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Fragrance

By NICHOLAS ROERICH

"GARDENS have ceased being fragrant." Thus said Mrs. Eiskaff in her lecture in the American Women's Club.

She continued :--" In ancient times the wealthy men and administrative officials of China cultivated gardens in order to create around their homes the illusion of the natural hills and fields of their provinces."

Taking pleasure in this recreation and change of atmosphere within the boundaries of the city, they furnished enjoyment to their wives also. Especially for Chinese women, obliged to lead a secluded life, these gardens added beauty to their existence.

In constructing the gardens, the Chinese strove to come as near possible to imitating that scenery which was particularly pleasing to them.

These gardens did not occupy a large space. The Chinese valued land too much, as an area suitable for agriculture. Yet on a comparatively small plot of ground, the art of the Chinese gardener enabled him to create true works of art.

For example, Mrs. Eiskaff mentions the garden of a certain Kan-Ena, grown by him within the limits of Shanghai, in the year 1577, "in this garden were brooklets and ponds, hillocks and valleys, bamboo groves, subtropical flora, pavilions."

Speaking about Chinese women, she expresses regret that at present they have become so changed from what they were in the old gardens. Strange as it may seem, though the Chinese women are incomparably more emancipated now than they formerly were, nevertheless they have lost much of that influence which they had in country life. Formerly almost without exception leading a secluded life, they still knew how to exert the requisite influence on their husbands.

The lecture of Mrs. Eiskaff takes on still greater interest in that she is a well known translator of the ancient Chinese poets, occupying the post of honorary librarian of the "Royal Asiatic Society," as the journal takes note.

Once when I was asked—what is the difference between East and West? I said: "The best roses of East and West are alike fragrant." We have had occasion to read very condemnatory books about different countries. Each such condemnation has immediately provoked a rebuff from the censured country. A new book, sometimes very hastily written, has appeared, full of the most frightful judgements.

One book-collector displayed in his library a special shelf of vari-coloured books, saying "here is the collection of condemnation." Thus the books were set apart in a series of negatives and reprobations.

The collector or philosopher marked off in this sequence in costly fashion how much is spread the poison of condemnatory judgement. Chronologically examining these singular collections, one can see authors have hastened to enlist only on the negative sides. Let us even admit that they have not intentionally wished to tell lies, but they have employed only the singular lexicon of negatives. Occasionally such censorious collections remind one of a certain jocose critic who counted up in a certain book how many times the negative "no" was used, and pathetically concluded "well, perhaps this can be a good book, in which the word "no" has been spoken seven hundred times."

Indeed, in his condemning mood, the critic did not try to count up how many times in this book was said the word "yes." In any

case, when you see an entire section of a library composed of mutual negations, then it becomes horrible. Of course some negations are not comforting in the thought that without pronouncing a panacea we have had no right to criticise.

In the complexity of life there can be found new monstrosities, and yet let us not be in the position of pronouncing any general condemnation. The author of "Good Earth" has tried to set up in opposition two as it were mutually exclusive currents. This is not passing in judgement but comparison. In general we ought not to say simply that something is bad without saying what is good or how it can be made good.

In each garden there occur periods when the blossoms have not opened out and when leaves and buds are not even visible, yet the gardener will tell you that within three months you would not even recognize the garden. Everything blossoms, opens out, takes on new forms. The experienced gardener provides a multitude of examples which are applicable in all life. A winter's tale about summer gardens will always bear a particular verbal expression. Especially in winter does one dream about summer.

And likewise about woman's task, about the destination of women. Often more and more is required of woman in view of the fact that in an inner sense she bears a special significance. Right now equal rights for women are spoken about everywhere. Already this formula sounds somewhat old-fashioned. Already it becomes impossible to speak in general about them. And how otherwise? Where can equal rights be inadmissible? Sometimes it is customary to say that grandmothers knew something better than their grandchildren. And this comparison will be absolutely conventional. The best roses are identically beautiful. Here outside the window the ground is already growing green, the cherry trees are covered with their floral finery, and there can be no garden without fragrance.

Let there be a garden, let the deserts blossom, let the life-giving underground streams again rush forth.

The gardens will be fragrant.

Birbal Sahni—the Man and the Scientist

By ALAMELU GOVINDARAJAN

TO Madras was given early in January the good fortune and the privilege of having in its midst a band of devoted workers in the cause of Science who were attending the 27th annual meeting of the Indian Science Congress. Of them, two have won world-wide recognition, our own Sir C. V. Raman and Dr. Birbal Sahni, the President of the session. They are among the few Indians who have been elected Fellows of the Royal Society.

Sahni was born at Bhers, Punjab, on November 14, 1891 and is thus only three or four years younger than the Nobel Laureate but he appears quite youthful. Young Sahni had science in his blood; for he is the third son of Professor Ruchi Ram Sahni, the distinguished Professor of Chemistry and pioneer educationist of the Punjab. He acquired a taste for science and later in life came under the guidance of Sir A. C. Seward at Cambridge. He received his early education at Lahore and in 1913 went to the University of Cambridge, where he became a Foundation Scholar and later a Life Member of Emmanuel College. His researches won for him the degree of Doctor of Science in London as well as at Cambridge. He returned to India in 1919 as a Professor of Botany in the Benares Hindu University and a year later went over to the Punjab University in a similar capacity. Since July 1921, he has been Professor of Botany in the University of Lucknow. In 1929 he was awarded the Sc. D. at Cambridge being the first Indian to obtain the distinction. He has been specially interested in palaeo-botany, i e., the study of fossil plants now extinct. But he has to his credit a large number of original papers on a wide range of other subjects.

Professor Sahni is connected with a large number of scientific bodies, Indian and foreign. He is one of the founders and an ex-President of the Indian Botanical Society. He was President of the Section of Botany in 1921, of Geology in 1926, and of Botany in 1938 of the Indian Science Congress. He is a Fellow of the Royal Asiatic Society of Bengal, Vice-President of the Indian Academy of Sciences, and of the National Institute of Sciences, a former Vice-President and now Foreign Secretary of the National Academy of Sciences, United Provinces. He was Vice-President of the Palco-botany Section at the 5th International Botanical Congress held at Amsterdam in 1935, and was awarded the Barclay Medal of the Asiatic Society of Bengal for research in biological science in 1935. Dr. Sahni is the Dean of

the Faculty of Science, Lucknow University. He represented India at the third centenary celebrations of the National History Museum in Paris in 1935 and represented his university at the Internationl Botanical Congress, Amsterdam, the same year. And, to crown all, in 1936, Professor Sahni was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society.

This imposing array of distinctions earned in the academic field do not, however, bring out the real greatness of the man or his personal charm. The little figure in spotless khadi with the Gandhi cap on, who captured our hearts and imagination even in December 1938, when he came over to Madras to attend the annual session of the Academy of Sciences, is one of the few savants in our country who are utterly without a trace of personal, provincial or national prejudice or prepossessions.

We, who had then the rare pleasure of listening to him spell-bound when he described the thrill that he and the other Indian undergraduates experienced at Cambridge when they learnt that the great mathematical genius from South India, the late Srinivasa Ramanujam had come over to join the University, or when he spoke in terms of affectionate respect of the signal achievements of Sir C. V. Raman, know that for him Science has no provincial or other barriers. He paid a grand tribute to S. India, taking the occasion to commend heartily the work of Mr. C. Rajagopalachari, who was present at the meeting, and his Ministry in spreading in our Province a knowledge of the only possible *lingua franca* of India, and went on to speak in glowing terms of the renascence of India's culture and the unfolding of her genius. He has the true scientist's sovereign comprehension of all nature and all art and his Presidential Address to the Science Congress lays us, especially, in his debt for the fascinating story of South India that he revealed to us. As Sir C. V. Raman, between whom and the Science Congress Dr. Sahni has effected a reconciliation, put it eloquently when presiding over his lecture on "Ancient Indian Numismatics" at the Senate Hall of the University, Dr. Sahni is one of the elect of God. Long may he continue his work that sheds a lusture on our Motherland.

On the way to Kandy

By A. K. V.

GLOWING accounts of the wealth and beauty of Ceylon abound in the literature of the world. Down through centuries poets and writers, historians and explorers have left their impressions in vivid descriptions of the natural beauty of the island which they refer to as "the Paradise" and "the garden of Eden". The wonderful and almost incredible picture of brilliance and glory of the island that Valmiki paints in his immortal classic finds its echo in the works of other writers of subsequent ages. But the reality seems something more than poets could describe or artists paint.

Five thousand years ago the island, according to Sinhalese tradition, was deluged by the sea. To this day the people believe that it was God's visitation on the sins of Ravana. Beautiful cities with "walls of brass and palaces of gold" were swallowed up and the brilliance and splendour of that arrogant monarch disappeared under the sea. To-day little exists to tell us of the great city where that legendary ruler held sway, the pleasure gardens wherein he revelled or of the Asokavana where he kept Sita captive. A small wayside shrine standing amid ferns and foliage on the road from Newara Eliya to Hakgale gardens is shown to credulous visitors as the spot where Sita suffered and sorrowed in her captivity and the bubbling spring gushing out of the rocks near by as having suddenly burst forth to enable her to have her ablutions.

But neither the deluge of Ravana's time nor the centuries since seem to have deprived the island of its native charm or its landscapes of their fascinating picturesqueness.

Just a trip from the coast to the interior, from Colombo to Kandy, suffices to make us realise the exquisite charm and variety of Ceylon's natural beauty and the lure of her mountains. Indeed, in very few places in the world could one have the same experiences, exhilarating as they are satisfying to the sense of beauty.

For about twenty miles you run through level country across stretches of green fields and well-kept gardens. The rich and well watered, almost swampy, fields of paddy, the carefully tended plantain gardens, the graceful areca and coconut palms standing on the fringes in thick groves and the dark mountains in the background rearing their heads into the very clouds, provide a pleasing prospect and a splendid study in tones which arrest the attention of even the most prosaic. A bit of Kerala seems to have been transplanted across the

straits! The narrow asphalted road, laid at stupendous cost and maintained at enormous labour in excellent condition, stretches like a dark gleaming ribbon across the vast carpet of green and rises in the distance in spirals over the mountainside till it is lost to the eye amidst the overgrowth.

The car passes through straggling hamlets and thatched homesteads which bear unmistakably the impress of the chill hand of penury. Thin children, ill-fed and worse clad, stroll along and across the road. Amid the waterlogged fields you find groups of youngsters playing childish pranks forgetting for a while their hunger. A few have clambered up the backs of the elephants which the richer landlords engage for carrying loads or ploughing their fields, while their mates play hide and seek between the animal's legs. The huge creature moves gently amid the impish crowd, feeling its way carefully with its trunk. One or two adults are working in the fields and numbers of others are sitting lazily on culverts or cots in front of their huts smoking and chatting and doing nothing in particular.

Elephants are used for ploughing wet land

There is an air of ease and leisure about the movements and demeanour of these folk which ill accords with their obvious lack of affluence. This is typical of the children of the soil and constitutes one of the chief obstacles in the way of their social advance. Nature has been generous to the island and endowed the people with land which yields in prolific measure and the seasons have never failed them. But the very bounty of Nature has set a premium on indolence;

for the villagers get their few wants satisfied easily and there is little incentive for further effort. This explains the constitutional inability of the Sinhalese and his decided aversion to take to any task involving much exertion or physical effort. He prefers the ease and comfort of the life in this homestead, albeit a poor one, to the strain of a better and more paying mode of livelihood.

In the midst of all his poverty and want, the Sinhalese has retained his artistic temperament. The sense of beauty and colour is inborn in him and the farther one gets into the interior, the more pronounced one finds this tendency to be. The men and women wear but simple apparel, but they have a decided preference for colour and pattern.

Soon these scenes recede behind as the road slowly takes the visitor upwards into the table land. Before you have run five or ten miles, you are several hundreds of feet above the plains. Huge boulders rise sheer from their base on one side, while on the other deep chasms and precipitous cliffs lie gaping on the steep mountain slopes. The road is scarcely six yards wide but has been cut out for miles and miles over the mountainside. The car speeds along over its smooth and nicely adjusted surface up and down the undulating course, and shoots sharply in and out of the bends and over bridges spanning the abysmal gaps. With every turn of the wheel, the chassis oscillates on its springs like a hammock on its support and sends a thrill creeping up your spine.

Terrace cultivation is common in Ceylon. A field en route to Kandy in the valley. A mountain stream (in the background) provides water for irrigation.

You stop, almost as if to take breath. Casting your eyes behind, you see the whole countryside stretching out below, the terraced paddy fields, the betel vine yards and the palm groves making an interesting pattern. Now and anon you catch the faint notes of the bellowing of cattle and the shouts of villagers wafted by the gentle breeze.

Up, up, the car speeds and in the solemn stillness of the mountain air, the panting of the engine provides the only varying note. Suddenly, round a bend in the Kadugannawa Pass, you come upon an overhanging rock, standing like a forbidding monster right across the road, with just enough room for the car to move through. The heights of Alagella stand out before the onlooker—grim reminder of the doom to which Kings of Kandy consigned victims of their wrath. Often in the past did the shrieks and cries of the hapless victims pierce the deep silence as they hurtled over the precipitous slope to their terrible fate, and die away in futile reverbations amid the crags. Thrilling stories, too, one hears to this day of the adventures of the outlaw, Sardiel who made the neighbourhood his stronghold and terrorised the countryside with his band of dare-devil henchmen.

A Ceylon Mountain slope—Note water course in the valley

Before the view stretches on all sides an extensive array of mountains and peaks, like billows on a dark green sea. Huge banks of white grey clouds lie like foam on their crest. The low murmur of the mountain stream rushing along its rocky bed rises from deep down in

the valley and merges with the gentle whisper of the breeze amid the cliffs and trees. There is a music in this unending and undefined song of Nature which soothes and elevates.

Safe in these mountain fastnesses, for generations the monarchs of the island held uninterrupted political sway over their domains. The thick and impenetrable growth on the mountains, full of reptiles, fevers, wild animals and wilder tribesmen, provided dangers that few dared encounter. The annals of the Portuguese, Dutch and English immigrants bear ample testimony to the difficulties that their ambitious generals had to face in their endeavour to penetrate into the interior. For it was not until about a century back that anything like a planned programme of road construction was undertaken. And, when it was launched upon it was carried through to such purpose and with such pertinacity that today the network of roads laid all over the island, particularly on the mountainous interior, is a marvel of engineering skill.

For generations, a superstition was current in the Kandian Kingdom, that the day a roadway was cut across the mountains to the capital would mark its fall. The superstition materialised in a most unexpected way for with the opening of a tunnel across the pass giving access to the city of Kandy from the coast the British gained a complete hold on the interior of the island and the defiance of Kandy behind the protecting mountain walls was at an end.

A Tea garden on the way to Kandy

A column stands in the yard of the Kadugannawa Railway Station bearing eloquent testimony to the skill of the engineer who was responsible for thus paving the way for the British hegemony in the island. Nothing changed the fortunes of the country so completely as the opening up of the interior by construction of roads.

Not only was the course of political events altered but the rapid economic development of the island was made possible by the laying of roads in divers directions. It has enabled extensive cultivation of the mountain-sides where rich plantations of tea, cocoa, coffee and rubber have been reared. Right up to an altitude of 6000 feet, as in Newara Eliya district, the slopes of the mountains have been converted into smiling plantations and gardens that are the pride of the island today.

All this involved an amount of pioneering work and sacrifice of resources in men and money that was stupendous. The local labour was unequal and indeed averse to this severe task. Workmen had to be indented for from South India and hundreds of them laid their lives, victims of jungle and hill fevers, reptiles, animals and uncongenial climate, in carrying on the work. It would be no exaggeration to say that almost every yard of the road has been laid at the cost of a human life. It was Indian labour that laid well and truly the foundation for the economic development of the island and to this day it is Indian labour that is sustaining that development. For there is no gainsaying the fact that it is Indian labour that is the mainstay of Ceylon's plantation industry, with which is knit the island's wealth and economic importance.

Another hour's drive across plantations and Kandy is reached. More and more Indians mostly Tamilians, are met with on the way, moving to and from their tea gardens or with huge baskets slung to their shoulders working on the sloping tea beds. Soon, the visitor reaches Peredeniya, across the Mahaweliganga, and passes through shady drives into Kandy, one of the finest cities of the east.

Nestling amid a cluster of hills, the Mahaweliganga washing its feet on three sides, the city lies in the basin of a valley, the centre of which was formed into the beautiful Kandy lake by the last ruler of the city, Raja Sree Wikrama Sinha. A long straight road, flanked on either side by tall buildings, runs from Peredeniya to the heart of Kandy. The old palace, the Daladamaligawa or the ancient Buddhist shrine wherein Buddha's tooth is reputed to be preserved as a relic, are passed and the visitor comes to the pretty walks round the lake. There are few beauty spots to match this. The sun sends spears of light through the overhanging branches of the trees which glitter on the limpid waters of the lake. Right in the centre stands a small islet, graceful areca palms fringing its margin, once the favourite resort of the Queens of Kandy. Here in the pavilion the Princesses and the noble

ladies of the court gathered to besport themselves in the cool waters of the lake. The bracing chillness of the air and the soft glow of the sun induce an agreeable feeling of pleasure and exhilaration. The eye feasts unwearied on the wonderful scenery and the visitor walks on and on without feeling distance or time.

A walk beside the Kandy Lake

Underneath all this charm and beauty of the place lies grim tragedy like a sickening pall. Dark plots, wily intrigues, and blood curdling horrors formed the texture of the last Chapter of Kandy's history when faithless nobles, traitrous ministers and a vengeful monarch between them wrought the fall of the Madura dynasty that had held sway over the Kingdom with shifting fortunes for long long years. With the fall of Kandy in 1815 ended the independence of Lanka.

Tea as a Beverage

By DR. J. G. SHRIKHANDE

TEA is such a universal beverage and has so many good qualities that one cannot speak disparagingly about it. If one talks about the possible effects of over-indulgence in discussing about tea, one must consider that intemperance is not confined to this beverage alone. Excessive use of coffee, tobacco or for the matter of that anything will have an evil effect on the system. In the afternoon during the heat of the day, after the day's hard work, a cup of tea is more soothing and refreshing than wine; it is also more lasting and not followed by the reaction that craves for repetition of the stimulant to the detriment of health. Tea not only contributes to the sobriety of a nation, but it imparts all the charms to society which spring from the enjoyment of conversation without the excitement which follows strong alcoholic drinks.

At a time when some portion of India has launched upon a programme of prohibition and temperance, it is meet that the people addicted to drinking should not be in utter despair. They should have some sort of a substitute which would be stimulating and constructive in quality. This beverage is tea. It is indeed stimulating as opposed to the depressing action of alcoholic liquor. Even when taken in slightly higher doses than common, it does not produce such a baneful effect as alcohol. It is at the same time economic. There are certain prejudices prevalent among the more orthodox section of the community against tea. It is believed that the stimulating effect of tea is due to morphine, which is supposed to be present in tea and that tea drinking is another form of addiction to drug-taking in the form of opium. The genesis of such a suspicion lies perhaps in the fact that tea is essentially a China drink and that the Chinese are addicted to opium-eating. That such is not the case will be seen from the section devoted to the chemical constituents of tea.

II

The use of an infusion of dried tea leaf as a beverage has its origin in antiquity, and according to existing records dating back several centuries, tea was first cultivated and made in China. It will, perhaps, never be known when tea was first used as a beverage. It may not even be possible with any reasonable accuracy to know how and when the cultivation of the plant started. The Chinese have known the tea plant and used it from times immemorial, like the use of coffee by the Ethiopians.

The legendary origin of tea dates back approximately to 2737 B. C. According to ancient customs and usage, the discovery of tea

has been ascribed to a legendary Emperor, Shen Nung called the "Divine Healer" who lived about 2737 B. C. Among the several medicinal qualities attributed to tea, it quenches thirst, lessens the desire to sleep and gladdens and cheers the heart. Another myth relates how a Buddhist Monk whose penances and meditation were about to be destroyed by drowsiness pulled out his own eyelids and cast them aside Where they fell a plant grew, the beverage from which drove away sleep.

The first reliable account of tea was given by Lo-yu who lived about 780 A. D. While the propagation became more common in the sixth century A. D it was not until 780 A. D that the horticultural and other aspects of growing tea appeared in book form. The book also deals with the topics like quality and effects of the beverage. It is apparent, therefore, that the systematic use of tea had considerably advanced in Lo-yu's time from an ordinary decoction of a green undressed leaf into a more appetizing infusion. With all the new improved methods which gradually got in vogue by experience and changes in taste, the older practice of adding external ingredients like condiments to improve flavour and aroma was totally abandoned. Lo-yu even suggests the importance of water and the degree to which it need be heated to obtain a correct infusion. Tea, in fact, got so popular that the then residing king levied a tax for the first time on it. From the records of two Arabian travellers who visited China about 850 A. D. it is very nearly established that the Chinese in the ninth century prepared a tea infusion in much the same way as to-day.

Although the question about the growth of tea as an industry and its use as a beverage is very nearly settled, the question regarding its original home is still obscure and forms a subject of much controversy and one which is hardly likely of any satisfactory solution. The question is whether the plant originated in China or India. Some believe that the Chinese obtained the plant for cultivation from a source outside China and that tea was indigenous only to India and that it was taken to China and Japan some 1200 years ago. The argument adduced for such a view is that there was only one species of tea—the Indian—and that the plant could not acclimatize itself to the all-round unfavourable conditions of climate and soil of China, thus resulting in poor growth of the plant in general with inferior and smaller foliage. Contemporary China records, however, establish that the cultivation first began in the province of Szechwan. One Chinese writer states (1368 A. D.) that Bohea hills are the true home of the tea plant.

A good mean, however, seems to have been struck on these two contending ideas by a botanist of some repute who after closely studying the records, suggested that the true home of tea is in the Nature's original tea garden in the monsoon districts of South-Eastern Asia, which include the forests of the Shan States of Northern Siam, Eastern

Burma, Yunnan, upper Indo-China and British India. This whole tract was one continuous tea garden where soil and climatic conditions helped the natural growth of tea before the area was split up into different political states. On the evidence available it is considered that there exist at least two morphological groups of tea plants, one indigenous to east and south-east China and the other to an indefinite area to the south-east of the Tibetan plateau, there being no direct genetical or geneological affinity between the two.

III

Chah, Tay, te and Cha denote tea in different Chinese dialects, and in one or other of these forms has been transported into most other languages. Other countries and Europe adopted *te* or *cha*.

Tea was known in Europe in the middle of the sixteenth century, but the Dutch actually brought tea to Europe in 1610, a century after cocoa was introduced by the Spanish. Coffee was introduced five years later than tea.

The first chief importation of tea by the English East India Company was in 1669, when that Company brought 143.5 lb. from Bantam in Java. Thus began an importation into England which, in times to come, was to build up fortunes. Later Charles II re-chartered the English Company giving it powers usually enjoyed by Governments only. The Company then proceeded to build up an oriental trade soon outstripping its rivals—the Dutch and the Portuguese.

In Queen Anne's time tea drinking in England became fashionable and rapidly spread. In 1703 the import into England was 10,000 lbs. In 1805 it rose to 7·5 million lbs. Tea was still then a 'China drink' and remained so for several years to come. There was a time when China exported tea to the extent of 300 million lb. in one year but the blow was struck by the end of the last century when India and Ceylon started putting their teas into the market and the commercial possibilities of tea in Java were realised. Such a rapid decline in China tea was partly due to better commodities put in the market by the European organizations and partly due to conservatism on the part of the Chinese to adapt themselves to new methods. Consequently the quantity fell and the trade declined to almost nothing. Ultimately a Chinese Commission was sent to India and Ceylon in 1905 to study the new methods of tea culture and manufacture. As a result, a special school was started at Nanking for the study of the new methods.

The use of tea was unknown to American colonists in the early seventeenth century. It was introduced by Holland in New York in 1640. Tea was known but used to a limited extent in Massachusetts in 1670. It was first sold at Boston in 1690. Bohea or Black Tea, then popular in England, was the one commonly used.

IV

The three chief factors in the opening of new tea gardens in order of importance are (1) suitability of the climate (2) availability of cheap labour and (3) outlet for the finished product.

Tea is cultivated over wide range of latitude from 42°N as in Georgia in U. S. S. R to 30°S in Natal. In Georgia the winter is long and severe with a frost of 10°, whereas in Natal the climate is equable and temperate with a minimum of only 52°F. The area thus includes a large number of countries where tea is grown. The chief areas with respect to the size of the crop are Yang-tsi Valley and south-east China, north-east India, Ceylon, Java, Japan, South India, Sumatra and Formosa. Tea is also grown in Dehra Dun, Ranchi and Kangra Valley in North India, Persia, Natal, Southern Rhodesia, Nyasaland and Kenya in South Africa, Burma, Malaya, French Indochina, Fijii, Mauritius and Azores. Tea as a commercial proposition is now being undertaken in Brazil.

Tea will grow almost anywhere where it is wet and warm but it will not be a commercial success in many climates. Exceptions to this general rule are noticeable in Darjeeling and up-country areas in Ceylon. Here the low crop is compensated by the quality in the tea.

The best climate for tea is a hot moist one where shade registered no more than 92°F and no less than 52°F. where the rain aggregates to about 100 inches evenly distributed thoughout the year with no long droughts or heavy downpours.

Altitude, in other words, temperature and humidity, affect quality. In Ceylon quality appears during drier parts of the year and is marked in the up-country where temperatures are comparatively lower. Similar conditions apply to China and Java. The converse is not necessarily true because some factors other than climate, like soil conditions and others yet unknown, also affect quality.

There are two main forms of tea, the China and India. The leaves of the China variety are thick and small and can stand the vagaries of the weather. India's variety, on the other hand, has thin large leaves but they do not thrive in colder and drier areas.

Monsoon which provides all the necessary rain for tea culture dominates almost all the large tea-producing countries like China, India, Ceylon, Japan, South India and Formosa, with the exception of Dutch East India.

For successful cultivation tea has certain well-defined requirements in regard to climate. Similar restrictive conditions exist about soils. Tea is grown on alluvial and sedantary soils. Most of the important tea estates in North-East India lie on practically flat alluvial land. The tea of Ceylon and S. India is grown on sedantary soils which are derived from gneiss and granite. The same applies to Sumatra. In

Java tea grows on soils of volcanic rocks. Tea also thrives on red soils which are common in South India, Ceylon, Assam and North India. Grey soils are equally useful. Well-drained peat with a good depth produces high yields as in Sylhet and Cachar.

The following are the chief characteristics necessary for a successful cultivation of tea. Most important is the depth of the soil which increases according to the possibilities of drought. Lower layers should be porous, well-drained and easily penetrable by the roots. Hard sub-soils are sometimes opened by the shade trees usually grown in teas. Leaf-fall from such shade trees also contributes to the organic matter content of soils. Leaves also form good soil cover and tend to prevent soil erosion to a certain extent.

Although the tea plant is a jungle plant it is highly fastidious in respect of its chemical requirements from the soil. Even small traces of lime in the form of chalk are inimical to the growth of the crop. The other special need of the tea plant is that the soil in which it grows must have an acid reaction. The whole question of the acidity of tea soils is so important that it would appear that the first test to be made on any soil intended for tea cultivation should be the determination of its reaction, whether it is acid or alkaline. This matter is of peculiar interest, because no other crop seems to be so precise in its demands. It is common experience that tea planted on sites where cattle refuse and jungle have been burnt is almost a complete failure because of alkalinity introduced by the ash of such materials. Such failures are also reported from estates where a dolomite or lime belt passes through them.

As regards the food requirements of tea, it has long been recognised that the growth of tea is largely dependent upon the supply of available nitrogen, although large excess adversely affects quality. Phosphoric acid and Potash have little effect on yield, though the latter is being recognised as a quality promoter. They are included in the manure mixtures so as to maintain soil equilibrium. Apart from this point, knowledge regarding the relationship between quality of tea and the soil on which it thrives is still imperfect. The best form in which nitrogen can be applied is sulphate of ammonia. The acid reaction which results after ammonia is used up is helpful in maintaining the correct reaction of the soil.

The organic matter content of the soil is preserved by a process called green manuring. Green manures are plants whose foliage before flowering contains nitrogen usually over two per cent. The succulent parts of the plant are thus directly dug into the soil without any precomposting. Tea leaf pruning also serves as a green manure because of its richness in nitrogen.

Tea is generally propagated from seed. Propagation both by layers and by cuttings is sometimes practised with success.

In its natural size the plant is a shrub or tree. Certain varieties if allowed to grow may reach a height of 60 feet. For convenience in plucking, the bush must be kept at a height of about 3 feet. This is accomplished by pruning at regular intervals. There are different methods of pruning varying according to altitude and climate. All have, however, the same underlying principle and the same object—to prevent the moribund stage of the bush, to stimulate flushing and to keep the bush at a convenient height for plucking. In Ceylon and Java where the bush flushes throughout the year it is usual to prune at intervals varying from 18 months in the plains to 3 or 4 years in the hills.

The plant is an evergreen, which, given optimum conditions for its growth, flourishes all the year round. The young leaf is called the "flush" by planters. It is soft and succulent and light yellowish green in colour.

While no harm results from plucking a certain amount of flush, some of the new leaves have always to be left for considerations of health of the bush. Experience alone teaches how much to take and how much to leave. When plucking the first flush, it is the general rule to allow three of its fully developed leaves to remain on the bush excluding the so-called *jannum* or "fish leaves". Jannum is *hindustani* for birth and 'fish leaves' means a similar thing, but the phrase is common to Ceylon. The bud and two leaves are taken by nipping the stalk immediately below the second leaf. Stems are best avoided as they are objectionable to tea buyers.

V

With the plucking operation the actual preparation of the leaf for the market is begun, and upon the delicacy and skill with which it is done depends much of the quality in the manufactured leaf. Plucking is nearly always done by women of the labour force, while men are occupied in the heavier jobs. An even pluck is the most important condition in making good teas, for with uneven leaf, the finer shoots wither quicker than coarser ones and an uneven tea is the result. After the leaf has been plucked, it frequently has to remain in baskets till it reaches the factory. Such leaf is always packed loosely, so that there is a free access of air. If tightly packed, heating sets in and some leaf loses nearly 50% of its tannin, one of its active constituents.

Without going into any considerable details, the process of black tea manufacture may be summarised as follows:— (1) withering, (2) rolling, (3) fermenting, and (4) firing. Withering is a preliminary stage to rolling, resulting in a desired loss of water, a flaccid condition of the leaf and important transformations in the constituents of the cell sap. Rolling imparts the characteristic twist, breaks the leaf cells and exposes the juice to the air. During fermentation, unlike the alcoholic

fermentation, the tea tannin is partly oxidized and the leaf reddened. The essential oil responsible for the aroma develops during fermentation. Firing stops fermentation.

A fundamental difference exists between teas made from well-withered and under-withered leaf. The former leaf has the pleasant tea flavour and aroma well developed, while the latter usually lacks in them. This aroma is attributed to the presence of the tea essential oil. Most of the changes which occur during the manufacture of black tea are enzymic in nature.

The first process in the manufacture of green tea is the heating of the leaf to a sufficiently high temperature to inactivate the enzymes. After this, rolling and drying proceed alternately. Soluble tannin is lost in manufacture and coloured tannin products do not enter into an infusion made from green tea.

The last stage in the manufacture is then the sorting and grading of tea by means of standard sieves. Tea as it emerges from the dryer is a mixture of long and fine leaf and the sieved material in order of increased coarseness is termed:— (1) Broken Orange Pekoe, (2) Orange Pekoe, (3) Pekoe and (4) Pekoe souchang. During sorting, the brittle leaf is much broken and the flakes formed in this manner are separated from the grades by shifting and are known as Fannings. The powder which remains is termed as Dust.

The tea is then packed warm in bulks of about 118 lbs. in chests of plywood with a lining of aluminium and exported. The moisture content of packed tea varies up to 5% and it hardly varies to any appreciable extent during transit from India and Ceylon to England. On reaching destination different teas are mixed or blended as they call it, according to the tastes of the various consumers, without any further treatment of the material.

VI

Tender tea leaf differs from the leaves of other plants in that it contains tannin in large amounts and is rich in caffeine. Tea leaf consists chiefly of cellulose, crude fiber, nitrogenous matter, tannin, caffeine, mucilage, dextrin, pectin and an essential oil.

During the manufacture of black tea, important chemical transformations occur, the chief of which are the development of flavour and aroma and formation of some tannin compounds. The colour of the tea infusion is chiefly due to the tannin bodies. No such changes occur during the manufacture of green tea.

A black tea decoction consists essentially of tannin and tannin compounds, caffeine, carbohydrates, and small amounts of nitrogenous substances other than caffeine with a trace of the essential oil. The most important substance in tea is caffeine. Without some such stimulant

it is doubtful whether tea, as a beverage, would have made such a wide appeal.

Tea tannin is the other valuable constituent. It not only gives the characteristic pungency or astringency to the tea liquor, but it also imparts the typical colour to the infusion. Infusion which has been left over a considerable time throws down most of its tannin—a process termed as "Creaming" of tea—and thus loses its characteristic taste.

Thickness of the liquor is an important factor which determines the quality of tea. This depends upon the water soluble constituents of tea. The time given in common practice for obtaining an infusion is about 6 minutes which is fixed by expert tasters. Only 50% of the tannin, 75% of the caffeine and approximately 50% of the total extractable materials are obtained in this period.

It should, therefore, be abundantly clear that morphine or opium does not enter anywhere in the chemistry of tea and that all the good attributes of tea are due to the two active principles namely caffeine and tannin.

Both the active principles of tea are largely used in both allopathic and ayurvedic systems of treatment. Those of you who had the misfortune of falling into the hands of doctors for the treatment of headaches must have tested a bitter powder called the A. C. P. powder. A. C. P. is an abbreviation of aspirin, caffeine and phenacitin. Caffeiaspirin which is another patent for headaches and neuralgic pains contains caffeine. Caffeine is thus largely used without it being known to the public. A cup of tea should then be a good remedy for headaches and pains to begin with. This would supply caffeine in not only its natural form but also in an appetising way. Caffeine is a true stimulant and has no other action.

Tannin, the other constituent, does not appreciably affect living tissue. It is commonly used as an astringent in throat paints and by dentists and for the treatment of severe burns. It is larely used in the ayurvedic treatment of constipation and colitis. The well-known *Triphala* is a mixture of three important edible tennin materials. A cup of tea in the early morning acts as a good stimulant to the bowels and acts as a laxative in some cases due perhaps to its tannin content. Those, who despite these qualities of tannin, still have a prejuce for it can remember that milk added in sufficient quantity renders tannin innocuous by precipitation in an insoluble form leaving the caffeine unaffected.

VII

It is proposed to conclude this by giving a quotation from an Emperor of the Han dynasty given by Lo-yu :— "The use of tea grows upon me surprisingly. I know not how it is, but my fancy is

wakened and my spirits exhilarated as if with wine." If tea as a beverage with all its virtues can promote an exhilaration or awakening one's spirits, then why should one hanker after a drink with all its abuses, which, taken indiscretely, even suspends temporarily all bodily activities? Tea on account of its caffeine content promotes the action of mental faculties; alcohol on the other hand is a depressant. So long as alcohol is called a stimulant it will be impossible for people to understand the fundametal difference between the use of alcohol on the one hand and tea on the other. The stimulant caffeine favours the life of the body and increases vitality. Everywhere men find that a cup of tea is refreshing, it produces more vigour, it heightens the sense of organic well-being, the consciousness of fitness and capacity, This is utterly different from the action of alcohol or opium in deadening the sense of ill-being. Tea antagonizes the sense of ill-being not by deadening one's consciousness of it but by stirring the sources of vitality. Here then is a beverage with a true stimulant action—something that favours life. Tea consumption will not only maintain the sobriety and health of the people but it will also tend to help an industry which is truly an indigenous one. Tea which is best of the three temperance beverages of the world and a boon of the orient, can with pride be passed on as a gift to fight the evil of intemperance of the highly civilized countries of the occident.

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Literary Taste

By PROF. DIWAN CHAND SHARMA

I have found myself reading again *Literary Taste* by Arnold Bennett which has been issued as a Pelican Special at 6 d. The book has been slightly revised and enlarged by Frank Swinnerton who has written a preface as well as given some additional lists of books. This does not, however, mean that Mr. Swinnerton has taken any undue liberty with the book and tried to recast it or to change it out of shape. He has done nothing of the kind. He has let the book stand as it was, "warts and all". He has, however, clarified the meaning of Arnold Bennett in the preface. Says he, "But it was Arnold Bennett's wish to encourage catholic taste, not exclusive taste. In pursuance of that wish he wrote this book; and any man who will take the trouble to read what is here recommended will learn a great deal. One of the things he will learn is that quality is of more importance than class. It is a lesson not to be despised". In these sentences is contained the central theme of the book. That Arnold Bennett stood for catholic taste and not for exclusive taste would be clear to any one who goes through the list of books which Bennett recommended to his readers. He wanted them not only to read them but also to buy them. In fact, he wanted that every reader should have a library of English books of his own, and this library should contain books drawn from all the four periods of English literary history. (Bennett divided English literature into four periods-from the beginning to John Dryden, from William Congreve to Jane Austen, from Walter Scott to Francis Thompson, from Thomas Hardy to the present day.) In these lists he included books of letters, sermons, biographies, books of travel, romances, devotional books, diaries, poems, dramas, books of criticism, novels, books of adventure, books on philosophy, books on science, books on art; in short books of all sorts. Nor did he confine himself to first class writers, only he was for reading all those writers who have written well and have had something to say even though they have not attained to the first rank. He therefore wanted about 327 writers to be represented in this library by about 562 volumes and all these at the cost of about £ 88. All this would probably appear very ambitious these days. There would not be found many persons who would be prepared to invest about £ 88 in books, and would like to buy and read about 600 volumes. But such was the optimism of Arnold Bennett that he felt like Mark Pattison that a book lover must spend at least 5% of his income on books, and must do this kind of vast and varied reading to justify his love of literature. If one goes through these lists one would find that Arnold Bennett admits second rate writers without

any pangs of consium into the ranks of first rate writers. From this point of view his state is really catholic. But from other points of view he was too parochial and insular, for he rules out all non-English writers. To be sure no one can have literary culture completely if he does not make himself at home in the literature of countries other than England. If one's outlook is influenced and dominated entirely by English books, one is apt to become a victim of narrowness. It is therefore essential that one should be familiar with some of the books written in other countries, even though one may know those books only in translation. This is essential for attaining to that catholicity of taste at which Arnold Bennett aims.

But what is literary taste? I think it would be unfruitful to attempt a definition. Perhaps it would serve our purpose better if we try to describe it. Literary taste implies a discriminating enjoyment of books. It should be remembered that it is not a negative quality but a positive one. It means in the first place a capacity to discriminate between what is excellent and what is common-place and secondly it means the power to get as much enjoyment as possible. It means that one is able to appreciate the matter as well as the style of a book. Nor is the book for one something lifeless; it is the living record of a personality. At the same time the book is not an isolated phenomenon, it is linked up with other books and other writers. Literary taste is therefore the right appreciation of literature. Yet this appreciation is in no way specialised or technical. It is on the other hand sensitive and deep and human. It does not, however, come of itself. It is a reward of patient labour. A man with literary taste is not a trifler who finds literature only a source of entertainment, nor a poseur who finds that the study of literature confers some kind of social distinction. The man of literary taste reads books in order to see and feel "the miraculous interestingness of the universe." In other words, he knows that literature is "first and last means of life." He therefore cultivates his literary taste so that he should be able to use this means of life in the best possible manner. This can happen only if through books we come to understand the world and the life, catch glimpses of their beauty and imbibe wisdom from their spectacle.

But it may be said that all this is theoratical. To say that Arnold Bennett was merely theoratical would be doing him injustice. Robert Lynd described him as a tipster of life, as the person who is always giving us informing and valuable hints on the various difficulties and problems of life. To be sure in this matter also he gives very sane and practical hints. He asks a person intent on cultivating literary taste to begin with a classic such as the Essays of Elia. But one might think that this is a very tall order. He further particularises this thing. He wants to read that very moving essay by Charles Lamb, Dream Children a Reverie. But the question is how this essay is to

be approached ? It is to be read, he says, as a human document In other words, it is to be valued because it throws so much light upon the life of Charles Lamb. It tells us about the death of his elder brother ; it throws light on his disappointing love affair; it gives memories of his grand-mother; it shows that he was a bachelor who lived with his sister. Thus while reading this essay we attune ourselves to the prevailing mood of this essay which is one of sadness But in addition to this we get so many other glimpses of the author, his interest in children and other things. But it is not enough to read only this essay by this writer ; it can lead to other things. The study of this writer can lead to the study of Hazlitt, Coleridge and Wordsworth. Thus one book may take us to another book, and one writer to another writer ; and these may form a kind of never-ending chain. Thus we may form our literary taste by studying those writers who have stood the test of the time. This does not mean that we are not to read contemporary writers. We can make our acquaintance with them after we have nourished ourselves on those writers that are of approved merit. Thus we find that Arnold Bennett wants us to enter the domain of literature with the passport of an essayist. I, however, do not believe that he wants that this thing should be adhered to strictly. One can enter upon the enterprise of forming one's literary taste by reading novels or any other kind of literature.

To Arnold Bennett, however, literary taste is not something vague and interesting only in itself. As it has already been said it must lead to the heightening of one's awareness of life. In other words, it should make us intellectually more alert and emotionally more sympathetic and respective. If a thing like this does not happen our study of literature has been unfruitful. If one reads a growing poem about the rainbow and does not stand awestruck before it when one sees it one has read that poem in vain. So according to Arnold Bennett the study of literature should lead us to a kind of mental stock taking which means that we should incorporate in life the beauty and power of what we read. Literature should essentially influence our lives and influence them for good.

Making the World Safe for Humanity

By T. K. VENKATARAMAN, M. A., L. T.

WHEN the Professor from the West sailed back to his American home after the Great War of 1914, he honestly believed that he had built up a new World Order which would banish the fear of war permanently from the bosom of mankind. It was true that he was a bit weary of the rhetorical bombasts of Mr. Lloyd George, and a little irritated at the jingoistic outbursts of M. Clemanceau. But, in the main, he was satisfied that his work would endure and be of permanent service to humanity. How could he have realised that the contrivance he had fashioned would have become a broken reed, that nations would be again plunged in the nervous dread and awful agony of War ?

Some argue that there is something essentially perverse in human character which bars any hope of prolonged peace between nations. According to this view, combat is the law of life, and some writers even glorify war as a means of progress. Happily, this view is now confined to Nazi and Fascist circles, and the world has learnt to think better. Otherwise, humanity would have had to abandon for ever any hope of emerging from the law of the jungle in the international field.

Most people agree that war as an instrument of national policy is an injurious and obsolete device. But, when it comes to the question of how this ever-present menace to human civilisation is to be removed, differences of opinion manifest themselves. If all these are analysed, we come across the basic fact that many writers are afraid to go to the logical extreme, because most of them are still labouring under the complex of devotion to National Sovereignty, while paying lip service to international concord. One important reason for the failure of the League of Nations was that it was a League of Governments, and each Government was more anxious to safe-guard and foster the particular interests of its country than to promote international weal. The stupendous waste involved in the competition in armaments is a spectacle which would have been ludicrous, had it not been tragic. The aftermath of war is the terrible logical sequence.

As in the period of the last war, there is now heard again the voice of a small band of thinkers who dream of a new World Order which would be *really* reflective of the opinion and conscience of collective humanity Profiting from past errors, this current of opinion is against perpetuating the shibboleth of National Sovereignty and is for creating a new *Federal* Organisation of the peoples of the world. The sensation created by Mr. Clarence K. Strait's *Union Now* shows that the atmosphere is favourable for such an attempt. The plan put forward

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by Mr. Strait of federating only 15 States is very limited and is based on the old idea of excluding States considered to be unfit for original membership. (India is not included in his list of original members). There are other writers offering schemes which vary in details, but all of them base themselves on the common axiom that never more should humanity allow itself to drift into a position where war is the sport of some, and the only chance of survival for others.

I believe public attention in India has not been adequately focussed on this important development, though Dr. Dodwell is emphasising this aspect in his eloquent lectures in a number of places in Madras. Our country, with its great tradition of Non-violence, is the one best fitted to give a lead to world opinion when the time comes for reconstruction. We must not forget that only once in the history of the world has it happened that an Emperor, after a magnificent victory and in the full flush of it, deliberately renounced war as an instrument of policy and this epoch-making event happened in our *own* country. The country which had produced an Asoka in the past and a Mahatma Gandhi in the present is bound to play a commanding *role* in the new World Order for which we are all eagerly waiting.

Himalayas in Trivandrum

Impressions of An Extra-Ordinary Exhibition of Pictures

By MARGARET E. COUSINS, B. Mus.

IT is only once in a lifetime that a person, a town or a country has an opportunity of seeing such a remarkable collection of pictures as are now on exhibition in Trivandrum for ten days in the Java-Bali Annexe of the Museum. These are sixty original paintings by Professor Nicholas Roerich and his son Svetoslav, internationally famous artists who have lived for the past eleven years in the Himalayas painting the landscapes, legends and life of the Himalayan heights.

The painting of pictures is always a form of Magic. These pictures specially are magical magic! What heights, valleys, spaces, emotions, movements, speaking faces, ideas ancient and modern, have been created for us here out of simple white canvas by the passing over its surface of a brush charged with powdered minerals mixed with oil or water! The result is so varied that some of the small pictures on exhibition look as if they were made out of porcelain, while in others the canvas has been transformed into the appearance of a heavy velvet surface, or a shining wetness, a shimmering veil, or a thick felt.

A variety of mood similary is induced by the magic brush. We become pensive by the side of a quiet lovely lake, terror-stricken at sight of a raging storm, amazed by a blaring sunset, filled with curiosity to know the secret being whispered through the medium of paint by one monk to another.

How astonishingly is movement realised and conveyed by the simple, frail means of the artist and his observation, refined taste and skill of hand, so that the pressure forward of a walker against a hard wind, the continuity of downward movement over the brow of a hill take on sheer dynamism!

On first entrance into this Exhibition the dazzling colours, the large-scale canvases, the unusual subjects, and the cubist, angular technique of the drawing may give one a definite shock, but within a few minutes one becomes "tuned in" and then pleasure after pleasure comes to the eye, the mind and the heart. There are also portraits in oils in purely classical style and tints. and examples entirely in tones so dull and misty as to show historical periods almost as ghosts.

Professor Roerich paints only in water colour with tempera and this medium gives a fineness in his treatment of subjects which tempers his great strength and stability. He is never sentimental. He is not

interested in presenting Hindu or Pauranic mythological subjects. His tales belong to Buddhic lore. Always there is a sense of reverence in his works. He includes the human element as a complementary side of the Divine and of great natural phenomena.

He is a painter of Space and Spaciousness. One is translated by him almost always *upwards*,—up to immense clouds, up to the tops of peaks, up to the sunrise, up to the source of waterfalls, up, always, up, to the Light. The spectator is *up in* the Himalayas.

The drama in his pictures arises out of contrasts of masses, and concentration of colour. One of his smaller canvases shows an incredible glow of orange over one peak in the background which you grow so to delight in that you would deplore its absence were its abnormality to be toned down, while directly beneath it hangs another landscape whose whole sky is pale lemon in tint with aurora borealis effects of superimposed deeper lemon rays. Both are successfully convincing, one a study in concentration, the other in dispersion. His mastery over the expression of Light is one of the characteristics which has made Nicolas Roerich world-famous. Many of his mountain-masses seem self-lit, and illumination pulses through them. His earth may be dim with morning sleepiness, but the sun is tinting his highest peaks. His evening scenes portray captured light.

The art of Svetoslav, his son, displays more bravura and dramatic action than his father's. There are more presentations of sudden motions—immense swirls downwards of great waters, gusty sweeps upwards of windy clouds, an emotional element predominant based on the relationships of humans and creatures, or humans and super-human forces. His genius has been attracted to portrait-painting in which he has attained outstanding distinction and success. In this Exhibition, upon flat surfaces, colour had conjured up creations of the Himalayas in all shapes, heights, intimacies and distances. These works of magic raise our minds. We will ourselves aim at painting our world fairer. We move into the street out of this hall full of the wondrous with visions in our eyes and fresh aspirations in our hearts.

Then suddenly the thought arises that surely there must be some inner or spiritual reason why this incursion of the Himalayas has come into Trivandrum at this time of birthdays—those of His Highness the Maharajah, of her Highness the Maharani, and of Their Dewan. May be it is the bow of recognition of those in the high shrine of Himalayan Badrinath to this southern-most land in India for the service that this Travancore has rendered for long centuries by sending one of its sons periodically as priest to that holy, far-away place of pilgrimage. Extremes are meeting through the presence of their painted representations here as guests of the Maharajah. They perhaps wish the

high and low, rich and poor, ruler and ruled should come into their presence, and in this time of birthday gifts for those in high places perhaps this is their way of giving themselves in greeting and gratitude and blessing across space and race, across time and technique, and thus in this Exhibition of pictures balance Karmic and spiritual accounts between Holy one and royal ones. Perhaps all this also is included in the Magic of these paintings!

Postcript: Written a week later.

It has come about that eight pictures out of this Exhibition are remaining in Trivandrum, and they seem in their titles and subjects significant and symbolical:

1. "The Source of the Brahmaputra."
   (The Heights as the Source of Spiritual Life)
2. "My Brother"
   (A Rishi and a Deer—the unity of all life)
3. "Shamballa Dak"
   The manner of a message passing between Shamballa and India
4. "The Journey—as of old"
   (The Trinity—Father, Mother and Babe,—the Unit travelling through life)
5. "The Opening of the Gates"
   (Symbolical of the Temple Entry Proclamation)
6. "The Lake of Genneseret".
   (The evening scene quiet when the Christ directed an action which resulted in overflowing blessing)
7. "The Storm".
8. "Lautaze coming to India" (Perhaps prophesies of the future)

Mother India

I arise, divine mother,
From dreams of thee
In thy golden days.
Sacred thou art to us,
And may I say
To the world as well ;
For thou art her epitome
And thy life hath been,
Though sad in much failing
Through friends within
And foes without,
Yet peerless in ceaseless striving—
A type of the Real
In space and time
Mirroring the All-life in thee.

Thou standest on earth
Like thy holy Himalaya
From whose immaculate womb
Flows the triple stream
Of Beauty, Truth and Power,
But whose undiscovered crest
Holds the white radiance
Of transcending bliss.
Amidst the world's
Ignorance and strife
Thou dost hold for ever,
The same awful Form
Wherein Arjuna in wonder saw
The whole Universe,
Create and uncreate.

While thou lovest all
And on them dost lay
The double yoke of love and duty—
Love that holds thee within
And duty that shows thee without,
Thou hast thy chosen ones,
Who like thee welcome
The crown of thorns
And wield the cross
Or the fiery wheel—
The Buddah and the Christ

And their like on earth
Who childlike bargain
Their dear-bought bliss
For a smile or a thought,
And more readily still
For a wish, though mute,
Or a tear, though unshed.

He who scans may read
In thy wondrous tale,
Down the abysses of time
Through all the evolutionary tangle
Of the cosmic web of life,
The great law of being.—
The path of Dharma
Is the way for all
From the grass of the earth,
To the gods on high,
But to those that hearken
Thou whisperest the secret
Of life that conquers death,
To perish not in vain
In ways of sin and strife
But live in the joy of fulness,
By each serving all
As limbs and functions too
Of one archetypal frame,
Minding not the myriad forms
Of dualness and variance
In the Mirror of Maya
That deludes humankind.

K. T. Krishnaswami.

Literacy Drive

By K. NARAYANAN, M. A., (Madras), S. T. C. (Bombay)

THERE has been a country-wide battle against adult illiteracy since the advent of Provincial Autonomy thanks to the frank recognition of the importance of Adult Education by the popular Ministries of the provinces. A trip round the "battle fronts" clearly shows that this drive against illiterey has been a distinct success so far. Bihar launched on a campaign against illiteracy on April 26, 1938. Dr. Syed Mahmud, the Education Minister, claims that so far illiteracy has been wiped out at least in 4000 villages in Bihar. In U. P. when the Literacy Day was observed even H. E. Sir Harry Haig signed the Literacy Pledge. In the Punjab Dr. Lauback's Method of 'Each one teach one' is being tried and is giving encouraging results. The Government is sending literacy messengers to the districts to organise literacy classes. Bombay embarked upon a literacy drive on May 1, 1939. Similar efforts are being made in other provinces as well to eradicate illiteracy.

According to the Hartog Committee Report (pp. 45—49) during the year 1927—1928, 3,986,924 children attended school in the first five vernacular classes in India. But 50% of these boys are said to have lapsed into illiteracy within a short period of a year or two. Hence any scheme for the liquidation of illiteracy is bound to fail unless steps are taken to prevent the literates from lapsing into illiteracy. Herein comes the role of the libraries in adult education. It is pleasant to note that the Kashmir Educational Reorganisation Committee has recommended the opening of 100 libraries in each province annually till the State is gradually covered with a net-work of educational facilities. Libraries are the nurseries of adult education. In every village there should be a library and a reading room. But this is an ideal impossible of attainment in the near future. The next best alternative is to adopt the system of travelling libraries or libraries on wheels similar to the U. P. scheme of moving hospitals to render medical aid to the villages. A central library can be located in one particular village and books can be sent on in library vans to the villages around the centre. The best example of rural library service is America. England spends on rural library service more than one crore of rupees every year. In India, Baroda and Travancore have an organised scheme of rural library service. It is refreshing to note that the Madura District Board has already given a lead to the other districts by starting the travelling library system.

An elaborate scheme for setting up travelling libraries is being prepared by the Sind Government with a view to making the success

of the literacy campaign doubly sure. It is proposed to have at least twenty such centres in each taluk. Every centre of the literacy campaign will be provided with a box containing a hundred books, each book costing about four annas only. Such books will be sent round to the adult education schools where adults, who have recently picked up reading and writing, will be made to take interest in these new books. The expenses of these portable libraries will be borne by the District Literacy Committees.

The conditions for the success of the system, are that adequate reading material suited to the needs of the reading adult population should be furnished; the material should touch on the life of the farmer; an All-India Board with provincial branches should be appointed to produce literature on all important subjects, written in a simple, interesting and attractive manner. The need of the hour is to get a large number of books in the mother-tongue. Government and Universities should help the All-India Board in all possible ways, chiefly in publishing cheap and popular books. 'A Read More books' campaign must be launched to make the adults take an interest in reading. The Cinema and the Radio—modern educative forces—can be pressed into service in this connection.

To sum up, libraries have an important role in adult education. Schemes for setting up travelling libraries at important centres must be prepared on the lines suggested above and worked out. Adequate and suitable reading material should be produced and a 'Read more Books' movement must be conducted.

Legends on Roerich

By MAURICE M. LICHTMANN

AT one time or another, every creative artist reaches the point where new horizons spread before him. He sees before him the high vault of heaven and in its midst the bright star of beauty beckoning to him with a strange, new gleam Those who are brave enough to step over the threshold of eternity in quest of the gleam are called "Masters".

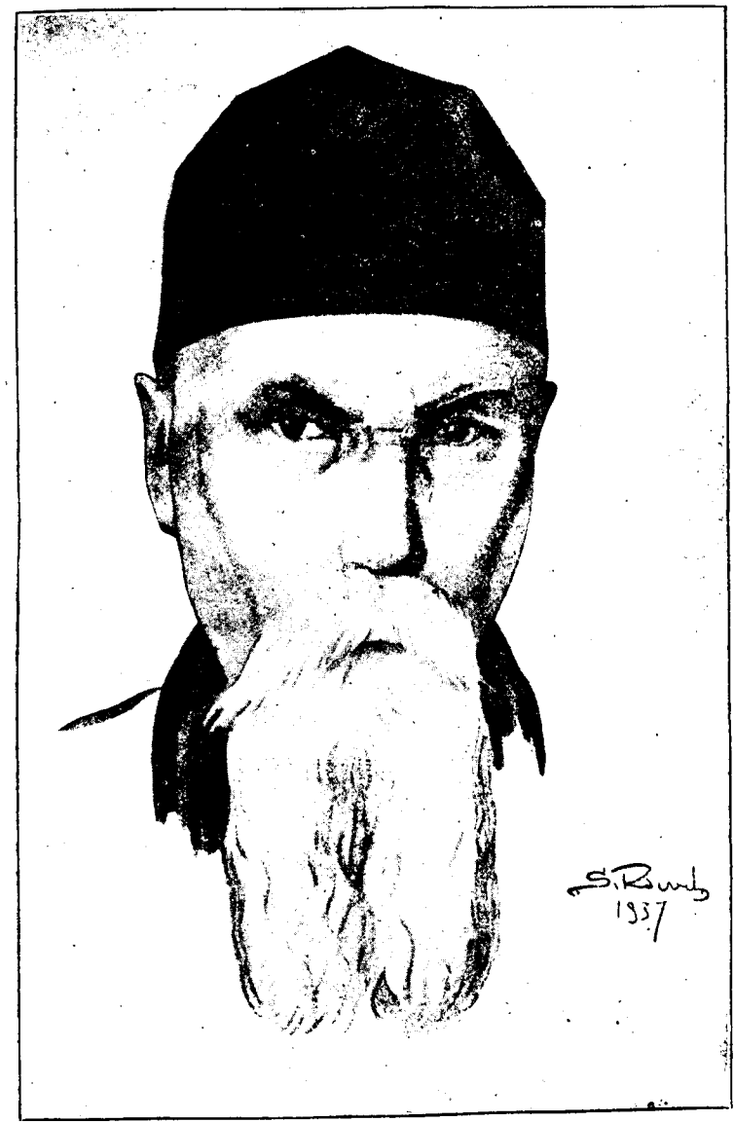
These masters are the true leaders of their age. We scarcely remember the mighty rulers of the time of Leonardo da Vinci. Yet we still obey his precepts of beauty. We are still under the spell of Cimabue and Giotto, but how many of us can recall the threatening commands of the rulers of the Fourteenth Century? These true leaders, crowned by their art, shaped the destinies of nations and moulded the very habits of the people according to their esthetic principles. In the hands of these inspired ones, art is a magic sceptre, which governs the welfare of men and opens wide the gates of all time—present, past and future.

The Master, who himself stands at the threshold, calls men to follow him therein and kindles a new consciousness in the hearts of those who have the courage to follow the light. He is indeed the wise ruler, whose realm is that of beauty, all-containing and everlasting. Nicholas Roerich's art has often been called the "Realm of Roerich" because the master leads his followers into a realm where vulgarity and fear never spring to being and only beauty flowers.

Claude Bragdon, in his preface to Roerich's book, "Altai-Himalaya", says: "In the history of the fine arts, certain individuals have appeared from time to time whose work has a unique, profound and indeed a mystical quality which differentiates them from their contemporaries making it impossible to classify them in any known category or to ally them with any school, because they resemble themselves only—and one another, like some spaceless and timeless order of initiates. Such were Leonardo, Rembrandt, Durer, Blake, and, in other fields, Beethoven and Balzac; such also, in our own times and in a lesser way, were Rodin, Ryder, and Burne-Jones, for their work shows flashes of that demoniac and eerie beauty, which is the sign whereby they may be identified as belonging to that mythical, mystic brotherhood. Roerich, in his life, in his character and in his art reveals himself as a member of this fraternity."

In her article, "Where the Lost Tribes are Remembered", Sulamith Ish-Kishor gives a picture of Nicholas Roerich, the artist and man.

"There in an office overlooking the strip of park beyond which one sees the broad stretches of the Hudson River," she writes, "is to be found a strangely charming, magician-like personality—the famous artist-explorer, Professor Nicholas Roerich. There is something archaic



Professor Nicholas de Roerich
by Svetoslav Roerich

about his small, narrow figure, his thin, pointed white beard, and large, light blue eyes which have a remote look, candid and clear as those of a very young child's. Here is a living being who might have stepped

out of an old fairy-tale book, too honest for a Merlin, too spiritual and beneficent for a Klingsor. It is satisfying to one's artistic sense to hear that the name Roerich is a variation of the medieval Rurik—the Scandinavian prince who invaded and ruled Russia in the tenth century—and that it means "rich in glory." A different kind of glory has been given it by the Roerich of today, a glory much superior in nature to that of the old bandit and Viking. 'Simplicity, Beauty and Fearlessness' expresses his artistic creed".

Roerich's art reveals a quality of the real master the power of prophecy. Before the peril of World War swept over the nations, Roerich created a series of paintings foreboding unusual events which later became true. These "Prophetic Paintings", as they are termed, have been ascribed to the period between 1912 and 1914. In the images of the "Sword of Valor", "The Serpent Awakened", "The Crowns", "The Doomed City", "Human Deeds", "Cry of the Serpent", "The Fire", and "The Last Angel", which is now in the Roerich Museum, New York, were outlined many events of the future which had not yet penetrated the consciousness of other men.

The success of the Roerich Museum was indicated in Raphael's Astrological Almanac of 1929; and indeed, when ten thousand admirers greeted the artist on that unforgettable occasion, a new page of the legend of Roerich was written.

Manifestations such as these are usually accompanied by stories and explanations, concerning both the style of the artist and his power of prophecy. This is exemplified in the biographies of Benvenuto Cellini and Leonardo da Vinci, as well as many others. In examining the biography of Nicholas Roerich one is immediately struck with the element of legend, closely interwoven with his versatile life. According to press reports of 1918, the artist was killed in Siberia, and in 1926 he visited the places where masses had been held for the repose of his soul, all of which is strangely reminiscent of the legends about Comte St Germain. All these stories and legends seem to point to the fact, that in the case of Roerich as well as in that of other great men, one personality envelopes several others.

But to those who know Roerich and have studied his life, all apparent contradictions not only do not seeem strange, but are the natural consequences of his varied interests and enthusiasms. One can even understand why the Day of Buddha on April 29th, 1928, in the old church of St. Mark's-in-the-Bouwerie was dedicated to Roerich and why the symposium of the speakers rendered a worthy appraisal of the broad synthesis of the artist's remarkable life.

Conventionally-minded people have their pigeon-holes, or categories, into which they place everything that they do or do not understand. The author's attention was once directed to a legend to

the effect that all the institutions founded by Nicholas Roerich received their support from political organizations. It is clear that the authors of this legend took into consideration neither the character of the artist himself or of the organizations he founded. On the other hand, there were tales of Buddhist propaganda, while churches in Boston circles held services voicing the praise of the activities of Nicholas Roerich. The author once heard the artist's reaction to these unfounded opinions and attacks, and he spoke as follows:

"But they do not know", he smilingly said, "And we must not condemn them. Perhaps in their nature they are not such bad people after all, but this accursed misunderstanding is always cropping up." How many times have I noticed people coming away from Professor Roerich's hospitable study, where he finds time for every problem, every personal sorrow, exclaiming: "If I had only known that before!"

Because we are accustomed to meeting our heroes either on the stage, or between the pages of century-old books, we cannot therefore understand a philosopher, who would bring our daily life into a joyous approach to eternity.

Branches of the Roerich Society crop up in many countries. If one studies the names of these Societies one recognizes the same synthesis present that exists in the activities of the artist himself. It seems as if some magic influence unites former enemies in a benevolent and evolutionary work. Without premeditation, they approach a new way of living, revering old traditions kindled by the rays of contemporary knowledge. When we hear the artist speak of the life of Christ, of the resplendent image of St. Francis of Assisi, of the cosmic ray of Millikan and of Einstein's theory of relativity, only then may we understand that the master's broad comprehension brings a unifying conception into the various fields of life.

In his articles and addresses, the artist has often said: "Our chief misfortune is that we do not want to approach the facts honestly, and we always try to apply every fact, big or small, to our own small, casual point of view".

With equal attention the artist studies electrical phenomena and manifestations of psychic energy and coordinates them with the testaments of Rig Vedas and Cabbala. I remember how Roerich once stopped an attack on the Koran with the simple statement: "How can you speak of that which you do not know?" And when one hears the master speak of the significance of Nirvana and how he points out that because of the incorrect pronunciation of the word Boddhisatva by the Arabs, it changed into Iosaphat, one understands that one has to deal not only with a great enveloping consciousness, but one unlimited by prejudices.

"Above all, do not be afraid," says the master to his pupils. "Remember that if you act, not egoistically, but for the good of humanity, nothing can harm you." He also says: "Instead of a poor and limited 'I', let us try to pronounce, in our deeds and thoughts, the unconquerable 'we.' If you seek practical advice, this is the most practical. Also, cease to be afraid. The most destructive emotion is that of fear. Tremor before the grandeur of the Supreme is not fear, for this is a sacred tremor—a benevolent vibration before an indescribable power."

With such vigorous and practical words (the master is not afraid to use this expression) he accompanies his talks, which rid many of daily fear.

"The chief misfortune of mankind," repeats the master, from Agni Yoga, "is the fact that everyone judges the quantity and quality of help from his own narrow ideas. You can send help to a man from all the bright windows, yet he shall await help from a dark door, because his bound spirit cannot grasp the thought that 'angels can fly', and do not need dark, conventional doors."

Various names appear in the published symposiums on the art and activities of Roerich—such names as Tagore, Stokowski, Andreyev are intermingled with the opinions of Charles R. Crane, Louis Marin, Secretary Davis and Senator Borah. The art and philosophy of Roerich have made an indelible impression on his contemporaries, for they recognize in him an exact, benevolent knowledge, reminiscent of the ancient times of the Resicrucians and Alchemists who labored for the good of humanity.

In his remarkable article, "The Realm of Roerich," written just before his death, Andreyev formulates the significance of "realm-beauty" with an astounding clarity. Since the publication of that article, that realm has grown to tremendous proportions, through the many new manifesfations of Roerich's new synthesis. Whether we take his constructive message in "Guru the Teacher", "Joy of Creation" or the wise hints in "Shambhala", we shall find not only faith but a firm and unconquerable knowledge which directs the artist along his unique path.

But human beings being what they are, it would be too much to expect such appreciation in every quarter. I recall an article written some time ago, probably by an active enemy of Roerich's. In it was described with malicious hartred the "grandeur" of the Roerich Expedition and of a fictitious staff of seventy-five secretaries, translators etc. The absurdity of this piece of fiction is apparent when one remembers the artist's constant tendency toward simplicity. Another article stated, as an indisputable fact, that the Expedition had been sent by a powerful Masonic organization.

In an American newspaper, Herbert Corey, in speaking of the significance of Roerich's art, asks: "Nicholas Roerich has returned from Tibet. Many people, and at least one government would like extremely well to know what Nicholas Roerich is. Not who he is, mark you. That is well enough understood. What he is. What has he been doing for six years among the deserted foothills of the Himalayas?

"In his own time Nicholas Roerich will tell. What will he tell? How much?

"He is a magnetic personality. His followers manifest an almost fanatic devotion. He is a first-rate artist. Perhaps even a great one. The man is a mystery here. An almost legendary figure.....".

At the same time, when Roerich founded an Association of St. Francis of Assisi there were absurd tales printed concerning his excommunication by the Pope.

One is involuntarily reminded of an article by Nicholas Roerich entitled "Praise to the Enemies", and how he answered the indignation of his friends at these tales, saying: "Do not pay attention. Indeed, they do not know of what they speak and what they are doing."

We are long accustomed to heroes of the remote past, forgetting that these demi-gods once had human form, around which the legends sprung. How fascinating to encounter a legendary figure in real life!

Roerich is, after all, still in his prime, so any kind of final biography would be premature. It is for the younger generation that these facts have been set forth. It will help them, living in the midst of the turmoil of our mechanical civilization, to know of something spiritual and incessantly constructive: to learn how a lone fighter, creative and enthusiastic, can transform his life into a beautiful legend. It will uplift them to know of a legendary figure, living in their own day.

Reviews & Notices

Testament of India: By Ela Sen, Allen & Unwin, London, 1939. Price 7s. 6d. net.

This book gives an account of contemporary India, and her struggles during the last twenty years as reflected in the lives and works of her great men—from 1919, when Gandhi returned from South Africa and put into practice his creed of non-violent non-co-operation, up to the day of Jawaharlal Nehru and the Younger Socialists, shedding a flood of light on India's major problems like Terrorism, Communalism, the Peasants' and the women's movement.

The account of Terrorism is particularly outspoken and courageous. The authoress seeks the psychological explanation of the terrorist mentality in the English writings of the 19th century, which were set for Bengali schools and colleges and which were full of calumnies of the Bengali people. Macaulay, for instance, says in one of his Essays of the Bengalis: "What the horns are to the buffalo, what the paw is to the tiger, what the sting is to the bee, what beauty according to the old Greek song is to the woman, deceit is to the Bengalee. Large promises, smooth excuses, elaborate tissues of circumstances, falsehood, chicanery, perjury and forgery are the weapons, offensive and defensive, of the people of the Lower Ganges." It is undeniable that such calumnies rankled deep in the minds of the people, but among the historical causes of terrorism due importance, I think, ought to have been given to the partition of Bengal and its attendant circumstances. The greatest resentment, of course, was caused by the daily insulting behaviour of the British towards the Indian. "A man in dhoti often was not allowed to walk on the same pavement as a European: soldiers were frequently seen hustling and abusing Indians in the road, or they would go into a market and make themselves free with fruit and vegetables, whilst nobody dared to protect for fear of assault." All this made the Bengali youth brood over the fact that the British understood only strength. Their impatience made them forgetful that an unarmed people cannot fight with violent methods against a nation equipped with the most efficient army and navy, and impelled them to meet the brutal treatment and police aggression which they saw before their eyes with terrorist activity of an intensified character. But the authoress is particularly insistent upon two things: firstly, that terrorism prospered only in the face of repression and that as soon as the rulers learnt to respect the susceptibilities of the ruled, resort to terrorism died down; and secondly that terrorism is in any case an irrational procedure adopted by the Bengali youth in a certainly impassioned and impetuous mood, and that, perhaps, the wiser course would have been to circumvent Britain's exploitation of India by the propagation of Swadeshi and the stoppage of revenues through the non-payment of taxes and rents, as Gandhi was preaching.

Of Mahatma Gandhi's role in the Indian struggle, the authoress is adequately appreciative. "This small, frail man, singularly unattractive by the ordinary standards of appearance, fills the role of a greater dictator than Hitler or Mussolini, with all their armies and armaments. He sways the countryside, not by fear or force of arms, but by love and unswerving

devotion to the cause of the masses.....Dictator is too vulgar an epithet to be used with regard to him, and can only de done so comparatively, seeing that at his insistence and teaching age-old traditions and prejudices have been swept aside." (p. 24). Or again, "through the arches of the years, through light and shade, over many quicksands, Indian politics floundered onward, ever gaining ground. Gandhi dexterously showed the way; each step he took bred patriots; each fast he undertook brought more men rallying to his standard. Out of him and his plans of action rose men like Jawaharlal Nehru, who were later to show the way to socialism."

The book has three chapters on the Socialists, one on Jawaharlal Nehru, the other on Subhas Bose, and the third on the Younger Socialists. The authoress effectively brings out that while Nehru is fundamentally a rationalist, in Subhas's life religion and idealism played a great part from an early age. From this fundamental difference there have followed a host of other temperamental differences between the two characters, although both have very many ideas in common, including the belief in socialism as the ultimate salvation of India. The Younger Socialists are the products of the present age, born out of economic struggles and bred out of intellectual study of the social problems of the day. They have 'impetuosity, exuberance, and love of action', but they have brought all this enthusiasm and exuberance to the service of their country. For instance, they have developed personal contacts with the masses. Under their guidance trade unions, peasants' organisations, workers' unions, labour unions, and students' unions have taken shape, and they devote their entire time and energy in trying to direct all these forces, hitherto untapped, into channels of constructive activity. In the administration of these elements there is great evidence of an organising capacity; and it would be a grievous mistake for any responsible publicist; in India to-day to seek to minimise the importance of the Younger Socialists.

Mrs. Sen has given separate chapters to Tagore, Sarojini Naidu, Jinnah, Abdul Ghaffar Khan, Malaviya, Rajendra Prasad, and all that they stand for. The chapter on Jinnah is particularly brilliant, brilliant in its pungency.

The book also contains chapters on Communalism, Womens' Movements and the Peasants' Movement, which are interesting but do not go very far.

It will be clear from the above analysis that this book covers fairly extensive ground. Its chief merit consists in its biographical materials with which is interwoven a great deal of enlightening information on the major problems of Indian nationalism. The book is thoroughly readable throughout, and although there are a few imprecise statements here and there, on the whole the analysis of the various characters of the Indian struggle and the assessment of their work is generally correct.

Dr. Bool Chand, M. A., Ph. D.

സ്ത്രീഹൃദയം—**(The Heart of Woman).** By Balamani Amma. Published by Vanneri Book Depot, Punnayurkulam, S. Malabar. Price As. 12.

This tiny book is a collection of ten short pieces of poetry. The heart of woman is perhaps the most mysterious of mysteries; but there are aspects of it which those who observe can see. Srimati Balamani Amma has presented to us certain such aspects—some common, others not quite so familiar, but all beautiful. The poetess has a rich fancy and remarkable powers of expression. More than such technical merits is the fact that

woman is presented here in all her native, pristine purity, in all the spiritual beauty of the Mother of Man. Some of the poems depict the young wife's mind, but even here what one feels is not fascination for the beautiful picture but veneration for Woman. Srimati Balamani Amma is a very promising poetess and an illustrious representative of her sex in the cultural world. We wish her a long career.

There is a sensible Foreword which is a critical study of the pieces. Brief notes for every piece is a helpful feature of the book.

Srimad Bhagavad Gita. Sanskrit Text and Commentary—By Swami Sivananda, "Ananda Kutir"—Published by the Divine Life Society, Rikhikesh.

This book contains the first three chapters of the Bhagavad Gita—with Sanskrit text and notes in English. There is word for word meaning and a running paraphrase of the verses. The notes and paraphrase are marked by the lucidity and directness characteristic of Swamiji.

The book is freely distributed on sending sufficient postage. If there is a sufficient response in money from donors, the other chapters also will appear. It is to be hoped Swamiji will meet with the wide response that his great work deserves.

Village Education. By E. V. S. Maniam—Published by Patt and Co., Publishers and Book-Sellers, Parmat, Cawnpore—Price—not mentioned.

This book is a study of the problem of village education. The present system of education is rightly criticised. The needs of the villages are mentioned and a plea made for a system that takes village requirements into consideration. The system of education in Denmark is described so as to be a guidance for our own efforts.

The Coronation English Selections—Junior and Senior. Edited by J. F. Thaddaeus. Published by B. G. Paul & Co., Madras. Price As. 12 and 15.

These two tidily got-up books are intended for pupils entering the High School. Much care has been devoted to the selection of pieces which give a good deal of information in a language simple, lucid and direct. This is certainly a good feature, seeing that that is the language of the present day. A good represention is afforded to Indian writers also, pieces from Pandit Nehru, The Rt. Hon'ble V. S. S. Sastriar, Gandhiji and others finding a place in the books. The brief biographical notes in the beginning of the lesson and the progressively arranged exercises in grammar are very helpful. These books can be confidently recommended to our High Schools.

Read and Play Series. By Sanjivi P. Kulkarni, B.A. Published by the Swastik Publishing House, Bombay, 4.

A decided forward step in our books for children has been taken in this series. Funny little tales are presented in drama form, without the technicalities of the Drama proper. The language is so simple and the ideas so natural to children that the plays can very easily be understood and enthusiastically acted in the class room by the little ones. The life depicted is purely Eastern. With a very little assistance from the teacher, the plays

are sure to be enjoyed by the pupils. Correct, simple, conversational language is thus unconsciously grasped by the children. The price of 2 As. and 4 As. is a modest price for these delightful books.

The books are printed in large types and very neatly got up with numerous illustrations.

When the Earth Fell ! and other stories—Swastic Story Books Series - By B. R. Bhagwat, B. A. The Swastik Publishing House, Bombay, 4. Price As. 4.

An interesting book of stories from the *Jatakas* rewritten in modern style in a simple language fit for little children. The stories are in themselves fascinating to children and the study of the book ensures a good language and a peep into the ancient folklore of our land. It is to be sincerely wished that our lower classes in the school will take the fullest advantage of the series.

S. Vaidyanathan.

PERIODICALS.

The Kalyana Kalpataru—January 1940.

This magazine has gained within the short span of but six years, a dominant place among the journals standing for spiritual renaissance, and the bumper number before us is a special issue entitled "the Yoga Number." It contains fifty-seven articles on the different aspects of Yoga, an editorial note wherein is pointed out that taking a total view of all the different branches of Yoga the best and easiest form of Yoga suited to the present age is the practice of Bhakthiyoga, eleven tricolour illustrations and thirty-two in black and white, and an explanatory note on them. It is not possible within the space at our command to even catalogue, much less to review this large variety of learned contributions. It may however be confidently asserted, that one interested in the subject will find herin a rich repast, and matter for the closest study, and that this volume of 330 pages deserves more to be called a treatise on the subject of Yoga than the "Yoga Number." We have nothing but praise for this superb production beautifully printed, attractively got up and charmingly and discriminatingly illustrated.

The Aryan Path, January 1940.

With this number, "The Aryan Path" enters its eleventh year, taking an understanding look at the ideal which it set before itself ten years ago —to point out the way to a world which has lost its way, in other words, to put a world, which threatens to walk on its head, back on its feet. A lucid and interesting article on "Krishna and His Song" by Prof. D. S. Sarma, an alluring account of the University of Nalanda by Dr. Radha Kumud Muckerji, "The Voice of Tradition" by Elizabeth Cross where she pleads for the retaining of the essential spiritual content of old traditions in new forms, two thought-provoking studies of dreams by Dr. Nagaraja Sarma and W. T. Clarke—these are some of the contributions that go to make a very substantial number. We would like to make special mention of Mr. Manu Subedar's plea for an anti-communal league. Altogether, a collection of articles which turn our gaze on the enduring values of things beneath the superficial encrustations and call ou us to be "Men".

The Prabuddha Bharata—January 1940.

Besides its usual features of notes and comments, reviews and notices, and news and reports, this number contains a class-lesson on Pranayama—said to be published for the first time—by Swami Vivekananda wherein the basis and the fundamental concept of Pranayama and how it should be practised are all lucidly explained in a non-technical manner. Prof. S. N. Shrivastava tells us how Vivekananda has brought back national self-respect and creative venture. Prof. A. C. Bose writing on Mysticism and Poetic moods takes us to those silent regions where the mystics receive the light of truth and the warmth of beauty. Swami Prabhavananda presents a striking adaptation from the Srimad Bhagavatam of Sri Suka's message to Parikshit. Taponath Chakravarthy writing on Student life in Pre-Buddhist India takes us back to the pure and serene atmosphere of the forest Universities of ancient India. Kakasair Kalelkhab writes on how his agnosticism and rationalism were rudely shaken by Vivekananda's sketch "My Master", and what transforming influence the personalities of the Great Master and his disciples have. Among other articles of interest are Mahendranath Sircar's article on "Reason and Revelation", and Prof. Wach's short note as to how religious mysticism helps people to rise above national and social barriers.

A ROMANCE OF INDIAN INSURANCE

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A Branch Office of the company has been recently opened at Coimbatore for rendering greater service to its clients in that District and in the West Coast, and we trust that this would give further incentive to the public in this area to secure the benefits of insurance protection in this undoubtedly premier Indian institution.

Falstaff.

In Boar's-Head Tavern ages long ago,
A man was seen his stature to outgrow,
Whose larded limbs the signs of health did show!

His ruby, jocund face, and merry eyes,
Gave glimpse of angels swarming Paradise!
His tongue—a vehicle of monstrous lies!

On a cask of sack and capons he would dine,
And please the Prince with merriment divine!
And lod he'd roar: "O Mistress, bring more wine!

"My throat is parched, more sack or I shall die,
Another thirsty noon I shall not eye,
But sleep on benches till the golden hours fly!

"And Hal, my son O let me beg of thee,
Let no gallows stand in England when thou wilt be
Our king, for thieves to thieves must faithful be!

"Hal, get more sack! For thirst o'erpowers me!
Then I'll narrate how quickly, silently,
The mighty Hotspur fell, though armed cap-a-pie.

"With my one blow! And how I ruin wrought
With my true blade, would astound thy witless thought,
And would make thee say: 'Falstaff, bravely fought!'

"No more the cry of 'Esperance' shall be,
The dread and terror of our chivalry,
For with the sack and capons slain is he:

"And from the sire, if I honours, titles win,
I'll leave off sack and capons—grow more thin,
And leave thee, Hal, and all the ways of sin!"

—*Jehangir R. P. Mody.*

"MALLI PELLI"

Very few directors in the film world have achieved the success that Y. V. Rao has achieved in the triple role of author, director and actor. Y. V. Rao, who earned a niche in the hearts of the public as 'Manohara' in 'Chintamani', (which was also directed by him), has come out with his "Malli Pelli". It is a smart social comedy providing good entertainment. The aim of the picture is to educate public opinion in favour of ameliorating the present lot of young virgin widows.

The story centres round Lalitha, the young virgin widow and the daughter of a conservative barrister, Janardhana Rao Pantulu. Kamala, the sister of Sundara Rao, who was living in the opposite house of the vakil, was a good friend of Lalitha. Lalitha's beauty and innocent manners attracted Sundara Rao. Lalitha, too, yearned for Sundara Rao and loved him with all the ardour of a young girl in her teens. Both hoped that one day they would break the shakles of tradition and convention and be united in wedlock.

Once Pantulu attempted to outrage the modesty of Kamala. It resulted in a fight between Sundara Rao and Pantulu. Pantulu received sound thrashing at the hands of Sundar, who, in turn, received a sentence of six months' imprisonment. Kamala had to go under the protection of a kind-hearted Bhikshuka—Ramajogi.

Lalitha had her tale of misfortunes also. Dame Rumour was all rage on her, and roused the orthodox world against her. Pantulu grew restless and invoked the aid of one Swamiji, who, he believed, whould make amends. The Swamiji, who considered himself as the bigoted custodian of the rules and regulations of Sanatana Dharma, tried to maintain the sanctity of religion by a 'drug and a shave' to poor Lalitha.

Lalitha, forelorn, left the house into the wide world. She went to the prison house to see Sundar. The fatal rumour had reached the ears of the prisoner also. He told Lalitha that they could live only as brother and sister. Lalitha went mad at the turn events were taking and roamed about and ultimately fell into a swoon. Next day, Sundar was released. He found Lalitha in an unconscious state and took her to a hospital. Subhadramma, the mother of Lalitha, learnt through her servant that some money was required for the treatment of her daughter. She sent two of her bangles to Sundar.

Pantulu, who learnt all this somehow or other, at the instance of Swamiji, complained to the police that Sundar had stolen the bangles. The police arrested Sundar and took him away. Just then, Venkat Rao, a nephew of the Vakil, and incidentally, the lover of Kamala, came to the rescue of Lalitha. In the hospital the innocence of Lalitha was established beyond a shadow of doubt. In the court the innocence of Sundar was established by the evidence of Subhadramma. The Newtone Studios, where it was produced, has spared no pains in making this picture as excellent as possible. Photography and Audiography are at their best here.

The heroine of the film Kanchanamala, brings to us a wistful charm, a sparkling vivacity, and a natural gift for music. Y. V. Rao leads the cast as Sundara Rao. Others in the cast include Balijepalli (Janardhana Rao, Vakil), Rangaswamy (Kaliyugananda Swami), Vidwan Srinivasa Iyengar (Ramajogi), Rajaratnam, Bezwada (Kamala), and Rajaratnam, Cocanada (Subhadramma).

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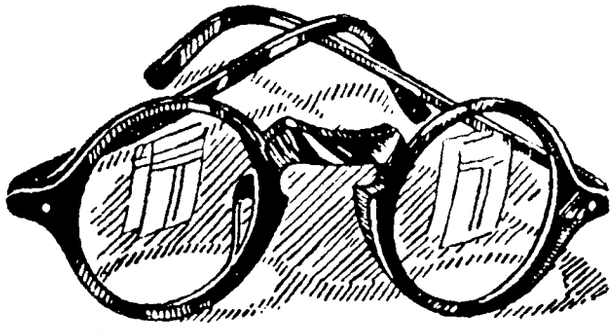

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