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# THE SCHOLAR

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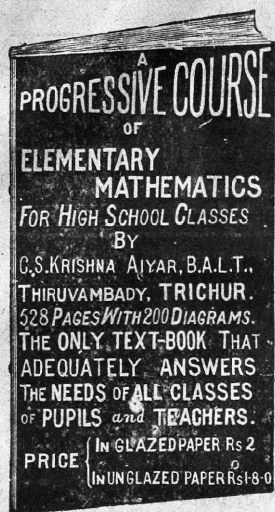
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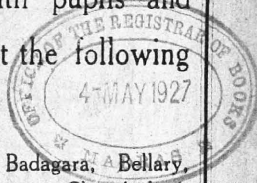
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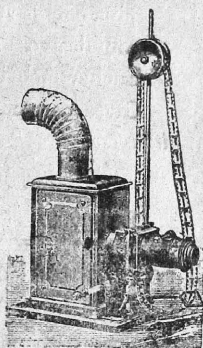
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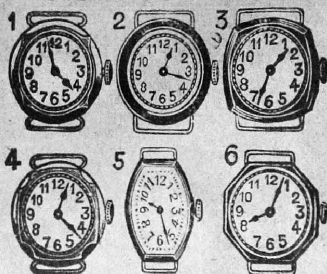
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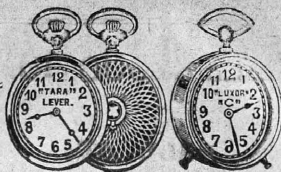
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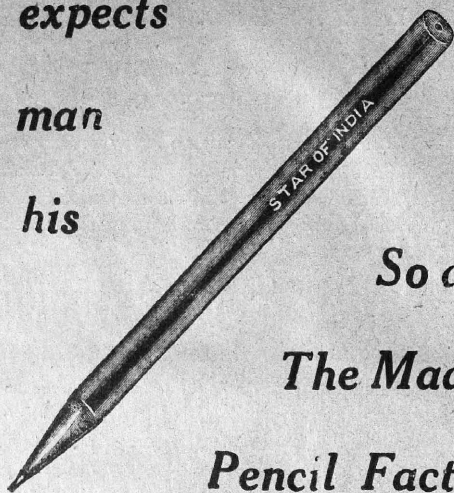
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# THE SCHOLAR

VOL. 2

MARCH: CONTENTS.

No. 6

	Page
1. The Charka (poem) By S. Rama Ayyar	283
2. The Sin of Separation By T. L. Vaswani	284
3. Steps to Sovereign Power By James H. Cousins	285
4. Need for Communal Unity	290
5. Forgiveness By Elizabeth C. T. Miller	293
6. Mahatma Gandhi & Romain Rolland	295
7. To the Youth of India By Miss M. A. Tata	299
8. The Bases of Belief By K. L. Sarma	301
9. Love is Blind By S. Rajagopalan	307
10. The Value of Human Capital By P. V. Aghorani Iyer	315
11. Social Reform By C. V. Krishnaswami Ayyar	318
12. Red Oleander By M. Narayanan	323
13. Reviews & Notices	325
14. Notes	326
15. Cross Word Competition	331

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VOL. 2

MARCH 1927

No. 6

## THE CHARKA

BY S. RAMA AYYAR, B. A.

A guileless, faithful friend of ancient ways,  
Is Charka dear, whose wheel directed once  
A fabulous, foreign wealth to us; so runs  
A chapter bright, of glorious, golden days;  
But now, how sad and strange the course, that says  
Its gruesome tales! those heartless looms, like Huns,  
Are weaving webs of endless woes; what tons  
Of clothes we need, with senseless, western craze!  
Ye India's crores of sons and daughters keen!  
Roll on, roll on, the shy, yet stainless wheel,  
That sings of peace and love, and strength unseen,  
And leaps and dances round, in spiritual zeal;  
Behold! Mahatma himself leads the game—  
Mysterious, mighty man, of Charka fame!

---



# THE SIN OF SEPARATION

BY T. L. VASWANI.

**C**ULTURE and Civilization,—both are necessary to make the life of a nation rich and strong. The Atman and the Sthula Sarira build up man. What I call “Culture” is the soul of a Nation, and “Civilization” is the body. Civilization and Culture—you must not tear the twain apart. When you separate one from the other, the nation falls. Survey modern Europe. Europe has a Civilization. Civilization is the body. Has Europe also taken good care of the Atman, the Soul?

Today not a few in Europe, in America, say: “We wander in the dark. We are unhappy. Who will bring us happiness? Who will bring us light?” It is true they have motor cars and fine houses. In New York they have big buildings called “sky scrapers”. They have buildings many many stories high and they have huge machines and big engines and mighty trains and steamships. The things that constitute what is called “Civilization”, they have them in abundance. But are they happy? They have Civilization; and Civilization, as I said, is the body. Have they neglected culture of the spirit? The Atma Vidya?

Turn your thoughts to India, the India of today; and what do you find? India developed a great culture; India has been rich in the wealth of “Atma Vidya”; but what about the body? India fell in the day when she neglected the body-side of the Philosophy of Life. India thought that by mere meditation a nation could prosper. Meditation is good, is essential; but you need something more than that. The Atman itself says:—“I want the body to express myself”. Suppose there is a musician: he can sing very well, but you give him a musical instrument which is broken, and then you tell him:—“now give us very fine music”. He will tell you:—“I know the science of music well; I know the art as well; but you have given me a broken instrument; and I cannot express the rich melody that you want.” Such has been the case with poor India. India with a rich soul,—India cannot express her rich music through her broken body. India suffered in the day when she forgot the value of “Civilization.” She must re-build her strength,—physical, intellectual, socio-economic. Religion is Shakti.

# STEPS TO SOVEREIGN POWER

## INDIA'S GLORIOUS HERITAGE

BY JAMES H. COUSINS

**I**F we were asked to name a word that would gather into itself the whole complex surface presentation of human activity, and then give its essential meaning one simple expression, I think we should not be far wrong if we named the word 'power.' "The Power of the Purse", "The Power of the Press", are phrases as indicative of the present day variation of a central theme as "The Power of the King" in feudal times or "The Power of Wisdom" in Vedic times were indicative of their variation. The Chancelleries of Europe are eloquent with diverse justifications of the use of force in the cause of "Right". We may smile a sad and compassionate smile at the coupling of national homicide with the sweet reasonableness of right; we may sigh at the harsh and unilluminating utterance of the common, and the sharp and the inclusive argument of the sword; we may see in their clash but rival efforts to achieve the power to impose one nation's notion of right on another; and yet through all the circumstances that we luridly colour with our emotions and call "horror" and "agony" and "loss", we can if our spiritual eyes are open, see in Europe's conflict an exaltation of Nature's aeonian struggle for power. We may see also a dim and distorted reflection of what we may, inadequately and far from perfect limitations of human speech, call God's struggle towards the full realisation of his own power.

India in the past has not escaped the universal urge to power. She is strewn with glorious mementoes of it. The amazing ruins of Vijayanagar tell of a swift torrent of Muslim power. The equally amazing ruins of Fatehpur Sikri tell of another power that brought the power of Is'am to the dust. A century and more of prostration is no sign of eternal supineness. The lust of power may have thinned in the blood of India to-day but its call is not far from her ear. The Empires of Power who used to dream that the proof of power was the rendering powerless of others are awakening to the truth that an empire is weakened just to the extent that it has rendered powerless any of its constituents—a sex, a community, a race, a country.

## A TRINITY OF ESSENTIALS

England has been compelled to call to the status of power her womanhood at home and the manhood of India abroad. I believe that the call to India has nothing of any importance to do with warfare, but is simply the first crude invitation to a coming pilgrimage of power on higher levels from East to West. It is not a case of a mailed hand in a silk glove; it is the silken hand of spiritual power in the disguise of a steel glove. "India needs a religion of power," wrote Sir John Woodroffe in his booklet *Bharatasakti*, but I do not think that India will fall below her spiritual vision of the past, and prefer the husks of power (physical power which would only raise her to the dizzy level of the bully, conventional moral power that would put her in heavier chains than she at present suffers, intellectual power that may be but wickedness in formulae) to the kernel of soul power that is now expressing itself triumphantly thro' the life and speech of Mahatma Gandhi. India needs power, but it will not come to her thro' an illiterate soldier; it will only come thro' an educated citizenship of men and women. Tennyson has set out the three universal and inescapable steps to power.

"Self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control  
These three alone lead to sovereign power."

These are the fundamental trinity of essentials to a true education whose end is not a degree, and forty rupees a month in slavery, but the realisation and control of one's whole instrument of consciousness and action—the attainment of sovereign power. Let us examine the steps.

## THE MAN OF POWER

Self-reverence says the great English poet is one of the steps to sovereign power. I do not think many will disagree with him. Self-depreciation and the eating of humble pie are not the occupations of the man of power. How are we to acquire self-reverence? It does not grow out of our food as the physical body does. It is a matter of consciousness not of bones and sinews. It is also a matter of retrospect in consciousness. Keep a child in blank ignorance of his parentage, his ancestry, his national history, his spiritual heredity and you will hardly look

to him as an exponent of self-reverence. True self-reverence reveres oneself as the present representative of one's past. Conceit which is a distorted and limited reverence for one's personal attainments is soon deflated, but reverence based on one's earthly and heavenly history moves with dignity yet lightly over the profundity of evolution. It is obvious, therefore, that human history and particularly the history of one's own land and spiritual history—religion as it relates to the divine origin and destiny of humanity—must take a place of paramount importance in any scheme of national education as experimented at present in India bases itself on fundamentals and succeeds by making religion and patriotism compulsory all thro' its courses. Such wisdom at the root, will, I am sure, lead to wisdom at the branches yet I cannot deny myself the privilege of pointing out the desirability of remembering that history is a thing to be used for the education of children and that children are not mere inventions for the purpose of being taught history. In other words history must be selected for the purpose of inspiring self-reverence. Fulness and accuracy are matters for the scientist, not for the educationist. Shivaji may only have been good in spots as some scientific historians would have us believe. To the educationist it is the spots that matter for out of them the pupil may derive that reverence for the nobility that is mixed into his country's past which will be an inspiration to noble emulation in the future, not emulation of the circumstances of the past, but of its spirit.

That is one side of self-reverence—reverence for oneself. But there is another side, reverence by oneself which is not less important in education. It is excellent that Havell, and Ferguson, Vincent Smith and Woodroffe, and others of less note among the pale faces should turn ourselves into finger posts towards India's glorious heritage of Art. But the occupation of holding pictures up to blind or indifferent eyes is not a very inspiring one. It is only when some student brings to my notice some pieces of Indian Art or handicraft as a postscript to a lesson or the sequel to a casual remark that I feel justified in consuming my daily quantity of India's air and food. So much for the first step of sovereign power. It concerns the past.

## THE TRUE SIGNS OF EDUCATION.

The second step concerns the present. It is self-knowledge of oneself, of one's complex nature and machinery, and knowledge, by oneself that is through individual initiative and free activity. We may require abstract and objective knowledge by bending over a book and learning what we are told, but self-knowledge will only begin to exert the thrill of revelation when learning passes into doing, when the student ceases from being only a student and becomes an artist. The kicking of a ball reveals one's strength. The kicking of a ball along with others reveals one's power of co-operation. The shaping of a broom handle, the writing of a poem (in mother tongue), the painting of a picture are all acts of self-revelation: and until education provides the opportunity for such activity, it is not education. There must be a reduction of cramming to the irreducible minimum that memory demands; there must be full opportunity for the development of initiative. Art must take the place of bookish artificiality; craftsmanship must banish mere mental craftiness. Knowledge must be spiritualised by application. The touch of life will bring the real culture, the spontaneity and happiness of expression that is the true sign of the educated man or woman, "the manners" that "maketh man".

## GOOD AND CORRECT MANNERS.

Sometime ago, when I was touring on behalf of National education, a friend who was showing me the beautiful city of Gwalior suddenly stopped to speak to a man who was driving past. The man came over to me and began to speak of the great necessity for the teaching of manners in India, not text book etiquette, but that free cultured intercourse which is innocent of rudeness, crudeness and loudness. I was glad afterwards that he distinguished between true manners and conventional manners for while we were enjoying a free friendly chat, I was tearing all the rules of etiquette unwittingly to shreds, for I who lounged in my friend's sumptuous motor car was well, just I, while he who stood on the dusty road with his foot on the step was the Maharajah Scindia of Gwalior. Self-knowledge is the way to good manners, not merely correct manners. The great Maharajah, real father of his people, was not less but more a Maharajah, because the way to the realisation of himself and his



latent powers had led him to the driving of a steam engine. as Peter the Great, in learning to build a ship learned also to build his Russia.

The third step to sovereign power is self-control. Here we face the future. Lose self-control and you fall back to the primitive level of bad language and violent deeds. When Europe lost self-control in August 1914, her clock went back with a 'brrrrr' to the year one of civilisation. Self-control is the stepping-off place toward "that far-off divine event to which the whole creation moves". It is self-control we are thinking of, not self-repression which is the interpretation given to it in the false systems of education that put barbed wires of artificial restrictions round the growing consciousness and pretend that barring in is leading out. Self-control needs freedom for its cultivation. You cannot cultivate rice, if you have no rice to cultivate. You cannot cultivate physical or emotional or mental faculties if you do not come to grips with them. This is part of the religion of power, that India needs to fill out the great paradox of renunciation—renunciation that is not the ignoring and condemning of the powers that God has given us, but their transmutation into the powers of the soul thro' self-control. I believe that this third step will be taken efficiently only when such education as is being provided by Schools and Colleges of National education is spread over the land. The provision of adequate physical instruction both theoretical and practical is a matter of profound importance hardly less so than the emotional culture acquired from sympathy between teacher and student, and the real mental culture found in initiative and the delegation of responsibility and reserach to the student.

#### THE ROCK OF FUNDAMENTALS.

These are steps to Sovereign power self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control. Tennyson hardly thought he was laying the foundations of modern education in India in his lines in a Greek poem. But truth is true the world over and those who have taken to the work of national education may go on in the assurance that if their heads are as some critics say, in the clouds their feet are on the rock of fundamentals. When the foot is on the path of Nature's law the head will not go far wrong.

*Specially contributed to Swarajya.*

## NEED FOR COMMUNAL UNITY.

PERHAPS no feature of our public life is so distressing as the frequent evidences of communal disturbances in all corners of our land. Riots at the slightest provocation—and sometimes even without any—have become the order of the day and in the name of religion much blood has been spilt and considerable property destroyed. To those who still remember the wonderful amity which characterised the two big communities of India during the halcyon days of Non Co-operation, the present situation must come as a very painful surprise and the pity of it is that this unhappy phenomenon is growing more and more serious every day. Northern India, particularly Bengal has become the scene of constant bickerings over the petty question of music before mosques and gundas have not been wanting to take advantage of this opportunity to ply their trade with impunity. Consequently, street fight, day light murder and robbery and desecration of idols and places of worship—and worst and most cowardly of all—molestation of innocent women-folk, have besmirched the fair name of our peaceful citizens. It is not necessary here to probe deeply into the causes of such woe-ful distemper, but there is no doubt that the pussilanamous attitude of the Government despite its mighty resources and the intemperate handling of the question by Vernacular newspapers and some communal leaders have a good deal to do with this distressing situation.

The problem of achieving communal unity has absorbed the attention of our leaders from time to time. But none of the steps taken has so far been quite successful. Perhaps it is more true to say that the efforts have not been sufficiently adequate. Arbitration Boards, which constituted a common plank in all such efforts are not universal nor are even the few that exist very effective. It should be pointed out with sorrow that for this reason, even that great Round Table Conference at Delhi soon after the historic fast of Mahatma Gandhi, which had such a *moral* effect, did not turn out to be quite the success it was hoped it would be. Nor do we hear that the new association formed for the purpose by the Congress leaders, Pandit Motilal Nehru and Maulana Abdul Kalam Azad has achieved any better success. The latest attempt in this direction was taken the

other day by Sir Sankaran Nair who moved a resolution in the Council of State suggesting no further extension of Reforms until the communal situation improved. His aim was to compel the Hindus and Muslims to agree to a joint electorate, the penalty being no further increase of members for the Legislative Councils nor any *further* additional conferment of powers and privileges on them. It was something that he decided to withdraw it in the end.

Apart from the futility of attempting to compose communal differences through legislative measures, it seems incredible that such a resolution, which is indirectly bound to affect any further constitutional advance, should have been sponsored by such an astute politician as Sir Sankaran. Does he really think that his remedy will cure the real evil, which is born of the mutual distrust and jealousies of the communities? Both the speech with which he fathered his motion and the motion itself show that at best, it is a *cours d'espérance*. It bears a striking similarity to another suggestion of another wise patriot of ours Sir Tej Bahadur Sapru whose panacea was the disenfranchisement of the people of the locality, in which riots take place, as if the class of people who take part in the disorders care a brass farthing as to whether their electoral rights are retained or taken away. Similarly, Sir Sankaran might succeed by his resolution to postpone indefinitely the cause of Swaraj, but it is quite certain that he will not be able to wean away any considerable part of the communal leaders who swear by separate electorates thereby. The cry for communal representation has its basis rooted in the fear of the minority community of the majority, and so long as it exists, the demand for separate electorates also will continue. It is obvious that the requisite confidence has no chance of being effected through any legislative threats, but only through patient adjustment of differences and apparently conflicting interests. We do not see why Sir Sankaran should despair so much. He himself as Sir Alexander Muddiman took care to point out, was once for separate electorates for non-brahmins. Well, bitter experience and time have served to disillusion him. Can we not hope with some more time for a similar disillusionment for those who now swear by communal representation? The whirl of time has produced much more unexpected results and our hopes need not prove to be too sanguine.

But we do not mean to suggest here that we should patiently await such a day without doing anything. The preliminary thing to do is to try to remove the evident distrust that characterises the two communities at once. The consequences of the delay we are already beginning to realise. The unexpected defeat of the non-officials over the Ratio Bill and the preponderant majority of Muslim members who went over to the Government side ought to be a sufficient eye-opener to us. The appeal issued by the President of the Congress should make us realise the gravity of the problem and it is time that we set ourselves seriously to solving it. So long as this question is left unsolved, the Government will have nothing to fear. It will only mean an accession of strength to it. But to us it will mark the end of our dream,—a united nation and a Swaraj Government—

[Since the above was written, there has been a very hopeful development in the situation. About thirty prominent Muslim leaders belonging to various groups have met at Delhi and discussed the question of the modification of the existing communal representation and it is announced that they have unanimously adopted a formula accepting joint electorates under certain conditions. Another most welcome feature is, a new organization under the name of "The Fellowship" has been formed, and an appeal has been issued on behalf of the 'The Fellowship' by some of our distinguished countrymen to the representatives of different religions and communities to join the Fellowship and strive together to combat the growing racial and communal conflict that has become a great menace to the cause of the Indian national unity and peaceful progress.]



# FORGIVENESS

BY ELIZABETH C. T. MILLER

**A** deaf mute was asked his interpretation of forgiveness; he wrote on a pad, "The perfume a flower yields when trampled on." There is something sublime in this answer. Think on it! "The perfume a flower yields when trampled on"—and a deaf mute made this answer. In a person it is the love he still gives out in spite of injury, injustice or hurt. Even an effort to do this is an approach to the heights of the soul's attainment. To be able, no matter what has happened, to continue in loving regard of our fellowmen is only just short of being divine.

When we forgive a person, we place him back in the same regard that we formerly held him. To forgive is to give back; to place back in the same relation as before. Surely, when each of us has so much for which to be forgiven, we can seek to render forgiveness, else how can we expect to partake thereof? "Forgive us our debts as we forgive our debtors." We must forgive those who have debts against us, if we expect to be forgiven. Of course, this applies to moral debts. In no way could it be interpreted as meaning material debts; we are certainly expected to take care of our material debts and no one could ever absolve us from them.

In forgiveness, there is a largeness of heart, a breadth of mind, a depth of understanding, a nobility of tolerance, and a generosity of soul; only a kindly spirit can truly forgive—and we benefit ourselves when we do this, for there can be no one of these above attributes exercised without its being increased.

Jesus said to his disciples: "Whosoever sins ye remit, they shall be remitted unto them, but whosoever sins ye retain they shall be retained." In the old usage of this word "remit" meant pardon. What weight these words have in them! If we forgive, the person is released from this act, but if we hold this thing against him it remains. What availeth vindictiveness? Nothing. We injure ourselves far more by such an attitude. If we have been wronged, injustice done us, injury done, the natural laws will take care of all of these. We are not here to condemn but to work toward the light and help others so to do. "To be workers together with God, not judges." How many times we



speak or act hastily, hurriedly, without deep thought, and many times we wound another's feelings, and *we* seek forgiveness. Ought we not by the same token to render forgiveness? Until we give full pardon, we cannot expect to receive it. "for the measure ye mete shall be measured unto you again."

To be unforgiving is selfish, egotistical and blind. We hug our heart feelings and are sorry for ourselves—this is sorrow's crown of sorrows; this being sorry for ourselves—it is ingrowing, and the more we dwell on this injury the larger it becomes and more difficult becomes the step of forgiveness. We put ourselves so far above the other person in importance—we think of what has been done to us, and magnify the hurt. We dwarf our vision and see not how the other person has hurt himself, and that by generosity we can help both with forgiveness.

How much closer are human hearts knitted together by forgiveness, how friendship takes on a new and larger meaning. How much deeper the understanding and how much more we feel at one with one another. Forgiveness is the healing balm of friendship—for human as we are, there are times when misunderstandings arise, but do we not each owe it to ourselves in largeness of heart and kindness of spirit to forgive even as we would be forgiven?

Forgiveness is the approach to the throne and angels dwell close to the heart and mind that can forgive. Love is *not* love that hath not forgiveness in it. If we would travel the Master's path truly, forgiveness must accompany, for we, too, are frail and must needs call for this benign grace from the Father, and as we receive it, may we also give of it, for every one that asketh shall receive it. As we expect to receive and ask for forgiveness time and again so are we to give forgiveness time and again.

Mercy is not mercy that hath not forgiveness in it. If we wish our errors turned according to our efforts and our intent to be the measure of them, so let us have mercy that hath forgiveness in it, as we expect mercy.

*East-West*

# MAHATMA GANDHI AND ROMAIN ROLLAND §

1. (J. G. Fletcher)

**T**HIS world of ours which we know and cherish so well, which our steps have trodden for ages and our hands have adorned with inscriptions from that primeval time when the cave-man engraved on bones and limned the figure of the bison, — this world has today passed beyond its meridional zenith. The world of the soul of Art, of Heroism and of Beauty is in its death-throes, it is perishing from day to day. Nothing indeed will save it. The energy of Human Destiny is being gradually lost. Thousands today have cognisance of it, faint though it be. Tomorrow perchance millions may know of it. Our planet's fate, in time and in space, is nearing its end, and the only mercy we may ask for is that it may come soon!

There is none today, in the East or in the West, who can stem the mighty Wave of Industrialism, of enormous appetites, of soulish lunacy and impure covetousness, the multiple insolence of these magnificent parasites, the Worshipers of the Golden Calf, who falsely call themselves men but who, more and more clearly every day, are coming to resemble apes. Yesterday, the hero at least could resist, but today, no! even he is powerless! The faint resistance of today if there is any, will become the abject surrender of tomorrow! Whether one believes it or no, this is the naked truth: We see today man crucified on the Tree of Science!

Gandhi has failed. Rolland has foundered. These are our latest heroic souls of the East and the West. It now remains for us only to madly roam and gad about awaiting the end. And the end is inevitable. Let us at least try to meet it with a certain dose of dignity, of nobleness, of resignation and of charity.

The railway appeared in England for the first time a century ago. Today our planet is furrowed with 500,000 kilometres of railroads. The telephone which we see everywhere today, was unknown fifty years ago. The first automobiles appeared about

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§ Translated from the French articles of Philippe Soupault and J. G. Fletcher. By L. V. Ramaswamy Aiyar, M A., B. L.

three decades back, and today the ambition to drive a car counts more in the life of many men than the desire to erect a temple to the Deity. The aeroplane was a costly dream fifteen years ago, but today it has circled round the Earth.

We are indeed inextricably entangled in a barbed-wire network, a snare from which there is no escape. We invented the machine in order to conquer nature but the machine is going to make short-work of mankind for mankind is part of nature. Nothing is more logical, no spectacle more lamentable to contemplate!

To fight the Machine is out of the question, for we have no weapons to fight it with. Those who think it noble to wage war against the Machine, with sword or pen in hand, only ruin the noble element in their natures if they make choice of the engined petard for their purpose. We cannot restore the Black County of Lancashire to what it was a century ago, nor bring back the conditions which existed before the discovery of gold in South Africa. We are powerless to legislate against the destruction of nature or the squandering of human life which factories have caused in the West and will soon cause in the East. No law of eugenics can save the artist, the hero, the saint, the poet and all those beings of whom the machine takes no note. The factory will not give us Jesus or Buddha, nor Krishna nor Laotse; it can present us only with commercial magnates and throwers of bombs!

Our body is great, and our soul is noble; but science and machine working in concert have enslaved our body, and they are teaching us today that we have no soul, that the soul is only a term to designate a nervous illusion! And capitalism will accept this teaching, for it stands for the greater enslavement of the body and the soul.

Two men of our times have spoken in the name of this Ideal which the World has ungratefully cast to the winds. They have nobly striven to save the ethical values which mankind had partly realised in the past but which are fast disappearing today. Their voice has not been heard amidst the din of the mob rushing to its perdition. Their names are Mohandas Karamchand Gandhi and Roman Rolland.

## II. (Philippe Soupault)

The world is woefully unconscious of the disease which possesses it today. In its heavy slumber which ever comes in the wake of war, haunted by feverish dreams, it turns again and again on its sides. The night is fast becoming inky dark, and no help can be had from the firmament where the stars too are setting one by one. Mankind frantically seeks for remedies and panaceas, but alas in vain. Whether it is socialism, religion or communism, mankind shies and is terribly afraid. It suffers from hesitancy and indifference. All the races and all the units composing humanity give themselves up to wars with such shouts and cries that they are incapable of hearing the words of peace which a few people—the salt of the earth—utter almost in a low tone. Individuals die, but races are, if one may so put it, almost immortal. The East and the West both alike ignore their mutual gifts. They seem to be resolved not to unite, though no barrier, no veil separates them.

Does the cruel and angry God which the Bible names Jehovah reign still? But the men whom this God scattered all over the Earth have invented war. And stupid organised massacres have become sacred.

Many amongst us are sluggish and irresolute. We no more have, nor can have the feeling of respect or sense of courage. It is for this reason, no doubt, it is due to this torpid indifference that we have come to deserve our age.

What aggravates our malady still further is that we no longer feel any shame for this indifference and that we are ever ready to proclaim "We do not mind!" Perhaps we are even ready to rejoice over it.....

There is one man to-day who is neither indifferent, nor diseased, nor blind nor drunk with blood, who is simply a *man*, who lives today a lonely life, and whose name is sought to be forgotten in vain—and this man is Romain Rolland.

I believe that he alone in Europe has displayed the singular courage of raising his voice and proclaim the Truth.

It is this short but sumptuous praise that we should lay at the feet of this modest writer, of one who has never hoped for personal gain or selfish end.

None can over-look his clear-sightedness or the nobleness of the soul.

We have to admit, to our great shame, that he has despaired of us, that our indifference has disheartened him. "It is now eleven years," he wrote in 1925, "since I saw this insensate war shake the pillars of European civilisation, and I raised the voice of affrighted alarm. But what could a single voice do? Now I am silent and have no more fear, for I see Destiny. And Destiny is wise when the peoples are mad. Destiny has seized the helm. Let him who can, snatch it from her !

Young men ! All ye who are stout of heart and tempered through the fire of fight ! who among you are ready to wrest it back again ?"

What we can do today is to hear him, to follow him and to make his name blaze forth towards and against all. Let it be known that we love him and that his is no isolated voice !



## SALUTATION

By Rabindranath

I salute Thee.  
 In the heart of the darkness Thou hast laughed ;  
 I salute Thee.  
 In this downcast, steel, deep, placid sky,  
 I salute Thee.  
 In this gentle, peaceful, dowsy wind,  
 I salute Thee.  
 On the grassy couch of this tried earth,  
 I salute Thee.  
 In this silent incantation of the steadfast stars,  
 I salute Thee.  
 In the lovely resthouse at work's end,  
 I salute Thee.

VISHVABHARATI.





# TO THE YOUTH OF INDIA.

BY MISS. M. A. TATA, M. SC., BAR-AT-LAW

FROM times immemorial poets have sung of Youth. It is the most wonderful period in one's life. The youths are to a country what the spring is to the year. They feel the joy of being alive; vital forces are pulsating, throbbing through them, striving for expression like the flowers which burst forth in spring from the cold barren earth. It is those vital forces which give courage, vision and adventuresomeness to youth, nay, which are its sole prerogatives. It is a time when sympathy is rich and wide, the "world has not been broken into fragments by narrow domestic walls", and the mind is not fossilised in terms of dogma and tradition. Buoyancy and hope are characteristics of youth, for, were it not so, progress would not be possible in the world. It is this capacity of youth to dare, to be, which is the motive force of all progress. Life is the greatest of adventures which faces us all; if we shrink from it, if we do not face it, then surely something is wrong with us somewhere, for it is not in the nature of youth to doubt and hesitate, but to dare and hope.

## *Practical Idealists:*

This is a time when dreams are dreamt and ideals are formed. But now-a-days, it is not enough merely to dream great dreams; this is an era pre-eminently of action, at no time in history was there so much need for right and decisive action as to-day. This is an era of big international movements. We, who have learnt the value of combination and organisation in business and in politics, why should not we, the youths of a nation, unite and form an association of practical idealists—for that is what we hope to be.

Never in the world's history have the claims of youth to freedom and to independent action been recognised as to-day; paternal authority and dignity are vanishing and a more wholesome *comradie* is springing up between the elders and the young people.

We have a great field of useful work before us in India; some of our customs and habits are a disgrace to our civilization and our social problems are many and have long been waiting for a solution. Unless the young people awake and do something we shall never have any radical change in the habits and

customs which are sapping the vitality of our people. There is not enough of the spirit of adventure amongst us, not enough resistance to cramping social conditions. We are much too reconciled with dirt and ugliness, with narrow bigotry which often passes under the guise of religion and with social injustice. There is too much of caste and creed and narrow domestic dividing walls. We have to be crusaders against filth and ignorance, religious and social intolerance. Let us have more vim and pep, courage and faith in ourselves and our ideals. We want many more social rebels. Let us avoid "Main Streetism," but with a wide rich sympathy level down all the barriers which divide us from our fellow men. Prof. Karve once gave an illustration how concerted action on the part of some of the young people of Japan effected a change more rapidly than years of preaching by social reformers. Social reformers had talked themselves hoarse on the need for women's education in Japan, but to no avail; the young men in the universities then took up the work. They formed themselves into associations and refused to marry uneducated girls, the parents thus were indirectly forced to educate their girls up to a certain standard in order to make them more eligible. Thus the youths achieved in one generation what others had failed to do before.

### *The Path of a Pioneer:*

Courage and perseverance are necessary in our task, we are apt to be impatient when things do not turn out exactly as we wish them to be. Many of us find later, that life is not a bed of roses; social habits and customs are even more rigid than we thought them to be; perhaps we have some small financial troubles, and there is a tendency amongst us to be bitter and cynical. That is just what, as crusaders, we have to avoid. We must be ready to meet difficulties and to overcome them. The path of a pioneer is always full of difficulties, nay, he welcomes and revels in those difficulties, for they try his strength and test his mettle. If we in India unite and work together for our ideals there is nothing that we cannot do.

The future lies before us, let us then be up and doing things and let cynical people say what they will.

# THE BASES OF BELIEF

BY K. L. SARMA

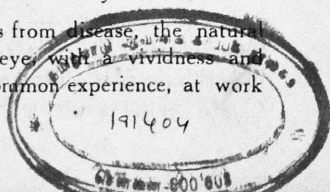
(Concluded from February Issue)

IN the first place, rational healing discards all so-called medicines. The only medicines which it admits are those, which all people agree in regarding as the normal supports of life, in Health. They are five: Rest, Air, Light, Water and Diet. The sufficiency of these medicines is a matter of *fact*, demonstrated by success in curing patients, who have been abandoned by the doctors, in innumerable cases. The facts can be verified. They cannot be gainsaid. It is in regard to their philosophical interpretation, that controversy may arise. We who profess the Nature-cure have our own-philosophy, to explain and justify to our intellects the facts we see. Those who would not accept this philosophy may suggest other explanations, if they can. It is worthy of note, that no standard writer on the Nature-cure can be found, who does not confess an ardent faith in God and His utter beneficence.

It is a fundamental law of this system, that nothing is admissible as medicine for the cure of a disease or ailment, which is not also admissible as an aid or necessary sustenance in health, when there is no disease demanding treatment. We confidently *expect* a cure in all cases, with the exception of a clearly defined, special class of cases, provided we leave the whole process of the cure to Nature, as we call the hypothetical power that cures from within, reserving to ourselves only the privilege of supplying these five medicines, which this power demands. In all acute cases, and in those chronic cases, where the vital parts are still in a fit state for repair, the cure comes. As rational beings we have to account for these facts. We have also to account for the fact, that the proportion, and other features, of cures obtained in this natural way compare very favourably with those obtained through medicines, so much so, that all competent witnesses testify that a medical cure is no cure at all, but a sheer fraud, or a makeshift, and that the natural cure is the only real cure.

Here at the bed sides of sufferers from disease, the natural healer actually sees, with his mind's eye, with a vividness and compelling power that transcends common experience, at work

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a Power not ourselves, that makes for health. It is therefore not an inference, but an observation of fact with us, that there is a competent inner healer, of whom the sick man is not conscious, and in whose hands the the body, of the sufferer is a mere machine, which he manipulates at his will.

The scientific healer now seeks to know more of this inner Healer. He seeks to know where He resides, how far He is responsible for the things that occur inside the body, and so on.

In those exceptional cases, in which a cure is not expected confidently, such as advanced cases of consumption or dropsy, the healer sees the self-same Power at work, but here working with a destructive purpose. He seeks to end, what can no more be mended.

The materialistic notion, that this power is a mere resultant of the natural attributes of the substance of the body, has to be considered, only to be rejected. If it be so, why should the Power behave differently in the latter class of cases? If there be no more intelligible explanation, then perhaps we may have to be content with the answer of materialism, which is no answer at all, but an evasion.

Now coming to the relation of this Inner Healer to disease, I may say that it is one of the truisms of the Nature-Cure, that what we know as disease, in common speech, is not the disease, but only a patent form, an outgrowth, an externalisation, of something precedent. This *latent* state of disease is admitted by doctors also. They give it the name of 'predisposition.' But this is a mere name. It tells us nothing about its real nature. But by observation it has been verified, that before a disease or illness breaks out there is an abnormality of form. The body gets changed in appearance. The nature of this change is the subject, of what is known as "*The Science of Facial Expression.*" A luminous treatise on this subject, with this title, has been written by Louis Kuhne, who is one of the few original authorities of this system.

This change of form is due to the entry into the body of some substance, different from what normally enters the body. In health, food, water and air enter the body, but they contribute

to its harmonious growth, without prejudicially affecting the bodily figure and features. The matter that causes this change is therefore something discordant. We call it *foreign matter*. Now it is this that we call disease, not the illnesses commonly so called. We know definitely that the body must be first be burdened with such matter, before there can be any illness or 'disease.'

Why and how does an illness arise? The answer is self-evident. The foreign matter is a discordant element, a trespasser, and it must be expelled, and 'disease' is always—as we see in most cases—a process of expelling it and restoring the normal form of the body, of correcting the abnormality of form caused by the encumbrance, the burden of foreign matter. Now there must be a power, an intelligence, that decides that this should be done, and carries out the necessary processes. This intelligence can be no other than the Inner Healer mentioned already. He is the only intelligence having control of the body from within. If there is another, we have no hint of it.

It is a revelation, to see how the Inner Healer goes to work, getting up a disease. Energy is wanted to carry on the extraordinary piece of work on hand. And the Healer finds the needed supply of energy in a very simple manner. He retrenches the available energies, and sees to it that all the savings are applied only to the work on hand. And the retrenchment is effected in the most unexpected quarter. What would a doctor say to this?

In sickness, during the last two decades, it has been the rule to feed the patient, and to press him by all possible means to take food. It is supposed that this food will "keep up the vitality," and ensure a recovery, where it is possible at all. But Nature never proceeds in this way. If what Nature wanted for the cure was an abundance of food, she would more likely increase and intensify hunger, appetite and digestive power. But the contrary is the case. These three are more or less conspicuous by their absence in all acute illnesses. And it has been recorded by a competent witness, Dr. Dewey who never shrank from the truth, and who patiently waited for evidence before he drew a conclusion, that Nature never uses the supplies

of food so anxiously offered, but throws it all out. In a long illness the sick man loses flesh equally, whether he is fed or not. And there is this fact, to be laid to heart by all who still render allegiance to the medical profession, that in those cases where feeding by medical prescription is rigidly carried out, the illness is trebled in length, and multiplied many times over in severity and fatality. But where the patient is left free to fast, Nature guarantees a cure in every case in which it is barely possible.

So what Nature does is just to save the energy spent upon food and apply it to the work of expelling the discordant element, the foreign matter. Nature proves by her success in curing diseases, that she has sources of vitality, other than food, and that these sources can last her for three months at a stretch.

Materialistic science has taught the doctors that food is the only source of strength, and acting upon it they command that sick people shall be fed all the time. Nature-Cure opens our eyes to the fact, that Life has its source and root in something super-scientific, something which materialistic science can never hope to discover and analyse. There is no escape from the conclusion, that life is not a product of the body, but the body is a product of the life.

The phenomena actually observed in the practice of the Nature-Cure clearly indicate that life is not a property of matter. On the other hand it is seen to integrate and shape matter at its will. Where foreign matter intrudes, the life repels it and seeks to expel it, failing which, it is pushed on one side, so as to cause a deformity. This life is therefore probably older than the body, and will survive the death of the body. If it leaves this body, it will, possibly, make for itself a new body elsewhere. So death is not the end. It is just a punctuation mark.

And this life is the Inner Healer. Where the body is capable of repair and renewal, He seeks to mend it through processes which we call diseases. And He winds them up himself, without help, and thereby renews health. There is this difference between a natural cure and a cure by drugs, that the former restores health, while the latter leaves legacies of the disease, called 'after-effects.'



For these reasons, we do not apply the name 'disease' to such illness as fever, diarrhoea, eruptions, small-pox, etc., but call them '*curative crises*,' vital processes, having for their aim the cure of pre-existing disease-taints. For a more detailed treatment of these phenomena, the reader should study the text-book of '*Practical Nature-Cure*,' which is available from the Nature-Cure Publishing House, Pondicherry.

These facts are very easy to understand, on the basis of a belief in an all-pervading Nature, a Power that precedes all forms, that brings them into existence, modifies them, resolves them into their constituents, recombines them, and so on. The individual natures of different things are only parts of this Supreme Power, manifested in fractions. Things belong to Nature, not Nature to things.

I have now shown, rather inadequately, how my own innate belief in God obtained confirmation from the study and practice of the Nature-Cure. I shall now mention the main source of proof of religion, which is valid for believers in general.

It is admitted by all, that, in matters of which we have no direct knowledge, we may accept the testimony of witnesses, especially if there are the necessary sanctions of truth.

Such evidence is available for Religion. It is technically known as आप्तवाक्यम् (*Aptavakya*), the teaching of Friendly Beings. These are men who occupy a position of vantage for Knowing Truth first hand, without puzzling over reasons and inferences. Having known the Truth for themselves, they seek to express it to others. It is a fact, that they are not able to convey to us all that they have known. Language, the only available means of communicating Knowledge, is stated by them to be quite inadequate for conveying this Knowledge. Hence errors may arise in interpreting what these teachers have taught. Such men are the great Masters of all religions, such as Buddha, Sankara, Jesus and Mahon, et. They are illuminates.

The nature of this illumination, by which they have attained the authority to teach men, is well set out, and scientifically analysed, in '*Cosmic Consciousness*,' a book by Dr. Francis Bucke, reprinted in a cheap edition for India, by the Hon. Mr.

Justice Ramesam, and published by Everymans' Publishers Mclean Street, Broadway, Madras. I advise the reader to study this book carefully.

That these teachers are trustworthy, follows from the fact, that these men occupy a very high pedestal of moral perfection, and have no motive to mislead mankind. That these men could not have been self-deluded enthusiasts is almost conclusively proved by the author of the book named above, to which I refer the reader for answers to all possible questions.

These teachers also clearly state that their illumination is not something exceptional, but that others may in one course of evolution attain to the same height. Hence the belief they command is not arbitrary, but tentative, to be verified by ourselves, if and when we attain that exalted state. In the meanwhile, on the faith of their disinterested testimony, and such confirmatory evidence as may fall to the lot of some, we shall believe, and seek to qualify ourselves for that promotion by the line of conduct recommended by them.

On another occasion, I shall try to explain what this Cosmic Consciousness is, and how it is related to our ordinary consciousness.



God is an individual, Self dependent. All—Perfect, Unchangeable Being; intelligent, living, personal, and present; almighty, all-seeing, all-remembering; between whom and His creatures there is an infinite gulf; who has no origin, who is all-sufficient for Himself; who created and upholds the universe; who will judge everyone of us, sooner or later, according to that Law of right and wrong which he has written on our hearts. He is One who is sovereign over, operative amidst, independent of the appointments which he has made.

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# LOVE IS BLIND

BY S. RAJAGOPALAN

GARRICK was an actor in the service of a dramatic company. Three days ago he appeared in "Romeo and Juliet" and was now seated in front of his table in a little rose wood chair in his villa. He was thinking of the next performance in which he was to impersonate Shylock. His thoughts were suddenly disturbed by his valet entering his room with a letter in his hand. Garrick took it, opened it with an ivory cutter and read. The letter was headed "The Great Western Hotel, Holborn, Bombay". It was from Enid and read as follows:—

Dear Mr. Garrick,

How I fancy a drive along the marina to-night! Do please call on me at room No. 5, Great Western Hotel at 5 p. m. and after supper we shall drive thence.

Yours affectionately,

Enid.

Garrick read and re-read it. A thrill of joy ran through his veins. He read it for the twentieth time, hugged it to his bosom and even went to the ludicrous extent of kissing the signature of Enid! In short, he exhibited all the extravagances that a strong love naturally suggests in a youth. He would go to her that evening, he thought, in the best of his attires and if chance so came his way would reveal his mind to her.

Enid: Enid was a pretty girl, sweet and past only eighteen summers. In her gait, in the swing of her carriage and the way she carried her well-poised head there was ineffable, unaffected grace. Narrow-waisted, slim, delicate, she was the incarnation of exquisite daintiness and high refinement. In one word, she was charming! Little wonder therefore that Garrick should have singled her out as the prettiest girl he had ever seen!

She in the company of a gentleman had been patronising the theatre almost every day for the past fortnight and had always occupied the front sofa. Whenever Garrick appeared on the stage she would observe him intently and whisper something into the ears of her companion seated beside, and Garrick, being the best actor, always thought that Enid was praising him to her companion! Being only about 30, unmarried and endowed

with all physical beauties, Garrick could not resist admiring Enid and wishing for her acquaintance. His admiration for her spurred his imagination so far that on the night of "Romeo" he thought she winked at him; and directly after the play was over, he got himself introduced to her who, in turn, seemed to be too pleased at this new acquaintance whose dramatic talents had been so much the topic of the day. She also felt a secret joy at, what was to her, the successful beginning of a daring plot which she and her companion were to execute!

Three days had elapsed from the night of "Romeo" and Enid had invited Garrick for a drive along the marina.

Hours seemed longer for Garrick that day. The clock in the hall ticked away and was showing four in the evening. He was in his best garb and was beside himself with rapture. A drive with Enid, the most beautiful he had ever seen, was the supremest thing for him! Hailing a passing taxi, he drove to the Great Western Hotel and standing before room No. 5 felt his pulse beat faster. He gently opened the door and beheld Enid sitting in front of a mirror enjoying her recently powdered face.

"Good evening, sweet Enid!" greeted Garrick as she turned to look at him.

"Good evening" came back the greeting.

She pointed him to a chair and called for the boy. The boy appeared.

"Biscuit and tea for two" ordered she and the next moment the boy laid before them biscuit and tea. Tea over, they strolled into the hotel garden till eight in the night when they returned to the main hall where supper was awaiting them. They finished a hasty meal and at nine Garrick holding the hand of Enid came out into the street where a taxi, which seemed to have been already ordered, was waiting for them. The chauffeur, a genial man, opened the door and saw the pair comfortably seated inside. In less than quarter of an hour the taxi pulled down under a spreading tree on the marina and Garrick's heart beat faster but Enid felt no such unusual signs.

"Dear Garrick," she said as the chauffeur opened the door for them, "shall we go near the water side and spend some time on the sand?"

Garrick was buoyed up and assented. They went and sat on the sand near the water side. Each waited for the other to break the silence but Enid began:

"Garrick! Would you belive me? A finer actor I am yet to see!"

"You flatter me, Enid" he said.

"No I mean what I say." She gazed him full in his eyes.

He felt bucked up. A few minutes silence and Garrick spurted out:

"Enid! May I s-p-e-a-k!"

"What prevents you?"

"Then, I wish to.....". He had not finished but Enid understood what he was aiming at. She blushed and eyed him through the corner of her eyes." .....marry you!" he completed.

She paused as if to consider.

"Garrick," she said, "I do not intend to marry anybody! Anyhow, why not give me time to think?"

"Well. Quarter of an hour? Half an hour?" He waited for an answer.

"Not so soon as that, Garrick," she said, "I shan't tell you one thing now and repent afterwards what I told you! So, why don't you give me time to think?" To-morrow evening you come up to my room, or I shall.....". She had not finished but Garrick said he would go.

A feeling of impatience came over him but he thought it prudent not to press his suit. Hours glided by and Enid glancing at her wrist observed:

"Dear Garrick, haven't we been staying out too late?"

Garrick did not think so.

"Well, what time is it now?"

"Past mid-night! Shall we return?"

Garrick would fain have answered in the negative but said 'yes' seeing that she would start even had he protested. They came back to the taxi and woke up the chauffeur who was fast

asleep in the front seat, At the next moment the engine started and the lovers were on their way to the Great Western Hotel, At the hotel, ordering the taxi to wait, Garrick followed Enid to her room and after few minutes' conversation said:

"Thank you for all your kindness, Enid, I shall now be off and shall meet you tomorrow evening."

He turned to go when she touched him,

"At what hour?" asked she.

"You shall name."

"5 P M."

"Right-o". So saying he came out and got into the taxi. He smiled within himself and also muttered 'to-morrow she will consent and Enid shall be mine!' His dreams were brought to an end (to be resumed afterwards) by the taxi stopping opposite his villa. He dismissed it went on straight into his room, changed dress and rolled on his bed. For an hour more he mused within himself till at last sleep closed his eyes. When he woke up next day it was sunrise and Enid's vision came back to his memory. The morning routine of toilet and bath was gone through. A sort of impatience came over him; he paced about the room with long strides. At twelve he finished his meal. Now and then he would go to his window and look at the beautiful flowers in the garden and would think that he would make a fine bouquet of them for Enid! He managed to spend the rest of the hours till four in the evening in the proverbial 'building-castles-in-the-air' manner.

At four he retired to his private room and issued forth in the tip-top fashion. He came out into the street exactly at 4.45 and drove to the Great Western Hotel. At the hotel, dismissing the conveyance, he shot upstairs two steps at a jump. He stood before room No. 5, wiped the sweat on his face and adjusted the hat. His bosom heaved with joy at the impending meeting. He opened the door and saw the chair in the centre of the room vacant he entered the room, turned this way and that but found no Enid. A feeling of desolation pervaded the atmosphere for the room showed all signs that its occupant had vacated it once for all. He pursed his lips in contemplation. Just then a gust



of wind came through the window and threatened to break the window panes and glass shutters. Something from the table in front of the chair, flew about the room and fell on the floor at the feet of Garrick. He picked it up, a folded letter and read :

My Dear Garrick,

I know what your feelings will be at seeing this note. I am sorry to tell you that soon after you left me last night I received a telegram that a near relative of mine is dead. I had to leave the hotel at day break to catch the morning train. I am so sorry that our meeting has to be deferred; but I hope to be back soon.

Your affectionate,

Enid.

"Soon! How long that may be!" sighed he. He felt damped in spirit. Tears rushed up to his eyes. The previous night's adventures with Enid on the beach came back to his mind; he then cursed within himself her relative whose death at that time had been so inopportune and had snatched away her whom he loved with all his heart. He returned to his villa.

As Garrick entered his room, his valet saluted him with the usual mechanical bow and said :

"Master, Inspector Blake of the Railway Police came to see you soon after you left but——" "Who?" interrupted Garrick.

"Inspector Blake of the railway police, Master. He did not say anything but went away instantly."

Garrick's already disappointed and love-sick brain could not comprehend why a Police Inspector should have called on him. He reclined on an easy chair, lit the pipe that hung from the corner of his mouth and puffed wonderingly. His meditations were disturbed as the door opened and the police officer greeted him.

"Good evening, Blake! I was wondering as to what the news might be! My valet just finished telling me that you were here soon after I left. What news?"

"News! Garrick. I am glad to meet you. Why, they told me you were travelling by the evening mail to Madras!"

Garrick did not understand the meaning of all this; so he laughed, a mocking laugh, and wondered whether the Inspector was not cutting jokes with him.

"Who told you, Blake?"

"The booking clerk who sold the tickets."

Garrick laughed till his sides split.

"No laughing, Garrick! Are these yours?" So saying the Inspector placed into Garrick's hand a velvety purse and half a dozen visiting cards. Garrick turned the purse in his palm several times before he replied.

"Inspector, I should be glad to have this though it is not mine!"

"Well, well. The cards?"

Garrick looked at the cards: his face assumed a sort of wrinkleness and he raised his eyebrows.

"What is the mystery, Blake? Why, they are mine! I got them printed only a week back. How came you by them?" So saying he left the place and went near the box in which he had kept the cards to see if they were all undisturbed. He opened the lid and found the contents in disorder.

"Inspector, Inspector! They *are* mine. But here my rings! Where are they? My diamond rings are also missing!" The police official went near the box, examined it with a searching glance.

"Mr. Garrick, this purse with some money in it and these cards were picked up in the first class counter of the Victoria Terminus. The booking clerk who sold tickets said that the gentleman who bought the tickets resembled you in all appearance. His statement was corroborated by the fact that some visiting cards with your name on them were found inside the purse. So, you see why I come to you?" The inspector stopped to wipe the sweat on his forehead and looked at Garrick questioningly. There was confusion and horror in the latter's eyes.

"Mr. Blake? I shall be extremely thankful to you if you can restore those rings of mine! They are real diamonds and are costly. The scoundrels! The rogues!" Garrick called a series of names on the thief whoever it was.

"I shall be off now" said the Inspector as he rose up from the chair, "and shall let you know further in a day or two". The official had gone.

Garrick called his valet and questioned him severely whether he knew about the theft. On the menial denying all knowledge of the affair, Garrick dismissed the valet from service with a threat that the police would be on him soon.

The disappointment lately experienced in the Enid affair and the loss of rings began to work havoc on Garrick's health, for in less than twenty-four hours after Blake left him he showed signs of an approaching melancholia.

Two days more were passed without Garrick hearing anything about his rings from the police official. On the third day he was served with a subpoena to appear before the town Magistrate of Bombay to identify certain persons in connection with the loss of his rings. This was glad news to Garrick who managed to be present at the court in spite of his melancholia on the appointed day.

"Do you know him?" asked the Magistrate of Garrick jerking his thumb at a man in the prisoner's dock.

Garrick eyed him for some minutes and said:

"Yes, your honour. He used to come to the theatre. Always in the front row."

"Have you seen anybody else with him?"

Enid's figure floated in his vision but his admiration for her would not allow him to associate her with crime even in thought. So he said:

"No. I have seen nobody with him."

"Inspector!" called the Magistrate, "bring that lady." At the next moment a lady was made to stand in the dock beside the man already there.

"Well, Mr. Garrick. Try to remember. Do you know this lady?"

A strange contortion came over the face of the lady as she saw Garrick.

"Know her! What! Isn't she Enid! I would not believe, your honour, that she could have joined in the crime against me"

"Well, Mr. Garrick. What? Her name Enid? You shall know from the mouths of the culprits who they are and then you will know how kind Enid was to you!" Here the Magistrate could not help smiling a mocking smile. "You" said the Magistrate, addressing the persons in the dock, "give your statements."

"The lady and I" began the man-prisoner "came to this city a fortnight or so ago and took up rooms in the Great Western hotel under the names of Thomas and Enid though we are really Smith and Irene. We had spent all we had brought with us and we knew that the bills would be coming to us from the hotel manager and others. We had not the wherewithal to meet them and we decided upon a plan. We had been attending the theatre almost everyday of our stay here and had observed Garrick. We were told that he was one of the richest men of the city drawing as he is a fat pay in the service of the company. We decided upon a bold plan. It was agreed between Irene and myself that she would lure Garrick away from his villa by false pretences of love thereby giving me time to enter his house and come away with all his valuables. Irene did succeed by inviting Garrick for a drive along the marina and by detaining him on the beach while I in the guise of Garrick entered his villa. I was able to lay hands on his two rings and some visiting cards and came away with them. It was easy for Irene to cut off Garrick by a sham telegram about a relative's death. This was really to prevent Garrick making enquiries after us. Irene and I met in the Terminus and decided to go to Madras and purchased tickets. Until after the train had moved I did not know that the purse was not with me. I do not know what happened afterwards; for at Raichur (a junction *en route* to Madras) two policemen entered the carriage we were sitting in and by the fear I exhibited came upon me and declared that we were wanted by the Bombay Police. And we are here, your honour."

The man prisoner brought the story to an abrupt close and the magistrate said: "What say you to that, lady?"

She found no words to speak and overcome by shame sobbed like a school girl and confessed her part of the crime. The rings were found on the person of Smith and were restored to Garrick; and the culprits were sentenced to a long term of servitude. Garrick also was overcome by shame at his own foolishness in having allowed himself to be made a victim to a daring plot by the pretentious love of a lady whose acquaintance he made at a theatre!

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# THE VALUE OF HUMAN CAPITAL

BY P. V. AGHORAM IYER

I DEPLORE the circumstance that human civilisation is not yet so ripe as to make man the most efficient for life's work. Our sense of human values is not yet satisfactory. I do not desire to suggest that there is a stand-still in human affairs. On the other hand I am firmly persuaded we have moved on with great speed from age to age. If the truth be told we have had many retrograde moves. Our slips down, our backslidings have been more numerous than our climbs up. What I suggest is that we have not yet sufficiently improved the lot of man, to help him do his life's work with a better endowment of brain and body. A ceaseless struggle was carried on by man with outer nature. All his patience, all his resourcefulness was tried in the struggle. A heavy toll of human lives was levied by nature, before she came under human direction and control. A good part of nature is still wild & earful; the security experienced by man under normal conditions is imperilled when mighty forces start in nature. The elements are still our foes and when they are let loose on us, the loss in human life and property is considerable. It may never be possible for man to prevent or resist those catclysms in nature which destroy life and property on a colossal scale. But it is nevertheless true that man has so efficiently brought outer nature under control that he could live his normal life, not merely with a sense of security from his environments, but also with a view to make the most of the environments.

I would describe the condition of human life to day as sufficiently satisfactory for a great effort man may make in the direction of internal reform. In the ultimate analysis, man's mind is of much greater value than his body. What he requires for his work is the equal strength of the mind and the body. Those who have it are really very few in the world. The few men of education and culture in the world develop their minds at the expense of their bodies. Their number is perhaps larger in India than in Western countries. They don't exercise the muscles to keep the body in perfect condition. They carry on

an unequal struggle. They generally fall victims to overwork. They have to leave off the field of action before their time and the fruition of their labours. In their work is an inevitable halfness. Mass life everywhere in the world is lived amidst dirt and squalor—more moral than physical. The masses in India, for instance, are better situated than the classes. They get more fresh air than the classes, particularly in the rural tracts. The bulk of them live in the villages. But their physical uncleanness is repulsive. It has resulted partly from their poverty, but a great deal from their dullness and ignorance. Sanitary and hygienic cautions which are most elementary have not been taught to them. Neither the state nor the society cares for them, nor does any work worth mentioning to improve their physical and mental condition. But these masses suffer most from drunkenness and the allied vices. In India as elsewhere, this is the one great trouble. The use of tobacco for smoking, chewing and snuffing is almost universal. If you travel in the railway, you are enveloped in tobacco smoke. The trouble from drink is greater. Men take to drink or the use of opium etc. in order to drown their sorrow and suffering. At stated intervals, they gulp down glassfuls or potfuls of liquor.

Drink leads to debauchery and crime. It weakens and paralyses the physique. It unstrings the nerves. It deploys the mind of its powers. It impoverishes the faculty of thinking, retention and impairs the will for desiring and doing good. An increasing helplessness comes upon life. Moral sensibility is destroyed. It becomes in the long run difficult to tell the good from the bad, the true from the false. The home is made unhappy. The wife and the children are ill-treated and are often led into evil ways. The man who is used to drink, gets aged before his time and puts on an awful look of dissipation. The mind that is thrown off its balance by drunkenness has not the power to resist sex-temptation. Looseness in sexual matters generally accompanies drunkenness. At any rate, it is a difficult enough task for the drunkard to practise moderation and self-control in his relations with his wife. The loss in mental power and good cheer to the couple at home and to the children is appalling. A family that is rooted in the vice is in a pitiable state. It becomes increasingly inefficient for life work. The



state and the society lose the value their lives. When hundreds of families get ruined like that, it is a sad state of the world. I do not mean to suggest that if these evils in mass life are got rid of the millenium will dawn on us to-morrow. If we have done so far for them, it is time to think of giving them culture, intellectual enlightenment. Their life will become more valuable to the world then. In western countries, the beauty of human life is marred by drunkenness not merely among the masses but very often among the classes. It is a mark of refinement to drink. Not every one who drinks is a drunkard. There could be moderation in drinking. In very polite society people drink a little.

There is the danger of crossing the margin. Even moderation in drinking is a doubtful virtue. From a medical point of view, it is productive of harmful consequences. When society forgets its obligations to the poor and indulges in the game of banqueting, the champions of temperance may roll under the banquet-table under the influence of liquor. I am no fanatic of reform in the direction of anti-tobacconism or anti-alcoholism! nor do I think that they are the crux of the human problem. Yet I devoutly believe, that you will improve the lot of man a great deal by getting rid of the two evils. The growing pauperism in human life would disappear if these vices are got rid of. All vices are uneconomical factors in life. All the extravagance of which man has been guilty has resulted from addiction to vice. If we really desired the moral betterment of the world, neither, the rich nor the poor have room for extravagance or vice. The rich may really serve the world better by devoting such income to the amelioration of the lot of the poor. The poor, by giving up such vices, may increase their material resources, and improve their power to resist famine conditions. Legislation alone will not bring about the reform. The prohibition of drink and the punishment of the wrong-doer for violating the law are not enough to bring about an enduring moral reform. The vice will be secretly indulged in. The society as a whole ought to be educated to the new consciousness. Reform by direction in preference to dictation would be the ideal way. If that be impossible, by direction and dictation alike the reform will come. In the imperfect state of the world, pure moral sanctions don't affect the lives of all. That is why I feel that we may discover the effective use of the maximum of physical sanctions. That is the ideal towards which every society has to move with greater or less speed and energy. *(To be continued.)*

# SOCIAL REFORM

BY C. V. KRISHNASWAMY AYYAR, B. A., B. L.

THE great Swami Vivekanand whom our venerable and much respected countryman Professor Sundararama Ayyar described as our 'Supreme Teacher,' put the matter in his inimitable language thus, when speaking of the present stage of religion, "Your God is the kitchen, your Bible is the cooking pot, 'don't touch' is the phrase on your lips. How mean and degraded has our eternal religion become at your hands. Where does your religion lie now? In don't touchism alone and nowhere else. In our books there is the doctrine of Universal equality but in work we make great distinctions." Few can deny that the genuine spirit of our great religion, the spirit of love, of tolerance, of brotherliness, of compassion is very much absent in the practical life of most Indians who pass for orthodox men now. But social Reformers believe that he ought to stick to the realities of religion, rather than cling to its shell and shadows. He would say with the Swamiji "I do not believe in a God or Religion which cannot wipe the widow's tears or bring a piece of bread to the orphan's mouth." The orthodox Hindu considers that if caste is attacked Hindu religion will totter. Here again let us hearken to our 'supreme teacher'. Said he, 'every one made the mistake of holding caste to be a religious institution; but in spite of all the ravings of the priests, caste is simply a crystallized social institution which after doing its service, is now filling the atmosphere of India with its stench, and it can be removed only by giving back to the people their lost social individuality'. Surely the revered Swamiji knew as much of the position of caste in Hindu religion as a thousand of the present day teachers of the Varnasrama Dharma put together. The language is strong but I do not wish to interfere with the Swamy's own words. The social Reformer's conception of religion was never described better than when Rabindranath Tagore sang in his Gitanjali "Leave this chanting and singing and telling beads. Whom dost thou worship in this lonely dark corner of a temple with doors all shut. Open thine eyes and see thy God is not before thee. He is there, where the tiller is tilling the hard ground and where the path maker is breaking stones. He is with them in sun and shower and His garment is covered with dust.

But off thy Holy mantle and even like Him, come down on the dusty soil. Deliverance? Where is this deliverance to be found? Our Master Himself has joyfully taken upon him the bonds of creation. He is bound with us all for ever. Come out of thy meditations and leave aside thy flowers and incense. What harm is there if thy clothes become tattered and stained? Meet Him and stand by Him in toil and in the sweat of thy brow". Tagore, the greatest mystic of modern India ought to know.

While this is the truth, I am free to confess that there is some foundation for the orthodox attack. The conduct of some among the camp followers of our movement is not as satisfactory as it should be. It is not desirable to merely dismiss this as inevitable and to point to such degeneracy among the rank and file of other movements. To my mind the standard by which a social reformer should be judged ought to be very much higher. Most of you perhaps have heard Lord Morley's famous dictum that discourtesy was a fault in any one but in Europeans in India it was a crime. Even so irreligiousness is a grave defect in any one but even the shadow of it among the social reformers is in my opinion a grave crime against the great cause which has brought us here together. Nor is this charge against us entirely based on the aberration of a few social reformers. It gets some possibility from the line of thought adopted by some of our leaders also. When any particular reform is advocated it is said by some of them that it will make for an united and vigorous India. Down with the caste system, it is cried sometimes, because it will promote political solidarity. Marry your girls after puberty, because it will lead to the birth of physically strong citizens. They are no doubt good reasons, but these worldly reasons do not satisfy the Hindu mind as much as any other worldly reason would. You may characterise this attitude of mind in any way you please, but it is paradoxically true that to the true Hindu nothing worldly can be true and valid if it is not broad-based on other worldly foundations. And when he is satisfied that the foundations are well laid there he will more easily reconcile himself to change. The better mind of Hindu India asks itself again and again whether any proposed change means progress towards the peace which passeth all understanding, or is it only a way to the temple of Mammon. It is to meet

this insistent suspicion that I would like to place our programme on a religious basis, and to add to our arguments those based on other worldly advantages. I venture to think that nothing is likely to make our cause popular and acceptable to the masses than an insistence on the doctrine of the Fatherhood of God and the Brother'hood of Man. If you say that caste distinction must go because it will lead to political unity, you are met with the answer that political unity is after all a very evanescent thing; that communities united to-day may war against each other to-morrow because they differ on some political issue; and that is no good adjusting one's social relations and customs to suit such a transitory purpose. If I and my Muhamadan brothers are agreed to-day and have a common grievance against a third party, it may possibly be that in a few years, when that third party has been put down he and I may begin to quarrel because we cannot see eye to eye on some political issue. Is the caste system which was pulled down to satisfy that political unity to be rehabilitated because he and I have begun to disagree? Is my non-brahmin brother to be loved by me the less because for the nonce he would try to play the political game of his own bat and would not trust any political Brahmin? I think that a more permanent and a more effective way to put down caste pride is to tell the man of caste that in the eye of the Lord all men are equal and it will be to please the God ahead to give up your caste exclusiveness. I am not merely theorising. The History of India has in all ages testified to the truth of this. You will find that whenever caste was effectively attacked in this country, it was by a seeker-after-God. It was Buddha, it was Kabir that was able to force the citadel. In holy Jagannath the Brahmana is willing to take food prepared by barbers because it is holy *prasad*. Who is it that can, according to the Hindu Sastras transgress social rules with impunity? It is a sanyasin who is devoted to God and has attained high spiritual evolution. What raised persons even of the lowest classes to the dignity of Alvars to whom even the highest Brahmanas make obeisance? It is their spiritual life. What made Nandan the Paraya, the admitted equal of the highest Brahmins? His passionate devotion to the God-head. Why do hosts of Mahrattas mention the very name of Ekhanath with veneration, because he devoted himself to the

service of his deity. Have these no lesson for us, can we, puny men build better than these giants? Has not the Brihad Aranyaka Upanishad taught us "verily the Brahmana class is not dear that you may love the Brahmana class but that you may love the self within? Therefore the Brahmana class is dear. Verily the Kshatriya class is not dear that you may love the Kshatriya class but that you may love the self within, therefore the Kshatriya class is dear. Verily the world is not dear that you may love the world but that you may love the self within; therefore the world is dear." I venture to think therefore that wherever we set to work, this idea of universal brotherhood must be proclaimed and emphasised.

That great friend of India Sir Michael Sadler speaking only the other day on 'New forces in India' said that "the need of young India was a religion which would command the full obedience of the heart and mind which recognised the brotherhood of men and the rights of women". Not that universal brotherhood meant equality of all. I think that there is not a more mischievous shibboleth than that all men are equal. As a statement of fact it is obviously untrue. They are very different in their physical and mental endowments, not to speak of the economic and social environments in which they are born and are bred up and live. Speaking as a Hindu, who believes in the doctrine of Karma, this is no puzzle or surprise to me. But as an ideal to be worked up to, it is the truth of truths; and it is the duty of every one of us to see that our brothers of all castes and creeds have equality of opportunities. That is the true meaning of universal brotherhood. My panchama brother must have the same opportunities to evolve himself into as good a son of our common Maker as the most high placed brahmin. I would go even further and say that he should have more opportunities because of the handicap of so-called low birth. If I approve of widow re-marriage it is as much for the reason that our unfortunate sister should have the same opportunities as other members of the Lord's family to really benefit by the sacrament and discipline of a married life. If we agree to the post-puberty marriage it is because among other reasons we would give our sisters the same opportunities as the girls of

other communities to understand that true inwardness of the holy sacrament of marriage and to enter into it with a mind and a body well-developed to perform its sacred duties of motherhood and service to the members of her husband's family. And so on and so forth, each plank in our platform can be supported on this doctrine of Universal Brotherhood; building on it we build on a rock unalterable by geographical or political considerations. Building entirely on others we build on what is evanescent and risky.



### HUMILITY

Bend low in humility and look; anger is woe. Blessed will you be, if you stand firm on this habit. Bend low in humility and look, anger is a great woe.

All happiness lies in patience, if only you understand. If they rebuke you, fling it not back from your mouth. Verily he is punished who seeks precedence. The man of pride, nought in his lap did he carry. They might answer; do not fling the abuse back. Melt your mind into wax towards all. Adopt patience, for no good comes of pride. Though you listen to abuse with your ears, do not return it.

Of the guide's instructions this one is the weightiest: "They pulled best who killed the passions with patience." Do not fling back abuse at those that cast it on you. Give daily a previous advice to anger. Never return abuse, then shall you be blessed. Do not revile the non-revilers, and forget the abuse of the revilers. All day long, with reverence this course you must adopt. With your head betwixt your knees, live in poverty. Entertain the Judgment—deliverer, that you be not dependent on a Kazi.



# RED OLEANDER

BY M. NARAYANAN, B. A., L. T.

**I**N this small play of Rabindranath, the poet gives us a picture of the Yaksha town, a whole city "thrusting its head underground groping in darkness for dead wealth". Its vision of a higher life is dulled, the aspiration of the far is quieted and all the resources of human life are converted into a ghastly machine of power meant to get or break. The king of the land has raised around him an iron wall of power and prestige, divorced of human touch. He has been got up like a bogey man and kept secure behind a grotesque and ugly screen of barren dignity and aloofness—the approved draperies of authority. With the expanse of his frontiers his lonely soul gets attenuated. Simple joys and delights of life have become alien to him. Even as the cow gives butter straight off, conversations with him are ordered to be "solidly concentrated".

Precious like the streak of light that comes through a creaked wall, here appears an angel of light and life—the girl Nandini, the Red Oleander a flower rare in that land but one happily found behind a heap of rubbish. She comes to the grim palace door in quest of her lover Ranjan known to be shut up in the king's chambers. The king has no time or patience to understand her, though some uneasiness comes upon him at the sight of the strange girl.

Of Ranjan himself, of that large soul, we get scanty glimpse and the art gains by his obscurity. He seems to be one that no prison could hold, no fetters shackle—a resistless divine light driving before it all darkness and dirt. Foreign to fear he is not born to be bridled. Nandini herself says that Ranjan moves on without a jar. "Even like the Shankhini river he laughs and breaks". Torments do not smart his soul. Put to work in the underground tunnels, he laughs its labour away. Put with diggers, he makes them a merry band of the free, improvising diggers' dance to the tune of their spades. This rare spirit, the like of which once in a way walks on the earth finds himself, naturally enough in the iron grip of the ruthless king, at whose door knocks day after day Nandini, for the Lord of her Heart. In her quest for her beloved, she casts her influence on all whom she meets. She is an elemental force, and elfian spirit radiating life around and generating heart-stir wherever she goes. Even the king cannot long remain insulated from her.

Among the agents of the king are men at various stages of depravity. The massive engine of power rolled on over preacher and professor, watcher and wrestler, the buoyant lad and the simple farmer, shaping them all into lumps of slavery and sloth. Of them all, perhaps, Kenarin the Gosain, the preacher of peace appointed to give quiet and rest to the troubled souls of men, easily takes the foremost place. He has become a veritable hypocrite, a lowly worm given to eat into life. "Priest on the skin and governor at the marrow" this Poa Constrictor as Nandini rightly names him, is the

rankest and vilest type of evil trotting in the garb of virtue. In his dry repetitions of holy names, in his wordy ministrations of peace and love, in his show of text to sanction acts wicked and inhuman, we have one of the most degenerate types of priesthood which is far from religion and farther from God. Then there are the low minded cringing flatterer of a Headman who "does not stick at dirtiness, in whom Satan holds unquestioned sway, and the Governor whose shadow is everywhere and who has reduced himself to something like "a cane-stick, leafless, rootless and sapless".

Gokul carries a brain too besotted and a heart too shrunk to understand Nandini. He has no "need" and he is safe at digging. To him Nandini is a terrible witch disturbing order and peace and like an earnest soul he goes about warning others from this vile corruptor. He remains one of those blessed complascent who possess an unruffled soul and to whom the mysteries of life and the world are nothing.

The Professor digging day and night in the yellow pages and living behind a network of scholarship, is not so safely barricaded from Nandini as he would desire. Now and then as he tells us Nandini comes and startles him. He could make out the grabbing roots underneath from the blossoms swaying in light and air. But he prudently advises fair Nandini not to probe into their secrets too deep. The risky role of a true and positive life is not in the professorial line.

Then comes the digger Phagulal and his wife Chandra. They are indeed a common type of our day full of deep pathos. They have lived long in the Yaksha town. The joys of his country home, of its light and space, poor Phagulal remembers between his bottles but he feels the road homeward is closed. He confesses the shame that comes upon him on seeing Nandini and indeed he ultimately hears her message. Chandra, the simple lady of homely virtues and settled habits—even she is troublesome in that neatly ordered Yaksha land, for women cannot be so easily pigeonholed as men. She too knows the joy of her ancient home but 'naivette' that she is, her simple heart cannot appreciate the wildness of Nandini, who has spoiled the good Bishu. Not the least of this motley group is the strong and defiant wrestler who comes to grips with the dark powers and is, alas, undone of strength and vitality with no outward sign of wound. His sap is sucked dry and after an "at your service, sir" his fall is complete and he joins their choir of the holy name! The tragedy of moral degeneration wrought here is beyond compare.

Kindred to Nandini, more than any one else is Bishu, the king's spy. He is possessed of a hankering heart. A rebel by nature, one of the sort that society cannot silence by its codes and conventions, he is quickly drawn to her and he takes to the mad life of the free and the strong "drinking the green of the woods and the gold of sunshine," singing and dancing to the tune of the winds. In the depths of his dance and song there is a tinge of sadness. Through Nandini the aspiration for the far is revealed to him and he often calls her "waker of my grief, messenger from the unreachable."

Out of this clash of characters, the denouement brought about is supremely significant. The king, the emblem of all the misdirected energy of the whole Yaksha town, the great ruler who with his dark agents, is given up wholly to a mass of wealth and power, spreading ruin and devastation "like a parched up desert licking up the green blades of grass" has at last had, in the words of the professor "tidings of the secret of life and has gone off in quest of it". His turn of life is tremendous. Though the tidings came to him late, it came clear and true. His iron hand wrenches out Ranjan's life who lies bleeding before the eyes of Nandini. The doom is intensely tragic, but is rendered endurable by the moral relief, for at that moment comes the "tidings" to the king, there ends his long career of grabbing and there sprouts the hope of the Yaksha land. He is no more troubled by the mystery of Nandini, nor does he doubt the future. The light in her eyes which he had no patience to understand and would have even squeezed out between his strong fingers is now a beacon light to him. He yearns now for her comradeship in the sure task before him. He is out to fight against himself. He pulls down the flagstaff and the flag, he joins the dauntless rebels in smashing the prison walls and he has to fight against his own agents—the dark creatures he has shaped.

Amidst this great hope-bearing tumult the bleeding Ranjan comes to our sad vision; but let us seek solace by whispering to ourselves the sweet silent words of Nandini as she herself softly disappears amongst the boisterous crowd "Ranjan is not dead, he leaves behind his conquering all".

In this play as in most others the message of Tagore is essentially for the youth of the world. He himself is all young except in age. He makes us young. The youths of distant Poland and Prague, of Berlin and Rome have formed Tagore circles and clubs for studying his works and for communing with the great poet saint. Is it too much to expect that the young men of India too will open their hearts to receive his simple message? In the name of civilization pressed on by orgies of greed and vanity everywhere, men have got far away from their real homes, ruptured from the peace and beauty of simple needs and joys. This gift from the poet is to them all.

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#### REVIEWS AND NOTICES.

#### SANATANA DHARMA, ALLEPPEY.

WE have received the February issue of this first-rate Malayalam Monthly. It maintains its usual high standard and provides plenty of thought provoking reading. The journal needs and deserves greater support from the Malayalam knowing public. The annual subscription is but a trifle Rupees Two per annum and that should enable anybody to go in for the journal.

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# Notes

THE re-delivery of the Kamala Lectures by the Rt. Hon. V. S. Srinivasa Sastry under the auspices of the Madras University at its invitation and the presentation of a Souvenir at the close of it were events in themselves as we pointed out during the time in our issue of May last. The laudable

## Sastry Endowment Fund

step, which was subsequently taken, of founding a University Endowment Fund in his name for the encouragement of the study of Political Science with special relation to India

and presenting an oil-painting of the honoured lecturer to the University, has come to fruition, thanks to the strenuous efforts of the Endowment Committee and the voluntary enthusiasm and esteem of the public towards Mr. Sastry. The Endowment is of the face value of Rs. 5,000 (in Mysore Loan Bonds) yielding an annual income of Rs. 317—1—2 and the Syndicate has been requested to arrange for annual lectures and the publication of the same in the course of the year itself. It is hoped that the first lecture under the Endowment will be delivered shortly after July 1927. The arrangement leaves nothing to be desired and the organisers of the Endowment deserve to be congratulated. The pleasant ceremony of unveiling the portrait was done by His Excellency the Governor in the Senate House on the 15th instant. Nothing can be more appropriate than the two functions we have spoken of above—for all through his career, throughout the responsible offices he has held, officially and unofficially, Mr. Sastry has remained a *teacher* first and last. As Sir P. S. Sivaswamy Iyer put it, "whether in fashioning the minds of his school pupils, or in moulding public opinion, or instructing the larger world outside India about the wishes, conditions and aspirations of India, he may be regarded as having been engaged in education all his life."

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THE disappearance of *New India* as a daily is a sad loss for Madras Journalism. In these days when journalism is being looked upon and conducted as a purely commercial proposition, *New India* was perhaps the only paper (if we except Mahatma

**New India**

Gandhi's *Young India*) which stood against this debasing transmutation and stuck fast to its primary mission of education and service.

As a propaganda sheet for the Nation's cause, its utility has been immense and its disappearance is a distinct loss for those engaged in the education of the electorate. A most efficiently, though not successfully, conducted journal from the business point of view, its principles even in this sphere were beyond all praise. It always refused to pander to the public taste for sensation and stunts to the detriment of its circulation and religiously enforced its belief in its theories to the serious diminution of its advertising revenues. It was perhaps the only paper which refused point-blank to commit the perpetual anomaly of advocating prohibition in the editorial columns and flaunting advertisements of liquors elsewhere in the same issue. It is some consolation that such a unique daily does not pass out of Indian Journalism. We eagerly watch for the appearance of the renovated *New India*, which is to be published as a *Weekly* from Bombay under the joint editorship of Dr. Besant and Mr. Jamnadas Dwarakadas and wish better success to the new venture.

\* \* \*

**T**HE convocation of the Delhi University was an occasion for His Excellency the Viceroy to give expression to his impressions about our Universities. The addressee has the advantage of being very brief, but at the same time it is very thought-provoking and suggestive. Lord Irwin deplored that

**Viceroy** "here in India many look on a University as a  
**on** little more than a turnstile into the arena of  
**Universities.** Government Service." But, while deprecating, the view, it is a pity he did not pause to enquire why it was so. Had His Excellency examined the question he would have found that the fault lies in our Universities themselves. A University, at its highest, he said, "should be the embodiment of the desire of men to pursue truth for truth's sake and thus to lay the foundations of true knowledge." Anyone who knows anything about our Universities will know that they do not answer to this high ideal. Nor do they approximate even to the comparatively humbler aim of aiding

the practical application of learning to the business of a competitive world. This supplies the key to the wrong view of our young men regarding the aim and scope of their University training. If they aspire to Government posts, it is because their qualifications do not fit them for any thing better and they know for certain, that in the scramble for Government posts the hall mark of the University is a very practical criterion. Thus if the true purpose of University education is not to be lost on the students, the first necessity is to radically transform the course of studies in the Universities themselves.

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**B**UT His Excellency truly hit the mark when he observed that Indian Universities lacked something of the individuality that is enjoyed by Universities elsewhere in England and Scotland. It is here his suggestion is very valuable. He suggested that there might be a division of labour among Indian Universities in which each could make its own unique contribution to the intellectual life of the whole. He illustrated his point by referring to the Northern English Universities which reflect with great fidelity the needs of their industrial and textile environment in their thriving technological studies, and to the Bristol University which is a centre for agricultural research. In a similar manner, he visualised the future evolution of Universities in India. "I see no reason," said he "why **Bombay** should not be a great centre of textile research, both as regards fabric and machinery for the whole East. Similarly the Patna University need not be deterred by the institution of the new School of Mining at Dhanbad from developing a strong School of Mining, Engineering and Geology. Calcutta the headquarters of the Bengali people with their ancient culture might win a place and renown as a centre for the study of the Humanities." The idea is certainly deserving of serious consideration and its advantages are manifest. The tendency in India today is to multiply Universities of the old type which has been tried and found wanting. It will be an achievement in itself, if instead of increasing the number of inefficient Universities, we set about reconstructing the existing ones in the light of the Viceroy's



suggestion. But indeed, if we *must* have more Universities, let us at least guard against making them an imitation of the old type and see that they retain their definite individuality and answer to the needs of their environment and the life of the people of the locality.

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ON the motion of Mr. Ramudas Pantulu a resolution was carried in the Council of State urging the adoption of measures for the provision of compulsory military training for College Students in Indian Universities. That it was carried without

division even in that conservative house des-

**Compulsory** spite the opposition of the Government is a

**Military Training** sufficient indication of the importance attached to the question by the public. Bombay and

Madras have already made a move in the matter and the strength of public opinion will sooner or later bring the other Universities in line with the first two. No doubt, no practical steps have yet been taken by any of the Universities, but it is bound to follow soon, if the popularity of the present University Training Corps and the expressed declarations of the young men concerned are to be believed. Under these circumstances, the attitude of the Government, which obviously was not in favour of the measure, is inexplicable. We do not see why Mr. Richey should be so much afraid of compulsion in this matter which he thinks might prejudice the success and popularity of the existing Corps, which is on a voluntary basis. On the other hand, we should think the very success of the Corps ought to constitute the primary reason for giving the idea a logical and inevitable extension by the introduction of compulsion.

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THE Indian Merchants' Chamber deserves to be congratulated on its decision to hold its own examinations both for commercial diplomas and commercial certificates in the various branches of specialised study of commerce. The object of the scheme is to induce more young men to take to this profession and help them to rise to high positions in the business world.

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Diplomas**

We give below further details of the scheme:—

For the present examinations will be through the medium of English and will be held twice, in the first week of October and the third week of April, every year. The first of these examinations will be held in October, 1927. The examinations will be divided into two classes,—

1. Senior Diploma examinations.
2. Senior Single Certificate examinations.

The Diplomas will be granted for a group of five subjects in each of the division, viz.,

- (a) Specialised Business Organisation and Management.
- (b) Specialised Banking.
- (c) Specialised Company Secretariat.
- (d) Accountancy.

The holders of this Diploma will be entitled to use the letters "D. Com. M. C." after their names. Those passing the Single Certificate examinations will be entitled to a certificate in the subjects in which they pass.

The Examinations will be open to *bona-fide* students of Institutions recognised by the Chamber who are certified by their Principals to have studied with them either personally or through post for at least six months prior to the date of their application. Those who have been working in Commercial firms of standing for at least two years will be also permitted to appear on production of certificates from the heads of such firms.



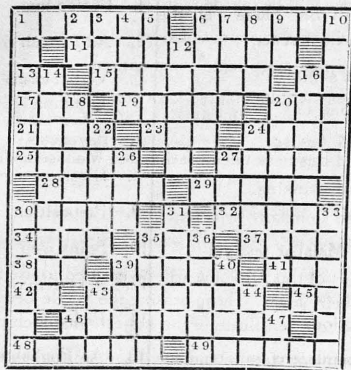
## Anagram Competition

Solutions for Anagram Competition in our February issue will be received up to the 10th of April 1927.

The 8th word in the Anagram is

CEEEIINNRT

# CROSS-WORD COMPETITION



Name.....

Address.....

Fill in above, enclose postage stamps to the value of an anna and send to *The Cross-Word Editor, The Scholar*, Palghat, before the 15th April, 1927.

## RULES

1. Two prizes of Rs. 8 and Rs. 2 worth of books will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct solutions of the above, opened on 16th April 1927.

2. Any number of alternate solutions may be sent but every such solution must be copied on diagrams cut out of *The Scholar*.

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

4. The names of the prize-winners and others who send the correct solution, together with the correct solution will be published in our next issue.

# CLUES

## Across.

1. A famous barrister
6. Freemasons
11. A punctuation mark
13. One of the "Big Three" at the Versailles Conference
15. Have dark skins
16. Fifty and one
17. Reverse 23 Across
19. Necessarily
20. Concealed
21. Principal Malabar festival
23. A thing
24. Set in motion
25. An independent state in India.
27. More beautiful
28. Prepared from roses
29. Broader
30. Liquid or gaseous
32. Eagerly desires
34. Forsaken
35. Possesses
37. Leave off
38. A period of time
39. Valleys
41. A pronoun
42. Railway
43. Part
45. L. N. (actual)

46. Associate

48. Worn by Indian women

49. The lily maid of Astolat

191404

## Down.

1. A great admiral
2. Royal Society
3. X
4. Foreboding
5. An African river
6. Verbal forms expressing manner of action
7. Beverages
8. Distress signal
9. Preposition
10. Spins web
12. A system of belief
14. Pedigree
16. An English seaport
18. Ecstasy
20. The best policy
22. Morning
24. Loved gold
26. Boy
27. A thing of little consequence
30. Burns unsteadily
31. Mediterranean island
33. Sucks up water
35. Musical instruments
36. River in France
39. A large cupola
40. Make dirty
43. American author
44. Curtail a Hebrew Patriarch
46. Lost his royal head
47. Recently ceased publication

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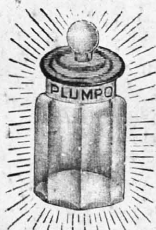
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