenditure should no longer be on cement girdars! People who know anything of buildings and grants know also how the game goes on!

Our congressmen and other nationalists who plead for economy all round should first tackle this problem. They should set their face against any more building enterprises, either at the university or outside, barring the barest necessities. Days should dawn when big universities are in gardens and garden thatched halls, garden congregations and garden convocation thatched-halls. What may surprise one and what may induce one to cavil at, was shown to be worthy of imitation by the theosophists at Adyar National University. In fact, if things are conceived in such simple model we may be able to have specialised universities in different parts of the country and the risk of duplication of courses, which is the curse of our universities, may be avoided. Drive should come from high. A Linlithgow with a "thatched-hall talisman" should tour round the country and the next day we may not be surprised the long list of Vice-Chancellors swear by thatch and make it even a rare commodity in the market! If not, the Congress Minister to come should take this as his first task. The expenditure

will be low, naturally the college fee may be lowered and our poor Indian folk will eventually be the gainer.

The "building" figures of the several universities are staggering and no country can bear and India especially can never bear. So also our First Grade Colleges. Sinners as the universities are, they would like to make others too follow their example, else they withhold recognition. This is certainly a wrong outlook. The better ideal of a poor atmosphere with the maximum modern convenience can be had. Universities are built for pupils of all grades to study, not for princes and zamindars to lounge and rest. They are places of humility and concentration, not palaces for assumed grandeur and affected airs!

A sports pavilion for Rs. 15,000 with prospects of a receiving grant every year, a boat club coming to the same modest figure set us wonder and we inwardly say that the amounts are fortunes to many an Indian! One can cry hoarse against this. But your voices are drowned and you are put down as an impractical idealist and not up with the currents in Oxford and Cambridge. Our critics laugh at us, though we do the same leisurely and probably more thoughtfully. But the tide goes on unchecked. If by any chance a university is not wanted, the buildings will be the monument of the protagonists of brick and chunam theory of university education! University Finances are running amuck towards buildings and we do not know where they are going to land us at. We hope we shall not be drowned at least!

The Divine Ideal in Arts and Crafts

By SHRIMATI TANDRA DEVI



THE Divine is the spark, the Self, the Infinite within each one of us and in all things. The Ideal is not something far away, which is to be reached out to. That is a false conception of the Ideal. The Ideal is the attraction within the heart, which makes the normal man hunger and thirst passionately for the bliss of self-realisation. It is the immediate urge to make that Self, that spark, real in the daily existence.

Art is spontaneous creation, inspired and activated by the Beauty which is God. Craft is skill, manipulative or otherwise, of the physical body; and craft is inseparable from artistic creation. It is effortless action, under the inspiration of the love of Divine Beauty. "Yoga is skill in action", says Shri Krishna, and that should be applied to craftsmanship as well as to life's other activities.

Art must proceed from a true need. Any art which proceeds from want as distinct from need is false. Civilisation could be the product of art based on effortless desire on need but it is not, hence the world, which art and craft should have made a paradise on earth, is, bereft of these, a hell. This must be so, because Beauty is one of the essential things of life, without which we cannot, indeed, rightly live; and in having in all countries deprived ourselves of this joy, this perpetual ecstasy of simple divine Beauty in the common things of everyday life, we have deprived ourselves of the food of our very souls. Man cannot live bereft ecstasy, and ecstasy is the action of divine Beauty alone.

What is the criterion or standard, then; by which to judge any work of art? If it re-creates you, brings you to your real self, it is good art. But you must be sure that it truly recreates—that it is not a mere excitement and a tickling of the senses.

Let us in imagination build up the life of man as it might have been, had not greed and envy and anger and

lust contaminated it. Imagine the surface of the earth occupied by races of unsophisticated human beings. Natural man lives with nature in perpetual contemplation of true divine Beauty. (Do not confuse "beauty" and "prettiness". "Beauty" includes and synthesises the lovely and the horrible. That is why dramas of the terrible like Euripides "Trojan Women" leave as their sum-total impression that of supernal and cleansing Beauty. The pretty is always mixed up with desire and mere self-satisfaction and has little importance in art.)

Natural unsophisticated man has several fundamental needs, and the proper satisfaction of these needs should supply him with all the best that crafts and arts can contrive. Remember that unless an art or craft is the satisfaction of a need, it is false. All trade, all manufacture which is not for the satisfaction of human needs is false, dangerous, unnecessary and a blight upon the life of man.

The need for shelter brings about architecture. When man starts to build, he naturally imitates and by reason of his human soul improves on, the architecture of trees and caves. The branches of trees become synthesised as arches, the cave ceiling or sky become the domed room. The earth is holy, your hands are also holy then make of your poorest home a reflection of this holiness.

Man living with nature often gazes into the canopy of the starlit sky. Therein his imagination wanders and his worship grows. Therein, and in the leafy shadows of trees intermingled with the moonlight, are born patterns of beauty which ravish the soul.

Most pictures were never meant to be painted on canvas and carried about from place to place. An exception to this is the small "precious" picture, such as you find in India, which is kept in a portfolio and looked at from time to time. Pictures were meant to be painted on walls and ceilings; but since civilisation has degraded the home, the artist has no surfaces worth painting on. I am not in favour of this modern picture painting divorced from architecture and the need of each individual home. We have made these paintings too precious. Are we afraid

lest wall paintings might be destroyed? Is not the source in human talent and endeavour infinite and indestructible—an inexhaustible fountain of creative power? By preserving the old too meticulously, we oust the living artist.

Painting and all the decorative arts satisfy man's natural craving and need for emotional satisfaction. Life is meant to be fine, glorious, colourful, even in its outer setting; and this gay and innocent pomp may be achieved even by many poor folk, though alas! not even this, by all. Art belongs to us all, not alone to professional. Especially does this outer charm belong to the young. As we grow older, our praise and our ecstasy leave the outer more and more, and recede into the inner life, in preparation for eternity. At present our lives are so constituted on the basis of an artificial civilisation, in all lands, that the emotional foods which arts and crafts should perpetually supply in our commonest surroundings, are almost entirely lacking. There is no such thing as mechanised art, therefore this mechanical age is almost bereft of true art. The thing has gone so far that people do not realise that they are eking out a bare existence bereft of art. This applies to rich and poor, but more to most of the rich than to the poor; for it is better to have little or nothing and a free imagination, than to have much which clogs the mind and soul and surfeits the body.

Man's spontaneous need for praise and for communion becomes poetry, literature and music. Music is the greatest self-builder in the world. Sound was put in us for the purpose of self-creation and for nothing else. A Scripture says:—"In the beginning was the word, and the Word was with God, and the Word was God. In Him was life; and the life was the light of men." This being the sacred nature of sound, is it not a blasphemous thing, is it not an awful thing, to use this sacred power in the making of vulgar noises, or to listen to or take part in music which is not an expression of praise and inward happiness—the divine ideal externalised? I do not mean that no music should be happy and gay. The fairies are happy and gay, so are all true people—it is happiness tinged with immortality;

and you will know if music is good or bad by whether it brings to you the consciousness of this kind of happiness.

The need for covering (when covering is a necessity, not a "want") brings forth hand-spinning, dyeing and hand weaving, and so on, right through the crafts. Every true art or craft must be born of right effortless desire, not of want. We can apply that to almost every detail of modern civilisation, and then we will know just where we have gone wrong, and what to do, each in our own small way, to contribute towards righting that wrong. For the path back to simplicity will have to be trodden.

Why do I advocate hand-made clothes? I have always done so, because I do not like to wear a garment next the body God gave me, in the making of which my fellow-man has suffered, has been degraded. Here, at least, on our bodies, let us make sure that that only is put, which brings the vibration and magnetism of Spirit through the hands of the worker. Can a machine purvey this sacred magnetism? Think of this and apply it to nearly all the commodities of life, and you will know one reason why most of us are so miserably unhappy.

I do not condemn machinery. It has come to help. Manu said somewhere that the machine which can be controlled is good, whilst that which controls man, is bad. If we could apply that throughout the industrial world, machines would be kept in their right place. But you can never determine what is right and what is wrong by councils of capitalists and industrialists alone. You must put the Master-craftsman on these councils. He is the real captain and leader of industry, where the principles of handcraft *versus* machine have to be determined.

Men and women who live out the Divine Ideal of arts and crafts become inspired. I speak no metaphor when I say that the Devas, the Angels, become daily companions of simple and art-regenerated men and women. But they cannot walk with mechanised humanity. Angels must have gardens to come to. If we have, as yet, no gardens for them in this outer life, let us give them our souls, purified of false ideas, and they will do the rest.

The Love Token

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

“**T**HERE'S one chap near the stove that's quite 'stocius' (drunk). He don't know where he is, he's dead to the world as ye might say, but though he's blotto he'll be quiet. It'll make noise firing him downstairs. So till the service is over I'll let him stay in 'love's golden dreamland,' as the hymn says. That's provided ye are agreeable. Or say the word and he goes downstairs head first. Well what about it, sir?”

I went out and saw a fair-haired, clean-limbed young man—quite different from the sodden wastrel I had expected. He was lying on his book breathing heavily, there was a look of utter helplessness and collapse about him.

“Looks more like drugs than drink to me, Kelly, that's no common drunk. That's a decent young sailor.”

“Killer Kelly,” our ex-prize-fighting thrower-out, stooped over the prostrate form and sniffed several times.

“Bedad ye're right, Mister A.” he said. “We have so many 'had dring taken' blokes here I didn't look too close at him. Ah! he must have been having his tay at Mother Magee's—she brughs it strong sometimes. But how did he get away from her, that's what beats me?”

“We'll try and find out presently, Kelly,” I said. “You don't think the sight of him will disturb the congregation?”

“Not them,” Kello replied contemptuously; “sure they see the like every day an' every hour.”

Indeed no one had moved of those who were in the Gospel Hall. Nor did fresh arrivals indicate curiosity. Miss McNish, our harmonium player, a young lady whose employ was sorting rags, was the only one to make a remark. I heard her say to the killer “Oh, ain't Burlingion Bertie been having one?” To which the killer responded “Not harf.”

An hour later the audience had strealed away and the intoxicated youth was again for our consideration. I nearly

had to send for a doctor, for wet towels round his head, tickling his throat with a feather, etc., were for sometime unavailing; but Killer Kelly got some mixture from a neighbouring Druggist which in the end proved efficacious. Both he and the rather disreputable Apothecary had had great experience of such cases. The docks of Dublin are bad places for the unsophisticated.

"He's comin' to," Kelly said. "I was beginnin' to think it was 'the sweet by and by' for him. They mixed the dose uncommon strong, Mother Magee did, or whoever done the Shanghai-ing. Well we won't have an inquest this time I expect."

I will spare my readers a description of the poor boy's sickness and incoherent lamenting for something he said he had lost. Kelly turned out his pockets in my presence and we were both amazed to find the lad's purse untouched. About three pounds were in it, his watch, an old-fashioned silver one, and his papers were all unabridged. I locked them in the safe, and left Kelly trying to comfort our patient.

"There's nothing missin' bozo," he was saying. "Just ye go to sleep gain, an' thank yer stars yer amongst gentlemen. Meself and himself is mission-workers. Whist yer whist now and I'll give ye a drink of could tay presently."

"O it's gone," the youth was saying.

"No, it aind," Kelly kept reassuring him. "All yer junk is in the safe, and Mr. A., the preacher has the key. So stop yer yammerin' an' have another sleep."

Next day I returned to find Harry Kemp, for that was the sailor youth's name, recovered from his involuntary dissipation.

"How on earth did you get into such a condition, my lad?" I inquired. "I have seen doped sailors before, but I never saw one so far gone. I and Kelly here had a hard fight to bring you round. You'll not get out of another dosing so easily I fear, so avoid bad company. Evil communications corrupt good manners. You seem a decent young fellow to me."

"I'm sure I'm most grateful to you, sir, and to Mr. Kelly here. I believe you saved my life," the sailor said. "I'm a teetotaler. I went into a shop which was a sort of bar and general-dealer place. There was an older man with me, Ebenezer McNabb, a Scottie. He said he knew the people. I never was in Dublin myself before—I'm from Gravesend. He had a glass of beer and I asked for milk, that seemed to surprise the people. One man said 'moo'! and I nearly hit him, but Ebenezer whispered to the Proprietor and they gave me the milk. I don't remember much after that. I was staggering and in the open air. I must have seen your hall door open and come in. I don't remember. They doped the milk and I can't think what has become of Ebenezer. The last thing I remember was he was helping me out of the shop. Why did he leave me? Not much of a pal in that? Mr. Kelly tells me our ship sailed this morning."

"So she did, the Sporting Maid did," Kelly agreed, "and only this chap was not on her, they were one deck hand short, and going to replace him at Belfast—the dockers told me so. Ebenezer was quite all right," and Kelly gave a wink.

"Mr. Kelly tells me you have my watch and purse and papers," young Kemp said. "Would you please let me have them. I hope to God they're all right."

"Here you are," I said. "When they left your purse and watch they're not likely to have robbed you. I suppose Ebenezer had no grudge against you. It looks like a trick to me, a brutal, practical joke. Sailors are drugged to be robbed, or shipped off to some distant land on an unpopular ship. As they did neither, it would seem to me Ebenezer was at the bottom of what happened, or he would have got you back on board. You will probably find they put your box ashore and the dock police have it. Here's your other papers."

Young Kemp did not look at his purse or watch, but began frantically, so it seemed, to go through a leather wallet and a tobacco pouch—a large one in which also

were papers but no tobacco. He threw the things on the table and separated them with eager, trembling hands. His already pale face grew ghastly. "It's Ebenezer," he shrieked. "He's done me, the THING'S gone."

"What thing are ye talking about, Bozo"? Kelly enquired.

"We can telegraph to Belfast," I said, "and Ebenezer will have to account for what he did. But you must give a description of what you have lost to the Police. Was it money"?

"O worse! O far worse! I'm ruined. I can't say what it was."

"Don't you be a fool, my lad," I said angrily, for after all we had done for him, I thought him ungrateful. "Here you, Kelly, I suppose the dope is still confusing this young fellow's intellect. See if you can't persuade him to be sensible, I haven't time to stop now. Good-bye," and I went out.

That evening I went to my lodgings after a rather trying day. We each only had the Gospel Hall meetings twice a week for such of the T. C. D. Divinity students as were in their last year, and I had done my share. But I had to visit a hospital, assist at a Scout meeting, etc., before my day was done. So I was surprised and none too well pleased when my landlady announced "Mr. Killer—Kelly" (she evidently didn't know 'Killer' was a nick-name) "is waiting to see you, sir. He says he's sorry to trouble you, but it's important."

"Well, Kelly"? I asked, for the Killer was sitting with his hat on his knee beside the fire, and his pugilistic countenance told me nothing.

"It's about that sailor fella, sir," Kelly said. "I hate to bother ye, but I want ye to see a doc' with me to get him certified."

"Is he very ill" I said.

"No, not ill, he's clean, stark, starin mad. That there dope was some dollup. I wants him took to the luney

house, an' I wants him took now. Ye never heard such blatherin as he's talking. Says his lady-love's a mermaid! Its horrible, that's what it is. Ye saw the way he was carryin' on about something he lost. Says now after a lot o' drivil, it was Sabrina's golding comb wot she combs her golding hair wid. Did ye ever hear such heinous discourse? No wonder Ebenezer did a bunk from him. May be he doped himself too. But come an' see a doc' along o' me, Sir. We'll have him in a straight weskit. The likes o' him might do harm now. Bite ye perhaps an' give ye the infection. Let's go now if ye please, mister."

"I'll come with you, Kelly, now," I said. "I'd perhaps best hear him rave first, though I saw his excitement this morning."

"Maybe ye had best hear him," Kelly agreed. "He'll rave all right. So w'll go to the Hall fust. Bozo'll jibber for ye. Then the Richmond Luney House for Bozo."

So we went and took the tram to O'Connel Bridge and thence to Blue Bottle Row, as fast as we were able. As I went upstairs I heard a fiddle being played, very well I thought, and a baritone voice singing "Widdicombe Fair," "Old Tom Cobbley and all," it chanted. "That's Bozo," Kelly said. "Tis a pity he's cracked. Plays and sings nice, he does."

I found young Kemp quite cheerful and apparently as sane as myself. His chest had been retrieved from the dock police to whom it had been given when his ship left.

"Good evening, sir," he said. "I quite believe that I will get back the THING I lost. The police have telephoned to Belfast a full description of Ebenezer. He can do nothing with it before they stop him, and gold is a thing pawnbrokers won't take from a seaman even if he did get to them first. I told Mr. Killer Kelly my story. He allows he never heard anything like it."

"Nor nobody else," Kelly said emphatically.

Sitting by the light of a wood fire, young Kemp proceeded to tell me his experience. For the sake of brevity I will tell part of it in my own words.

His people were from Devonshire, as a boy he had lived in a very unfrequented village, then almost unknown in spite of motors. There was no train within ten miles. Harry Kemp was an only son, and was a dreamy and visionary lad. He was as I had just heard quite a good amateur musician, and loved old tunes. He detested modern jingles, and jazz made him actually feel ill. In that our tastes were mutual. He used to go to a small creek behind a hill close to his parents' cottage, bathe and lie sun-bathing. Then he would play his violin, and had the odd sensation that he had an unseen audience. This pleased him. He would wade out to waist high in the sea and play and sing sometimes. It was then the seawraith came to him.

"I first thought it a wonderful growth of goldcoloured sea-weed I saw floating. I was playing that old song and singing it:—

Green gravel, green gravel,
The grass is so green,
The fairest young lady that ever was seen,
I'll clothe her in silk
And wash her in milk

When I saw it was hair in the water I stopped singing, thinking it was a drowned woman. Then the head rose out of the sea waves. Ah! sir, it was the loveliest face, white and rosy and with dark-blue eyes, under silken lashes. The eyes were like stars full of soft lucid radiance. Then she spoke 'boy, sing to me.' If she had asked me to give her my two eyes I would have done it. I sang with all my heart, and all my soul to her.

Then her shoulders and arms rose from the sea. She held a harp of gold and all my old tunes she played and sang back to me in what was only one short lay. It had the sweetness of wild honey, the remote beauty of starlight, it had a perfume of unknown roses. It was the old music, and it was not. It seemed to repeat the songs as an angel might, filling them with unearthly pathos, elfin beauty. Then suddenly she dived back and her music ended. My father was calling "Get dressed laddie and come home, do

you want to chill yourself to death, I thought you were drowned. You've been two hours in the sea."

"I came home, but often after that met Sabrina, she told me her name later. We used to sing to each other. On my sixteenth birthday, she wished me goodbye. 'Your family will be leaving here,' she said. I was a big boy, sir. I tried to conceal my grief, but she saw the tears I could not prevent. 'We shall meet again boy,' she said, and she gave me her comb. It was made of pure gold, you could dent it with your finger nails. I showed it to Ebenezer. I was a fool. That's what he wanted. That's how things are as they are. Look at this, sir."

He took a piece of leather, thin and fine, I examined it. On it was the clear print of a comb. I saw a number of marks had been on that comb..... I examined them with a magnifying glass, they were Ogam, the prehistoric Celtic script. I could make out a line by guess work, it was Armegim the Milesian Druid's magic ran.

I am a wave of the sea.
"Och hone A ree."
I am the noise of the billows, etc."

Could an English sailor boy have forged it? Never! I cross-questioned Kemp. I could find no flaw in his story. I asked him to play me on his violin, as nearly as he could, the sea-maid's music.

"It will be a poor imitation," he said, but he tried.

"The Dan-nan-Ron," I said. "The Seal's dance. Play again, please. Why this one is Tonn-na-Cleena Cleena's wave, one of the age old sea tunes in Ireland."

Even Kelly was impressed. "Maybe Bozo's not balmy after all," he said, "do ye think he reely was with a Merrow, sir?"

"Well, wait and see," I answered. "If the police find the comb on Ebenezer it will certainly be corroboration."

I left Harry Kemp to Kelly's hospitality, as he no longer demanded his removal to an asylum. I went out into roaring wind and dashing rain. We had the worst

storm that night we had experienced in thirty years. When I called next morning to hear if Ebenezer had been apprehended, I found that he had, but by the great detective Death. The ship had been lost with all hands. The comb, if it was really a mermaid's was once again in the depths of the sea.

My story has a commonplace ending. Harry Kemp signed on another ship. It was sunk by a German submarine in the early years of the Great War. None of the crew were rescued. So perhaps the sailor lad, with his queer dreams, and musical talent, may be with his sea-maid Sabrina. Who knows?

Unhappy Spain

By ELLEN HRUP

I

THE REBELS

IF one has read the series of articles about Spain which Lazaro Teran, the foreign editor of the big Republican paper, '*Politica*', has published in the '*Journal des Nations*'; if one has heard Alvarez del Vayo speak in the League of Nations and heard the reports of the Spanish women when they had just arrived from Madrid—then one visualises a great unfortunate country, an un-enlightened, abused population, and a neglected countryside. Spain kept down in ignorance, poverty, and dependence by the three equally mighty and equally corrupt powers: the Church, the Feudal System, and the Army. All three had the same object, all worked to make the gulf between those who have and those who have nothing deep and impassable, so that those who have all lose nothing and those who have nothing get nothing.

There, as everywhere else, the mighty Catholic Church, the proprietor of more wealth than any feudal overlord, serves the interests of the rich by teaching that the riches of the kingdom of heaven belong to the poor and that all other wisdom is superfluous. The overlords taught the peasants that the land in Spain was theirs and that the people only existed in order to cultivate it for the grandees of Spain.

"Do you know what wages a farm labourer gets?" asks a Spanish worker. "Sixty centimes for twelve hours' work. A land-owner such as a Medinacoeli may hold 99,000 acres in fief but he does not need to have more than half cultivated in order to be rolling in money. The rest he lets lie fallow as pasture-land."

The third power in Spain, the Army, which ought to have been the country's protection, was in reality its enemy. It always opposed the people. "The Army," exclaimed

one of the women indignantly, "Spain has no Army, in the national sense like other up-to-date countries. Spain has a military caste which has no other object than gain and no other policy than to force the State to allow itself to be exploited. And the generals! Do you know that in Spain we have just as many generals as Germany had during the War? After we lost our colonies they installed themselves at Court and quarrelled over privileges and increases of salary. We had 20,000 officers for 100,000 men, one officer for every five soldiers. The Army was badly equipped and organised and not in a position to defend the country. All the money went in salaries to the officers. Morocco was the only place where the Army was up-to-date."

The people of Spain are now fighting against these three powers. This fact suffices to prove that the application of the political labels of a modern state to present events in Spain is mistaken and misleading. In the most primitive districts of Spain, Castile, Estremadura, and Andalusia, there are no capitalist or middle classes, only overlords and peasants; and it is there in particular that the revolt is raging. It is only in the north, in the industrial centres, in Bilbao and Catalonia, and towards the east where the large estates are cut up and where the ways of living are more European, that one can speak of a labour movement. And when one realises that during the monarchy, the Spanish State opposed every political reform, even the formation of a modern Conservative Party, then in any case the Socialist Party in Spain cannot be very old.

Since the Hapsburgs ascended the Spanish throne, the country has been continuously under foreign influence. At one time it was the Holy Alliance, at another the Pope in Rome. These reactionary powers hampered in Spain that progress in liberal and democratic directions which was made in other European countries. When the War came, the Court, the landowners, the Church and Army immediately ranged themselves on the side of the Central Powers. Practically the entire population was opposed to it. Official Spain became a staff receiving commands from the Central Powers. Spain helped the German submarines

in the Mediterranean and part of the Atlantic and the capitalist class in Spain made huge sums out of war industries and contraband. They all hoped that the victory of the Central Powers would insure them peace and quiet to enjoy their riches and to keep their privileges and their caste system, without having to be inconvenienced by unrest among the populace.

The State would have nothing to do with reforms even if they were brought forward by the Conservatives, indeed, not even if they came from on high as Antonio Maura, the Conservative, suggested. But unrest there was, both among Maura's 'Young Disciples' and among the Lefts. Neither social nor economic problems existed for the monarchy and the reactionaries, they simply could not see the problems of Spain from a national standpoint.

Thus in 1917 Spain was sharply divided into two absolutely opposed camps. A deep and obvious rupture arose between the rulers of the country and the country itself. The political-social movement had its most active centres in Barcelona, Madrid and Asturia, but it shook the whole country. It ushered in a new age, and both the movement and the reaction against it have increased in intensity and violence during the last twenty years.

After the first rising had been quelled came the war in Morocco with its sanguinary defeat, when the generals leading the present revolt showed their incompetence and their corruption. Then came Primo de Rivera's *coup d'etat*, a military imitation of Mussolini's march on Rome, which was nothing but a new phase of the anti-national policy, which again made Spain dependent upon one of the Great Powers of Europe. Between 1917 and 1936 progress and reaction, risings and suppressions succeeded each other. By the 14th of April, 1931, the Spanish people had become strong enough to usher in the Republic, but simultaneously with its proclamation the reactionaries began to prepare for the military revolt which is now ruining Spain.

Right from the very beginning Mussolini took up a hostile attitude towards the Republic. He had his own

good reasons. In 1926 a secret agreement was concluded between Rome and Madrid giving Mussolini the right to use the Spanish naval bases, particularly the Balearic Isles, which could interfere with France's communication with her African colonies. King Alfonso XIII took this agreement with him into exile and it is this and the promises of the Ex-King and General Franco to renew it which in particular have procured the help of Italy for the rebels.

As far as the other Fascist countries are concerned, the German staff have from the time of the Great War had a net of agents spread over the whole country, in addition to the German Trade Associations which are now acting as centres of Nazi and military propaganda and espionage, all of them on the best of terms with the Spanish Conservatives.

While the Spanish grandees thought of nothing but overthrowing the Republic, while the Spanish generals only thought of how they could, by means of foreign aid, get back their power, the Spanish Republicans proved to be almost too chivalrous. They did not use the period of transition from one system to another to rid the State of all parasites and obvious opposers of the democratic system, and as happened to the social-democratic Government in Austria so to the Spanish Republic: Their chivalry brought its own punishment.

The three most important tasks for the new republican Government were a reform of the army, a land reform and a reform of the church.

Senor Azana, the Premier, began by reducing the number of officers. He went so far in his considerateness that he allowed those officers who did not sympathise with the new constitution or who wished to retire, to enter the Reserves on nine-tenths of their previous wages. Eight thousand availed themselves of this, the rest took the oath of allegiance to the constitution. Those who went over to the Reserve immediately formed the setting for the Fascist and popular clerical organisations of the extreme right. The others who had taken the oath joined the conspiracy.

Agriculture in Spain rested in most places upon a precapitalist basis of feudal exploitation and dependence. Now the State demanded part of the large estates. It demanded assurance that the soil would be cultivated and it fixed a minimum wage for farm labourers. But it was impossible to agree as to the price of the land. The State offered the owners the value which they themselves had given to the Inland Revenue authorities. If the owners demanded a higher price then naturally they must make good to the State the amount of which they had defrauded the revenue for years by undervaluation. But the big landowners refused both. In addition the State called for the institution of a 4 per cent. income tax.

Finally as to the reform of the church, this was the same as has been instituted in the majority of European countries. The property of the Church was nationalised, and 80,000 monks and nuns lost the right to teach, but there was no question of any expulsion either of the Jesuits or of other congregations. No hindrance was put in the way of the Jesuits either in regard to religious services or religious educational activities. Only as a Society was the Order dissolved. But the worst stumbling-block was the decision that the congregations must themselves pay their priests and defray expenses at the service.

These were the reforms which the so-called 'red' Government wished to carry out. It was against these reforms that the officers, the church, and the overlords ceaselessly conspired. It was in order to prevent these reforms that the three ruling castes with the help of the Fascist Governments started civil war in their country.

The first move against the Republic was Alcala Zamora's resignation with Lerroux's radicals from the Republican-Socialist Government. Article 26 of the Constitution, dealing with those outside the Church, was used as their pretext, but it had been formulated by the Papal Nuncio in Madrid himself and so could scarcely have been more moderate.

After that a reactionary block of generals, bishops, overlords, and Lerroux's radicals was formed. As their

leader they chose Juan March who was a millionaire, a banker, and a smuggler. It was of him that the late Senor Carner, the Minister of Finance, said in the Chamber: "Either March will beat the Republic, or the Republic will beat March." During the first two years of the Republic, he confined himself to leading the conspiracy from abroad.

On August 10th, 1932, the Government discovered that a military coup financed by the landowners was in course of preparation in order to prevent the land reform. All the officers denied that it was a conspiracy against the Republic and as far as the majority were concerned proofs were lacking. On this occasion also the Republic was forbearing. The death sentence on the leader, Sanjurjo, was altered to lifelong imprisonment and they were content to dismiss the generals when they had given their word of honour never again to take part in military or political movements. Shortly after, when Sanjurjo's adjutant published a book in which no secret was made of the objects of the conspiracy, it was seen that chivalry and trust had again been carried too far.

March was still abroad and from there he financed his party and its paper during the election campaign in 1933. All forces were mobilised. Alcala Zamora, now President of the Republic, refused to give his confidence to the Premier, Azana. Strange alliances were entered into. Radical-clericals and extremists who even had common cause with the anarchists, joined together; and when the Left split their votes at the election, the Conservatives won.

They did not suffer from too much chivalry.

An amnesty was immediately issued to Sanjurjo and all who had been condemned for military and reactionary revolts. They immediately replaced all Republican officers with their own people. They made no new laws. They confined themselves to destroying all the work of reform, which the Republicans had carried out. The land reform was the only one the Conservatives had to sign. But the landowners were unyielding and the law regarding the minimum wage was repealed and distress grew. In Andalusia the population had not even bread for four

months. People died of starvation. The Conservative Government was incapable in the face of the grandees of Spain as the Left had been. Even Gil Robles, the leader of the clericals, demanded that the Government should agree to a 4 per cent. Income-Tax, but they refused.

After the election March returned to Spain. He came, as Lazaro Teran writes: "in order to get the Government under his thumb and start his fleet of smugglers smuggling tobacco between Africa and Spain." And every possible manoeuvre was now set going to overthrow the Republic. Gil Robles and Lerroux caused a ministerial crisis whereby the anti-republicans got into several of the ministerial offices, among them Salazar Alomso, who became Minister of the Interior.

It was he who was designated as the instigator of the October rising in 1934. It was and it remained a blunder on the part of the Socialist Party and its leader, Largo Caballero, but it was provoked by the Government, as Alonso himself admitted. Asturias, the only place where the rising had caught on, suffered terribly. There already the reactionaries had the Moors and the scum of humanity, the Foreign Legion, to help them and it was General Franco who led the massacres. Three thousand people were killed with the most atrocious cruelties. The Spanish press was gagged, the foreign press was silent.

General Franco had kept himself in the back ground during the first attempt at a *coup d'etat* after the inauguration of the Republic, but after the election of 1933, Gil Robles, Lerroux, and March joined him in the plot. It was then when General Franco had command, of the Balearic Isles that the so-called 'national' officers who were under Franco, supplied Ordinance Survey maps of the islands, of the fortifications, information regarding the calibre of the guns, military strength, and defence plans, to the agents of Italian Fascism. None of them were ignorant of the strategic importance of the islands for Spain in a future war.

It was no secret. Both the President of the Republic, Alcala Zamora, and Gil Robles, both the Minister of War and the Director of Police knew about it.

The clerical—radical Government sat for about two years. It succeeded in reviving the good old days when the State paid the priests, when the overlords were sole masters of the land and when the farm labourers had 60 centimes daily in wages. The only constructive thing they did was to reinstate the 8000 officers and nominate still more.

The international plot was carefully planned. After Gil Robles had visited ex-King Alfonso in France and the latter had been in Rome, Austria, and Germany, a meeting took place in Lisbon, where the Archbishop presided and the Government of Portugal took up its place in the international Fascist organisation against the Spanish Republic. It was Gil Robles and the clericals who had the power at that time in Madrid.

The meeting in Lisbon took place before the election. The revolt should really have broken out immediately after, but Gil Robles hoped right up to the last day for a victory at the election. Not until it had proved a victory for the Left exceeding even the most optimistic hopes of Republicans and Socialists was a military *coup d'etat* decided upon.

Spain is the second victim of Fascist weapons. Ethiopia was the first step in the Fascists' Mediterranean plans. Spain is the second. In Spain too it was an unequal fight. The country's army and weapons were in the hands of the Fascists. Five years ago they had already begun their preparations. Under the pretext of manoeuvres they built fortifications, dug trenches, established depots for ammunition which they are using to-day against the people of the country and the constitutionally elected government of the country.

Against them is an army of Spaniards of all classes, an army in overalls with guns, which many do not even know how to handle. An army consisting exclusively of volunteers, of soldiers without uniforms, without training, and often without ammunition. Betrayed by the officers who were paid to defend them and who now with foreign aid are killing and maiming them.

UNHAPPY SPAIN

II GANGSTER PEACE

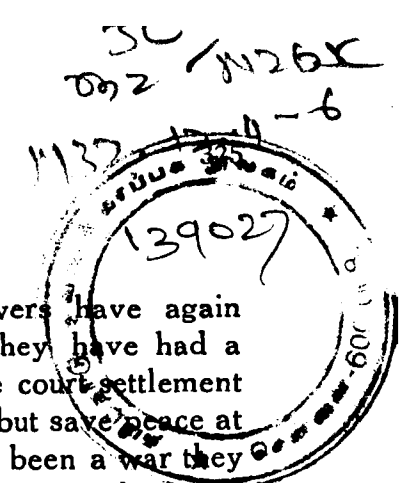
So the statesmen of the Great Powers have again managed to save peace. Ever since they have had a League of Nations which was to introduce court settlement in place of war, they have done nothing but save peace at the cost of justice. Every time there has been a war they have sacrificed justice in order to preserve peace, the peace of the Great Powers, not that of the League of Nations which was peace from attack, war, and conquest for all its members in accordance with the Pact.

Justice need not have been sacrificed for that peace, it rests on the foundations of justice. It is a collective peace which includes all, it is the abolition of war. But that peace for which justice is now sacrificed is the Great Powers' peace. It is preserved by allowing the one mighty robber after another to attack and conquer a weaker country, by allowing the one modern well-equipped war power after another to roll a defenceless unprepared population down with tanks, exterminate them with machine guns, and burn them with poison gas, and allowing the robber to make off unaffected with his booty.

This localized war is the peace to which the small states may look forward, the Great Powers' peace, the Gangster peace.

This was the peace that was saved in 1931/32 when Japan began her war of conquest against China and the League of Nations limited itself to refusing to recognise Manchoukuo; and it was in order to preserve this same peace that it allowed Mussolini to fall upon Ethiopia and adopted the so-called neutrality as regards the revolt in Spain.

Events in Spain presented the Great Powers with a new problem. It was not a war between two countries, it was a revolt against a constitutionally elected government and the question was what attitude the other countries ought to adopt in the circumstances. The Great Powers chose neutrality. Again it was the Gangster Peace they saved.



For there is no such thing as neutrality when a revolt is concerned. Neutrality presupposes two or more belligerent powers. But neutrality is putting the rebels and the government on a par. That is a breach of two of the main principles of the League of Nations.

The first, which has never been called in question, is the right of a legitimate and recognised government to procure from abroad such weapons as it needs in order to restore quiet and order in the country. The second, about which there has also always been agreement, is that the supply of arms to the insurgents against a legitimate and recognised government represents a serious breach of international law.

No one denies that the Madrid Government is legitimate. In order to prevent the Fascist Governments breaking international law and supporting the rebels by supplying them with arms, the democratic Governments agreed themselves to break international law and to support the rebels by refusing to sell arms to the Government. If this is what statesmen call jurisprudence, then it is tantamount to what other people call "confusion of ideas".

Thus week after week passed. The democratic governments negotiated with the fascist governments while the latter supplied the rebels with what they needed in the way of arms and aeroplanes, and transported troops from Morocco to Spain for them. If indeed the democratic governments did not do the same as the fascists and help the rebels across Portugal.

Now as hitherto the desire of the various states to expand is perfectly licentious. In the fight between countries only one thing counts, moneyed interests. But there are two kinds of moneyed interests: that of the banks and other private capitalists and that of the imperial interests of the state; and they do not always go together.

Private capitalism demanded that its large investments in Spain, for example, should be protected against everything approaching Socialism or Communism. It took the side of the rebels who represented the power of money

against the exploited, the church against enlightenment, the existing state of things as opposed to progress.

The imperial interests of the capitalist state tend to protect the national capital by keeping competitors at bay, by insuring markets for the products of the country and keeping the doors open which give access to her raw materials. Just like private capitalism, it sees its enemy in Socialism and Communism and consequently on this point sympathises with the rebels. But on the other hand it cannot avoid seeing dangerous and regardless competitors in the onward marching fascist dictators. The capitalist state has therefore conflicting interests to defend and so her policy becomes inconclusive and vacillating.

And so Fascism fares better than Democracy. Dictatorship is better fitted for modern times and modern warfare. The dictator has forced private capitalist interests down under those of the state. The autocratic ruler has by his economic planning abrogated the conflict that is weakening the democratic capitalist countries. Therefore Fascism will spread and nothing can stop it.

An ethical union between the democratic countries is pure romance, nor is it any more likely between the fascist countries. This applies to all countries. When their interests run parallel they co-operate, when they run counter they part, whether they be fascist, democratic, or bolshevist. That is the consequence of the competition, the frontiers and the hysterical nationalism of today.

People as yet do not understand that it is in their own interests that law instead of force be inaugurated in the human commonwealth. They fight fascists in other countries, not seeing that Fascism is nothing but the logical outcome of the principle of violence, which is also the foundation of the power of their own country. They will have to realise it.

More and more governments will have their eyes opened to the practicability of fascist methods. The more

Fascism, the fewer debates, the greater fighting power. The majority of European countries are fascist dictatorships and possibly even the proud English who "never, never, never shall be slaves" will have the experience of being made slaves of Fascism in their own country as the ultimate consequence of their own policy of might and power. For out of gangster morality arises gangster war and gangster peace.

Vernacularisation of Studies

By P. N. MOOSAD, B. A., L. T.



THE question of the vernacular medium of instruction in the schools of this Presidency, has come to the forefront, of late, and the educational thinkers of this and other provinces have discussed the pros and cons of the same. But the question has now almost passed the stage of controversy and theoretical speculation. Some have boldly taken the initiative in this matter and have shown beyond doubt by clear experimental proof the potentialities of some vernacular languages. Foremost among the countries which gave a lead in this respect may be mentioned Hyderabad, Mysore and the eastern districts, especially the Andhra-Desa. Dr. Tagore has himself set the example by his ardent and unflinching devotion to his own vernacular. Along with our people in other provinces, we, the citizens of Kerala, have the duty to see that we do not lag behind in adopting this necessary reform.

The first and foremost justification for the introduction of the vernacular medium is that a sense of patriotic devotion to one's own mother-tongue is indispensable for the growth and development of the individual and of the nation. Neglecting one's mother-tongue is as disgraceful and as dishonourable as neglecting one's own mother. The contempt which some of the degree-holders of today have towards their mother-tongue is due to the fact that they were educated through the medium of English and that, in their ignorance of the potentialities of their language, they thought that it was a fit vehicle only for some Thullal songs and primitive ballads. But even they must have felt at times that they could not give expression to some of their inmost thoughts adequately without the aid of their mother-tongue. A friend of mine, who was educated in western countries once told me that when he was touring the continent he was put out at the impertinence of a Frenchman who, refused to give some information in spite of repeated requests and he wanted to scold him to his heart's content.

But his knowledge of French curiously failed him at that moment and he poured volleys of abuses in Malayalam upon the head of the bewildered Frenchman. Apart from the question whether my friend's action was justifiable or not, the incident clearly shows that violent emotions of the human heart, emotions such as anger, fear, grief, love etc., cannot be adequately given vent to except through one's own mother-tongue. A language has, just like a human being, its period of infancy, youth and old age. It is always growing. But it cannot grow when people begin to neglect it and do not give the nourishment it requires. On the other hand, if proper attention is paid to it, it begins to grow. The argument that Malayalam cannot be the vehicle of advanced modern thought is to say the least, does not stand the test of reason.

A dialectician who has pondered over the origin, growth and recent development of the Malayalam language cannot feel a shadow of doubt about the rich resources of that language. These resources only wait to be explored and brought to light. And in order to achieve this we have to awaken the sleeping sense of patriotic devotion to our language in the minds of the young generation. The labour expended in the direction of the development of this sense will be adequately rewarded by the release of our language from the domination of a foreign tongue.

The first advantage of a vernacular medium is the facility it lends for the proper comprehension of a subject on the part of the student. When a subject is taught through the medium of English the difficulty of the pupil is two-fold. First of all he has to get over the difficulty of language and secondly to understand the subject matter. No one need be told how difficult it is to master a foreign language and how liable, to error and misunderstanding one is when one is giving and receiving instruction through its medium.

With the introduction of the Malayalam medium the language difficulty vanishes. With properly written text books and a little exertion on the part of the teacher it is sure to disappear completely. Moreover, the instinctive language sense of the pupil in his own vernacular is a

definite advantage, which he lacks when English happens to be the medium. Then again a pupil taught through the medium of English may remain ignorant about many ordinary things with which he is familiar simply because he does not know their vernacular equivalents. Thus, a boy, studying about the Cardamom hills in English does not know why they are so called. But if he is taught that it is 'കാടമം' a flood of light is at once thrown on the significance of the term. It may be asked whether the teacher cannot stop at such places and explain the vernacular equivalents of such terms, though the medium utilised be English. The teacher can no doubt do so, but the necessity for his having to do so proves that a Malayalam medium is preferable. The process of saying a thing in English and then and there translating it for the pupils involves unnecessary waste of time and makes the teacher's task needlessly difficult.

The direct consequence of the facility that the vernacular medium offers the pupil for quickly comprehending the subject taught is that the portion can be finished in half the time that would be required with the English medium. The time thus saved can be used for some other useful purpose. Again, if the subject is properly understood, cramming and learning by note will disappear automatically.

It is argued by some who are not in favour of the vernacular medium that the vocabulary of the Malayalam language is limited and owing to the absence of equivalents for many technical terms, Science subjects cannot be effectively taught through it. There may not be sufficient equivalents for technical terms in Malayalam, but it does not prove that such terms cannot be had in Malayalam at all when we have the necessity for such terms and with a will to use them instead of English terms, the terms would come of themselves. That was how the other languages came to have such terms. If we examine the English language we can find in it thousands of words which have been adopted from other languages as Latin, Greek, French and so on. But wherefrom did these other languages get those terms? If we trace the origin of words and their

meanings we would see that a particular meaning a word carries is largely a matter of convention. If we want to know scientific truths through our language we must invent the necessary terms also. With regard to scientific literature our language may be in its infancy now. But it is meaningless to say that it must ever be an infant and never grow. As we now want to know many things about science through its medium we must agree upon the several words which we have to use while speaking and writing about them.

The next question is as to how we can invent such words in our language. There are several ways of doing this. One way, perhaps the easiest, is to borrow words from other languages and adopt them to the nature of our language before adopting them. Thus 'Nitrogen' can be translated as 'നൈട്രജൻ', 'Jelatine' as 'ജലതന്തു', 'Albumin' as 'അലൂമിനം' and so on. A large number of words were thus adopted from Latin by the English people, and there is no reason why we should not take a few words from the English language and change them so as to suit our language.

A second method is to give currency to certain foreign words, as they are without effecting any change or form. Words like motor, pencil, glass, bus, cycle, pen, etc., are examples for this. To try to translate such words will be awkward. A Malayalee who calls a motor car 'മോട്ടോർ കാർ' will only cut a ridiculous figure. In the same way if any one asks for an 'എന്ജിനുകോൽ' at a shop, the shopkeeper will simply laugh at him. Such current words can, therefore, be used as they are.

Thirdly, comes regular translation, keeping in mind the meaning of the original. Here we can fall back upon Sanskrit and adopt such of the easy words in it as would serve our purpose. Thus we can translate 'Physics' as 'ഭൗതികശാസ്ത്രം', 'Archaeology' as 'പുരാതനശാസ്ത്രം', 'electricity' as 'വൈദ്യുതശക്തി', 'cinema' as 'ചലച്ചിത്രം' and so on. I am sure, that there can be no technical terms which will not lend themselves to be translated by one or other of these methods. If the government or local bodies authorise a committee of experts to do the work of translation, I have

no doubt that we shall have plenty of text books on all important school subjects in Malayalam within a few years.

A pertinent observation on this subject has been made by Dr. Rabindranath Tagore in his Convocation address of the Calcutta University. He says: "We know of the parasitic creatures in the animal world which live and die in utter dependence on their hosts. They are able to eke out a base living, but are for ever crippled in the development of their limbs and organs. Such has been the case with our modern university education. It has from its inception been parasitic on a foreign tongue, so that though nourishment has not been altogether lacking, it has been obtained at the cost of all-round development—, so much so that it has ceased to be sensible of its own abortiveness. Accustomed to live by borrowing, it has come to measure attainment by the largeness of debt; it has signed a bond of servitude to the thinkers of other lands. Those who receive such education cannot produce what they consume. Brought up to absorb the thoughts of others, their academic success depends on their ability to repeat by rote, and their own faculty of thought, their courage of conviction, their creative inspiration have all been enfeebled. It goes "without saying that the only way of revival from such 'chronic debility is by the assimilation and application of the subject matter of education through one's own language, just as in order to incorporate foodstuffs into the body, they have to be chewed with one's own teeth and saturated with one's own digestive juices'".

The Osmania University and the Andhra University have already set the example in this matter and we have only to follow the lead given by them. The former, it is reported, is imparting instruction through Urdu even in Western Medicine and Engineering. The Syndicate of the Andhra University has commissioned the writing of text books in Telugu for Intermediate subjects. The Madras University should follow their example. But it may be contended that there are several vernacular languages in the presidency and to do full justice to all of them is

beyond the scope of a single University. Therefore, the question of vernacularisation of studies in Malabar cannot be completely and satisfactorily solved until that time when Malabar can boast of a University for herself. The rise of the much desired Kerala University will usher in the golden age of the Malayalam language. But it will not do for us to keep quiet till that time without doing anything. A great deal of preparatory work has to be done and encouragement has to be given to private individuals and public bodies, who endeavour to do such work by writing text books, translating scientific works and preparing glossaries. I hope, as, I am sure most of you do, that the authorities will realise the importance of the vernacular medium and ere long have it introduced in the schools of our district.

Stolen Smiles

"John, I'm sure I heard a mouse squeak!"

"Well, do you want me to get up and oil it?"

* * *

Mrs. Murphy (concluding an argument): "Every time I look at you, Mrs. Partrick, I feel I'm doing the Government out of the entertainment tax."

* * *

Customer (having a rough shave): "I say, barber, have you got another razor?"

Barber: "Yes, why?"

Customer: "I want to defend myself."

* * *

Tenant: "This roof is so bad that it rains on our heads. How long is this going to continue?"

Owner: "What do you think I am, a weather prophet?"

* * *

Sherlock Holmes: "Ah! Watson, I see you have on your winter underwear."

Watson: "Marvellous, Holmes, marvellous! How did you ever deduce that?"

Sherlock: "Well, you've forgotten to put on your trousers."

* * *

A young man took his grandmother to the pictures. After ten minutes the old lady wanted to go out.

"The seat's so uncomfortable," she complained.

"No wonder," he exclaimed. "You haven't turned it down."

* * *

The funeral procession was moving along the village street when Uncle Abe stepped out of a store. He hadn't heard the news.

"Who they buryin today?" he asked.

"Poor old Tite Harrison," said the Store-keeper.

"Tite Harrison, eh? Is 'Tite Dead?"

"You don't think we're rehearsing with him, do you?" snapped the Store-keeper.

* * *

Sunday-school Teacher: "Can any of you little girls tell me who lived in the Garden of Eden?"

"Yes, teacher—the Adamses."

* * *

Exasperated Teacher (to dull class): "Now, boys, if the donkey's head points to the north, where does his tail point?"

Small Boy: "To the ground, sir."

The Sidhe

We are the Joy of heaven and earth,
The elements have given us birth,
Water and fire, the earth and air,
Each in our nature has its share.

A spark from the great Sun Divine,
As Life, within our lives does shine.
The withered leaves of autumn fly
In countless numbers passing by.

So fly the years as little heeded,
The days and hours we never needed,
Time casts no spells on such as we
Who dwell within Eternity.

This is our duty, this our joy,
To make this little world our toy.
We paint the skies with vermil light
Each morning and when falls the night.

The song within the brown lark's breast,
While he was fledgling in the nest
We taught to him; wild flowers we sow
And teach the hawthorn blooms to grow.

Is there an inner happiness
That your most hidden thoughts express,
That dwells from all life's woes apart?
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—F. H. Aldhouse.



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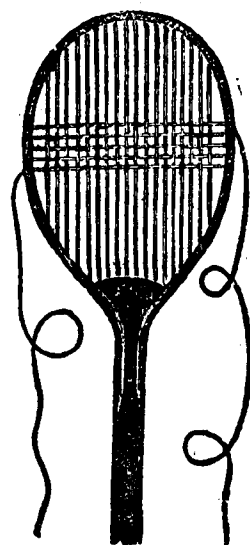
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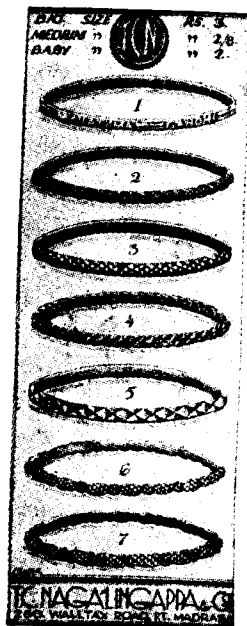
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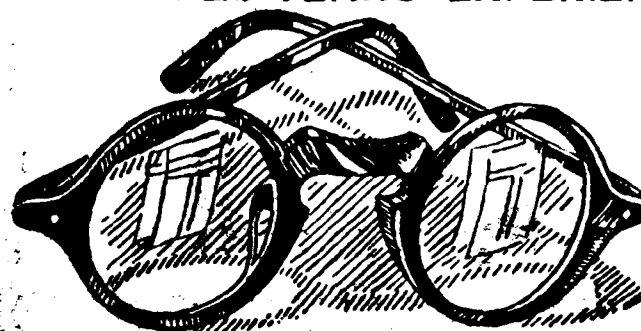
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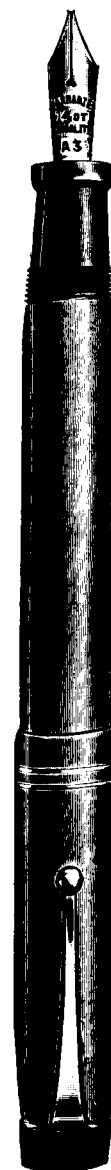
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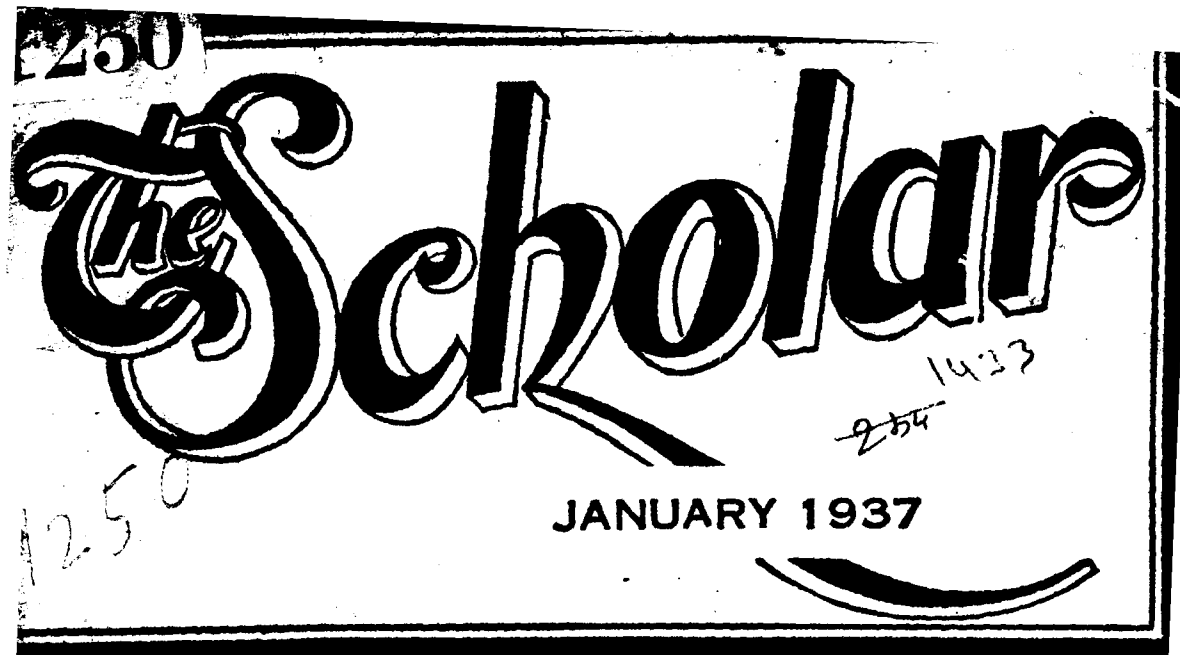
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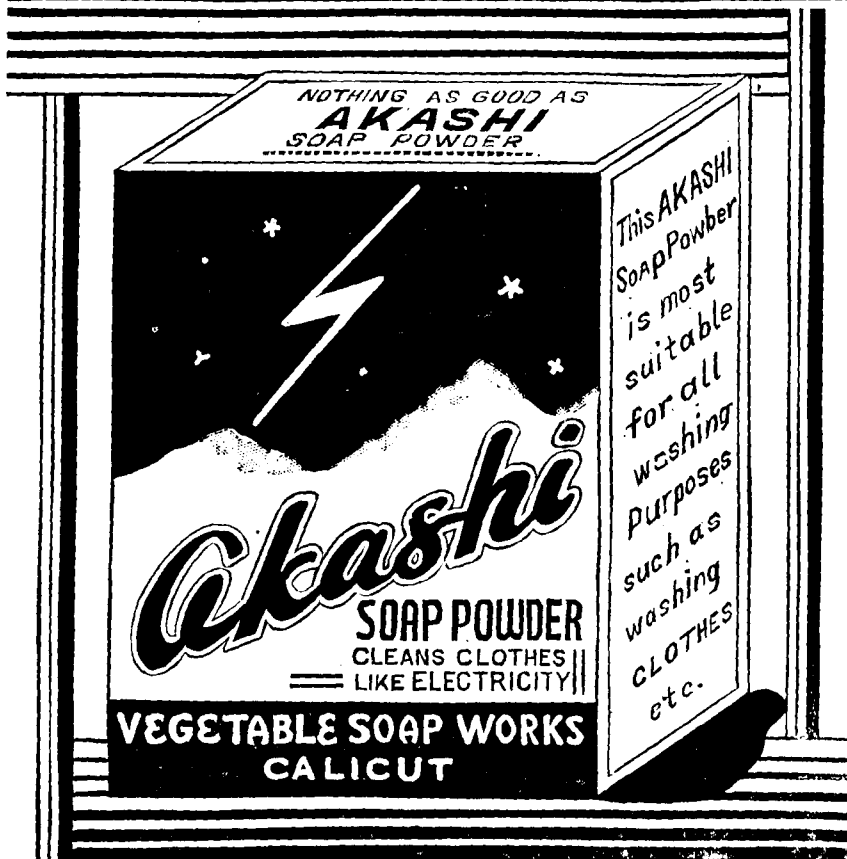
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VOL. XII

JANUARY 1937

No. 4

Affirmation

By NICHOLAS ROERICH.



HERE are before me two communications: one from South America, the other about Siberia beyond the Arctic Circle. These news are quite different and still their essence is the same. Up to quite recently the inquisitors of science would have condemned both the suppositions. But life does not tarry to vindicate the boldest guesses.

Only recently the word "Atlantis" came again into use. Only recently the ancient communications with the American Continent were still considered fairy tales. Only during our generation was the Siberian tundra beginning to show instead of its deadliness its subterranean riches.

Life itself revealed the frozen ancient Vikings and mammoths preserved under the cover of ice. Life revealed the temples of the Mayas and Aztecs disclosed Taxila and Harapa and presented to humanity new scripts and hieroglyphs. Generously these treasures were given out. Lavishly were the treasuries opened.

The communication says:

"The Brazilian archaeologist, Bernard de Sylva Ramos, who for many years has been excavating in the Centre of Brazil, recently has published a book 'Inscriptions of Pre-historic America' in which he proves that America was known to the cultured Asiatic nations over 2,500 years before Columbus discovered this continent.

The main proof consists of an inscription on the rock of Havea in Brazil, which up to now was regarded as undecipherable, and which Ramos has now succeeded in reading. The text according to him, is as follows: "Tyrus, Phoenicia. Badecir—reborn Ishbaal".

Badecir, or otherwise Baltazaar, was the King of Phoenicia in the 9th century B. C. His father was Itobal or Ishbaal. The inscription on the rock of Heavea has probably been carved by subjects of Baltazaar, who came to Brazil for commercial purposes. According to Ramos, the Phoenicians conducted a brisk trade with America, crossing the ocean on sailing ships, and availing themselves of the ocean currents and stopping at island *en route* between Africa and America.

Some settlements in South America up to now bear Semitic names. This circumstance greatly baffled scientists, but the inscription deciphered by Ramos explain this enigma. The Phoenicians not only traded with the aborigines of America, but founded there their own settlements, something in the nature of factories and concessions and of course, gave them semitic names.

From another part of the world it is announced that in Siberia near Salegarda, in the Valley of the Ob, beyond the Arctic Circle there have been recently discovered ruins of two ancient cities.

"Last year an expedition of the Academy of Science of U. S. S. R. under the leadership of Adrianov started excavations in the delta of the river Poluya near Salegarda (in the Yamalo-Nenetzky district of the Omsk province) and

revealed cities of unknown people who live there in remotest antiquity in the Transpolar Ob region.

During the excavations the expedition found artistic objects which prove the high cultural level of the inhabitants of this city. The excavations were continued and a second city—40 klm from Salegarda was unearthed.

In both cities about thirty six thousand different objects were collected, which evidently belonged to the Scythian culture. The excavations definitely prove that at the time of the existence of these cities, the flora and fauna there were different. The bones of birds and animals, discovered in these cities show that there was an abundant vegetation and large forests there, where now a barren icy desert stretches itself. It was also possible to define the type of buildings—they were light structures, surrounded by a ditch and an earthen rampart.

What kind of people lived in this transpolar region in remote antiquity so far remains a historic problem, which scientists have to solve."

Such communications are extremely significant. From South America and from Siberia one justly expected revelations about the distant past. And now these regions of ancient settlements begin to give up their mysteries. It becomes clear once more, that the discoveries are not only not exhausted, but that it is more correct to say that they have not even properly started.

It is strange to remember how recently much was considered impossible. People scoffed at Schliemann's "fantasies" about Troya. People shrugged their shoulders when statues of Astarte were found in Kiev (Russia). The remarkable animal style was ignored. And not only was all this unknown and neglected, but forerunners of these discoverers were rejected.

To such historical confirmations there should be added also signs of other domains of science. People laughed when someone said he could receive radio waves without

a receiver. People laughed when a pipe in the kitchen suddenly began to reproduce radio music. Now there is food for more "laughter".

The press announces: "The so-called 'anomaly of the atmosphere' recorded periodically every 54th day by radio stations of all countries has lately become a matter of serious scientific research. The M. T. Telegraph Company conducts uninterrupted investigations, trying to solve this mysterious manifestation."

And as a result of these investigations some new facts were revealed. Thus it turned out that the phenomena took place as a rule on the 54th day, but sometimes as an exception on the 43rd day. All radio stations of the Far East were completely paralyzed for a certain period of time on February 8th, April 2nd, May 15th and May 27—28th. This phenomenon placed before the radio and astronomic investigators a most interesting problem. It was found that the phenomena coincided with the passing across the sun of the most intense solar spots.

As culminating point of the maximum and minimum phase of the phenomena was established the period of 27 days—that is to say, just that period during which the sun completes its full revolution around its axis.

However on May 15th the phenomenon occurred on the 43rd day, reckoning from April 2nd and this was an exception in the established periodicity. On May 23rd, that is to say, on the 54th day of the previous regular anomaly, the phenomenon was not observed and it took place only on May 27th and 28th, moreover on May 28th the anomaly was witnessed twice, at noon and at 3 p. m. The indicator of saturation of ions of the upper stratae of the atmosphere on May 26th, 27th and 28th also showed the presence of obvious irregularity of the state of the ion stratae.

Taking into consideration the mentioned facts and also that the year 1936 is the culminating point for the period of increase of the activity of the sun, which manifests itself

every 11th year, and taking into consideration that the radio irregularity takes place only during daytime—there can be no doubt that this phenomenon depends on solar activity.

On the base of scientific observations the hypothesis has been construed that the said phenomena are called forth by the active influence of the sun, which increases the density of the ion strata "E" to such an extent that it prevents the conductivity of the short frequency electric waves.

This also explains the fact that this phenomenon does not interfere with the long waves, which do not penetrate the ion strata but are transmitted in the immediate neighbourhood of the earth's surface.

Results of research during the full solar eclipse may, to a considerable extent, reveal the enigma of the ion stratae of the atmosphere, extending some hundred kilometres above the earth".

Such observations compel us once more to ponder upon a great many inexplicable conditions and possibilities, which rise before every searching eye. In the heat of disputes many phenomena are attributed to solar spots. Many "spots" should be investigated!

There is a story how once a certain ship was instructed to fulfil at midnight a secret sinister mission. The captain of the ship took every precaution to approach the indicated spot as quietly as possible; all lights were extinguished and not a single sound betrayed the presence of the ship. It seemed that every possible human precaution had been applied. But at the very moment when the ship had reached the destination, not having been heard or seen by anyone, there suddenly flashed up on the entire rigging the fires of St. Elm. Some power upset all human machinations!

Archangel of Asia

Perseus with his sword
Glittering in the eastern heaven,
A jewelled blade,
Discerned above the fires of evening,
Amid the multitude of lesser stars,
Is like a word,
Cast in explosion,
From some furnace of the Gods.

And all the oriental vault receives
His influence,
Wide stretching all the seas
Of Ether, glittering like vast companies
On march, along the shores of Night,
Lead on
By his direction.

And yet the full-orbed phase of light
Is still eclipsed,
In multitudinous ways,
And hardly known
To those not in the van of Time
Going on toward the Zone,
Whose deep sonorities
Shall still enshrine
The order and direction
Of our marching.

As a spray of fire
Within the vault of Night
The New Stars rise,
With slow and fatal step ;
The hour is grave,
And Asia, watching from below
Through all the immensities
Would seem to know
The day at hand,

When the great Fan of Dawn,
From land to land
Shall pierce the Night,
And to the sleeping world
Disclose
The ineffable Flower of Light.

Arch of the Himalaya,
Fountains stand
Within the vallies
Where the ridges blend
High over India,
Floods of the Living Light
Ferghana !
Solitude of Nature
Earthly Paradise !
There where the Pamir
Closes the road to Asia,
Again, within our gaze
Upon the Wheel of Time,
Athwart the Night,
Innumerable voices in command
Cry, "Stand"
Upon the Ecliptic of Eternity.

And now appear,
Waves, furling from a blue and luminous sea
And One, who leads them with his sword,
Too bright for human vision
Is the blade,
While the white-winged helmet
As a star,
Over the flame of His clear countenance
Burns through the Ether.

Hail O Vairochana !

And this is far above
The Mountains of the Day and Night,

Above the winds,
 Above the swaying tide of mortal minds,
 Yet all that passes here
 Can change below,
 The manner of Man's sight,
 His hopes that come and go
 In darkening strife,
 Fixed firm and guided on
 Toward an Inner Sun
 Source of all Life.

Here, where the Pamir
 Closes the road to Asia,
 Shall arise
 New Stars,
 And some new sign
 Within the skies.
 The Axis of another world to come
 From thence unto the Caucasus upborne
 On eagle wings like some great shaft of light,
 Piercing both East and West,
 The almighty might of the Spirit
 Blazing forth as some New Star
 Symbol and Sign
 Again,
 Of Vairochana!

—Barnett D. Conlan.

Indian Women

BY Mrs M. E. COUSINS

I

[Presiding over the All-Indian Women's Conference at Ahmedabad in December last, Mrs Cousins delivered an inspiring address which was, in effect, a call to our women-folk to take pride in their womanhood, plan their future and work for it. Particularly forceful and timely was her exhortation that the inauguration of the new Constitution was the psychological moment for women to take a step forward and declare their unity with the yearning of awakened India for the free control of its destinies. We give below the main portions of the address—Ed.]



OWADAYS people, especially men, are always asking us in critical tones, "And what has your Conference done? Aren't you disappointed with it?" Our ideal



was so high, our youthful hopes were so enthusiastic that when we have met with frustration, when we have to be patient, when personalities begin to creep in, when it is difficult to get fresh workers, and young people seem to be only frivolous, even our own women members are tempted to turn critical. I am not one such. I would like some-

one to write as my epitaph, "One of the Encouragers."

As President this year I want to inject fresh encouragement and enthusiasm into you and so I conceive it one of my privileges to bring rapidly before you some of the Conference achievements which should satisfy any fair-minded seeker for truth and should make us members proud of the past, of our Conference and hopeful of its future.

We have created an All-Indian organisation of 36 Constituent areas, with 114 Sub-Constituency areas whose annual gatherings have been training grounds in public service and public speaking unequalled in the country, and unique in India as they are carried through by women only. We have created a most remarkable union of women of all classes, creeds, races, castes. Though originally a band of the intelligentsia we now are a solidarity of sisters 'such as never existed before in India' ranging from Maharanees to Harijans, including Hindus, Muslims, Sikhs, and Christians, all feeling the common-link of Conference connection activities and friendships. We have also created a public opinion on women's questions of a strength which did not exist previously. We have raised the prestige, dignity, influence, power, and capacity of our united womanhood, and gained a new and deep appreciation from the public for women's ability and for their rights of citizenship,—a wider vision of women's sphere and responsibilities, nationally as well as domestically.

Chronologically, it was largely owing to our agitation and support that the Age of Consent Bill and the Sarda Act were passed. Our Memorandum on Educational Reform is a handbook to educational authorities and is constantly consulted by them. We founded a Women's Education Fund of six lakhs through which we have organised and established, the first Indian Women's College for Home Science and this Lady Irwin College is yearly growing in public favour and proving itself a model for an alternative new type of girls' education, which will have the most far-reaching results.

We have shared in the abolition of the Devadasi system, and the passing of the Brothels Bill, increased the number of Children's Acts, and the rescue of delinquent

children. We have gained such international reputation that visitors from foreign countries hasten to attend our Conferences. We have had such from Britain, America, Japan and this year Australia and the League of Nations. Our members have also been honoured special delegates to International Conferences in America and Istanbul. We also took the major share in bringing about the remarkable first All-Asian Conference in 1931 whose prestige and timeliness brought it into the circle of Women's Associations which form the Women's Consultative Committee of the League of Nations.

As regards our support of indigenous industries you have only to compare the saris we are wearing today with those videshi materials in which we were almost all arrayed in Poona in 1927 to be convinced of the sincerity and success of our promotion of Khaddar and Swadeshi as we followed the lead given to the country by Mahatma Gandhi, for we understood the necessity of economic self-help, and our responsibilities as the demanders and consumers of materials. In our annual exhibitions of indigenous industries in our many Conferences, and in our entertainments, woman is in her element as lover, expressor and stimulator of Beauty in Arts and Crafts and in the Fine Arts.

We have taken a lead in pointing to a solution of the dread problem of the menacing growth of population on this country. Our Conference has ranged itself on the side of eugenic, scientific Birth-Control through the dissemination of knowledge by recognised clinics of which those conducted by our Bombay Constituency since last year are examples worthy to be followed everywhere. I myself believe that dedicated self-control in the sex life is the highest ideal, but while people are growing to that perfection I believe also in using the help of Science to regulate the quality and quantity of the race, and especially to liberate physically and economically helpless mothers from too frequent and unwanted child-bearing amongst the general masses of humanity who have not the spiritual will to sublimate sex impulses. We must save by all health schemes a large proportion of the 2,00,000 Indian mothers,

who are yearly victims of maternity, and the millions of babies who are unnecessarily born only to die within their first year of life.

Then we can all be proud that as a result of our direct campaign for our political status through Memoranda, Deputations, Conferences, Publicity, the new Constitution will give India the premier place among the nations of the world in respect of the number of her women legislators, for by March there will be 41 women occupying seats in the various Legislatures of the land, with 15 more to be added if and when the Federal scheme begins to function.

The mere recital of these achievements will hearten us for our future struggles, will increase our pride in our womanhood as such, and develop our sex loyalty, creating a new atmosphere and mentality which is as valuable as any concrete piece of legislation, new reform in education, or local item of constructive work.

II

THE TASK AHEAD

Yet these gains are only as drops in the ocean of our country's needs. It is true that we have wide and deep cause for disappointment. The continued illiteracy of the country is heart-breaking to those who love India. In twenty years the percentage of literacy of Indian women has not risen from two to three per cent. An enquiry by a Committee of the Government of Madras this year reported that there was no money available for this desirable reform, and in the Central Provinces we saw the opposition of the Government to Mrs. Tambe's gallant attempt to introduce a Bill to give Compulsory Primary Education to girls only. Gokhale claimed that two-thirds of the national revenues should be spent on education. Under the present system of government only 8% of these Indian revenues is allotted to education. While India spends only 8 crores for 350 million people on elementary education, Britain spends 86 crores for only 40 million, and the United States spends 347 crores for 130 million. (*Planned Economy for India* by Visweswarayya.) Even within the meagre amount available for education here we women

are not getting a fair deal. Fourteen times more money is spent on boys' education than on girls'. The Governor of Bombay himself suggested recently that these disproportionate amounts should be adjusted by Government so as to raise the literacy of women "which is a great obstacle to the progress of society." It is appalling that only one out of every 100 girls gets elementary education, and only one out of every 1,000 girls gets secondary education. At the rate we are moving it will be a thousand years before India catches up in education with other nations! Yet Russia has shown the world that she could become literate in 20 years. We women can legitimately ask in the interests of our children, however, that two-thirds of the large amount that is being given to each Province as a Birthday gift to the New Constitution shall be immediately allocated for spreading elementary education as "the safest and most valuable investment for the future". (Visweswarayya). We should know that while England spends on her defence only 12% of her revenues, Switzerland 9%, and the U. S. A. 14%, the expenditure on the army of this most peaceful country is 25%. The first recommendation of the Inchcape Commission for retrenchment was the Army estimates. We women look to its further retrenchment to set free money for nation-building services. The people are already too taxed for the Provinces to squeeze them further. Our Indian administration is the most costly in the world, said a Royal Commission on the subject. While the purse-strings are compulsorily withheld from Indian control in such manner that over 50% of the central and provincial national revenues is consumed by army, law, order and administration there is no hope of liquidating illiteracy. History has proved that that can only be done by the full resources of a free nation.

In electoral matters we find to our disappointment that our elected women will be the chosen of men and of vested interests of groupings of men rather than in any way representatives of women, because men voters are nearly seven times as many as women. It has been especially painful to us that the political parties have put forward

only a couple of women for general seats despite the pleadings of the Congress President and though it was evident from the election of women for Municipalities and from the immense success of Mrs. Rukmani Lakshmipathi for the general constituency seat of Madras City for the Legislative Council that our sex is no barrier to election victories. The whole election subject is a muddle without principle or consistency. It can be set right only by the substitution of adult franchise, and we will continue to work for that with might and main, to obtain our freedom from the undesired and unnatural qualification of marriage, and the disparity of numbers, and the limitations of a monetary status instead of a human and rational status. As for the virus of communalism that has been forced on us the only way to get rid of it is to vote for candidates who pledge themselves to remove communal electorates.

Our immediate new task is to improve further our organisation by establishing a permanent Central Office in Delhi and by securing the whole-time services of a Travelling Secretary who will be an inspirer of all the Constituencies, a circulating library of information between us all, and a stimulator of great expansion of local effort. The public owes us something for our past work. We invite and expect from it, from wise philanthropists and from our Constituencies generous contributions towards the scheme for collecting two lakhs of rupees as the Endowment Fund which will give the annual income necessary for putting this organisation on a stable foundation instead of the hand-to-mouth undignified existence it has so far had.

Our members should individually increase their efforts in the work they are already doing, so as to spread health, purity, beauty, recreation, enlightenment, knowledge, prosperity, freedom, happiness. It is not subtraction of schemes, but multiplication of workers we want and of numbers of the schools, hostels, creches, women's parks, classes in Hindi, clinics, rural training centres, demonstration of communal unity, anti-drink campaigns and Civic groups, Harijan services, Vigilance Committees, and dozens of other fine schemes which different localities are carrying on.

The example of Travancore will give us all added zest to push forward temple entry and full equal social rights for all Harijans as one of our foremost all-Indian schemes this coming year. Naturally we shall all engage ourselves next February in using our votes for the best candidates for the elections, through which we want to show the mass mind of the more widely enfranchised and representative India.

We must also as an entire Conference get into touch with our sisters in the villages, fields, factories. We must know their lives at first hand if we want to speak in the name of the mass of Indian womanhood. These agriculturists and industrialists form 7,000 out of every 10,000 of the population, and actual wage-earning women form 2,000 out of every 7,000. Let us live in a village as Gandhiji is living in Shevgaon so that we may get to grips with it and help the people who are living each on an average at a rate of As. 2 per day. Only through the documentation of the heart will we get the courage and will to plan wisely and carry through practically a new social and economic order where the wealth that exists in this land and the necessities that are produced in it may be shared equitably and sanely, "with knowledge free, and the head held high."

In the study of fundamentals we women have to create new standards. All women's struggles for reforms when analysed are our expression of revolt against a double standard. There has been acquiescence everywhere in the idea that there shall be one standard for men, and another different standard for women. There is a double standard in morality, in wages, in education, in citizenship, in opportunities for work and service, in religion. Here lies the centre of the women's movement. Having become aware of the injustices, cruelty and depreciation under which the mass of women suffer because of the double standard we are determined to establish ourselves as an order of humanity equal in spiritual degree to our brothers, and in every section of the social and economic framework to be valued by the economic worth of the work we do, not by sex. Last year our President, the Maharani of Travancore, said truly, "The solution of women's problems

depends on securing for them, in marriage and out of it, economic independence. There must be freedom to work outside the home, and economic partnership in the home."

I take this torch from Her Highness and carry it forward by demanding that the married women in the home be legally entitled in her own right as a co-worker for the family and the country to a defined proportion of the income of her living husband, a due proportion of his assets when he dies, and if he has none, then the State should give her a pension and a maintenance allowance for each child up to sixteen years of age while she rears them as Wards of State. This is not so-called endowment of motherhood. It is the expression of the economic value of the *work* of the women in the homes. Unless this economic value is given to women who work in the homes all laws giving the widow property and inheritance rights are only a minor detail of the revaluation of women needed. They are only mending the edges of a fundamental problem. Without economic rights in the home women will continue to be the suppressed sex dependent on the generosity, patronage, sentimentality of the artificially-made-superior sex, and she cannot have self-respect or self-reliance but imbibes an inferiority complex, thinking also that her great hard work of mothering and caring for the race is her curse instead of her worthy vocation. At present a premium is placed on women's work outside the home, its hours, physical conditions, wages are regulated. But the woman who minds the house and the children and the food has no *locus standi* in the organised world of labour. For that woman who will ever be the majority type of womanhood, we Conference women will dream dreams and we will work for her legalised economic status till she stands liberated from inferiority and drudgery, valued as a worker within the home legally and financially as highly as the man or woman worker outside the home.

III

WOMEN AND NATIONAL FREEDOM

Since the Vedic times we women have been a subject sex. India to-day is a subject country. We say, "Can man

be free if woman be a slave?" We go further and say, "Can the Indian man or woman be free if India be a slave?" Over and over again we are made aware of Indian national powerlessness. In the new Constitution we are beset with "safeguards", not of our own desiring. War-clouds are over Europe. Our Conference has declared itself against war. Can the Indian people have any control over the use of Indian soldiery abroad if war should again overwhelm Europe?

The tide of national consciousness has risen high in the last ten years. The people state now everywhere that they want the government of the country wholly in their own control. We women in this Conference are part of the people. We cannot separate ourselves from them. We are in our own way a representative cross-section of the people. How can we remain dumb about national freedom, the very basis of all great reforms? We need a circumference for our ever-widening circles of needed reforms. First we formulated our resolutions for education, then for social reforms, later for political status, thus widening our work to political idealism of a non-party character. But within what conspectus of India as a nation are we working? We have not defined it. In this we are working in a vacuum. We are illogical. We are non-patriotic in the greater issue of national freedom while showing ourselves patriotic in lesser details. Our whole Conference mentality has been moving yearly towards a Declaration of our aspiration for National Freedom. A Muslim President of a Constituent Conference in an Indian State said last month that our work for political advancement is as necessary as our work for humane relationships or economic prosperity. One of our speakers at the Half-Yearly meetings said, "Our excursions into the political arena must be left to critical times." The inauguration of a new Constitution is such a time. In my opinion it is the psychological moment for our Conference to take a step forward, and for us to declare our unity with the yearning of awakened India for the free control of its destinies. The subjection of poor Ethiopia during the past year has raised higher than ever the longing of India to

regain its lost sovereignty. The demand for Swaraj is not a Party question. National self-government is a racial birthright above the divisions of Party ways and means of securing or maintaining it. There is no regulation in our Constitution to prevent us from expressing ourselves on this paramount subject. Has not the political status of the whole country as much to do with the welfare of women and children as the political status of women within an admittedly unsatisfactory new Constitution? By enunciating our national aspiration we set ourselves right with the country. We will not thereby become a Party. Our members will use the Congress and other existent political organisations and their own environmental necessities as their self-chosen means of working politically.

Said the great Hindu law-giver, MANU,

"Self-rule is bliss. *Servam atmavasham sukam.*
Every other rule is misery." *Servam paravasham dukkam.*

Knowing our members and Constituencies intimately as I do, I make bold to say that there is not one of us who will not rejoice if we pass a resolution at the earliest possible moment declaring that we unite as a Conference with the country's demand for political freedom because it is our birthright, because it is a principle, and because it alone will give full effect to the social and economic freedom of women and secure our desired welfare of children. Our first mandate to our 56 women legislators must be; "Work first for political liberty, for liberation from subjection both internal and external, and side by side with that supreme task work for all our already expressed ideals and reforms."

My final thought must be again for the individual women, for our Country and our Conference are alike made up of individuals. Each of us women is Divine in our nature. Let us identify ourselves with the eternal God, or Good, or One Life, which is the very Well-Spring of our Being, and from the realisation of the Powers of that Unity go forth from this Conference re-vivified and re-charged with spiritual and patriotic energy for carrying on all our crusades.

Ideal Conversion

BY P. N. V. RAO, M. A.



R. AMBEDKAR'S periodical threats, in his individual capacity and as the leader of the Harijan community, to renounce Hinduism as a protest against age-long oppression and neglect, and to embrace any other democratic religion, have given rise to considerable thought and controversy in regard to the import, purpose and procedure of conversion. True conversion has been stated to be of the heart and from the heart. A deep rooted spiritual conviction can alone sanction such procedure. While any fitful changes of religion are only one of convenience, prompted more often than not by some material considerations, conversion ought not to be a mere theatrical gesture or be done with a bargaining mood. Then it is simply a perversion of its real purpose.

This conception of conversion is, of course, ideal, and it is too much certainly to expect that the masses who lend themselves at times to be labelled after some religion or other are actuated by such high impulses. Still, there are outstanding examples of a few men and women who really experience that inward conversion of the soul. One's thought immediately goes to names like Sister Nivedita, Rev. C. F. Andrews, Dr. Annie Besant and such illustrious "Friends of India", who have for years devoted their lives to understand and interpret the profound greatness of Hindu religion and philosophy, who have, in short, become real Advaitins, that highest stage of spiritual evolution, which transcends all differences and comprehends Oneness in All. A formal conversion is hardly necessary in such instances. Still, an indication ought to be given to the world for the expression of that inward change of faith, and that is done by a change of name.

Dr. James H. Cousins, Principal of the Madanapalle College, is a great admirer of India, Hindu culture and

religion. For years he has lived in India, interpreting the comprehensiveness of Hinduism and its unique elasticity so as to suit itself to all sizes and stages of spiritual evolution. He has thus been a real Hindu all these years and has that unshakable conviction which warrants a conversion even from the highest standards of judgment.

As an ardent and practical Theosophist, Dr. Cousins has no exclusions, for all religions are the same, partaking of common fundamentals and proceeding, it may be in different paths, but towards the same goal. All the same, he can have a personal preference as regards a mode of religious aspiration. And he has after years of intimate living of the ideals of Hindu religion, embraced the opportunity, given by the Proclamation of the Maharaja of Travancore to those who are "Hindus by religion," to make a formal declaration of his acceptance of Hinduism. Accordingly he was received into the community of Hindu worship recently at Trivandrum and he has taken the Hindu name of Jayaram. Learned Pandits and Brahmin Scholars conducted the ceremony of reception after which Kulapathi Jayaram worshipped in the temple of Sri Padmanabha, now known the World over as the royal place of worship in Travancore which has been thrown open for all persons irrespective of any considerations of caste and community or race owing to the noble and epoch-making act of His Highness the Maharaja in throwing open the State Temples to all who are "Hindus by birth or religion."

The statement made by Dr. Cousins on the occasion breathes an air of sincerity and reveals an intimate understanding of the greatness of Hinduism. It is further specially happy that the magnificence of the Travancore Temple Entry Proclamation should have been followed by an episode of equal importance and significance, involving the Proclamation of the spiritual universality of Hinduism by a renowned Savant of culture and devoted servant of India like Dr. James H. Cousins.

The Dardenelles

By C. R. MYLERU, M. A.

“HE Dardenelles” is the name given to the southern of the two narrow straits, dividing Europe from Asia Minor. It was known by the appellation of “the Helles pont” in the days of Greece and Rome. It is about forty miles in length and one to four miles broad in different places. There is always a strong current in the Dardenelles from the Black Sea, flowing into the Mediterranean Sea. Shakespeare refers to this current in his *Othello*, Act III sc. IV. Says Othello to Iago :

“Never Iago. Like to the Pontic sea,
Whose icy current and compulsive course
Ne’er feels retiring ebb, but keeps due on
To the Propontis and to the Hellespont.”

In a similar way Othello continues, “my bloody thoughts, with violent pace, shall never look back, till a capable and wide revenge swallow them up”. Commenting on this passage, Swinburne said “This is one of the most precious jewels that even the prodigal after thought of a poet bestowed upon the rapture of his hearers”, while the matter-of-fact Pope had condemned it as “an unnatural excursion which should be omitted”.

This strait and the strait of Bosphorus, occupy very important geographical positions. They link up the Mediterranean and other seas with the rich basin of the Danube, with the great plains of South Russia the agricultural and mineral wealth of Transcancasia, and the fertile coastlands of Northern Anatolia. It is as important as the Suez Canal or the Panama Canal ; no, even more important than these two. For, if the latter two were destroyed by an earthquake it is still possible to go round the Cape of Good Hope or Cape Horn, and reach the countries beyond the seas ; but, if the Dardenelles were destroyed the consequences to the trade of Southern Russia and the Danubian countries would be terrible.

There are a number of islands near the entrance to the Strait, the most important among them being, Lemnos,

Imbros, Samothrace, Tenedos. In the sea of Marmora also there are some islands, like Marmara, Aphiosi, and Emir Ali Adasi.

Gallipoli and Constantinople are the chief towns, both on the European side of the Straits of Dardanelles and Bosphorus respectively.

There are a number of stories centring round the Dardanelles or Hellespont, as it was called in the ancient days, the most important among them being, that of Hero and Leander, which Marlowe has treated in his well-known poem bearing that name. Hero, the fair dwelt at Sestos, a city on the European side of the strait, while Leander a handsome youth, lived at Abydos, a town on the Asiatic side. One day during the festival of Venus, when he happened to visit Sestos he saw Hero, who was a nun in the temple of Venus and immediately fell in love with her. She also was smitten with love for him, and they vowed to each other that they would meet each other every night. Leander would swim across the channel every night from Abydos to Sestos and come to Sestos and spend the night with his love, and return early in the morning to his own place. She used to guide him to her castle on the shore by standing on the cliffs with a lighted torch. But one night when he was in the sea coming towards her, a terrific tempest overtook him, and he was drowned. She waited and waited for him, but he never came. When she saw his corpse washed ashore the next morning, she threw herself into the sea from a lofty cliff, and died. Byron in the 19th century, when he visited Turkey, remembered the story of Hero and Leander as soon as he saw the Dardanelles, and wishing to emulate the exploit of Leander, swam across the Strait; one doesn't know whether he also had a Hero waiting for him on the opposite shore!—very likely there might have been one, for aught we know of him and his ways.

Legends and stories apart, the question of the control of the Straits supplies the principal thread in the tangled political skein, generally called "The Eastern Question". It has played a very important part in history. Before the

dawn of history, the Dardanelles and Bosphorus were used as ferries to and from Asia by migrant tribes. During the Peloponnesian war the Athenians were defeated at Aegospotami on the Dardanelles, which was the most decisive battle in the war. The Macedonian kingdom under Philip, and the Empire under his son Alexander comprised, naturally, the Dardanelles region also. At no time in the history of those regions, has there been a separate kingdom consisting of the parts around the Dardanelles and the Bosphorus, because, the land is not very fertile, and no kingdom can hope to flourish without having more fertile territories elsewhere, where from it could get the articles of necessity for daily life, it wanted; but once or twice attempts were made to set up a Pontine kingdom, as for example by Lysirachus (who was a general under Alexander), and by Mithradates of Pontus. But, these were very short-lived.

When the Romans stepped into the shoes of the Greeks as the torch-bearers of the ancient civilization, they extended their Empire also to the Dardanelles and beyond. They founded the City of Constantinople or rather changed the name of Byzantium to Constantinople, in the time of Emperor Constantine in A. D. 330. He chose the city as the new Eastern Rome, or capital of the Eastern part of the Roman Empire to keep it intact. Thenceforth it came to be called the Byzantine Empire, Strong and civilized, it was without doubt, the best guardian of the Straits the world has ever seen.

In 1453 when the Turks who had become powerful by then, conquered Constantinople, the Black Sea, the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles became Turkish lakes more or less. Till the year 1565, Turkish power in those regions was at its zenith. It became a great naval power in the Baltic, and Mediterranean also. But when it began to decline towards the end of the 19th century, it meant general European interference, which of course has meant that the question of the Straits, has swayed the policy of Europe from 1700 onwards to Montreaux. The decline of Turkey coincided with the emergence of Russia as a

united power, which had realised its economic potentialities. Naturally the question of her getting access to the Mediterranean from the Black Sea, became paramount. Consequently there was friction between Russia and Turkey which was the guardian of the Straits; but Turkey weak and powerless was easily defeated, and made to agree to the *Treaty of Kuchuck Kainardji* in 1774. It was the starting of the long process by which the Czar's soldiers were brought to the gates of Constantinople. The result of the Treaty was this, Russia got a formal Protectorate over the orthodox Christians who were subjects of Turkey, and, therefore, the former got the right to interfere into the internal affairs of the Ottoman Empire. But this also produced another result. This made the other European powers wake up and see that it was not in their interest to allow Russia to become a great power by swallowing up Turkey. Hence Turkey in decline was as great a menace to the peace of Europe as Turkey in power. But nothing immediate and practical was done to prevent the carrying out of the designs of Russia against Turkey. In 1833 the *Treaty of Unkiar Skelessi* was signed by Turkey, according to the secret clauses of which she agreed to go to the help of Russia whenever wanted. This help was to be in the form of closing the Straits to every vessel other than her own, and prevent it from entering the Strait and the Black Sea. After this treaty Turkey virtually became a vassal state of Russia, doing her behests and obeying her orders. But this gain was not to last long. When Palmerston was Foreign Secretary, he realised the seriousness of the problem, and determined to keep the "Sickman of Europe"—as the Tsar Nicholas called him—living by any chance: the *Crimean War* was the result, and according to the *Treaty of Paris* 1856 the Russian position was brought very low indeed. She was forbidden to maintain any warships, and to have any naval stations in the Black Sea. "A Straits convention" was concluded between the Sultan and six European powers. The powers recognised the ancient empire of Turkey. Russia felt her humiliation after the Treaty very keenly. The Tsar seems to have said

after the event at a meeting to his ministers: "Yes, it was an act of cowardice (signing the treaty). I shall never do it again". Her position improved a little after the *Congress of Berlin* in 1878.

The next stage in this question is marked by the entry of Germany into the fray. On Bismarck's fall, Kaiser Wilhelm II assumed power. He wanted to extend German influence in the East, as against England. He planned a railway from Berlin to Turkey. He was anxious to harness Pan-Islamism in his favour. He sent General Liman Von Sanders, a great German captain to train the Turkish soldiers in modern methods of warfare. Naturally when the Great War broke out Turkey was Germany's ally. The Allies tried to gain a footing in the Gallipoli Peninsula; in spite of the brilliant leadership of Sir Ian Hamilton they failed miserably. General Sanders and his Turkish soldiers proved themselves to be invincible. In the whole history of the Great War, which was a success for the Allies in every scene of battle, it was in the Dardenelles alone, that they were not able to make any headway. After the end of the War, the question of the Straits was not settled because, Russia the principal power among the Allies who should be most interested in the matter, was occupied with the Revolution at home; and the Bolshevists did not care very much for this question. They had quite a lot of things to attend to even in their own country. Now entered Greece into the picture, and claimed the control of the Dardenelles, as being the rightful descendants of the old Byzantine Empire. In the meantime, there were baseless rumours of the massacre of Christians by Turks in Ionia. An army of Greek soldiers was despatched to Smyrna. But they were annihilated by Mustapha Kemal Pasha, who had become the leader of the popular "young Turk party" in Turkey. By that time the Allies had concluded the Treaty of Sevres with the old Government at Constantinople. It was one of the most fantastic treaties imaginable, and when the "young Turks" under Kemal came to hear of it after their victory against the Greeks at Smyrna, they repudiated it, and Allies were forced to conclude another treaty with

them at Lausanne in 1923. At the treaty negotiations the Turks were treated more like equals than as the vanquished.

By the Treaty of Lausanne and the "Straits' Convention", which was appended to it, Turkey had to demilitarise both the shores of the Bosphorus and the Dardanelles, and some of the islands in the Aegean and Marmora Seas. She was allowed to keep a garrison of 12,000 men at Constantinople. She should allow the Straits free to all merchantmen and warships in times of peace. But in time of war, when she was a party, she was not obliged to open the Straits. The control of the Straits was taken off from Turkey and handed over to an International Commission with Turkey as Chairman. In case of any unprovoked attack against Turkey by any power, a Committee, consisting of Great Britain, France, Italy, and Japan, promised to go to her help. Both the Commissions were to work under the auspices of the League of Nations.

When the League failed to settle the Italo Abyssinian dispute, and when Hitler marched into the Rhineland and remilitarised it, and when all the Powers of Europe had begun to rearm at a terrific rate, Turkey, rightly demanded, that this treaty ought to be revised, and that she should be given power to remilitarise the demilitarised portions of the Straits and the islands in the Aegean Sea and the Sea of Marmora. Luckily, the Powers concerned agreed immediately to her request dated 10th April 1936, and a conference was arranged at Montreaux near Chillon on the shores of Lake Geneva in Switzerland—on the shores of which is Geneva where the League also meets—and the revision to the treaty of Lausanne was signed on 18th July. There was absolutely no trouble in the proceedings, except for the stiff attitude of Great Britain with regard to the Russian proposition that the Straits should be opened to all warships of the countries, working under the League Covenant, and other Pacts as for example the Franco Soviet Pact, concluded under the framework of the League. England objected to it. This made Russia and France suspicious of Great Britain's intentions. People believed, that in the coming war, England might probably side with

Germany as against Russia and France. Bertrand Russel actually wrote a letter to the "New Statesman and Nation", taking this for granted, and gave reasons in the course of his letter, urging England to do no such thing. But luckily matters were smoothed over, and England agreed to an amendment according to which, she was for allowing the warships of all nations working under the Pacts concluded within the framework of the League, to which Turkey also was a party. Russia too agreed because she knew she could easily persuade Turkey to become a signatory to the Franco-Soviet Pact. Italy kept out of the whole proceedings, as a protest against her conquest of Ethiopia not being recognised by the League. But all the other powers signed the revised treaty. It is in force for 20 years. All the powers congratulated Turkey on the excellent way in which she achieved the revision of an old treaty, thereby, hinting that Hitler had not done the right thing in his unilateral repudiation of the Locarno Treaty. The Montreaux Treaty is a long document consisting of 29 articles and 4 annexes.

The result of the treaty was, International control of the Straits was taken away, and given to Turkey back again. Therefore, it is a distinct loss to Internationalism. Russia has had her own way because as things stand, she can persuade Turkey to open and close, the Straits whenever she wants, by making her a party to the *Franco Soviet* Pact.

As an Australian paper, the Sidney "Sun", wrote immediately after the signing of the revised Treaty at Montreaux, Turkey is in a position, or will be justified if she did by her behaviour, to open an International School of Department for the instruction of European nations. This treaty has really inspired people with some hope, that it is possible even at the present day to discuss political matters in a calm atmosphere and arrive at useful and valuable results. It is a matter for congratulation that the Anglo-Egyptian question also should have been settled amicably by discussion. May we hope that the problem of India also would have a similar easy and satisfactory solution?

A. E.—the Social Philosopher

BY P. R. SRINIVASAN, B. A. (Hons.)

I

TO be a poet and a practical man of affairs is to achieve the rarest of combinations. It was given to A. E., the great Irish poet and patriot who passed away in July, 1935, to achieve this combination.

A. E. was a poet as well as a practical man of affairs. He combined in himself the talents of the painter, the poet and journalist. He presented a rare union of the divine intoxication, the other-worldliness of the mystic, and the robust commonsense, the capacity for steady work of the social worker. Thus, A. E. the mystical poet, full of the "madness which rightly should possess a poet's brain," "pinnacled dim in the intense inane," "distilling into everlasting lyrics the wisdom and beauty of the infinite", was also the Editor of *The Irish Homestead*, the author of the book, "Co-operation", and an indefatigable worker in the cause of agricultural co-operation.

A. E. was, therefore, as W. M. Clyde observes, no St. Simeon Stylites squatting on a lofty pillar, pursuing his meditations, the world forgetting, by the world forgot. He was, on the other hand, eminently practical. He used "the gift, developed by his excursions into the many-coloured land, for separating the essential from the inessential, in the service of his country, and worked throughout his life at the reconstruction of Irish life."

A. E. wanted to lay the foundations of a new social order and create a new civilization in Ireland. He had what may be called a definite social philosophy. His plans and schemes for the regeneration of Ireland, based on this philosophy, should be of interest to all engaged in the work of social reconstruction.

II

G. W. Russel, or A. E. was born at the village of Lurgan on April 10, 1867. At the age of seven, he removed to the

city of Dublin with his family and settled down there. He received his early education at the well-known Rathmines School kept by one Dr. Benson. Childhood indeed shows the man; for even during these early years the young Russel displayed a real taste for painting and bade fair to blossom into a great artist. He was naturally sent to a school of art and here he met for the first time W. B. Yeats as a fellow-student. Both were young men of unique gifts and were irresistibly drawn to each other. Here were thus laid the foundations of a life-long friendship—a friendship that will go down to history as one of the memorable and most fruitful literary friendships of the age.

The period of A. E.'s stay at the art school was very short. He entered a year later the house of Pims, a commercial firm, and for a dozen years he remained, "a slave to petty tasks, pining for the quiet of the woods." Like Charles Lamb, "who wrote and wrote till the wood entered his soul." A. E. was also for some years "manacled to the mechanical world." He had to spend some years in the busy office, "with little heaps of paper mounting before him, moment by moment."

These years, however, constituted an important period in his life—a period marked by great spiritual and intellectual development. They were for him years of ecstatic spiritual experiences, years crowded with "adventures of the soul". As he himself says: "Earth began more and more to bewitch me, and to lure me to her heart with honied entreaty. I was an exile from living nature, but yet she visited me. Her ambassadors were visions that made me part of themselves." Like Michael, whose adventures he has celebrated in one of his long poems, A. E. also became a voyager to the Heaven world. He entered on a career of mental travelling. He began to experience the romance and delight of "voyaging upon uncharted seas." The thrill and excitement of his inner life more than compensated for the gloom and monotony of his outward life. The beauty of the realm which was the scene of his psychic adventures offset the petty circumstance of daily life. It

was during these years that G. W. Russel developed and perfected by means of mental and spiritual exercises, his powers of vision. He began to train himself for higher adventures of the soul. He set himself to attaining mastery over the will and "entered on the path of fiery brooding". Concentration and meditation resulted in a growing luminousness in his brain. "There came," says A. E., "through meditation a more powerful orientation of my being as if to a hidden sun, and my thoughts turned more and more to the spiritual life of earth. All the needles of being pointed to it. The love I had for nature as garment of that deity grew deeper. That which was my own came to me as it comes to all men. That which claimed me drew me to itself. I had my days and nights of freedom."

A. E. once said to one of his friends, "Having to drudge at things you're not particularly interested in when you're young, may create by polarity the clearest notion of what you want to do. Your real nature will be revealed to yourself. I drugged away for years at an office when I was young, and realised that I was a poet." These years saw George William Russel emerging into the world of art and letters as a Painter and poet. His real nature was revealed to himself, and like Paul in the Avatars, he became incessantly creative. "He went on painting, intoxicated with the beauty he saw and the beauty he imagined." He also now began "to make music," and sing songs.

W. B. Yeats and J. W. Russel now gathered about them a group of young persons, all, like themselves, troubled by the spirit, and began to interest themselves in mystical investigations. *The Irish Theosophist* was later on launched into existence and it became the organ of the society. George Russel's first songs were written for this paper. It was also during this period that he came by the pen-name—A.E.—by which he is now known to the whole world. How he came to adopt this as his pen-name is thus described by Dr. J. H. Cousins: "The greater part of the paper was written by his own hand, under a number of different pen-names, each pen-name being chosen to express a different personality. Thus he invented the name 'Aeon'

to express a certain part of his deliverance; but the printer, not knowing the word, set the first diphthong, and put a query for the rest. Struck with the fancy suggested to him, young Russel stroke out the query and left the diphthong—Æ—under which most of his characteristic work, afterward gathered into books, was printed. He came to use the same sign at the foot of his drawings, and both as writer and painter he was known as 'A.E.'"

The poems written for *The Theosophist* and published in it were collected and published in 1894 in one volume under the title "Homeward: Songs by the Way.", and this was followed in 1897 by another volume of poems—"The Earth Breath." These two volumes won for A.E. recognition as a born votary of the poetic muse and he was hailed as one of the poets of the Irish Renaissance. He became one of the chief figures in the movement—The Irish Literary and Dramatic Revival—a movement which, in the words of a critic, has made Dublin "one of the intellectual centres of the world."

In the meantime A. E. had severed his connection with Pims and had become a member and organiser of the Irish Agricultural Society, founded by Horace Plunkett. He thus stepped into a new sphere of activity. He threw himself heart and soul into the work of organising co-operative societies. In 1905 he gave up the work of organising, and assumed charge of the editorship of *The Irish Homestead*—the organ of the society. The work that he did as the Editor of this journal also gave him the inspiration for writing the two well-known books, "Co-operation and Nationality" and "National Being." The invitation extended to him in 1917 by Mr. Asquith to take part in the deliberations of the Irish Convention was a clear recognition of the work he had done for the promotion of the economic welfare of Ireland. In the year 1925, he became the Editor of *The Irish Statesman*.

III

Civilisations, says A. E., are externalisation of the soul of races. It is, therefore, only by developing the soul of a people that a great civilisation can be built up, and the soul

of a people, as Lord Haldane pointed out in one of his addresses, must be looked for in the spirit and ideals that inspire and animate the people. Political, economic, and social institutions will merely reflect the ideals of the nation and the higher the ideals the nobler will those institutions be. Civilisations, as A.E. says, are majestic or mean, according to the treasure of beauty, imagination, will, and thought laid up in the soul of the people.

Progress in the material sphere is conditioned by progress in the moral sphere. Politics and Economics, therefore, "have their roots in sacred or spiritual things." Politicians and economists who pin their faith to certain political and economic institutions and hope to achieve progress merely through them are persons who have not touched the fundamentals but who have been engaged "in passionate attempts at the readjustment of the superficialities of things."

The "building up of the inner world" is the essential condition of national progress. The building up of this world is the work of poets and artists, men of letters, scholars, thinkers and philosophers. They are the unacknowledged legislators of the world. "They are the persons who create in widest commonalty the ideals which dominate society and regulate the policy of statesmen and the actions of citizens." "It is the work of the artist," says A.E., 'to create for us images of desirable life, to manifest to us the ideal humanity.' A nation, therefore, needs for its progress not only men of action but also men of vision—scholars, thinkers and artists, who will permeate society with new principles, "populate the desert depths of national consciousness with real thought and turn the void into a fulness."

A. E. was, strange as it may sound, for democracy in economics and for aristocracy in politics. He wanted that the aristocratic principle, which should have no place in economic life, should reign in the sphere of politics. There must be full scope in the political sphere for the development and expression of genius in whomsoever it may exist. There must be a real respect for talents and

the nation must choose the greatest men as its leaders and thus enable them to use their powers in the service of the country. Says A. E.:

It is in leadership above all that we need, not the aristocracy of birth, but the aristocracy of character in intellect and will. It is best for us, to fall back on what is natural with us—a respect for the aristocratic intellect, for freedom of thought, ideals, poetry and imagination—as the qualities to be looked for in leaders." A.E. is thus, an advocate of "Government by the best," and a believer in hero-worship. "We were more truly Irish," he observes, "in the heroic ages. We could not then have taken as we do to-day, the huckster or the publican and allow them to corrupt the national soul."

The aristocratic principle must have full sway in the intellectual sphere also. A.E. is a doughty champion of "liberty of thought and freedom of opinion". He is for intellectual diversity. Says Leroy in the book, 'Interpreters' "Let us all be individual, myriad-minded, God-like, acting from our wills and centres—" A.E. says in his book, "The National Being.": "We should regard as alien to the national spirit all who would make us think in flocks, and discipline us to an unintellectual commonalty of belief. The life of the soul is a personal adventure, a quest for the way and the truth and the life." The charge A.E. commits to the youth of the time, is

Against the sceptred myth to hold
The golden heresy of youth.

He, therefore, strongly feels that the first fundamental idea inspiring an Irish polity, and for the matter of that, any polity, must be the idea of freedom in all spheres of thought. It is only then that a nation can produce a multitude of aristocratic thinkers who give glory to the people and make them of service to other nations.

"Democracy in Economics" means that the devilish principle of every-man for himself should not be the keynote of economic life. Individualism must be banished from economics and the general good, and not the enrichment of the individual, should be the goal. The communal character must completely permeate the social order. A.E.

is therefore, a great champion and advocate of co-operation. He wanted that the co-operative principle should form the basis of the national civilisation and he dreamt of an economic commonwealth or a co-operative democracy. Co-operation will break up the evil and petty isolation of man from man, and link up the individuals with one another, and evolve an economic brotherhood. It will make men "truly citizens, thinking in terms of the nation, indentifying national with personal interests." It will also lead to the complete democratic control of economic life and thus will strike at the roots of individualism in economics.

A. E. was fully alive to the importance of rural reconstruction. "The country" he says, "is the fountain of the life and health of a race." The call—back to the villages—rings out in many passages in his book—the *National Being*. "It is necessary for the preservation of the physical health and beauty of our race that our people should live more in the country and less in the cities. More and more men and women in our modern civilisation drift out of nature, out of sweet air, health, strength, beauty, into the cities, where in the third generation there is a rickety population, mean in stature, vulgar or depraved in character, with the image of the devil in mind and matter more than the image of deity." Is there any prophet, any statesman, any leader, who will—as Moses once led the Israelites out of the Egyptian bondage—excite the human imagination and lead humanity back to nature, to sunlight, starlight, earth-breath, sweet-air, beauty, gaiety, and health?" A. E. was therefore, not at all enamoured of city life. "These cities," he says in *The Avatars*, "are the last trap set for the spirit of man to draw him from nature and from himself.....The people who live in them are kind, but, oh, so unhappy. They fly from one sensation to another and the way from body to soul is lost. They are rich inconceivably without, but paupers within." A. E., therefore, deplores very much the modern dissatisfaction with rural life and stresses the need for a fundamental philosophy concerning rural life. Life in villages must be made as attractive as in towns. It must become possible

for a person to live as intense, intellectual and progressive a life in the country as in towns. He says: "It is one of the illusions of modern materialistic thought to suppose that as high a quality of life is not possible in a village as in a city, and it ought to be one of the aims of rural reformers to dissipate this fallacy and to show that it is possible to bring comfort enough to satisfy any reasonable person, and to create a society, where there will be intellectual life and human interests. We will then hear little of the rural exodus." The chief problem, according to A. E., which every nation in greater or lesser measure will have to solve is, how to enable the countryman, without journeying, to satisfy to the full his economic, social, intellectual, and spiritual needs.

The building up of a rural civilization is what is required for national progress. The practical suggestion offered by A. E. for the achievement of this object is the organization of the rural population of Ireland in co-operative associations. It was his great wish to see the whole of rural Ireland covered with a network of such living, progressive organizations. These co-operative associations must be self-reliant and self-contained. They must be democratic in constitution and governed by the aristocracy of intellect and character. Says A. E.:

A rural commune or co-operative community ought to have, to a large extent, the character of a nation. It should manufacture for its member all things which it profitably can manufacture for them, employing its own workmen, carpenters, bootmakers, makers and menders of farming equipment, saddlery, harness, etc. It should aim at feeding its members and their families cheaply and well, as far as possible, out of the meat and grain produced in the district. It should have a mill to grind their grain, a creamery to manufacture their butter; or where certain enterprises like a bacon factory are too great for it, it should unite with other co-operative communities to furnish out such an enterprise. It should sell for the members their produce, and buy for them their requirements, and hold for them labour-saving machinery. It should put aside a certain portion of its profits every year for the creation of halls, libraries, places for recreation and games, and it should pursue this plan steadily with the purpose of giving its members every social and educational advantage which the civilization of their time affords. It should have its councils or village parliaments, where improvements and new ventures could be discussed. Such a community would soon generate a passionate devotion to its own ideals and interests among the members. It would kindle and quicken the intellect of every person in the community. It would create the atmosphere in which national genius would emerge and find opportunities for its activity.

A. E. laid great stress on the role of women in the work of national regeneration. He never failed to impress on the Irish the supreme necessity of enlisting the active co-operation of women in all great national endeavours. In "The Ideals of the Rural Society", he says: "We should not want to see women separated from the activities and ideals and inspirations of men. We should want to see them working together and in harmony. Men and women have been companions in the world from the dawn of time. I do not know where they are journeying to, but I believe they will never get to the Delectable City if they journey apart from each other, and do not share each other's burdens."

A. E. was an apostle of peace and harmony. He passionately yearned for international amity and world peace. The spectacle of Europe "reducing itself by its conflicts to barbarism and powerlessness" filled him with sadness. He gives in the following lines a true picture of modern Europe with its jealousies and rivalries:

The innumerable hiss
Of human adders, nation with poisonous breath
Spitting at nation, as if the dragon rage
Would claw the spirit.

The international situation is but a mere reflection of internal condition. International wars and conflicts, arise out of conflicts in society. Says A. E.: "For individuals and nations act outside themselves as they act inside themselves. Nations act towards other nations as their own citizens act towards each other." Hence, if every nation sets its house in order, eliminates the factors which promote internal conflict and evolves a harmonious life among the people then world peace would become an accomplished fact. Co-operation can therefore contribute very much to the establishment of World Peace. It will lead to national unity and internal peace and thus prepare the way for the world brotherhood.

It is thus in the creation of a new spirit that the panacea for the ills of the world is to be found. Mere conferences and treaties cannot banish war, from the world. Says A. E.: "It is only through the intensive cultivation by individuals

and races of the higher moral and intellectual qualities that war will finally become obsolete as the court of appeal. 'Evil is not overcome by evil but by good' and hence it is only by creating and releasing moral and spiritual forces that harmony and peace can be established." A. E. is a believer in non-violence and soul-force. Moral forces are really more powerful than physical forces. One Christ changed the spiritual life of Europe; one Buddha affected more myriads in Asia." Therefore he asserts "nothing will put an end to race-conflicts except the equally determined and heroic development of the spiritual, moral, and intellectual forces which disdain to use the force and fury of material powers. "The anger we create will rend us; the love we give will return to us" and A. E. hopes that "sometimes in the future, some nation will be prepared to risk national extinction rather than continue existence at the price of killing myriads of other human beings, and will overcome the world by making gentleness its might, as all great spiritual teachers have done."

Marital Incongruity

By 'CHUKOOL'



R. Vittal Jagdish Sirkar was a native of Makrai, a small village on the lower slopes of the Satpura range. His father, Mr. Jagadish Govind Sirkar, a pious Brahmin and the village priest, was not rich enough to educate his son without outside help. But being the family purohit of most of the nobility of the village, Mr. Sirkar the senior could manage to push his son up to the first university examination of the Bombay University. As fortune would have it, Vittal Sirkar topped the list of the successful candidates at the entrance examination and captured a goodly number of scholarships which put him in a position to join a college in the most cosmopolitan town of Bombay. He was very pains-taking by nature and having an ardent desire to become a 'great man' he worked on with a steady determination to attain his goal. Mr. Vittal's college life was exemplary indeed. At the end of the fourth year, he sat for his B. A. degree examination. Sure as he was to get a pass, his immediate thought was how best to utilise his university knowledge in a profitable manner for the betterment of his father's position. After the usual suspensory interim came the result declaring day. Along with his friends and accompanied by his dear father, Mr. Vittal Sirkar went to the University Buildings. At the appointed hour the results were announced and lo! to the satisfaction of the hard-worker and to the uncontained joy of the poor father, Mr. Vittal Jagdish Sirkar's name led the others of the successful candidates.

This meritorious success brought with it a long chain of prizes and scholarships. One of these free gifts gave him an opportunity to prosecute higher studies in a foreign university which the young graduate was not one to let slip. Convincing his dear parents of the good and great achievements his foreign qualifications would fetch for

him, Mr. Vittal Sirkar sailed off to England, spent a couple of fruitful years there, returned as a Barrister-at-law and settled down to practise at the High Court in Bombay. Brilliant as he was, it was not long before he conquered the premier seat in that bar. He now began to grow wealthy in proportion to his increasing reputation as a barrister. According to his parental desires he bought lands and properties in his native village and left his aged parents in a high position there.

Soon after his return from the foreign countries he married Miss Vimala Purohit, a noble woman of a respectable family in Bombay. Before two years had passed after the marriage, Mrs. Vimala presented Mr. Sirkar with a beautiful baby girl. Mr. Vittal Sirkar's parents were overjoyed at this Godly gift and they blessed both the child and its parents. It seems that they were awaiting to witness this happy incident, for, within a couple of years after the arrival of the little joy, the parents of our barrister had a happy exit from the world's stage, the mother pre-deceasing the father.

The new-comer to the world passed on from babyhood to child-hood, from child-hood to girl-hood. In the fitness of things, Miss Kusuma Sirkar—as her name was—was brought up in the full vigour of twentieth century luxuries and wealth. What the little girl said was law to the young parents. As there were no more additions to the family, Miss Kusuma became the centre of all joy for the whole family. With her blonde complexion, ringing talks and winning manners Kusuma bewitched one and all who came in contact with her. She was very intelligent but awfully desultory. With the entrance into educable age, she was put in a model convent school. What with the tuitions given to her from home by trained specialists and the sweet advices showered upon her by the class-teachers Miss Sirkar only dragged on through the school classes nibbling the daily lessons with a tasteless mind like most of those who are born with a silver spoon in their mouth. Games and amusements appealed to her more than books and studies. At long last Miss Kusuma was matriculated.

Then she entered the University and slowly and steadily passed the graduation test and secured the long sought stamp of B. A. It was the proud eagerness of the feminine ego to get dubbed as a 'graduate girl' that gave energy and strength to Miss Kusuma Sirkar, B. A., to withstand the ordeal of a collegiate course. By now she had passed out of her teens and was entering the age of woman-hood. The wealth and luxury in which she was wallowing had turned her into a lady of civilization, into a *belle du beau monde*. She had imbibed all that went under the category of modernism. She had assumed hatred against the social evils like early marriage, mating without love, and the ban upon widows not to remarry. In accordance with her sex she was a veritable casuist: might have been more so because her father was a professional sophist.

Education over, Mr. Sirkar thought that his daughter should now be married to a suitable husband, and accordingly he busied himself in the search for one. Modern and broad-minded though Mr. Sirkar was, he would not let Miss Kusuma undertake this romantic hunt herself for fear that she should prove an unskilful chooser.

II

It was the latter half of the month of June. The dreary summer vacation had come to a close. The re-opened colleges all were exhibiting the customary busy appearance due to the influx of freshers who with variegated and multifashioned costumes were busy invading their 'abode to be' for full four years to come.

One fine day early in the morning, as Mr. Sirkar was sitting at breakfast along with his wife and daughter, his attention was arrested by the title 'Bombay Gazette' heading a column of the local daily newspaper lying open at the other end of the table. He picked up the paper and glancing through the news item read the following notification: "Mr. Srikant Jagannath Bhatt, M. A., is appointed Professor of Philosophy in the Elphinstone College, Bombay from 1st July.....". Suddenly some idea flashed through

his mind. He read through the announcement once again and ascertained for himself that the name mentioned therein was the one very familiar to him since boyhood. The fresh ideas overmastered his breakfast instinct. Thereupon Mr. Sirkar, forgetting for a moment the formalities of the breakfast table, abruptly left the company and secluded himself in his private chamber. The mother and daughter thus deserted were wondering what was wrong with the barrister. When he was alone and safe within the four walls of his private room he allowed the recently dawned ideas to run wild in his scheming mind. He was now recapitulating his early life and his association with the famous Bhatt family of his own native village. The late Mr. Jagdish Govind Sirkar was the family priest and religious instructor of the Bhatt family. Therefore their early relationships were very cordial, although of late due to separation their mutual acquaintances were not renewed. After a while he felt the urge for thinking aloud which action requisitioned the presence of a listener in. Mrs. Vimala Sirkar, who was called in, had the privilege of being the first to share the happy thoughts with her husband. Having acquainted Mrs. Vimala of the history and status of the Bhatt family in question, he wondered whether it would not prove a good match if their daughter Kusuma was given in marriage to Mr. Srikant Bhatt. Naturally a discussion as to the merits—both material and intellectual—of the prospective son-in-law took place between the two when Mr. Sirkar said that he desired to get for Miss Kusuma a husband rich in knowledge and not one rich in money. However they two unanimously approved of the proposal to try to arrange this wedlock. Thereafter Miss Kusuma,—who was the rightful confidante in the matter and the party to be most affected by the transaction—was called in and informed of all that had proceeded. The news was a sort of a shock to this free-bird of a society girl. When she was asked to express her view on the proposed marriage she kept silent. Although the old saying is 'silence is consent', in this particular occasion the 'silence' was very eloquent, for, her facial

expressions clearly indicated her inward disapproval of the proposed match. Nonetheless, the pressure from her parents began to increase and the parental argumentation won the day when at the end of a heated conference, Miss Kusuma decided to bide by Fate's dictates and gave her bitter consent to marry the gentleman in question. Having got over the chief obstacle, Mr. Vittal Sirkar wrote a letter to Mr. Bhatt's father conveying the marriage proposal and expressing his earnest wish to effect this alliance between the two families.

Mr. Jagannath Venkatrao Bhatt—father of the bridegroom elect was the village munsif of Makrai. His ancestral history was bright. Under his predecessor's administration the family had been drained off its wealth and so Mr. Bhatt the senior, had to live on low scales. Yet the fame of the family had not tarnished. Mr. Bhatt was eagerly awaiting some wealthy family to come forward with a marriage proposal for his only son. This, he thought, was an easy course to refill his empty coffers. So Mr. Sirkar's letter met with a happy reception. When the marriage proposal was conveyed to Mr. Srikant Bhatt, like a 'good boy' obedient to parental commands, he readily consented. All being settled, in the month of July Mr. Srikant J. Bhatt and Miss Kusuma Sirkar became husband and wife. Needless to say that the marriage was performed with much pomp and festivity. The receipt of a huge cash in the form of dowry enabled Mr. Jagannath Bhatt to settle himself comfortably in his own village. After the marriage Mr. Sirkar built a beautiful villa for his daughter and son-in-law in the suburbs of Bombay and settled them there as comfortably as desired.

Now to acquaint ourselves with the son-in-law: imagine a tall, stalwart, fair-skinned young man with Chaplain moustaches and a mild timid appearance. Mr. Srikant Bhatt was unfortunate to lose his mother when he was yet a child. Thereafter he had been left to himself to mould a character of his own. He had been graduated by the Bombay University. During his scholastic career he was society-avoiding, sport-neglecting and ever-reading. He

was very reticent. He was a great fatalist and hence was unwilling to forge out anything for himself. In fine, he was a theoretical 'good man': a practical one, he was not. Mr. Bhatt was very passive, patient and pensive. He could never offend anybody in any manner. He was very God-fearing and was strongly against the radical transformations of the transitional world.

III

The young couple passed on their early days in happy merriment. But our readers would have guessed by now that the Sirkar—Bhatt combination had been rather incongruous in that the one—the fairer part—was a society-loving stylish lady at large, while the other was a God-fearing philosopher at best. Therefore the merriment and happiness was fated to be only short-lived. Mrs. Kusuma's rule of the day was to present herself at as many theatres and clubs as possible. She being well known in society would be invited for every garden or picnic party and never would she absent herself from any. Several such parties were given by her also and the distressing part of all was that she would require her husband by her side whenever she had been thus engaged. Naturally disinclined to these affairs as Mr. Bhatt was, he could not discipline himself now to such a kind of treat. He had already begun to feel as fish out of water. His aversion to fall in with his wife's commands made the latter very cross. Many were the little interludes when they would engage themselves in wordy warfare, one finding fault with the other's way of living. He used to advise Mrs. Kusuma that she should settle down to calmer life and that the meaning of life was something greater than attending garden parties and cinema shows. Nonetheless, he never forced her to refrain from such activities. Very often Mrs. Kusuma used to taunt her husband by saying that he belonged to the ante-deluvian age and that his education had failed to infuse the spirit of modernism in him. These petty differences soon developed into a definite breach in the domestic circle. When Mr. Bhatt would return after his college work a cold reception would be awaiting him at his house. It so happened that the only

time he was happy was when he was away from his wife. The poor man would never raise his voice against his wife's actions because he thought her to be too rich and educated. This was the real draw-back in his married life. The sense of inferiority complex was very prominent in him.

As years rolled on Mr. Vittal Sirkar grew more and more famous. He soon became the Advocate General and a little later was the recipient of a Knighthood. The glory of these increased honours to her father reflected in the form of augmented personal pride in Mrs. Kusuma Bhatt, and helped to increase her antagonism to her husband. Her society friends also fanned the flame of personal pride sufficiently briskly.

On one occasion, with a view to trying his adaptability to a fast social life like that of his wife, Mr. Bhatt determined himself to fall in with Mrs. Kusuma's ways for some time. But early in the adventure he discovered his inability to get himself converted and he began to feel that he was fated for an unhappy domestic life. Meanwhile the breach was widening ever more and signs of definite break was evident.

Once during the summer vacation months Mrs. Kusuma's friends had arranged for a 10-day-excursion to the hill station, Mount Abu. She also was a member of the party and insisted on Mr. Srikant accompanying her. She said "Dear, you have no college work now, this being summer holidays. Further, the beastly heat is making life unbearable in Bombay. Why not we join the party and spend a few gay days?" To this the philosopher replied, "My dear Kusuma, although this is the vacation period I have got a lot of answer papers to be valued. Further I do not like that party which you want me to join. I would certainly prefer the beastly weather of Bombay to that of the brazing climate of Mount Abu in the company of those pleasure-seekers. Definitely, I cannot accompany you. On the other hand, I will advise you not to be so much society-minded. But still, if you insist, I only say that you may go and hang yourself with anything."

The final statement of Mr. Bhatt proved the lucifer that set the smouldering cinder of pent up hatred in Mrs. Kusuma which burst into flames of unrecordable verbal attack. Thereafter she quit the house saying she was bound for Mount Abu to hang herself with anything.

A few days later Mr. Bhatt received the following telegram from a member of the excursion party "Mrs. Kusuma Bhatt found dead in hotel room. Suicide suspected. Police investigating. Start at once". Although he was expecting some sort of a rift in the domestic life, he never expected such an inhuman action on the part of an educated young lady. He philosophically resigned everything to Fate. He immediately communicated the sad news to Mr. Sirkar. It was a shock to him and his wife. Forthwith, the two Sirkars and Mr. Bhatt went to Mount Abu. Investigations proved that there was no foul play. Further, a letter signed by the deceased absolved everyone of any evil motive. The letter clearly proved that Mrs. Kusuma was taking that drastic step of her own choice, since she found it very difficult to reconcile her modern views with the rather old-fashioned views which her married life demanded. She was sorry to bring infamy to her parents and husband but that could not be helped. She had concluded the letter by saying "Voluntary death is preferable to uncompromising domestic life" A verdict of death by suicide was recorded by the coroner.

On returning to Bombay Mr. Srikant Bhatt resigned from his service, cast off all wealth and pleasure, turned a yogi and marched off to the Himalayas where he lived his life out in peaceful Godly meditation, while the Sirkars spent the rest of their life in silent bereavement. Before his death the short piece of advice Yogi Srikant left for the rising generation was: "Never should a man marry a woman whose intellectual or financial status is very different from those of his own. Any sort of marital incongruity will lead to unhappy domestic life which in turn will foul the human society at large".

Book Reviews

My First Seventy Years by Florentine Scholle Sutro, (Roerich Museum Press, New York. Price Three Dollars).

The subtle humour and the sprightliness of mind implied in the title of this Autobiography scientillate throughout its pages and enliven what might sometimes become too much a recital of purely personal reminiscences of merely family affairs in the meticulous way of note-keeping which is a characteristic of those of the American people who have a Teutonic ancestry. One of the most noticeable things in the United States is the lack of background, of history, of cultural atmosphere. So these things are being created at aeroplane speed by books such as the one under review which has to take the place of an ancient monument or American family tree by the perpetuation in type of all the minutiae of the doings through the long life of one who knows that later she will be the "ancestress" of some famous line of folks. The amazingly speedy growth of the Americas gives some excuse for such biographies, for every human unit in such an emergence of a silk-worm from a chrysalisation is more important than those human units in old civilisations who merely follow in the steps of their elders. To follow the life of any one typical citizen of New York born in the States seventy years ago is to have a movie and a talkie of American history and development unfolded before you in terms of common humanity performing uncommon nation-building. Mrs Sutro is such a woman citizen.

Her father came as a healthy, ambitious young man from Bavaria to seek his fortune in the then still New World. You see him first as a simple pedlar of dry goods, selling small wares from door to door of a then diminutive New York, next as a camp follower of the Gold Rush to California in 1849 becoming there a big clothing manufacturer out of the small capital he had saved as a pedlar and within the first five pages of the book he is so rich and highly placed that Senators and Congress men are constantly dining at his home, also his daughter, the authoress, speaks of having her dress allowance at the age of 16, and by the end of the book she can be seen to have almost unlimited means. It took her father 63 days to get to San Francisco from New York in 1848, it took his family 14 days by the then fast steamer to get from a visit to Germany back to their home in New York in 1871, but now Mrs. Sutro his daughter took only 24 hours of flying to get right across Europe, when she is seventy! Moreover

she liked it so well that she says of it in the American vernacular "I'm now quite sold to that method of travel." One sees in this autobiography how means of transit have speeded up, how a purely German background becomes transformed into a cosmopolitan Yankee foreground, how New York expanded (she talks of plucking roses out of "the fence in our backyard in 50th Street"), tells how as a child she played on the heaps of white marble in Fifth Avenues which were being converted into St. Patrick's Cathedral. Like most wealthy Americans she is an inveterate globetrotter and the reader can get interesting short descriptions of places right across the States, of ocean travel, of cultural tours through Europe and Egypt all seen through the American's fad for "good plumbing" (a bathroom for each person), and good food, and "contacts" with people of note. The final 60 pages give her account of her visit to Russia in 1934 which well repays reading and in itself illuminates the distance travelled in the development of sociology and governmental control, and the rise of the worker, as contrasted with conditions of her earlier life in New York.

Her American use of English causes strange gasps occasionally as when she says "my waist took six and a half yards of material". Annotation for "waist" is "blouse". A chapter on the writer's connection with the social welfare groups in New York shows how her connection with the Ethical Church and with Dr. Felix Aldler have been the motive power of her useful philanthropic life and how her acts of service and munificence have caused her to be one of the most sought after "sponsors" of all modern good causes in New York.

The book is beautifully published by the Roerich Museum Press of New York and the authoress speaks of meeting several times Professor and Madame Roerich and pays compliments to the specially fine work for culture done by the Roerich Museum and its Banner of Peace Movement.

Margaret Cousins.

Gita Rahasya or the Fundamentals of Life and Living with an introduction on Satyagraha or Socialism by a Sadhu:— Published by the Sanatana Dharma Publishing House Ltd., Ernakulam. Price Re. 1, as. 8.

This work consists of three Parts: an introductory study on Satyagraha or socialism in the light of Gita Principles, which has also appeared separately in book form; an English Translation, rather a free rendering, of the Verses of the Bhagavad Gita which has also been separately published with the Text in Malayalam transliteration, critical notes on important verses in the Bhagavad Gita, throwing such light on several controversial

points raised in them, as is meet for the illumination of minds trained in modern ways of thinking. The author has conducted a frank discussion of the Principles of Satyagraha and Socialism in the light of Gita Teachings. Taking the view, which is unexceptionable, that the Gita is not merely a work of spiritual illumination, but also an authority on social organisation, the author rightly comes to the perception of the relationship between the two forces, which seem to have created the profoundest revolution in the present time, namely, Satyagraha as typified by Gandhi and Socialism as typified by Stalin.

In the Author's opinion, these two forces are not hostile to each other and the one without the other is powerless to remodel the world.

According to him, the Gita has envisaged an ideal society governed by the thoughtful and the righteous, in which it should be natural for every one to be employed, and for spiritual aspirations to fructify for the ethical evolution of mankind. India, he considers to be peculiarly qualified to take up this regenerative work.

I regret that the discussion is rather of a rambling character; what is lost in logical sequence and cogency of reasoning, is gained in zeal and earnestness of statement. The work is a valuable addition to our commentary literature on the Bhagavad Gita.

I should have preferred the author to come out with his full name, as against being known as a Sadhu. From the point of view of satyagraha, Anonymity had better be avoided, and an author coming out with his name need not be considered to be wanting in humility.

P. V. A.

Swami Rama by Brijnatha Sharga, M.A., LL.B. Price Rs. 3-8-0. Published by the Rama Tirtha Publication League, Lucknow.

This bulky volume is divided into two parts. The first part deals with the life of the Swami. The second part contains an excellent exposition of the Swami's views on such subjects as Patriotism, Religion, Socialism etc. This is not a biography of the Boswellian type where the hero is exalted in season and out of season and the telling facts of the hero's life are relegated to the left to draw his own inferences and form his own conclusions. This is the more useful and readable form of biography. The author has studied the speeches and writings of the Swami carefully and made free use of them. No greater compliment could be given to the book than what the author of the foreword, the chief disciple of the Swami gives:—"The book is reliable in almost every respect." Then again as Prof. Radha Kumud Mookerji who has contributed a learned introduction to the volume says:

"Mr. Sharga has brought to bear upon his task all the legal acumen and critical judgment of a trained lawyer in sifting a vast amount of evidence, mostly in the form of letters and reports of lectures and marshalling that evidence in that skilful manner which lets the evidence speak for itself." It is not possible in the short space of a review to touch even the salient events of the Swami's life. "His life is a great hope for ordinary human beings, for the common run of men, because it is an example of greatness achieved under the commonest conditions of life." "Humanity has, by experience discovered three ways to reach God. Revelation, the world over confirms this discovery. Men are, by nature, either active, emotional or contemplative. Those who are active by temperament follow the Path of Action, *Karma Yoga*; those who are emotional take to the Path of Love, *Bhakti Yoga*; and those with a contemplative bent of mind follow the Path of Wisdom, *Jnana Yoga*. In most cases, these three paths serve as three stages to realisation. The seeker begins with *Karma*, the service of God by serving His creatures; this develops Love or *Bhakti*, and *Bhakti* finally leads on to *Jnan*." Rama also followed this course. Then three stages of the Swami's life have been very vividly described by the author. Several illuminating anecdotes and stories are given to illustrate and explain what Rama taught. He taught a simple, natural and practical religion—"a religion which is found in the streets, a religion which concerns your business and bosom; a religion which you have not to practise by going into a particular church only, a religion which you have to practise and live in your every day life, your hearth, in your dining room—a religion you have to live every where." He does not attach any importance to its name. "Truth is your own; it belongs to nobody, every body; every thing belongs to it." He did not teach any new religion. He only emphasised the old Truth by calling man "from discord to harmony, from difference to agreement-in-difference, from self to the self-in-all, from diversity to Unity-in-Divinity, from hatred to love, from war to peace."

Prophet of Islam and his Teachings by Maulvi Abdul Karim, B.A., M. L. C. Published by Mr. A. Rasul 13-1, Wellesly Square, Calcutta. Price Re. 1.

This is a timely publication. It ought to be in the hands of all lovers of Hindu Muslim Unity. Much of the misunderstandings between the two communities have arisen because of the utter ignorance of the principles of Islam. Much of the present day bitterness can be avoided if only our Muslim brothers understand how Catholic Islam is. The author explains this in a simple and clear manner. "The very first verse of the Quran

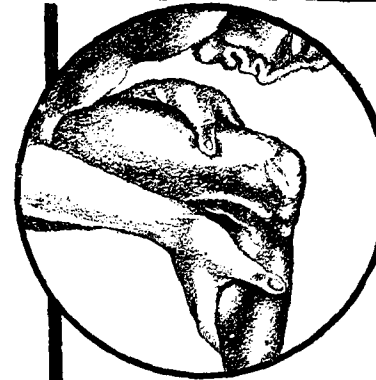
proclaims the oneness of all people. There God has been described as "Rabbul Alamin", the creator, the Nourisher and the Guide of all. Nowhere has it been stated that God is "Rabbul Muslimin," the Lord of the Muslims only. "Surely those who believe, and those who are Jews and the Christians and the Sabians, whoever believes in God and the Last day and does good, they shall have their reward from their Lord and there is no fear for them, nor shall they grieve." "And they say none shall enter paradise except he who is a Jew or a Christian. These are their fancies. Say, bring your proof if you are truthful. Yes, whoever submits himself to God and he is a doer of good (to others), he has reward from his Lord, and there is no fear for him, nor shall he grieve." Thus the goal of all religions is the same, only the means of its attainment may be different. The Quran is in agreement with the Bhagavat Gita in which the Lord says: "Mankind comes to me along many roads and on whatever road a man approaches Me on that road do I welcome him, for all roads are mine." A perusal of the book will enable one to remove some of the most common misconceptions about Islam. The author rightly bewails that people have strayed away from the high ideals and broad outlook of their respective religious tasks:— "What can be more regrettable than the fact that Hindus and Muslims, who have to live and die in this the common land of their truth, fly at each other's throat on the flimsiest pretext, often in the name of religion, which is intended to promote peace and goodwill among mankind? Is there not much in the faiths and cultures of Hindus and Muslims which both can appreciate, admire and be proud of?"

M. S. K.

Matriculation English by L. Tipping and A. Menezes.

We have long known and valued Mr. Tipping's books on English study for Indian Schools. The simple directness, contrasting so well with the deliberate obscurity, even if not obscurantism, of Mr. Nesfield's Grammar, has won our approval for his Grammar. We have here 430 pages of his best work, reinforced by that of another scholar of equal skill, for two rupees, and it will be found to contain all that the discerning student will require, not only in the Matriculation Class, but until he has left the B. A. Examination in his rear. It is no dry as dust compendium of Grammar rules, the very sight of which repels any lover of literature and language, but a book most readable, the sections on idioms, figures of speech and appreciation of poetry being especially attractive. It contains also a sufficient number of exercises on the work in every section. The appearance of the book is in every way worthy of the old firm of Messrs. Macmillan, who have done well for Indian students in putting it on the market.

—Duncan Greenless.



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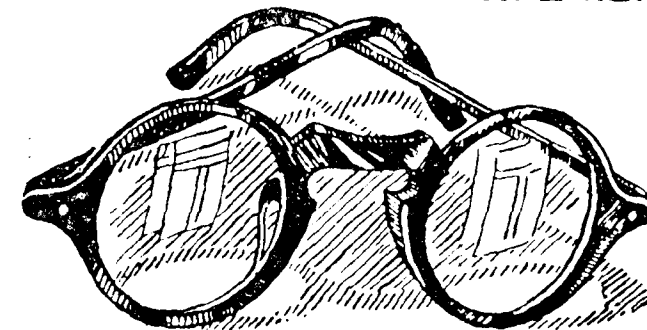
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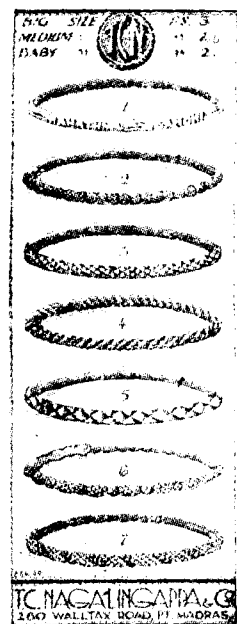
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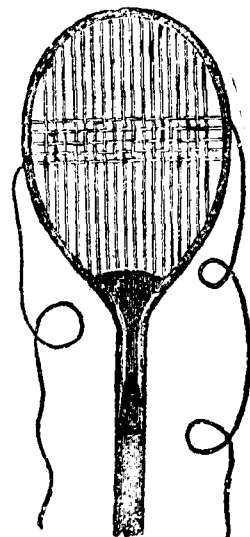
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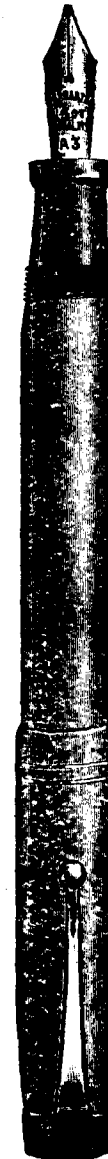
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