

74

# THE SCHOLAR



SEPTEMBER 1930

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## MANAGER'S NOTICE

With the October issue *i. e.* our Annual number (details of which are published elsewhere) The Scholar will enter upon its sixth year. It is sincerely hoped that our subscribers will continue to take the same interest in the journal as before. Those whose subscriptions are in arrears are requested to remit them immediately.

Those whose subscriptions expire with September are requested to remit their subscriptions for the coming year as early as possible. If no intimation is received before the 20th. October, the Annual will be sent by V.P.P. for Rs. 3—2—0 to cover subscription for one year.

Subscribers not willing to continue are requested to kindly intimate to the office to that effect.

# The Scholar Annual 1930

“The Scholar Annual” of this year will embody many of the features which in the last three years has made it most popular. It will be a record number with new features of varied interest. Special attention has been paid to the pictorial side of the Annual including coloured plates, rare specimens of ancient Painting, numerous half-tone illustrations and cartoons.

---

## MESSAGES AND CONTRIBUTIONS FROM :—

Dr. Sudhindra Bose, Ph.D.

Rev. J. H. Holmes

Duncan Greenlees, M.A., (Oxon)

Maulvi Abdul Hamid, M.A., (Oxon)

Prof. N. S. Adhikari, M.A.

K. C. Gupta, M.A., B.L.

C. S. Trilokckar, M.A.

Earnest Wood

S. R. Ranganatham, M.A.

Mahakavi Ullur S. Parameswara Iyer

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P. R. Krishnaswami, M.A.

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T. B. Krishnaswamy, M.A., B.L.

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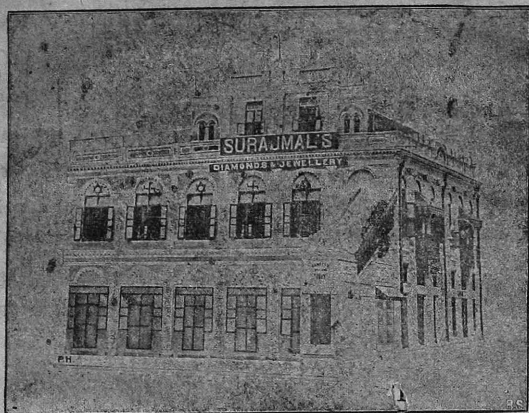
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VOL. V

SEPTEMBER

No. 12

## RECORDS OF THE SPADE

BY DUNCAN GREENLEES, M. A. (OXON.)

Perhaps if there is indeed any difference between the Archaeologist and the robber of tombs it lies in this: the robber goes in stealth by night and loots the best of all he finds, then breaks the rest to conceal the traces of his raid; whereas the Scientist goes in open day and spins endless webs of records in his office to tell the story of his raid to all who have interest in such things. It is only the keeper of adequate and careful records who has any claim to be considered as a Scientist. The excavator who is satisfied with his exhibition of pretty things won from the desert sand and the sodden fields of cultivation, is nothing but a robber of the dead, however many the pretentious letters added to his name.

Many records must he keep from day to day, if he would pay his duty fully to the past. He must record the progress of his work from day to hurried day, he must group and classify his finds under various heads, he must note down the details of his cash transactions so as to persuade the donors of Expedition funds to renew their generosity from time to time. Thus under three main heads his office work absorbs every moment he can steal from the actual field of excavation.

First and most important of all his records is the LOG-BOOK, wherein he writes the daily story of his work and its steady progress. Herein lies the greatest test of his training and fitness for his task, for in it are tried his powers of accurate observation and swift unerring reasoning, to understand what he may see as the work unfolds before him. Herein with perfect accuracy he notes the progress made by all the many parties of his expedition, whether engaged in actual digging, in clearing temple floors, in unrolling mummies, in restoring and drawing relics of the past, in handling machines for raiding mighty masses of stone. To keep this diary in an honest way, he must at all times be in every place, ceaselessly noting the condition of the debris from which every discovery is taken ; for its history is written in these debris codes, a history lost for ever if not deciphered at the time and on the spot. Herein also he notes in brief the condition of every discovery when found, for later damages will be charged upon the finders to teach them grater care. The rough notes thus taken momentarily in the field are edited and written in this permanent Expedition Diary, under headings to show the provenance in which the work is done. To check his own observations, the wise Director entrusts a vernacular DIARY to his overseer, and frequently examines this in comparison with his own. Herein observations are made by the finders themselves of what they find, and on days when finds come fast and furious it is of vital importance to the truth of the Expedition's story.

Next in importance comes the OBJECTS CATALOGUE, wherein daily are drawn in combined section and elevation to scale every antiquity that is found intact, or in sufficient fragments to restore on paper its original form. Here also are written the Register number, the date of discovery, the place where found (its provenance), the dimensions in centimeters which are not shown in the drawing, the material of which made, the condition (whether broken, flaking away, ant-eaten, or perfect), a reference to the photographic catalogue, and finally a statement of its eventual home in some museum or other or, discarded, its return to the darkness of some gaping pit in the desert sands. This absorbs much time; indeed in many Camps one worker or two will be wholly devoted to it. Here Geometry

is used, for a tiny fragment of a bowl may yield the diameter of the circle whereof it is a part, and thus the whole form may surely be deduced. With skill and much experience any almost shapeless chip can be made to declare itself as part of a statue wrist or hair or calf. Then before packing it away, on every object is written its Register number for reference.

Then comes the PHOTOGRAPHIC REGISTER,—a new weapon in Science, this, which some old-fashioned men have hardly yet begun to use as it should be used. The Site,—before, during, and after work,—views of the actual digging, and removing of heavy antiquities, record photographs of every important find before it is removed, views of separate houses, temple halls and tombs, objects found when cleaned and mended in the Camp Office, grouped in series, curious points in the technique of construction—all these are food for the hungry camera. And every photograph should be carefully mounted and serially numbered for rapid reference, thus H 1930/71, for the 71st. photograph of 1930 in the site known as H. These are used for blocks in publication, and should be printed on glossy paper to reveal the smallest details.

The fourth record is as important as the third and second, for here are filed away the MAPS AND PLANS of excavation. First the general map of the locality to show the position of the Site, in relation to other villages and former excavations; then the map of the Site itself, showing the position of every unit in relation to its neighbours. Then come the plans of separate buildings and tombs, with such sections as are needed to explain the heights of ceilings and the levels of the various floors. So few, alas! of these are ever published; yet so much of history is hidden in the steady change of form and plan of architecture!

A kind of register that is valuable but rarely kept because of lack of anatomical knowledge, is the RECORD OF SKELETONS. Here should be listed the measurements of all the leading bones of bodies found in the course of work, with notes of deformation caused by disease or accident, and carefully the skulls should be photographed and measured. From these bone-dry data many thrilling facts of racial and medical history

may be gleaned. Too many of our pseudo-scientists trample this precious evidence to powder beneath their ironclad heels. Interesting cases should be photographed, and cross-references given in this book to the Photographic Register.

Then for ready reference, on clearing each tomb or house the Excavator prepares a UNIT CARD whereon he enters all important details of the separate Tomb or other unit of excavation. On this or a small scale plan and section (1:50) of the unit, wherein are drawn the various objects as they were found, with notes of the different debris filling the shafts and rooms at varied levels. Here also are drawn small-scale pictures of the objects found, and a list of them with reference to the Register number of each and the Corpus number of the type. Here also are notes of the relationship borne by the unit to other units in the neighbourhood, for superposition at once implies a later date. Here are notes on possible date, name of the owner, dimensions,—measured always in meters and centimeters,—description of the bodies found, if any, nature of superstructure and mode of construction. Each unit has its own serial number; generally the Site is known by a letter, or a thousand-number. Thus Grave 7832 is known at once to be the 32nd. grave found in the 8th. subdivision of Cemetery 7000. This provenance number is also written on all objects found in that unit of exploration. These Tomb Cards, slightly rearranged as further discoveries are made, should form the basis of the future publication. To each is appended a summary of the Log-Book entries referring to that particular section of the excavation.

It is convenient also to keep a separate book for copies of all INSCRIPTIONS found in the course of work, arranged according to their subject matter and provenance. Along with these may well be kept the tracings, drawings, and where possible rubbings and paintings of all reliefs and stelae, for much that is of real historic or artistic value cannot be removed from the Site and must be recorded there.

A Card Index File of NAMES found on a given Site, arranged alphabetically with provenance references, will be found of great value in understanding the relationships in a



great cemetery. Much help is given by these names in the establishment of historical sequences, and happy is the explorer whose Index File is a big one!

So also is a regular CORPUS of the types of all the objects found of use. This should be arranged in the major dating periods, and gives especial attention to beads and to vessels of pottery and stoneware, for nothing gives more certain means of dating in the average Site, than the slow and steady modification of form in these objects of daily use, and it is difficult to believe how reliable a guide they are to the actual passage of time. By intelligent use of such a Corpus, much labour in repeated drawings is saved, for a new discovery may often be adequately described by referring to its Corpus type number and by briefly remarking any peculiarities of size or decoration.

A detailed CASH REGISTER should be maintained in every Camp to show the source of its funds and the daily expenses in its management, and together with these a VOUCHER FILE may be kept to act as a check on its accuracy. This will strengthen public confidence, and increase public support.

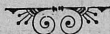
Expeditions which make gifts to successful gangs of workmen and to individuals keep a record of the amount given and Register number of the object for which it has been given. This BAKHSHISH REGISTER is not, however, of vital importance.

Lastly, if the Director wants to get the best service from his men, he will desire to know them all personally, and for this purpose keep a WORKMEN'S RECORD Card File,—relating the length of service, the record of character and work done, Sites on which employed, sicknesses, family story, and special skill in any branches of the general work. Such items, if regularly entered, will keep him in the closest touch with all his Staff. Thus will be laid the foundation of that happy relationship between employer and employed which, like the true teacher-student friendship, alone can secure good and healthy work.

Happy the Expedition which has a Director able to do all these things! Happy in lesser way the Expedition able to depute



Assistants for each of these many semi-clerical labours, so that exhaustive fulness of record may not mean the taking of the Master-Mind away entirely from the sun and dusty wind where his men are toiling in the cause of science and of art ! Most miserable and unworthy is the Camp where all or some of them are skimmed or wholly neglected ! Their work is not a science. It is but wrecking the sacred relics of Mankind's long struggle towards the Light ; it is but robbing the dead to enrich a little while with worthless baubles the petty living who soon will join those whom they have wronged.



### The Scouts' " IF "

If you can sense the One in all creation,  
And see the God in every brother's face,  
Without respect of creed, or race, or nation ;  
If you can feel at home in every place,  
If you can love your country with devotion  
And yet love every nation, too ;  
If you have freed yourself from class emotion  
And understand the other's point of view ;  
If you can sense in every beast a brother,  
And see God blossoming in every flower ;  
If by no thought or word you hurt another,  
And fill with noble deeds the fleeting hour ;  
If all your thoughts and words and deeds are holy,  
And everything from highest motives done ;  
If all your work is based on service only,  
You are very near to the Divine, my son.

— *Sir Robert Baden Powell.*

# NATURE IN THE GITANJALI

BY S. SIVARAMAN, M. A., L. T.

Various are the services which Western poets have called for from Nature. The Elizabethan poets used Nature as a rich background for their characters. To the school of Wordsworth, Nature had life and shed an influence over human beings. Keats was content with drinking the nectar of sensuous beauty, while Shelley saw in the soaring skylark and the rushing west wind symbols of ethereal ideas. Tennyson takes us back to the objectivity of the Elizabethan era, but with a close inter-relation between man and Nature.

Thus the treatment of Nature by the West has been a series of experiments by individuals or groups. Each age has generally struck along new lines.

On the other hand, the Indian treatment of Nature has had a centre of development from time immemorial. Indeed, in all spheres of life the East develops from a centre while the West develops along straight lines. So among all the varied aspirations of the East through the ages, there has been a closer relation and a deeper peace than there has been among those of the West. The cause of this difference is that the greatest problems of Existence, of the soul, of the universe, and of God have been contemplated upon in India in the earliest ages, and solutions of everlasting truth have been reached through self-realization. These solutions, however, form but a central nucleus which has to grow into forms that have to vary as often as the play of Life varies.

So has it been with the treatment of Nature by the Indian poets. From the earliest ages, the greatest men and women of India loved to live in the presence of Nature. They danced when Nature was clothed in bright sunlight and crouched when she put on her black mantle of clouds and thundered.

This attitude was certainly common to all climes in primeval days, as is evidenced by the worship of Nature in her benignant

as well as terrible forms all over the ancient world. But the peculiar greatness of India was to have understood Nature in all her moods as the manifestation of the one Supreme Being who is immanent in it.

The development of the Indian genius from a central nucleus has given rise to a bane and a blessing. The bane is that many tend to be grossly content with the hardened forms which a former age had created to suit itself but which smothers the life of the next age. On the contrary, the noblest spirits of every age have burst that dry, choking shell, got access to the nucleus, and brought out new forms and fresh life.

To this latter class belongs Dr. Rabindranath Tagore. While the common fry merely echo the dead descriptions of former poets, Rabindranath breaks to the centre and clutches at Life.

Thus, in conformity with the genius of India, Rabindranath makes Nature the natural environment of man. But not a lifeless one. On the contrary, Nature is with him a living Presence and the revelation of God.

To be away from the comradeship of Nature is, for Rabindranath, to be like a child away from home. For it is in the presence of Nature that one can meet God. Says he, "To-day the summer has come at my window with its sighs and murmurs; and the bees are playing their minstrelsy at the court of the flowering grove. Now it is time to sit quiet, face to face with thee,....." (No. 5).

The exquisite art with which the poet weaves Nature in sympathetic harmony with the theme of the poem is peculiarly his own. The gloom of a cloudy day entwines the theme of one poem, namely the unsatisfied desire to see God as closely as the betel does the tree.

"Clouds heap upon clouds and it darkens. Ah, love, why dost thou let me wait outside at the door all alone ?

.....

I keep gazing on the far away gloom of the sky, and my heart wanders wailing with the restless wind". (No. 18).

The next poem describes the morning as the manifestation of God :—

“The morning will surely come, the darkness will vanish, and thy voice pour down in golden streams breaking through the sky.

Then thy words will take wing in songs from every one of my birds' nests, and thy melodies will break forth in flowers in all my forest groves.”

Just as the gloomy night forms the background of a visionless yearning, the faded autumn leaves and the clamorous waves form the setting of a languid, perilous search.

“The spring has done its flowering and taken leave. And now with the burden of faded futile flowers I wait and linger.

The waves have become clamorous, and upon the bank in the shady lane the yellow leaves flutter and fall.” (No. 21).

While the bright morning manifests God in his loving aspect, the shadows of the rainy July form a harmonious setting for the portrayal of God as the solitary wayfarer waiting to be welcomed by the watchful devotee :—

“In the deep shadows of the rainy July; with secret steps, thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.

Today the morning has closed its eyes, heedless of the insistent calls of the loud east wind, and a thick veil has been drawn over the ever wakeful blue sky.

.....” (No. 23.)

The next poem continues the picture with the ink-black river, the frowning forest, and the mazy depth of gloom.

The parched days form the setting for the theme of an arid heart :—

“The rain has held back for days and days, my God, in my arid heart. The horizon is fiercely naked—not the thinnest cover of a soft cloud, not the vaguest hint of a distant, cool shower.”

The conception of Nature as the manifestation of the Supreme Being in his lovely or terrible aspect is exquisitely brought out in the following poems :—

"In the fragrant days of Sunny April through the forest path he comes, comes, ever comes.

In the rainy gloom of July nights on the thundering chariot of clouds he comes, comes, ever comes. ...." (No. 45.)

The eager search of early life, the rest and forgetfulness in the crisis of hardship and the forgetfulness of old age have for their setting the wealthy morning and the drowsy noon :—

\*The morning sea of silence broke into ripples of bird songs; and the flowers were all merry by the roadside; and the wealth of gold was scattered through the rift of the clouds while we busily went on our way and paid no heed.

.....

The sun rose to the mid sky and doves cooed in the shade. Withered leaves danced and whirled in the hot air of noon. The shepherd boy drowsed and dreamed in the shadow of the banyan tree, and I laid myself down by the water and stretched my tired limbs on the grass.—

....." (No. 48.)

The coming of the King to the watchful devotee is heralded by storm and thunder and lightning :—

"The thunder roars in the sky. The darkness shudders with lightning..... With the storm has come of a sudden our king of the fearful night."

The ecstasy of communion with Nature is perhaps nowhere else more evident than in poem 57 :—

"Ah, the light dances, my darling, at the centre of my life; the light strikes, my darling, the chords of my love; the sky opens, the wind runs wild, laughter passes over the earth.

The butterflies spread their sails on the sea of light. Lilies and jasmines surge upon the crest of the waves of light.

The light is shattered into gold on every cloud, my darling, and it scatters gems in profusion.

Mirth spreads from leaf to leaf, my darling, and gladness without measure. The heaven's river has drowned its banks and the flood of joy is abroad." (No. 57).

The indifference of the emancipated to power and pelf, to danger and death, is the theme of a highly mystic poem; and the art with which the poet causes the natural setting to suggest the most profound meanings is unrivalled:— ".....Pearl fishers dive for pearls, merchants sail in their ships, while children gather pebbles and scatter them again. ...."

The sea surges up with laughter and pale gleams the smile of the sea beach. Death-dealing waves sing meaningless ballads to the children even like a mother while rocking her baby's cradle. The sea plays with children, and pale gleams the smile of the sea beach.

On the seashore of endless worlds children meet. Tempest roams in the pathless sky, ships get wrecked in the trackless water: death is abroad and children play....." (No. 60).

Thus does Dr. Rabindranath teach us the joy of living in the presence of and communing with nature and of realizing God through it, just as the ancient sages of our land did.

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'Prayer brings peace, a strength and consolation that nothing else can give. When it is offered from the heart, it has power to melt mountains of misery. As food is necessary for the body, prayer is necessary for the soul. A man may be able to do without food for a number of days, but believing in God, man cannot, should not live a moment without prayer. You will say that we all see lots of people living without prayer. I dare say they do, but it is the existence of the brute which, for man, is worse than death. I have not the shadow of a doubt that the strife and quarrels with which our atmosphere is so full to-day, are due to the absence of true prayer.'

—Mahatma Gandhi.

# THE MINSTREL

BY S. UMA MAHESWER, M. A.

Once I passed through the busy throng,  
The market-wares were clattering ;  
And midst the myriad bargain roar,  
A minstrel stood and raptly sang.  
His fingers rhythmic swept the harp,  
The cymbals fell unerring sharp,  
Upon the pauses of his song—  
The silver halts of a golden lay.  
His eyes were skyward, face with flame  
Of nameless raptures radiant lit ;  
A Book of songs was in his face,  
His mouth was full of minstrelsy.  
His heart was full of ancient thoughts,  
A stream of joy ran through his soul ;  
Numberless numbers uncumbered sprang,  
His heart-beats sang that day in Heaven.  
The Market-wares were clattering,  
And deafening rose the jargon of the street ;  
But the minstrel stood on enchanted ground,  
He sang in the roar like a bird in the storm.  
A little crowd hung on his lays,  
Treading with him the lark-land gay ;  
Through all the roar of the jargon of the street,  
An humble lay redeemed a Heaven.  
The joining coins yonder clink,  
But here the angels' bangled feet,  
Were ringing on the floors of song ;  
He built a paradise in the street.  
A tear sometimes is more than wealth,  
A song sometimes is greater than gold ;  
A minstrel singing in the street,  
Is sometimes greater than crowned kings.  
Oh hark, recalls he ancient tales,  
Some mirth of moon and birth of love  
Of man and maid 'neath bygone stars,  
In hoary times and halcyon climes.

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# THE TEACHER\*

BY T. L. VASWANI

Coming this time to Hyderabad, I find that the relations between students and teachers are strained. I have been asking myself:- Why? I feel a new atmosphere is needed. No constructive educational work is possible in an atmosphere of stress and storm. I deeply regret that respect for the teacher is declining. Perhaps one reason is the small pay the teachers draw. We live in an age dominated by economic values. Yet what profession is nobler than that of the teacher? The first great builder of European culture was Socrates; and he chose to be a teacher of the young. The world's greatest ones have been Teachers of men. A noble word this,—“teacher”. A noble profession this,—the teacher's. A new consciousness must grow of the teacher's mission and the dignity of the teacher's profession. You, the Teachers of Primary Schools, are in charge of little boys. You are engaged upon a noble task. Dr. Montessori left her medical profession to dedicate all her time to the training of little boys and girls. There are teachers who undermine their influence by a false sense of prestige and authority. A teacher should be a friend. A school should be a Home of Happiness. How shall I make the children happy,—every day?,—should be the constant endeavour and aspiration of a teacher. Many schools today are prisons. They should be Balamandirs,—Temples of Joy. Therefore, too, all methods of repression must be abolished. Repression may take different forms. Speaking angrily to a student, fining him, beating him,—are 3 of the forms of repression. And my affectionate exhortation to teachers is :—away with all forms of repression. Repression retards evolution. Students cannot grow physically, cannot develop intellectually and morally, in an atmosphere of repression. When the great philosopher of Europe, Gentile, became the Minister of Education in Italy, one of his earliest actions was to issue a circular abolishing all corporal punishment in Italian schools. To punish is to repress: and education must move in an atmosphere of freedom and fellowship. If you would know of the evil

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\* Text of an address delivered to Teachers of Primary Schools.



effects of repression, read the books of Freud, Jung, Montessori, and that great friend of India,—John Dewey. The first two are Germans, the third belongs to Italy, the last named one to America. All the four have international minds and a world-outlook and all of them have much to teach us in regard to educational psychology and the training of boys and girls. All of them have entered their powerful protest against methods of repression in education. A teacher must teach not by methods of fear and “frightfulness” but by creative suggestion, sympathy and love.

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Sonnet on ‘Once upon a Time.’

BY R. BALAKRISHNAN, B. A., L. T.

Ah ‘Once upon a time’! what sweetness wells  
About thy lips, what charm and freshness quiver  
Upon thy breath like mist on summer bower,  
Enriched by the hum of bees on champak bells!  
O soft enchantments mid romantic dells,  
O unfathomed sea of melodies for ever  
In ravishment;—edge-silvered clouds that shiver  
With Phoebe in their fold of magic spells,—  
O golden threshold of our sorrows deep  
And pleasures past, O breezy avenue  
Rustling through realms of flowery felicity,—  
Fairy-flowered isles that by moon light keep  
Revels and feasts ambrosial,—nymph! renew  
Thy lead to the elflands of Eternity!

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# CIVILISED RELIGION

BY A POOR MEDIEVAL HINDU

*(Continued from previous issue)*

With the advent and advancement of the new civilization our conception of God and His relation to man and the world has also become elevated. He is no longer the babe of Brinda or the Playmate of the Gopees, or the comrade of Arjuna or the slave of His devotees. He has become a Grand Being only to be thought of with reverence and awe. To view Him is simply out of the question. He no longer lives in idols but in empty halls. Is He suspended there? He visits not temples but solemn conclaves. He must be respected and revered and prayed to with pompous punctiliousness. Even solitary prayer is by some considered ineffectual, and hardly mete with His dignity. Large conclaves of people in the best of their costumes and perfumes, punctiliously waiting in large embellished halls, like a deputation in the Gubernatorial chambers, and led by the nose?—by a pompous and pretentious priest or prelate, seems to be the best condition for petitioning Him or praying for His blessings. Sometimes God becomes the exclusive private property of a priest or a clergyman who pretends to dole out His blessings or curses according to his profits or caprices. Is not the sweep of civilization carrying us farther and farther away from our souls? One is inclined to ask 'Has it made the will of man so attenuated as to require external help to pray or even to vegetate?

Extreme unction creeps in only when one is in the jaws of Death when neither man nor devil can save his life. One goes in for the service of the invisible perhaps only when one is dragged into the darkness. We are inclined to call on God in other extremes as well. On the barren shores of solitude amidst howling silence and grovelling darkness of the midnight hour even the iron heart of a rationalist or atheist, it is said, melts with piety. Is it cowardice? But all that is reflex. No man is so foolish as to be going about hanging on God constantly. To sit in a corner and cry for Him one must simply be moon-struck. Men are not such foolish fatalists as

to depend on God or to throw on him the burden of the whole course of life. Man certainly is the maker of his own fortune. His achievements are emphatically his own. God does not shower our attainments on us. We fight for and win them. Our misfortunes? Oh we never own or organise them. God is the peg to hang our misfortunes on. If we attribute our faults and failures to Him it is because He has created an erratic world. An inconstant and inconsistent world of faults and failures, desires and discontent is not much to the credit of an omnipotent or omniscient creator. Theories of Nature and causation explain these happenings and answer our purposes more reasonably. We can often dispense with His Services. Our faith in Him is no doubt a little shakey. We may sometimes ignore him. But when the shades of Death gather about a man and the grave yawns before him, he may try to call on God, as the drowning man catches at a straw, only to try the last chance of getting back to life and avoiding the grim darkness; not that souls disembodied or about to be disembodied can better sense or see the incorporeal being. Hence extreme unction then. To call it cowardice is blasphemous. Necessity is the mother of invention. One goes in for the services of the invisible when one is helplessly dragged into the darkness. When alive, able, or active we have not a fraction of the concern to God that we have to the things of the world. One may be alarmed at the absence of a Chinaware, agonised at its fall, and heartbroken at its breaking. But who cares if God lives or dies? Etherial beings perhaps deserve only empty forms and evanescent love. No doubt we sometimes make a show of welcoming, feeding and satisfying Him, and worshipping Him. Even the unkind nigger and unwholesome rake sometimes does so. But all that because He leaves our hospitality untouched. Once He eats away our offerings He has only to follow for the rest of His days the fate of the beggar in the streets.

If God had the necessity only of the last moment and our piety springs from the fear of the inevitable shade, our virtues, sisters of piety, are also equally opportune. In flattering indolence of overwhelming affluence one has an easy gentle disposition. Ogled in times of uncommon prosperity we may fling our precious graces intermittently according to our moods. But

these make no returns and are therefore meagre. In expectation of a few feathers to be stuck to our plumes our generosity may assume large dimensions. In opportune moments of aspiring greatness our humanity and cosmic consciousness may be extensive and supreme too. A gentleman who will not pay a pie to feed a starving beggar or move a finger to save a dying man, may fling his whole life and fortune in an electioneering campaign or to become a king without a Kingdom or a Knight without a mail. Our virtue runs no unprofitable risks, nor does she get smashed in the fights of the world. Our civilization has made her refined and sensitive. A delicate woman unable to stand the strain of struggling life, she is not so rude as to obtrude into the rugged course of it. From the uncanny battles of heated life she quietly makes her escape. And under the stress and strain of the combative circumstances of ordinary life the beast betrays the cloven foot. Praise me and I shall pay you for it, pay me and I shall price you for that; but prick me and I shall pound you out of shape: is the real philosophy of our life. *Our virtues are our holiday guests. We are our vices.*

With the progress of civilization science and pragmatism Religion too has become like a coat or a hat to man. It sits easy on us. One can easily change it or even turn it over. Civilization has been very prolific in religion and morals of diverse shapes and misshapes, odour and hues. Most of them are cheap and attractive and supremely fit for occasions and opportunities. Each new cult has its own prophets and priests fakirs and fadists too. Some of these cults are being hawked about even. And though there is no warrant to the stuff or durability, some of these cults are at least novel, fashionable, and useful to make heroes of helots. Some of these pander well to the caprices of the civilized sentimentalist. And some others may bring preferance and preferments to the fadists. It is almost a fashion of the day to wear one or the other of these new spun cults. Sometimes political and even grammatical societies nowadays wear a frock of some fanciful cut or colour; that is almost a necessary garb of the gentel aspirant and a great recommendation too to the blind masses and giddy classes in India.

From the unkempt, halfnude, semi-lettered, crude, obscure semisavage squatted unseen and unknown in the heart of the dreadful wilderness, immoveable like the Himalayas and dead as a stone to all the world, with his soul in entire unison with God, and his whole life exalted and kindled into the unbounded and intense luminosity of his soul divine—a veritable polestar of a Dhruva,—and his no less divine brother who in a wild uncontrollable fit of rapturous agony of spontaneous longing for Him has helplessly thrown himself whole with absolute abandon, like a Chaitanya Deva, outright into the out-stretched hands of his favourite Deity standing face to face to him, to the pseudo-Scientific self-centered, fashion clad, comfortshod, wide mouthed, pretentious, picturesque piece of a priest or proselytiser who goes about noisy mongering his refined religious cult borrowed secondhand from ghost-mongers, or goblin-starters or text-torturers; and his equally proud and shady disciple of civilization who lounging in his arm chair with a havanna smoking in his mouth, or bibing his morning beverage with blearing eyes and resinous gums while driving out the annoyance of a starving beggar at his threshold with imperious threats, issues his loud-tongued orders for the despatch of his mighty proffers, not bribes, of silver and gold, or fruits and flowers to the nearest fawning Deity to lend his help in his distressing love-affair or litigation, fortune-hunting or audacious felony, alas! What a change! A fall? And a fall to ruins? Are these the children of the same mother? And shall we not see the like of him who smitten to death by the ruthless hands of the savage mutineer broke his long and solemn silence only to exclaim ‘Thou too art He’; or of him who lapsed into Samadhi at the sight of the woman of the street.

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#### RAIN ON THE CHERWELL

Iron-grayed the skies brood low,  
Above the lonely wandering Oxford stream,  
And now the raindrops lightly fall  
With pattering melody and silver gleam  
Upon the shadowed surface, visions tall  
Of royal elm and drowsy willow dream  
Amid the changing blues of evening glow.

# TENDENCIES IN RECENT BRITISH DRAMA

BY PROF. K. R. SRINIVASA IYENGAR

*(Continued from previous issue)*

Now, what of the 'Famous Plays of Today', the ostensible cause of so much unnecessary discussion? The fact is, the plays contained in the volume are themselves violently contradictory, of widely different types, and each nevertheless unique. All the six plays, to borrow the language of Miss Clemence Dane, herself a distinguished dramatist, "have passed the first and second tests of fame: they have been not only performed in public, but have had long and successful runs." The first is the now famous 'The Journey's End' by Mr. J. C. Sherrif which has been for months together holding uninterruptedly the theatres of the world. As early as December 18th 1929 the Edward September theatre of Paris celebrated its onehundredth performance of the French version of the play. And now it has been cast into the form of a novel in collaboration with Mr. Vernon Bartlett. (Gollancz, 7/6). The two qualities that stand prominently out in this magnificent play are its gripping vitality and its effective influence in the direction of world peace. But what is unfortunately lacking is conviction: the incidents seem too arbitrary, even forced. That does not mean Mr. Sherrif is no artist: no, he is a wonderful artist and as Mr. G. A. Martinelli remarked "in the psychological portraiture of his various characters, his touch is sure and never merely photographic." Stanhope and Osborne and Raleigh live in the scenes of this enthralling play, radiating every now and then the beautiful heroism born of an obstinate persistence "protracted almost beyond endurance." But in the play itself there is no evidence of character development. The sordid dug-out in the British Trenches before St Quentin is the 'scene' of the play. The characters are few in number: there is no woman character, though love looms large in certain scenes. But the scenes are perfunctorily arbitrary—inevitably so—and there is no scope for the nice discriminations of effective character development. The queer quiet in the trenches, paradoxical as it seems to us, is yet the grim reality poignantly depicted:

how acute is the comparison of this play with that other masterpiece—'All Quiet on the Western Front'! But 'The Journey's End' belongs more to the chronicle class than to drama proper: it is magnificent, it is terrible, it is inimitable—it is anything you like, but true drama it is not.

The next play in the book is 'Young Woodley.' This in Miss Dane's opinion is so far "this generation's most successful attempt at Romeo and Juliet." I am ready to believe it. It surely is a great play. The characters are all school boys except Laura, Mr. Simmons the pedagogue, and Mr. Woodley. The theme is abundantly simple. Laura the young wife of the unemotional Mr. Simmons falls in love with Young Woodley, the eighteen year old student, distinguished for his poetic aspirations and his unmanageable and straightforward zeal. They are surprised by the husband in the act of a lingering and fond embrace. This is the crisis. What happens next must be read in the original, any summary will only be impertinent. The moral of the play is a noble one: it is uttered by Laura when she parts with Young Woodley. "I know you love me Roger, as I love you. That love is a precious thing . . . . too precious to hold. I don't want it to turn to gall inside you. I want you to treasure the memory, if you can, as I shall always." This is no tragedy: in John Van Druten, the author, Shakespeare's own sparkle is visible, though subdued, and placed in its twentieth century surroundings. Incidentally the play gives some interesting glimpses of students' life in English public Schools. Historically speaking, "in as much as Mr. Van Druten individuated school boys, treating them as beings on their own account, not merely as adults in the process of becoming, he brought about genuine development of the drama. (Mr. Paul Banks in the first number of 'the Realist.')

Monckton Hoffe's 'Many Waters' is a curious sort of play. For the most part it is engaged in giving a kaleidoscopic view of the long life's march of Mr. and Mrs. Barcaldine, compounded as it naturally was of sorrows and jubulations, privations and successes. The first and last scenes are in the nature of prologue and epilogue. There is no superior artistry, no penetrating

character study. It is narrative turned drama, and would be boring if not for the fact that it is throughout graceful and charming.

'The Lady with the Lamp' the fourth play is the work of Mr. Reginald Berkeley and is as the title indicates the life story of Florence Nightingale. So long as one has not seen it on the stage, one has no business to criticise it. However I venture to remark that it makes dull reading. There are one or two gripping scenes, particularly that in which Henry Tremayne comes to die in Miss Nightingale's arms, but for the most part it is all talk, unending and uninteresting. There is nothing extraordinary in this play: it is only one more instance of a dramatised biography. The 'how' is always clear, the 'why' is nowhere even remotely touched upon. One has only to read the brilliant study of Miss Nightingale in Mr. Strachey's 'Eminent Victorians' to discover the chasm that separates that homogeneous whole from the ineffectual heroine of 'The Lady with the Lamp.' Mere strutting on the stage, however frequent, is no compensation for sureness and permanence of characterisation. This is a lesson worth learning.

'Such Men are Dangerous' is more or less in the tradition of Shakespeare's 'Julius Caesar,' and Otway's 'Venice Preserved,' at least with regard to the controlling theme. It is an adaptation by Mr. Ashley Dukes from 'The Patriot' of Alfred Neuman. The Scene is laid in St. Petersburg of 1801. The play deals with the conspiracy against the ineffectual and cruel Paul I, Czar of Russia, headed by his dearest friend and Governor of Petersburg, Count Pahlen. The latter's character is subtly drawn. He is almost a prototype of Brutus though Anna, his mistress, is the very reverse of the noble and exquisite Portia. The conflict that persists in Pahlen's mind, between emotion and emotion, love and love, is of that exalted nature that, in his very error, made Brutus heroic. But Pahlen, great patriot that he is, and a friend ungrudging in his honesty, is not ideal in his actions. He has a keen eye for facts: he is eminently practical. Stepan, his valet and counsellor and counterpart (what curious commingling!) is also a live character. Pahlen's desire is to depose the king and make



the Czarevitch Alexander the new Czar. But his calculations partly miscarry and the Czar is strangled by Stepan himself. The last scene is bewildering in the sheer complexity of emotions given rise to. The Czarevitch is proclaimed Emperor and Pahlen and Stepan are left alone. The conversation that takes place, the cold sincerity of Pahlen, the blood-shot matter-of-factness of Stepan's replies, and the final doom—few things could be more dreadful or more severely dramatic than these. The promise Pahlen had given to the Czar must be kept at all costs,—the promise that Pahlen would preserve His Majesty's life, failing which, would die himself. Pahlen and Stepan shoot themselves early in the morning. Their work accomplished, they die martyrs to a sacred cause.

The last play in the book is 'Mrs. Moonlight.' Mr. Benn Levy, the author, is one of the most prominent playwrights of the day. 'This Women Business' 'Mud and Treacle' and 'Art and Mrs. Bottle', soaked as they are with original if highly fallacious ideas, have been very well received by the public. In The 'Devil' another of his plays, Mr. James Agate, the Dramatic critic of 'The Sunday Times', found one of the most inveterate pieces of 'playmaking, wit and entertainment that I have seen in the theatre for many a long day.' As for 'Mrs. Moonlight', it is no drama. It is sheer fantasy: it is part 'Marigold', part 'Mary Rose,' part 'Milestones' and rest the imaginative concoction of flippant convictions. It is about a lady who doesn't want to grow old and who doesn't grow old. In years she gets older and older; in appearance, no. The idea is a wholesale filching from 'Mary Rose' which, through channels of whimsical impertinence, takes you to an island in the Hebrides, where men are stationary and never grow old. But borrowing or even filching could be done gracefully: and herein lies the excellence of Mr. Benn Levy. The play is uniformly well written and interesting, as the saying goes, from start to finish. Surely Benevente and Barrie have not worked in vain, so long, in the dubious sphere of the fantastic!

Summing up our conclusions, one or two facts, in spite of many embarrassing contradictions, seem to emerge with the

clarity of tolerable equivocation. In the first place, the phenomenon of change has once again made possible the production of plays of the type of 'Young Woodley' and 'Such Men are Dangerous.' In the second place, biography and chronicle, shuffled cumbrously as drama find evidence in plays like 'The Journey's End' 'The Lady with the Lamp' and 'Many Waters' which might more easily, if not with better results, but certainly more naturally be classed as veritable cinema matter. This regrettable tendency in modern drama is attributable to the dramatist's instinct, pardonable of course, for self-preservation. Cater to the public taste he must, and if he is loath to do it there are scores of up-to-date scenario writers quite competent and ready for the job. Therefore, driven into a corner by the pressure of inevitable circumstances, he tries his deft hand at yarns after yarns of thrilling, exciting playmaking. Sometimes, just for fun, he injects whimsicality into his work: he turns it over as a lurid fantasy. Thus is the formidable antagonist met by the modern playwright, anxious as ever to hold his own; and with the co-operation of the skilful actor, who permeates the theatre with the essence of his personality and not merely acts, however wonderfully, his own part, the dramatist may yet be sure of his eminence. 'Famous Plays of Today' is in effect a counterblast to the film world. Developments there will be and sooner than one might expect. At any rate let us wait and see.

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'Day after day, Oh! Lord of my life, shall I stand before thee face to face? With folded hands, Oh! Lord of all worlds, shall I stand before thee face to face?

Under thy great sky in solitude and silence, with humble heart shall I stand before thee face to face?

In this laborious world of thine, tumultuous with toil and with struggle, among hurrying crowds shall I stand before thee face to face?

And when my work shall be done in this world, Oh! King of kings, alone and speechless shall I stand before thee face to face?'

— Rabindranath Tagore.

# THE NALANDA UNIVERSITY \*

BY SWAMI NIKHILANANDA

Nowadays religion is regarded as a draw back on modern civilisation and a check on the progress of nations. There is also a widespread notion that men of religious instincts and impulses are impractical. But history shows that many important movements which have changed the face of the world have been inspired by religion. For instance, though Christianity as a religion teaches about the other world and the kingdom of heaven, it has been a wonderful civilising factor in the Western World. Side by side with the spread of Christianity there was a great artistic and literary revival and an increase of material prosperity. Again a handful of religious fanatics were the founders of the modern American Nation.

Similarly, in India in the wake of Buddha, Sankara and Chaitanya followed great revivals of art and progress in the civilisation of the Hindus. The modern Renaissance in India is inspired by the two great personalities, Sri Ramakrishna and his disciple Swami Vivekananda who are religious men.

What is the secret behind this strange phenomenon that religious men who simply preach about the other world and the renunciation of material things are responsible for tremendous changes? These religious men help to set free the energy that lies dormant in every human being and thus make him realize the inherent nobility and the infinite capacity of his inner being. And this realisation by the individual of his inborn strength enables him to manifest his power in various directions—art, science and so on. That is why any movement that produces a far-reaching effect is always inspired by men of religion.

The Nalanda University owed its origin and growth to the inspiration of Lord Buddha. It is the efflorescence of Buddhistic culture. Tradition says that Buddha in one of his previous incarnations was the King of the province in which the Univer-

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\* Summary of a talk given by Swami Nikhilananda at the Ramakrishna Students' Home on the eve of the Buddha Jayanti (11th May, 1930).

sity was located. He was known all round for his compassion for human beings and there was no intermission in his charity. It is said that the name Nalanda (Na-Alam-Da) meaning "Charity without Intermission" was given to the University to perpetuate the sweet memory of Buddha. Some others say that a snake named Nalanda lived in a pond and when they excavated the pond the snake was struck and it bled profusely. One of the monks then said : this is an auspicious sign and the name and fame of the University will spread far and wide. According to this, this University was called Nalanda after the snake. However, these are stories given in Buddhistic letters about the origin of the name of the University.

When was this University established? Fahian, the Chinese traveller, who came to India in 430 A. D. has left an account of his visit to India. He does not mention anything about the Nalanda University, though he speaks about the village of Nala near Rajgir. It is clear that the University was not then in existence. But another Chinese traveller Hiuen Tsang who came to this country in 630 A. D. speaks highly of this University. By that time the name of Nalanda had spread far and wide. He came to India crossing the frontier near Kabul and joined the University as one of its *alumni*.

It is said that Buddha also in his life-time visited Nalanda and lived in a house called Ambravatika, which belonged to a rich man by name Ambra. Subsequently, about 500 followers of Buddha purchased that plot of land for 1,00,000 gold pieces and presented it to Lord Buddha. After the death of Buddha, a king named Baladitya established a monastery and four successive kings built four more monasteries. The fifth king, a ruler of Central India, completed the structure by putting up a compound wall round the whole University. During the days of its prosperity the name of Nalanda spread far and wide, and attracted students from far off countries like Asia Minor, China, Persia and so on. The diplomas of the University showed that the students had achieved a high standard of learning and culture. The story goes that the gate-keeper of the University was so learned that the students of other Universities when they wanted to seek admission in Nalanda were first examined

by him. The four Vedas, and all schools of philosophy were taught there. Hindu culture and Buddhistic culture received attention side by side without any distinction. It must have been a very wonderful thing, this University of Nalanda. I made a pilgrimage twice to that place. The buildings show the wonderful level of artistic development reached in India 1,300 years ago. At present only one monastery has been excavated out of the six. The dragon shaped pillars, the emerald-coloured doorways, the tiles which reflect the light in a thousand ways—all these things give us a glimpse of its glorious past. There are 30 two-seated rooms in one storey. Hiuen Tsang tells us that 10,000 students lived in that University and 200 villages were set apart as rent free land for supporting its students. The University was situated seven miles from Rajgir, the capital of Magadha. It had an excellent library containing thousands of books on religious and philosophical subjects. One of the buildings was nine storeys high and it was said that the turret of that building was lost in the morning cloud, and that from the window of that building one could see the wonderful play of cloud and wind. There were beautiful ponds filled with blue lotuses; all that is now left of those ponds is a gloomy marsh. The high level of artistic genius exhibited in these buildings show they were 'planned by Titans and finished by jewellers.'

Hiuen Tsang gives us a description of the life of the students in the University. Cordial relations existed between the teachers and the students. There was a religious atmosphere pervading the whole institution. The students who got their diploma at the end of their course used to be addressed, when the Chinese traveller resided there, by Silabadhra, who emphasised that they should carry out in their lives the precepts of Lord Buddha; that violence and passion had to be conquered by non-violence and forgiveness, and vice by the practice and display of virtue. The students bore the distinctive trace of the training they had had at the University. Although professedly Buddhistic, other philosophies and cultures also found their place in its curriculum. Such was the universal training received by the students there. Another Chinese traveller, named I-tsing, visited this University in 600 A. D. He studied there for ten years. The king of Tibet in 750 A. D. sent for Kamala Seela,

one of the students of Nalanda, so that he might spread the true religion of Buddha there and confound the heretics.

The University trained many learned scholars and was the centre of learning and culture for 500 years. The first signs of decadence set in about the middle of the ninth century. The Brahmanical culture was revived under the Gupta Dynasty and Nalanda lost the royal patronage that it had been receiving all along. The royal patronage was transferred to the University of Vikramaseela started for the spread of Brahmanical culture. As a consequence, the Buddhistic monks could not get the necessary help to maintain their establishment. Then came the Mussalman invaders who swept away everything before them in their iconoclastic fury. Even that damage was repaired in course of time, but the last blow came from the Jains. The story goes that one day some Jain monks asked for alms from the students there, and the students instead of giving alms insulted them. The monks became very infuriated and went away. It is believed that they performed a sacrifice for 12 years and at its completion set fire to the University buildings with the sacrificial fire. This may be a story but it shows the opposition of the Jains to Buddhism. Thus came to an end this glorious institution.

Even now it attracts thousands of visitors from all over the world. There are some Dharmasalas both at Nalanda and Rajgir to accommodate the visitors. More than the magnificent building, the culture and learning which the University championed has immortalized its name. Long before the advent of modern civilisation in the west, when education was just beginning in the European countries 1,300 years ago, Nalanda exhibited a remarkable level of intellect and culture showing the high degree of civilisation that had been attained in India.

As Nalanda was inspired by Lord Buddha, this Students' Home is inspired by the teaching of Sri Ramakrishna. Let us hope and pray that this institution will help you to realize the innermost potentialities that lie within yourselves and the nobility and the greatness of your souls, so that the name and fame of this institution will also spread far and wide in the fulness of time.

# PRACTICAL BROTHERHOOD IN AMERICA

BY HILDA WOOD

I do not think it is realized outside or inside the United States of North America how advanced the country is in real brotherhood, that is to say, a social or communal sense that shows itself spontaneously not only in big organized ways but in small almost unnoticed ways which spring direct from the heart and are not the dictates of a mind that prompts action when duty is clearly seen. There are certain special occasions when people allow themselves to follow the dictates of the heart. And Christmas is such a time when people all over the world experience the joy that accompanies the practice of Christ's injunction: "Love your neighbour." Yet generally the calculating mind holds them back, and fear of life and the possible dangers it may contain undermine their faith in the justification of love. They have found out that the use of the mind can bring them a sure result. It has brought science and all that goes with it in the way of enhancement of physical comforts and understanding of life; but people dare not allow full play to their feelings yet. They are still timid as to the results despite the voice of many many spiritual teachers who reiterate the old truth: "Try love, and you will find it justifies itself."

But the Americans are to some extent trying out this statement, perhaps even unconsciously to themselves. And if they are to be the cradle for the sixth race, the coming civilization, this must be so, for the civilization, we understand, is to follow the dictates of the heart rather than those of the head. And this attitude towards life can be seen all over the country, among all types of people. It is perhaps because of this very feeling of brotherhood that the laws in America are rather harsh in their interpretation, for they feel, more than other people, that if a man has done something against society he is really a cad, whereas other people are inclined to say: "Well, after all it is only human nature coming out."

I believe that it is on account of this trustful, hopeful, helpful disposition that there is material prosperity in the States. People there are not afraid of spending their money and so circulating it and giving life to commerce, they are not afraid of work, and they are not afraid of what life has to offer. In America all children are brought up free from the false idea of the degradation of labor. A rich man's son will go out and mow lawns in the summer and sell newspapers in the winter in order to earn his weekly pocket money, and very frequently he will get work out of school hours and so pay his own way through school. He is encouraged in this by his parents as well as by the spirit of the school itself. Suppose the school club wants to get up something and urges its members to contribute some money for the occasion. How do they do it? Not by asking father. No. But the head boy says to his friends: "Now there is no reason to say you have no money. There is plenty of snow on the ground asking to be shovelled away." In other words, there is an opportunity for all to earn some money—and you see that they all go and do it, rich and poor alike.

The American is out for experience, for independence, and has the idea of giving and taking, and therefore really living. I think that the idea of living to the full is the key-note of America. "Let us experience as much of life as possible," they seem to say. "If a thing is new, let us set to and try it. Man has already done much, but there is no knowing what new fields lie ahead to be conquered. Let us set to work now; why wait?" And he has gone ahead. The State, for example, realizing this individual urge, allowed full play to young hopefuls who had the ambition to speak by radio to brothers on the other side of the world, with the result that almost any school-boy knows practically about radio, and very many have first-class sending and receiving stations recognized by Government. I was staying in the little town of Glendive, Montana, and there a school-boy had himself fixed up his own sending and receiving station, and while I was there got a message and sent one to a ship stranded somewhere in the Arctic seas. He is an example of literally hundreds of school boys.



Let us suppose you are an American citizen and have just left your nice one-floor bungalow to go to office. This home of yours is full of the latest labor-saving devices in the way of electric washer and heater and cleaner, telephone, automatic hot water supply and innumerable other material comforts. You step out into your garden and view with justifiable pride the well-kept lawns and flowerbeds, which are not selfishly walled or hedged in, but quite open so that the man next door or anyone who wants can run over your lawn or pick your flowers or peep into your living room window or even, if they wished, steal your daily paper which is reposing on the porch, having been dexterously thrown there by the news-boy as he motors slowly past.

Having cast a glance at your new shrubs that you put in yesterday you continue your walk down the main street and very soon you come across a little box fastened to a telegraph or electric standard and in it is a heap of daily newspapers, and on the box is the instruction: "Take one and place money here." And you do. Further on is a post-box painted green, and on top of it are two or three packets too big to go into its mouth, left there for the postman. You pass on and do not take one. A little further on you come to a Municipal wastebin painted green also, with a swinging top, on which is written: "Help keep our city clean."

If it is winter-time and some way out of town, you will perhaps come to a cross-road before which is a big notice with the inscription: "Danger, children coast here." As you cross you find the cross-road has a glorious slope and you can guess how the children will enjoy that tobogan run when they come out of school.

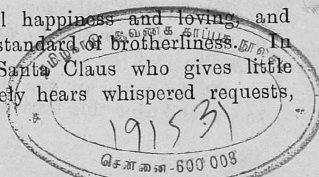
Perhaps it is summer time instead of winter, and you have no motor car of your own but yet wish to see a bit of your own country. Distance does not trouble you. You just dress for the trip in trousers, long boots and coat with a staff in your hand and a change of underwear on your back (a costume for both men and women), and set out. You will not have gone far before a motor will stop and a friendly voice will say. "Can I give you a lift," and in you hop. And in this way, with constant

lifts you get thousands of miles, scarcely walking at all, and you may even get free hospitality offered by the friendly drivers of the motors. While I was in Portland, Oregon, I was waiting for a street car with a friend and my husband. A private motor car drew up and the man said: "Going down town? Can I give you a lift?" and we gladly accepted. Another time we were driving from Los Angeles to Santa Barbara when we were stopped by another motorist who asked us which way we were going and then handed us a key saying: "This is the key of my garage. Do you mind just giving it in at my house as you pass. I brought it by mistake and I guess it will be awkward for them at home." Can you beat it? as they say over there. If all that is not sound practical brotherhood, I would like to know what is. I have not written half the things I have seen, things perhaps unnoticed by the Americans themselves but all the more significant on that account.

But now let us have a glimpse of this brotherly America at Christmas time when all the world to some extent allows the heart a little exercise.

It is Christmas and the Christmas tree is glowing with lights, tinsel and ornaments, and the stranger is just about to pull down the blinds on the windows to make the inside "nice and cosy". But to his surprise his hostess stops him. "We never pull down the blinds, for then people passing could not see the Christmas tree and enjoy it. And before going to bed we will put a candle at each window." When the stranger goes out on Christmas eve he is surprised to find that some people have even lighted up by little electric lamps a fir tree that may be growing in the garden. And it is a very pretty sight to see the trees lit up by these colored lights, and many people ride and walk past just to enjoy the sight. But every motor car and every person are laden with parcels which they are delivering to their friends' houses late on Christmas eve.

For this is the season for real happiness and loving, and America sees that it keeps up its standard of brotherliness. In all the large shops you will find Santa Claus who gives little presents to the children and gravely hears whispered requests,



which he judiciously hands on to the parents. Many little children in America who are poor see Santa Claus in the streets and in the stores, and write to him, just addressing the letter "Santa Claus," and the post office sees that these little letters are distributed among the various shops and charitable organizations, who do their best to fulfil the hopes of the little children. But so that, there shall be no little child who has not seen and enjoyed a Christmas party and tree, the largest hall in the city, is taken and a big tree is put up and all who want go, rich and poor alike, and they are given sweets and little presents. Sometimes as much as one ton of candy is given out this way. The donations for all such purposes are generally got by all the various charitable organizations uniting into what they call a Community Fund or Chest, whose slogan is: "Have a heart." But this is not enough. The children must have a real treat. All the big clubs plan something, perhaps it is a trip for 300 poor children to the circus, and then the men of the club will take them down in their private cars and give them a right royal time. But let me say that there are in America no really poor people as thought of in England for example. Such sights as poor hawkers or beggars are unknown in this land of the big heart and smile.

America sees that not only her children have a happy time and Christmas but her grown-ups too. Many of the main streets will be gaily decorated with garlands and lights by the Municipality. You will find the public buildings sporting lights and decorations both inside and outside. The Post Office at this time is a busy place, and it has done all in its power to help the worried lady who wants to send presents to her daughter in China, her son in the old country and her relatives in the Southern States. She shoves some packets to the man behind the window. "No, madam," he says, "I cannot take these. Your presents will never arrive safely wrapped like that." But she need not trouble. There is more paper and string, and a man who will show her how to wrap up her parcel properly—all provided by the kindly Post Office during this busy time.

Perhaps you are one of those unfortunate people who have to travel during this festive season. "No Christmas cheer for

me," you think, as you travel your four days' trip across the continent on the train. Not so. Your trans-continental train stops at Glendive, Montana, perhaps, and you are surprised to hear singing, and looking out you see a choir of boys and girls or men who have come to the station to cheer you on your way (not to collect money). It may be the choir of the Catholic Church, or the Protestant, or again it may be the Kiwanis Club or some other Club; they take it in turns. Just before the train moves off a girl comes through the carriage and gives you a little Christmas card with "A Happy Christmas from Glendive" on it, and if you have baby with you he has the thrill of his life, for a real Santa Claus comes and gives him a bag of sweets and a toy. And if it is late at night when the train passes there, the attendant of the sleeping carriage has it for him in the morning, for he has been asked how many children he has in his carriage and is given a toy for each one.

Is that not carrying brotherhood into practical life? Is it to be wondered at that millions of emigrants flock to her shores every year and that she has had at least to close to some extent her doors while she assimilates those who have already entered?

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### Reverence for the Poor.

"Why" they asked me "why do you preach reverence for the poor? Service of the poor and lowly we understand: but why reverence?"

And I answered:—"Service may be born of a sense of patronage, but reverence comes only when we see in the poor and lowly a manifestation of the External God.

Then I revere because I know that they have discovered the truth our educated, polished, comfort-worshiping class has missed,—the truth that real living means struggle, not ease, and that spirituality means self-abnegation, not power:—means fellowship not pride."

—T. L. Vaswani.

# SOME JOURNALIST!

BY K. KRISHNAMURTHY

"This won't do, Das," said Mr. Higgins, Editor of *The Loud Speaker* of Southern India fame.

Mr. Higgins was *The Loud Speaker's* latest import from Fleet Street. He was a man who was never content. Nothing, to his mind, was good enough for *The Loud Speaker*. You might give him first news of a full-column murder. He would say: "Oh, only a jamindar!" and would even 'pooh'. "Now, if it had been a Nawab or a Governor, you could have made something out of it. But a mere jamindar," he would 'pooh' once again, this time louder.

News had been scant of late; as Mr. Higgins put it, "nobody is being murdered, no lady has an 'affair' with a secretary, no building ever catches fire nowadays. (He was reciting the items which an indolent public loves to read after its breakfast) What has come over the world?" He shrugged his shoulders expressively. "And my best news-hounds bring me columns—of what?—About ceremonies, parties and what-not. Pooh," he spread his hands out in despair.

In front of Mr. Higgins, on an arm-chair that would hold two of his size, sat a short young man, with a round, smooth face and sleepy eyes. His expression was one of infantile innocence which had earned for him the eloquent nickname of 'The Cat Sage.'

Just as Mr. Higgins bewailed his despair, Das gave a tremendous yawn, and murmured: "Of course." But the editor knew him too well to be deceived by this apparent inattention.

"You are my last straw, Das," he began. "If you don't save me and *The Loud Speaker* now, our whole reputation will suffer. I tell you," he was excited. "*The Loud Speaker* has never been dull. It is not a space-filler like those others, pooh," he showed his contempt for the local newspapers.

"Do something, go somewhere, see somewhere, see somebody, spend any amount; but only give me something really worth printing. Go"—his voice rose to a roar. "I tell you, don't come to me, don't write to me until you've 'made good'." He gasped and rose to push Das out, but the arm-chair was empty. It seemed that Mr. Higgins' last and impressive imposition had been delivered to thin, unresponding air.

"Their manners, ugh," Mr. Higgins 'pooh'-ed.

A week had passed. As dry and monotonous a week as it had been Mr. Higgins' lot to encounter. H. H. The Maharaja of.....was visiting the Gersoppa falls in Mysore, the largest in the world. The august visitor and suite halted at a 'Dak' bungalow some fifteen miles away from the falls. The rest of the way was to be accomplished on horseback, by the path specially cut for His Highness. The evening was at hand when the party camped a mile and a half out of the great cataract, on a small hill which commanded an excellent view of it.

The morning after the party had camped, the Maharaja, who was an early riser, got up and sauntered out in the direction of the falls hoping to reach them with the approaching sunrise. He was all alone but for his own pocket-camera.

His Highness had got into the thick of the forest, and was abreast of a big teak tree, when, all on a sudden, he was pulled by the shoulders from behind and jerked sharply back. "Falling tree....." The cry was drowned by the thundering crash and howling of wind that followed. The very ground trembled like a stricken ship.

The monarch turned to thank his rescuer and saw a diminutive youth with a baby face standing in front of him. "Please accept my sincere thanks, Mr....." he paused.

"Ram Das," prompted Das. "That's all right, your Highness. That's nothing. I happened to be behind you and saw the tree falling. Incidentally it happens that I am a journalist and this accident might be providential."

Das was standing notebook and pencil in hand before the amazed Raja. He (Das) pursued: "Your views on the political situation, please." Seeing that the other was incapable or unwilling to speak at such a moment, he wrote rapidly in his book, reading out aloud. "The Maharaja was rather unwilling to speak on the matter, but at last he confessed that his sympathies were entirely with the afflicted."

The royal personage was speechless with dismay at the audacity of the young journalist. He growled:

"Hi, young man, what's that? You can't publish that. It's a bally lie."

"Tut, tut, your Highness," murmured Das gently. "I expressed your real sentiments for you and the result is.....you call me a liar. And to think that it was I who rescued you from a violent death just a few minutes ago! Thank you, Sire, I want nothing from you." Das shut his book with a snap and turned on his heel.

"I say, Ram Das, don't go," cried the now penitent autocrat. "Here, I shall give you my views on any subject except politics. Come up, young fellow."

Das came back slowly.

"I am a keen amateur photographer. I have one of the most complete albums of Indian pictures, mostly taken and worked out by myself."

"Thank you, sir," said Das, scribbling away in his notebook. "Kindly tell me what you think of Mysore."

"It is a very modern state. The people are healthy and happy. The roads are excellent and manners charming. The scenery is, next to that of Kashmir, the best in India....."

"Now, Highness. Which is your favourite sport?"

"Golf. I have a nine-hole course in my palace grounds for private practice. That well-known golfer 'Dickie' Stanley has been coaching me up for the past two months....."

“Your car, your Highness?”

Mr. Higgins had been ‘pooh’-ing for over ten days, when one morning, a fat parcel reached him by registered post. He cut it open and gave a whoop of joy at the sight of a dozen pages of neat writing, and over a dozen photos.

“Atta-boy, Das. You shall have the S. L. S. for this.” For the sake of the curious, we might add that the S. L. S. was Mr. Higgins’ pet idea—the ‘Star of the Loud Speaker’; an idea which materialised itself in a five-pointed badge.

The next number of *The Loud Speaker* made a record sale. Hundred thousand copies of that particular issue were sold in forty-eight hours. The chief attractions were the full-page interview and pictures.

### “Pressman Rescues Prince.”

A Terrible Tragedy Averted by Our Representative.  
‘Confessions’ of the Maharaja of.....”

Then followed a snappy article on the Raja, illustrated with a dozen photos.

Next day’s mail brought a bill from Das. The principal item was :

“To arranging a falling tree ‘stunt’—Rs. 240-0-0”

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### The Reason.

**Judge:** Madame, how did you manage to overcome this tremendously strong burglar?

**Complainant:** I thought it was my husband sneaking home late from the club.

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# HUMAN BEINGS

## A Superficial Survey.

BY R. BANGARUSWAMI AYYANGAR

### I

#### General: Isagogic.

**Preamble:** Human beings are the only animals that do not conform themselves to any sort of classification or analysis.

**Descriptive definition or Definitive description:** Either he is Mr. Tall or Mr. Short or Mr. Thin or Mr. Stout; or usually he is Mr. Tall-and-Thin or Mr. Short-and-Stout; or very occasionally he is Mr. Tall-and-Stout or Mr. Short-and-Thin.

**Explanation:**—(As in the wonderful definitions of the Penal Code) *he* includes *she* and *Mr* includes *Mrs* with all due respect to Grammar and Grammatical variations.

**Exception:**—(1) The possibility of other permutations and combinations is in no wise deemed to have been precluded.

(2) Children and the very young do not come within the pale of this classification though obviously an analogous analysis in their case also will be found pertinent to some extent.

**Author's Comments on Author's Classification:**—Firstly, it is not exhaustive: secondly, in a humorous article like the present one these strange and unheard-of legal forms are permissible: thirdly the Author claims originality in so far as for the first time imaginative and psychological distinctions are brought to bear upon a professedly anthropological study: lastly, the Picwickian sense of many of the observations hide as it does great lines. Truth is also the sustaining impulse of this article.

### II

#### Mr Tall-and-Thin.

Two 'things' only I mean to dwell upon with any particularity—Mr Tall-and-Thin and his physiognomical counterpart Mr. Short-and-Stout. These are what one might call *typical* opposites.

Why, see the one and then paint the picture reverse,—and lo you get the other! By the bye I have called them 'things'. Am I correct? 'Phenomena', probably, is an apter word. I don't know. It doesn't matter.

Mr. T—and—T (or why not Mr. 2Ts?)—one never knows which contraction is preferable—is a bony fellow, all bones and no flesh. You could count his ribs if you choose. He stoops a little as he walks. If he carries an umbrella, well and good: he does often indeed, if only to demonstrate how tall he could look like. He has deep-set eyes, fiery, suspicious, with infinite potentialities for mischief. They seem to peer into your eyes as though they would devour your innermost thoughts, thoughts that lie embosomed and casketed in the obscure recesses of your heart. Really, I'm afraid of these eyes: they are terrible, deadly eyes with a latent faculty for insidious annihilation. These are the eyes of Cassius and like them are 'lean and hungry' with danger lurking under them. Mr. T—and—T does not give himself up to pleasure. He smiles rarely and even then one is not sure whether it is the outcome of genuine feeling or whether it is not simply an artificial cloak to hide some incipient machinations in the embryo. In fact his smiles are deadlier than his frowns. Occasionally he is capable of making real friendships. And in those rare instances not the devil himself could function as a friend with a surer competence. Intelligence he has, for the most part concentrated in his eyes and for the rest displayed in his cynical comments on every conceivable subject: and stupidity, too, he has his due share of, but which, fortunately for him, is often effectively screened by his cynicism and yet at unguarded moments darts out in all its elemental, nakedness.

But none can deny that Mr. T—and—T has some advantages by virtue of his personal appearance. He is never known to have sought the help of a stool to take or place anything at a raised altitude. By himself he forms as it were the best substitute for a ladder (he has usually the nickname of 'ladder' but that is neither here nor there) in cases of emergency. In astounding trepidation as he may walk, yet even in hot weather he does not weep out streams of sweat neither does his heart

(Is it rather 'lungs'?) beat in strenuous palpitation. Of course you say he is not handsome: he is tall as the *panang* palm and lean as a scarecrow; his hat sits like an immense pot on his head—mind, all this is what *you* say: as for myself, I've my own doubts; *which* hat doesn't sit like a pot on one's head? and that he wears his eye-glasses (he often prefers pince-nez) either to scare away others or lest others should not be scared away by his looks. But then so proportionate are the compensating influences of nature his disadvantages are equally great. He must always carry with him the humiliating memory of his tallness and grim perpendicularity even as the beggar carries his bread-earning monkey. If he does not, gates, railway carriages, jutkas and such like phenomena of modern civilization give a warning hit on his forehead as if to remind him that tall men must ever humble be. But the lesson, once taught, is not easily lost upon this particular species of persecuted humanity. Mr. T-and-T knows how to regulate his behaviour for the future. "He knows—He knows," in Omar's language.

### III

#### Mr. Short-and-Stout

For the sake of brevity (which is the soul of—? Memory is ever trickish: I shall never more have any faith in you!) We shall call him Mr. S-&-S. He is a good round fellow with a fund of honesty and humour about him. Look how he waddles of like a duck with his portly accoutrement, oscillating and swinging and running into groves; how his huge spherical belly sits like a lord in triumph and wonders whether all the importance of Mr. S-&-S is not due to it only; how his face is one mass of fleshy rotundity with two mere dots for eyes, a tiny aperture for mouth, an insignificant frontal protrusion for nose and two side appendages for ears. The breadth of his neck in inches is baffling infinitesimal quantity. In fact that portion of his body which even doctors would find difficult to identify as neck had long long ago got sunk, submerged and dissolved into the main system. No wonder then that Mr. S-&-S should look so typically Swan-ink-bottle-like! Further I fancy hearing you say that these statements imply that Mr. S-&-S must have had at some

remote period at any rate something having a native semblance to that organ—is it an organ or what? I confess I have no knowledge of Physiology or Anatomy—pertly termed ‘neck.’ True. But I feel that to go to such extent is to do an act of injustice to Gods by crediting them with forgetfulness or wanton mischief which I am not prepared to at this stage. So that is it.

With all this, however, Mr. S-&-S is an amiable chap. Your cart-load of sorrows vanish into insubstantial nothingness as you catch sight of this beaming individual: you begin by congratulating Dame Nature for putting into him or on him or about him so much of that commodity called fat—and that in so little space—and you argue within yourself geometrically that to grow vertically upwards is not the only way and that it is equally possible for one to grow horizontally as well. Science illumined by the logic of facts favours such a hypothesis and of its inherant soundness you are perfectly convinced. And no wonder.

One is sometimes tempted to draw some sort of a mental comparison between Messrs. T-&-T and S-&-S. The tailor asks for the same quantity of clothes, the curious x-ray them both with equivocal concern, the hotel-keeper makes absolutely no difference between them in the matter of charges nor would the Railway companies charge one pie more for the portly individual. The paradox of the phenomenon is that the fat man wants to be less fatty and more tall while his Nadir wants to be less tall and more fat. And thus they spend some of their spare moments in ardently attempting to find out good recipes for achieving their cherished aims. Mr. S-&-S regrets that he has to look up when speaking with Mr. T-&-T while the latter feels profoundly sorry for his having to bend down to aching point when conversing with the other. I hope that you will all agree with me that there can be no other edifying sight in the world than to see Mr. T-&-T and Mr. S-&-S walking together hand in hand, talking, smiling, scheming and enjoying their evening walk with a degree of supercilious unconcern unparalleled even in the lives of the gods! And if by a strange concatenation of circumstances acting and reacting upon human agencies with its incidents of hope, fear, greed, and pride, these two happen to be

one male and the other female—man and wife—what more wonderful sight can you enjoy than this spectacle of incredibility raised to the nth power and grinning at you with impossible satisfaction. And the pair even so

“assume the God, affect the nod,  
And seem to shake the spheres!”

#### IV

#### **Mr. Tall-and-Stout & Mr. Short-and-Thin.**

The former is a modern Brobdingnagian: the latter a regular Lilliputian. The former is envied, the latter pitied. The mighty-to-dos of the Tall-and-stout race are not usually remarkable for their brains and it is after all quite possible for Messrs. Short-and-Thin & Co. to easily outwit the others. But whatever may be the intricacies of the question, in other aspects you should not accuse them for want of proportion in their bodily formation. They are thoroughly consistent in point of size. Mr. Tall-and-Stout is more an all round enlargement of his pigmy brother than an unnatural perversion or contortion.

It is said that there is a proposal emanating from a very high source of authority that the principle of crossbreeding should be applied to human beings as well and that love marriages should give way to a new kind of marriage by which young members of the opposite sex belonging to the Tall-and-Stout-strong race should be united in wedlock with those in the Short-and-Thin-and-weak race so that the world might be soon filled with a new race of men and women admirably fashioned, muscular, statuesque and fair. Well then might the Devas admiringly exclaim: “Ye are the Gods of the future!” and anon shudder instinctively at the insidious approach of their own possible annihilation! But that is not yet, nor for a considerable time.

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# NEWSPAPER ADVERTISEMENT

BY R. S. RAMAKRISHNAN, B.A.

The remarkable strides in the progress and spread of newspapers and periodicals in the last century, have facilitated the shrewd businessmen of every nation with a better and ampler field for advertisements, and with the acumen of a spreading business, widely circulated Journals, magazines, and more especially important newspapers have had to yield to much pressure from merchants and manufacturers.

The earliest and most crude form of advertisements consisted in crying the wares out. "Crying out" is extant even in big cities and the Moore Market in Madras during any one of the business days carries us back in our imagination to this ancient and half-forgotten practice. Much to the same past date belongs the practice of "street hawking", which is practiced as the only means of effective advertisement and quick disposal in rural areas.

With the advent of the popular newspapers, the system of advertisement underwent a radical change. In the beginnings, newspapers shut out all kinds of advertisements, as the newspaper magnates thought that such trade notices would tend to prejudice the readers for the reason that advertisers, often out of a zeal to outvie their rivals, lost sight of veracity and depended uniformly on, "the best", "unequalled" etcetera. They were considered in most cases as *blandae mendacia linguae*. Naturally, newspapers regarded publicity as a compound of swindling and bluff, and hence advertisement could not be regarded as a serious avocation.

But soon a compromise came to be effected. "The London Gazette" in England, proposed to the over increasing swarm of businessmen who wanted their advertisements to appear in that paper, to issue a special sheet for advertisements. The way thus open once, gradually wore and weaned away the prejudice. Readers could tolerate pieces of mercantile information.

In our country, where the daily newspaper is much a modern phenomenon, and still an infant in the cradle, these transitions are absent, and business advertisements are a part of many papers' beginnings themselves. Such has been the beginning that today after the lapse of three quarters of a century, advertisement in India has come to be identified as part and parcel of newspapers.

Of all countries in the world, Great Britain, the United States of America and Canada have a greater number of advertisers. To give a recent example, the proprietor of the Ford car distributed £ 230,000 in five days through advertisements placed in nearly 2,000 papers of the United States of America and Canada. This is the largest advertising appropriation in the world. "The Manchester Evening News", a provincial paper records 2,147,363 replies to advertisements in the course of a single year.

Not so far back, as in 1927, the proprietors of the "Sunday Pictorial" expended £ 70,000 in making the merits of the said paper more widely known. An increased circulation testified to the wise investment and established the efficacy of the advertisement.

It is not by this increased volume of advertisements alone, that the progress of advertisement has set both the advertisers and the newspapers with very great difficulties. The craze for favourable space must naturally follow the success of the practice. Indeed, place and posture in advertisement have much to do and in modern days, we hear of such cases as announcements from papers and periodicals that certain portions have already been granted off to particular advertisers. "The Daily Mail" in England, made an announcement somewhere in the beginning of 1928, that all front pages and special positions for the year were already earmarked. "The Punch" had a similar announcement, that its covers were booked for one entire year. Newspapers and magazines in India, though at present, seldom found to be making such cautious announcements, are found to be more and more uneasy as to how to tackle the growing demand.

This fairly takes us to the next point, a discussion on the amount of money spent in the various parts of the world on this count. Compared to conditions prevalent twenty years ago, the present world is more and more realising the import of successful advertisement. It is not surprising to read that even prospectuses of new firms and concerns, new banks and of every other fresh venture, allocate wisely enough, a separate sum for what is known as advertisement campaign. This sufficiently explains the huge growth of the practice which in its infancy was dreaded to be introduced in the pages of any respectable paper.

As in all interesting growths, there is a psychology guiding the art of advertisement also. No better illustration of psychological advertisement can be cited than the one, which was availed of by the Shell Oil company during the sensational days of Bremen's Atlantic Flight. The news of the safe arrival of the plane appeared next day in "The Daily Mail" with a big advertisement that Shell Oil had been used in the Far East to West Flight. This simultaneous appearance of the thrilling news and the engaging advertisement turned the readers' attention from the news to the advertisement and from the advertisement to the news. This is successful advertisement.

A noteworthy feature about the psychology of the art is what publishers watch with anxiety. It is matter of course with them that they tell the advertisers before hand that objectionable advertisements of any nature are liable to be eschewed out, but if this corrective prerogative is exercised with meticulous rigidity, the reading world would be robbed of such mirth as the advertisement from the owner of a dog which he published for sale as among many other things "will eat anything and especially fond of children."

The march of science has placed both the advertisers and the newspapers under more favourable circumstances. Even otherwise, advertisement as a special art is gaining strength and much of the pieces of information of the modern inventions and efficacies of life would reach us only lately, were it that both newspapers and advertisers refuse to be mutually benefitted in giving them publicity.



# WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE MUSLIMS?\*

BY MAULVI ABDUL HAMID, M. A. (OXON)

*District Educational Officer, South Malabar.*

The growth of democratic institutions in this country raises the question of the future of the Muslims in India, with regard to a voice and a vote in public affairs. Economic and educational development is the only qualification for the exercise of equal rights. A searching enquiry into the structure and basis of Muslim society, with a view to formulating a definite plan and course of action would, therefore, seem to be urgently required.

Speaking broadly, the reason why Muslim people all over the world have made no progress for centuries together is their failure to profit by the liberalising influences released by the European Renaissance whose distinctive contribution to the progress of knowledge has been the Inductive method. Though this method was not unknown to the early Muslims, the growth of Empires and the dependence on the priestly class soon replaced that by the more tempting Deductive method. The Quran was advanced as the last authority, from which everything of value to mankind was to be deduced. The result has been that Muslim education to-day is completely medieval, and is at least five centuries behind the Western, as can be seen from the antiquated methods followed in Muslim Theological Schools. The system of modern education was introduced in India nearly a century ago; yet the grip of the Mullas is still so viciously powerful that the ordinary man has hardly profited by it.

True religion rightly concerns itself with providing rich content for the yearning of the human soul. The moment fantastic claims are made in its behalf, it becomes fetish and superstition, imprisons man's free spirit, corrupts his judgment and degrades him. More claims have been made by misguided enthusiasts for organised religion than religion has made for itself. When, as has been done in Islam, misguided fanatics claim the right of religion to dictate in matters of daily life, the

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\* Substance of an address read at the Kerala Muslim Aikya Sangham, which held its annual conference at Trivandrum.

result always is deterioration in human efficiency. Next to the great mistake of abandoning the Inductive method is the abominable curse of the priestly influence in Islam which has corrupted to the very roots the purity of the original message. Let us fervently pray to God to deliver us from the influence of false priests and intolerable Mullas; let us try to recapture that bold spirit which led Muslims to wander all over the world to investigate and explore new fields of knowledge!

One test of civilization is the attitude of society towards its women. In Muslim countries, for centuries together, a peculiar viewpoint has somehow come to prevail. Under the guise of religious sanction, Muslims have secluded their women, with the result that their education has been sadly neglected. Fundamentally wrong notions of love and sex dominate the Muslim society to-day. Among the causes of Muslim decline one of the most powerful is their contempt for women, which has made it impossible for them to develop their moral and intellectual personality. One of the most powerful influences that keeps man from lapsing back into savagery is the influence wielded by woman, who is always in every society the custodian of its highest ideals. In a free society man has to exert himself to acquire those qualities that readily appeal to woman in order to win her devotion and keep it. The absence of this powerful stimulus in Muslim society may be said to be a very efficient cause of the decline in the physical, intellectual and moral strength of the people because woman is easily acquired and easily kept. We have been blind to the law of propagation of species, which has endowed the female with a very fine discriminative faculty for selecting that male who seems to her best capable of being the father of her children. The coercive marriage customs of several centuries have gone against the grain of woman's nature, destroyed her judgment, degraded her ideals, stunted her growth and reduced her to the position of a parasite in society.

The Muslims have been the victims for generations of several kinds of tyranny. There has been on one side the tyranny of the priests and the Mullas over the ordinary men and women; there has been the tyranny of men over the women;

and the tyranny of the parents over the children. The time has come for every responsible man and woman to wake up to the need of shaking off these several tyrannies and effecting complete emancipation.

Among the lesser evils easily noted in Muslim society to-day are hypocrisy and cant, faction and unbrotherliness, irresponsibility to children, love of display and varying degrees of unbecoming selfishness. The spirit of unity, which was the strong point of the Faith with the early Muslims, appears to have wholly or partly departed from their midst, to be resurrected only in moments of acute crises. Unknown to many, an acute conflict of ideals is going on in the rank and file of Islam, a conflict between the conservative forces tending to keep people back from progress and the modernist forces urging them forward to organisation, efficiency, love and charity. A false antithesis has been created between the claims of life and the claims of religion, and the question whether we Muslims are going to succeed or fail in synthesising these claims will, in the last resort, depend upon the sincerity of our convictions and the magnitude of our effort.

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“ In the nine heavens are eight Paradises :  
Where is the ninth one ? In the  
human breast.

Only the blessed dwell in Paradises ;  
But blessedness dwells in the human  
breast.

Created creatures are in the Paradises ,  
The uncreated Maker in the breast.

Rather, O man ! want those eight Para-  
dises  
Than be without the ninth one in thy  
breast.

Given to thee are those eight Paradises  
When thou, the ninth one hast within  
thy breast .”

FROM THE ARABIC  
*Translated by W. R. Alger.*

## BOOK REVIEWS

**'Three Essays'** By Thomas Mann. (Translated from the German by Lowse—Porter 1929. Knopf)

The publication of Herr Mann's 'Three Essays' is an event of great significance. The public interest in his work, always considerable, has become sensational after the recent award of the Nobel Prize for Literature to this wonderful literary artist, the gifted author of 'Buddenbrooks' and 'The Magic Mountain.' The reading public had thought and perhaps still thinks that Herr Mann's literary labours have been confined to the creation of a few brilliant specimens of art in the ever welcome shape of fiction. 'Three Essays' will give his readers a shock of agreeable surprise. In these 'three' essays Herr Mann handles materials so unassumingly, writes so simply and with such disarming cordiality and nevertheless produces such an impression of wide scholarship and of profound thinking, that one is puzzled as to what to say about them. These were written and published at widely different periods and cover a strange combination of subjects. The first of them, and by far the longest, is on 'Goethe and Tolstoy'; and was written in 1922. It is a most original thesis. In the course of 140 pages of candid thinking and clear and graceful expression, one comes across with a pair of brilliant opposites Goethe and Schiller on the one hand, Tolstoy and Dostoyevsky on the other. The discussion—so original, so true, so instructive—moves on with an ease that is admirable. One comes to know of the innate urges of these great men of letters that moved them and ruled them and drove them to authorship, the better and in their true perspective after a careful perusal of this essay. One point worthy of consideration is, says Herr Mann, that "Schiller and Dostoyevsky were sick men and did not, like Goethe and Tolstoy, arrive at a revered length of days. Again "the two realists and creative artists were of the upper station...whereas the heroes and saints of the idea, Schiller and Dostoyevsky...were children of modest people." The realists, and the heroes and the saints of the idea: that is how Herr Mann groups the four characters. A good portion of the essay is taken up with the illustration of this central pivotal viewpoint. Later, the contradictions in the character of the 'realists', which are much in evidence inspite of an innate similarity of disposition and outlook, are analysed with microscopic clarity. "Goethe's humanistic divineness is clearly something quite different from the primeval, pagan formlessness of Tolstoy's, which makes Gorky say of him: 'He is the devil.' And still at the very bottom, the common factor persists: in Goethe too

there is the elemental, the sinister, the dark, neutral negation-and-confusion-loving devil." This is developed in a well reasoned and in an altogether impartial manner. Criticism, philosophy and literature are merged in the fascination of Herr Mann's art. This essay is almost as great a contribution to our understanding of Goethe as Mr. Benedetto Croce's invaluable study.

The second essay was originally published in 1914. It runs to about 80 pages and is entitled: "Frederick the Great and the Grand Coalition." Herr Mann was to have subsequently turned it to a novel but the Great War unnerved him and the novel itself was never written. But the essay, such as it is, is a masterpiece. It is as interesting, as brilliant though not as biting as Mr. Lytton Strachey's 'Voltaire and Frederick' written in 1915 and later included in 'Books and Characters'. The genial art of story telling of which Herr Mann is so consummate a master is as much in evidence here as in any of his short stories. But the most ripe scholarship is at the back of every casual statement that he makes. The man Frederick is laid threadbare in these luminous pages: his vanity, his frivolity, his patriotism, his superhuman endurance, his indefatigable industry, all are here revealed with vivacity, with charm, with a noble impartiality.

'An Experience in the Occult' is the last essay in the book. This and 'Goethe and Tolstoy', written a year earlier, have been called "supplements to 'The Magic Mountain'" which is perhaps the best book Herr Mann has given us so far. 'An Experience in the Occult' is as much story as it is essay and as much essay as it is occultism in words. But the writing is throughout graceful. The chapter in 'The Magic Mountain' on occultism is incomplete without this essay. They go together.

K. R. S.

**Principle of Public Finance** By J. S. Ponniah, M. A., Madras Christian College. (Rochouse & Sons, 292, Esplanade, Madras. Price Rs. 2/4.)

Learned treatises on Public Finance, like those of Professors Bastable, Adams and Pigou, are indispensable for advanced study in Economics. But to the students of our University their drawbacks are two-fold; first, their cost is almost prohibitive; secondly, they contain very little about Indian Finance. Our students of Economics will, therefore, welcome the 'Principles of Public Finance' of Mr. J. S. Ponniah of the Madras Christian College, a unique publication of the kind in the market, handy and yet comprehensive and with rare lucidity of presentation and clear grasp of the fundamentals of the science. That Mr. Ponniah has fully realised the needs of our University curricula is evident from the method of arrangement of the topics he has followed. Like a regular text book he begins with the scope and

methods of Public Finance and deals systematically with all the intricate problems—Public Expenditure and Revenues, Regulation of Non-tax Receipts, Principles of Taxation and the Tax System, Direct and Indirect Taxes and every other topic to be met with in any exhaustive work on the subject. The Portions dealing with principles are particularly well done; the clarity of thought and simplicity of exposition are remarkable. The chapters on Indian Finance a subject which is rightly more and more emphasised by our University Examiners are a special feature and reveal a thorough acquaintance with all the thorny problems which baffle our financial experts. The exercises at the close of every chapter and the appendices and bibliography will be much appreciated by students. We congratulate the Publishers on placing a really useful book in the market.

**Contract Labour in Burma** by A. Narayana Rao. Publishers, The Current Thought Press, Triplicane, Madras.

This brochure critically examines the several aspects of the labour problem in Burma with special reference to the ruinous results brought about by the contract system of labour. The difficulties, disadvantages and disabilities the labourers are groaning under, the trials they are mercilessly subjected to, and the exactions, impositions, and hardships they fall victims to are all vividly set forth. To put it in a nut-shell and in the author's own words—"Work Hours are long. Wages are stationary. Cost of living is high. Home life is absent. Organization is nil. Liquor and opium are sapping the life blood of the worker. This gloomy picture is due to one and one cause alone—namely, the contract system of labour." This is a welcome and timely addition to the literature on the subject of labour and as the labour in Burma is predominantly Indian, is of considerable value to the Indian peoples, especially to those districts wherefrom labour to Burma is mostly recruited.

**Torch Bearers of Tomorrow** Ganesh & Co., Madras.

Readers of this journal are familiar with Acharya Vaswani and his message to Young India. He is a "philosopher who unites European Rationalism with Indian culture," and "his publications, numerous as they are, are all a cry to war against separation of spirituality from practical life." This tiny but attractive booklet is a collection of the interpretations of Vaswani's message to Young India by Dr. Weisl of Austria, V. I. Cooper of New York, the Occult Review, London, Hanskohn of Jerusalem, Professor Horwitz of the Hunter College, U. S. A. and other journals. The articles collected here show the hold the Acharya's message has got not only among the men and women of this country but also among the savants and leaders of the youth movements in the west.

## NOTES

We are glad to be able to announce that the first All-Asia Educational Conference is to be held in Benares, in the Hindu University, from December 26 to 30. We hope

**All-Asia Educational Conference.** with the organisers that, in addition to the Asiatic countries, non-Asiatic nations, like America, France, Germany and Egypt will also send representatives. Unfortunately, but perhaps with justification, political questions are engrossing the attention and occupying the time and energy of our intelligentsia, to the detriment of the cause of Education, as reflected in the lack of ideals and the unprogressive administration that at present obtains in our country. If the proposed Conference will serve to focus some attention on this vital question and enable some progressive ideas to be formulated, the time and money expended on the Conference would have been well-spent. We trust that all those interested in the cause of Education—teachers and educationists, parents and guardians—will make it a point to attend the Conference and that as many of them as can do so will also join the Reception Committee, the fee for which has been wisely fixed at the low sum of rupees two. Other countries have gone much ahead of us not only in the matter of removing illiteracy but also in that of establishing their educational machinery in a well-conceived and up-to-date basis. Let us hope that this Conference will furnish the opportunity to our teachers to show that, despite their obvious handicaps and disabilities, they also are by no means barren of ideas and ideals, nay that some of them can even give points to their more fortunately circumstanced compeers in the field in other countries. All communications may be addressed to Pandit Ram Narayan Misra, Secretary, Benares.

We would fain draw the attention of our readers—particularly our Muslim brethren—to the article which appears elsewhere in this issue on the present position of **Separate and Denomina- tional Schools.** As an enlightened member of the community, Mr. Hammid has an undoubted right to speak on the subject, and if he has chosen only to

point the dark spots in the social life of his community, it is not because he does not perceive its bright features, but only because he wants pointed attention to be directed to their existence, with a view to their speedy and radical extermination. With all the fervour of the social reformer he spares neither the Mulla nor the titled rich, nor even the young. But few could deny the breath of outlook that permeates the whole address. We would mention here only one interesting point that he makes, and that is with regard to the cry for separate schools, which like separate electorates, only glorifies the communal idea to the detriment of the national feeling. The institution of separate electorates, he points out, while it may be useful as a temporary expedient, must be considered, in the light of experience, to be harmful even to the best interest of the Muslims themselves, in that they breed clannishness and lead to deterioration of standard for want of healthy competition. If the need for religious education is the basis for the cry, he suggests that it could be easily achieved by providing it an hour before the regular classes through teachers specially appointed for the purpose.

That no Government, however good or benevolent it may be, can ever be a substitute for Self-Government, is very well exemplified by the brilliant achievements in the way of progressive reforms that Turkey has to her credit since she achieved her sovereignty and independence. Although we do not find it possible to see eye to eye with her in all the innovations she has introduced by wholesale imitation of the West, we are very glad to acknowledge that her contribution to the betterment of the status of women has been entirely praiseworthy. First it was the discarding of the veil, and it is now followed up by the proposal to grant her the political and municipal franchise, for which purpose a Government Bill is to be introduced in the next session of the Popular Assembly. The Turkish Government does not, at any rate, believe in the fetish of gradualness and caution and holds rightly that the requisite experience and sense of responsibility will be induced only when the rights and liberties are granted. All this only shows that women are



coming into their own in every country in the world, finding their natural and legitimate place in the organic life of the society and the nation.

While every other industry is in the throes of acute economic depression, the wireless industry is making rapid headway and it is, perhaps, the only industry which **The Radio.** has no unemployed. This prosperity is reflected in the history of the British Broadcasting Corporation, which announces that two homes out of three in England possess the broadcasting apparatus and that the wireless manufacturers in that country are putting up six big factories to cope with the growing demand. The Corporation has also arranged a series of broadcasts for the elementary schools in Kent and other places, thus helping to widen the intellectual horizon of the students. In India, broadcasting has yet to become popular; it will take a long time to do so, the chief reason being the poverty of the people, which is only increasing with the lapse of time. But local bodies could more easily make use of it as a means of popular, adult education as has been done by the Corporation of Madras, which is broadcasting programmes of music every day in the marina at Triplicane, which is listened to by thousands of people. Its utility could be considerably increased if proper persons are secured to impart education by means of informative lectures to induce in them the civic sense, among other things, which is so badly needed for our countrymen in towns, by telling them of what is being done in the advanced countries of the West, for instance, in Vienna.



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2. Letters requesting change of address should contain the subscriber's old address, the new address and the subscriber's number.

3. Advertisers desirous of effecting change in standing advertisements, in any issue, should send revised advertisement copies before the 5th of that month.

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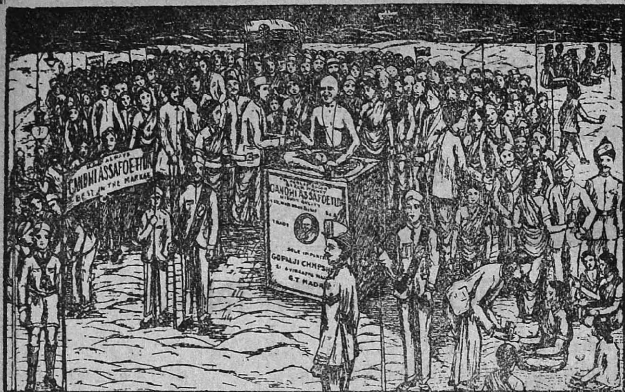
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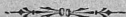
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Handwritten text in Tamil script, likely a date or reference number, appearing as '191531' and 'சென்னை 110 003'.