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Edited By

S. W. R. Dias Bandaranaike

AND

J. Vijayatunga.

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By MANINDRA B. GUPTA AND V. MASOJI.

Reviews, &c. &c.

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# A Picture.

BY

OLIVER H. MYERS.

(ASSISTANT EDITOR, POETRY AND THE PLAY.)

What welded thoughts disturb your simple mind,  
Quaint, supplicating nude of carven brass,  
Gazing into the polished bowl's blue glass,  
Beneath Anemones! And are you blind  
To their wide-flaunting beauty, disinclined  
To strike a friendship with such vulgar grass?  
Or do you stand, wrapped in devout high mass,  
Praying your soul to red gold be refined?

And you, flame flowers, what mean those twisted arms,  
Swaying like snakes against the tarn-black wall,  
Nervously feeling for unknown alarms;  
Those leering mouths, and eyes that droop and fall!

Painted by woman's hand for my delight,  
Picture of charms, your mysteries take flight.



Wood-cut

by V. Masoji.

Kindly lent by Mr. Nandalal Bose of Shantiniketan.

# Does Our Railway Aid Food Production?

BY

HON. MR. K. BALASINGHAM

OURS is an agricultural population. There is plenty of cultivable land still in jungle, and much of the land that is under cultivation can be made to yield considerably more. In spite of this we imported last year agricultural food products worth about 135 million rupees though our climate and soil are suitable for the production of these food products. We also imported last year fish products worth about 10 million rupees though a survey of our Seas by Dr. Pearson has revealed that after supplying our needs we are in a position to do a large export trade.

The following is a summary of our imports for 1925 in the order of value :

					Rs.
(1) GRAINS					
Rice	...	...	...	...	94,082,942
Paddy	...	...	...	...	2,528,445
Gram	...	...	...	...	1,637,076
Pulses and Beans	...	...	...	...	1,773,027
<i>Total Grains</i>	...	...	...	...	100,021,490
(2) Sugar and Jaggery	...	...	...	...	13,043,998
(3) Fish and Fish Manure	...	...	...	...	9,975,255
(4) CURRY STUFFS					
Chillies	...	...	...	...	3,998,546
Other Curry Stuffs	...	...	...	...	2,177,760
<i>Total Curry Stuffs</i>	...	...	...	...	6,176,326
(5) Groundnut (manure)	...	...	...	...	3,321,353
(6) Onions	...	...	...	...	3,032,117
(7) Gingelly Peonae and other forage	...	...	...	...	2,743,005
(8) Potatoes	...	...	...	...	1,922,854
(9) Cattle, Sheep, Goats and Poultry	...	...	...	...	1,804,315
(10) Milk, Butter and Ghee	...	...	...	...	1,637,076
(11) Coffee	...	...	...	...	1,026,444
(12) Beef, Mutton, Pork, Ham and Eggs	...	...	...	...	893,924
(13) Beans, Oats and Tapioca...	...	...	...	...	500,000
<i>Total</i>	...	...	...	...	Rs. 146,097,157

In this I have not included articles which we cannot produce such as wheat (5 million rupees), fruits, cheese, and articles which are not strictly speaking food, such as spirits and wine (3 million rupees), tobacco and cigarettes (2½ million rupees). But I have included the by-products of food stuffs such as groundnut cake, gingelly cake, bran and fish manure.

For the success of any industry facilities for marketing is of the utmost importance. Transport charges are an important consideration in the case of such industries as do not have a market near the producing centres. In the case of permanent plantations like tea, rubber or coconut which have their chief markets in Europe or America, the local Railway transportation charges are only a portion of the entire cost of marketing. Besides if the Railway rates are too high, the industries are big enough to organize other means of transport to get their produce to the sea-port and the industries can continue as long as the prices in the foreign markets are satisfactory. In the case of food production industries however, the producer being usually a small farmer, is too poor to organize a transport system by cart or lorry for long distances. He has, besides, only the Ceylon market for the sale of his produce and the local Railway rates are not a mere fraction of the marketing charges as in the case of the rubber and tea planter. His cultivation is not permanent, but is carried on from season to season and he will cease to produce except for his immediate needs if the Railway rates make marketing profitless. As a stimulus to food production cheap Railway rates are essential. In 1920 a representative Committee consisting of the Controller of Revenue (Mr. Horsburgh), the Director of Irrigation (Mr. Baker), the Acting Director of Agriculture (Mr. Petch), the Planting Member (Col. T. Y. Wright), Sir Marcus Fernando, Mr. Christie Driberg, Secretary of the Agricultural Society, Mr. Meedeniya Adigar whose knowledge of the wants of the villager is unequalled, the President (Dr. C. A. Hevavitarane), and Vice-President (Mr. H. L. de Mel) of the Low Country Products Association, Mr. Sabapathy and myself, were appointed to recommend measures for increasing our food supply. They unanimously reported *inter alia* in favour of reduction of Railway rates for the carriage of food stuffs to 4 cts. a ton mile. They said:—

“The Committee was impressed with the difference in the rate per ton mile charged in India and Ceylon for the carriage of foodstuffs, the Ceylon rate at the present time being such as to hamper the movement of Ceylon produce. It was stated that vegetables can be delivered in Colombo more cheaply from Nilgiri Hills than from

Nuwara Eliya. The Committee would recommend that foodstuffs as defined in the Ordinance proposed above and, fodder, when both have been grown in the Island, should be transported by the Ceylon Government Railway at rates much less than those now existing, and that, in case of foodstuffs, the average rate should not exceed 4 cents per ton mile for truck loads."

The Communal Pastures Committee presided over by Mr. Alexander was greatly impressed by the need for cheap fodder and recommended that fodder should be carried free with the object of encouraging the cultivation of fodder grasses in Iranamadu. This year again the Committee on the Karrachi Scheme reported in favour of the reduction of Railway rates for fodder.

A few specimen rates for the carriage of agricultural food products and fodder might be noted for purpose of comparison :

(1) The charge for the transport of a ton of grain for 250 miles in the following countries is the amount noted against each.

South Africa	...	Rs. 13.87
India	...	Rs. 15.00
New Zealand	...	Rs. 16.60
Australia	...	Rs. 18.70 In truck loads
Ceylon	...	Rs. 32.50 In truck loads Rs. 25.

(2) The charge for the transport of a ton of straw for 250 miles in the following countries is the amount noted against each.

S. Africa	...	Rs. 7.50 (Export rate)
India	...	Rs. 13.87
New Zealand	...	Rs. 12.87
Ceylon	...	Rs. 37.50

The rates quoted above in 1 and 2 are not for export but for transport within the country, except in the one instance where it is so stated.

A comparison of these specimen rates shows that our Railway far from giving effect to the food production policy of the Government is doing much to thwart it. This policy of virtual antagonism to local food production becomes more

patent when we find that our Railway in co-operation with the Indian Railway, gives a substantial subsidy to the foreign food producer.

The rate for a ton of rice from Karikal to Colombo, a distance of 535 miles, is Rs. 13. For the same distance within Ceylon, a distance assumed for the sake of comparison, the Ceylon Railway would charge Rs. 53.50 (in truck loads). It might be urged that as Karikal is a seaport town in South India, it was found necessary to compete with sea routes. Granted. Then why charge Rs. 24.60 from Jaffna (another seaport town) to Colombo, (246 miles) and charge Rs. 20.35 from Valaichanai (a sea coast Railway Station in the Eastern Province) to Colombo. (198 miles). It might be noted that it is in Jaffna bottoms that goods are often brought from Karikal and other South Indian ports to some Ceylon ports. These concession rates are available for transport between India and Ceylon not from sea-port towns only but even from inland towns in India. The rate for one ton of rice from Dindigal (which is 100 miles away from the sea) to Colombo is Rs. 13.95 but between Colombo and Jaffna is Rs. 24.60 (in truck loads) although Dindigal is 384 miles from Colombo and Jaffna is only 246 miles.

The Ceylon Railway receives only Rs. 5.25 for the 208 miles between Talaimannar and Colombo when rice is brought from Karikal to Colombo. In other words our Railway charges our producer 4 times as much as it charges the Indian producer. The reason urged for charging goods from India, a fourth of the rate fixed for local goods traffic is that it is economical from a Railway point of view to haul trucks loaded to their full carrying capacity. Granted. Why then are not the same rates charged for fully loaded trucks within Ceylon for the same distance.

The Ceylon rates I have quoted for the purpose of comparison with the Indo-Ceylon rates are all for fully loaded trucks (4 w). It must also be pointed out that the Indo-Ceylon traffic even when it consists of fully loaded trucks affords no economy over the local consignment even when they are sent in less than truck loads.

(1) The traffic between India and Ceylon is practically all inwards and results in the haulage of empty waggons from Colombo to Talaimannar. The advantage of fully loaded trucks is altogether lost by reason of this return of empty waggons. Between the different stations in Ceylon there is far more return traffic.

(2) The Indo-Ceylon traffic involves unloading of the trucks at Danuskoddi, loading of the ferry steamer, unloading of the steamer at Talaimannar, and loading

of the trucks at Talaimannar. The cost of all these four operations are included in the Indo-Ceylon rates which I have quoted. When closely examined, the alleged economy vanishes, and it becomes a more troublesome business to handle the Indo-Ceylon traffic than the Ceylon traffic even when handed in smaller loads. The way to reduce the haulage of waggons which are not filled to its maximum capacity is to build a certain number of smaller waggons with lighter tare. At present some large and heavy waggons are used but special instructions are given that the axle load should be far less than its carrying capacity on certain lines. This wastage should be eliminated as far as possible. It should also be possible to partition some of the waggons into compartments so that two kinds of goods might be loaded into one wagon without damage to either.

The concession of reduced rates for loads of 4 tons of food products cannot for the present have the effect of reducing the haulage of half empty trucks for the good reason that agricultural food products do not exist in many places for transport in such large quantities. The traffic in such products can be developed more rapidly by cheap fares.

It is a mistake to suppose that the rates suggested by me for agricultural food products (other than paddy) are in the nature of a Government subsidy. There are many good reasons for giving a subsidy. But as a matter of fact all that is suggested is that the Railway should refrain to make profits out of the transport of food products. It pays the Indo-Ceylon Railway to carry the produce at less than 3 cts. a ton mile for truck loads in spite of all the difficult operations at Danuskodi and Talaimannar. The contention that it would not pay to carry the goods within Ceylon at the same rate as that charged between Talaimannar and Colombo does not carry conviction. In any case why is not the same rate proposed by the Railway at least for full truck loads for long distances within Ceylon? I have already shown that the alleged economy in the haulage of full truck loads is a myth in respect of the Indo-Ceylon traffic, where apart from the operations at the ferry between India and Ceylon, there is very little back loading of trucks. The traffic entails double haulage for a single freight. The haulage of half empty trucks where small consignments are transported within Ceylon is due largely to not constructing waggons suited to this traffic. The waste resulting from the haulage of half empty trucks can be reduced by constructing smaller waggons with a lighter tare, or waggons with partitions.

No Railway can of course carry all the different classes of goods at the rates suggested for food products. But in all Railways grain and

other agricultural food products are given very low rates. The agricultural development of the Middle and Western States of the United States of America is admitted to be due to the encouragement given by the Railways.

In India paddy is carried at the lowest rate in Class I (lowest class) even when tendered in small consignments. In Ceylon grain is placed in Class 5, and even when in truck loads in Class 3 only. Some other grains of lower price are charged even higher rates.

It has been observed that countries like Australia and Africa might give what are said to be concession rates, for the export of surplus produce and that it must not be taken to be the basis for transport within the country for home consumption.

Let us concede for the sake of argument that the principle is sound in the abstract. But does the principle apply to our facts? Would not any statesman give even greater concessions for the capturing of the home market when it is assailed by the foreign producer by means of far cheaper water transport than for the export of surplus produce to foreign markets.

That is tantamount to a subsidy not altogether to the home producer, but also to the foreign consumer? But in any case would any statesman who has adopted food production as a national policy offer to carry by his own railway, foreign produce at a fourth of what he charges for the home produce?

The discussion of the principle involved in concessions for export trade is beside the point, as the Australian and African rates quoted are not for export—except in the case of fodder in the South African Railway where even for 1000 miles the rate charged for a ton is only Rs. 7.50.

Objection has been taken to tapering rates on the ground that there is not a large long distance traffic in our railway and that average haul per ton approximates 80 miles only. The average haul per ton in New South Wales was 89½ miles only in 1924; in Western Australia with its vast distances was 83½ miles.

In most countries rates are reduced according to the distance. If there is not a long distance haul in Ceylon the reduction would of course be less; but that is not an objection to the introduction of the principle in a country where there is at least a distance of 350 miles.

In all the Australian States tapering rates are in force for agricultural produce.

In Queensland for instance the rates are as follows :—

		s. d.
50 miles	... ..	5 8
100 miles	... ..	10 2
200 miles	... ..	12 0
300 miles	... ..	13 0
400 miles	... ..	16 6
500 miles	... ..	15 6

In Ceylon for a distance of 500 miles (assumed distance) the charge would be ten times the charge for 50 miles. But in Queensland it is less than three times. The existence of the hill sections with higher rates does not affect this question, as the reduction can be made on a percentage basis.

It is urged that the adoption of the Australian Railway rates for foodstuffs will result in a loss to our Railway. The case of New South Wales has been instanced. Here are the actual figures for New South Wales. There are 5522 miles of Railway in that State, which cost £91,792,167. The gross Railway revenue for 1924 was £15,616,577. The expenditure for 1924 was £10,917,491. The net revenue was therefore about five million pounds in 1924.

The other State referred to was Queensland. The length of miles open there till 30th June 1924 was 6039; cost £47,367,439. Gross revenue £5,714,036; working expenses £4,990,749. The nett revenue was over  $\frac{1}{2}$  millions. It is probable that by charging higher rates, larger revenue might be obtained. But that would retard the development of the country; and Queensland has gained in many ways far more than she has lost by reduced Railway rates. But even on these rates Queensland has a large balance after paying the working expenses.

The locally grown foodstuffs carried by our Railway is about one per cent of the local goods traffic—if we exclude tea, coconut and cacao. The proposed reduction in rates being applicable only to locally grown food products, the loss to the Railway revenue would be very small indeed. But it would lead to the rapid development of the country and the Railway will make up for the loss in many ways.

Colombo, 6 March, 1926.

## The Chinese Puzzle\*

(REPRODUCED FROM THE NEW ORIENT)

"IT is a luminous and well-preserved truth," said Kai-Lung the Story-Teller, "that it is only by the art of story-telling, even as practised by this inadequate person, that it is possible to tell the truth touching affairs of state, the laws emanating from the Dragon Throne or the conduct of some exalted and sensitive Mandarin, with appropriate lucidity and reasonable safety. Let those therefore concerned about the people of the Flowery Land and the irritating industry of foreigners, lend their refined ears to the story of Ho Ti, a person of elementary and even repulsive habits who lived on the produce of a small rice-field, from which by constant labour he was able to extract an economical living in the form of ninety grains of rice a day. The rest of his time he passed in producing sounds from a simple and unsatisfactory musical instrument and in uttering the proper invocations of his virtuous but somewhat unresponsive ancestors.

On a certain evening Ho Ti, looking across the little rice-fields towards the sunset, saw approach what he immediately took to be an exceedingly tall and far from benevolent dragon. But although it snorted smoke in an unpleasing manner, he soon perceived that it was in truth a towering and complicated engine made entirely of iron, and but little meditation on the First Five Principles was needed to show him that it must be a delicate and well-conceived instrument of torture. Prostrating himself, therefore before the official who accompanied it, who was clad in bifurcated and outlandish garments, he pointed out the impropriety of the condescension involved in wasting so exquisite a work of art upon his own uneducated and unsymmetrical person.

"You are in error," replied the foreign Mandarin affably: "This instrument is constructed to increase the pleasure and not the pain of mankind; and if you will give me your field at a reasonable price in which to exercise this invention, your illustrious mind will soon perceive a remarkable improvement in production."

He then proceeded, after a few legal formalities, to rush the engine up and down the rice-field, gathering the rice with a terrifying rapidity, so that more of it than Ho Ti could have gathered in a month stood neatly arranged in heaps in what seemed to be a moment. The foreigner then proceeded to mark each heap

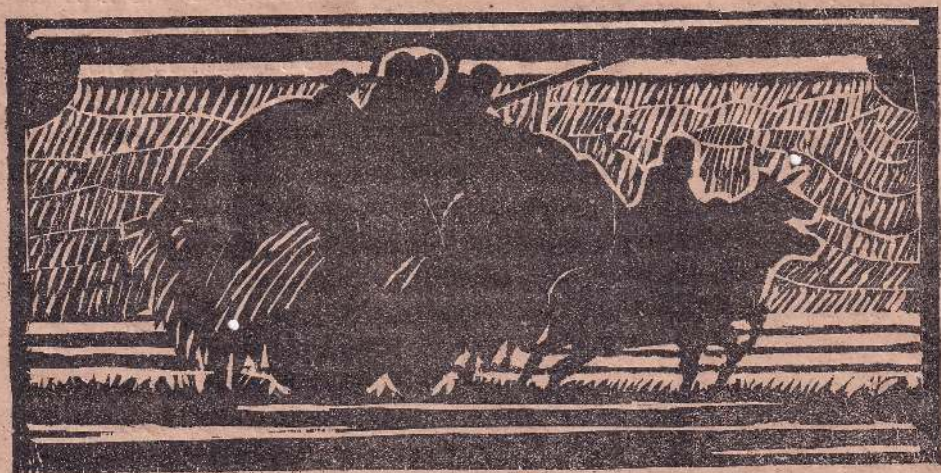
with a large label bearing the name of some wealthy man in another part of the world, to whom it was his intention to sell the rice at a considerable profit to himself.

"You have only to turn this handle," he explained with every expression of goodwill, "and on condition of your turning it from ten to twelve hours a day it will produce enough to enable me to provide you with no less than thirty grains of rice a day for your own dignified sustenance. Nay, it will be a matter of polished gratification to This One to advance to you ten grains, in pleased and radiant anticipation, on condition of your repaying me out of your future wages with the addition of seven grains for the use of the original ten. It will doubtless appear to your incomparable intellect a small return for the increased fertility of your field."

Ho Ti, who had lived with some severity upon ninety grains of rice, continued to turn the handle in the hope of receiving thirty; but he found that for various causes, which could always be explained with elaborate urbanity, his face was seldom gladdened by the appearance of more than ten. By the time he found himself reduced to five, he rose and with some pomp entered the temple of his ancestors "O my most sublime and self-controlled ancestors," he said, "If you would grant one boon to your stunted and unpresentable posterity, send along the roads of the Empire some large and elaborate instrument of torture, such as the Sons of Heaven sometimes used upon their enemies; for the torture only comes once and does not last so long."

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\*Courtesy *G. K.'s Weekly* (London).



## Furniture in Ceylon—

PRESENT AND FUTURE.

BY

COMTE DE MAUNY.

WE have in Ceylon 119 different woods—I have the samples in front of me—Some of them are the finest in the world: "*les bois des Isles*," and they are worth their weight in gold for furniture and inlaying purposes. Our carpenters properly called "*Ebenistes*" are unsurpassed in skill: yet the contemporary furniture in Ceylon is deplorable in design, taste and finish. Why is it? and is it possible to alter it?

First of all most of the wood species and some of the precious ones which Ceylon prides upon are either almost extinct or else unavailable owing to the prolonged and persistent muddles of our Forest Department through several generations, and the difficulty of transport. A new policy due to the efforts of Mr. Sargent will in time, I hope, through reforestation and other means put a stop to a deplorable and unpardonable state of affairs, and we may see the forests of Ceylon become the source of a large revenue to the Colony which it ought to have been from the start. We may hope that some day, through unforeseen circumstances, the Ceylon Government Railway may, by being properly commercialised come to its senses and become a factor instead of an hindrance to the progress and development of the Colony.

It will require first wise and not nebulous extensions and the lowering of freight rates, which, as they stand now, are almost the "*death knell*" of individual endeavour and local industries. Instead of the constructive part which railways are meant to play ours destroys most efforts and pursues its destructive course even to the heart of our forests by using some of our "*treasures*" such as Satinwood, Palu, for sleepers. Satinwood at R 4 a cubic foot. Ebony abounds in some of our forests, but remains ungetable, and we have no alternative, although we are surrounded by them, but to get from Burma, which seems to be the only Colony with a sound Forestry policy—the flowered Teak, Mahogany, Rosewood, etc. This of course increases the price of furniture but in no way does it make it prohibitive as we can still produce at half the price asked for in England.

The buried cities, the mediaeval Singhalese art are speaking proofs of a highly cultivated taste in the Ceylonese of these periods and of the means they possessed to carry it out.

Through civil wars, invasions and centuries of occupation the race in losing its energy and initiative has mislaid its original and national taste. The Portuguese have left nothing behind them. We only find a few "coat of arms" and fewer still genuine pieces of furniture, handsome in their substantiality, handed to us by the Dutch; the English being by no means artistic, have done a great deal for the agricultural (tea and rubber) and trade development of the colony, but nothing, less than nothing, in the *Art line*. I say less than nothing, as the examples of architecture in Ceylon today except perhaps the Museum and Town Hall, are all that they should not be and I see but little chance of improvement as long as we pursue the false line of adopting unsuited and unsightly Western style to Eastern environments; the judicious taste of the inside furniture remains a striking example of suburbanism and of the "expensive and nasty."

The Singhalese just reborn, have attempted a revival of taste, which favours of "Wedding Cakes" and except for a few samples of furniture made of calamander and tamarind or ebony, (all fine woods when properly used, but cold and funereal if used in excess,) and copied on Dutch or "Rococo style" at its worst and spoiled by superfluous and exaggerated carvings which produce "freaks" we find nothing worth mentioning. Yet I maintain that we are now ripe for a *Renaissance in Art* and that with the required taste and knowledge in these who start it there are few places in the world with greater openings in furniture, beautiful artistic furniture than Ceylon.

I said and I maintain that our workmen are excellent, they are quick, intelligent and capable and only need direction and the leadership of perseverance, initiative, primitiveness and consummate taste to produce works of art. The very enthusiasm of their methods is an asset as it enables them to give to their work a mark, an individuality, a personality, which modern tools and machinery invariably spoil. Curious enough although the national taste has been distorted, the pride in work, subsided, I feel certain, I have learnt it by experience, that both taste and pride have not been destroyed but lie dormant and only require a lead to revive with greater purity and pride than ever. The seed is there it only requires the proper

treatment of the soil, through personality to make it germinate, grow and blossom in its full beauty.

Circumstances are helping us in this *Renaissance*. Many through the present prosperity are so wealthy that they hardly know what to do their surplus. They buy land at prohibitive prices; why not use some of it on the National endeavour to *revive art*.

Wealth breeds new requirements. We often become dissatisfied with almost ~~ashamed~~ of our previous surroundings. Our ideas of comfort, of luxury, alter, and we find that surroundings in keeping with our improved conditions are a necessity yet we do not know quite how to set about it. Why not improve our surroundings by living in the midst of beautiful national creations instead of the "horrors" which surround us?

But sudden wealth requires to be educated, for it often falls in exaggerations and excesses. We are apt to buy things because they are *expensive* not beautiful. We send home and pay exorbitant prices for furniture, parquet floors which fall the prey of white ants and become fit only for firewood. Why do it when with our practical support the *best of the best* can be created here.

It is not in the wealth of details, in intense carving in complicated lines that lies true beauty in art. It is in simple lines, in the perfection of proportion, in the delicacy of appropriate carvings that it is to be found.

Once the taste and pride revived in our workmen we must direct them and only allow at first just enough initiative to create personality, we must familiarize them with the beauties of ancient and modern Foreign art, and little by little as their taste becomes purified, their incentive developed on the right lines, we shall borrow from the designs of our buried cities, from the mouldings of our ancient tanks, from our national emblems such as the cobra, peacock, swan tail etc. and adopt them to our furniture, thus creating an original and national art and style.

We must learn, the sooner the better, that prosperity has its corresponding responsibilities and that one of them is to benefit the country by patronising and practical support of every endeavour to raise the standards of Ceylon. Art is one of the means, furniture is one of the arts for which we are nationally suited.

If on one hand the love of refinement, produces higher aspirations we must not forget that on the other the *semi-educated* are apt to misjudge and even despise work and drift into crime through idleness. It is our duty by our own example to show them that far from being despicable the art of furniture has through history written the different phases of civilisation in races and countries. To learn, to create elevates. It is an ambition worthy of every man whatever his birth is and certainly a higher one than to aspire to being a *clerk* on a precarious salary and nebulous prospects.

By encouraging and furthering by giving our practical help to a *Renaissance* of art in Ceylon, we are fulfilling one of our duties towards our NATIONAL RENAISSANCE.

## Sri Krisna and the Herd-Girls.

BY GEORGE KRYT.

### GOPIS:

How shall we leave these waters? See  
A wayfarer, lured by the glow  
Of our bright garments by that tree,  
Has stolen them away!  
As long as Jamma-waters flow  
In Jamma can we stay?

### KRISNA:

O herd-girls, wherefore do you cease  
Your laughter in the laughing stream  
Still from your ears pendent sheris  
Are glittering as if in rain.  
I pray you once again release  
Your merriment! Ah toss and gleam  
Your naked limbs, and splash! The stain  
Of sandal from your hands and feet  
Is scarcely gone. Laugh, dance again!

Still your wet tresses twist in sweet  
Cool spices. Safe your raiments are  
Here on this *kadamb* tree.  
Why do you fear ? Am I so far ?  
Your garments are with me !

## GOPIS:

Shame holds us here. How can we leave  
These waters ? We are naked ! Friend  
Restore those clothes, or here we cleave  
To hiding waters without end !

## KRISNA:

Alas you cannot come for shame !  
This reedy bank with lily flowers,  
Imploring with vexed words of blame,  
Not long, I say, not many hours,  
Can you evade, O foolish ones !  
The twilight hastens. Come out now !  
In which light—in the moon's or sun's—  
To take your garments from this bough,  
Will I behold you come to me ?  
O foolish herd-girls, hasten here,  
I have your garments on this tree.  
Can Hari's love bring fear ?

## GOPIS:

O name of Hari ! And what sound  
Is in that voice ? Now there is stirred  
A loved emotion; hearts abound  
With dreams when hearing that sweet word !

## KRISNA:

Those who love Hari are to him  
As ocean's face is to the sky :

They suffer not a thing to dim  
And hide their bodies from his eye.

*GOPIS:*

Like Hari's are those words, low notes  
Of flutes with mellow fluency,  
Made in his speech a song that floats  
Into our hearts delightedly !  
Can this be Nand's wild wanton child,  
Heart-stealer and dream-haunter in  
Flowered Brindaban ? How sweet and wild  
Is he ! His soft long eyes serene  
Are lotus petals. He is ours,  
Our very own, sky-coloured love  
With red-palmed hands like *kinsuk* flowers,  
Red-lipped, red footed like a dove.

*KRISNA:*

Sweet are to me my loving herds  
And grassy tracts in murmurous woods,  
My magic flute, voiced as with birds,  
That animates dead solitudes;  
Sweet is my joy of forest flowers,  
And languor drowsed by shady streams  
While slow clouds float by with long hours  
And memories mingle into dreams.  
Sweet is the night of Kathic when  
The full moon beams on joyous throngs,  
Girls hand-in-hand who dance and men  
Who fill the moonlight with their songs.  
But sweeter than these things to me  
Are you, O herd-girls, the delight  
I give you, all the bliss I see,  
The play I have from dawn till night

With your glad hearts, the certain lure  
That is in me, the griefs and fears  
I cause with love that can immure  
Your foolish shame for joyous tears !

GOPIS:

O Hari, it is you who speak !  
See on that *kadamb* tree he lies  
Crowned, robed, with fillet on his cheek,  
See, jewelled like the starry skies,  
He sits there smiling with 'long tips !  
Flame-coloured are his robes that trail  
From boughs. He runs red finger-tips  
Along his flute. Our thrilled eyes fail !  
O darling of Nand, why do you steal  
Our clothes and hearts ? We yearn to kiss  
Your mouth, to smoothe your hair and feel  
Your face. How can we come like this ?  
O lotus-eyed, sky-coloured love,  
Give back our clothes ! We long for bliss,  
To feel your clasp. You smile above !  
O Krisna, can we come like this ?

KRISNA:

Ah herd-girls, wherefore is this shame ?  
How shall the loved place shame between  
The lover and herself ? They claim  
Their hearts as one without this screen  
You seek to thrust between the sight  
Of my heart and the sight of yours.  
O foolish ones, my love is light:  
You hide behind mere doors.

*GOPIS:*

How can we bind with any bands  
The swelling torrent and the flood  
Of love? As one who knows his hands  
Does he not know us? What is this  
Strange folly in us now that pains,  
Abashed, thus shrinking from his eyes?  
Our bodies are to him a kiss  
There is no secret in our being,  
No source of any joy within,  
Which he at any time not seeing  
Spurned as if it had never been.  
The pleasant curves of limbs and form,  
The faults and beauties in our grace,  
He knows as clear as we a swarm  
Of mere swift clouds across the face  
Of heaven. Our flushed thoughts are known  
To him. How can we hide? Arise!  
We come, our shame is overthrown;  
O Hari, we are in your eyes  
Clothed with our love alone!



## The New Era

By S. W. R. D. B.

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**I**T is six years since that crisis in the history of mankind known as the Great War ended. To anyone who would take the trouble to think a little, it would be obvious that an age has been ushered in by that crisis in which can be seen a profound and fundamental change, not in material things, but in something much greater—in the hearts and minds of men.

And yet how amazing it is that there are a great many people, a great many intelligent people who like some modern Rip Van Winkle appear to have fallen asleep in 1914 and awakened five years later. The changes they see about them perplex and bewilder them. Their one sole object is to try and re-establish the conditions of life and the ways of thought that existed before 1914.

### THE PRE-WAR AGE.

In order to understand the scope of this change it is necessary first to outline briefly the chief characteristics of the Pre-War Age. The motif of that age was selfishness, selfishness first and selfishness last, with a large admixture of hypocrisy. Thus naturally it was an age of empires—the British Empire, the German Empire, the Austrian, the French, the Russian. The Western nations being greedy of conquest for the benefit of their purses and their power went forth and conquered the weaker races of the world under such hypocritical slogans as the White Man's Burden which only often proved to be merely the burden of his pockets; and the necessity to carry the torch of 'Civilization' to the benighted peoples which chiefly manifested itself in charming old ladies subscribing money to send missionaries and gin to the savages, who found the former, if anything, more pernicious than the latter.

Politically it was an age of national isolation where every nation looked upon every other as a potential enemy and rival and the large sums from the public revenue expended by one sovereign on entertaining another were only eclipsed by the money spent on armaments by both to slaughter the subjects of each other. Materially it was an age of rampant capitalism where Bright and Cobden could preach against personal slavery and as fervently uphold a system which consigned their fellow-countrymen to a far worse slavery than that which the Negroes ever suffered.

That was the fine edifice of civilisation built on a foundation of selfishness and hypocrisy which the Great War sent crashing to its ruin.

And yet the modern Rip Van Winkles would build it up again with loving hands—the Bonars and the Baldwins engaged in a desperate struggle to conserve the outworn principles of their forefathers, the Poincares who refuse to believe that Germany will ever be anything but the mortal foe of France, the good folk of America whose predilection for lynching negroes is only equalled by their devotion to the Monroe Doctrine and detestation of such enemies of the public as poor Mr. Saklatwala.

The pre-war age was one of ideas. In the place of that national greed and selfishness which resulted in the building up of empires we have the ideals of nationalism and self-determination where there is a recognition (if it be only in theory) that every national entity has a right to decide for itself who shall govern it and what form that Government shall take. Instead of that political isolation of the past age we have the ideal of national co-operation and federation as exemplified by the League of Nations. Lastly in the place of that economic slavery which was the result of capitalism we have the ideal of the equality of all men.

It is not intended of course to convey the impression that these ideals of Nationalism, Internationalism and Socialism have only come into being since the Great War; at least two of them are as old as civilisation. But they have received such stimulus and attained such force since the war as to be justifiably considered the chief characteristics of the modern age. We shall now proceed to consider them in detail.

### NATIONALISM.

To many people of a certain mentality the words 'Nationalism' and 'Nationalist' stand only for something undesirable, something with which respectable people should have nothing to do. And yet perhaps Nationalism has exercised a more potent influence on the history of the world than any other ideal. The finest literature we possess has been created in a strong atmosphere of Nationalism; it was Nationalist Greece that gave us Sophocles, Demosthenes, Herodotus; it was a strongly Nationalist England that produced Shakespeare; in the case of our own literature that fact is only too obvious. Similarly with all art, sculpture, painting, architecture. It is only in an atmosphere of freedom that art can thrive.

The most notable examples of unselfishness and self-sacrifice, the most noble examples of heroism about which every schoolboy hears at school, have been perform-



ed in the cause of Nationalism. Nationalism in its best sense merely connotes a net-work of loyalties, loyalty to one's faith and kin, loyalty to the geographical area that one's people inhabit, loyalty to one's customs, institutions, language and religion. Taken in this sense, the only true one, Nationalism can be nothing but a noble ideal, and it is an ideal that does not clash with the other ideal of Internationalism. For true Internationalism is impossible without first attaining Nationalism. For example, the League of Nations, to be really successful, must be composed of nations that are all free and equal and its *raison d'être* is the protection of such nations from the aggression of stronger ones.

Nor is Socialism opposed to it, for Socialism which aims at breaking down class distinctions within a State cannot succeed if the State itself is subordinate to another. We see the triumphant assertion of Nationalism since the war. The Turkish, the Russian and the German Empires have collapsed and Europe and Asia Minor are littered with small independent and semi-independent peoples. Within the British Empire we see that spirit manifested in India, Ireland and Egypt. It is a spirit that no power on earth will succeed in quelling for ever.

#### INTER-NATIONALISM.

The spirit of Internationalism has found its manifestation in the League of Nations. Here too, we find people too ready to scoff and jeer. Such widely different persons as Lord Birkenhead and Senator Lodge seem to be agreed on this question. And yet, however ineffectual it may be at present one of the few hopeful signs in a world of storm and darkness is this same League of Nations.

After all the idea of the League is reasonable and logical enough. Just as in a State the dealings between individuals are regulated by Law without derogating in any way from the personal freedom of each, so the League seeks to control the dealings between nations. It is no discredit to say that it is ineffectual at present or likely to be dominated by a few great powers. One has only to glance, for instance at the history of England to find that when the central authority was established there were many powerful Barons who were able to defy it with impunity and it was a long time before that authority could become effectual.

The League is built on a firm foundation of truth, equality and fair-play, and its ultimate triumph is certain. Indeed what is surprising is not so much its present powerlessness but that it has been able to accomplish as much as it has done.

There is one notable feature about the League that deserves attention. That is the mandatory system which it has established. The inauguration of this system marked

the first recognition of the immorality of national slavery, of one nation possessing another. By this system a nation that at the moment is unable to stand on its own legs and hold its own amid the strenuous conditions of the modern world is entrusted by the League to another country to hold merely as a trust until the former can manage things for themselves.

This is a system of far-reaching nature and it is worth while considering whether it cannot solve many of the problems that beset subject races at the present day. However such a discussion is beyond the scope of this article.

### SOCIALISM.

The most momentous occurrence in the Socialist world is the emergence of Bolshevik Russia. Bolshevism may be shortly termed revolutionary Socialism as opposed to the evolutionary type that developed in America and France and in England took the form of Fabianism.

One of the most sinister and incalculable forces that the modern world has to reckon with is Bolshevik Russia. Its career has been amazing. Established some years ago it has continued to thrive in spite of the bitter hatred of the whole western world. It was ostracised and treated as a dangerous Pariah by the other nations but it not only continued to exist but to become a formidable menace. So powerful indeed did it grow that England and France who had hitherto refused to touch it with the end of a large pole came to the conclusion that if they had on sufficiently thick kid gloves they might venture to shake hands with the filthy 'Bolshy' and accordingly concluded some trade agreements with Russia. America still heroically refuses to have anything to do with the Bolsheviks and so great is her fear that even the inoffensive Mr Saklatvala is banned from her shores.

Bolshevism is almost as much opposed to the lukewarm Socialism that prevails in England, France and America as it is to Capitalism. In England it has so far failed to gain the recognition of the so-called Labour Party but it is gaining in strength and with the formation of Fascisti who in their criminal folly are trying to oppose the Socialists with force it is not improbable that they will succeed in sweeping the more peaceful Socialists off their feet—for force is the be-all and end-all of their creed. However that may be, we have in Russia a vast country of immense resources determined to smash the Capitalist States of the West by fair means or foul. In that attempt as they have openly declared they mean to use the East as an instrument. It was with their help that Mustafa Kemal was able to equip his army for his successful offensive in Chonak. Their influence in Persia and Afghanistan is

immense and in China their emissary Karakhan is more powerful than any of the Ambassadors of the other powers and the whole East is being flooded with their propaganda. It would repay the trouble to keep an eye on Russia whose future career is going to exercise an incalculable influence in moulding the destinies of the world. Such are the great movements of the present age. With these materials, using the good, rejecting the bad, must we fashion our new civilisation. It is a great and noble task that faces us, the children of this age. The materials we have to work with are much superior to those that were available to our ancestors. Let us see to it that we build a noble edifice which built on a firm foundation of truth and justice and soaring to the clear heights of equality and freedom will endure for all time.



# My American Impressions\*

BY

ISOH YAMAGATA.

EVER since I was a boy of thirteen, when I began to learn the history and geography of the world, I was an ardent admirer of the United States of North America. I knew the stories of Washington and Lincoln by heart, whose portraits I hung in my small room. One of my early favourite books was Benjamin Franklin's Autobiography, which I read time and over again. I loved Washington Irving's Sketch Book, was fascinated by Poe's wonderful tales of mystery, found inspiration in poems of Longfellow, Bryant and Walt Whitman and received much wisdom from writings of Emerson and Thoreau. As I grew in age, knowledge and judgment, and was able to compare her with other countries my admiration of the great Republic on the other side of the Pacific deepened. I heard so many fellow countrymen of mine, who had visited her or studied in her great universities, speak in high terms of praise of her greatness, greatness not in material things but also in moral character. Finally, it was my good fortune to know, and contract a life-long and intimate friendship with, a great American, a man of noble character and profound faith, kind and unselfish to the fault, who was in every respect a real Christian gentleman. Through this genuine American, I learned something of American spirit and ideal and became a greater admirer of his country than ever. In fact I idealized and idolized America and believed that she was the noblest and greatest nation that has ever appeared on earth.

Undoubtedly I had over-estimated the greatness of America and probably it was greatly due to this that when I paid a visit to that country in 1921 and saw for myself real conditions obtaining there, I was very much disillusioned, disappointed, and lost a great deal of faith I had had in her. Had I not been an Americo-maniac, which I was, I would have returned home without bringing back any bad impressions of things I saw there.

Some of these impressions I am about to put down in writing. I shall not give here in detail many good impressions I had obtained in America, because

\* Courtesy the Young East.

§ The late Bishop M. C. Harris.

various and manifold good points in which she excels are already too well-known to need recapitulation. First of all, I was amazed by her material greatness, the magnificence and splendour of her cities, the intelligent and scientific way in which her people lead community life, their energy, spirit of enterprise, ingenuity, courage which are observable in their daily life. I was especially impressed by the nobility of character, the cleanliness of habit, the simplicity and sincerity of manners of many of the best types of American men and women, with whom I came into contact, showed, and was made a grateful remembrancer of great kindness and liberal hospitality they extended to me.

#### DISILLUSION AND DISAPPOINTMENT

In spite of all this, to my great regret I am constrained to say that I was very much disillusioned and disappointed in certain things I experienced in America. My first disillusionment came in Honolulu. I broke my journey there to Washington, whither I was going to report on the Armament Limitation Conference, in order to attend as a delegate from Japan a meeting of the International Press Association which was held at that beautiful city. When the meeting came to an end, I had to cross to the States in hurry, because there were not many days before the Washington Conference opened its session. Now it is provided by the American Coastwise Navigation Law that all passengers from an American port to another must go by an American vessel under the penalty of a fine of \$200 in amount. Of course I did not like to pay the fine, much less to infringe the law, and so I wanted to be carried to the continent on American bottom. There were then two American steamers leaving for San Francisco within a few days one after another, either of which would take me to the other side of the Pacific in time. So I wanted to go by one of them, but much to my annoyance I was told that no berth was available on both vessels as all had already been engaged. I could not wait for a third American vessel, as if I did so, I would miss the opening session of the Washington Conference. Under the circumstances I was obliged to go on board a Japanese steamer in contravention of the American Coastwise Navigation Law. I was in trepidation, for this was the first time in my life that I was compelled to make myself a law-breaker. I thought that I would have to embark on the Japanese steamer in secret and that on my arrival in San Francisco I would be arrested and taken to a judicial court to be duly punished for my offence. As a matter of fact, nothing so dreadful ever took place. All I had to do was to pay to a shipping agent \$200 to be forwarded to the authorities, provide myself with a due receipt for it and go on board the Japanese steamer like

any other respectable, law-abiding passengers. I felt relieved, but at the same time was very much puzzled and astonished. I had heard so much of the power of money in the United States and how gold was almighty there. After my above-said experience in Honolulu, I am no longer surprised when I read in American papers accounts of rich criminals being acquitted or escaping with slight punishments. No wonder in a country where money is so powerful, nearly all the people are bent on making money. To a man like myself, who was taught in boyhood to despise money and to aim at higher things than gold, it appeared that America was making too much of the Golden Calf.

#### PROHIBITION AND ITS FAILURE

Before sailing for America, I had heard so much of prohibition; how heroically the nation was tackling the problem and how like one man the people were combatting the evil of drink. Being a strong opponent of alcoholism, I was glad to visit a dry country and see for myself salutary effects of teetotalism, so that after returning home I might point out the example of Americans to my fellow countrymen having contrary views on this subject. I was sorely disappointed, therefore to find upon my arrival in America that the country was as wet as any in the world and that the prohibition law was being almost openly defied. This is no imaginary story. While I stayed in Washington, the proprietor of a great newspaper gave in honour of journalists assembled there in connection with the Armament Conference a great party at his beautiful villa in one of the suburbs. I was privileged to attend it and was amazed at the sumptuousness of the feast given. But what astonished me most on the occasion was the quantities and varieties of drinks offered to the guests. I was even more astonished when I saw that even police constables, who accompanied us to that ground as escorts, freely helped themselves to intoxicants. Since that time, I learned that I could buy any amount of drinks if I were rich enough to pay for. In fact, at several brilliant banquets which I had the pleasure of attending, I always found choice brands of wine served in a most liberal fashion, and I was not surprised to hear a British journalist remark that never in his life had he so many opportunities as in Washington to drink to heart's content.

#### HARMFUL EFFECTS OF PROHIBITION

Prohibition, it appeared to me, was a dead law as far as the rich people were concerned. As Goldsmith put it in a line :

*Laws grind the poor and richmen rule the law,*

it appeared to me that the Prohibition law was intended for the benefit of the capitalist class. Indeed, I strongly suspect that the Volstead Amendment was adopted more for the purpose of enhancing labour efficiency than for uplifting of public morals. You see, a sober workman would work better than a drunken one and capitalists and employers of labour naturally desire to keep their men sober. But are they, I mean the labouring class, really keeping themselves dry? I sincerely hope that they do not allow themselves to be made victims of moonshine which is smuggled into the States in great quantities at all times of the year. I also sincerely hope that the almost open violation of the dry law by rich people does not encourage contempt of law and order among the masses and drive many good men and women to hypocrisy. In this connection, I may here quote a remark by Mrs. Asquith, wife of the ex-Premier of England, which she made on the subject a few years ago after a tour in the United States. She said: "Prohibition, which I always favoured, is most harmful in its effects as I see them in America. Lord Lee says my statement that there is drunkenness among young people in America is cruel, ludicrous and untrue. I wish it were at least the last."

"Among the evil effects of prohibition, the most serious is the spread among the American masses of habitual use of narcotic drugs. Men need stimulants. In a country, where life is so strenuous and tension is so highly strung, it is but natural that many people crave for very strong stimulants. While liquors were available to such people, there was not much demand among them for narcotics. But after prohibition was enforced, the number of persons using dangerous drugs has been increasing by leaps and bounds in spite of a very stringent law prohibiting it. It will be news to many to hear that America leads other countries in using prohibited life-sapping drugs. She uses every year 470,000 pounds of opium as against 17,000 pounds of Germany and France which are known as great drug users. In 1868 reports showed that only one box of morphine was sold in America, but a few years ago its sale amounted to \$20,000,000 a year. This tells the whole story. As we say in Japan, America might have succeeded in driving off the wolf from her front door, but meanwhile the tiger has broken into her house through her back gate.

#### CRIMES OF VIOLENCE.

During my sojourn in the United States, a crime wave seemed to be sweeping the country, for day after day papers carried on their front pages sensational

stories of violent crimes—murders, hold-ups, bank robberies, until I was sick of them. Perhaps my Japanese friends in America wanted to frighten me, as they well knew what a coward I was, but they told me of unpleasant experiences either they or some people they knew had had with armed robbers even in such great cities as New York and Chicago. This was a revelation to me, as I had thought that America was a civilized country where the security of life and property was assured. After that, I used to lock my room, scarcely ventured out during the night and did not feel safe until I crossed the Atlantic to England. I hope the situation is better now, but according to an analysis of crime figures made by Dr. Frederick L. Hoffman of the Prudential Insurance Company of America, and printed in a London journal, the number of murders committed in the United States in 1923 shows the regular annual increase in "the American murder wave" and indicates that the United States is slowly drifting toward a degree of acquiescence in crime and criminal traits, which, if not sternly dealt with, will permeate every stratum of society. Statistics that cover most of the cities show an increase in murder from 9 per 100,000 population in 1922 to 10.2 in 1923. They show that homicide rate has doubled in twenty years. "On the basis of a conservative estimate," says Dr. Hoffman, "there are certainly not less than 10,000 murder cases a year in the United States."

#### "LAND OF THE NOBLE FREE?"

Americans call their country "the Land of the Noble Free." I am quite sure that it once was such, but is it still so? Not to speak of the famous "monkey trial" at Dayton, there seem to be not a few reasons which go a long way to justify the suspicion that America is not an ideal state as far as individual liberty is concerned. For one thing, it may safely be said that there is no free press. The press is dominated by "big business," if what Mr. Upton Sinclair says in his *Brass Check* is half true. An American friend of mine once said to me that the American press was an organ of the capitalist class, hence servile, dishonest, untrustworthy, concurring in and reflecting the inherent vices of business and government. This is certainly too sweeping, but while admiring the enterprise, originality and resources shown by the American press, I cannot say that it is perfectly trustworthy. I know some American newspaper men who do not hesitate to misrepresent or exaggerate if it is convenient for them to do so. As a matter of fact, while in America and also in Japan I was very often misrepresented and misquoted.

#### SHOCKED BY FLAPPERS.

A very conservative man, who adores Japanese women for their grace, refinement, modesty, self-sacrifice and courage, I was shocked when in New York I saw

for the first time those dashing young American girls with bobbed hair, rolled stockings, and all the blandishments of the beauty parlour displayed on their features. I wondered whether those girls were not as loose in their morals as in their garments and whether American men, who allowed their sisters, daughters and sweethearts to dress and behave themselves in such an audacious way, were not equally indifferent to their observance of virtues, which we conservative men of the Orient expect of our women. I made inquiries on the question and was told by certain trustworthy persons that American sexual morality was not so exemplary as it had been before. Needless to say, I met many real ladies, young and old, who impressed me most favourably with their culture, modesty, charm, intelligence and sweetness. Towards this type of American womanhood, I entertain nothing but highest esteem, but I frankly say that I was disgusted with flappers. I may here note that not long after I returned home, I had an opportunity of speaking of my experiences in America before a small gathering. In that speech I spoke unsparingly of those frivolous young women I had seen in America. An enterprising newspaper printed a resume of some remarks I made and represented me as having asserted that there was no virgin in the United States. Naturally this was very much resented by some of my American friends and a certain American newspaper made a childish attempt to hold me up to ridicule by remarking that I based my "revolution" on the fact that I had seen men and women kissing in railway stations and other public-places, as if I had never seen any American movie pictures! I can assure the writer of that cutting remark that my criticism of certain types of American women stands on firmer ground. In fact, I can give some evidences supporting my criticism, but I had better omit them here altogether.

#### AMERICA OF THE PAST NO MORE.

If space allows me, I would mention some more points which I found wanting in American civilization. I have, however, written enough to tell that I found America not such a glorious and noble country as I had imagined or had been led to imagine to be. I found America to be possessed of many excellent and admirable points, but it seemed to me that she was not entirely free of certain shortcomings and weaknesses. I still believe that America of only a few decades ago was really "the Land of the Noble Free." She has since been changing very much and, I fear, for the worse. Attracted by her rich natural resources and availing themselves of improved transportation facilities, millions of foreigners have been pouring into her territory and settling there. I am told that of about sixty independent countries existing in the world today, as many as forty-five have sent

emigrants to the United States. It would be well if all these emigrants were men and women of sterling quality of the type of early settlers of New England, but, though they undoubtedly contained not a few good elements, a great majority of them were the sort of people, whom few countries would like to receive with open hands. The fact is that the original Americans, the genuine Americans, the descendants of those God-fearing and freedom-loving founders of the American Republic have been simply swamped, over-whelmed and dominated by huge hordes of alien immigrants of little education and no culture, who knew little or nothing of the tradition, spirit and characteristics of the American nation. It is perhaps too much to say so, but figuratively speaking, the noble and free America of Washington and Lincoln, of Emerson and Garrison was conquered without bloodshed by foreigners and perished a few decades ago. New York, people say, is owned by Jews, ruled by Irish and resided by Americans. This seems to be true with nearly all the American big cities and towns. The American Republic remains to-day more powerful than ever, but a great majority of its constituents are so-called hyphenated Americans. This explains why genuine Americans are so eager for 100 per cent Americanism, why they are so keen on restriction of foreign immigration and why such an abnormal body as the Ku Klux Klan has sprung up. I have deep-rooted affection and sincere respect for genuine Americans, among whom I have some of my best friends. I firmly believe any deterioration of American civilization, some phases of which I have dared to point out, is due to intrusion of undesirable foreign influence. My warm sympathy goes to those real Americans who are struggling to expel it and to revive the great and noble republic "conceived in liberty and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal," which was founded by their fore-fathers seven score and nine years ago.



# An Open Mind

BY

M. U. MOORE, M.A. (Cantab.)

(This is the last of a series of articles which the writer contributed to The Librarian. Editors).

I have received during the last few days several communications from readers of The Librarian relating to the stir in the U. S. A. over the question of evolution, a note on which appeared in the last issue of this journal: and I am surprised to find (perhaps I ought not to be), that there are some earnest, if not very thoughtful minds, who seem to be quite unaware that the general principles of evolution are now to all intents and purposes, universally held over the whole intellectual world. One of my correspondents speaks of its adherents as "only a handful of persons, who having had a frivolous quarrel with the Church, have started this counter-blast of evolution" (1). Darwin and Huxley would be interested in learning this, for certainly they knew nothing of it when they were alive: but who is responsible for spreading these amazing fictions?

Another prides himself on keeping an open mind on the subject: and then goes on to show that, so far from having an open mind, he has closed his against the acceptance of anything not directly taught by his Church.

All my correspondents, with strange unanimity, seem to consider that since science is unable as yet, to explain the origin of life, therefore evolution must be a mere surmise! They none of them see the hopeless irrelevancy of this: it is as though we should refuse to believe that the Science of Chemistry was anything but a dream, because we are ignorant of the real nature of chemical affinity.

Now, it would not be worth while to mention these crudities, were it not for the fact that they are typical as I strongly believe them to be. They make it evident that more perhaps now than ever before, an open mind is what we should all strive to cultivate. I freely admit that it is not given to all to do so. There are people so constituted that an open mind is with them a practical impossibility: for to them it spells only commotion, chaos, and bewilderment. To such people a Church which will relieve them from uncertainty, and in a large measure of personal responsibility, is a refuge to which they cling eagerly; for all such in Tyndall's memorable words "repose is sweeter than truth."

But apart from these "weak and unstable minds" as Tyndall calls them, who but for the proofs afforded them by their Church, would be blown about by every chance-met theory, there is a large body (the majority of civilized beings, I suppose), who have an instinctive feeling that it is incumbent on them to try and search for truth themselves, to work out their own salvation, and that the quest itself, quite apart from any result achieved is a thing of supreme value and is, indeed, what they are expected, and called upon to undertake. They feel (and they are probably right in feeling so) that just as no intellectual effort is really wasted, though it should fail altogether of immediate success, since, in the subtle alchem of nature, all effort is transmuted into ability, so no earnest search can be entirely fruitless, but must be the prelude to ultimate success, though many fierce and strenuous lives may be needed for its full realization.

We are born, it must be confessed, into a very confusing world; and it is small blame to us if we are apt sometimes, in cloudy seasons to give up all hope of understanding it: but, conceivably, it is part of the plan of the Divine Wisdom that we should be incited by this very fact to enter on a search for its solution; carrying with us that open mind without which all search must be futile.

An open mind: what are we to understand by these words? What are its main features? (1) In the first place, it must be a mind which is ever ready to consider without prejudice, and to weigh impartially, all considerations which are brought before its bar. There is a natural inclination in most minds to reject what is novel or startling merely because it is novel. I suppose this bent is given us as ballast to conduce to stability: but it must not be allowed to shut out ideas which may not happen to jump with our preconceptions. In the next place, it should learn to distinguish between new ideas which are dynamic, and likely to afford food for thought and those which are merely static, and leave us very much where we were before. In the words of W. K. Clifford we should distinguish between those which tend to produce mental *muscle* and those which can only produce mental *fat*. It is the former alone which are of value.

(ii) Along with this faculty of receptivity an open mind is one which should be prepared at all times to renounce, or modify, previous conceptions, which new facts show to be inadequate. If the old formulas cannot stretch to cover the new facts they must be exchanged for more plastic ones. All theories formed, in fact, should be regarded as working hypotheses only, liable to be thrown overboard if further enlightenment shows them to be insufficient.

(iii) But both these qualifications would be of no avail if they are not accompanied by a recognition that our only ultimate guide is our own God-given reason, which stands supreme above all creeds and dogmas. It follows, almost as a corollary from this, that truth is relative, and is a process of verification and assimilation for each individual mind. What, after such verification as we can give it, commends itself, for the time being at least, to my reason *is true for me*, is, indeed, the only thing that can be true for me, but not necessarily true for another. We forget this, most of us; and just as we project outside of ourselves, into the objective world, time and space-ideas (for time and space are not in the things around us, but only in our mode of perceiving them), so we project outside of ourselves our concepts and our formulas and call them by such names as God, and truth, forgetting that they are mere projections of our own minds, with no absolute character of their own—absolute truth, like absolute time, being only a meaningless term. It is difficult I know, for us to realize this at first, but the difficulty disappears in time.

And surely this view, if we accept it, must give us all a sense of liberty, and personal responsibility, which must appeal to our manhood; and this appeal becomes immensely strengthened when we realize, as the Indian Rishi realized, ages ago, that the self in each of us is identical in essence (potentiality) with the One Self of the Universe; and that only as that self, which is the God within us, is unfolded will the Self, which is the God without us, manifest to us, the full glory of His Life. If this is only a dream it is surely the noblest dream that humanity has ever dreamt, the fullest in its emancipation, the most inspiring in its ideal. And this sense of liberty is one which no formulated creed, however wide, can bestow; for every creed brings with it its own limitations, and imposes its own restraints upon our thinking.

Very wise was the Buddha, and very glorious his insight, when he absolved his followers from accepting anything he taught—absolved them even from a belief in himself as teacher—unless their own reason approved it. Rabindranath Tagore—the greatest religious teacher of modern days—has gone, it seems to me, a step further even than this. In the inviolability of natural law he sees a warrant of individual liberty which can rescue man from a sense of fear and slavery, and weak dependence upon Unseen Powers; and prevent him from falling a victim to designing priests and religious pretenders of all kinds. Inscribed in the burning letters of sun, moon, stars and planets, he says, God has sent us his Magna Charta of liberty; and the message which spell these letters out to man is this—"There is no need for you to seek my help at every turn in the material world. *I stand aside.*"

On the one hand you have the laws of matter : on the other hand you have the laws of your own mind. Use both together, and so grow to greatness, grow to power. The empire of the world is yours, its wealth is yours, its armoury of forces is yours also : may yours be the victory too ! ”

And amongst those who read these fervent words is there one heart in which the throb of the Divine Life is still so little developed that not even for one moment can it feel the magic and music of that message, feel the strength and splendour of that appeal ?



## The Coming Revolution

BY J. R. WEINMAN.

MR. Canagaratnam one can see is perfectly sincere and believes in what he preaches. He believes that his mission is to reform creation and indirectly Ceylon. He has an abounding faith in the *verti* cloth. That to him is the chief instrument of culture. Certainly if the short skirt for girls between sixteen and sixty is so popular, the *verti* ought to be equally popular, though perhaps the bare calves of men assuming all men have calves cannot be improved by nude stockings. But Mr. Canagaratnam desires that the etiquette in dress of the English Bar be discarded and presumably all lawyers and judges should be clad in *verti* cloth, banian and shawl. Surely the shawl is superfluous. Why in this warm weather should a shawl encumber the shoulders of judge and counsel? Then there is the terrible horse hair wig of judge and counsel, the former on special occasions full-bottomed. There are only two counsel of the Colombo Bar who go be-wigged and one of them is a true son of sunny Jaffna. He one knows will not discard the wig but perhaps we may see him some day on the bench in *verti* cloth and banian and full-bottomed wig.

But alas the changing times. Time was when Counsel wore his frock coat and top hat and other habiliments of western barbarism. There are few who remember R. Morgan and Lorenz and Harry Dias and Sir M. Coomaraswamy and James de Alwis and J. A. Maartenz and even the Police Court proctor W. W. Beling. Coomaraswamy was always immaculately clad in long white or black coat and flowing turban and everything else from a West End Tailor. Here is Coomaraswamy addressing the Legislative Council as limned by Lorenz who wrote of him:

His coat was like snow drift,  
His pants of similar hue;  
His turban shone with diamonds  
And his girdle it was blue.



And here is Richard Morgan limned by the same versatile genius. "His i.e. The Governor's) chief Crown Law officer,



A shorter but more developed corporation  
And from his hand dangled a length of ribbon  
Rosy red wherewith they bound the colony,

Just imagine Sir Muthu Coomaraswamy in  
*verti* and banian!

Sir Rama whom Sir Arthur Gordon once chaffed in Council for adorning himself in London with the habiliments of an ultra-civilisation namely of an Indian Rajah. The frock coat has disappeared from our courts. The topper only forms part of a fancy dress costume. We are rapidly deteriorating. A Judge's white canvas shoes may be seen peeping from the edge of his robes. The lawyer's black coat was perhaps, once was black. Some proctors discard shirt, collar and tie and confine themselves to a black tunic buttoned

up to the neck but they take care that the tunic is black. A few judges make heroic attempts to stem the tide of sartorial deterioration. A famous cricketing judge was shocked when a proctor appeared with a pair of flannel pants.

Another proctor who wore a glaring scarlet tie only helped to irritate a usually mild-tempered judge. Whether the gown silk or stuff will be worn over the *verti* one cannot make out. In any case there will be a difficulty over the bands. At present they are tied under the flaps of the collar. How they will be tied when there is no collar must be somewhat puzzling. Then there is a matter which Mr. Canagaratnam evidently lost sight of and which cannot but be of much concern to the profession. Hanging over the barrister's gown at the back is a little purse bag into which the grateful client is supposed to drop his fee or refresher for advocates were, at least so it was at one time, supposed to plead their client's cause without fee or reward and to remedy this undoubted disadvantage the purse bag was put there and somehow got filled. Sensible lawyers however now-a-days take their fees in advance. The bag however still survives as an emblem of those days when mercenary lawyers did not exist.

That bag survived all the vicissitudes at the bars and for Mr. Canagaratnam to have it done away with seems to be detrimental to the pecuniary interests of the profession! What will Jaffna say?

In any case we are getting on very well as we are. Our most valuable Besantite or Ghandite preaches Khaddar but robes himself in clothes with a West-end cut, wears Kennedy's boots, smokes Egyptian cigarettes, and sells his rubber at the right moment. He at least will regret to see our judges now robed in scarlet arrayed in *verti* and banian. What a happy (or miserable) world will it be when everybody will be *verti*-cum-banian clad, no drinks procurable anywhere, no tote no pari! Happy school boys of the future! No Latin, no Greek and no English! But there is a good time coming. We shall all be dead!

## Reviews of Books and Magazines

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### **Christina Alberta's Father.**—WELLS'S LATEST NOVEL.

Wells has written his latest novel in a very leisurely mood, light-hearted and Christmassy. And in the end he dismisses his heroes and heroines and other characters back to an indefinite, adventure-promising world. We hope he will let them remain there for the imaginations of his readers to juggle with, and will not unlike some prosperous modern authors who dole out a story in a number of volumes give us as a successor "Christina Alberta."

Into this light-hearted plot he has woven of course his invariable theme, reform. He cannot rest so long as the world continues in its undefined, purposeless career. It grieves him to see the waste of humankind, that is inevitable according to the present condition of things. In every story and book he has written he puts into the mouth of ordinary men and women the big helpless question which sometimes all ordinary care-ridden men and women *feel* but do not *utter*. In *The Untying Fire* he creates in Mr. Huss the embodiment of that mass of mankind which just pursues a form of existence because there is no other alternative. For if things were more ordered in this world, more scientifically constructed, all this great sea of human energy could be gathered up as in a reservoir and let out on a purposeful path. Through Mr. Huss he challenges the powers that be, the very God himself, and asks why this vague state of things are allowed?

And in *Christina Alberta* he has developed the rebel that stands up against this sheepish conventionalism, these meaningless fetishes. *Christina Alberta* is not Miss 1925. She's more ahead of that.

Wells is not satisfied in merely putting the query mark. Every now and then he points out a special piece of folly on our part. And in *Christina Alberta's Father* he paints for us the pathetic picture of that hapless individual who is unfortunate enough to come under that peculiar piece of mankind's idiocy, the Lunacy Law. As it is the Lunacy Law might be compared to a grim agecrusted fort with its gates closed against the appeals of those outside, for once when a man is certified a lunatic (only two ordinary doctors are necessary to deprive a man of his Habeas Corpus) he may write appeals, send petitions, protest, but every

additional struggle of his only helps to confirm him in the opinions of the authorities more as a lunatic.

Mr. A. E. Preenby, Christina Alberta's father, who imagined himself as Sargon, king of kings was no more mad than any man who has an extra well-developed imagination. However it was no use and poor Preenby fell a victim to the effects of Cammerdown Hill Lunatic Asylum.

There are a few more situations in the story, such as Christina Alberta's parentage (for Preenby wasn't after all her father: Devizes was) and again the love affair between Bobby and Christina Alberta.

Anyway it is a relief to find that the story retains all its unsolved complexity at the end and does not end with wedding bells.

### **When I was a Boy in India,**

By SATYANANDA ROY (LOTHROP, LEE AND SHEPARD Co., BOSTON. \$1.25.)

An easily and well-written book of a popular series that Messrs. Lothrop, and Shepard have brought out. Mr. Roy has chosen an easy style and told the account of his childhood in Calcutta, which is typical of the average Indian boy, in an unsophisticated manner. The book abounds in very witty expressions, e. g. "The Indian teacher teaches subjects not his pupils." A pleasant and useful book.

### **The New Orient.**

EDITED BY SYUD HOSSAIN, (12, Fifth Avenue, New York. Published Quarterly. Subscription, \$4.00 a year.)

We have received a copy of this magazine. The issue under review contains a collection of very valuable articles, most of them of permanent interest. M. Felix Valye, Editor, *La Revue Politique Internationale* (Paris), contributes the leading article, "Turkey and the Future of Islam." In it he makes a strong defence of Islamic culture and deals briefly with the higher ideals of Islam which are less known, if not altogether suppressed. He pleads for a more sympathetic understanding of Turkey, pointing out how Turkey can be a very helpful factor in European affairs instead of a hindrance. In the concluding paragraph he says, "The alleged fanaticism of the Turk is a figment of European and Byzantine invention." In another article the Persian Consul-General in New York writes on "Persia and the United States" and acknowledges the great debt Persia owes to America for the help the latter rendered in organising that country's finances. He

also draws attention to the misunderstanding of Persia by the British and the anti-Persian intrigues under the Tsarish regime. In view of the recent change of rulers in Persia this article is of special interest. In one place the writer, Hon. Matin-es-Sultaneh, says, "In a word Persia in those days had no finances, no army, Parliament was only a name (Government practically a farce)". Again referring to "the tremendous upheaval in the East and in Persia as the result of the war," he says, "She (Persia) recalled some old sayings which embodied national wisdom, as, for instance, that 'A door is useless to a house unless you can lock it', and again, 'Right and wrong are two myths. They have no meaning unless you are capable of backing the one and putting down the other with might.'" In passing he pays a great tribute to Reza Khan Pehlevi, the present ruler of Persia. Yet another important article is "The Chinese Crisis" by the Hon. Bertrand Russell. We guess our readers might have read the very strong criticism Bertrand Russell made on the Shanghai Riots and were published in some English Papers and in the Modern Review of India. He repeats them here and they form some very convincing arguments against a type of Imperialism which is now well-known to most of us. Says he in one place, "If our officials could have spared a little time from polo and bridge, they would have discovered the unwisdom of this attitude. But the upper class Briton is encased in idleness and superciliousness. With a little sympathy and a little industry we could avoid disaster in Asia: but there seems no hope that either will be forthcoming so long as we continue to believe that our public schools produce heaven-sent rules, who must be allowed to rule 'inferior races.'" He asks in conclusion: China is demanding only what every independent country possesses already; the Japanese at one time suffered the same disabilities, but secured their rights by creating a strong army and navy. Is this the only argument to which our Government will listen? If so, it is likely before long to be forthcoming. Russia has freed herself from economic bondage to the West; China inevitably will do, and will at the same time acquire full political liberty. With Russia and China pointing the way, India will find a method of emancipation from British rule. It is just that these things should happen and it is the interest, of mankind; moreover, whether we oppose them or not, they will happen. Would it not be better to help them take place peacefully, rather than to offer a resistance which must be costly, shameful, and in the end futile?

It will be unfair to ignore any single article but one can only mention an interesting article on The Psychology of Japanese Patriotism; another, Artist Pilgrims in Arab Lands: The Buddhist revival in Siam, Burma and Ceylon; The

Han Tree of Tai Anfu; a tickling taunt called The Chinese Puzzle reproduced from G. K.'s Weekly; and lastly a very thoughtful and *intellectual* article on The Brotherhood of Doctrines by Count Korzybski. This is mainly a brief exposition and review of Prof. Keyser's theory that "If we could succeed in squeezing out some wisdom, some general knowledge from number, which is this "only absolute left," we should be entitled to expect that this wisdom would contain the germ of absolute knowledge." And by mathematics and logic, it is argued, every problem of today can be solved. Korzybski holds that it is wrong logic that has brought about wrong conclusions in the world of religion, politics and sociology. Of course some of us will only be too glad to find the problems of our day solved by whatever possibly device. Goethe said:

"Whoever possesses art and science also has religion, whoever has not those two should have religion." In this artificial age it is too much to expect that imagination, and faith can greatly aid so we might conclude that whoever has not art and religion should have science and agree with Korzybski. Anyway his theory ought to have far-reaching results. Among other interesting matter is a speech of the editor of the New Orient, on India and World Peace. We recommend this magazine very strongly.

### The Young East.

THE YOUNG EAST PUBLISHING OFFICE, Hongo, Tokyo. (30 sen a copy, monthly.)

We have received regular numbers of the above magazine which we wish all success. It is an enterprising publication and contains in every number very readable and instructive articles. We quote from the introduction of the Editors:

This insignificant little journal is certainly too feeble an organ to be compatible with the ambition we cherish. It is, however, our first step towards the realization of the great aim we have in view. Through this medium we desire to show to our friends abroad, possessed of the same faith as ours, what we young Buddhists of Japan are thinking of and doing. We desire to make this journal a bond of unity by which they and we may work together for the achievement of our common object.

A few more words. We hope that our friends and readers will understand that we are followers of the Mahayana school of Buddhism. As such we are neither dreamers nor pessimists. We make much of action, and while earnestly thinking of the life beyond, we seriously regard the life we live now. Towards other religions we are tolerant and entertain no enmity whatever against people holding faith different from ours, while in regard to race and other matters, we have no notion what-

ever that East is East and West is West. In short, we hope that our friends and readers will understand that we shall endeavour to the best of our ability and in our humble way to attain the great object we have in view "with malice towards none, with charity for all."

### **The Microcosm,**

EDITED BY DOROTHY UNA RATCLIFFE, (City Chambers, Leeds, 2/6, bi-annually.)

A very chastefully got up magazine, edited by Mrs. Ratcliffe, known as a poet. The number under review contains some very delightful reading, among them "Emily Bronte," of interest to students of literature. Sir Francis Carruthers-Gould writes "The Bogey Bird," a tale "for those who never grow up." There are also reproductions in colour of some good pictures. We expect this magazine is not familiar in Ceylon but it will be decidedly a welcome addition to the magazine list of the select few.

### **Poetry and the Play,**

EDITED BY S. FOWLER WRIGHT, (8 Abbey House, Westminster, S. W. 1. 1/- monthly.)

This magazine which we have been receiving regularly is the organ of the Empire Poetry League. It is also "the only Monthly in the British Empire devoted exclusively to lyric and dramatic poetry." The issue under review (Dec-Jan, 1925-1926.) contains "Studies in contemporary Poetry XVII," which is an examination by the Editor Mr. S. Fowler Wright of Miss Edith Sitwell's poetry. We hope some of our readers are acquainted with the type of queer poetry that Miss Sitwell has dared to write. Limited space prevents us from giving an example. Then there are a collection of verse of good quality by modern writers who are not yet "known." Lastly there are the results of the E. P. L. £25 Competition. One of the competitors Mr. Jehangir T. Vakil, an Indian writer, who lives at Shantiniketan had the following which we are proud to reproduce:

#### **O FLAME OF BEAUTY.**

O flame of Beauty, dancing thro' my world,  
What magic foam of passion have you hurled  
Upon the austere purpose of my days,  
The cool white quiet of its dream-dimmed ways?  
You have flung over me the fierce delight  
Of hidden fragrances on startled night,

Your mystic winds like waters over me roll  
 Maddening the sleeping horsemen of the soul  
 To trample over new fields of sudden light,  
 And battle with young Love upon the height,  
*O Beauty, was it not enough to greet*  
*In silence and in prayer your passing feet ?*

JEHANGIR TIVAJI VAKIL.

### **The Children's News,**

(CHARKÉ WALAN, Delhi, Re 1/8 a year.)

Magazines are a prolific product of India, but the New Year Number of this monthly which we have received is readable and good, which is saying a good deal for an Indian magazine. A message from Mr. F. G. Pearce is published in this number.

### **The Ceylon Theosophical News,**

( "MAYSFIELD," Turret Road, Colombo.)

The organ of the Theosophical Society in Ceylon, contains interesting matter, among them an "art" controversy carried on between Mr. A. C. G. S. Amarasékara and Mr. J. H. Cousins.

### **The Swarajya.**

ANNUAL SUPPLEMENT 1925. (40, Broadway, Madras.)

Is the Congress Number containing a brief biography of Sarojini Devi. Full of instructive articles by well-known men, among them Mr. Polak, Major Graham-Pole, Dr. Sudhindra Bose, Harindranath, the poet, and Mr. S. W. R. Dias Bandaranaike.

### **Widows' Cause,**

THE ORGAN OF THE VIDUVA VIVAH SAHAIAK SABHA, Lahore, India.

We have received a copy of this magazine which is one of three magazines published by this Society (the other two being in Indian Languages) and other literature. The magazine advocates the cause of widow re-marriage and publishes articles, translations, news and views to support this cause. It may be pointed out for the benefit of Ceylonese readers that in India "widow" means quite a different thing, for, a mere child, a virgin who by having been betrothed young is doomed to widowhood if the man or as it invariably is the boy dies. The Society has been possible by the munificence of Sir Ganga Ram, who is the chairman. The Society deserves great praise for its humane work. Literature may be had from the Hon. Secretary.

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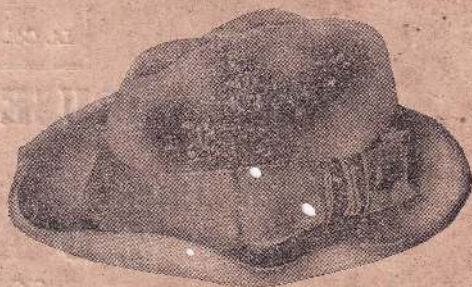
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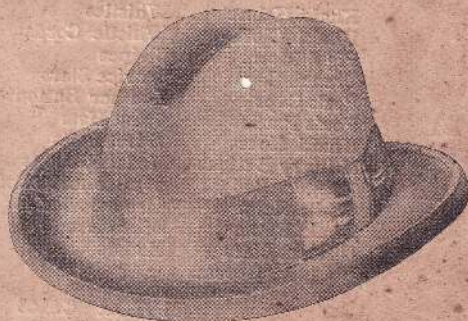


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