

THE SCHOLAR

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LITERATURE, SCIENCE & ART.

Vol. I

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No. 9.

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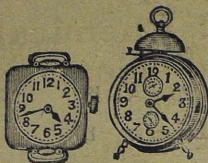
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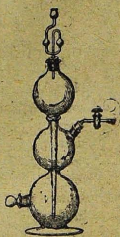


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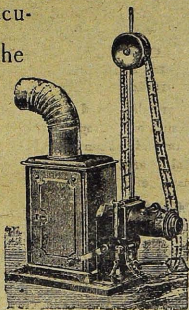
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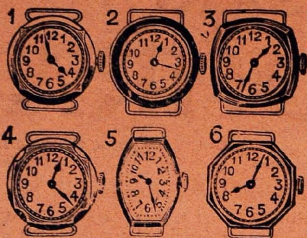
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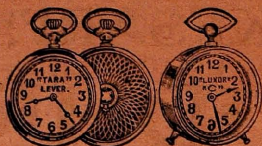
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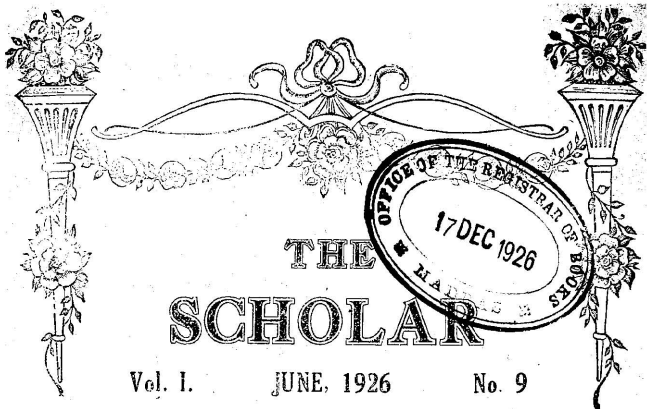
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VIII. BUSINESS MANAGEMENT.

HITHERTO we had been dealing with one aspect of newspaper work, namely, the editorial side. But the business part of it is equally, if not more, important. Both departments are closely interdependent, and inefficiency or mismanagement on one side is bound to react unfavourably on the success of the venture. Generally speaking, the commercial aspect of newspaper work is not actually given the consideration it deserves in this country. The result is what should be expected. Most of the papers drag on only a hand to mouth existence, and many die prematurely, unwept and unhonoured. Consequently any serious endeavour with a view to making the paper attractive becomes almost out of the question. No amount of ingenuity, enterprise or resourcefulness that might be shown by the editorial side will keep the paper running for long unless their efforts are ably supplemented by the managing department. At best, they

could attract a few hundreds of subscribers, but there is no paper in the world that thrives on circulation alone. The editorial side can only create the necessary conditions for success. The actual work which would secure the same has to be carried out by those entrusted with the management of the paper.

While such is the situation in India, it is just the reverse in the West. There it has now come to be considered as a branch of commerce, a strictly business proposition. Journalism in the West is being exploited by commercial men for their own advantage and its noble functions are prostituted to serve material and private ends. The business world in the West shrewdly realising the influence and power of the Press has encroached on this domain also, and the Press in the West is slowly but surely passing into the hands of monopolists and trusts, into the control of coal kings, cotton dukes and oil barons. The British Press, for instance, with a few honourable exceptions, are in the hands of half a dozen millionaires, whose claim to control them rests simply on their business acumen. The late Lord Northcliffe—properly called the Napoleon of Newspaperdom—and his brother in England and Mr. Hearst in America own between them a large chain of papers, each run independently of one another—but all speaking in the voice of their masters and giving the millions of their readers not what they ought to hear, but what these masters think it is good for them to hear. From the strict commercial point of view, the achievements of these newspaper magnates are simply marvellous. Many of them have circulations running into millions, and they are astonishingly clever at discovering what the people want and supplying the same, no matter whether it is good or bad, so as to satisfy their tastes. But the phenomenon has rightly aroused the apprehensions of the thinking minds of the West, who see in it a potential danger to the free growth of the Press and a threat to its purity.

There is absolutely no doubt that the treatment of journalism as nothing more nor less than a purely business concern, has inevitably had the effect of lowering the status of that noble profession, whose mission and justification for existence rests on a far higher plane than the sordid, material one of mere acquisition

of wealth. It is impossible to be free and impartial in criticism, much less to form and guide public opinion aright so long as every question, political or other, has to be viewed not from the point of view of its intrinsic merit but from that of its effect on the public and so on the circulation. And for newspapers to do so is not merely to abdicate a lawful duty, but also to misuse a noble and legitimate function. The greatest charge against the Press in the West today is that it is neither free nor independent nor even impartial. It cannot be denied that there is certainly an element of truth in the outcry that we hear so often with regard to the Press of those countries that they are capitalistic. The modern craze for stunts, the mania for doctoring news to suit political tastes and sometimes private ends, are evils that have come in the wake of the treatment of journalism as so many business concerns. Thus, therefore, while we in India have to make up a great deal in the way of perfecting our newspaper organisation, we cannot be too much on our guard against adopting this essentially commercial point of view, which is bound to prove suicidal in the long run.

But to return. As we did about the editorial side, let us also peep a little into the personnel of this important staff and the duties carried on by its members. The head of the whole staff is, of course, the Manager, and the power of control and initiative which he wields is only equalled by those of the Editor. In some cases, he might be the proprietor himself or the Managing Director (if the Company is a limited concern). But generally he is a paid man like anybody else in the office. A vital part of the Manager's staff is the Advertisement Manager and his assistants. There is the Accountancy department, with his little army of assistants like the cashier, ledgerkeepers etc. Those who are in charge of the circulation department form the next important entity in the Manager's office. Leaving out of account the little army of stenographers, typists, petty clerks, and the men in charge of stationery and supply, the foregoing list completes the Manager's staff.

Advertisement, Circulation and Accountancy are all vital departments, each in charge of a special man who is an expert

in his line, and the best Manager is he who keeps a strict and general supervision and control over all of them, without in any way hindering them in their work or fettering their initiative. There is yet another big section which demands his supervision and direction, and that is the printing side, which is a big and important department in itself. In addition to all these, he has to attend to the correspondence work and go through the weary ordeal of interviewing the various people who come on business. A good Manager will always be having his pulse, as it were, on all matters generally, and particularly on the two big sources of his revenue—namely, advertisement and circulation. These two, in their turn, are interdependent, and hence they claim his equal attention and care. His constant preoccupation is to increase the circulation and so increase the revenue.

The circulation department is charged with the duty of seeing to it, that the subscribers' accounts are kept separately, regularly and accurately. In India, most often, the efficiency of this department leaves much to be desired. Cases of arrears having accumulated due largely to the negligence of the clerk concerned to notify the subscribers at the proper time, and send reminders, or through failure to stop the issue of papers when asked to or when the advanced subscription ceases, are certainly not very rare in the history of newspaper management in our country. In this particular respect, we could well take a leaf out of the book of our Western compeer. The danger to newspapers by the inefficiency and inexperience of the circulation staff is very real, for, when arrears accumulate, they have to be written off mostly, because legal proceedings against the defaulters are generally neither practicable nor even possible. At any rate, the blame should be shared more by the staff than by the defaulters, because all payments are, or ought to be, in advance, and provided the staff were vigilant enough, such arrears need never have accumulated.

All monetary transactions are being carried out by the Chief Accountant and his staff. It is they who pay for the paper, ink, and other stationery purchased. It is they who keep, adjust and pay the accounts of the special and moffusil correspondents,

the various news services and also for special articles. Their task is not in any particular different from the Accountancy staffs in other business offices, but their task is one which demands very close attention to details and accuracy.

Thus, it will be found that though the Managing department has not much to do with the editorial side, their co-operation and diligence is vitally necessary for the proper conduct of the paper. Each is a necessary compliment to the other. To try to evaluate the respective importance and services of each in relation to the other is to emulate the task essayed in the fable by the different organs of the human body.

Sunset Thoughts

The god of day has done his weary deeds,
And needs a cooling dip, and rest complete,
In Ocean waters deep, 'neath thousand feet ;
So stops his blazing car and bouncing steeds,
On the beauteous, baffling bridge, that binds and leads
The sky to earth ; his face, of scorching heat
And perfect crimson dye, now soon does greet
The foaming edge, and there profusely bleeds.
The veil of gloom and awe is cast above,
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Who hails her lord with lamps of holy blaze ;
The heaven and earth, day-light and darkness meet,
And hearts combined, in rapturous throbings beat.

S. R.



Fear of Death.

By P. V. Aghoram Iyer, B. A. B. L.

ALL the world is wrapped in fear of death. The reincarnationist who believes that the soul is eternal and is going through births and deaths to gather experience is not less nervous about it than the man whose faith compels him to believe only in one life and a judgment day for all souls that have departed our human sphere. All sentient life finds its kinship on this basis of a dread of death. The clinging to life is universal. Death is no welcome visitor in the halls of life. The art and literature of all civilised peoples paint death in horrid colours. Man's effort to prolong life is endless; one of the commonest illusions in life is to believe, by closing our eyes to reality, that our life is eternal. Death may be stalking about us, those near and dear to us may be torn away from us; we may beat our breasts in despair and curse Heaven for afflicting us so hard. The passage of time reconciles us to the suffering; other pleasures await us and in the act of enjoying and experiencing them the spell breaks in on our minds that we the survivors shall never die. The great Indian Emperor Yudhistira, in his exile, observed that this was almost the greatest miracle of life.

I find that whimsical writer of England G. K. Chesterton naively suggests that a new philosophy of life will be built by the ingenuity of man around the love of life and the cowardice which flies from the danger always threatening it. He expects the advent among the race of man of the Methuselahite i. e. the sophist, who as a soldier flying from the battle-field would say 'Is not life a lovely thing and worth saving'? If the householder hid under the table for fear of thieves he would say 'Should I not prolong the exquisite miracle of consciousness'? The citizen from under the bed would cry 'As long as there are roses and lilies on the earth shall I not remain there.?'

So much is the fear of death that the crude materialist who has only one life to live and sees it open to attack on all sides

has almost a feverish haste to snatch the few pleasures that life can give, before he is called upon to bundle up for the great journey. Like the thief who is pursued by the policeman, we go through life pursued by death.

What are our Heavens but the imaginings of our minds about the state after death? Were we satisfied by the experiences of this life, were we more courageous in the face of death, why should we care for a Heaven where we hope to have an intensification of the experiences of this life minus its sorrows. We desire to go to Heaven, because we dare not look bravely at the facts of life. We should have no Heaven to go to, no throne of mercy at whose footstools we may sit, if we had not this cowardly shrinking from pain and death; how instinctively we try to put away pain from us!; with that zest with which we follow pleasures in life, we fight pain. In our helplessness and rage we think it a cruel and undeserved dispensation of Providence; we think we are singularly afflicted. The more we fly from pain the more is our fear of death.

The mass of mankind live in the senses; hardly a handful of people there are who see beyond them. In our sense life "Our faith comes only in moments; our vice is habitual." We put away the very thought of death from us and try to drown it amidst crowded sensual experiences. There is another form which this fear of death takes in the human mind. When we grieve for the dead we subconsciously act upon our fear of death. We celebrate our bereavement in language of exaggerated sorrow. We think a void has come into our life. We make ghoulissh cries on the body of our departed dear, as the south Indian Hindus do and try to tear the roof of Heaven to make God yield back the dead to us. I notice in the Hindusthance practice of attending a funeral with the subdued cry of "Ramanam Satwa Hai, Govindnam Satwa hai" traces of a dignified acceptance of the great event. I wish that beneficent institution will descend upon us, the people of the south; I admire the grave silence that attends a mahomedan funeral.

This brooding grief for the dead is responsible for some of the elegiac poetry in literature. I cannot sufficiently forgive the elegiac

poet for instilling this unnerving sentiment into the human mind, whatever may be his worth as an artist. Imagine Tennyson extending his grief for the death of his college friend through more than five thousand lines of English poetry. The poem is a great work of the inner life of the poet. It begins and ends in a grand setting of the fundamental truths of the Christian religion. Scattered throughout the work are the poet's hopes and fears, doubts and perplexities, concerning the destiny of man. There is not one thought, not one experience, known to the thinkers of his time which the poet has failed to put into the melting pot of his judgment; yet, the over doing of this grief, vitiates I might say, the whole atmosphere of the poem.

In this saturnalia of timidity, it is refreshing to find war and patriotism inspire man with courage and scorn of death. For the freedom and advancement of one's country, people have thought no hazards too great for them. They have gone into the jaws of death that their countries may be free. From the gruesome scenes of battle have emerged acts of heroism and love of man. Men who face death in the field of battle cannot however be said to shake hands with death. The blowing of the war horn infects the army with enthusiasm and it is enough to men who are by their general training, callous, cruel and reckless to plunge head-long into acts of courage and to risk very life, if need be. Without the excitement of war their courage does not show itself.

I think that men have derived the truest courage from the impulses of religion. We have known only among religious men the courage of cheerfully facing persecution by fire or the sword and dying with a smile on one's lips and words of blessings for the enemy. This courage is not founded upon any extraneous consideration or particular attachment. It owes its inspiration to a truer insight into life and an enlightened universal sense in the heart of man. Men who exhibit this sort of courage have no bravado about them. They are brave because they have no ulterior designs upon mankind. They fear not death as they are so absorbed in the peace of their inner nature that it matters not to them whether they live or die. It must not

be thought that they have despaired of life so as to look for an end of all troubles in death. Their position is rather that they care to know how they live more than how long they live. In other words intensity and not duration is what they are after.

I am very much pressed by the earnestness and the energy that lies behind the utterance of one of them who speaks of death as 'spitting out the body'; one of them realised the God in a tiger that was making a meal of him in the forest; one who vowed silence for years broke it when stabbed by a ruffian to say to him with his dying breath, "Thou too art he"; Francis of Assissi from his death bed ejaculated welcome to 'Sister Death' with feelings of affection which ten centuries have not sufficed to quench.

The living example of this courage is Gandhi, the patriot saint of India, who lies today like a caged lion bearing the afflictions of the world in his heart. It is sometimes crudely imagined that this man, whatever his merits, is a drag on the chariot of modern progress. He is said to have thrown the whole weight of his influence on the side of reaction and conservatism. How erroneous is such a judgment of him! It is again said that he is dangerously letting loose the precious powers of the spirit on the earthly affairs of men, that he is embarrassing a great government to snatch a nasty political victory. The evil minded will smell evil everywhere and the great moral experiment this reformer makes upon a part of the world must be sought to be explained away by ascribing to him an unworthy motive or by trying to show his judgment to be narrow and petty. If this man had governed only his life by his high doctrines and did nothing to reform his fellows, his name will go down to posterity. If he had only left his books behind him he would have had an immortal fame. But he has made the greatest moral experiment on society and founded the whole movement of reform on faith and courage; none before him infused this courage into the people. He inspired thousands of men to acts of courage and many understood the meaning of his cry that we must get rid of the fear of death if we must be worthy men during our life. He brought home to us the lesson that if we want so large a prize as the

freedom of our country we must not grudge the cost of suffering on a national scale. It is a poor compliment paid to Gandhi to say that he was a mad visionary and thought too highly of the virtues of average men. His difference with other men was that he did not swear by the doctrine so-called of the essential weakness or wickedness of common men. Rather did he believe that in all life there was an element of genuine good which could be called out by sympathetic treatment. He says that a reformer may wait till the end of time and yet may not have suitable conditions for his ministry among men. He always works in his best light with the available materials. Even so did Gandhi launch the moral movement of non-co-operation fully knowing the risks thereof.

The movement has raised the political struggle in India from its muddy levels. It has turned the searchlight inwards. Its cardinal doctrine is national self suffering to achieve the country's freedom. There is no room in it for hatred of others. We are still short of our goal only because we are unable to discipline ourselves and organise ourselves for this elevating sacrifice in the country's interests. It is mere moonshine to win freedom by skill in debating. Whatever our sphere of action courage never fails. "He that loseth money loseth much", says Emerson, "but he that loseth a friend loseth more; and he that loseth courage loseth all."— The great teachers of religion say that the truth loving and the pure are not cowardly and are ready for any crisis. It must be so as they have nothing to hide from their fellows; a good deal of the cowardice of mankind is due to the mental reservations they practise. But such is the double life lived by the ordinary man that this love of truth seldom dawns on his mind. When shall the race of man be truer and braver than they are today?



Homeopathy

By K. L. Sarma, B. A., B. L.

The First Step in the Evolution of Druglessness.

THE welter of indiscriminate drugging, inaugurated by the inventors of Allopathy in the East, who murdered the ancient Ayur-Veda by introducing their novel and dangerous remedies, chiefly preparations of mercury, arsenic and other violent and life-destroying "remedies", and carried to very great extremes by their remoter disciples in Europe, soon provoked a revolt of the better mind of humanity. In the middle of the seventeenth century, there arose the first great movement for recovering the lost art of Nature-Cure. But, as I shall show presently, it was not in itself a real system of Nature-Cure. It was only a radical reform in the use of drugs. It did not, except indirectly, vindicate the fundamental law of Druglessness. But it was a move in the right direction. And in the philosophical unravelling of the Natural Law of Cure, it opened the way to the rediscovery of the whole system of Nature-Cure, in its theoretical and practical aspects.

The first great rebel and discoverer was Dr. Hahnemann, a German. He it was that first grasped the boldest general fact of the philosophy of Healing, the fundamental Unity of Disease. He also showed that Disease is *not a foe*, but a natural remedy for a defective condition of body, a process of correction and repair, to be welcomed, and permitted to *run its own course*, and not, by any means, to be thwarted, snubbed or suppressed. The soundness of the reasoning, and the wealth of facts, on which these discoveries were based, make the literature a veritable intellectual feast of a high order.

Allopathy was and is unphilosophic, in that it recognises an infinite variety of diseases, each having a separate set of causes and of methods of treatment. Hahnemann, with his comprehensive view of the sequences of disease, was able to show that this was nothing but blindness, an inability to see the wood for the

trees. He proved beyond the possibility of doubt the fact of disease being temporarily suppressed, only to reappear later on, under favourable conditions, in another form. He thus brought out the fact of what we may call the Transmigration of Disease. Somehow the fact of this unity and Transmigration did not suggest to this great man the possibility of a Unity of *Treatment*, which is the crowning glory of *Nature-Cure*. Hence it is that great Doctors, like Dr. Lindlahr, are not willing to concede to Homeopathy, the system taught by Dr. Hahnemann, an independent and superior status, but only a humble second place, as a handmaid of the Sovereign system of *Nature-Cure*.

However the father of Homeopathy succeeded in clearly realising the utter want of sense in encountering disease-symptoms and processes by means of drugs administered in large doses. He had found out that what men call disease is in reality a process of eliminating hereditary and other taints, which make good health impossible, unless and until they are expelled, and the body purified. This process of self-purification and recovering of better health must therefore be guarded from interference and not in any manner suppressed. That drugs, if given in the crude and crucifying doses regularly used by the allopathic school, do suppress these self-purifying efforts and perpetuate a state of latent disease, and which must inevitably lead to future diseases of more serious types, was clearly proved by Hahnemann. But still he had a notion that drugs were proper means of cure. So he began to seek for a new principle of drug-medication which should avoid the terrible errors of Allopathy.

The principle, which he advocated, as being nearer to Nature, was stated by him thus: "*Like cures like*". What he meant was that the remedy must be such, as rather to increase or aggravate the disease, and not such as to diminish it. It must therefore be such as would provoke the same disease in a healthy person. For example, in a case of fever, the remedy must be one that would *provoke* fever in a healthy person. But this 'like' remedy, being a drug, must be administered in a *mild* dose, so as to give a very *gentle* shock and stimulation to the living cells. The dose required, he found by experience, was a *mathematical zero*, compared to those commonly used by the allopaths. Even

a billionth of a grain of a drug was found sufficient in most cases. Dr. Hahnemann and his followers began to ascribe miraculous potency to these extremely rarified doses, and to speculate in a rather unintelligible manner about the way they worked on the individual body-cells. It is not necessary, nor instructive, to follow them into these mystifying explanations. Suffice it to say that they clearly established the new principle, of using *like* remedies, instead of unlike ones, and at the same time ceased to poison their patients, as their rivals did, and are still doing.

The adjective *homeopathic* has become the most forcible word for expressing the quantitative negligibility of anything. Thus we speak of the Homeopathic doses of Reform and Indianisation, doled out by our British rulers.

Suffice it to say that Homeopathy has proved that drugs are *not* necessary. Barring professing Homeopaths, no one is called upon to believe all that is claimed for the homeopathic way of drugging. Shorn of all mystery, what it means is that patients can and do get well, without anything more than a mere pretence of medication. Homeopathy is thus a powerful ally in the dispelling of the allopathic superstition, that drugs are necessary for curing disease. Homeopathy has proved that disease *ought not* to be combated or countered. And these are important gains in the philosophy of Cure, for which we shall ever be grateful to Dr. Hahnemann.

The term Homeopathy was invented by Dr. Hahnemann, to express the special claim to superiority, which his system rightly makes, as against allopathy. Because, in Hahnemann's system, the remedy is *agreeable* to the state of the body at the time, not antagonistic, he baptised it by the name of Homeopathy, the system of curing by *like* remedies. The other system, which uses unlike remedies, was without a name till then, and he, or his followers, first gave it the name of Allopathy, which term simply means "the other system."

It will be shown in the articles that will follow that the principles established by Dr. Hahnemann lead naturally and logically to absolute druglessness.

Sorrows of India.

[The following poem was written by Mr. A. O. Hume about the time of the first Congress which he helped to found.]

Robed in mourning crowned with ashes
Night—enshrouded India weeps;
Rolls the storm, the lightning flashes,
Still the Nation heedless sleeps.
“Hath” she cries, “this bitter tempest,
Hath this cruel night no end?
Must pain ever rack this sad breast?
Will none save me, none befriend?
Once I reigned the Orient’s Empress
Oh! the glory of the past,
Crowned with learning, science, gladness,
Woe is me too bright to last.
And around me heaven aspiring
Myriad brave sons dauntless trod,
Bowing heart and head to nothing
But their country and their God.
Crownless now forlorn I’m weeping,
Dust and ashes all my meed,
Sluggish sons ignobly sleeping,
In a slough of selfish greed.”
“Weep no more a star is gleaming.
In the pearling Eastern skies,
And see thy children long spell-bound dreaming.
Hear at last thy call Arise,
Weep no more, my love, my glory.
Weep no more, Dear Motherland.
See the children rally round thee,
Heart to heart and hand to hand.”

Seringapatam

The Babylon of South India.

SERINGAPATAM is literally the town of the sacred Vishnu. The now straggling village, with a pretence to being styled a city, was once the old time capital of the mighty Mysore kingdom. It is situated on the Western extremity of an island formed by the branches of the river Cauvery, some ten miles from Mysore. It is about three miles long, and a mile and a half broad, and is about 2,340 feet above the sea-level with an extent of 2,800 acres. The city once famed for its magnificence, was under the control of Hajdar and Tippu, until 1799, when the fort, the greatest stronghold of the Mussalman raiders, was stormed after the historical siege and Tippu Sultan was slain. When the residence of the restored Raja of the Woodyar family, was removed to Mysore, this city, the scene of much bloodshed, which could boast of a population of about five laks, fell into a stagnant state from which it never recovered. At present, the fort is only a heap of ruins and is a hot-bed of disease, plague especially claiming many victims every year. The place offers no charm, no temptation for the tourist to make a permanent halt, but to the historian, and the antiquarian, the ruins are of essential value, in that they speak volumes of Oriental extravagance and grandeur.

The early history of the city is wrapped up in much obscurity and in all probability the town owes its origin to the importance of a great temple, the seat of the powerful Vaishnavite leader Ramanuj. The temple is said to have been built by one Brahmin, Thimmappa in 894 A. D. and dedicated to "Sri Ranga" and was known as Adi Rangam, the first Rangam (stage) as distinguished from Madhya Rangam (medieval) by which name the well-known Sivasamudram Falls are styled by the Hindus, and Antya Rangam, (the latest) a name now applicable to the present day temple town in Southern India. Tradition says that the same Brahmin, Thimmappa, a disciple of Buddha, was ordered by his master to build a neat little temple in the island,

and while he was carrying out the instructions of his *guru*, he is said to have discovered the image of Sri Ranga, lying in an ant hill near to which he dedicated the temple which was in building. The temple is many centuries old, and the city of Seringapatam takes its name from the shrine which forms a centre, as it were to the vast enclosure that girts it.

Till 1510, the city was the centre of great religious activities, presided over by Ramamy, the founder of Vishnu cult. It was ruled by hereditary priests and under their sway, lofty towers and gilded domes came into being, and the temple rose into mighty importance and power. In 1512, the celebrated Krishna Deva Raya, attracted by the splendour of this religious city, invaded the island and took possession of it. During the subsequent centuries, the city passed into various hands, and the last ruler, Nanja Ars, was overthrown by Haidar, a trooper in the ranks of the king, and in 1761, this Haidar became the actual ruler of the Mysore kingdom.

Of the fort all that can be said is that it is "a huge mass of masonry, without architectural beauty and its interest centres only in the historic struggle which was ended within its walls." The fort is a solid mound of earth with stone facings and has two large gateways and four sally ports. The gates are, the Eastern or Bangalore gate which faces the Daria Daulat Bagh, and leads to Ganjam, Tippu's Mausoleum, and the Wellesley bridge, and the Sultan, or Mysore gate, built by Tippu in 1793, which was altered by the English after the siege to divert the road from the Elephant gateway which is now closed. Among the ruins of the once magnificent buildings, mention may be made of the palace of Tippu, now a square building of stone, at present utilised as a depot for sandalwood, and the small pleasure resort of the late Krishna Raja, built on the sight where Tippu died, and is now a mouldering heap of ruins, the haunts of lizards and snakes.

Inside the fort are the Jamma Masjid, a fine mosque built by Tippu shortly before his death, and the ruins of Tippu's palace, and the grand Hindu temple of Sri Ranga. The origin of this celebrated Jamma Masjid is very interesting in that it affords a

side-light to the character of the great sultan. It is said that Tippu, along with Haidar Ali's zenana, was once imprisoned by the minister, Kande Row, who plotted against the life of the young prince in a dark house, adjoining a Hindu temple of the monkey-god Hanuman. While Tippu was playing at marbles, with some Hindu lads it so happened that an itinerent fakir, attracted by the lad's looks, approached him, and addressed the boy thus:—"Oh, what a lucky lad you are, will you promise to do this and that when you become the ruler of this kingdom. You will raze this temple to the ground, and erect a mosque in its stead, and I assure you, that, your actions will entitle you to great honours, and the mosque will be a standing memorial to your name and glory."—The little prince thanked the fakir, and true to his promise, he pulled down the temple and raised, on its site, a fine mosque famed for its artistic workmanship, and decorative art. The Jamma Masjid was the favourite mosque of Tippu, and is ever remembered in history as the greatest and final scene of bloodshed inside the fort, on that fateful day the 4th of May, 1799. The Hindus avow that Tippu was punished for his sacrilege.

The Experimental Arch, built by Captain de Havilland of the Madras Engineers (1808—1810), is a very fine structure. The length of the span is 122ft., the breadth 4ft., and the thickness at the lower end 5ft., and at the crown 3ft. 8in. The rise of the arch is about 10ft. 10in. Strong buttresses of stone in chunam, support the arch at both ends, the arch oscillates and its vibrations can be felt.

The Daria Daulat Bagh ("the garden of the sea's wealth") is now a decaying building, beautifully decorated with *arabesque* work in rich and glowing colours. It is said to have been built by Tippu, as a summer-house, in commemoration of his father's escape from the hands of the assassins of Kande Row, the prime minister. Thanks to the Mysore Government, the garden is still kept in good order, as is judged by the way in which it is very tastefully laid out. Here is a graphic pen-picture by a local writer:—"The garden is divided into fine plots, skirted with grassy edges, separated by wide walks and ornamented with rows of cypress on either side of the road. The plots are

studded with rose and other sweet flowering shrubs; fruit trees of every description grow to perfection. In the centre stands the handsome and stately palace of Tippu." It contains the celebrated pictures representing the daily life of various nawabs, rajas, princes and princesses of South India, as well as the defeat of the British forces at Conjeevaram by Haidar Ali in 1780. They are quaint specimens of native art, the caricature of the British soldiers being extremely amusing. Some of the pictures were effaced from the walls by the order of Tippu, but they were renewed by Colonel Wellesley who was in possession of the palace from 1799 to 1801. In 1855, Lord Dalhousie issued special orders to have the building thoroughly repaired and under his directions the mural decorations were re-coloured in gorgeous tints and brilliant shades.

At the eastern end of the island is the Lal Bagh which means red garden. In its centre stands the Mausoleum. Within it are three tombs all spread over with magnificent shawls embroidered in gold threads. It is a square building, with domes and minarets at the angles, surrounded by a pillar corridor supported on neat and elegant pillars of very fine black hornblende; the double doors, inlaid with ivory, were a present from Lord Dalhousie. The Mausoleum was erected by Tippu in 1784.

The Hindu temple is a stone structure of enormous dimensions. During the rule of the Mysore Rajas, this famous temple was greatly improved, and the huge stone edifices standing on rude and inartistic columns were added to the temple. The shrine is enclosed by a high stone wall, and over the gateway rises a lofty tower, *gopura*, ornamented with five brazen domes marked by fine workmanship. The idol is hewn out of black hornblende and is in a reclining posture shaded over by the hood of the huge serpent Adisesha.

Though the climate is unhealthy, breeding germs of fever, plague, and cholera, like most ruined and abandoned cities, yet there still remain, relics of a past age, to render it an object of interest and curiosity, to those who are fortunate to pay a visit to the ruined town, which has been not inaptly styled "The Babylon of South India."

T. M. S.

Madras at Midnight

By K. R. R. Sastry.

FATALISTIC pessimism has often been levelled at the Indian ; and an enervating climate comes in handy for the brilliant critic to support this generalisation. With the growing experience of Western political institutions, the traditions of the Anglo-Saxon public life are being followed among the Indian *intelligentia*. That "a good joke breaks no bones" is only slowly appreciated by our politicians and leaders. Is it not worth while jotting down a few glimpses of Madras at midnight? An ancient Sanskrit verse has it that out of 100 years of man's life, we spend away fifty years over nights. Is half of our existence fondly awaited only by the daring burglar and the man with foul designs? Was not one of the present High Court Judges called once a Midnight Moon Gazer?

There is nothing like a fine trudging along the Beach at full moon midnight with *not more than two friends*. To the worried soul as well as the pining weakling, a measured walk at the beautiful marina with a homely discussion on the moonlit sky, the humming waves, the vast expanse of sand, and the slumbering thousands is productive of beneficent effects.

In a real sense, the row of electric lights being put out, one is face to face with the "serenity of the Madras Beach and the * * * phosphorescence of the waves". The Indian is often moody ; even *he* is then rapturous about the cosy shelters of the small trees at the marina and is now and then only disturbed by a few white cats which pass by him. The silvery Bay, the catamarans enjoying a well-needed rest, a row of gay white buildings bathing in the moonlight, and stillness all around—here is a panorama full of sleeping beauty and mystic unknown.

On returning from such a romantic scenery, the lanes literally stink with foul smell. So long as we do not have a sanitary conscience, so long are the thousands in our city bound to inhale only filthy air from 9 p. m. to 6 a. m. The highly educated man

cooly commits nuisance in front of his house, if it is not possible to do it preferably opposite to his neighbour's. If there be still a soul who doubts among us, let him walk through any one of these dirty lanes and small streets after 9 p. m.

A new visitor to Madras will be terribly afraid of the big bandicoots that roam through all these streets rushing out of the gutter-passages. "Where were these small pigs?"—asked my mofussil mate. Really, they are more terrifying than pigs brought to bay. Not non-cooperation, nor sitting on the fence, but only a hearty co-operation of the landlord, resident, and the Drainage Department can drive away these dark devils. Passing to the high road, a lonely vendor is selling "Appam and Puttu"; (two preparations in sweet), the Muslim Tea Clubs are busy plying their trade and the tea-boy is singing strange airs; four lonely rickshaws with the wallas dozing are waiting to take back the soldiers from the Kinema; fantastic bright colours pass before you and a few Motor Taxis run back to their appointed stations. The inevitable jukaman is worrying some students to get into his vehicle; and a few stray individuals are conspiring as to how best to spend the rest of the night. One wonders when these misguided men will learn to lead a clean life.

The beat-policeman too goes to sleep, for everyone knows that thefts are uncommon at Madras during nights. At broad day-light alone, the shrewd house-wife and the busy gentleman should beware of swindlers, pick-pockets, and well-dressed visitors. Turning round to a neighbouring street, one witnesses all the oriental paraphernalia of God taken in procession through the four streets round the temple—temple festoons, medieval torches, sweet *Nagaswarams*, (Indian piper's tunes). *Devadasis* in front, the well-dressed temple-priest with his *Tulsi* (Basil) and *Sreepada*; (sacred feet of Lord placed over the head and shoulders of devotees) exquisitely ornamented Lord mounted over a *vahana* (vehicle) and rows of Brahmans chanting Vedic hymns—Oh omnipotent! is it not a fact that *more* people go to *these* temples where the idol shines amidst priceless gems, diamonds and rubies? How many will elect to have a *darsan* of the Almighty at a way-side shrine far away from the dirty and dingy centres of man's mischief? Not only the pious many but

also the sight-seeing few resort to these processions in all their wonted pomp and company. Of a purely devotional origin, with a mastery of the art of divine dance to their credit, the institution of *Deva-dasis* (literally servants of God) has degenerated into a class of public women. In fact, there is no sacred shrine in South India where these dancing damsels have not got their abodes in full swing during festivals. Beautiful Thiruvannamalai, (South Arcot District), romantic Thirutani, (Chittoor District) and gay Thirukkazhunkunram (Chingelput District) are sufficient to illustrate the above proposition.

Stinking lanes, terrifying bandicoots, and misguided youths represent the unwholesome side in the wretched interior. On the fringe, limitless ocean, vast sand, and lovely moonlight act as a corrective to the erring mood. Active social work, a civic conscience, and a sound education are quite essential to cure the body politic of these contagious diseases. And far away from the deep blue comes the silent message of, "Love the Open Air, Enjoy the Beauty of Nature, and Admire the Pervading Unity."

All are architects of fate,
Working in these walls of time;
Some with massive deeds and great,
Some with ornaments of rhyme.

Longfellow

* * *

We live in deeds, not years;
In thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on the dial;
We should count time by heart throbs;
He most lives
Who thinks most, feels the noblest, acts the best.

Balley.



Satyakama Jabala

By Sanat Kumara,

SO much has been written on the above subject recently in the columns of the 'Hindu,' that the present writer does not desire to add more. Suffice it to say that the several writers have been trying to understand the original passages of the Chandogya Upanishad in their own cherished ways. It is here intended to produce the original passages themselves, and try our best to understand and elucidate them to the best of our lights.

सन्यकामो ह जाबालो जबालं मातरं आमंत्रयांचक्रे ब्रह्मचर्यं भवति विव-
न्त्यामि किं गोत्रोन्वहमस्मीति ॥

Satyakama Jabala, enquired of his mother Jabala, "Venerable Lady, I desire to be initiated into Bramhacharya (for the purpose of Vedic Study, kindly,) tell me of what *gotra* I am

सा हैनमुवाच नाहमेतद्वेद तात यद्गोत्रस्त्वमसि ,बह्वहं चरंती परिचारिणी
यौवने त्वामलभे साहमेतन्नवेद यद्गोत्रस्त्वमसि जाबाला तु नामाहमस्मि सत्यकामो
नाम त्वमसि सत्यकाम एव जाबालो बुवीथा इति ॥

She said to him, "Oh son, I do not know this, namely, of what *gotra* you are, (because) I bore you in my youth while, as a maid servant, I was serving many; (under such circumstances) I do not know this, i. e. of what *gotra* you are. I am Jabala by name. Your name is Satyakama. So you may tell (your teacher) that you are Satyakama, the son of Jabala.

The most divergent views have been held about the right meaning to be attached to this passage. Sri Sankara, in his commentary understands it thus:—

कस्मान्नवेत्सीत्युक्ताह—बहु भर्तृगृहे परिचर्याजातमतिथ्यभ्यागतादि चर-
न्त्यहं परिचारिणी परिचरन्तीति परिचरणशैलैवाहं, परिचरण चित्ततया गोत्रादिस्मरणे
मम मनोनाभूत् । यौवने च तत्काले त्वामलभे लब्धवत्यस्मि । तदैव ते पितो
परतः । अतोऽनाथाहं, साहमेतन्नवेद ॥

“Wherefore do you not know?”—thus questioned, she says :
“In my husband’s house, being engaged frequently in heavy domestic duties, as receiving guests and the like, I did not mind myself to learn about *gotra* and such things. I bore you in my youth. Soon after your father died. Thus left helpless, I do not know of what *gotra* you are.....”

The writer has the greatest respect for Sri Sankara, but hopes to be excused for a few remarks.

1. What is there to show that Jabala had a husband? The original has no reference at all to Jabala being a married woman.

2. Sri Sankara translates परिचारिणी as परिचरणशीला; why should he strain the meaning of the word ? The word means on the face of it a ‘maid servant.’ The word appears also in Brihadaranyakopanishad, 6-2-1 in another form; and the meaning given by Sri Sankara in that connection is the plain meaning itself.

“ स आजगाम जैवलिं प्रवाहणं परिचारयमाणं..... । ”

“ जैवलिं पांचालराजं प्रवाहणनामानं स्वभृत्यैः परिचारयमाणं..... । ”

Sri Sankara-

Why does he interpret the same word differently ?

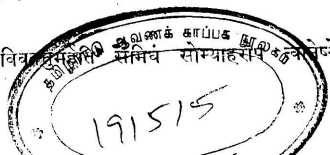
3. Where does he get the fact that soon after the birth of the son in her youth the father died ?

4. The reason given for not remembering the *gotra*—namely that she did not know it, because she was always busy in the discharge of household work, does not seem to be sufficient.

But if the plain meaning of the words is accepted, the above objections do not arise.

The next two passages are a mere narrative of how Satyakama went to Gauthama as a pupil for initiation, and how when questioned about his *gotra*, he repeated what his mother had told him about it to the very letter.

“ तं होवाच नैतद्ब्राह्मणो विवाहमुत्सृज्य विप्रस्य सोम्याहसि क्व क्व गच्छेय
नमत्यादगाइति..... ”



The teacher (after hearing him) told him, "One who does not deserve to be a Brahmana, does not speak this; gentle boy, bring the fuel sticks. I shall initiate you (into Brahmacharya and the Vedic studies); for you have not swerved from truth etc."

Now, we shall see what Sri Sankara has to say on this passage:

तं होवाच गौतमो नैतद्वचोऽब्राह्मणो विशेषेण वक्तुमर्हत्यार्जवार्थसंयुक्तम् ।
ऋजवो हि ब्राह्मणा नेतरे स्वभावतः । यस्मान्न सत्याद्ब्राह्मणजातिधर्मादगा
नापेतवानसि, अतो ब्राह्मणं त्वामुपनेष्ये ॥

Gauthama said to him, "One who is not a Brahman does not specially say these words which are true. Brahmans are *by their very nature* truthful, not others. Because you have not swerved from truth (which is) the Dhrama of the Brahman caste, I shall initiate you (who deserves to be) a Brahman.

We have no quarrel with Sri Sankara here. The reason given by Gauthama for taking Satyakama as a pupil is because the boy has spoken the truth; and truth is the Dharma of the Brahman caste; and as the boy has spoken the truth, he is a Brahman. There is no indication here as to the caste in which Satyakama had been born. The only point is that the boy acted as a member of the Brahman caste was expected to act; and so Gauthama takes him for a Brahman, and gives him initiation.

Now just proceed a little. What is the truth here which the boy has spoken, to which Gauthama gives pointed reference? Why should there be any surprise expressed by Gauthama? What is there extraordinary which the boy had said, which evoked such a remark?

The earlier passage quoted above contains an unspeakable truth. The surprise is only about the boy's simplicity in speaking that truth.

If the interpretation given by Sri Sankara of the earlier passage is accepted, then the present passage is difficult to understand. And the interpretation of Sri Sankara of the present passage is consistent more with the plain meaning given above than with his own strained interpretation.

Again, there is another argument. If she really was a married woman and had lost her husband soon after the birth of the boy, we would expect her, like a virtuous Hindu widow cherishing the sweetest remembrance of her husband whom she had the misfortune to lose early in youth, to give her husband's name to her son. The mother of Satyakama the future Rishi would not be so much filled with *ahankāra* as to mention her in preference to her husband.



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The prize sentence will be published in the August issue.

Tramming

By V. Natarajan.

MADRAS owes her fame not to gubernatorial pomp, but to the humble creaking tram that crosses the massive gates of the Government House. In introducing this eloquent common-carrier to my readers, I may say that it is a locomotive without a boiler, and a vehicle without a drawing animal. It knows no sabbath; it benefits not from the sixty-hour week of the Indian Factories Act; it works on from sunrise to sunset, thanks to its paraphernalia of khaki-clad and liveried officials. In its simple majesty, uniform build, and incessant motion, it seems thus to address its human cargo:—

Men may come, and men may go,
But I go on for ever

Unique as it is, however, I am not going to chronicle its glories. I am rather concerned with its interesting effects on a humorous personage like my humble self.

It was on a dull May morn that I boarded a tram. I sat musing, when "Tickets, Sir," the not too musical voice of the Conductor broke in on my thoughts. I thrust a bright shining rupee into his outstretched palm. It was tossed two or three times, and returned with a significant shake of the head—unfortunately, it had proved to be a counterfeit. I handed a scrap of paper, a five-rupee note. "No change, Sir" exclaimed the conductor, "Will you be satisfied with a voucher?" Of necessity, I had to assent; whereupon he signed his name on the ticket with as much gusto as a banker of Lombard Street signing his credit bill.

Handing over the precious document to me, he hastened to two other passengers who had just got in. Using the newspaper as a shield, I leisurely observed them. They were two girls, one of whom had evidently gone through a hurried toilet. Powder lay in patches on her face, and she busied herself in

spreading it over with the aid of a pocket-mirror and a handkerchief. Her toilet was in some measure finished, when her companion exclaimed "Look what a—h!"

The object of this exclamation was a genteel lady of enormous proportions—the president of the Corpulent Club (Ladies' Branch). She managed to find a seat among four other stout persons, who resented the infusion of this fifth, feeling she had no right to be so large. Anon the frisking Conductor confronted her, enquiring of her whither she was bound. On her mentioning Royapettah (a place already passed) as her destination, the conductor broke out "Sorry, Madam, the tram, unlike the crab cannot move backwards." A shrill whistle—the car stops—the conductor bids her get down. She did get down with much greater difficulty than when she got up.

Her four quondam confreres heaved a sigh of relief. Alas! how little they knew, that nature, especially human nature, abhors a vacuum! Much to their chagrin, her place was to be filled by an old man who, in appearance, far outweighed his fair predecessor. He tried to get in, but stuck, and it was not till a standing-in-the-footboard gentleman obligingly pushed him in that he sat himself. He got a ticket on paying his fare; but he could do no more. The ticket, therefore, loosened itself from his flabby grasp.

A while later, an Inspector got up the car, and with his "Ticket, sir," disturbed the innocent slumber of our gentleman who furiously began to search his pockets, to no purpose. It was then that his no-less stout neighbour picked it up for him, saving him the expense of buying a new ticket, and, what is more, the far greater trouble of stopping down to pick up the lost one. Sometime after, the conductor shrieked "Central Tickets, Sir." Our gentleman, conscious that his journey was at an end, got down. Pardon me, gentle reader, as the tram had already moved, he fell down. Oh, what a fall was that, my countrymen! I was lucky enough to catch a glimpse of him, as he sailed on his way, none the less perturbed for the accident.

I was following the gentleman in my thoughts, when I realised that I was no longer in a state of locomotion. I heard

a treble voice—was it not that of my powdered lady friend?—storming at the Conductor for the delay caused. “I am sorry, madam,” retorted that worthy “Whistle as I might, the car will not move; the current is off.”

It took not less than fifteen minutes for the car to move; another fifteen minutes, and my turn came to dismount. I got down, satisfied that I had gathered a rich harvest of humorous incidents for “The Scholar.”

I know not whether my two lady friends who joined me so early in the journey, reached the college, for which they were in such feverish hurry, in time.

And now, clever reader surmise, if you can, why I take to the democratic tram, and not to the aristocratic bus.



At Rameswaram

One wave, of the thousand pilgrim waves that lave,
 Each hour in countless crowds through endless time,
 Thy sacred feet, how dare I sing in rhyme
 Thy praise, Sri Rama's Lord and mine? Ay! save
 As the flowery foam flung by each fleeting wave,
 Or the squirrel's grains of sand, which love sublime
 Paid for in streaks yet uneffaced of time!
 Even as the squirrel or the storm-tossed wave,
 These verses weak as foam, as small as sand,
 To the Great Giver of all Good, I dedicate!
 His Will each day more clear may I understand,
 Brave the great sorrows, live the greater life,
 Grow stronger, purer, fight the eternal strife.
 Control all chance, ay! conquer death and fate!

Capital Punishment

By E. N. Subrahmanyam, M. A., B. L.

CAPITAL punishment, though it has found advocates and opponents in all ages and countries, is now discredited and condemned by several criminologists. It has been abolished in many countries and its total abolition throughout the civilised world is bound to come, for, the present world movements are markedly tending towards that end. To say that it has existed among all nations and through all times, is no argument in its favour. The laws of Draco are more ancient than those of Solon but it does not follow that they are better. We reform our manners as age progresses.

It has been said that Capital Punishment is a remnant of *Lex Talionis*. This conception is both shallow and erroneous. It is shallow because it seeks to satisfy the feeling of vengeance. It is erroneous because Mosaic law says that God has no pleasure in the death of a sinner but rather that he should turn away from his wickedness and live. "Ye have heard that it hath been said an eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth; but I say unto you that ye resist not evil." For the view that punishment is the infliction of an injury for an injury, is substituted, the view that punishment is a moral instrument, a means of regeneration for the individual as well as for the protection of society.

"The legitimate purpose of punishment" as Saleilles observes in his monumental work on *Individualisation of punishment*, "is to make of the criminal an honest man if that be possible; or, if not, to deprive him of the chance of doing further harm. The function of punishment must be accordingly directed to its social purpose and adapted to that purpose as an instrument is adapted to the operation in view. Accordingly it is the future, not the past, not the crime committed, that sets the goal and purpose sought."

Another argument which is advanced with some force in favour of capital punishment is that it acts as a deterrent. But

it really does not. Apart from its demoralising effect it has often proved as inefficient as it is needless. The inefficiency and needlessness of capital punishment has been proved by experience; not only can we refer to ancient times in proof of this assertion but in modern times, states can be pointed out which having adopted milder punishments testify in favour of the abolition of that of death.

Walter Arthur Copinger has in his brilliant little book, *The abolition of Capital Punishment* collected numerous instances to prove the inefficiency and needlessness of Capital Punishment. It would be interesting to study a few of them. We learn that Sabacca, King of Egypt, commuted all death sentences into some servile works. This was not only profitable to his kingdom but was also attended with great success. Amysis, another king, made it a point during his reign not to punish any offender with death but condemned each man according to the degree of his offence to carry a quantity of earth or rubbish into the city to which he belonged. This resulted in two advantages: first, the earth and rubbish raised the ground on which cities stood to a higher level and thereby secured them against the inconvenience occasioned by the inundation of the Nile. Secondly, it also paved the way for the reduction of the graver offences. The *Twelve Tables* of the Romans were full of cruel punishments. The *Lex Porcia* exempted all from *sentences of death* and in this period, the Republic flourished, but when under the Emperors the severe punishments were restored, the Empire fell. Strabo has related that some Nations inhabiting the District of Mount Caucasus put no man to death, however great his offence, for they considered the condemnation of conscience as sufficient punishment. Austin too says the same thing in his *Lectures on jurisprudence*, "As a check or deterring motive, as an inducement to abstain from crime, the fear of public disapprobation with its countless train of evils, is scarcely less effectual than the fear of legal punishment. To the purpose of forming the moral character, of rooting in the soul a prompt aversion from crime, it is infinitely more effectual." This is also the view taken by Grotius. He says that a house of correction strikes more terror to an idle rogue than the gallows and to be chained

to an oar than death itself. Experience has also shown that invariably in those cases in which the punishment has been ameliorated, the number of offences has decreased.

Instances can be cited also from modern times which go to prove the truth of the above statement. In Tuscany death sentence was given up by Emperor Leopold and the average number of crimes diminished considerably. The work in favour of the abolition of the death penalty wrought such a great influence on the Grand Duke that he did away with the death sentence even for the greatest of crimes. Consequences of such an act were simply marvellous. Prisons remained empty and no complaint was ever made for atrocious offences. The Emperor himself after trying the experiment for a period of twenty years declares, "The mitigation of punishments joined to a most scrupulous attention to prevent crimes and also great dispatch in the trial together with the certainty and suddenness of punishment to real delinquents, had instead of increasing the number of crimes, considerably diminished that of the smaller ones and rendered those of an atrocious nature very rare."

The volume of public opinion against Capital Punishment is steadily increasing and a welcome change is coming on. Austria, Italy, Holland, Norway, Portugal, Rumania and Sweden have abolished the penalty of death. It has been practically abolished in Switzerland. In seven Cantons it is retained only in theory. In Belgium though it is still retained there has never been any instance of it since 1863. Finland has abolished it. In the United States of America, the lead given by Michigan in 1846 is increasingly followed and it has been put a stop to in several States. England, where criminal law was ferocious and where even so late as in the 19th century there were as many as 180 capital offences, has, as a result of the efforts of Bentham, Romilly, Peel and others, reduced the sentence of death to four principal crimes, namely high treason, murder, piracy with violence and destruction of public arsenals and dockyards. Since 1838 it is used only against cases of murder. Lately, Mr. Rennie Smith, a Laborite, has introduced a Bill in Parliament for the abolition of the death penalty. The Bill has received

a large measure of support from the Labour party and also from outside the party. We shall watch with interest the fate of the Bill.

It is high time that a more systematic and organised effort is made to abolish Capital Punishment in countries that still retain it. The objection to its retention is strong. There is not only the possibility but there have been actually cases of the innocent suffering and the guilty escaping. Sir Fitzroy Kelly declared in the House of Commons that he found 17 cases of accused men having been sentenced to death and their innocence had been subsequently established. Mr. O'Connell speaking at Exeter Hall, said: "Sentence of death had been pronounced upon three brothers. I sat at the window as they passed by. There was a large military guard taking them back to jail positively forbidden to allow any communication with the three unfortunate youths. But their mother was there; and she, armed with the strength of her affection, broke through the guard. I saw her clasp her eldest son who was 22 years of age. I saw her hang on the second who was not even 20. I saw her faint when she clung to the neck of the youngest boy who was but 18; and I ask what recompense could be made for such agony? They were executed and *they were innocent.*" There must be several such instances all the world over. Until men acquire new faculties and are enabled to decide upon innocence or guilt without the aid of fallible and corruptible human evidence, so long will the risk be incurred of condemning the innocent. But I ask—why incur this risk?



A Study of Tagore's Fruit Gathering

By K. S. Ramaswamy Sastri, B. A., B. L.

(Continued from April issue)

I shall now deal with another group of great poems dealing with the relation of God's love to man. These form the compliment of the abovesaid group of poems which deal with the relation of man's love to God. In the thirty-sixth poem Tagore describes God's sleepless and ever-forgiving love.

"They prowled in the dark to snatch thy ornaments to deck their own desires.....A mother's tears were shed on their insolence; the imperishable faith of a lover had their spears of rebellion in its own wounds. Thy Judgment was in the mute pain of sleepless love."

But this love of God (Anugraha) is not without its element of justice and due meed of punishment and pain (Nigraha) which are only intended for making us perfectly fit for His grace and are only one form of His love. In the thirty-eighth poem he says:

"There is no mere dallying of love between us, my lover. This have I learnt that there are blows of pain in your love, never the cold apathy of death."

God's mercy, however, is endless and full. It seeks not only the wise but the humble loving soul. Tagore says in the third poem:

"Few are the wise and the great who sit by my Master, but he has taken the foolish in his arms and made me his servant for ever."

There are three beautiful poems which describe God's eager and expectant search for loving human souls—a search due to His grace abounding and His infinite Mercy and Love. I have already referred to the forty-first poem wherein God is described as the Boatman coming through and in spite of the seas of our wordly desire to meet his beloved and destined bride—the human soul.

In the eightieth poem the poet says:

"You made me open in many flowers; rocked me in the cradles of many forms; hid me in death and found me again in life.

Yet I know the endless thirst in your heart for sight of me, thirst that cries at my door in the repeated knocking of sunrise."

In the eighty-first poem he says:

"Your world is a branching spray of light filling your hands, but your heaven is in my secret heart, it slowly opens its buds in thy love."

This search of God for the human soul is for the imparting of God's gracious gospel for our uplift and salvation, because God would save us not without our *desiring* Salvation but by fitting ourselves for His love by obedience to His law. God's message can be understood not by learning but by love. This great truth is described and brought out in the fourth poem.

"I woke and found his letter with the morning.

I do not know what it says, for I cannot read.

I shall leave the wise man alone with his books, I shall not trouble him, for who knows if he can read what the letter says. Let me hold it to my forehead and press it to my heart. When the night grows still, and stars come out one by one I will spread it on my lap and and stay silent.

The rustling caves will read it aloud to me, the rushing stream will chant it and the seven wise stars will sing it to me from the sky.

I cannot find what I seek, I cannot $\frac{1}{2}$ understand what I would learn; but this unread letter has lightened my burdens and turned my thoughts into songs."

God's message is written in letters of light everywhere. But our worldliness hides it from us. When this power so obstructive of true vision goes our soul reads the message aright

Hence Tagore says in the fifth poem:

"A handful of dust could hide your signal when I did not know its meaning.

Now that I am wiser I read it in all that hid it before.

It is painted in petals of flowers; waves flash it from their foam; hills hold it high on their summits.

I had my face turned from you, therefore I read the letters away and knew not their meaning."

Another characteristic of God's message is that it is simple and sweet unlike the complex sophistries of human wisdom. It is audible only when the winter of selfishness has released its icy grip on our heart and the April of love makes sunshine there. In the fifteenth poem Tagore says:

"Your speech is simple, my Master, but not theirs who talk of you.

I understand the voice of your stars and the silence of your trees.

I know that my heart would open like a flower; that my life has filled itself at a hidden fountain.

Your songs, like birds from the lonely land of snow, are winging to build their nests in my heart against the warmth of its April, and I am content to wait for the merry season".

Such is the beautiful description of God's love and mercy and His search and His message. Tagore describes also God's call to us. In the seventh poem he says:

"Alas, I cannot stay in the house, and home has become no home to me, for the Eternal Stranger calls, he is going along the road".

In the eighty-fourth poem Tagore describes the nature of the call. It is the call to renunciation, to self-sacrifice, to the love and service of all, in a spirit of glad self-surrender that scorns and defies death:

"Shall the value of the martyrs' blood and mother's tears be utterly lost in the dust of the earth, not buying Heaven with their price?

And when man bursts his mortal bounds, is not the boundless revealed that moment?"

What should be the glad response to such a call of God? The eighth poem gives the glorious answer.

"Be ready to launch forth, my heart! and let those linger who must

For your name has been called in the morning sky

Wait for none!

The desire of the bird is for the night and dew *but the blown flower cries for the freedom of light.*

Bust your sheath, my heart, and come forth "

Then Tagore describes God's gift to those who hear and obey His call. In the fourteenth poem he says:

"For I have your promise that my portion of the rest in this world will come from your hands."

The perfume of a realised life wherein our soul blossoms in full is the gift of God. In the eighteenth poem the poet says:

"No: it is not yours to open buds into blossoms, He who can open the bud does it simply. He gives it a glance and the life sap stirs through its veins.

At his breath the flower spreads its wings and flutters in the wind,

Colours flush out like heart longings, The perfume betrays a sweet secret

He who can open the bud does it so simply

The same beautiful idea is expressed also in the sixtieth poem.

"The perfect dawn is near when you will mingle your life with all life and know at last your purpose"

In the seventy-seventh poem he says that God rejoices in the sweet gift of his love to us.

"Therefore through slow time you give me what is yours, and ceaselessly win your kingdom in me!! "

Among the most beautiful of the poems in this precious volume are the poems dealing with the best of God's gifts to us, the gift of Himself. In the forty-seventh poem Tagore says:

"His face will be unveiled again and you shall meet ",

In the forty-fourth poem he says:

"Your dark servant comes noiselessly and spreads the bridal carpet for you to take your seat there alone with me in the worldless silence till right is done.

In the forty-fifth poem he prays for the dance of worldly joys to cease so that he may realise the joy of meeting God:—

"Draw a veil over this naked night beckon aside from me this glaring flash and dance of life.

The music of the tryst with God leads to the transfiguration into rapture the pain of the strenuous, selfless and dedicated life.

In the forty-ninth poem Tagore says:

"The pain was great when the strings were being turned, my Master! Begin your music and let me forget the pain; let me feel in beauty what you had in your mind through those pitiless days".

To be continued.

A Pre-Shakespearean Luminary - Marlowe

By M. S. Menon B. A.

AMONG the brilliant galaxy of writers who appear in the firmament of English Dramatic Literature before Shakespeare, Christopher Marlowe shines pre-eminent, surpassing all his contemporaries in intellectual power. Though an unkind fate landed him prematurely into the limbo of oblivion, the transience of his career is to a great extent compensated for by the dazzling blaze of literary coruscations which he spread about him. Marlowe's appearance in English dramas was meteoric; so startling and sudden that it left all beholders gaping with amazement and awe.

The evolution of the blank verse and the modern English drama can be largely attributed to Marlowe. From the slipshod, rugged versification of the Senecan School, from 'the jiggling veins of rhyming mother wits', from the meretricious affected Euphuism of his predecessors, he led the English readers to the stately, original English drama which received the finishing touch from Shakespeare, the master-artist. While the English Drama, restricted and bound down by a number of absurd canons, lay deprived of free growth and development, Marlowe and his friend Kyd "rose like Harmodius and Aristogiton to liberate it by an unexpected death blow from the tyranny of a paralysing conventionality". The 'Tamburlaine' and the 'Spanish Tragedy' initiated the break-up of the Senecan tradition. These two play-wrights were the path-breakers for Shakespeare and are largely responsible for Shakespeare's fame and greatness. It is certain that Marlowe would have rivalled Shakespeare if he had not met with an early death.

The general theme of Marlowe's dramas is the idealisation of gigantic passion on a gigantic scale. His heroes are all driven by ungovernable passion. One mighty idea dominates over their fancies and nerves them to undertake superhuman deeds. They revel in the contemplation of vast and almost impossible plans and are the embodiments of the aspiring spirit of the age. In 'Tamburlaine' the thirst for empire and an insatiable megalomania find vivid expression, conjuring up before our mind's eye the ghastly picture of a relentless conqueror who

.....wades through slaughter to a throne

And shuts the gates of mercy on mankind;

in Dr. Faustus an overpowering zest for knowledge and a burning curiosity to fathom the depths of necromancy; in Barabas the Jew of Malta, an unappeasable desire for wealth. In Edward II the agony of abdicated royalty is expressed in a matchless manner.

Marlowe is a tragedian in the strict sense of the word. He had not the gift of humour, which, in Shakespeare's plays relieved the tragic tension and intensified the tragic gloom when necessary. "The stormy monotony of titanic truculence that blusters like a simoom through the noisy course of the ten fierce acts of Tamburlaine" is sure to fill us with a feeling of satiety if we do not share the gloomy spirit of the poet. But the dramas of Marlowe show a mental conflict in the heroes concerned, the inner warfare of the conscious and the subconscious selves, the usually vain efforts of man's better nature to withstand the power of his evil propensities, which is the very essence of tragedy. Faustus, for example, is constantly rocked on a sea-saw of contrary inclinations. One moment, he is willing to renounce God for the realisation of his ambition; the next moment he prays God to pardon him.

It is in the smoothness and freedom of his numbers that Marlowe comes very near Shakespeare and is justly termed his forerunner. The address of Faustus to the phantom of Helen is a matchless torrent of burning, absorbing passion.

Is this the face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Illium?

.....

Her lips suck forth my soul.

And again, when the repentant soul of the agonised Faustus is about to be rent asunder by the evil spirits, he sends forth an excruciating peal of lamentation which cannot fail to wring tears of pity from the hardest heart.

"Stand still, ye ever moving spheres of Heaven
That Time may cease and midnight never come."

Goethe had an unbounded admiration for this last scene of Dr. Faustus and it justly deserves the warm praise given to it by the great German poet.

Marlowe was a poet of great promise who had the mental equipment required to make him a very great literary figure, but he was cut off in the very flower of his manhood and it was an irreparable loss that the English language sustained by his death.

“OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY”

V. SIR. P. C. RAY

IT was in October 1918 that I met Sir P. C. Ray for the first time. His name was already familiar to every Madrassite, but that was his first visit to Madras and the youth of Madras



rose to their full height to do honour to their distinguished countryman. The arrival platform at the Central Station was crowded to its utmost capacity, and when the visitor at last emerged from the compartment, there was such uproarious cheering as only the youth can give. It was the tribute of youth to old age, of the *Sishya* to the *Guru*, reminiscent of old times when the Teacher was held in reverence and was called “Father.”

There is about Acharya Ray—that is the name by which the

great scientist is familiarly known—a simplicity of manner that raises him at once to the level of saints. I have noticed that simplicity, broad-mindedness and open-mindedness in Mahatma Gandhi also, and in none other. Our public men prefer to occupy a place *apart* from the people whom they claim to represent. They are not easily accessible, and if by some accident we get at them, they make us feel small before them, and by some subtle means succeed in baffling us. They are, in so far as that, untrue to their name. We want public men who can enter into our thoughts and allow us into their confidence. By such means alone can public life in this country be raised; in England, the public man who tries to live a reserved life is scouted at once. Acharya Ray and Mahatma Gandhi have, by their personal conduct, set an example to our public men. I have always held that Mr. Sastri's real distinction as a politician is his capacity to maintain silence. That is why when Mr. Sastri chooses to speak, there is silence everywhere and everyone stops to listen. I found Acharya Ray to possess in an eminent degree this gift of parsimonious utterance. He is a fascinating conversationalist with

a fund of wit and humour and is an excellent story-teller. Science is his life-work and his supreme hobby, but he is cosmopolitan in his views, and takes lively interest in everything that makes for the common happiness of all.

Ray is no believer in caste, and makes no secret of his views. When I suggested to him that, perhaps, 'untouchability' had its origin in hygienic principles, he grew furious and declared that, in his province of Bengal, there were untouchables who were in every way superior to the so-called high caste men. And he believes that even in the past the same conditions prevailed. "How can water kept in a glass tumbler be polluted by the touch of a Sudra?" he asked. "Even electricity cannot pass through glass and you, high caste people, say that a Sudra's touch would! It is unthinkable".

Ray is a nationalist of the unostentatious type. He advocates the use of Swadeshi articles, and is emphatic that the whole of India should discard foreign cloth. Next to Mahatma Gandhi, Ray is the greatest exponent of the Charka and Khadder. He has toured Bengal in furtherance of Khadder and is believed to have already spent a fortune in the propaganda.

To those who knew Sir P. C. Ray in the old days, the Acharya Ray of today is a different man. Then he wore English clothes: today he wears only a loose half-arm and a dhoti which reaches up to his knees. Khadder has become the second principle of his life, chemistry being his first. When Gandhi's gospel reached his ears he was convinced, and courageously scrapped his sartorial traditions of a life-time. Principles are to him more important than popularity or favour, and those who have moved with him intimately declare that for the sake of principles he has sacrificed more than what many people are prepared to do. He does not move in "high" circles, but prefers to share his income with his students and share also in their sufferings and trials.

A rare man is Acharya Ray. He is the solitary example of the up-to-date scientist taking to old modes of life and finding solace in the simplicity which, either by choice or by force of circumstances, our fore-fathers were obliged to adopt. He is a living message to the young and old. Once asked to give an autograph message he wrote:

"Be brave and fear not,
And do not mind what others
Think of you."

K. M.

His First Case

A CHAPTER FROM MAHATMAJI'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY

WE give below chapter 3, Part II of Mahatma Gandhi's autobiography:—

Whilst in Bombay, I began, on the one hand, my study of Indian law and on the other, my experiments in dietetics in which Virchand Gandhi, a friend, joined me. My brother, for his part, was trying his best to get briefs for me.

The study of Indian codes was a tedious business. The Civil Procedure Code I could in no way get on with. Not so, however, with the Evidence Act. Virchand Gandhi was reading for the Solicitor's Examination and would tell me all sorts of stories about Barristers and Vakils. 'Sir Pherozezshah's ability,' he would say, 'lies in his profound knowledge of the Codes. He has the Evidence Act by heart and knows all the cases on the thirty-second section. Budrudin Tyebji's wonderful power of argument inspires the judges with awe.'

The stories of stalwarts such as these would unnerve me,

'It is not unusual,' he would add, 'for a barrister to vegetate for five or seven years. That is why I have signed the articles for solicitorship. You should count yourself lucky if you can paddle your own canoe in three years' time.'

Expenses were mounting up every month. To have a barrister's board outside the house, whilst still preparing for the barrister's profession inside, was a thing to which I could not reconcile myself. Hence, I could not give an undivided attention to my studies. I developed some liking for the Evidence Act and read Mayne's Hindu Law with deep interest, but I had not the courage to conduct a case. I was helpless beyond words, even as the bride comes fresh to her father-in-law's house!

HIS FIRST CASE

About this time, I took up the case of one Mamibai. It was a small cause. 'You will have to pay some commission to the tout,' I was told. I emphatically declined.

'But even that great Criminal lawyer Mr. So and so, who makes three to four thousand a month pays commission!'

I do not need to emulate him. I should be content with Rs. 300 a month. Father did not get more.

'But those days are gone. Expenses in Bombay have gone up frightfully. You must be businesslike.'

But I was adamant. I gave no commission, but got Mami-bai's case all the same. It was an easy case. I charged Rs. 30 for my fees. The case was not likely to last longer than a day.

This was my "debut" in the Small Causes Court. I appeared for the defendant and had thus to cross-examine the plaintiff's witness. I stood up, but my heart sank into my boots. My head was reeling and I felt as though the whole court was doing likewise. I could think of no question to ask. The judge must have laughed and the Vakils no doubt enjoyed the spectacle. But I was past seeing anything. I sat down and told the agent that I could not conduct the case, that he had better engage Patel and have the fee back from me. Mr. Patel was duly engaged for Rs. 51. To him of course the case was child's play.

I hastened from the Court. I do not know whether my client won or lost her case, but I was ashamed of myself, and decided not to take up any more cases until I had courage enough to conduct them. Indeed I did not go to Court again until I went to South Africa. There was no virtue in my decision. I had simply made a virtue of necessity. There would be no one so foolish as to entrust his case to me, only to lose it!

But there was another case in store for me at Bombay. It was a memorial to be drafted. A poor Musalman's land was confiscated in Porbunder. He approached me as the worthy son of a worthy father. His case appeared to be weak, but I consented to draft a memorial for him, the cost of printing to be borne by him. I drafted it and read it out to friends. They approved of it and that put into me a certain amount of confidence that I was qualified enough to draft a memorial—as indeed I really was.

"NOT A GRADUATE"

My business could flourish if I drafted memorials without any fees. But that would bring no grist to the mill. So I thought I might take up a teacher's job. I had studied English well enough and should have loved to have taught English to

the Matriculation boys in some school. I could have thereby met part at least of the expenses. I came across an advertisement in the papers: 'Wanted an English teacher—To teach one hour daily. Salary Rs. 75.' The advertisement was from a famous High School. I applied for it. I was asked to report myself. I went there in high spirits, but when the principal found I was not a graduate he regretfully refused me.

'But I have passed the London Matriculation with Latin as my second language.'

'True, but we want a graduate.' There was no help for it. I wrung my hands in despair. My brother also felt much worried. We both came to the conclusion that it was no use spending more time in Bombay. I should settle in Rajkot where my brother, himself a petty pleader, could give me some work in the shape of drafting applications and memorials. And then as there was already a household at Rajkot, the breaking up of the one at Bombay meant a lot of saving. I liked the suggestion. My little establishment was thus brought to an end, after a stay of six months in Bombay.

I used to attend High Court daily whilst in Bombay, but I cannot say that I learnt anything there. I had not sufficient knowledge to learn much. Often I could not follow the cases and dozed off. There were others also who kept me company in this and thus lightened the load of my shame. After a time, I even lost the sense of shame, as I learnt to think that it was fashionable to doze in the High Court.

If the present generation has also its breezless barristers like me, in Bombay, I would commend them a little practical precept about living. Although I lived in Girgaum I hardly ever took a carriage or a tramcar. I had made it a rule to walk to the High Court. It took me quite fortyfive minutes and of course I invariably walked back home. I had inured myself to the heat of the sun. This walk to the court and back saved a fair amount of money, and when many of my friends in Bombay used to fall ill, I do not remember having even once had an illness. Even when I began to earn money, I kept up the practice of walking to and from the office and I am still reaping the benefits of that practice.—*Translated from "Navajivan" by M. D.*

REVIEWS AND NOTICES

Messrs Ganesh and Co's Publications

At Rupee One per Volume.

(1) *Paper Boats* and (2) *On the Sand-Dune*

Both these Volumes by Mr. K. S. V. Ramani are an interesting record of dreams and memories, love of language and power of observation. Every paper in the former is a masterpiece, the *grandmother* involving incidentally a description of the Hindu Joint Family System, and *Saraswati's marriage* embodying a description of Hindu marriage ritual, being "better than the best" by reason of a sentimental appeal deeper than any acquired taste or feeling. The Sand-Dune is frankly disappointing. But an author must be judged by his best work.

We should be thankful to Mr. Ramani for his *Paper-Boats* and pray for more papers on "Arunalam" the panchama cast in the mould of the Divine Cowherd and the Sub-Registrar who turned Sanyasin. They are pictures of unchanging Indian Life revealing more by single flash of intuitive sympathy than volumes of learned research full of insolence and unwarranted assumption of racial superiority.

(1) *Samadarsana* and (2) *Heathen Essays*

By J. H. Cousins.

Samadarsana or Synthetic Vision is Dr. Cousins's attempt to "look at life steadily and see it as a whole." He carefully and critically considers conditions and circumstances of life in India which seem to point to the Renaissance or the new birth. His enthusiastic appreciation of the work of Rami Reddi, Iqbal, Puran Singh, P. K. Chatterjee, Tagore, Ghosh and Prof. Vaswani, is exhilarating. Such a sympathetic review along synthetic lines is a stimulus of rare virtue and inestimable value. Need we add no Student of Indian life and literature should be without a copy of this very useful book?

Heathen Essays : Another admirable book by Dr. Cousins exposing mercilessly but with admirable coolness and courtesy, the spurious character of assumptions of superiority by western nations for themselves and their creeds. Every essay is combative but in the cause of truth and of a more rational understanding of the East. Men of Dr. Cousins' type are an invaluable asset and their service of interpretation of the East to the West inestimable. A book like this is real national service and our grateful appreciation must be, by wide and extensive dissemination of the ideas embodied therein,

K.

An Introduction to Experimental Physics

By L. Krishna Iyer, B. A., L. T., Science Assistant,

Leo XIII High School, Alleppey. *Price Rs. 2 - 4 as.*

This book embodies a very successful attempt on the part of an experienced teacher of the subject to supply a suitable text book for the use of students in the V. and VI. Forms, studying physics under the 'C' group. The treatment of the subject throughout the book is original, interesting and exhaustive. The student is introduced to the various chapters in such a manner that he understands that Science is not divorced from practical life but bears upon it closely.

The text book keeps in view prominently the experimental basis of the subject and is calculated to help the teacher to correlate class teaching and practical work. With regard to each part of the subject, experimental details are given and the method of recording the observations made in the course of experiment is also shown.

At the end of each chapter a large number of intelligent and instructive problems involving the principles taught is given and these form a very valuable feature of the text book. A collection of question papers set for the S. S. L. C. Examinations in Physics from 1917 to 1925 is furnished at the end of this book. The book has been neatly printed and got up and is sold at a cheap price which makes it accessible to all Students.

T. S. N.

A Text Book of Algebra for use in Secondary Schools

By A. V. Harihara Iyer B. A., (Hons) L. T.,

Math: Asstt., M. H. School, Cannanore. *Price Re. 1 - 12 as.*

Ever since the advent of the S. S. L. C. Scheme teachers of Mathematics in High Schools have been looking forward for the publication of a good Text-Book of Algebra written with a view to meet the requirements of pupils who have taken up Algebra and Geometry as one of their C. Group Subjects. There have been published hitherto several good books in Algebra but none of them has been based on the S. S. L. C. Syllabus. The want has been long felt of a book which besides being well and properly written would strictly conform to the Syllabus. This want Mr. A. V. Harihara Iyer's Text-Book of Algebra well supplies. It is just the book which one can safely recommend as a Text-Book for C. Algebra in all High Schools-

In the treatment of the various topics the author has shown a fine sense of proportion. Each topic gets its appropriate share. The chapter on Integral Functions is well written and will be found very instructive. Pupils will also find the numerous examples worked out in the book to be of immense help.

The absence of Answers in the end is a defect which it is hoped the author will remedy in the next edition. An Appendix containing S. S. L. C. Questions will also be a desirable addition.

The book is handy, the get up pretty and the price cheap.

Notes

THE struggle for existence is so keen that members of every profession are instinctively driven to organise themselves, in order to safeguard their existing interests and fight for more. In common with others, the teachers also have recognised this fact, but that recognition does not seem to have dawned on *all* of them alike, to judge from the presidential address of Profes-

Organisation of Teachers.

sor Yagnanarayana Iyer at the Provincial Educational Conference held in the last week of May at Srivilliputtur. The Conference formulated a set of demands, most of which was perfectly legitimate, but is it not rather too much to expect the Government to accede to them promptly, when even the teachers did not set much store by their annual resolutions, as, for instance, in the matter of organising a branch for every centre and joining it? Only when their organisation is complete will their voice secure the potent force that will make the authorities yield to their demands.

* * * *

IN the course of his presidential address, the President made particular reference to that burning problem of teachers—their lack of security of tenure. That the lack of it is working to the detriment of the efficiency of the teachers and thus reacting on the educational progress of the Presidency, is beyond doubt true. The bitter, painful experience of some members of

Security of Tenure.

the profession will easily bear out this statement. This is not a teachers' magazine and it is not our purpose here to fight their cause. But because the effects of this defect are so serious on the quality of the education imparted to our young men we are constrained to refer to it and endorse even the suggestion of the President that the Government extend its protecting hand over the poor teachers and see that managers of schools do not play ducks and drakes with the lives and fortunes of the teachers, particularly of those who have grown grey in the service.

* * *

THE improvement of the economic position of teachers was, of course, another point stressed by the President, and he gave some constructive suggestions in the direction of solving the problem. For various reasons, we do not very much approve of the proposal that the teachers should take in as boarders some students on a paying basis and thus contrive to supplement their means. The other suggestion,

**Economic
Improvement**

however, that opportunities should be provided for increasing their income by writing text-books is more legitimate, though that also

is possible only for a few. A more equitable distribution of examination papers will also, perhaps, help to smoothen matters. There was another suggestion that was still more important. Why not the teachers and those interested in education organise themselves and form a Society like the Deccan Educational Society, both in the interests of teachers and the cause of education? That is a suggestion which will go far to solve the problem of unemployment, and at the same time, further the sacred cause of education.

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WE would like to refer to one more suggestion of the President and that is where he pleads that teachers should go out into the world as missionaries of education and do propaganda work to arouse the nation to a sense of its responsibilities in the matter. It is well for the teachers to organise themselves. It is they alone who should fight for their rights. But it is very necessary that in their legitimate fight for rights, they

Teachers as

Missionaries.

should not forget their duties or their responsibilities. It does not do much good for anybody, much less the teachers who are charged with the onerous duty of moulding the character of our young men, to think always

of the bread-winning problem. And if it is necessary, at times, to rise to higher realms and think about higher things, how better can the teachers do it than by going out into the wide world as missionaries with the gospel of education for all and every body in their mouths? We trust the suggestion will receive the consideration it deserves at their hands.

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THE examination results are all out and hardly have the successful students heaved a sigh of relief when they are called upon to face another ordeal afresh. Their next anxiety is to secure admission into colleges nearest to their places. And the task, always difficult, is rendered more so by the newly instituted regulating agency, the Selection or Admission Board.

The Admission

Ordeal.

A system according to which admission depends upon caste or creed and not on merit, is bound to produce the anomaly of really bright students being driven from pillar to post in the humiliating search for entrance in-

to University institutions. Our Educational system is justly famous for so many inconsistencies, but this particular device breaks all record. Hitherto, admission was governed only by the vagaries of a professional man. But now it is dependent upon the whims and fancies and predilections of half a dozen gentlemen who have no particular claim to meddle with educational matters. The result is a good deal of discontent among our young men, and it is bound to re-act unfavourably on the educational progress of the Presidency. It is time that the authorities considered whether it is quite necessary to needlessly discourage promising students in this manner.

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THE problem of admission has become so acute only because the existing colleges are so few to accomodate all aspirants after higher education. But the truth is sometimes sought to be explained away by the remark that the Indian Student is mad after the Arts course only and is averse to directing his studies into other channels, the professional colleges, for

Wanted more

Institutions.

instance. Any one who has any idea of the present-day Medical, Veterinary, Engineering and other professional colleges ought to know that the complaint no longer holds

good, whatever might have been the case in the past. Only the other day, a Press message announced an unprecedented rush of students at the Agricultural College, Coimbatore, where for about two dozen seats over 200 applications had been received. Why, the fact of the matter is that the young men of

our day have fully recognised the futility of this Arts course and are taking to it, only because there is not enough provision or accomodation for more of them to get into the technical or professional colleges. If the number of these institutions is increased, we have no fear that any difficulty will be felt to secure the full complement of students.

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THE aid of science in the development of industry and agriculture is slowly beginning to be recognised in our country. But the pity of it is that the scientific education imparted to our young men is not exactly of a practical nature. Sir Jagadish Chandra Bose (whom by the way Lord Lee calls the "Darwin of Botany") speaking at a luncheon recently given in his honour by the British India Union at London, attributed the

Practical

Scientific

Training.

present unrest in India to severe economic distress, to remove which he suggested a comprehensive state policy, for which, he thought, India would not grudge the outlay.

Our Universities are turning out a large number

of science trained men who do not find scope for their activities. This only adds to the present economic distress. The problem is in the first place to make the instruction in science more practical than it is, and in the next, to provide enough facilities for capable students to make researches and use the fruits of their labours in industrial ventures. In one word, scientific research has to be harnessed to the chariot wheel of industry.

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IT is with the greatest interest that we have read the notification announcing that the Kolhapur Durbar has prohibited child marriage in the State. According to it, a guardian of a girl under 10 years and of a boy under 14 years is liable to a fine not exceeding Rs. 2000 if he defies the order. Abetment of marriage is also punished with a fine of Rs. 200. In a well-ordered society, there should be no need for such a social legis-

Prohibition

of Child

Marriage.

lation. But where popular opinion is not strong enough to change an evil custom, the aid of law has to be brought in. There will not be many among us who will deny the

harmful consequences of this pernicious custom. And yet the evil is going on under the imperious cloak of custom, and our young men who want self-determination in all other matters, mildly and slavishly participate in this custom without a protest. Hence the need for social legislation. We congratulate heartily the Kolhapur Durbar on its foresight and enterprise.

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WHEN some time ago, a disastrous fire utterly gutted the Arya Bushan and Gnyan Prakash Presses, the sympathies of the *intelligensia* were entirely with the Servants of India Society. And the gratifying response to the appeal for funds testifies to the genuineness of that sympathy. The scholar world cannot fail to be struck with the unique fact that no party

Servants of
India Society's
Calamity.

feelings or other considerations have stood in the way of the brotherly hand of fellowship and goodwill being shown to the distressed members of the Society. Nor can they fail to perceive in that phenomenon a unique tribute

to the Society founded by our revered leader Gopala Krishna Gokhale, its work and its ideals. And if it also feels like us some genuine sympathy, why should not the scholar world give it a practical shape, collect its mite and pass it on to the real servants of India? Many of the members of the Society are young men, all of them are young in heart and in their enthusiasm, and many of them have laboured hard and long in the cause of education. So any help from the scholar folk, however little, will be best appreciated by them and considered even as a reward. Why should not the students do this piece of social service? They will be only honouring themselves by so doing.

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FOR some time now, our Education Minister has been busy with schemes to make elementary education universal. Our sympathies have always gone with him in his endeavour, so highly praiseworthy and so well in keeping with the requirements of this democratic age. We have long recognised that the greatest need of the day is not so much the creation of new universities, but the adoption of a wide programme of free and

**Elementary
Education.**

if necessary, compulsory elementary education, which will place it within the reach of the humblest of our ignorant countrymen. The aim is certainly a grand one and difficult of achievement. Government by itself cannot do much. All must put their shoulders to the wheel manfully, and it is for the Minister to devise ways and means to secure the full support and co-operation of the non-official public. It is, therefore, with no small interest that we have read of his proposal to enlist the help of the village panchayats.

* * *

IN the recent Conference which he had at Ootacamund with the Registrar-General of Panchayats and the Director of Public Instruction, the Minister seems to have laid down certain conditions, which it should not be difficult for Panchayats to observe. One such is that the Panchayats should find accommodation for schools free of cost, while on their part, the Government undertake to provide the equipment. This is as it should be. We are glad that the Minister does not lay any stress on buildings, because it is quite unnecessary in the first place and is so out of joint with our traditions. Our children are accustomed to live in humble dwellings and to squatting on the hard floor, and it is not very essential to train them at this stage in surroundings quite foreign to them.

**Panchayat
Schools**

are accustomed to live in humble dwellings and to squatting on the hard floor, and it is not very essential to train them at this stage in surroundings quite foreign to them.

* * *

THE proposal of the Education Minister is a step in the right direction and marks an era, which we hope will end in restoring the power of the autonomous Panchayats of old, which were functioning so well only in the recent past. We would expectantly wait for the day when *all* the elementary schools will be under the control and management of the Panchayats. The advantages resulting thereby are obvious. The management is bound to be more efficient, more alive to the needs of the locality and, as the Minister has pointed out, more economical both educationally and financially, and more responsible

A Landmark.

are obvious. The management is bound to be more efficient, more alive to the needs of the locality and, as the Minister has pointed out, more economical both educationally and financially, and more responsible

than either Government, Local or private management. A sum of Rs. 60,000 has been allotted in the first instance for opening 400 panchayat schools. We wish the experiment God-speed, and hope its success will lead the way to the consummation we devoutly hope for.

* * *

MASTER Manhar Barve, India's juvenile musical prodigy gave three performances in the Amity Hall, Palghat during the course of last week. The concerts were largely attended by people of all classes and were regular treats, drawing every now and then, cheers and applause from the audience. Master Manhar is the son of Professor G. G. Barve, himself a musician of

no mean parts. The lad, therefore, inherits to a large extent the musical talents of his father. But no one who sees the young lad of 14 play in one instrument after another—*The Harmonium, Sitar, Dilru'ba, Mandolin, Violin, Guitar, Flute, Tabla, and Gala-Tarang* can fail to be struck by his marvellous talents and help exclaiming "Oh! Here is a musical prodigy!" Even in this land of prodigies, Master Barve stands out as a towering personality. For, not only does he play like a master on a score or more of difficult instruments, making wood, metal, water, stone—all alike—play to his tunes, but also sings with marvellous ease in six different languages—Hindi, Gujerathi, English, Urdu, Tamil and Telugu. Master Manhar has toured through the whole of India winning recognition everywhere, and is the possessor of about sixty gold medals presented by universities and other public bodies. Mother India is justly proud of her juvenile prodigy. We understand that he is shortly going to visit Europe and America on a professional tour with his father. We have not the least doubt that Master Manhar will win even greater recognition and fresh laurels in the West. We wish him God-speed in his mission and pray God to shower His choicest blessings on Master Manhar Barve. A recent portrait of the prodigy appears as a frontispiece.

CROSS-WORD COMPETITION

For our May Competition we received 46 Solutions of which 13 were correct.

The prize goes to

Messrs. **Pudiyangam Silks,**
Pudiyangam Village,
Palghat.

Correct solutions were also sent in by the following:—

S. V. Chellam Iyer. K. S. Krishnan. R. Sankara Iyer. V. Seshadri
Iyer. M. S. Krishna Iyer, B. A., B. L. T. R. Ramaswamy. K. P.
Chidambaram Pillay. K. P. Natesan Pillai. K. N. Ponnai Pillai K.
V. Nathan. K. V. Rajagopal. R. S. Iyer.

CORRECT SOLUTION

ACROSS:—1. Dependent. 2. Nations. 3. Pigot. 4. O'er. 13. A. M. 14. Gem.
15. Mare. 16. Semond. 17. Nibi. 18. Arn't. 19. A. E. 20. Temperate. 21.
Gairish. 22. Grasp. 23. Gni. 29. No. 30. S. C. L. 31. Acid. 32. Turin. 33. Ilka.
34. Ats. 35. T. D.

DOWN:—5. E. N. 6. Pap. 7. Etio. 8. Niger. 9. Door. 10. Ent. 11. N. S. 12.
Sudden. 13. Aerobia. 14. Ganin. 15. Men. 21. G. E. 22. Gam. 23. Grip. 24.
Snare. 25. Isir. 26. P. S. A. 27. H. T. 28. Insatiate. 30. Occult'd. 37. Lurks.
38. Dia.

RULES

1. A prize of Rs. 5 will be offered to the first correct solution opened on the 15th July, 1926.

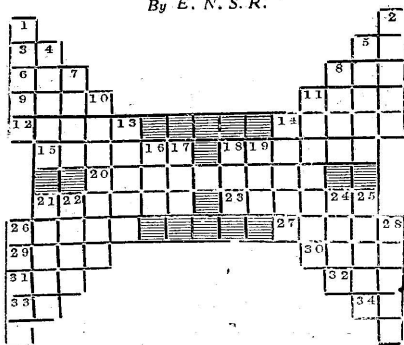
2. Solutions should be addressed to **The Cross-Word Editor, The Scholar**, Palghat, so as to reach him not later than the 15th July, 1926.

3. Any number of alternative solutions may be sent but no solution which is not copied on diagram cut out of **The Scholar** will be accepted.

4. The decision of the Cross-Word Editor must be accepted as final and no correspondence regarding the competition can be entertained.

OUR JUNE PUZZLE

By E. N. S. R.



Name.....

Address.....

CLUES.

Across

- 3 Veterinary Surgeon
- 5 In the matter of
- 6 Used for writing
- 8 Magpie
- 9 Invent
- 11 A boathook
- 12 Instructor
- 14 Young mare
- 15 Steal
- 18 Slip away
- 20 Invertebrate
- 21 Imprisoned
- 23 Movement
- 26 Soothing
- 27 A closed car
- 29 Frost
- 30 Painful
- 31 Party in power
- 32 Title of clergymen
- 33 Anglo-Saxon
- 34 What Ceylon is to India

Down

- 1 Expel
- 2 Fleshy
- 4 Nose
- 5 Rob
- 7 Acquaintance
- 8 Friends
- 10 Unwholesome
- 11 Darkskinned roving bands
- 13 Respond
- 14 Goes without food
- 16 Compete
- 17 Finis
- 18 Shade tree
- 19 A constellation
- 21 Profits
- 22 Charity
- 24 Smell
- 25 The nostrils
- 26 Used for pipes
- 28 A negative adverb

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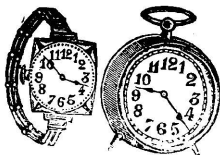
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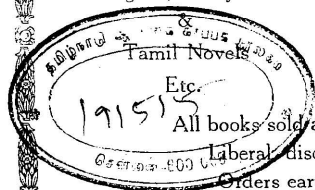
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