

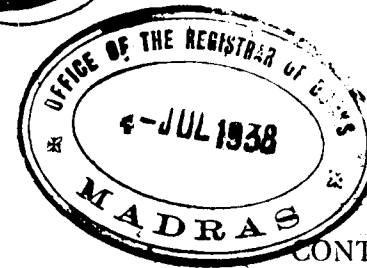
THE SCHOLAR

March 1938



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The Scholar



MARCH 1938

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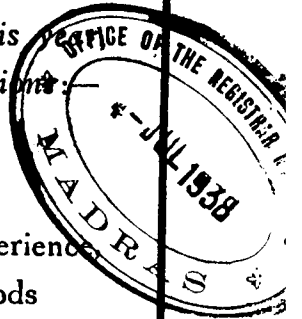
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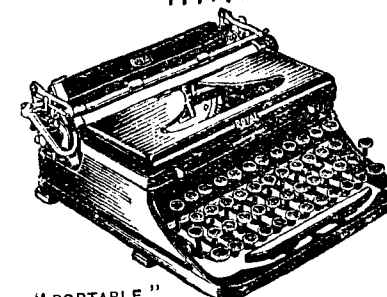
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Jawaharlal Nehru and Subash Chandra Bose.

THE SCHOLAR

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No. 6.

Haripura Calling!

By A VISITOR



“DUST! Dust! Dust!”

That is how one is tempted to exclaim, in the manner of the King in Bernard Shaw's play, when thinking of Haripura.

It may seem rather out of taste to begin one's impressions of a great national gathering with an allusion to the clouds of dust raised by the crowds that assembled. But it is not really the dust that worried us. It was the dust storm. Were it only the dust on the roads, most of us could have put up with it. But the infernal thing was everywhere. The storm blew off the doors and the roofs of our bamboo huts and deposited the dust everywhere—on the beds, tables, trunks, clothes, in short, on everything. If only Vallabhbhai could have controlled the storm—or at least persuaded it to postpone its visitations—his triumph would have been complete. For, the entire session was a marvellous achievement in organisation and planning.

The Sardar's genius for organisation was the most obvious thing in Vithalnagar. On the top of a plateau, by no means even, was erected a city in bamboo to accommodate a population of two to three lakhs. And every little detail was planned—traffic control, water supply, drainage, sanitation, latrines, feeding—everything, not excluding the policing of Vithalnagar! (Which reminds one of the interesting fact that the Haripura session was the

first Congress session held in India after 1921 at which the police were not present. No doubt there were a good many plainclothesmen from all parts of India, but there was no reporting of speeches by the C. I. D. and not a single constable was to be seen anywhere inside the three odd square miles of territory enclosed within the matty ramparts of Vithalnagar. It was evident that Bombay was being ruled by Congressmen.) Speaking of police, one cannot help mentioning the pickpockets. For seven days, this little village was the cut-purse's paradise. No doubt the Congress volunteers did some smart detection work now and then; but in most cases the culprit got off with the clothes, purse, money, return tickets and all. Little of it returned. Day after day the young lad at the Enquiry Office took down complaints, descriptions of the articles lost, etc., and closed the book with a smile—pitying you in your plight, laughing at your folly, and piously hoping you would get them back. I saw on the last day a heap of clothes, some bits of tickets and other odd things at the Lost Property Office, which testified to the energy of the patriotic C. I. D. in Vithalnagar.

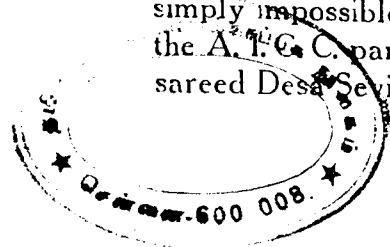
Policing was the least of the volunteers' duties. There were nearly seven thousand of them in all, men and women, boys and girls, and altogether they managed the session wonderfully well. Their discipline was remarkable. From very early in the morning till very late in the night they were busy doing one thing or another. They swept the streets and the camps, covered the latrine pits with mud, kept watch at the bathing places to see that the water was not wasted, regulated the traffic, kept watch at the various gates, ran errands and did one hundred and one other things which ensured the clock-like working of Vithalnagar. The lady volunteers were only 2000 but they were the more conspicuous lot. They kept guard at the gates of the various camps and they did it as well as anyone could possibly have done. "No pass—no admission—no argument." That was their motto. For most of us, any argument was simply impossible because of the language difficulty. At the A. I. C. C. pandal and at the open session, the orange-sareed Desai Sevikas stood guard or flitted past, offering

water to the parched delegates and pressmen, carrying messages to the President and leaders, regulating admission to the various enclosures. Day and night they kept watch by turns at the Leaders' Camp, seeing to it that no one without the official permit smuggled in. They formed a cordon round the camp and the press sleuths were kept at more than an arm's length, waiting like hungry wolves for their quarry to emerge. One of them bitterly complained that never was a Congress session so dominated by Amazons!

* * * *

The actual session was quite a tame affair. When the A. I. C. C. met on the first day, it seemed as if many exciting things would happen. The Bihar and U. P. Ministries had just resigned and the whole atmosphere was surcharged with tense emotion. Mr. Nehru spoke as though another Civil Disobedience Campaign was near at hand. "Get your knapsacks ready", he said, "for the order to march may come sooner than we imagine." We were all thrilled, and when Mrs. Naidu spoke of "the glorious torch of freedom" being handed from "one valiant hand to another", our hearts swelled. But the feeling did not last long. Soon the A. I. C. C. set down to work and we descended to the earth. Mr. Subhas Bose occupied the Presidential gadi, which had been so ably and so worthily filled by his predecessor for two years and more.

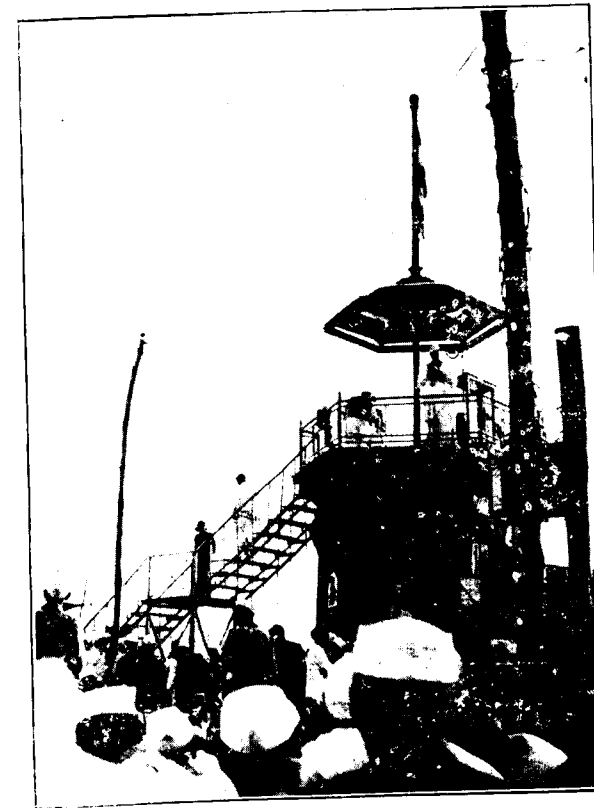
The contrast between the old and the new President was there, visible on the surface. Mr. Nehru wore the mantle of the presidency with authority—"as to the manner born." Mr. Bose, on the contrary, did not feel quite at home. He seemed to feel, in his new office, the sort of nervousness which a naturally shy and timid girl might feel when she is married. The new status, the new duties—how will he fill them? Will he acquit himself well? Will the nation take to him kindly? These must have been his thoughts as he formally took his seat as President. There was trepidation in his maiden speech, a vague apprehension. Mr. Bose has none of his great predecessor's firmness. His very face is child-like. He looks soft and mild. He has such an overwhelming consciousness of the grave



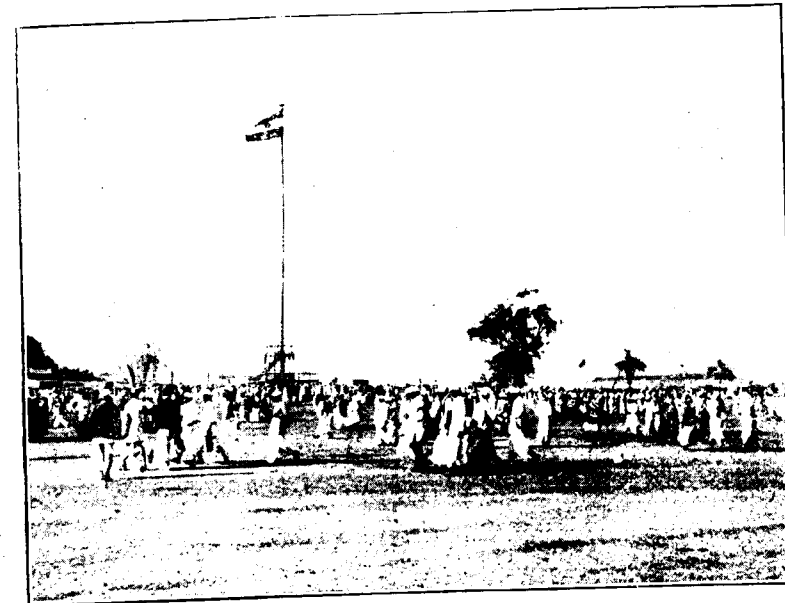
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responsibilities of his new office that he looks glum and serious all the time. Mr. Nehru, it is true, takes his life and his work seriously; but he has a sense of humour. He did not feel burdened by his office. He carried it like a Titan. Not so Mr. Bose. He feels he is carrying a tremendous, almost unbearable, weight. He cannot for a moment forget that he is the President of the Congress. His face presents a curious mixture of childlike naivete and octogenarian gravity. His heart is with the younger elements. He is more emotional than Nehru. Where Nehru would spare no words to chide the Left, Bose will hardly find any words at all. To some extent, the Presidentship has involved, for Mr. Bose, isolation from those he loves—the younger Congressmen and the Socialists. He has to move among the Old Guard of the Congress—the Patels and the Desais—between whom and him there is no spiritual affinity. It must be embarrassing to him, even stifling. Once during the session it seemed as if he was making a desperate attempt to get out of their hold. That was when the States resolution came up before the open session. On the advice of the Working Committee, he ruled out all amendments moved by the delegates in the open session which had not already been moved in the Subjects Committee. The delegates were incensed. They could not understand the meaning of the ruling. There was a loud murmur among the delegates. Mr. Bose tried to explain that he was powerless, that his sympathies were all with the delegates, that he had to follow the constitutional practice as interpreted by the Working Committee. The delegates were impressed with his sincerity, not with his argument. The President knew it. After a few minutes' thought, he announced that he would leave it to the delegates to change the practice and to decide whether the amendments should be moved or not. The delegates were in no mood to give up a valuable privilege. Democracy and Mr. Bose won the day! Mr. Bose, it seemed, had managed, if only for a moment, to escape from the grip of his elderly advisers!

The Subjects Committee debates might have been more exciting if the Ministerial crisis had not been precipitated



Babu Subash Chandra Bose delivering the Presidential Address from high rostrum.



The Zanda Chowk.



Delegates discussing the latest developments at their camp.



A group of Guzerati villagers, who attended the Congress.

on the eve of the session. There would have been braver words, more criticisms of the Congress Ministers' work. Paradoxical as it may seem, the imminence of the struggle stilled the voices of our patriots. Those who came to disagree remained to assent. The resolutions on Federation, the Kisan Sabhas and the work of the Ministries and the crisis in Bihar and U. P., hardly provoked any serious discussion. The Socialists had been so long taunted with being phrase-mongers and wordy heroes, that in the attempt to cast off the stigma they went to the other extreme and kept mum even when they had much that was pertinent to say on some of the important resolutions. Moreover, it seemed as if the Socialists were at last realising that they were in a terrible minority, that the time was not yet for measuring their strength with the Right Wing. The acceptance of office by the Congress seems to have told heavily on their representation in the A. I. C. C. The Left Wing was much thinner at Haripura than at Faizpur. Most of the Congress M. L. A's, Parliamentary Secretaries and Ministers got elected to the A. I. C. C., without anything like a contest, and they formed a solid phalanx of supporters of the Working Committee, "right or wrong." This phalanx could be broken—and was broken practically—only on the States resolution.

The liveliest debate in the A. I. C. C. was on the resolution on Indian States. The authorship of this resolution has been variously ascribed to Nehru and Gandhiji, but a more amazingly self-contradictory resolution is inconceivable. Its supporters in the Subjects Committee and the open session were all the time on the defensive. This was the only issue on which the Socialists rallied behind themselves the widest mass of supporters, the members from the States and leaders like Pattabhi and M. S. Aney. In fact, when the venerable Mr. Aney got up on the rostrum and began, in his cool, unperturbed manner, a most scathing attack on the Working Committee's resolution, after Mr. Desai had replied ineffectively to Dr. Pattabhi's brilliant speech, it seemed all was over with the resolution. But the fact was, in the A. I. C. C., a good majority, who had no

specific views on any question, were solely guided by the view that the Working Committee, like the King, can do no wrong. They feared that to follow the lead of the Leftists might lead them to some unforeseen disaster. Conservatism and orthodoxy were still in sway. So that, if the Working Committee had submitted its resolution to the vote, the result would have been in its favour, although the numbers against it would have been larger than on any other resolution. But even the Working Committee, in view of the opposition of men like Pattabhi, did not seem sure of its ground. Hence its move for a compromise.

It is interesting here to trace the course of the compromise resolution. Dr. Pattabhi persuaded a large majority of the States members of the A. I. C. C. to accept it on the ground that even nominal, non-political Congress Committees were preferable to no Congress Committees at all. Once you have your Congress Committees, he said, no one can fetter them for all time from playing their due role in the political field. The Socialists were absolutely unconvinced and the men from Mysore were smarting under this fresh indignity from the Congress at a time when they were getting ready for a good fight with the Dewan. The compromise, in fact, deprived the resolution of even the little consistency which it originally possessed. Even Dr. Pattabhi was hard put to it to defend it in the open session. He expatiated on the sanctity of the plighted word, had a side-thrust at British Imperialism for destroying that sanctity, and appealed to the delegates to accept the compromise, even though it was admittedly illogical. There had been such a lot of canvassing among the delegates during the previous days that a vast number of them were definitely against the resolution and were in favour of the Socialist position. And Satyavati, the Delhi Socialist, moved her amendment in the open session with a speech which was frequently and lustily cheered. Hopes were revived that the open session would right the wrong done to the States people in the Subjects Committee. Then came Jairamdas Daulatram and effected a marvellous change among the delegates. If ever a speech turned the fate of a resolution,

it was his. The argument in favour of the official resolution had never been put so cogently, so convincingly and to such effect. Let us not, he said, divert our energies from our main struggle against the foreigner and lose ourselves in the internal politics of six hundred odd States. Freedom for British India would *ipso facto* mean freedom for the whole of India. Concentrate on the freedom struggle here. That is the greatest contribution the Congress can make to the struggle of the States people. In a calmer atmosphere, this argument would not have met with such ready acceptance. But in the tense atmosphere of the open session, and having regard to the wonderfully clever manner in which Mr. Daulatram presented his case, the delegates were swayed like reeds by a powerful gale. The High Command won a decisive victory.

Apart from the States resolution, there was nothing particularly exciting in the A. I. C. C. proceedings. But a shrewd observer could have noticed that for the first time the Right Wing was beginning to take the offensive against the Left. This was evident from the speeches, notably of Mr. Patel and Mr. Bhulabhai Desai. The Sardar was needlessly offensive in his reply to the debate on the Ministerial crisis resolution. Even tactically it was unwise. Were the Socialists to be decried just at the moment when they were asserting not their differences with the rest of the members in the Congress but their oneness? It was a singularly unfortunate occasion for the Sardar to vent his spleen and the effect on almost every one in the A. I. C. C. pandal was that the Sardar was, to say the least, most indiscreet in his choice of the occasion for attacking the Left Wingers. Here were the Socialists offering to rally behind the Working Committee to a man for answering the challenge of the Viceroy, and the great leader of Guzerat, the man believed to be the right hand of Gandhiji, was throwing away the offer in a huff, all because it seemed to him that the Socialists were trying to patronise the Congress. It was, of course, absurd to describe the Socialist attitude as patronising. They were never more conscious of their being a minority, albeit a growing minority, than at

Haripura. Their decision to stand by the resolution on ministries, without moving any amendments, was sincerely intended to show that they were not sticklers for phrases at a moment when Congressmen in office were engaged in conflict with our alien masters. Their attitude was nothing more and nothing less. It was so heartening to see the Socialists, speaker after speaker, (Masani, Munshi Ahmed Din, Shibnath Bannerjee) all standing by the resolution, in spite of their objection to some parts of it here and there. And Mr. Patel, for no apparent reason, spurned the olive branch and committed a crowning act of indiscretion. His remarks raised a hundred protests, but found few supporters. His face flushed, and he retreated to his seat in an agitated mood. The leaders on the dais, Mr. Bose, Nehru and the rest, were visibly perturbed by this inopportune exhibition of temper by the Sardar.

There were not many stirring speeches in the A.I.C.C. Mrs. Naidu's was a brave piece of firework. Mr. Desai was brilliant, bitter in his sarcasm, and revelled in epigrams. He was sometimes devastating. Mr. Ramachandran from Travancore spoke with fervour and indignation. He gave us an unforgettable phrase when he described the Working Committee's resolution on States as a "geographical fraud." Among the younger men, Dutt Mazumdar from Bengal was a striking figure. Short, fair and serious, he made a spirited speech on the Federation resolution.

To the visitor from Tamil Nad the most conspicuous thing was the sepulchral silence of the delegates and members from the South. It seemed as if almost all of them had allowed the Working Committee to do all the thinking for them; for invariably they raised their hands in support of the Working Committee's resolutions and voted down all amendments. Only two men, Mr. Santanam and Mr. Shafee Mahomed, mounted the rostrum.

A somewhat long figure—but thanks to his height his American wife, and reputation as a revolutionery, not

inconspicuous—was M. N. Roy. He spoke on the ministerial crisis but produced no tangible impression.

* * * *

The open session was impressive by its sheer size and organisation. The vast crowds were thrilling. It was a glorious sight, as a demonstration of the faith of the people in the Congress.

The President's speech, in spite of its Leftism, was flat; he had to deliver it in Hindi, with which he was scarcely familiar, and Narendra Deo was audibly prompting him from behind, from the beginning to the end. The only place at which the speech was applauded was where Mr. Bose prayed that Gandhiji may be spared for long.

A memorable speech, which fortunately for me was in English, was Rao Patwardhan's on the closing day. He spoke on behalf of the Congress Socialist Party and took the opportunity of telling Mr. Patel and his friends that when the bugle is blown, the Socialists will not lag behind to answer the call of the nation. And they will bring, he said, the workers and the peasants with them.

The session ended on a heroic note. Mr. Bose almost redeemed his reputation by his closing speech, which was dignified, direct and worthy of the great occasion. The message of Haripura, he declared, was Sanghatan. Carry that to your places, organise the people and be ready to meet any challenge from the British and to carry out any mandate from the Congress. Unity in discipline—that was the message and the achievement of Haripura. Mr. Bose made special reference to the spirit of unity shown by the Leftists and the States delegates and once again assured the latter that in the hour of struggle, Congressmen would stand by the people of the States. One felt as one was hearing the President's words and saw the vast gathering listening to him with rapture that the Congress had entered a new phase whose contour could be seen only dimly at the moment. It was becoming, in a sense which had never been true at any earlier time, the organisation of the whole people.

Urbanism

(Diary Leaves)

By NICHOLAS ROERICH



N all the changes of names can be read the history of civilization. At one time certain people were called "burghers", that is, those who collected around the burg, the castle. Under the protection of its walls and towers arose the growth of the concept of townspeople. The townsman, the burgess, were likewise identified with some city, some fortified place. Gradually, with the decline of the feudal structure, the concept of burgherhood also became outworn. For a long time it remained as a purely conventional designation, having lost its inner, formerly very definitive, meaning.

At the changing of outworn concepts and designations, many new ones grow up. At times they continue as it were and develop further the former concept, but sometimes the resulting extermination advances a definition just as outwardly conventional as the latest survivals. In most recent time, the word urbanism is employed in different countries around the concept of the city. There is something very vague in this derivative from the Latin word "urbs". The city, the Latin "urbs", generally appears an indefinite concept. An assembly of people forms such a populous locale, and you do not distinguish whether such a place is a fortress, a commercial center, a cultural center, or its usual principal form, containing all sorts of bazaars. Yet at the same time, such a peculiarly singularly definitive will be in the word "urbanism".

Urbanism somehow characterizes those frigid city agglomerations which have made poisonously unhealthy places of these crowded myriads of people. Even in those cities where by a fortunate accident there have not risen up accumulations—right now even there people are trying to heap up structures in the name of some strange modernism.

There can be recited a whole list of cities which, without any visible need, killing all the already composed character of the place, are making haste to install some enormous edifices, precisely as if there were not far more than enough space in the country.

There have appeared some sort of artist "urbanists" architects "urbanists", technician "urbanists". In many of its applications the concept of urbanism, like the recently invented technocracy, has appeared rather intrusive. In this deliberate intrusiveness there always proves to be something premeditated, some premature senility. Not for long did technocracy flourish. Not even the monkey glands of Voronov could help it. Likewise precisely urbanism, in its intrusive self-assurance does not suspect its own short-livedness, in the aspect in which it is understood at present.

There may be some against the urban structure. Many thoughts have been devoted to solving the city problem. City-gardens would not be urbanism, which would like to place itself in exact opposition to life in the country. No society can successfully solve its vital problems on a foundation of decadent superstitions and fossilized horrors. Likewise precisely in the problem of the city, it is impossible to think only about ancient Babylonian towers. This Biblical symbol would seem to emphasize sufficiently the limits of uniform thinking. Any decadence, either material or spiritual, is identically worthless.

In place of the Babylonian towering piles, humanity is again beginning to remember about returning to nature. Even not so long ago ill-considered measures dragged farmers away from their fields and rounded up starving crowds in unemployment in the city. Right now one can understand the terror of these enormous throngs of people which are ending up in misanthropy. Again thoughts have arisen about a return to natural work which through the contemporary discoveries of science can be transformed into a fuller life, both spiritually and materially.

Everywhere are appearing individual persons and families and entire groups of people who dream about a

life in the midst of nature. Both on small and large scales they are thinking up all sorts of cooperatives which, in varied work, would enable them to lead a working life which is natural, full, and sensible. One can only rejoice if the latest contemporary discoveries and social movements can lead people to thoughts about nature, about natural improvements in the different applications of labor.

The loss of the city symbols and the arrival at the coldly conventional urbanism is as it were the entry-way to new and vital labor structures. Again the human spirit must rush back to nature in which there is so much free space and so many unused and unrealized possibilities. To the same thoughts about nature and to various improvements in the matter of health refer the tasks of making the deserts bloom. By wise indeferrable measures let these spaces neglected by the carelessness of people be made again fruitful and useful for habitation.

Many thoughts are narrated regarding the best methods of agriculture, forestry and other conditions relating to rural life. Not long ago V. N. Mehta in an Indian journal properly remarked about the rehabilitation of rural life. He says: "Many physicians are at work on the treatment of illness when it happens to the small villager. They have found that he has gone into debt and the indebtedness forces him as it were into the hospital. But such an endless detention in an infirmary cannot be recognized as a remedy in practical usage, and consequently many recipes are filling space, the more quickly to release such a patient from the hospital and to furnish him a reasonable period for convalescence".

Further on the author comes to the conclusion: "The small villager should not be fed on falsehood. Let him be given the inner impulse to set his affairs to rights. Do not urbanize him. In that case of course he suffers the fate which the French beautifully express by the word 'deracine', torn away, uprooted, a spectacle worthy of regret and requiring special considerations from each reformer. There can be observed two streams rushing out of the

same watershed which at last have to flow together in the Ganges Felix. These streams must enrich the soil over which they pass, and in their course bring regeneration to the countryside. Make no mistake about it. The peasantry must be so reorganized that it can augment three-fold its economic level and its spiritual growth."

Indeed, this Hindu writer could not but end his just considerations with one about precisely spiritual growth. In each new settlement, in each abode in the midst of nature, the question of spirituality must enter the more strongly in all of life. The entire way of life in nature cannot be limited by any technocracy. Many beautiful and vital thoughts will drift together at the closest contact with nature, in the blessed everyday labors. Calling these labors blessed is no exaggeration of their significance, because to them can be easily attached all the best self-cultivation. Radio and television and all the paths of facilitated communication, of course these are not for urbanism,—all these beneficial possibilities are required precisely in the broad expanse of nature, among the again blossoming meadows and filled granaries.

The definition, urbanism, in its boldness, was probably predestined for cutting short in time the harmfulness of the sickened and poisoned life in the city. It would be extremely deplorable if there should not be immediately opposed to these maladies the garden-dwellings in which will be combined the best individualities with rich opportunities for collaboration, co-operation. One comes to an end in order for the other to prosper, in eternal life. Throughout the broad horizon there are no obstacles, and no city monstrosities, no Babylonian towers overshadow the paths to the flowering garden of nature. During the last year, the idea of Urbanism received some terrible blows. If the urbanists would summarize the amount of destroyed houses by air-raids and shelling, they would get monstrous totals. Even from casual newspaper data one can see the ever-growing number of destructions even when war as such has not been declared. In one of my diary leaves mention was made

about the "rain of stones". Such a Biblical warning may seem very mild in comparison with a rain of bombs, filled not only with explosives but also with poisonous gases and liquid fire. This is the kind of triumph that "civilization" offers to humanity. What shame!

Recently people even in Southern Europe were amazed by an unprecedented enormous Aurora Borealis. Thus the Northern Light flashed as far down as the South. These magnetic phenomena interfered with radio transmission—thus cosmic energies again entered into human inventions. Let us hope that some kind of "Aurora Universalis" may manifest itself, to crush all bombs, shells, poison gases and other "fratricidal implements of civilization".

The Signal

The Echo from the Earth and the call from on high,
The same and the same is the multitude, but we
Will set as a banner and kindle as a flame,
Some new way of going with the march of the Sea.

We will kindle as a torch, and set as a seal
The ways of the Flame and the gleaming of a star :
Sigilla ! Sigilla ! the banner and the Name,
A sounding of trumpets and a call from afar.

A circle of strong watchfires that wheel through the night
A sword that is stretched o'er the Orient and the West,
Great movement of waters that travel on and swing
To the sound of a music of calm and unrest.

A stamping of steeds at the gateways of the Sea,
When the Horses of night and the Horses of day,
Leap forth on the way where the Seven Sails shall flee
And pass to the Endless with the wind and the spray.

The clarion of the Dawn, with the Cup and the Flame,
The forest leaves asway, in the night of our march,
When the whole earth quivers to the signal and cry,
Now the Fire, the Wind, and the Iron are in the Arch !

Barnett D. Conlan

Matter Exists Not

(*Materia, non est.*)

Bishop Berkely

The sunbeams made the painted windows glow,
Sweet and most perfect was the melody
Which choristers intoned in unity,
Mellowed and dark the oak, the marble snow.

Each hallowed and reflected latent Glory
An unseen Presence truly brooded there
En-souling into life that temple fair,
Picture and graven stone told the one story.

The Bishop musing said, "Matter is naught
All ponderable things the eye can see
Are dreams of The Eternal Mystery,
Time, Space and Substance are but modes of thought."

"And He the Thinker, Who is first and last,
He is; let us adore Him Who is all.
Both mote and world He made, the great the small,
Creation ebbs and flows; His love stands fast."

(The Bishop is said to have composed his book from meditations in his Cathedral of the Holy Thorn, Cloyne)

—F. H. Aldhouse, M. A.

The Lure of Prophecy

BY DR. J. H. COUSINS



INTEREST in prophets, prophetesses and prophecy appears to be as eternal as hope in the human breast. Yet it is not quite clear as to whether the same human breast derives more satisfaction from venerating prophets, like those of old, who hardly ever scored a success, or from murdering (old style) and vilifying (new style) prophets and prophetesses who, like say Madame Blavatsky, frequently did score a success.

The difference in treatment of foretellers appears to depend on one's hope of heaven (and a particular kind of heaven) and the relationship of a prophecy to the ideas and emotions deemed to be essential to getting there. According to what was taken to be a historical fact in my childhood, a certain woman in the North of Ireland expressed the belief that before two centuries had passed, carriages would run without horses. Such a prophecy might possibly be interpreted as a subtle attack on the continuity of the horses of the Apocalypse; and as there could be no proper heaven without apocalyptic horses; or as the rendering obsolete of the earthly copies of these heavenly quadrupeds would seem to throw doubt on other scriptural animals, the prophecy of the "witch" was obviously not only impossible, therefore untrue, but, worst of all, was heretical, that is, it went against the ideas that sacerdotal authorities two centuries and a half ago desired to be held on the subject of horses. Moll Butters, as the prophetess was called, was burned at the stake. She missed a horseless motor-car funeral by prophesying too soon.

On the other hand, when another woman, this time in the West of Ireland, prophesied about a certain piece of raised ground that, before half a century had passed, people "would be talking from it to the India behind and the India beyant" (probably the West Indies and India), the prophecy did not appear to threaten any theological vested interests,

but rather seemed to substantiate miracles, and the prophetess died in her bed of extended chronology. Marconi's first trans-Atlantic wireless station, signalling from Clifden to Nova Scotia, was built on that piece of raised ground.

The two ladies mentioned were both good prophetesses. Their different modes of exit from the planet arose from the fact that contemporaneous authorities were bad judges of prophecy. Not all the mechanization that the world can ever suffer from can render obsolete a single fabulous creature of man's aspiring imagination. They are not transient fabrications; but anticipations of man's own inner powers that he will exert when he has learned to give as much attention to the technique of the creative imagination as he gives to the technique of sensuous and egoistic gratification. The development of radio not only added to the miracles, but made miracles familiar, which is never good for the merely miraculous: it made miracles understandable, which is dangerous for mere hocus pocus: at the same time it induced a state of mind that is as false as false miraculousness, the state of mind that declined to accept miracles that were not capable of scientific explanation.

Dr. James Henry Forman enters at this point with the compendious American mind, with no discoverable theological or scientific patents to protect, but with a clear idea of the value of record and a balanced conception of the significance of so-called coincidence. Thus equipped, he summarises "The Story of Prophecy" (Cassell & Co., London), and in doing so permits himself to summarise his own summary as follows:—

"Not only were critical times in the past the objects of often strikingly correct prophesying before the event, but even our own crucial period, through which we are now passing, has been long foretold, with considerable detail, by a very chorus of voices crying in the wilderness. Our immediate present and future, it would appear, have been the concern of ages of seers, and if events have taken us unawares, it is owing largely, as any student of prophecy can demonstrate, to our own perversity and blindness."

Dr. Forman is obviously on the side of the prophets. But his allegiance is not empirical only, though, from the

point of view of evidence, it might legitimately be so. The interrogative look in the eye of the scientific spirit encourages, if it does not intimidate, him to seek explanation; and he finds it in the psychology that is zenith to the nadir of sexology. He discusses recent developments of research into the faculty of prophecy, which indicates that all human beings possess in some degree the capacity of foresight. And Dr. Alexis Carrel, in his big book, "Man the Unknown," gives a scientific chit to the power of prophecy as "a psychic principle capable of evolving outside the limits of our bodies."

Hence, in Dr. Forman's contribution of data on foreseeing there is no cutting in of ignorant scepticism such as has frequently marred other studies in prophecy; neither is there the easy acceptance as fact of what may be amenable to other explanation. He makes a valuable study, with running commentary, of Biblical prophecy, pyramidal prophecy, astrological prophecy; and humanises the study by biographical sketches of such prophets and prophetesses as Nostrodamus, Mother Shipton, Cagliostro and Madame Blavatsky.

But, interesting as such matters are, the lure of prophecy is not in past failures or successes, but in the bearing of its pronouncements on the future, particularly the immediate future in which our own destinies may be involved, or the future as it bears on our special affinities and aversions. These are fairly evenly distributed between now and the year 2001, beginning with the celebrated World War, to which another French Revolution succeeds in 1953, which is only fifteen years hence. It will take forty-eight years (1953-2001) to bring world-reconstruction to a point of repose.

From collateral prophecies we gather that the coming French Revolution will bring monarchy back and reverse the official agnosticism of the country. But in 1999, forty-six years after the prophesied Revolution, France is to be assaulted by an air-army from northern Asia (origin not clear). But it is comforting to know that Paris will not be

totally destroyed until 3420, which gives her time to prepare herself for the event.

Catholics will be pleased to learn that the Pope after the present one, who will take the name of Gregory XVII, will convert England, Germany and Russia. As this cannot be many years hence, it implies prophecy as to drastic changes in both Germany and Russia. France is also to undergo a change, as a French King is to work with Pope Gregory for half a century, which means that they will both be fairly mature at finis.

On the other hand, Protestants are promised the last laugh; for after Pope Gregory XVII there will be six more Popes—and then, according to Dr. Forman's reading of prophecy, the Papacy will end, as it began, with a rock (petros): it was built on Peter the Asian, and it will be unbuilt on Peter the Roman, in whose reign Rome will be assaulted and destroyed, and Italy will banish the Papacy. So, says Dr. Forman, says prophecy. We can only wait and see.

Along more general lines, prophecy says that, although we may not have noticed it, the world entered a new era on September 15 and 16, 1936. In this era constructive thought and effort will increase. Wars are dated for 1936, 1937, 1938 (one hundred per cent success here), with critical times (if the present is not critical enough for our taste) in 1940 to 1942. Yet a spiritual revival will develop concurrently with the apparently diminishing pugnacity of the race. In 1944 or 1945 an era of brotherhood begins, and probably different lines of prophecy converge (with diversions connected with the fate of the Papacy and Paris) towards 2001 and world-peace.

India does not appear in the prophecies: perhaps she is implied in the spiritual revival and era of brotherhood.

Gandhi's Message at Vithalnagar

By TANDRA DEVI



often wonder whether the people of India realise that their's is the only country in this distracted world in which a widespread movement is afoot to put the working life of the masses on to the basis of an ideally organised humanity. Do they know that not since the great epoch of the Crafts-Guilds of the Middle Ages in Europe, not since the flourishing srenis (also Guilds) of the ancient Hindu republics, has any movement blessed the world, with so deep, so lasting, so true a significance to the masses of the people, as the khadi movement inspired by Gandhi? Do they realise the power and uniqueness of that movement?

Do people realise the meaning and the import of khadi? I think not. For if they did, and if they had acted honestly upon that realisation, as Gandhi recently declared at Vithalnagar, "the Governors would not have dared to defy the demands of our Ministers." India would now be well on the way to her freedom—a spiritual freedom, out of which material freedom would inevitably be born.

I have been reading that Vithalnagar speech of Gandhi's at the opening of the Khadi Exhibition, and the thoughts it has engendered are many and deep; but amid the welter of the present political activities, may be the true and dynamic words of the prophet and saint are not receiving the attention they deserve, that is, the concentrated attention of every man, woman and child in India.

"My message of Khadi," he said, "is an old, old one. I have nothing new to say." None who are labouring for truth have anything new to say. I wonder if Gandhi's listeners realised the infinite beauty and immediate tragedy of this little phrase "I have nothing new to say"? "But I will say it again and again till I die." This great and precious leader is thinking of death. He is always nowadays facing the Unknown and the closing of this life. Amid the

welter of activity to which he is forced because we have not understood the meaning of khadi, the Eternal is present to his mind. And in the light of death he gives to the nation this one clue to liberation: "understand the lesson of khadi." He is thinking (God only knows with how much anguish of spirit—the anguish of the prophet who is fated but yet misunderstood) "If you wear khaddar for political purposes, you will burn my body and along with it khaddar". He is feeling that because the nation as a whole has not really understood his immense (and immensely practical) vision for its redemption, his unique and saving movement will perhaps die with him. After he dies, men will perhaps continue to wear the symbol of his vision—khaddar—as soldiers wear khaki—whilst he looks on (who knows?) conquered by our ignorance, our blindness, our appalling sloth and our appalling selfishness. If we really appreciated this great soul, we would—every one of us—stop praising him and get down to the carrying out of his message, thus giving him a real token of love and honour before he passes for ever from our midst. It is the spirit of khadi that matters, not the dead letter and that spirit will release India.

"My idea of village Congress is different," he said, "I do not want you to spend seven and a half lakhs of rupees as you have done here," (Vithalnagar) ".....Understand and imbibe the lesson of khadi and swaraj will be yours. You have not understood the lesson of khadi."

"The lesson of khadi" is the lesson that all the prophets have taught since the beginning of the world. It is the lesson which enjoins poverty, simplicity, true-ness of life from moment to moment, non-attachment to earthly wants, application with all our heart and soul to carrying out those duties which minister to the needs (as distinguished from wants) of body and soul—it is, in fact, the casting away of every tie and wantful desire which binds us, each one individually, to all those things and ways which hamper the life in us.

Let any man or woman who is enmeshed in delusion but decide to learn "the lesson of khadi", and the very effort to do so, if it is earnest and sustained, will break all

bonds of attachment, will make a heaven on earth for that man or woman, where before there were bitterness and entanglement, and will make of him or her a true nationalist—nay, more than this, a true, strong and inspiring member of the human race. There is only one path for the whole human race—your seer Gandhi calls it "khadi". Jesus called it poverty—the "poor in spirit", the meek, and He said "blessed are the meek, for they shall inherit the earth". Jesus, like Gandhi, was a great statesman.

What is true for the individual is true also for the nation. And what is true for one nation must, in the long run, hold true for the world. There is right. There is wrong. By taking that path of simple right which the saints have trod, which this living saint-statesman is showing us again in our day, we take the only path to make the advent of "the Kingdom of Heaven" a certainty. There is no other path. Everything else is weariness—nearly the whole of the world of to-day is dust and ashes.

India, spiritual home of the world, should take this path. India has not yet taken it. So her prophet says: "You have not learned the lesson."

"These are only idealistic words!" No! This is the most practical thing in the world! Idealistic thoughts that cannot be carried out in practice are blasphemy. But Gandhi's thoughts, we know, *can* be carried out in practice. We shirk them, and blame the political or industrial situation for our sloth, our selfishness and our lack of true humanity towards India and England. I do not, of course, deny that there is a political situation. I merely say that is not the root of the trouble.

Before India can get freedom, her people must crumble themselves into ruins and come to life again. Perhaps the point Gandhi has missed is that India must crumble, before true building can begin. It is a matter of each individual crumbling himself. Not waiting for another to do it. Only then will he have his little cup of purity and of power to offer to the national cause. (What is the use of pious talk, when, there is such a spirit abroad in this land, that

sustenance is not even forthcoming for unhappy and destitute released political prisoners in Bengal?)

Each individual must become truly insignificant—utterly insignificant, before invulnerable power can flow through this land. We can build up from this true insignificance, but we cannot come down to it after having built up a structure. If the structure is built up on those in whom personality and its wants are not dead or dying, the whole thing has to topple before a new structure can be started on the proper foundation. The first thing is this foundation in human character—real character, not effort based on conventional codes. For this Gandhi has chosen the symbol “khadi”. (Perhaps he has done it unconsciously; I don’t know. I have never met Gandhi, never come under the spell of his magnetic personality.) Khadi, however, is not a mere symbol. It is one of the living keys to liberation, individual and national. I firmly believe that national liberation is impossible without it, spiritually, politically and economically. It is true that real economics are spiritual action; and that false economics have almost ruined the whole world. Yet India, the land of spiritual perception, is adopting the standard of false economics, is preparing to tread the downward path. I say that she has turned deaf ears to the real message of Gandhi, else how could she pursue the modern industrial path? I who am an outsider, an alien, can see this national tragedy; and I see also that many are blind to it. Force cannot be fought with force, nor evil by evil. Why do Indians waste their lives in feeding the evils of capitalism, Imperialism and exploitation? This is done, not alone by outsiders, but among themselves. Why have they turned their hearts from their Mahatma, whilst they shout his name from the housetops?

Plato saw this same vision that Gandhi has seen and lived. (We must live it to realise it). There is a remarkable conversation in Plato’s *Symposium*, between Plato, Socrates, and a lady named Diotima. Into the mouth of the woman are put some of the greatest words of wisdom ever penned. These words directly refer to the organisation of work, of the things belonging to our daily needs—

clothes, food, shelter—on the basis of the Divine Ideal of Labour. Out of that, every vision, every power, every realisation of triumphant humanity, is to be born—out of that simple thing: attention to the bases on which the common needs of daily life are produced. I give here this marvellous talk—you had it again at Vithalnagar. You will have it, as Gandhi said “again and again” till all the prophets are dead, till you, too, learn how to live, how not to maim your prophets, how to sustain and comfort those who suffer for India. Apply Plato’s talk with Socrates to the need of modern India. It is the urgent need of the very soul of India, and of the world. If her millions are to be fed, let all attend to this need. If she is to be free, she can only become so by this voluntary impoverishment of the rich—by this enriching of the poor through the labours of their hands—by this levelling up of every one of her millions to the Divine Ideal in Crafts and Industries before any further building and expansion are possible or even moral. Plato said (and Gandhi says, in other words):

“He who has been instructed thus far in the science of Love” (*non-violence*) “and has been led to see beautiful things in their due order and rank, when he comes towards the end of his discipline, will suddenly catch sight of a wondrous thing, beautiful with the absolute Beauty—and this, Socrates, is the aim and end of all those earlier labours:—he will see a Beauty eternal, not growing or decaying, not waxing or waning.....”

“When a man proceeding onwards from terrestrial things by the right way of, loving,” (*practice of non-violence in every affair of daily life—in business, politics, etc.*) “once comes to sight of that Beauty, he is not far from his goal. And this is the right way wherein he should go or be guided in his love: he should begin by loving earthly things for the sake of the Absolute Loveliness, ascending to That as it were by degrees or steps, from the first to the second, and thence to all fair forms”; (*the glory of the nation is to be constructed upon first or simple things done in the ‘right way of loving’.*) “and from fair forms to fair conduct”, (*there must be truth in the things of daily life, else there can*

be no morality—principle) “and from fair conduct to fair principles, until from fair principles he finally arrives at the ultimate Principle of all, and learn what absolute Beauty is.”

“This life, my dear Socrates,” said Diotima, “if any life at all is worth living, is the life that a man should live, in the contemplation of.....the true Beauty, simple and divine.”

“O think you, she said, that it would be an ignoble life for a man to be ever looking thither and with his proper faculty contemplating the absolute Beauty, and to be living in its presence? Are you not rather convinced that he who thus sees Beauty as only it can be seen, will be specially fortunate? And that, since he is in contact *not with images but with realities, he will give birth not to images, but to the very Truth itself?*”

The whole world is awaiting that nation which shall *by deeds* “give birth to the very Truth itself”. Truth for this country begins in khadi. Inasmuch as you have not understood the lesson of khadi you are giving only lip-service to your Prophet. If you want freedom, take the first steps to freedom—spiritual freedom through perfect works. Do not revile me because I who have a white skin say this to you who are suffering under the domination of a white-skinned race. The spirit of khadi is the only way out of chaos for every race. India has gone far towards it, but not yet far enough. In this she is ahead of every other nation. Will she go the whole course? Will she lead the nations to liberation?

Lady Krishnamachari

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



HERE are certain persons who have an inherent hatred for publicity. Habitual self-effacement is their marked characteristic. They believe in doing their work unobtrusively, avoiding the searchlight of publicity. If any appreciation comes in their way, they value it deeply, but they do not deliberately work for it. This *auri sacra fames* is never an infirmity of their mind. They are more like the Prophets in the cave, whose existence is unsuspected till a happy chance evokes them.

Lady Krishnamachari belongs to this group of persons: in common with her husband, she hates cheap publicity and a mawkish popularity. But for this invincible modesty, she would have been known much more widely than she is now. She is undoubtedly a great personality in her own way. Her achievements are greater than herself.

The feminist movement has in her an able exponent, and what she has done to further it cannot be too strongly exaggerated. She has very decided views on the problems confronting her sex. She has a high and beautiful ideal of what Indian womanhood should be. It is her firm conviction that women, besides observing every convention of traditional modesty, should rise to the heights of which they are capable. They should not be as they are, the victims of their own inexpressiveness: passively good but pitifully unable to cope with the changing demands of life. Opportunity for infinite development of personality and dynamic character should be provided for women.

Her approach to these problems is made in a spirit of love and humility. The so-called workers for women's cause have always shown a restless craving to impress their individualities on others and in some ways to subdue them. Their attitude towards their own sex is one of condescension. Lady Krishnamachari has nothing of this vanity and egotism. Women in her position are apt to be obsessed

with a sense of their importance. But power and pelf, far from making her 'centred all in self' has given her a very human and sympathetic outlook. She does not laugh at the follies and foibles of women placed in unenviable circumstances. She has the wide charity which teaches her to regard them with kindly indulgence. It is this strange sweetness of soul that has sustained her in all her work for the social and personal freedom of women.

She does not merely dream of 'things to come'. She has the shrewd, practical genius of giving concrete shape to her floating fancies and this singles her out as the very woman of very woman. In all the movements with which she is associated she evinces a vital interest and enthusiasm. Any organisation that takes steps to foster individuality in women claims her ready support. She also gives freely of her purse to deserving movements. Her distinction in initiating and working institutes and organisations for the uplift of women was such that the Government in genuine appreciation of it gave her the much coveted Kaisar-i-Hind Gold Medal.

This practical turn of mind helps her no less in maintaining her home perfectly. A more perfect home than hers cannot be imagined. She is a complete embodiment of vitality. It is incredible that so much pulsating quicksilver, so much energy and purpose should be packed into her frame. The daily round of engagements means for her a release of creative energy and enthusiasm. She acquaints herself with every little detail of activity. She receives the endless stream of visitors and superintends arrangements for guests, parties etc. She does not chafe at this exacting life. She throws herself ecstatically into even such prosaic, everyday interests of life. Very few women are capable of this selfpossession and serenity: such worries often send the blood into their face. Lady Krishnamachari's enchanting grace of courtesy never fails her, worry or no worry.

Those who serve her know not a more human soul and in her own way, finer. She is very generous to them, and

often winks at their faults. She does not allow her solitude for them to suffer on any account. She inspires in them a feeling of profound and devoted affection towards herself by little acts of love and of kindness. Small wonder then that they call her affectionately 'amma'; she loves them all as only a mother can. Her heart's wealth of sympathy is there for all to share.

As a conversationalist she can be very engaging indeed. She has more than a nodding acquaintance with three or four languages. She can talk with a fair measure of facility in them. Milton in his prejudice against women once remarked, 'one language is enough for women'. But one wonders why there should be any such ban on intellectual acquisitions by women. Linguistic ability, as in the case of Lady Krishnamachari, will enable them to gain tolerance and breadth of outlook, and also widen their understanding of human nature. Tamil as spoken by Lady Krishnamachari has a singular charm and richness about it: the writer understood for the first time how sweet the Tamil of ordinary conversation can be. Her talk, full of fervour and candour, gives new angles of vision and new values to life. Sir V. T. Krishnamachari's genial social, temper and the quiet, highbred courtesy of his wife has made "Dilaram" a centre of sweetness and light.

Lady Krishnamachari is also an aesthete to the core. She probably owes her appreciation of art to the European tour she made sometime ago. Art in its choicest form makes a great appeal to her. For her home she is never tired of planning ever fresh decorations—one thing or other she always plans and pursues. Even in her dress, which is fascinating in its native simplicity, there is evidence of this artistic sense. She has no attraction for what the poet Herrick felicitously calls, 'the erring lace' and 'tempestuous petticoat' of the fashionable woman. A light, coloured sari that clings from neck to feet in rhythmic folds, a blouse in the approved orthodox manner, a few inevitable jewels,—these make up a simple, yet significant personality. To those who love her—to know her is to love her—she is singularly attractive. Hers is not the beauty of form: it is

the loftier beauty of expression. In her face there is a moral and spiritual beauty such as we see in that of a Yogini. This spiritual charm in her captivates one at first sight.

She believes in a simple, godly life. She has little sympathy with the ritual aspect of religion. But she has profound faith in religion in its purest form as exclusively an affair of one's soul. This deep abiding faith irradiates her life and makes it a thing of beauty for her.

She finds an escape from her busy life often in the lovely lawns in "Dilaram". As she takes her stroll in the calm, pleasing solitariness of nature accompanied by her daughter she finds there a peace and quiet that refreshes her spirit. She then thinks thoughts as beautiful as the flowers in the lawn, with feelings as gentle as the wind that breathes over them. Sometimes she would have a sort of family conclave in the drawing-room and let her memory bring 'the light of other days'. She keeps the spell of home-affection thus unbroken.

It is impossible not to admire such women rich in adorable qualities and one recalls Wordsworth's

"A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort and command."

Tales from Indian History

Rana Raghupati Singh.

By Prof. V. RANGACHARYA



IN the battle of Haldighat, Akbar dealt a blow at the Rajput which for the time ended his resistance and made the recovery of his independence a forlorn hope. Evil overtook many a proud and gallant house, and no corner of Rajputana escaped the fire and sword of the marching Mughal soldiery. Many chiefs were reduced to the life of depredators, compelled to eke out their lives by robbing the Mughal camps; and the unhappy people experienced all the grim evils of a never-ending strife between rival troops in their lands.

Rana Raghupati Singh was one of such dispossessed chiefs. He had lost home, wife and son, but not his heart or pride. Elusive like an eel, he moved to and fro with electric rapidity and adroitly defied all Mughal attempts to capture him. His own castle was surrounded by the enemy, and his young son and beloved queen were in vain yearning for their liberty and his company.

And now, as fate would have it, the young prince fell ill and soon lay dying. The Rana was too proud to yield to the Mughal; but he could not extinguish the blaze of his love for his child which consumed the fabric of his existence even more intensively than his love for freedom. Cut off from the soul which he deeply loved and which was to soar away from this world, the Rana resolved to brave the lion in its very den and seek entrance into his home in order to have a last sight of his child. The step might be, was certain to be, a disastrous termination to a successful resistance; but the pang of parental love was a much more powerful despot than the Mughal emperor and could not be disobeyed; and the sacrifice of liberty, so dear to him, was worthy of such an altar.

Thus it was that on one dark night the shadow of the chief was observed to flit across the gate by the hawk-eyed

officer watching at its door. Promptly came the challenge 'who was there?' and equally unhesitatingly came the response: "I am Rana Raghupati Singh whom you are commissioned to arrest." "You have, sir, placed yourself in the lion's paws, and you are a prisoner." "A captive, indeed, I am of yours; but hark, sir, for a moment if you have a spark of the fire of parental love in you! My son is dying in yonder rooms, and I long to have a last look at him on this earth. Respect for a father's weakness cannot be forgotten even by the wicked and, while I am not wicked, I am a Rajput who has no fear of death where honour is concerned. I desire not life after this, and I shall place my arms under your fetters after my heart-felt longing is satisfied."

It was not possible for the officer to withhold the permission. Won over by the proud bearing and sad tone of the foe who had so long defied the Mughal, he yielded and let him go. He did not doubt for a moment that the word would be kept and that he would not be worse off for the exercise of a kindness so dearly purchased and so pathetically pressed.

The Rana saw his son and the unhappy, despairing wife and mother. Death was already on the young tender face; and it was obvious that all the mother's anxious nursing could not, while giving him some relief, give him life! The Rani of Raghupati Singh had completely merged her self into her lord's; and she mingled the tears of sorrow for her son with the tears of joy for her husband's recovery. The loss was indeed heavy, heart-rending, unbearable; but the gain was greater. Her lord was once more by her side. What more could she want?

But a moment later came the shock. The powerful man woke her up from her stupor of grief and joy by uttering words of farewell! He asked her to continue the nursing with hope and with resignation; bestowed a shower of tender kisses on his child; and, turning to his clinging wife, asked for her consent to his return!

The Rani was perplexed. She could not understand why, the very moment after the re-union for which she had

been craving every moment, her husband should talk of separation. With her eyes opened by surprise she asked him what he meant. The Rana explained the situation to her. He told her of his desire, his promise, and his duty. The Muslim guard had permitted him to come because he believed in his word of honour. He was therefore bound to go! There could be no compromise between his desires and his sense of honour. There was not even the desire to fight the battle in his mind. He took it for granted that there was no other path than that of self-sacrifice. The queen could not but see the deep meaning of his act. She was a Rajput woman; and, while physically pained by the loss of all she possessed, she could not but be spiritually satisfied. "Go, my lord," she said, "nothing more is left to me. But the distance between us shall not be long! Who talks of separation? The fire will be always ready, and through its holy passage will our meeting be when I hear of your sacrifice at the hands of the Mlechcha, of your martyrdom at the altar of love and honour! Farewell!"

The proud tone of the returned Rajput cut the half-suspicious Muslim guard like a knife! It roused in him an emotion to which he had hardly been accustomed. Racial pride had been an overwhelming passion with him; and now his admiration for his gallant foe conquered that feeling. He could not believe his own eyes. He wondered and wondered whether there could be such honesty; and, he felt it impossible to be mean! Yielding to the hypnotic influence of his gallant foe, he repressed the unworthy feeling of opportunism which had entered his thought for a moment, and, openly confessing that he had been conquered by so noble a sacrifice, declared him to be free, to go where he pleased!

But the soldier in him accused him of disloyalty, and, unable to bear the prick of his conscience, he reported himself to his commander as a traitor. He told the latter of the Rajput chief's pressing request, his own conditional permission, the chief's return, and his own guilt in setting him free.

The Mughal commander was a disciplinarian, pure and simple. He had no place for idealism in his heart.

A traitor was a traitor to him whether he was a noble man or a wicked one. A soldier could not be given a high pedestal simply because he allowed his loyalty to be trampled by generosity. In serving his master he could do no wrong if he was merciless. On the other hand, to let a powerful foe escape when he was once in his clutches was a crime in the eye of law. Applying this cold logic, the commander sentenced the officer to death.

No sooner was the sentence pronounced than the preparation was made to execute the accused. The condemned man did not show the least forlornness in his attitude. There was a new spirituality, a new angle of life-vision in him. A new charm lurked in his smile, a new idealism in his eyes, and a new type of adjustment in his life-experience. At the sight of the gallows he was unmoved. He was indeed surprised but not pained by the knocks and crooked ways of fortunes; and he resigned himself, with the characteristic endurance of his race, to the inevitable. A Vedantic conception of life made him contemptuous of death. He who had been used to be dragged down to the lowest depths of thirst for blood now found himself tossed to the skies by his own feeling!

The voice of rumour soon reached the ears of the Rana. His whole being at once yearned gloriously to the sense of duty, and he made up his mind to save the man who was about to be deprived of his life on account of him; and amidst a crowd of admiring and sympathetic eyes, he galloped to the scene of execution and offered himself as a prisoner, for the sake of his benefactor's life and restoration to freedom and honour.

But the Mughal commander was a cynic and opportunist. He was a man made entirely blind, by the mirage of selfishness, to the feeling of human sympathy. He had given himself up entirely to the intoxication of self-interest; and the better sides of his human nature had been completely burned up into cinders by the flames of worldliness and lust. His eyes, therefore, did not moisten at the sight of nobility and misery. On the other hand, the lines round his lips indicated, to even more than the usual extent, his

uncompromising rigidity; and he added the new prisoner to the old as a victim to the gallows. A sense of horror stole round the hearts of all those who heard the story of the two men; but the grim sentence was beyond recall.

Everything was now given up for lost. The lives of two of the noblest of men hung by the slenderest of slender threads. The executioner's axe alone remained to fall. But just at this moment there was a disturbance at the camp. The rumour spread that Emperor Akbar was there, that man the story of whose exploits was magical to all the world who heard of him. Nor was the rumour false. Amidst a band of troopers, galloping as if for their very life, the monarch of Hindustan, that enigma of all historians, was seen to emerge to the sight of the assembled men! "Stop," said the voice of imperial gentleness; and a moment later the two men who were about to be sent to eternity were seen to kneel in gratitude to their emperor and saviour. "Sir, officer," said the emperor to the Muslim guard, "you did well not to split straws, but display humanity as well as loyalty. You are not only pardoned but commended, and restored to your rank and honour." To the Rajput chief the emperor extended the liberty which he loved so well, and thereby bridged the gulf which had so long remained unbridged. The implacable enemy of yesterday became the doughty champion of to-day, and there was no more gallant knight-errant in the imperial service than Raghupati Singh. One more was added to the long list of heroes whom an emperor's smile turned away from irreconcilable enmity and brought them into touch with actualities.

Current Comments

By AN OBSERVER

Work for the unemployed. The hon. Mr. V. V. Giri, Minister for Labour and Industries, suggested, in the course of a recent speech in his own constituency of Parvatipuram, the establishment of a Dayalbagh for each district where the unemployed could be trained for a short period, say six months, to take up suitable jobs. He said that he had a comprehensive scheme which was not yet ready to be launched before the public. Government, he pointed out, had found, as the result of enquiry, 12000 unemployed in six districts. After the statistics for the other districts were collected he hoped to tackle the problem of providing for these unemployed. Government, he said :

"Would consider the feasibility of calling for a voluntary contribution of half a pie a day from every one, who was employed and drawing Rs. 25 or more a month either in public or private service. This would place at the disposal of the Government a decent amount of money with which the Government could start central institutions for training young educated unemployed in cottage industries in the manner that was being done at Dayalbagh. Into every institution, young men could be taken in batches of 50 or 60 and given such training for a period of perhaps six months and then sent out. Cottage industries like paper-making, bee-keeping, etc. could easily be taken up. The work turned out in the institutions would give the necessary training for these young men and also maintain the institutions. The young men, after coming out of the institution, would be able to take up some craft or industry that would give them a means of livelihood."

Father of British irrigation works. It was a fitting tribute which H. E. the Governor paid to Sir Arthur Cotton, the celebrated Engineer, on the occasion of his unveiling the bust of 'that father of British Irrigation works' at Rajahmundry. His Excellency said :

"It may be that in respect of technical knowledge there are others who have surpassed him, but for breadth of vision and courage to overcome all obstacles in the pursuit of that vision, I know of none greater than he whose bust I am here to unveil. Sir Arthur Cotton has been called the father of British irrigation works in India, and it is, indeed, fitting that this memorial should adorn the site of the greatest of all his achievements. Tanjore has to thank him for the execution of the Upper Anicut across the Coleroon, and it was he who first suggested the storing of the surplus waters of the Cauvery exactly one hundred years before the Mettur Dam came into being; but I think that his spiritual home is here in the Godavari where he located, planned and carried to completion this vast work which has ever since been one of the wonders of south India".

Referring to the courage and imagination which was Sir Arthur Cotton's, when, a century ago, he set out to dam the

four-mile wide river, His Excellency observed that the great Engineer began

"with little more to his hand than a stone quarry and a collection of inexperienced workmen. Of skilled labour there was so little that he had not only to design and plan but personally to instruct and supervise at every step. Of modern machinery there was none; while lack of experience of similar projects made it a battle not merely against unknown forces of nature, but also against the scepticism of those in high places, who doubted the ultimate success or utility of a scheme for which they had to find the funds. No wonder then that, as the chroniclers say, Sir Arthur was exhausted by unremitting work and anxiety. But he won his battle, and brought the work to its completion, a monument to one man's faith and energy."

And with what result? His Excellency well and truly observed :

"To-day, forty million acres of Indian soil are watered by great works of Irrigation, without which a sixth of her total crops would fail and hundreds of thousands of her people be reduced to starvation. The area under irrigation provides employment for at least one-seventh of the country's population and the value of the crops raised upon it is in the neighbourhood of one-hundred crores annually. These are immense figures and one wonders whether so vast an extension was ever dreamed of by those early British engineers who, when they first came to this country, found perhaps not more than a total of two million acres under irrigation. I like to think that even so incredible a dream was not beyond the imagination of Sir Arthur Cotton, for that was the stuff of which he was made. And here in Godavari he was himself responsible for adding more than 800,000 acres to the sum of watered land. India has good cause for gratitude toward the Engineers, who have served her so well, and it is for her people to repay the debt by taking the fullest advantage of the facilities provided for them and by doing their share of keeping in good order and repair the works and channels through which their livelihood flows."

Mysore in 1936—37. The Administration Report of Mysore for 1936—7 reveals the all-round progress made by the State in the period under review. There was no political trouble during the year. The monsoons were adequate, unemployment scarce, and crime was far below the average. Both rural reconstruction work and initiation of industries, private and governmental, were conspicuous. A single riot which led to the firing by the police and five deaths and 23 convictions was a break in the general tranquillity. Certain areas where the tanks were not filled up by the monsoons were given remissions to the extent of Rs. 20,000. Cattle were on the whole healthy and did not suffer from lack of water or fodder. The prices of areca, cotton and coffee increased slightly to the betterment of those industries. Government appointed a special staff of assessing officers to improve the finances of minor towns and municipalities. Six towns were provided with better facilities for water-supply, and six others with those for electric supply. Village Panchayats were

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encouraged in rural welfare work. Work worth 8·6 lakhs of rupees was turned out by the Panchayat labour and funds. By the close of the year, 122 Panchayats had electric lights. Selected schemes of welfare work were done in 181 villages. Research work was carried out in connection with sugarcane, cotton and tobacco. The iron and steel works had sales to Rs. 32 lakhs as against the average of 16 lakhs, and reaped a profit of nearly 1·4 lakhs. In spite of adverse competition and the rise in the price of raw materials, the Government Soap Factory had increased output and sales. Medicinal products had similar progress. A cement factory was set up for 9·5 lakhs worth of capital. The State had 216 factories employing 23100 men on an average daily. Not only was there a steady demand for labour, but labour disputes were few and far between. A Maternity Benefit Regulation was introduced in April 1937. The imports of rice, gram and pulses into the State did not only decline, but the agriculturists were in a position to be exporters of those commodities. The export of sugar increased to 38 lakhs while imported refined sugar fell by 1·5 lakh, thereby indicating greater self-sufficiency. There was also improvement in the export of areca and cotton piecegoods. Thus, though there was no complete recovery as yet from economic depression, a great progress was made towards it.

The Age of the Indus Valley Civilisation. Dr. C. L. Fabri, the Special Officer of the Central Museum, Lahore, has endeavoured to fix, in the latest number of the *Current Science*, the chronology of the Indus Valley civilisation, on the basis of the materials which have been unearthed by the spade of the archaeologist during the last five or six years. The value of his investigation lies in the fact that he takes into account all the relevant discoveries and interpretations made not only at Harappa and Mahenjodaro as well as fresh sites like Chanhudaro in India, but also those made in Mesopotamia, Crete, Persia, ancient Persia, Iraq, Baluchistan, the Near East and the Indo-Iranian border-lands. The views of Mlle. Cimone Corbiau, Gadd, Dr. Henry Frankfort, Sir Aurel Stein, V. Scheil, F. Thureau-Dangin, R. Ghirshman, M. E. J. Mallowan, Prof. Andre Parrot and Dr. Ernest Mackay are cited; and Dr. Fabri's own contributions on the subject, which have been by no means inconsiderable, are referred to. Dr. Fabri concludes, as the result of his synthetic study, that the Indus valley civilisation had features in common with those of Mesopotamia, Crete etc. in essential respects. All these people lived for the first time in ordered towns. They used burnt bricks made in the potter's wheel, and had wheeled carts. They used stone and copper simultaneously. They began the system of expressing complicated ideas in written symbols and

gradually evolved a script. They knew glass and the art of faience, and used engraved stone seals with inscribed texts. They were both agriculturists and urban dwellers who, imbued with sufficient ideas of sanitation and cleanliness, had baths and drainages in their towns. They were worshippers of tree-spirits and sacrificed bulls. They had horned gods, and legends of lion-slaying heroes. They had an astronomical myth in which Leo fought with Taurus. They manufactured beads and made much use of shell and ivory. They constructed boats with an upper central structure. They employed bitumen to strengthen brick-work, painted their pottery in black and polychrome colours, and made incised steatite vessels with basket-like design. They had extensive trade of an international character, particularly in precious metals and stones. They worshipped the mother-goddess with the symbols of the dove and the tree, and they buried the dead (unlike the later Aryans who were for cremation), depositing the utensils with them. All these common features, points out Dr. Fabri, indicate the close affinity and chronological proximity of the Sindh civilisation with the West Asiatic one. They belong, roughly speaking, to between B. C. 4000 and 2000, and were apparently in close touch and intercourse with each other. Prof. Gadd describes 18 Indian seals discovered in Mesopotamia, and they belonged to about 2800—2500 B. C. The discoveries made by Mr. Frankfort at Tell Asmar show animals of the pure Indian Mohenjodaro style, unknown to Mesopotamia, and they belonged to the dynasty of Akkad about B. C. 2500. The Sumero-Babylonian inscription found in a jar discovered by Dr. Fabri himself at Mohenjodaro belongs to 2800—2500 B. C. as it is past the pictographic stage and already practically cuneiform. Dr. Fabri concluded that 2800—2500 B. C. was probably the main culture-period of Mohenjodaro. Chanhudaro he assigns to 200 years lower down, the lower strata going back to 2600—2500 B. C. and the later coming down to 2300—2200 B. C. Harappa and Jhukar he places between the two extreme dates. The scarlet-ware fragments and pot, however, he points out, show trade connection between India and Mesopotamia from before B. C. 3000. The Cretan resemblances in religious symbols on the other hand indicate 2200—1800 B. C. Syrian discoveries of bull-sacrifice about 2000 B. C. confirm the same. Dr. Fabri concedes that the lower level of Mohenjodaro, Jhukar, Harappa etc. under subsoil water have not yet been reached and may indicate thousands of years of previous development, going back to at least 3400 B. C. like the cultures of Sumer and Egypt, but the materials now evident indicate that it attained the height about B. C. 2800, and lasted down to 2200 B. C. Dr. Fabri believes that even the decipherment of the script cannot perceptibly alter this date.

Attention in this connection may be drawn to the fact that, according to Mr. Stanley Casson, Reader in Classical Archaeology at Oxford, the latest excavations at Troy, where 41 levels have been indicated by the archaeologist's spade, Troy One, or the lowest settlement, with its massive fortification, goes to before B. C. 1350. It was destroyed by earth-quake about that date, and new Troys then came into existence, the sixth or seventh and last coming to an end about B. C. 1200.

Prison life and Humanity. In no respect is the humanization of governmental activities so obvious, perhaps, in the present day, as in the improvement of the conditions of prison life. In a recent speech Sir Samuel Hoare, the Home Secretary, enumerated the newest methods by which prison conditions have been made more human and natural in England. Prison clothes, he pointed out, have been made less distinctive. The ways of serving prison food have been improved. It has been made possible for certain prisoners to see relatives. The film entertainments have been encouraged, and facilities for games and physical exercises have been made general. An experiment has even been made in having prisoners under supervision without prison walls. Sir Samuel Hoare observed:—

"We are keeping particularly in mind the need of not dissociating man or woman from his ordinary life and family relationships and interests outside, so that, when the sentence ended, he would be so handicapped and would feel so lost to normal life as to have little chance of re-establishing himself as a worthy citizen. These methods are being adopted because, as a result of experience and better knowledge, it is believed that this is the most sensible way of dealing with prisoners. Statistics support this view. It is a fact that the more human become our methods, fewer will be the men and women we will have in prison."

A similar change in the angle of vision is a necessity in India, particularly in the Native States.

Subsidies for indigenous doctors. It is a commendable scheme that the United Provinces Government have adopted in order to encourage the indigenous system of medicine. A sum of Rs. 37500, by no means a big sum, has been set apart this year for subsidising the Ayurvedic and Yunani physicians who minister to the needs of the rural population. It has been estimated that the cost of maintaining an *Aushadhalaya* or *Jawakhana* comes to about Rs. 600 per year: and so the Government propose that every Vaidya or Hakim, who is placed under either of the two classes A and B, should receive respectively the annual subsidy of Rs. 360 and Rs. 240, besides Rs. 480 and Rs. 120 towards the cost of medicine.

The Indian Art of Dance. It is pleasant to note that the Indian art of *Natya* is making a great impression in America.

The celebrated dancer, Uday Shankar, has attracted crowded houses; and the *Literary Digest* explains the cause of this attraction in these words:

"There is an extraordinary fluid quality both in the dancing of Shankar and in the accompanying Hindu music. Motion and sound seem to flow continuously, and those who fall under their spell become as fascinated as the imaginary snake of his cobra dance."

With regard to the musical director, Vishnudas Shirali, who accompanied Uday Shankar, it observes that he "must be counted among the great musicians of the day. He performs individual miracles on drums, and has trained an ensemble whose effects of rhythm and tonal coloring are without parallel today. Fortunately some of this music is being preserved in Victor records."

The value of these remarks is particularly apparent when we remember the degenerate taste of the Film Directors in India who, in the language of Miss Auzurie, the talented danseuse of Cochin, ignore the real art, care only for the mass appeal and four anna-audience, and violate the ancient canon of purity and refinement.

"Shaking of hips or making suggestive and voluptuous limb movements is no dance art. Dance is the expression of the divine soul and, unless the emotional interpretation by the artist is correctly caught on the screen, no film can do full justice to this noble art. To understand and catch the emotional expression of the dancer, the director himself must be well-versed in the art..... I think it will take some time for dances to be recorded artistically on the screen."

Miss Auzurie has, therefore, started on a propagandic work by her practical efforts, and, there can be no doubt, she is bound to raise the tone of the art in the screen. The daughter of a Hindu mother (though a convert) and a German father, employed in the Cochin medical service, Miss Auzurie, who is now twenty-eight years of age, gave up her careers first as a nurse and then as a typist in a commercial firm for the art which she hopes to purify and popularise.

The Maski Remains. The discoveries made by the Archaeological Department, Hyderabad, at Maski where, it is well-known, an inscription of Asoka was discovered some years ago, confirm the historical importance of the place. The finds, in fact, which have been accommodated in a museum show that Maski had a continuous life through pre-historic, proto-historic and historical times. Several potsherds and vessels, black and red, which have been found near human skull and bones, yet to be anthropologically studied, have been assigned to 1000 B. C. and earlier. Chert flakes of lancets, scrapers, knives, tooth-picks and serrated combs, together with the *menhirs* which have been arranged in the form of avenues, take us at least to the proto-historic times. A very copious find of beads of different colours

and shapes, and of the chank articles like rings, bangles, necklaces and ear-rings, show the place to have been rich in bead and chank industries and therefore a source of exports of these to Malaya and the West, from about B. C. 500 onward.

"Among the terra-cotta articles there are human and animal figurines, circular discs grooved along their edges, wheels of toy-carts and beads. The human figurines belonged to different periods. One representing a woman with a long trunk and short legs is very primitive and bears a striking resemblance to similar figurines found in the Mediterranean countries, particularly at Malta. This perhaps represents Mother Earth. Some human figures show fine modelling as well as ornamental work and appear to be of a later period—perhaps the fourth and third century B. C. One figurine represents a very crudely made horse from which it would appear that the horse was not a familiar animal to the potters of those days. This animal has also been badly drawn by the artists of the Ajanta Caves. There is a tiny cobra head of amethyst among the objects made from precious stones, which may simply be an ornament or indicate Naga worship.

Some designs have been executed in relief by means of a stamp. The one specimen which has been found bears the figures of an elephant and a man very primitively designed. The exact use of the grooved discs is not clear, but it has been suggested by one authority that these perhaps were earrings."

These have been assigned to the period ranging from B. C. 500 to B. C. 100. Specimens of glass bangles belong to the same period though the majority belong to later periods. Maski, in short, had a prosperous urban and industrial life for many centuries.

Book Reviews

The Songs of Tyagaraja. by Dr. C. Narayana Rao. Price Rs. 2
Copies available at "Atreyasram," Anantapur.

An attempt is made in this book to present some of Tyagaraja's songs in English. The Telugu originals are transliterated in the left-hand pages and their translation given in the right-hand pages.

The Andhras have played a very prominent part in the formation and the progress of the complex whole of Indian culture. "It is the aim of this series of publications (The Heritage of Andhra) to present to the world the distinctive contribution of the Andhras towards the variegated yet homogeneous mosaic of Indian culture. Emphasis is laid in this series purposely on culture, for it alone is of the spirit and everliving while all the rest is of the flesh and soon withers away."

This being the purpose of the series, it is natural that emphasis should be laid, in this book, on the bringing out of the spirit of the saint's songs rather than on a literal translation. And in this attempt, the author has been eminently successful. The versification is good and the language lucid, portraying with commendable faithfulness the spirit of the Master. Tyagaraja's songs have this peculiar merit: that even those who do not understand the language do understand the appeal of the songs. A knowledge of their contents is bound to increase their appeal to the hearer as well as to the singer. The singer we specially mention with a purpose. It is very common nowadays to see Tyagaraja's dainty songs roughly handled by many of our Bhagavathars in a sort of verbal jugglery. It is hoped that a singer who knows at least the spirit of the songs he is singing will feel a check, faint though it may be, against his ruthless process of heartless singing.

But our author deserves the gratitude not only of lovers of music. All lovers of culture are indebted to him for presenting to them an aspect of a culture as high and vigorous as any other.

Songs 11 and 73 are one and the same, repeated by mistake. The General Preface, though short, is pregnant, and the Preface contains an account, as much as is now available, of the life of Tyagaraja.

The printing and get up are excellent and the book deserves to be widely read by all lovers of culture generally and lovers of music especially.

S. Vaidyanathan.

The Light of Life—a poem. by K. S. Ramaswamy Sastri
Published by Arthur H. Stockwell, Ltd., 29, Ludgate Hill London, E. C. 4; Price 1sh.

We are familiar with Mr. Sastri, the scholar. This tiny volume presents to us Mr. Sastri, the poet. And this is a happy introduction because Mr. Sastri shows himself to be as good a poet as a scholar.

The volume contains 21 short poems. The style is elegant. One sees more of polishing and restraint than spontaneity in them but the result does credit to the poet.

"Love's valuation" contains the poet's philosophy of life. We read herein,

"Man's outer smallness is by inner worth
 So counterbalanced that a noble name
 Weighs more than worlds, and pure and perfect fame
 Lights with its radiance life's extinguished hearth.
 What if our mutual kiss a moment thrills
 And then is murdered by the hand of Death?
 Time's fractions small are in the world of joy
 Converted into wholeness sweet that fills
 Our life with bliss that ends not with our breath.
 Eternal Love is not Time's brittle toy."

There is in the poet a spirit, of submission to the will of God and a trust in His grace.

"I do not seek to know Thy will.
 I trust Thy love. Enough for me
 To love the good and hate the ill
 And pray for Thy love's ecstasy "

And (The call of Grace).

"What if the day the night enshrouds?
 A new peace ends day's little wars.

.....
 The night is full of mystic hints.
 And darkness sweeter than the light.
 If daylight brings wealth, power and fame
 Night brings to us love's odorous curls.

(Day and Night).

Let us not then brood over things; let us, instead, sing the joy of life.

"O! sing, while yet upon thy mouth
 Youth's fragrance lingers warm and sweet "
 Waste no time in futile gloom or vain regrets; for
 "Thy mood may die. Who knows? who knows?
 Be thine the scaffold or the throne,
 Thy present rapture gladly own ".

(The Joy of Song).

The poet is so full of this spirit that he has the courage to proclaim, in the 'Joy of Life' that

"Life is a long unending play
 And all the tints of earth are gay ",

that

"Life is a long unending joy
 Of rapture pure without alloy."

and that

"Life is a long unending rest
 In God with Grace eternal blest ".

The printing and get up of the book are attractive.

S. Vaidyanathan

Select Modern Constitutions. By N. R. Subba Iyer, M. A. Published by The Sri Krishna Publishing House, Kumbakonam. Price Rs. 3.

This is the second edition of a book published in 1934, with the addition of two new constitutions,—those of India and Soviet Russia. Constitutions are having a trying time of it these days. A political storm is blowing over the world, particularly over Europe. Some of the constitutions considered in this book are already submerged under Totalitarian waters, and there is no knowing when these will be reclaimed. One of the constitutions—that

of India—is yet to be born, which if ever it does, will, we believe, be still-born. Nevertheless, to the student of political science, and to everyone who wishes to profit by the experience of the past, a study of the constitutions is of very great interest. We welcome this book as providing within a small compass an account of some of the most important constitutions of the world.

The book is divided into three parts. The first part, with two introductory chapters on 'Constitutions' and 'The Structure of Government', deals with four unitary constitutions—those of Great Britain, France, South Africa and the Irish Free State. The second part, with an introductory chapter on Federalism, treats of six federal constitutions and part III deals with the constitution of India.

The author has brought out all the salient features of the constitutions with appropriate extracts from authoritative books on the subject. No irrelevant matter has been introduced, nor verbiage indulged in. The whole book bespeaks the mastery the author has over his subject. Our college students especially, who experience great difficulty in sifting out the relevant facts from a mass of materials, will find this book of great help. A select bibliography and an index add to the value of the book.

S. V.

Pottery for Health and Pottery as a Cottage Industry. by R. V. Lakshmi Ratan (Senior). 316, Thambu Chetty Street, Post Box 20, Madras. With an Introduction by Dr. V. Subramaniam.

We warmly welcome this booklet by Mr. Lakshmi Ratan. It makes us feel that what we call our civilization is something to be cured.

Mr. Lakshmi Ratan describes the effects of metal poisoning and puts in a strong plea for the revival of the pottery industry. Metal poisoning is a silent and unassuming worker in the field of destruction and, as Dr. Subramaniam warns in his valuable introduction, "if the use of such metallic containers is persisted in, there will be very much more marked deterioration of the race in the course of the next two or three decades."

As the title indicates, the revival of the industry commends itself on two grounds. At a time when we are straining every nerve for an all-round national regeneration, national health is one of the most important considerations. By reviving pottery, we shall be reviving one of the most useful and picturesque but languishing cottage industries of our country, which will go to "make our villages smile". We heartily commend the author's suggestion to establish an experimental pottery station. Science has to apply itself more and more to problems of human welfare and, if it does, the pottery industry will be one of the first to claim its attention. Mr. Lakshmi Ratan's booklet deserves to be widely read.

S. V.

Familiar Flowering Trees in India. by Ida Colthurst, F. H. S., F. Z. S. With 61 illustrations from photographs in colour and half-tone. Thacker, Spink and Co, Ltd., Calcutta. Price Rs. 5.

This dainty little publication, sumptuously illustrated and having five colour plates, aims at giving the layman details regarding the flowering trees commonly met with in India. It is written in such a manner that even a man of the street will have absolutely no difficulty in identifying the trees. While it is made interesting by giving details as to the uses of the various parts of the trees—medicinal and otherwise—and while it is enlivened with stories, some of them even fantastic, there is also food for the

keen student of botany as the method of arrangement is systematic. The botanical names of the trees are given with corresponding names in several vernaculars. We are sure that the book will be of more than ordinary interest to tourists in several parts of India, and we are eagerly awaiting the publication of the companion volume on Himalayan arboreal, shrub and herbal flora which the publishers contemplate bringing out shortly.

The get up and printing of the book which are excellent justify to some extent its high price.

R.

Ten Tamil Ethics (தேதி நூல்கள் பத்து) By T. B. Krishnaswami. Crown 8-vo; pp. 253. South India Saiva Siddhanta Works Publishing Society, Tinnevely and Madras, 1937.

This volume is devoted to the texts and translations of the ten well-known ethical poems: ஆத்திசூடி; கொன்றைவேந்தன்; உலகநீதி; வெற்றிவேற்கை; மூதுரை; நல்வழி; நன்னெறி; நீதிநெறி விளக்கம்; நீதிவெண்பா; and அறநெறிச்சாரம். One page of the book contains the original verses, and the page opposite to it the translations of each. The work is indeed the swan song of the talented author whose death is a serious loss to the world of scholars. The English version is both lucid and elegant; both true to the original and to English idiom. It is a masterpiece, and it should occupy a place in every Tamil lover's library. It is useful both to the student and the general reader; and works like this are bound to popularise Tamil literature and indicate its greatness and charm. The book would have been considerably enhanced in value if a short introduction had been given about the authors and their approximate dates; but the lamented author did not probably want to enter into the region of traditions and chronological speculations. The book has been printed very neatly and attractively; and the Publishers deserve the warm thanks of the public. It deserves to be widely used in schools and colleges.

V. Rangacharya.

Saint Appar—His life and teaching. by M. S. Purnalingam Pillai B. A., L. T. Published by The South India Saiva Siddhanta Works Publishing Society, Tinnevely, Ltd, Tinnevely and Madras. Price As. 12.

Saint Appar is an inspiring name in Tamil Nad. He was one of the four apostles of the revival of Saivism and he is a significant personality in the history of Tamil culture not only because of his personal life as an ideal Bhakta but also because of his share in the revival of Saivism and his contribution to Tamil literature. The book under review gives a brief sketch of his life and teachings. The first seven chapters deal with his life, and the succeeding chapters give able estimates of his poetry, religion, philosophy and character. The language is clear and there are profuse quotations from the saint's works too. The book, a welcome addition to any library, is especially so to every young man and woman at a time when, as the author says in the last chapter, the danger is really felt of unwary young men and women being proselytized. "The story of Appar teaches us that the lost lambs can be recalled to the fold", besides giving the inspiration of a religion really lived.

S. Vaidyanathan.

The Coronation English Readers. Primer (Parts I and II) and Books I to IV—Edited by J. C. Rolls, M. A., and published by B. G. Paul & Co.,—Francis Joseph Street, Madras. Price as. 6, 6, 8, 10, and 12 respectively.

The Coronation English Readers form a series of well-planned text-books intended for use of pupils from the third standard to the Third form or the Eighth standard. In the Primer (parts I and II) stress is rightly laid on oral composition as writing comes later than speaking. The lessons are well-graded and the subjects taken up for conversation are those with which the children are familiar. Both in subject matter as well as method, the text-books follow well-accepted principles in the teaching of English. The various exercises given at the end of the lessons are calculated to give the children the necessary drill in the use of words and phrases.

From book to book there is a considerable extension of the vocabulary and of the number of words and phrases used. Instruction in grammar is also given at the end of the lessons. The editor has placed before himself three aims—that of giving accurate knowledge of the English Language, that of stimulating interest in the world around and that of helping in the development of good character. These aims are well realised in the readers.

The illustrations have come off well. The printing and get up of the books leave nothing to be desired. We have no hesitation in congratulating the publishers on the excellence of the series and in commending them as highly suitable for prescription in school.

New India English Readers, Readers IV and V. by E. Ward M. A., and A. M. Ward M. A. Published by The Teacher's Publishing House, Educational Publishers, Madras. Price not mentioned.

With the fourth form begins a new stage in the study of English. The fundamentals of grammar and pronunciations must have been mastered in the third form, and the student enters broader fields in the fourth form. The lessons in these readers are very wisely selected, considering this point. They are carefully graded and of a nature that induces more and more voluntary reading on the part of students, which would unconsciously develop their proficiency in the language.

The introductory notes in the beginning, and the exercises at the end of every lesson will be found very useful. They are by themselves, sufficiently educative. A wise teacher can do much acting on their suggestions. These readers, in short, are just the sort that would equip students for the S. S. L. C. Syllabus. The printing and get up are simply inviting.

S. Vaidyanathan.

An Outline History of India, by K. Srinivasa Kini and U. Bhavani Shanker Rao. Oxford University Press. Price As. 12.

This small book, with a good number of maps and illustrations, has been written by to experienced teachers. All the important events and developments in the history of India, from the earliest times, have been touched upon. The language is simple and well suited to school boys.

A number of questions has been added at the end, which is sure to be of help to students.

S. V.

A Simplified School Chemistry (Theoretical and Practical), by S. Jagannathan, Science Assistant, Municipal High School, Villupuram. Published by the author. Price Rs. 2.

This is a very well written book, based on the S. S. L. C. syllabus. The author has had considerable experience in teaching the subject and has made full use of it. Realising the practical difficulties of school boys he has effected a judicious combination of both the theoretical and practical aspects of the subject. There are a good number of illustrations. The lucid treatment of the subject and the questions given at the end of each chapter are sure to be of great help to the student appearing for the 'optional chemistry' examination. The index at the end greatly adds to the value of the book.

S. V.

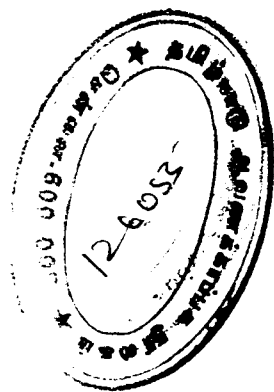
Simple Essays for Young Students of English, Llewelyn Tipping, M. A., Macmillan & Co. Price As. 8.

This book, intended for young students of English, contains essays on very many topics of every day acquaintance to students. The essays are written in idiomatic English. What young boys need in essay writing is more of guidance in the arrangement and presentation of matter rather than topics or ideas or even proficiency in language. These latter are a matter of course once the method of writing is achieved. A right step in this direction has been taken in this book by giving marginal headings for paragraphs in every essay. The book deserves to be widely used in schools.

S. Vaidyanathan.

Tolstoy short stories in Tamil. by M. S. Subramania Ayyar. Viravanallur. Price As. 6.

This booklet containing six short stories has been written in simple and chaste Tamil which can be easily understood by our children. The stories selected are interesting and are calculated to teach our children good ideals and nobility of character. The author has done well in giving the stories a local background. The beauty of the style is enhanced by the use of suitable quotations from well-known Tamil poets.



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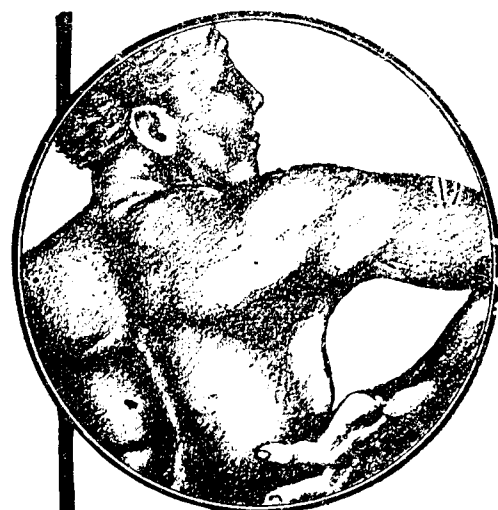
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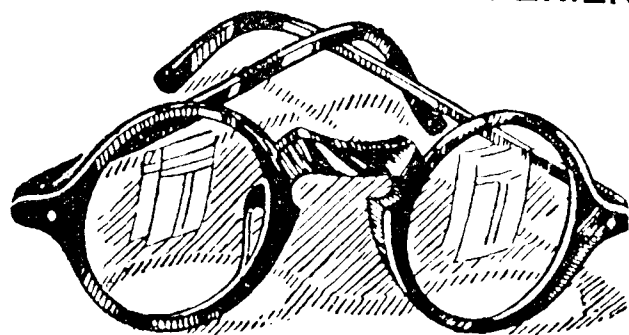
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