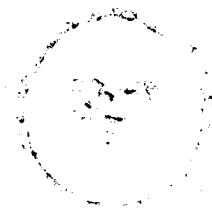


Every Mans Review

vol-9

NO-1

January-1924



JL

3 mar 11, 1916

N24.9.1

100660

COSMIC CONSCIOUSNESS

*A Study in the Evolution of
the Human Mind.*

Edited by:

Dr. RICHARD MAURICE BUCKE,

Special Indian Reprint edited by:

The Hon. Justice V. RAMESAM.

It was after great difficulty that the editor of the reprint was able to trace the present owners of the copyright. One of the conditions of the reprint is that the surplus realised after defraying the expenses should be devoted to a charitable object.

The Editor of the Reprint hopes that by issuing this book the people of India will be encouraged to look forward to the evolution of a spiritually greater humanity.

Price Re 1.

Postage extra.

Published by:

EVERYMANS PUBLISHERS LTD.,

No. 1, McLean Street, Broadway, MADRAS

A RARE OFFER
To Readers of this Journal



EVERYMAN'S PRESS,
 undertakes to supply
 for Rs. 4/8 a set of
 note-paper and enve-
 lopes put up in boxes
 with your name and
 address printed on
 the note-paper. [Five
 quires, post 8 V.O. with
 envelopes to match.
 British manufacture]
 No V. P. P. will be
 sent. Full remittance in
 advance. Packets will
 be printed and sent by

Rs.
4/8

registered parcel post within a week after receipt of remittance.
 No proofs will be sent for approval and nothing more than
 name, occupation and address will be printed.

FREE

The above offer is free to those who bring in 5 fresh
 subscribers to Everymans Review.

Cut this Coupon

I have this day remitted Rs. _____ being
 your charges for printing and sending me a set of note-papers and envelopes
 Subscription from five subscribers to your Journal

Please send the packet to the following address.

WRITE LEGIBLY.

Name to be printed

Occupation do

Address do

Address
 on packet
 attached.

G. YELUMALAI CHETTY & SON.

IRON SAFE MANUFACTURERS.



WORK-SHOP :

At 1-84, Wall tax Road, P.T. Madras.

SHOW-ROOMS :

At 181, Broadway, Madras.

25 Nainiappa Naick Street, Madras.

REDUCED PRICE
A Publication of Great Interest to Your Health.

LAWS OF HEALTH

BY

M. GOVINDA RAO

BEAUTIFULLY PRINTED ON FEATHER-WEIGHT PAPER AND CLOTH BOUND

Price Re.1—Postage Extra.

To prolong life and live happily, free from the worries of the petty ills that man is subject to this book offers wholesome advise. It is a book which should be in the hands of every Man, Woman and Child of whatsoever age.

CONTENTS.

- | | |
|--|--------------------------|
| I. Health. | XI. Law of Regeneration. |
| II. Disease. | XII. Nerves. |
| III. Digestion. | XIII. Vitality. |
| IV. Law of Eating : when,
how and what. | XIV. Children. |
| V. Law of Drinking. | XV. Women. |
| VI. Law of Breathing. | XVI. Bathing. |
| VII. Law of Sleeping. | XVII. Anaemia. |
| VIII. Law of Fasting. | XVIII. Psychical Body. |
| IX. Dress. | XIX. Mental Body. |
| X. Exercise. | XX. Medicine. |

For Copies apply to: **THE MANAGER:**
EVERYMANS PUBLISHERS LIMITED,
1, McLEAN STREET, BROADWAY, MADRAS.

A New Book of the Season!

COURTALLUM

ITS PRECINCTS & POETRY

By T. B. KRISHNASWAMY, M.A.



An interesting book about the famous South Indian hill-station; beautifully printed on feather-weight paper and artistically bound. The book affords very interesting reading and serves as a touring guide as well.

Price Re. 1.

Postage Extra.



For Copies Apply to:

EVERYMANS PUBLISHERS

LIMITED,

1, McLean St., BROADWAY, MADRAS.

THE UPANISHADS

It has been the solace of my life.

It will be the solace of my death.

SCHOPENHAUR.

With Text in Devanagari

An English Translation of it

AND OF

Sri Sankara's Commentary.

PUBLISHED BY

V. C. SESHACHARRI, B.A., B.L., M.R.A.S.

Re-print in superior Feather-Weight Paper, with a Frontispiece of
Dr. Annie Besant, President of the Theosophical Society.

Vols. I, II and V

Original Translation by S. Sitarama Sastriar, B.A.,

and Vols. III and IV

Original Translation by Pandit Ganga'nath Jha, M.A.

	Cloth Bound Rs. A.	Paper Bound Rs. A.
Vol. I. I'Sa, Kena and Mundaka	 2 8	2 0
Vol. II. The Katha and Prasna	 2 8	2 0
Vol. III. The Chha'ndogya :		
Part I.—The first 4 Adhya'yas	 2 8	
Vol. IV. The Chha'ndogya :		
Part II.—The last 4 Adhya'yas	 3 8	3 0
Vol. V. Aitareya and Taittiriya	 2 8	2 0

For Copies Apply to:—

1. THE PUBLISHER "Vasanta Vilas" Mylapore, Madras.
2. THE INDIA PRINTING WORKS, 6, Sunkurama Chetti Street,
George Town, Madras.
3. THE THEOSOPHICAL PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Adyar, Madras, S.
4. Messrs. P. R. RAMA AIYAR & CO., Booksellers, Esplanade
Row, George Town, Madras.

Everymans Review

JANUARY] CONTENTS [1924

Thiagaraja ...	...	...	1
A Great Musician Saint—V.			
By M. S. Ramaswami Aiyar, B.A., B.L., L.T.			
The Index Finger of History ...	...	...	12
By K.S. Ramaswami Sastri, B.A., B.L.			
An Hour—A Poem ...	...	...	16
By P. Seshadri, M.A.			
Life and Literature ...	...	...	17
By R. Thiagarajan			
South Indian Saints ...	...	...	25
By D. O. T.			
Our Hill-Stations—II. ...	...	...	29
A Plea for them			
By P. R. C.			
Trade Balances ...	...	...	38
A. S. Venkataraman			
DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT ...			
A Literary Banquet ...	...	...	41
A Medely			
By P. K. Anantanarayan, M.A., L.T.			
The Cape to Brindaban ...	...	...	46
A Pilgrim's Impressions—III			
By K. R. R. Sastry, M.A.			
The Green-Eyed Monster ...	...	...	48
(A Short story)			
By Rajaiah D. Paul, M.A.			
The Clarion-Call of Romanticism ...	...	...	57
By L. V. Ramaswami Aiyar, B.A., B.L.			
The Finance Member on Indian Currency ...	...	...	63
By L. N. Govindarajan, B.A.			
Man Made Laws ...	...	...	71
By Mrs. M. T.			
Essence of the Gopi Gita ...	...	...	75
By K. C. K.			

YOU CAN BE STRONG IN MIND AND BODY, IF YOU WILL.

Health

Is the normal condition of the human body, but so exacting are the conditions of modern life, and so tempting and misleading, that ill-health has taken the place of health. To regain lost health, to maintain it when obtained, to assure it for the future, is the key-note of the rare and valuable medicine,

Amruta Ratnakaram.

ARE YOU HEALTHY?
ARE YOU PERFECTLY FIT?
DO YOU ENJOY LIFE?
IS LIFE FULL OF HAPPINESS?

If you can't answer any of the above questions with a clear YES, this medicine will enable you to answer so. If disease haunts you, if life is a misery, don't despair, there is hope for you in India's Greatest Nerve and General Tonic,

AMRUTA RATNAKARAM

THE SAFE, SURE, AND SYSTEMATIC CURE
FOR ALL CHRONIC AND ACUTE DISEASES

Rs. 5 per phial.

Complete Course for
one month in
3 Phials, Rs. 15.

IF YOU DON'T BELIEVE
DON'T PAY ANY MONEY.

Cases of Asthma, Consumption, Dyspepsia, Paralysis, Diabetes, Leprosy, and other complicated diseases given up as hopeless by other treatment we undertake to Cure. When you are cured completely you pay, not till then. Ask us to-day.

SOME OF THE RAREST INGREDIENTS in the Ayurvedic Pharmacopoeia, such as GOLD, SIDDHA MAKARADHWAJA, MUKHTA PROVAL and other valuable vegetable essences are the basis of Amruta Ratnakaram. Prepared under the most sanitary conditions, according to correct formulae, with pure ingredients and by correct methods, under the personal supervision and direction of Ayurveda Vaidya Ratnakaram Pandit Dr. N.V.S. Sarma, Ph. D. Sc., M.D. (Ayur) etc.

PERFECT HARMLESSNESS
ABSOLUTE RELIABILITY
GENUINE QUALITY

Start this Famous Cure to-day.

THE REPUTED HOME OF RELIABLE REMEDIES AYURVEDA SIDDHASRAMAM,

411, Mint Street.

[P.O. Box
1236.]

Madras.

TELEGRAMS :

'RATNAKARAM' MADRAS.

PHONE :

No. 559.

24 JAN 1924

EVERYMAN'S REVIEW

Vol. 9

JANUARY 1924

No 1.

Thiagaraja

(A Great Musician Saint—V.)

By M. S. Ramaswami Aiyar, B.A., B.L., L.T.

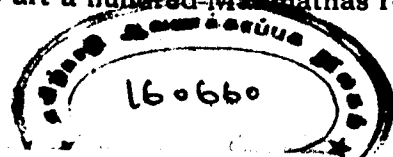
THIAGARAJA'S career, as a musical composer, falls into four periods, viz, those of bigotry, tolerance, philosophy and altruism. We need not be surprised at his early period of bigotry which, it is said, cites conscience and the name of God as the basis of its acts. The bigoted Protestants persecuted the Catholics only in God's name ; while in the same God's name, the bigoted Catholics perpetrated all the atrocities of the Spanish Inquisition. Again, the bigoted Tippu carried a sword in one hand and the Koran in the other, only to please his God ; while, to please their own Gods, the Vadakalais and the Thenkalais would cut each other's throats. When, therefore, Thiagaraja selected Rama in preference to all other gods and sang :—

1. Ela Dayaradu,
2. Oorage Kalkuna,
3. Rama Kothandarama,
4. Ramam Bhajeham,

and a host of other songs exclusively in praise of Rama, he was, if not dogmatically, yet devotionally bigoted. He did not wilfully prevent any further light from entering his mind ; but no light happened to enter there for a time. "Just as the *kor* paddy is inferior to the *samba* paddy ; a lamp light to a torch

light ; a canal to the Cauvery ; a lotus to the full moon ; a man, however charming, to Manmatha ; a lake to an ocean ; so, all the Gods in this world are, O! Rama! inferior to you,"—thus he cried in his *Koruvelpulu* song. He was superstitious to the core and performed rituals and ceremonial worship with an almost petrifying accuracy, as appears in his *Koluvamaregada*. The idol worship, especially his own golden idol worship, was to him the only means of attaining salvation. He would rise early every morning, bathe in the ever-running water of the Cauvery, cause his pet idol to be bathed in rose water, give it milk to drink and sing devotional songs to the accompaniment of a *thambura*. If need be, he would then go round the town on oonchvrithi business. Otherwise he would employ the time in teaching his disciple new songs. At about 12 Noon, he would bathe again, entertain Rama with an excellent dinner of six savours, give him betels with scented nut, repeat the same process at night, burn camphor before him, charm him by singing beautiful and sublime ragas and lull him thereby to sleep on soft bed of sweet flowers. He composed distinct songs for each of the above-mentioned functions, as for instance, *Aragimpave* for the offering of milk and food and *Vidamusayave* for the offering of betels. The whole night, except a few hours of inevitable sleep, he would spend in bhajana, singing old, or improvising new songs.

Such was the intensity of his bigotry that when one day the goddess of Thiruvaiyar, Dharmasamvardhani, was taken in procession round the town, he ran quickly into his house and stood, like a child, before his Rama, that he might avoid seeing the Saivite Goddess who, in his opinion, failed criminally—as the presiding deity of the town—to check the growing wickedness of the people and contrasted her with his own household god, Rama, of whose wholesome influence upon himself he was deeply conscious. In his krithi, *Lavanyarama*, he characterised the saivite Goddess as belonging to the School of Ignorance : "O! Charming Rama! let me see thee to the delectation of my eyes. O! Moon to the Kumuda of Lakshmi's mind! O! Thou who art a hundred Manmathas rolled in one! Thy mind, thy joy



3 m 21,

and thy ways do differ from those of the Deity of the School of Ignorance¹. What, then, is that deity for?"

Within two decades of his stay at Thiruvaiyar, Thiagaraja felt a mighty change had been taking place in the condition of the town and its surroundings. The people were rudely disturbed by the political convulsions that were shaking the country. Their intense belief in God and noble spirit of sacrifice were slowly giving way to gross materialism and worship of money. Their brows that used to look up to heaven began to kiss the ground. The unfeeling train of the trade usurped the land and dispossessed the swami. Hence Thiagaraja exclaimed in his *Denuka* song; *Thelialeru Rama*: "O! Rama! the people do not know the right path to faith, but would rather go about the earth create a lot of confusion, again get up in the morning, bathe in water, besmear their bodies with sacred ashes and pose as praiseworthy men. Thus, they would display an inordinate lust for money rather than, O! Rama!, desire for your grace." Later on, he felt sorry for living at Thiruvaiyar, where wealth accumulated and men decayed and, in despair, sang. *Tholinejesina*—"O! my God! I now understand the fruits of my karma; for despite my repeated worship, you keep to yourself, leaving me to myself. Again, you have—perhaps to lower me in the estimation of my contemporaries—dropped me into a town bereft of Haridasas but full of Epicureans".

Soon after, as chance would have it Thiagaraja fell ill and failed to see, as was his wont, Rama in his nocturnal dreams. This calamity, as he called it, he forthwith attributed to the wrath of Dharmasamvardhani, lamented his abuse of her and advised himself much in the strain of Parnell:—

"Where you can't unriddle, learn to trust".

Thus changed in spirit, he, for the first time, burst into a Saivite song—*Karunajoodavamma*: "O! Queen to Chandrakaladhara! Peerless Mistress of the town of Panchanada! Dharmasamvardhani! Pray, look at me with a merciful eye. I now believe that you alone can save man from the consequences of his evil deeds, done in ignorant pride. I now perceive no difference

1. Thamasamatha Deiva,

between Rama, Siva and yourself. O! Queen! abandon me not." To further please the Goddess, he had to sing of her Lord too. The ice was thus broken; and the first period of bigotry gave way to the second period of tolerance, to which he was drawn by yet another force viz, his venerable wife's unaccountable predilection for Parashakthi.

In the second period, he sang of all deities and made absolutely no difference between god and god. For example, *Girirajasutha* related to Ganesa; *Neevanti Deivamu* to Subramanya; *Sambo Mahadeva* to Siva; *Prananathabirana* to Krishna; *Pahiramadootha* to Hanuman; and *Thulasi Jagajjanani* to the thulasi plant. The last song was a translation, in terms of Thiagaraja's own Krithi, of a well-known Sanskrit verse:—

"Yanmule Sarvathirhani Yanmadhye Sarvadevathaha
Yadagre Saravavedahscha Thulasim thwam namamyaham."

Thiagaraja, be it noted, had a genius, which he often utilised, for quickly translating any verse in terms of his own krithi. While he was thus pouring his improvised songs in praise of whatsoever gods he chanced upon, his shrewd disciples assiduously drank the nectar of music, conveyed by them, without ever questioning the form of their guru's worship, for such questioning would, as they full well knew, be like "questioning the paper upon which a king's message was written."

About this time, there occurred four incidents in *serialim* which effected a perceptible change in Thiagaraja's angle of vision and sent him on to the third period of his career.

At last, free himself from his confinement in his native place he *did* and set out on a travel to some of the more important religious centres of South India. At the special request of his Walajapet disciple, Venkatramana Bhagavathar, he first went to Thirupathi via Walajapet. There he found a screen intervening between him and the God Venkateswara, just as in times of yore Nanda found a bull intervening between him and Thiruppangur Siva. He feelingly sang, *Therathiyagarada*: "O! Venkatramana of Thirupathi! Will you not cause the

2. "I bow to you, Thulasi, in whose root remain all the sacred waters, in whose centre all the Devas, and in whose head all the Vedas."

screen of jealousy, that obstructs from within, to move aside? I now feel as much miserable as one whose food, at the time of taking it, has been spoiled by dirty flies; or as one whose mind, at the time of contemplating Hari, wanders along a Pariah lane." Forthwith the screen, as did the bull, moved aside; and the God presented Himself in all His radiant glory to the sincere Bhaktha.

Kovoor, near Poonamalle, was the next place to which he repaired, where he dedicated his extempore songs—

- (1). *Nammivachina*
- (2). *Korisevimpore*
- (3). *Ye Vasidanivanti*

to the Siva God. There he met one Sundaresa Mudaliar, a Tamil Scholar and a Patron of Music, who received our musician with all respect, form, and formality. But Thiagaraja at once diagnosed that there was something afflicting Mudaliar's mind.

"What afflicts you?" asked Thiagaraja. "This is not the original place intended for your reception," confessed Sundaresa Mudaliar, "and the present arrangements are but a make-shift. I had made grand preparations to accord you a fitting reception and thus to tread in the footsteps of my ancestors."

"But," interrupted Thiagaraja, "I am not a King, nor any one of King's men, for you to think of giving me a *fitting reception*. I am but an ordinary mortal, a foot-pilgrim, a beggar unskillful to fawn or flatter for wealth here, and also mad to ask of Heaven what the generality of the people have recently learnt not to prize, viz, truth, wisdom, grace and peace."

"I am one of those," continued Mudaliar, "who are firmly convinced that every member of society should be honoured in proportion as he is *necessary*; and I am bold enough to say that Bhagavathars like you are more necessary for a State than even a King. If a country is fortunate enough to have able and willing preachers like you, O! the routine business of the Government can be carried on even by puppets. A breath can make or unmake a king; but a bold preacher or a sweet singer cannot be made, or supplied, to order. We have heard of "King-Makers"; but have there ever been Bhagavathar-Makers

or Musician-Makers? Further, in the upheaval of the present state of society, caused by the aggressive policy of foreigners; I fear the most important emotional side of education will be neglected and the overbearing intellectual side brought to the forefront. Your krithis, I feel in my heart of hearts, are ordained by God to set both the sides of education in equilibrium at last. My ancestors have taught me, both by precept and example, that preachers and musicians like you are more important than even kings. Hence my anxiety to accord you a fitting reception. But God altered what I had proposed. Look yonder, please, at the fire which has consumed all the materials I had gathered." So saying, he burst into a Tamil verse—

பாரோர் பலரைச் சபை கூட்டி நானும் பஜனைசெய்தும்
பேராகிய பிள்ளையார் பிடிக்கக்குறங்கானது போல்
சிராரிமாம்! செயல் வேறுபட்ட இத்திங்கினை யான்
ஆரோடு சொல்லுவன்! கோபால்! நீயருள்வாய் சிறிதே,

Thiagaraja's sympathy followed Mudaliar's emotion; and, when requested to sing, the guest quickly translated the Tamil verse in terms of his own krithi; *Ēvarithonedelpudu* and sang it: "To whom shall I, O! Rama! represent my difficulty? My bhajana has produced an opposite effect, as per the proverb '*I wanted to produce a Ganesa but a monkey came forth.*' O! Gopala! to whom shall I represent my difficulty?" This Manavathi song astounded Mudaliar to such a degree that he at once ordered his servants to bring a palanquin and placed in a corner thereof a purse of Rs. 1,000.

It was 5 o'clock in the morning when Thiagaraja resumed his journey. Four bearers, two on either side, carried the palanquin which contained our musician, quite unaware of the purse placed therein. All on a sudden, within an hour's journey, fell upon the palanquin—not the expected rays of the Sun—but an unexpected shower of stones. Thiagaraja's disciples saw at a distance a crowd of armed men approaching and cried 'Thieves!' Startled by the outcry, the guru got down and said: "I have not a single pie with me; you had better take this palanquin, if you please." The disciples interrupted: "Master! Sundaresa Mudaliar placed a purse of Rs. 1000 on the palanquin and bade

us keep silence." At once Thiagaraja took and flung the purse in the direction of the thieves saying: "Here is your money; take it." The Chief of the thieves fell at the musician's feet and replied? "No, Sir, it is yours; and ourselves are from this moment yours."

"But why did you hurl stones at us?," asked Thiagaraja.

"Of course, to get at the purse," replied the chief," but I confess we have been taught by necessity to steal. Even during my father's time, I noted that health and plenty cheered the labouring swain. But O! what a mighty revolution in these few years! I feel all around the grip of a tyrant's hand; and a tyrant within a tyrant is all the art I learnt in my life. O! the perverseness of human nature which condemns in public what it encourages in secret!"

"Now you speak words of wisdom," interrupted Thiagaraja.

"There is a reason for that;" continued the chief, "as my comrades threw stones at the palanquin, I slang a big stone aimed straight at you. But lo! it returned upon myself and caused a big wound on my forehead. I tried to find out the cause, when two young, strong, and fair warriors dazzled my eyes with the effulgent beauty of their handsome youth and dumbfounded me by the skilful use of their bows. "Who are you both?," I asked. They whispered to me. "We are insignificant pupils of this great guru," pointing to you. I was going to ask for their names and put them other questions. But suddenly they were lost to my sight. If you are the *great guru* of these two angels, all of us shall cease thieving hereafter and become your ever obedient pupils. Pray, Sir, tell me who those angels are."

Thiagaraja's mind became upset; and he felt keenly pained to think that the two angels—possibly Rama and Lakshmana—who had condescended to show themselves to a thief, were not kind enough to do *him* the same favour. He at once sang *Munduvēnuḱa* in Durbar: "O! the Destroyer of Mura and Khara! Come, come on either side of me, in front and behind me. Raghunandana! Where am I going to witness a beauty like yours? O! Moon that rose out of the ocean of Ravikula! Come soon with your Kothanda, along with Lakshmana."

The Chief learnt the angels to be Rama and Lakshmana. The thousand rupees were presented to the new converts; and they offered to carry the palanquin. Thiagaraja accepted their services and resumed his journey. While the whilom thieves, as they carried, sang the palanquin song; the musician inside improvised *Kamabana*¹ and *Ġvarichirira*, in praise of the great bow, wherewith Rama astounded the chief of the thieves.

Conjeevarem was the next place of visit; and a Madhyamavathi song, *Vinayakunivalenu*, was dedicated to the goddess Kamatchi there. From Conjeevarem to Madhyarjunam was a pretty long journey of about 200 miles. From one of the many villages through which the palanquin-bearers had to pass, a loud cry issued. It was then 6. A. M.

"Halt!" ordered Thiagaraja, "we shall stay here for the day. But what is that cry about? You chief! run and bring me news of it."

The chief at once mixed himself with the crowd in front of a temple there, possessed himself of all necessary information and delivered himself thus before his new guru:—"A certain pilgrim to Thirupathi, who was accompanied by his wife and child, missed his way and, by chance, reached this village last night between 9 and 10. He found all the doors bolted, as usual, at that hour, since otherwise tigers and other wild animals from the neighbouring jungles would attack the inmates thereof. The pilgrim seems to have knocked all the doors; but none of them

¹ Mr. H. P. Krishna Rao, in his second edition of his *Psychology of music* (1923), writes: "Raga Saveri is full of pathos as it takes D. (Ri) flat and A (Dha) flat. To sing the terrific effect of Sri Rama's Bow in the Raga (Saveri) is improper." Evidently Mr. Krishna Rao thinks that Thiagaraja wrongly chose the pathos-indicating Saveri of his *Ramabana*. Whether Saveri is capable of indicating pathos only and no other emotion is itself a moot point. Even assuming, without admitting that Saveri indicates Pathos only, I fear Mr. Rao would have to revise his opinion, if he but remembered the time and Circumstances in which Thiagaraja sang *Ramabana*. For, the "terrific effect" of Rama's bow was a secondary (and I may even say, incidental) object: but what goaded him to sing about the bow was his pathetic sorrow at his failure to see Rama who had just saved him with his bow from a fatal stroke. Well, therefore, did he choose Saveri for *Ramabana*.

opened. He then knocked the temple door; but again no response came. To save his innocent wife and the divinelooking baby from the jaws of man-eaters, he climbed up the temple wall in order to reach the door and open it from inside, but lo! when he dropped, from the wall, inside the temple; he fell into a deep well and was killed."

"Peace! Peace! Peace!" ejaculated Thiagaraja. "The wife," continued the chief, "not knowing what had happened inside, kept calling to her husband the whole night; and perhaps her calling kept the night-prowlers at bay. The day dawned and the temple door was opened. In ran the eager wife only to find her husband floating on the water. Soon the body was brought out of the temple and placed there where you now see the crowd. The cry is the wife's wail."

Thiagaraja ran to the spot, passed his right hand along the whole body of the pilgrim, kneeled down, prayed fervently for his revival and sang—not *Najivadhara* in Bilahari as is traditionally handed down—but *Sri Rama padama* in Amrithavalini. For, as Mr. L. Muthiah Bhagavathar of Harikesanallore rightly observed, the Bilahari krithi could not be the song for the occasion, because the Bilahari Raga has never been reputed to have the power of reviving a dead body and also because there was nothing in the song alluding even indirectly to the incident described. On the other hand, Amrithavahini has ever been, as the name itself indicates, just the Raga to revive a dead body; and the meaning of the song directly relates to the incident referred to—"O! valiant Hero! You saw on the way Ahalya unable to bear her stony form and always shedding tears; and you protected her by restoring her to her original form. Help (this man) in the same way (by restoring him to his original life)".

The pilgrim got up as if from sleep and resumed his journey to Thirupathi, along with his wife and child, after partaking the refreshments served by the people of the village. We are here reminded of a puranic story in which Abboothi's son was revived by the fervent prayer of Thirunavukkarasu, as well as of a

historical fact that Humayun recovered from his illness by the genuine wish of his father, Babar.

To those who may seriously object to these miracles being recorded here, we reply that miracles are but productions of physical phenomena by occult means. What was a miracle at one period of history becomes a common occurrence at a later time. The occult sciences of mediaeval days are the mothers of modern sciences. When Jesus and his disciples performed wonderful cures, the people thought they were great teachers, because they used unknown forces. The same miracles are performed to-day by sciences; and they excite no wonder now. When, again, King Edward VII, then Prince of Wales, visited India; a wonder-worker² performed the well-known basket-trick, which we witness even now oft and on. An expert mind can so dwell upon an image as to cause, within its own photosphere, that image to appear; and it can be so intensified that every one, looking upon the person producing the picture, can see nothing but that picture. The mental image is impressed upon the minds of the spectators with such intensity that it cannot be distinguished from the reality. This miracle is caused by the force of the expert mind. Again, within a short time after death, life may be restored by any one who understands the process of restoration. The Electrotherapist has, on rare occasions, resurrected a lifeless body through the use of electricity. The difference between the Occultists' method and the Electrotherapists' method is, the former does the work through mental processes, while the latter by the aid of an electric battery. In the course of the evolution of the human race, to triumph over premature death will cease to be a miracle. But from time immemorial, there have been rare occultists whose touch, coupled with their trained will-power, has resurrected many a dead body. Thiagaraja was one of them.

2. I can testify to my own experience that in 1893, a similar wonder-worker met me in the students' Home (No. 8) of the Madras Christian College, put, on my right palm, a small piece of sugar-candy and asked me to close my fingers. I did so; but all the same I felt the sugar candy within. The wonder-worker paused a while and then asked me to open my fingers which I did. But lo! what a terrible living black scorpion it was, that I threw out in fear!

In gratitude, our musician sang the Bilahari song too; stayed in the village till afternoon; and then left it for Madhyarjunam, where he worshipped Mahalingaswami. He then moved to a neighbouring village, Govindapuram, and paid a visit to the Mutt of Bodhendraswami *alias* Sadguruswami of Namasiddhanta fame. To another neighbouring village, Thiruvisinellore, he hied and paid his respects to the name of Sridhara Venkatacharyar *alias* Aiyaval, who was reputed to have brought the Ganjes to his village. From Thiruvisinellore he turned eastward and reached Nagpur, the modern Negapatam, presided over by Nilayadakshi, wife of Kayarohana. There, to his utter disappointment, he found what Oliver Goldsmith had down in Italy—

"Contrasted faults through all men's manners reign,
Though poor, luxurious; through submissive, vain;
Though grave yet trifling; zealous yet untrue;
And even in penance, planning sins anew."

And the music prevailing at Nagpur during the time of his visit was in the same freezing point as it had been delineated by Kalamegha—

“வாழ்த்து திருநாகை வாகான தேவடியாள்
பாழ்த்த குரலெடுத்துப் பாடினாள்—நேற்றுக்
கழுதை கெட்டவண்ணன் கண்டேன் கண்டேனென்றுப்
பழுதை யெடுத்தோடி வந்தான் பார்.”

He felt sorry he had visited Nagpur and attributed his disappointment to his past Karma in a Saveri song, *Karmame Balavanthamaye*: “After all (my) Karma has won the day.” O! Wife to Kayarohana! Nilayadakshi of Nagpur! I got out to travel and appeared before your holy presence, only to find out remedies wherewith to cure the wealthy of their vanities and other ills. But (inasmuch as disappointment was my reward) Karma has had its day.” Upon Nagpur he turned his back and left it for Rameswaram and Dhanushkoti, in the latter of which he sang *Kotinadulu*. From hence he went westward to Madura, where he sang *Manasuni'pa* in Abogi and then moved northward to Srirangam, where he sang O! *Rengasayi!*; *Karunajoodavayya*; and *Rajuvedalu*. After a pretty long stay, he left Srirangam for Thiruvaiyar and thus finished his not-uneventful pilgrimage.

²Literally—“become strong.”

The Index Finger of History

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

ANCIENT history is important as a human document and as a signpost to the 'future.' But it is modern history that is of supreme and engrossing importance to us modern men. But modern history cannot be realised or written or read with that detachment which is the only guarantee of truth. Yet the work must be done if we are to have the benefit of the present and guide the future. In studying modern history we must not only study the growth of each country but must also the growth of international life as a whole: even here we must not, like western historians, confine our gaze to Europe alone. The time is gone when Europe dictated and was allowed to dictate international policy. The unity of human civilisation is the great dream of to-day and the great realisation of to-morrow.

Modernity is equally an emancipation from superstition and serfdom. In mediaeval times the clergy enslaved the soul and the barons enslaved the body. But printing overthrew the one and gunpowder overthrew the other. The emergence of the masses into knowledge and political power is the real sign of modernity. In all the European countries this process of emancipation was completed and it was then that mediaevalism ended and modernity began. The explosion of the French revolution was at once a culmination and a commencement.

The 18th century was an era of compolitanism, dilettantism, intellectualism, and individual selfishness, and vice. It called itself the age of reason. But it was the reason of the cat in the cupboard. It would not see God and pretended to see reason. It would not leave the country which gave life and food and raiment or the neighbour who was near but pretended to

love man who was an abstraction and made on demands on its heart or purse. The only thing to its credit is its commencement of a campaign against slavery. But it did this not because it loved the slave but because it pretended to see in him an incarnation of Man. But Europe soon sickened of the doctrinaire heroics of the eighteenth century. The nineteenth century is the century of nationality. It emphasised not the general characteristics of humanity but the cultural and geographical variations from country to country. The French Revolution kicked with its boots of equality and fraternity the peoples of Europe into inequality and nationality. France herself changed from a republic into an empire and "exchanged the tricolor of freedom for the eagles of imperial glory." As Mr. Hearnshaw says: "Having emancipated herself, she had sold herself to a master, and had by him been led into adventures by means of which she had gained the world but had lost her soul."

What is this nationality? Dr. Holland says that "it is an instinct and cannot be exactly defined." Professor Ramsay Muir says that "nationality is an elusive idea, difficult to define." Ordinarily geographic unity, racial unity, linguistic unity, religious unity and economic unity are elements present in it. But one or more may be absent and yet it may come into being. It has been well said by Mr. Hearnshaw: "The Jews have no country, the English are heterogeneous in race, the Belgians are bilinguals, the Swiss are divided in religion, the French have many and conflicting economic interests. Not one of these marks, then can be regarded as essential. Nevertheless, this must be said; there are limits beyond which geographical dispersion, racial divergence, linguistic difference, religious schism, and economic strife are fatal to national sentiment." The really effective and unifying elements are "a common tradition, a common will and a common outlook." Professor Muir says well: "It is probable that the most important of all nation-moulding factors, the one indispensable factor which must be present, whatever else be lacking, is the possession of a common tradition, a memory of sufferings endured and victories won in common expressed in song and legend, in the dear names of great personalities that

seem to embody in themselves. The character and ideals of the nation, in the names also of sacred places where in the national memory is enshrined." Mr. Hearnshaw says that "we may define nationality as that principle, compounded of past traditions present interests and future aspirations, which give to a people a sense of organic unity, and separates them from the rest of mankind."

Democracy has along with nationality been the guiding principle of modern life. The industrial revolution disintegrated the old peaceful, rural, static order of society. Urbanisation grew apace. England led the way in this momentous though not praiseworthy change. Into the new world the doctrinaire democracy of France came with a new shock of surprise. In Europe the ancients swore by Nature, The mediaevals swore by God and moderns swore by man. The English Revolution was a domestic affair; the American Revolution was a wider yet domestic, but the French Revolution became a world wide force.

At the same time European imperialism was having a new expansion. England lost America but won India and many other smaller bits of the world. Oceania fell, then a part of Asia fell; then Africa fell; even South America came within the terrible sweep of such imperialistic expansion. France followed; and Germany came last. Places for the surplus population of Europe were wanted, raw products for manufacture were wanted, and new markets were wanted for manufactured products. Thus grew up all the elements of universal explosion.

These dangerous and deadly seeds bore abundant fruit soon after. The Kaiser became the Napoleon of the new century. He sought to reach the East and bring it under his way. He penetrated into the darkest recesses of the dark continent. He paternised with the Sultan of Turkey and proclaimed himself the patron and protector of the Ottoman Empire. He got a concession from the Sultan to construct a railway up to Bagdad so that he may achieve an economic and political and military domination and exploitation of the "gorgeous East". He built up a colonial empire—such as could be constructed after the British, and in a minor measure the French, had monopolised the best

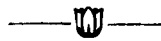
undefended spaces of the Earth. He built a powerful navy and an even more powerful army. He said in 1900: "The Ocean teaches us that on its waves and on its most distant shores no great decision can be taken without Germany and without the German Emperor."

But the Triple Alliance was soon matched by the Triple Entente of England, France and Russia. It made friends of the ancient and implacable foes. Germany's sabre-rattling and shaking of the mailed fist led to the terrible phenomenon of our embattled world. Industrial complications within Germany precipitated the need for an external conflict staking everything on the hazard of the die. The Serajevo murder was merely the application of a match to a tremendous powder magazine. It was the pretext for the war and not the cause of the war. Treaties were torn up as scraps of paper. Small nationalities were in danger of being swept out of existence and bigger nationalities were in danger of domination if not of subjugation. Democracy and nationality were in danger of extinction. International Law was drowned in blood.

What has been the net result of the war to end war? Nothing. The dragon's teeth when sown do not fail to bring forth an abundant harvest of evil. Since the peace of Versailles there have been more wars than ever before. The Washington Peace Conference has had its immediate answer in the Singapore Naval Base. The League of Nations is shivering like a lamb left in charge of wolves. Let no one think for a moment that the democratic peoples of the world are and will be peaceful and fraternal and that all the wicked past wars of the world were due to militarist and autocratic Governments. As Mr. Hearnshaw says well: "The theory that peoples are peaceful while Governments are warlike is one of those baseless figments of the imagination, one of those hopeless illusions of the doctrinaire, which must be dismissed before the first step can be taken toward the national discussion of the problem of a permanent peace."

I have already indicated in my earlier articles in this review wherein alone is the real hope of humanity. Unless a new education and a new life and a new religious fervour and a new

idealism fire the hearts of men, unless all unnatural political combinations and dominations cease, unless a new and voluntary federal world-union of natural and democratic nation—states comes into existence, unless national armaments cease to exist and there is only one international armament wielded by the federal Parliament of Man to enforce the decrees of International Justice, unless in short man the brute (which he is to-day) evolves into man the angel (which he may yet be), earth will be a hell and can never become a paradise. Shall Humanity learn to see in what direction is pointed the Index-Finger of History?



An Hour

If only for a passing hour you gave
 Yourself to me for joy and sport of love,
 Shall I not seek to waken on your brow
 And face a newer glow of life, and have
 Delights unnumbered? Would I not lave
 Your limbs in kisses sweet and lingering, avow
 My heart's message in whispers soft and low;
 Recount a thousand tales of lovers brave
 From all the storied past, who boldly sought
 Their loves? Embrace you in one long caress,
 Gathering close in me your beauty's flower,
 Thrilling in unison of mind and thought?
 Shall I not reach this height of happiness,
 Crowding an age's revels in an hour?

Benares.

P. SESHADRI.

Life and Literature

(Continued from the Previous Issue)

By R. Thiagarajan.

AT this stage, it may not be unnecessary to discuss the question whether metre is necessary for poetry, whether the first-rate poet consciously sets himself down, suppressing his imagination, to obey the rules of metrical art, or whether metre and poetic thought are born out of each other. The answer to the second problem is an emphatic 'No!' The first-rate poet follows only his imagination and he is never led by a consciousness of the existence of such a thing as metre or metrical art. The poet writes only to give expression to his intense passion for relieving himself of his thoughts and of the pain of being alone when he takes his imaginative flights: he wishes his fellow-beings to come into that high imaginative level of thinking with him, and he points out through his words where the field of imagination lies. This desire for harmony on the imaginative plane evokes a lyrical expression of his thoughts or a harmony of words and therefore metre is employed, not out of restraint, but in an easy, natural manner. It must also be noted that metre under such circumstances, is inevitable for the expression of the poet's feelings. He thinks himself to be out of reach with the true and the beautiful without being harmonious, musical, melodious or metrical—not in the vulgar sense that has come to be attached to the term as a result of the conscious imitation in which it has been adopted by some third and fourth-rate poets. Thus the best forms of poetry are all in metre.

But metre is not a necessity for poetry. The poet may attain the desired harmony by the adoption of rhythm, even in prose. The poet's sense of beauty and harmony may be satisfied in either of these two ways.

As examples of the former poetry, we have Homer, Dante,

Shakespeare, etc. Prospero in the "Tempest" rounds off the marriage pageant with the following words :—

And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-cap't towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inhabit, shall dissolve ;
And, like this in substantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made of, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

Even the best writer of prose cannot picture to our minds the beauty of this passage, and he shall strive in vain to produce the same effect upon the imagination. Many instances of the latter poetry, we have in Carlyle who occasionally rises into such magnificent heights of poetic feeling and poetic expression that we are charmed into regions of imaginative pleasure, even as the piper of Hamelin piped away the children by the sweet melody of his tune. We are not able to say whether we are reading poetry or prose; lines running on together! no capital letter at the beginning of each line! and no end of a stanza! The moment we recover from this trance, the consciousness of Carlyle's rugged prose, harsh, grim, yet with occasional flavour of sweetness is restored to our minds. The same is the case with Ruskin. Even his writings on economic reform breathe the life and soul of poetry. A cool under-current of poetic thought, poetic feeling and poetical expression streams through his prose. Thus rhythm in prose or metre in poetry or both in either is the real nature of poetic expression. The presence of these qualities gives sublimity to the passage, while their absence is a sure sign of the absence of poetry.

Next, with regard to the choice of subjects in poetry, the poet takes hold of such topics as are universal and popular and works with this or in his own laboratory—namely imagination. His powers of poetic expression constitute the furnace in which the ore is smelted. The finished product, the work of art is the idealisation of the universal, bringing into harmony, the contrary and mutually opposed elements by a proper combination of light

and shade as in a picture. The various stages which mark the manufacture of the product correspond with the individuals through whom the universal is idealised. To take an illustration, from our own literature, Rama is the ideal son, ideal king, ideal husband, Sita, the ideal wife, Bharata the ideal brother, and so on. Again Kaikeyi is the type of the selfish and jealous step-mother. King Dasaratha, though a very noble, valiant and virtuous king, is yet a weak old man, fond of his youngest wife Kaikeyi, unable to disentangle himself from her snares. In Ravana we have a monster of wrong-doing, evil-seeking, and power-loving.

He was very valiant, very sincere and highly pious; and he was devoutly religious. His devotion for Siva was remarkable. Hanuman is an ideal follower of Rama, shall we call him an ideal servant of Rama? Like Kent, he honoured Rama as his king, loved him as his father, followed him as his master. This completes the perfection of Hanuman's character. Kent was rash, but Hanuman was not. The conception of Hanuman is beyond praise.

Valmiki, one of our greatest epic poets knew what subject to choose and how to treat it i. e. to cast it into what mould. The atmosphere in which he lived offered him materials directly for an epic poem, or furnished him with materials of an idealised nature to revolve in his imagination. Let us not enter into the controversial question of whether the story of Ramayana was founded on fact or whether it was a work of the poet's own imagination. Take it as you please or as your judgment instructs you to do. Ramayana is a masterpiece of our literature and there is no denying that Mahabharata, Srimad Bhagavatham are illustrations of the universal and idealistic nature of the subjects chosen as the themes of poetry. Kalidasa, in his Sakuntala, the crowning glory of this dramatic genius, laid under contribution the story of Dushyanta in the Mahabharata, because he thought that his subject would be very much popular among his audience and readers of his drama, and mainly because it was capable of being idealised through the characters of Dushyanta and Sakuntala for their deep passion of love which is universally felt, but not

universally gratified. In his other works also, he has mainly drawn his sources from the two fountain-heads of our literature : of course, he has given a romantic colouring to his dramas in order to appeal to the people of his times in particular, and of all times in general.

Like the Sanskrit literature, other literatures also are rife with illustrations to show that the enduring work of art is the idealisation of the universal. "All great poetry reflects in an ideal way the active life of the Society in which it is composed" (Courthope). The Ramayana as has been already pointed out, breathes, in a simple and majestic style the spirit of Dharma or Duty as understood by the ancient Hindus. Shakespeare's historical plays have popularised the reigns of half the kings of England, who but for Shakespeare would have been buried in the darkest shades of oblivion. The satires of Dryden and Pope are the monument of once living manners, which to us have now become subjects of curious study, and pleasant and affectionate ridicule. These works of art are much distinguished from one another in character, aim, and mode of treatment. It cannot be said without the least shadow of doubt whether all these works of art have been designed with the aim of producing imaginative pleasure alone, because in some of them we find the didactic note struck with as much vigour as has been devoted to the creation of pleasure. But one thing is worthy of attracting our notice. In all cases, where instruction is conveyed, where some morals are set forth or appeal is made to the sense in man for conduct, there is no jarring effect ; I mean, the reader's mind is not wearied. This is the distinguishing quality of all genuine poetry. The instruction that is imparted is agreeable or pleasurable. Pleasurable instruction is the keynote of true literature. We are at liberty to prefer pleasure to instruction or instruction to pleasure as our taste directs us to do. If we desire pleasure our imagination is stronger than our mind, and if we like to be given moral instruction, our mind is stronger than our imagination. We seek our own masters in literature accordingly as our mind or imagination is stronger than the other. When the two are equally strong, we derive imaginative pleasure

combined with instruction and our choice of masters is based upon our taste.

Let us now turn to light-serious literature. This is to be found mainly in prose and at times in such verse as is devoid of poetry. The satirical works of Dryden and Pope can be classified under this category. The works of the novelists belong to this class of literature. Scott's mediaeval romances give us a true and faithful picture of the chivalrous life of the middle ages, and we get to know much of mediaeval England from them. Dickens gives us a very real picture of the poorer folk of his days; and in Thackeray we find the 'middle clans' and upper aristocracies delineated in the minutest details. In the psychological novels, as those of Meredith, Eliot and Jane Austen, the system of imaginative analysis has been developed to an admirable degree of success and skill. Again, in the field of essay, the *Spectator* is the best type of light-serious literature. It is 'more light' than serious—that is, it loses its interest when applied to times other than the early eighteenth century. The aim of the *Spectator* was to correct the vices and follies of the society of his day by offering a good deal of agreeable instruction combined with some useful diversion. Few authors except Addison and Steele have succeeded in accomplishing this. Swift with his masterly satirical powers laughed at the foolish life which the people led with the air of a misanthrope, completely out of sympathy with humanity: and in this respect he is unlike Addison and Steele. In the prose works of Goldsmith, the letters of Gray, Cowper etc, their poetical works, and also in the historical and theological writers of this age, we find abundant examples of light-serious literature. Generally, this kind of literary production strikes the cord of didacticism which is vibrating from beginning to end. Yet an amount of pleasure is felt in reading them which will suffice to keep the reader ever on the alert i.e. in a state of intellectual and imaginative strain. Even some people prefer this secondary literature to the first kind on account of its ease, familiarity, low tension and humble aims. Such persons betray a weakness of imagination. Far is it from my mind to disparage them. Indeed, a relief is indispensable after studying some

works of the former kind; and this cannot be better sought than by taking to these authors of no mean ability and powers, who though not as high as to be ranked with Shakespeare or Milton, have a place of honour in the temple of literary fame.

Under the head 'light literature' can be brought all the other books that are published nowadays, such, as for instance can be had for a few annas in the Higginbothams' stall in the railway station. I am of opinion that very few of these novels give us any real advancement in knowledge or any enhancement of pleasure. They may keep up our spirits for a while; they may hold us in suspense for the denouement or the end of the plot. But they seldom touch the heart of the readers. I do not altogether condemn these books as rotten and useless, but what I wish for is that they should be used very economically. I know of certain friends, who are ever pouring over these books, and one thing they have certainly gained is a pair of spectacles for their eyes. Surely for the healthy state of our mind such doses of mix. carbonatum are quite essential. They must be taken at rare intervals, in moments of inertness and mental fag. These third-rate books ought never to be included in our list, but should be chosen at random. I do not intend to prescribe 'cut and dry' methods for the study of literature. To be desultory may be better; but still, unity of aim in the matter of selection shall be preserved.

Now, in our times, literature has chiefly assumed the garb of journalism. The reason for its being purely journalistic is due to the advance of civilisation, and the progress of science. Civilised life allows us scanty leisure to enjoy whole works of art and so we prefer short articles in the papers, a novel appearing in instalments, to full works. The progress of Science has made us argue logically, proceed step from step and arrive at the right conclusion which seems to be inevitable if the premises are granted. So, we think, we reason out, we discuss. In the course of discussion, we often lose sight of the spirit of the theme and thus we fall into stray digression. We catch the shadow instead of grasping the substance, and so long as we are within the shadow, we are refreshed with vigour, enthusiasm and

delight, but as the shadow creeps away from us, we find ourselves under the hot sun, withering in mind, drooping in spirits, and falling down from the summits of pleasure which we ascended in a dream. This charge is not true of all journals. Some of them profess lofty aims and high destinies, but they realise only a few of them. However, journalism performs a part of the function of literature.

The treatment of man, the treatment of Nature—in the physical as well as the moral worlds—in literature are subjects each vast in itself. Without attempting to discuss them here I shall only say that man and nature are closely connected with literature and their relations have been recognised by almost all writers.

The influence of literature on life remains to be considered. From what obtains in our country, we can infer that similar things happen in all countries, with their respective literatures. In India even people who are not literate feel at times the spirit of our literature brought home to their minds through such means as they can adopt and as will help them to assimilate the ideas lying at the bottom of literature. For instance, the poor unlettered farmer listens to the story of Rama or the story of the disrobing of Draupad, with naive eagerness, when Harikatha performances are held on the pial. The pleasure which we know by reading is enjoyed by him through his ears. What morals does he learn from the Ramayana Sastri or from the village grand-father who with his spectacles tied round his head by means of a piece of thread holds the sacred book with trembling hands! Do not the beggars sing the glory of Rama, the cruelty of Ravana, the sufferings of the Pandavas, the ambitious schemes of Duryodhana and the most delightful of them all, the sports or Leelas of Sri Lord Krishna? The farmer knows from the experiences of Nala and Yudhistira what miseries gambling will bring in its train. He knows what pleasure there is in the shrill notes of the cuckoo, in the cool breeze of the mountain side, and in the pastures near the river's brim where the shepherds pipe their tunes with the aid of a bamboo. One impulse from these sources 'will teach him more

of man and of moral evil and good than all the books can.'

Further, our literature is principally religious. Rama is not so much to us the hero of Valmiki's epic as one of the incarnations of Sri Lord Vishnu. We delight in looking upon Sri Lord Krishna not only as a merry lad, watching his flock of sheep and cattle with a flute on his lips, but also as the one Supreme Being who appears before us in the human form whenever there is a decay of righteousness, and an exaltation of unrighteousness. Our very names have been meant to inspire in us the sense of duty, of our moral conduct in life. The Biblical literature stands in the same relation to the people of the christian nations.

So much for sacred literature. Profane—as opposed to sacred and not in the modern sense of the term—profane or secular literature is shut out to those that cannot read, and for this they are not worse off. Still, we hope and pray that they may soon be offered the means and facilities to learn to read and write. According to the statistics of 1921, in India, with a population of 320,000,000, only 161 males in 1000, and 23 women out of 1000 are able to read and write. This is really a matter for deep regret. It is earnestly hoped that the percentage of the reading public will be raised as high as possible.

In conclusion, life and literature are the turns of our mother existence, knowledge and learning, and pleasure and profit are her other pairs of children. Whoever acquaints himself with all proves himself worthy of his having been born in this world. The materialistic side of our existence is not hereby ignored. It has its due importance in solving the problem of life, or livelihood. To be brief, life and literature are complements to each other and they are deserving of our careful study and appreciation.



South Indian Saints

Tirukurippu Thonda Nayanar

திருக்குறிப்புத் தொண்ட நாயனார்.

By D. O. T.

THE ancient city of Conjeevaram claims the next saint—Kurippu-Thonda Nayanar. Kurippu Thonda was a washerman by caste and by profession. Early in life he came under the ennobling influence of Saivism and rendered service in his own way to the devotees of the Lord by washing their clothes voluntarily, denying himself all remuneration. And because he volunteered his services whenever he met a devotee whose clothes needed washing he got the nickname Kurippu-Thonda or the Slave-who-knew-the-need. One day he met an old tottering mendicant wrapped in dirty rags of cloth. In his eagerness to serve the Lord by serving His man, the Nayanar undertook to return the rags washed and dried before sunset; for the old mendicant was not willing to allow the Saint to wash his clothes which though dirty served their purpose against the wintry cold at night.

The Nayanar began his day's work in right earnest. But before the washing was half-done, sudden rains poured down in torrents and though the Nayanar persisted in his self-imposed task, the setting sun saw his work unfinished; the saint did not know what to do; "the poor mendicant will be shivering, unprotected against the keen blast of wind—merely because I, like a thoughtless fool, deprived him of his rags which however dirty served to keep him from the cold; the blame is mine: the blame is mine." The sad thought wrought into his soul bitterness against himself; and he dashed his head against the bit of rock whereon he used to beat the clothes while washing them; but lo, a hand appeared beside the rock preventing him in the act and a Voice was heard promising him Salvation and eternal glory in Heaven.

Chandeswara Nayanar

சண்டேசுவர நாயனார்

VICHARA-SARMA of Cheynalur was the son of one Echa-Datta, a learned Brahmin of Kasyapa family. In due course young Vichara was initiated into the mysteries of Vedic Religion and became famous as a learned scholar at a very early age. A study of the scriptures had made it obvious to him that Siva was the one God, the Supreme Lord and Ruler of the entire universe; and Vichara also realised that the only way to serve the Lord was to serve one's fellow-beings and save them from pain and misery. He was therefore propogating the doctrine of sympathy and service when an incident occurred which determined his career and ultimately got him his place of honour as one of the foremost devotees of the Lord.

On finding a cowherd, one day, beating a lame cow with a stick merely because she lagged behind the herd, Vichara's heart was touched. "I will do the cowherd's work," he said to himself: "and try to save the dumb driven cattle from misery and pain."

All Cheynalur was astonished at the young scholar's resolve. But never-the-less they willingly allowed him to drive their cattle to pasture and back again home in the evening; for his offer was genuine and his services free and voluntary. All the more glad were the villagers when in the evening the cattle came home and they found that the calves were all happy and that the cows gave larger supplies of milk than ever before; the Nayanar consequently was confirmed in his vocation as a cowherd.

Nor did the scholar, the Brahman full of scriptural lore find it an unpleasant task to tend cattle during the livelong day. Sympathy elevates dumb animal-life to the level of intelligent humanity and the same thrill of joy is felt, in serving the lowly as when one serves one's elder or *guru*. Besides, there was plenty of leisure during the quiet mid-day hours, for meditation, for worship, for whatever one's heart chose to delight in. The Nayanar spent the hours of waiting while the cattle browsed

leisurely on the meadows by the riverside in thought and worship. Sometimes he would build castles of sand on the riverbed and install an image of wet sand therein in the likeness of the form wherewith the one God danced in his own dedicated heart. The cows attracted by the effulgent glow of his worship, will approach the image of sand and from their full udders will flow rich creamy milk with which the Nayanar delighted in bathing the image of the Lord. Thus, with his senses centred on worship and his thoughts fixed on the Lord behind the image of sand the Nayanar used to spend the long hours of evening till sunset called the cattle home for rest.

Now, the old village-cowherd whose occupation was gone because young Vichara had displaced him, watched the novice one day with envy and jealousy from a respectful distance. He saw the cows approach the saint and he saw the milk streaming from their full udders for the bath of the sand-image. Here was his opportunity. He went and told Vichara's father, "Do you know what your son does! He has turned into a madcap and a fool. He heaps river-sand in mounds and milks the cows uselessly thereon. Is it not madness? Is it proper that the people who, entrusted their cows to him should be deprived of their milk."

The father at first treated the matter lightly; for none of the villagers complained to him about any loss of milk; on the other hand everybody was glad and satisfied; their cows gave, thanks to his son's watchful care, much more than the usual measure of milk. But suspicion once generated is hard to withstand. So Echa Datta found himself one day wending his way to the meadows where the village cattle were grazing. There, at no great distance was his son Vichara building castles on the sand in the riverbed. Had his son really turned mad—he who had mastered all the rich and varied lore of the Vedas and the Vedangas—or has he become a devotee lost to the world and living only in the land of Faith and Worship. The cattle were now drawing near his son; he too felt a queer attraction and approached the temple of sand. Yes, it was true—what the cowherd had told him: there was the madcap of his son milking the cows, and pouring the milk in vain waste over mounds of sand,

His indignation—at such atrocious waste of milk that others owned—his righteous indignation was roused and knew no bounds. He rushed at his son treading the image of sand under his feet; young Vichara was disturbed from the concentration of his worship; he cared not who it was that trod upon the image of the Lord. He whipped his cowherd's crook in anger across the offender's legs and felled him to the ground. Great men's anger is like a flash of lightning; though it sears to the core, it passes in a momentary flash. Vichara unperturbed continued in his act of worship when in answer to his rare devotion there arose from the disturbed image of sand the bright red form of Siva with dark Uma at His side seated on a white Bull and these blissful words were heard: "Lord of Anger—for so you will be known hereafter—with faith rooted in Me you have put even your father away from you; hereforth We shall be your father and your mother and day after day you shall wear the flowers that We wear and partake of the food that We eat and share in all Our joys."

Thenceforth Chandeswara passed his days with God in Heaven with filial bounty blessed. And to this day, in every temple of Siva, he is worshipped; his sacred image is installed by the right side of the Lord, and none who goes to the temple neglects Chandeswara if he cares to obtain his salvation; for tradition has made the saint God's own accountant and auditor.

TIT-BITS

The best companion is a good conscience.

To be conscious that you are ignorant is a great step towards knowledge.

Promise is good; intention is better; performance is best.

Waiting for something to turn up and turning something up while you wait marks the difference between a dreamer and a schemer.

Irate Parent: You can get rid of money, faster than any man I know.

Son: True dad; but listen. By getting rid of it quickly, I spare lots of time and time you know is money.

The absconding bank-cashier is like an air gun, because he goes off loaded and makes no report.

What shape is a kiss?
Elliptical. (a lip tickle)

Our Hill-Stations—II

A Plea For Them.

By P. R. C.

Ootacamund.

IT ought to be a matter of pride to us in South India that South India after all possesses in its own bosom the queen of all hill-stations in India even as Lord Willingdon described it on the occasion already mentioned. He said, "we can claim without fear of contradiction and I speak with some experience of some hill-stations in this country that she well deserves the name of the queen of hill-stations." Most of the disabilities mentioned above as to other hill-stations do not exist in regard to Ootacamund. The railway leads you to the very door of your house; houses to hire are certainly more plentiful than in other hill-stations like Kodaikanal where you do not have hotels either; you have a very flourishing bazaar and a market and a supply of milk and curd that no hill-goer has at any time found disappointing. Some small attempts in the way of Indian boarding houses have been started in Ootacamund alone in South India and if only better encouraged, they are nearest to fulfilling the want. Being the head-quarters in summer of our Government it is full of life during the hot months and company or entertainment is never lacking. Situated on probably the most extensive table land, you find in Ootacamund a larger extent of plain ground for bazaars or streets with double rows of houses better than in other hill-Stations in India. Over an enormous distance on the hills beginning from about Coonoor up to Ootacamund the entire hills are studded with numberless settlements large and small, showing a continuous life over a very large extent—one bound straight for Ootacamund for instance so often feels impatient at the numerous halts the train makes at small distances. Naturally, places for excursion are innumerable and one might

spend two or even three months going on excursions almost every alternate day without having to go to the same place. There are positive seats of natural beauty such as the Pykara falls which help you to realise the grandeur of nature. A journey to Ootacamund is of course so easy and starting from Madras one has only to get into the Mettupalayam mail and arrive at Mettupalayam the next morning and get into the hill-railway and arrive at Ootacamund early in the afternoon. The person desiring to journey to the Nilgris even for the first time has very little to learn of any new details except for instance that such luggage as need not be booked on the plains has also to be booked for the hill-railway and that the charges on the hill-railway are higher than those in the plains. It is needless to say that Ootacamund commands a height of over 7,000 feet. The only point that an Indian has to be reminded about in regard to Ootacamund is that at least in the beginning it is felt to be inconveniently cold and one has to accustom oneself by one or two visits to enjoy the climate of Ootacamund. It ought to be well-known that to keep oneself healthy in a hill station constant exercise is necessary and houses being scattered over a very large area in Ootacamund the going from one to another to meet friends or to some other common place by itself affords good exercise.

Coonoor and Kotagiri.

A LONG with Ootacamund have of course to be mentioned the other subsidiary hill stations studded all over the hills beginning from Coonoor which is about 5,000 feet in height. Coonoor's lesser height makes it even more agreeable to Indians but in the hottest weather one rather perspires by exercise in Coonoor while it is not so in Ootacamund for instance. In Coonoor also some few years ago an enterprising Palghat gentleman had started a boarding and lodging home for Indians and I do not know how it has been faring in succeeding years. In Coonoor there are certain hill-sites wholly settled by Indians and Coonoor by its lesser height deserves to be almost wholly monopolised by Indians. There has so far been only one farseeing Indian official who has even permanently settled there and one



Anandale, Simla (India).



General view saya, Chakrota Hill (India).

would like to see more of his type. Along with Coonoor has to be mentioned Kotagiri which has the disadvantage of being 12 miles away from the railway station (Coonoor) but that disability has not prevented Kotagiri from being quite popular especially with Missionaries and others. As more than once mentioned already on the entire hills throughout a distance from the railway of about 20 miles we have any number of settlements of people full of life and looking down from the hill-railway one sees quite a bee-hive of men below. It is of course well known that the railway line passes through Coonoor about half way between Mettupalayam and Ootacamund.

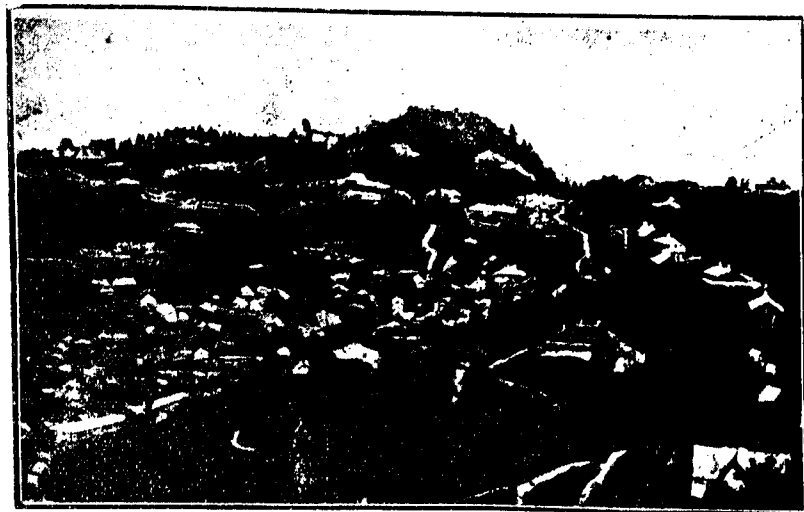
Kodaikanal—and its Indian Chairman.

IN South India after Ootacamund Kodaikanal has to be mentioned. As already stated Kodaikanal is even better than Ootacamund because of the former's dry bracing climate. While in Ooty, as Ootacamund is shortly called, it is more usual and probably more necessary to walk better clothed than in Kodaikanal, in Kodaikanal Indians walk with a mere dhoti and a shirt and with even bare feet and bare head—and none the worse for it. It is only in the nights that one has to take some precaution against the cold and one could, so to say, be very easy in a station like Kodaikanal and that is its great virtue. It seems to me that Indians have been oblivious of the possibilities of enjoying Kodaikanal and I wish Indians would wake up to it and that Mr. Aiya Aiyer marks his period by substantial progress in this direction. When this writer met him last summer he was all enthusiasm about developing Kodaikanal further and he has various schemes in his head to such an end. Kodaikanal is reached via Kodaikanal Road station on the South Indian Railway and there are, a number of Bus services catering to the passengers. The provoking element is the absence of a systematic routine by which with certainty and without any prior arrangements people could easily travel; probably you have to hunt at the Railway station for the motor service man and equally probably you have to higggle with him over the fare and all this is annoying to people

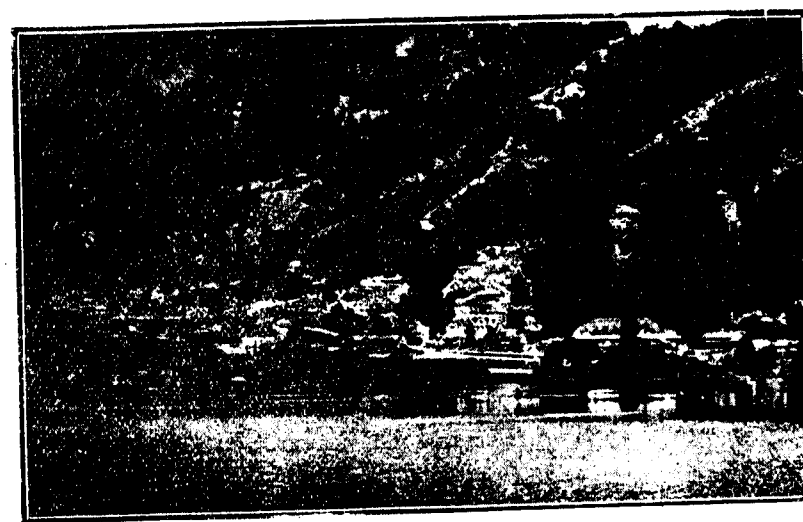
who normally get out from the railway station and get home after one or two miles of road. The most well-known service is of course that called the Pankajam service which is owned by a wealthy merchant of Bodinaickanoor and is well organised. Probably the facilities of this service are the greatest and the fare per seat in a five seater is Rs. 10 and for a seat in a lorry Rs. 7.

Yercaud and Bangalore

THERE are in Southern India other stations like Yercaud and Bangalore. Yercaud is a little-known station as much probably because of its being away again from the railway station (Salem) without any particularly great facilities to be carried there and I do not propose to attempt to describe it much. Yercaud is 4,500 feet high and it must be within the recollection of my readers that the Maharaja of Mysore honoured it by a visit in the last hot whether and if there are other facilities Yercaud might also deserve a turn. Bangalore is of course a most popular so-called hill-station—I say so-called because when the south Indian is able to get away from work during hot whether there is certainly plenty of heat in Bangalore. It is tolerable though not particularly attractive in April, May and in a great part of June. The best season in Bangalore for those who can really go away from work to enjoy is stated to be the month of July. Bangalore is only at a height of 3113 feet. No reader probably needs to be enlightened as to Bangalore and houses are to be had in plenty and one might start with the well-known Modern Hindu hotel which has quite a good reputation and approaches nearest the Indian hotels run for the benefit of Indians in northern India. The Mysore Government have been seeking to popularise the Nandi hills situated in their dominions and not having had the opportunity to know them personally, I content myself with mentioning what I understand, namely, that there are ample facilities provided for at the Nandi hills and a not too ambitious holiday would be to be in the Nandi hills in the hottest part of the summer and at Bangalore in the later portion of the hot weather.



General View from the Observatory, Darjeeling Hill.



The Lake and Bazar, Nainital.

Simla

NEXT to Ootacamund and Kodaikanal, as the two leading hill-stations in which the south Indian is normally interested, must be mentioned Simla, the seat of the Imperial Government in the summer weather. The Himalayas with its wide range of about a thousand miles in length and about 300 miles in width naturally contains in its wide bosom a number of hill stations which are all interesting and attractive. By running the eye over this range of hill-stations beginning with the west we have to mention Simla, Chakratha, Mussoorie, Nainital, Almora and after a long gap, Darjeeling in the east. The characteristic of these Himalayan hill-stations as contrasted with a hill-station like Ootacamund is that almost the whole town in each place is built on the edge of a hill-top so that you rarely have any width enough to obtain two or three rows of houses in the same level. In Simla for instance it is all really one single winding road with houses almost always on one side of course with other groups of houses at lower levels in the sides. Mussoorie again is a single street except for the houses at lower levels on the slopes. It is further stated that the earth of the Himalayan hills is not so hard as that of our Nilgris so that those hills cannot stand a heavy burden on their shoulders. With these small disqualifications the Himalayas' better grandeur and their extensive character command the awe and admiration of the world. At Simla you become conscious of the existence of other Asiatic countries and normally the Indian is so little alive to the fact of even his Asiatic neighbours and thinks so little and sees much less of him. This narrows our vision and outlook on the world and is by no means proper. The need for greater intercourse at least with our own neighbours was recently emphasised by a writer in the "Near East" and one for the first time begins to have a suspicion of a wider outlook when, standing on the Tibetan Road in Simla, one is pointed out the distant vision of a route leading into Tibet. Simla is at a height of 7084 feet above sea level and you will find in the streets of Simla blocks of snow cut from the hills carried on the back along

the road and that is certainly an interesting and a new sight to see and enjoy.

Madras in Simla.

THE Madrasee should be interested in at least one element of life in Simla namely that you find quite an agreeably enormous number of Madrasees there. Probably every alternate Madrasee you meet will describe himself as either a shorthand writer or an officer in the Military accounts. One is much impressed with probably the superior intellect and pushfulness of the Madrasee at least in official and clerical life when one goes and meets with such a large number of Madrasees in Simla. The M.L. A's have of course the constant opportunity of "doing" Simla at the cost of the tax-payer and they should try and see that more of the Madrasees do go and enjoy the pleasure of seeing the Himalayas and incidentally of getting to know our own countrymen peopling all the provinces between here and the Himalayas. As already stated Simla is reached directly by railway, the hill railway starting from Kalka. The hill railway leading to Simla seems to be even more comfortable than the Nilgiris hill railway and the Simla railway has as many as four classes instead of our usual three, while our Nilgiris railway has only two as against the normal three! As in the case of Ootacamund, from a long distance we have minor settlements of people on the way to Simla. Another characteristic feature of the Simla railway is that Simla is reached after crossing three or four hills and between the hill tops are lower heights so that we have the curious feature that at some places we get to a height of 5000 feet and then get down again to a height between one and two thousand feet below and then rise again until ultimately we get to Simla at the height of over 7000 feet. Another curious feature has to be mentioned and that is that while we pay the railway company a fare as for not less than 70 miles the winding round and round is so great that it has been stated that as the crow flies a distance of only 17 or 18 miles is covered. As this is not intended to be an article in a guide book but only intended to stimulate such interest in and knowledge of hill-stations as might lead to a greater interest in

and knowledge of them no further space could reasonably be taken up by giving further details as to Simla.

Gay Mussoorie.

IF Simla is the headquarters of the Imperial Government the gayest hill capital probably of all India is Mussoorie. While Ooty may be described in one word as grave or staid and Simla be described as semi-staid Mussoorie is nothing but mirth and pleasure and enjoyment and gaiety. The entire unofficial public of a large part of the U.P. and the Punjab betakes itself only to Mussoorie to share in its gaities. One would find the principal thoroughfare in Mussoorie as crowded as probably the China Bazaar Road in Madras in the evening and people that know Ootacamund for instance and its streets can understand what difference it means between life in Ootacamund and life in Mussoorie. The local newspaper gives the places of amusement and entertainment for a week giving dozens of lines for each day. The feature in Mussoorie which particularly impresses us, the southerner especially, is the huge buildings over such a hill top (as in Simla too) and the number of storeys in them while every article which went to make the structure had to be carried merely on the back of a man or of a horse, there being no road by which any fourwheeled vehicle can go from below the hill to the top of the hill. Some of the shops are as huge in their dimensions as the hugest in the Mount Road. The English hotels are even more huge. Rickshas are in plenty both in Simla and in Mussoorie and while in Simla the Viceroy and the Governor of the Punjab and probably one or two others alone are allowed to go in a motor-car while everybody else has to be content with Ricksha, the really single street in Mussoorie cannot afford motor-cars being driven in it and the only vehicle that could be seen is the ricksha. At Mussoorie from a spot on the height on which the Kashmir Hotel is situated one could see even with the naked eye the snow range—the hills covered entire with snow. It is in Mussoorie that the Indian is impressed with the particularly enormous facilities provided for the Indian visitor and as already stated Mussoorie has as many as a dozen

hotels for Indians ; you are given a furnished room and food is served you in your own room and there are separate cottages too in some hotels and separate kitchens which could be taken by parties along with a suite of rooms. Mussoorie is reached by getting out at Dehra Dun terminus of the Oudh and Rohilkund Railway and driving seven miles by car or carriage to a place called Rajpur which is at the foot of the Himalayas ; at Rajpur you get into a dandy which is a sort of easy chair with a low height for the seat. At Rajpur are stationed a number of agents who bring the passengers from Dehra Dun to that place and send them on to the hill-top providing dandies and ponies and coolies. Some of them maintain hotels to avail for the traveller before he could be started on the hill journey. The hill top is reached by walking seven miles over the hill, in the course of which the over 7000 feet are covered. The provision of facilities useful to the Indians (next to that afforded by the Railway) is best in reaching this hill station. At about half way you would find what is aptly called a "half-way house" and where you could have tea. Several enterprising men and even women walk up the 7 miles and more often walk down the 7 miles on the return journey. There is a tramway scheme from Dehra Dun to the hill-top. It is a pretty sight every night to view the electrically lit Mussoorie from below in Dehra Dun. It is certainly desirable that a large number of our south Indians should for the experience and knowledge of it all visit at least once northern hill stations like Mussoorie and Simla.

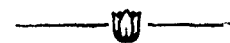
Mahabhaleshwar etc.

THE Bombay presidency has for its hill-station Mahabhaleshwar. This again has the disadvantage of having to be reached by a journey by road of over 40 miles from Wathar station on the M.S.M. metre-gauge railway line between Bangalore and Poona. Just as Coonoor lies half way to Ootacamund, halfway to Mahabhaleshwar lies the place called Panchagimi. Mahabhaleshwar again is not very extensive though it seemed to me that the scenery is much

grander at Mahabhaleshwar than on the Nilgiris and more awe-inspiring than for instance even on the way to Simla or Mussoorie. In Mahabhaleshwar there are several corners which project on immense precipices to look below which is really very fearful. Hindus make it a point to go from Mahabhaleshwar to the sources of the Kistna river at a distance of about 8 miles from that station and this is possible to do in a horse and carriage. There are numerous other hill-stations to describe which all the required space could not certainly be afforded and one might just remind the reader of the existence of places like Darjeeling the hill-station of the Bengal Government and Nainital the official hill-station as to the United Provinces and Chakratha which is more a military than a civil station almost north of Mussoorie and Mount Abu the hill-station in Rajputana etc. One thing might be stated namely that it is an interesting walk or a ride on a pony on the Himalayas from Mussoorie to Simla through Chakratha a distance of about 148 miles and enterprising people enjoy this journey which could be accomplished at easy stages because there are convenient bangalows all the way. It is a very interesting and educative experience and I wish that as many readers in South India as possible do give themselves this enjoyment and this experience.

Kashmir

THERE is of course Kashmir which is not a mere single station but a whole country at a height of 9000 feet and even as the western proverb "See Naples and die" it has come to be said that an Indian should see Kashmir and die. Kashmir is reached *via* Rawalpindi or Jammu (railway stations) and there are motor services and the facilities afforded and the charge thereof will be found stated in the Indian Bradshaw.



Trade Balances

A. S. Venkataraman.

THE net excess of exports in India during the years 1911-15 has been $33\frac{1}{2}$ crores of Rupees. After the war for some time there was a slump and now the excess has reached 22 crores of Rupees i.e. the Balance of Trade has come to be once more favourable. It may be admitted that the excess of exports over imports is a normal feature in the international obligations between a debtor country like India and England or other countries while it can be shown at the same time that "an adverse" Balance is a normal feature in the trade position of a creditor country like U. S. A. at present. A glance at the trade returns of U. S. A. during the last 100 years shows that a striking change took place in 1873. Up to that date, imports had regularly exceeded the exports: since that date exports have regularly exceeded the imports the excess becoming enormous in the early years of the 20th century. U. S. A's career during the first three quarters of the 19th century and afterwards more definitely, has been more that of a borrowing country. This borrowing continued after 1873 too; but we must explain the change viz. the remarkable excess of exports over imports from 1873. Well, this has been due partly to the annual interest payable to foreigners off-setting the remittances into the country on capital account, partly due to the changed circumstances created by the displacement of sailing vessels by iron steamers, as a result of which freightage charges became payable by Americans to foreigners, and partly due to the increasing travelling expenses of American tourists among other things. Quite recently the conditions have been reversed in the war and as a result of it. Owing to the huge profits that the U. S. A were able to make out of the demands of the belligerents for food materials and munition, they have swung right round from the position of a

1924]

TRADE BALANCE

39

debtor to a creditor country, holding debts from the rest of the world so vast that most of them are unlikely to be paid.

The result is that opinion in U. S. A is alarmed by the discovery, that according to the visible trade returns, they are exporting a smaller value of goods than they are importing and so are having "an adverse" balance of trade. Visible trade returns relate to trade in actual goods, passing through the frontiers and the custom-houses and therefore easy of being valued and recorded exactly. Besides the exchange of tangible goods there is another exchange which must never be left out of account. Health and pleasure supplied to tourists by the countries they visit, the carriage of goods that is paid for to the countries owning merchant fleets by other countries, the remittances of emigrants to the mother country, the services of finance and risk-taking rendered by banks and insurance companies, and the highly important item of interest payments due on capital invested, all these are among the intangible services which do not find a place in the visible trade items, which, nevertheless, are exchanged among different countries though they cannot definitely be valued and assessed.

Britain before the war showed an "adverse" trade balance of about £ 130 to £ 140 millions a year i.e. the value of the excess visible imports over exports. Unhappy conclusions were drawn that Britain was being gradually drained dry and was living on capital and that there must be an outflow of specie to pay for the adverse balance, as if gold mines were found in England. All these ignorant assertions are generally put forward in favour of protection or preferential tariffs. All of them depend on the bedrock of assumption that money is the only form of wealth. In spite of the adverse balance on visible trade, when all the invisible items were taken into account, it was found that England had a still bigger balance in her favour.

The adverse balance of £ 135 million on visible trade was negated and more than balanced by intangible services, which consisted of £ 200 millions, due to her from other countries, £ 100 to 200 millions, being the earnings of the merchant marine £ 20 to 30 millions, being the earnings of English bankers and

insurance companies not to speak of millions of Irish money from America to Ireland. The final analysis shows that, *an adverse balance in "visible" trade notwithstanding*, Britain used before the war to have an annual balance of some thing like £200 millions which she used in making further remittances abroad, and Britain's position too has been altered by the war. Her foreign investments of the value of £ 1000 millions have been sold away to finance her and allies' war purchases and the result is she has become poorer to the extent £ 50 millions annually while the interest on her loans from U. S. A. will account for another £ 32 or 35 millions, but the change in U.S.A. is by far greater as has been shown already when they have at a jump come to occupy the position of a creditor country.

It will be seen from the above that just as a favourable balance is a normal feature in the visible trade position of a debtor country, an adverse balance is a normal feature in the visible trade position of a creditor country. This adverse balance in the creditor country will continue unless and until it lends out, what it gets by way of interest from other nations or it foregoes interest. The failure to lend the interest or to invest *per se* would tend to cause an outflow of specie, to lower prices and incomes, to make the terms of international exchange less favourable under similar circumstances. Britain used the annual balance of something like £ 200 Millions in making further remittances abroad. As a matter of fact an examination of the world's trade returns indicates that by far a greater number of countries enjoy or suffer from an adverse balance and this must invariably be so because by the time the goods arrive, they are more valuable by reason of the additional freightage charges. But the majority of the countries are not creditors, and an adverse balance is also experienced by debtor countries while they are still importing capital as Canada did before the war, when for the purpose of equipping herself, she with the help of the money raised abroad, purchased goods and materials for capital development to a larger value than she could balance by means of her exports at the time. Thus it will be seen that visible returns do not warrant inferences regarding a really favourable or adverse balance; neither can "invisible" figures be accurately valued and recorded (they can at least be only estimated and estimates are always uncertain) and in any event, no cause for alarm arises until all factors in the trade position are taken into account.

EVERYMAN'S REVIEW

SPECIAL DRAMATIC SUPPLEMENT

January, 1924

The Bangalore Amateur Dramatic Association

Gubbi Sri Chenna Basaveswara Dramatic Company of Mysore

The Suguna Vilasa Sabha

'The Professional Stage'

The Madura Original Boys Company

Rs4.
A
Year

Everyman's

As8.
A
Copy

DRAMATIC BOOKS

Rs. A. P.

Dramatic Divertissements

By V. V. Srinivasa Aiyangar, B.A., B.L.

Short Plays depicting modern Social Life,
its foibles and follies.

Vol. I consisting of Price 1 8 0

Blessed in a Wife, Vichu's Wife, The
Surgeon-General's Prescription, The
Point of View, and Wait for the Stroke.

Vol. II consisting of 1 8 0

At Any Cost, The Tragic Denouement,
The Sub-Assistant Magistrate of Sultan-
pet, The Two-Selves and the Bricks-
Between.

Note.—The plays contained in Vol. II only
are also available in single copies. Prices
as below.

At Any Cost				0	5	0
The Tragic Denouement				0	7	0
The Sub-Assistant Magistrate of Sultanpet.	0	7	0			
The Two Selves				0	5	0
The Bricks-Between				0	8	0

In Quest of Justice (A Farce) 0 8 0

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

The Coachman's Daughter (A Comedy) 0 4 0

By D. Sundara Varadan.

POSTAGE AND PACKING CHARGES EXTRA.

APPLY TO:

EVERMANS PUBLISHERS, LTD.

No. 1, McLEAN STREET, G. T., MADRAS.

G U B B I

Sri Chenna Basaveswara
Estd.] Dramatic Company. [1884.
The Premier Dramatic Company of Mysore.

Patronised and awarded Gold Medals

By H. H. THE MAHARAJAH OF MYSORE.

Will stage a few select performances at

**The Palace Theatre, OPPOSITE: BROADWAY
POLICE STATION for a short season.**

S. NAGESA RAO,
Manager.

Vinoda Ratnakara—
G. M. VEERANNA, (*Versatile Comedian*).
Proprietor.

HIGH GRADE REBUILT TYPEWRITERS.

A CONSIGNMENT of Rebuilt Underwood and Remington No. 10 Model Typewriters expected shortly.

REALLY High Grade Rebuilt Typewriters.

YOUR orders for Rebuilt Underwood and Remington No. 10 Model Typewriters will be registered.

~~~~~  
**Book your orders to-day.**  
~~~~~

Apply for further particulars to:—

Telephone: **Y. NARAYAN,** Telegrams:
No. 3 *Proprietor.* "TYPIST," Madras.

Y. Narayan's Typewriter Supply Agency,
364, Typewriter Corner, Esplanade, MADRAS.

The Amateur Dramatic Association of Bangalore

THIS talented troupe of amateurs staged a series of performances at the Soundarya Mahal in Telugu, Canarese and English. The Soundarya Mahal was packed to its utmost capacity on almost all the evenings and the Bangalore Amateurs must have had very good Box Office receipts. The plays were generally of a high order.

The writer of this note of appreciation was present when they staged Othello. Mr. T. Raghavachary of Bellary enacted the leading role of Othello. His make-up was good and his acting superb. We have seen him act Othello before but we believe this time his interpretation was almost perfect and that he has caught the true spirit of the character of Othello.

He acted without much gesticulation allowing his eyes and voice full and free scope to express his emotions. Nature has bestowed on him wonderful eyes that could be more eloquent than the immortal Bard's verse or what the human voice can achieve.

But as one swallow does not make a summer, even the perfect rendering of Othello could not make the play a success. The drama suffered much owing to the lack of preparation among the actors and negligence to details. True, Mr. Bhima Rao as Iago did much to prevent the play from becoming dull. But he took his villainous character very seriously. His admirable enunciation was so perfect that one thought he was preaching a sermon all the while. He wouldn't gloat over Othello's downfall nor will he be frivolous in his banter with Roderigo or Cassio. He was serious and solemn throughout the play. One longed to catch a look of triumph or gloating on his face but no; he had made up his mind not to reveal himself or his thoughts even when he was alone on the stage.

Desdemona's make-up was very unhappy. Her wig was dishevelled, her face pale and her gown ungainly. A good appearance and a perfect make-up are good assets to ingratiate

oneself with the audience. Handicapped thus as she was, she tried her best to act well. But somehow or other we felt that her part in the play was made to appear insignificant. It may be that the powerful personality of Othello dwarfed her. Or it may be that familiar lines in the drama were omitted. But that was the impression left on our mind.

Emilia forgot her lines often. She also forgot herself. She fell down dead in the last scene by a miracle, when Iago had not moved one muscle to stab her. The company would have done well if they closed the drama with the strangling of Desdemona. As it was, the culminating effect of the drama by prolonging this scene and by not acting it properly, marred to a great extent what little effect the previous scenes had created.

To produce one of Shakespeare's plays perfectly is no easy task. Funds may not permit the painting of appropriate scenes. But the audience may be induced to imagine they are in Cyprus. Costumes may be costly. Here again, a cloak of mercerised cloth could easily pass with an audience for a doublet and hose of venetian velvet. But Amateur theatrical companies who represent the intelligentsia among the actors must pay scrupulous attention to the details. For instance, in the scene where Cassio and Roderigo quarrel and fight, they fought with naked fists like combatants in an election meeting. We could not believe that there was a dearth of swords or rapiers on the stage, for quite a number of them were forthcoming in the last scene. The audience tittered at this unedifying sight. And then, Cassio's beard was not on his chin, even though Iago said he saw Cassio wiping his beard with the missing handkerchief. We could go on multiplying instances as to how a brace of Cyprus gallants turned into only one and how in spite of Iago's shouting hoarse for "Some Wine! Boys!" he had to content himself with the small quantity of white liquor (aqua) which he held elegantly in a Japanese glass tumbler.

We are accustomed to witnessing such things on the professional stage. But in amateur companies, and especially in dramas which are classics, such indifference to detail is apt to render the whole drama a burlesque and tickle the audience to



T. Raghavachari of Bellary &
K. Vasudeva Rao
in Fall of Vijianagar.

For Your Happy Evening Recreation

PLEASE REMEMBR & ATTEND DAILY

THE CINEMA MAJESTIC

- ¶ A Modern Opera House, centrally situated in George Town, Madras, with an up-to-date and comfortable arrangements with superior fittings.
- ¶ The famous religious films of "PALLE FAME," spiritual, instructive, and other selected pictures of the world's Best Productions are exhibited.

Visit for your Pleasure

Phone : 257

PROPRIETORS :

**The Hindustan Cinema Film Company
OF BOMBAY**

AGENT :

B. V. RAVAL, MADRAS

1924]

THE A. D. A. OF BANGALORE

3

untimely amusement. We also remember how the stage directors of the Suguna Vilasa Sabha, the other day, when they staged *Savithri* in Telugu, brought a lion's cub on the stage and pretended it was a tiger. They are entitled to their opinion as to how exactly a tiger ought to look, but the audience refused to respect their knowledge of zoology and was convulsed with laughter.

If the staging of *Othello* was enough to make Shakespeare turn in his grave the staging of *Subhadra* by the Bangalore Amateurs was a glowing tribute to the memory and genius of the late Pandit Gopalacharlu. The drama is so well written, so well adapted for purposes of staging that it is bound to impress an audience favourably even if it were to be staged by a fifth-rate dramatic troupe. No wonder then that the Bangalore amateurs scored a complete success and kept the audience rooted to their seats till the very end of the play.

Mr. Raghavachari enacted the leading role of Arjuna and Mr. Vasudeva Rao made a charming *Subhadra*. The character of *Katothkaja* was very cleverly interpreted. Mr. Bhima Rao acted the part of Krishna perfectly but we wonder why he made up his face in the orthodox pink colour when it ought to have been blue. His serenity, his mischievous smile, and sly looks made him a very lovable Krishna. We were glad to observe that music was subordinated to acting and attention to details was not lacking. But Narada mystified us a great deal. A young boy of about 12 years acted Narada and he acted it well and sang beautifully. But where is it said that Narada was a young boy? We admit the Devas and the Rishis have not the restrictions and limitations of age. They are eternal. But does that follow that they should be represented by lisping boys in their teens? If not for the sake of accuracy, at least for the sake of correct illusion, we think the character ought to have been acted by an adult.

But by far the most outstanding success of this troupe was *Shivajee* which was their farewell performance. The staging of the drama was perfect and left nothing to be desired. We had also the pleasure of seeing Mr. T. Raghavachari interpret quite a new character to us—*The Mahratta Hero*.

Gubbi Sri Chenna Basveswara Dramatic Company of Mysore.

THE above Company has been acting in Madras for the last one month and giving performances in Kanarese in the "Palace Theatre" adjacent to the Broadway Police station, Sekkumodu. They began their season on the 15th of December last and have ever since been giving performances regularly and drawing good houses.

The Company was started in the year 1884, and the present proprietor Mr. G. H. Veeranna came into its ownership seven years ago with the goodwill of his predecessor, one Mr. Chendanna, a resident of Gubbi, a taluk in the district of Tumkur of the Mysore Province. The Company is about thirty strong, mostly Brahmins, has visited almost all the important towns in the South of the presidency and in the province of Mysore and won the approbation of the leading citizens and associations in the places they have visited. Their equipment in the matter of plays, scenic arrangements and dress is also good and their management under Mr. S. Nagesa Rao satisfactory. Their music is of a high order and their make-up neat and attractive. With a little more "acting", and a little less of "Singing" they would be able to satisfy the most fastidious critic.

The Company has a good playwright in Mr. Bellavi Narahari Sastry who has written for them a number of plays including Krishna Leela, Kamsavadha, Rukminiharan and Kabeer Das in faultless and chaste Kannada.

The proprietor (Mr. G. H. Veeranna) is by caste a lingayat and is 33 years of age. He began his career as an ordinary actor in the company and has now risen to be its proprietor. He has been an actor for the last 20 years and takes keen interest in the art. He is a genial and kind-hearted gentleman and his appearance and bearing certainly bear testimony to his good qualities. He is a comic actor of rare and exceptional ability and the public of Bangalore conferred on him the title of



Mr. Veeranna
Proprietor of Gubbi Company and its Comedian.



A SCENE FROM SATHARAM
(Gubbi Company)

"Vinoda Ratnakara" in 1922 in appreciation of his high comic acting, and His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore presented him last year with a gold medal inscribed "a Versatile Comedian". He acts all the important comic characters in their dramas, the most notable being Virochana (a madman) in the drama entitled "Prabhamini", the Chetty's son and the thief in the drama "Satharam", and the Vysia merchant in the drama "Kabeer Das". As a specimen of his high and chaste acting he has completely changed "Satharam"—which has generally a low repute in these parts—into a high-grade comedy. The play draws bumper houses and one cannot but "laugh and grow fat" after witnessing his acting of the "Chetty's son" in this play. He is also a good singer in Karnatic and Hindustani music and talks Hindustani fluently. He is building a theatre of his own in Bangalore at a cost of about Rs. 25,000. Of all their plays, "Kabeer Das" is easily the best. Mr. C. B. Mallappa who acts as Kabeer interprets the character beautifully. His noble bearing and dignified acting is worth witnessing. He is ably assisted by Mr. H. Narayana Rao who acts the character of "Beebee" his wife. Dr. G. Nagesa Rao, who acts the character of the voluptuous Ratnakara, the sowcar, and Dr. M. N. Gangadhara Rao who acts as his friend contribute much to the success of the play. The singing of the former is pleasing while the easy acting of the latter is noteworthy. Dr. Veeranna acts the character of the Vysia Merchant whose house is robbed. Though the character is a small one, he acts it to perfection and it is certainly worth-seeing. Mr. U. Vyasa Rao who acts the character of Madhumohini, the courtesan, is fascinating. He is also a good dancer and a promising young actor. The above are the chief actors in the company, but the complement is also good. Lovers of art should not however fail to witness their performances of "Ratnavali" and "Satharam," among others. In the former Mr. Veeranna as the Vidushaka and Mr. H. Narani Rao as the offended Queen act splendidly. The character of Sagarika is taken by Miss G. Sundaramma who sings melodiously.

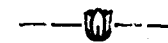


The Suguna Vilasa Sabha

THE Suguna Vilasa Sabha enacted 14 dramas in Tamil and Telugu during the Christmas season of 1923. As usual the greater number of these were the inevitable favourites of the Sabha like *Galava*, *Two Sisters* and *Valli* in Tamil and *Krishna Leela*, *Ramadas*, and *Fall of Vijayanagar* in Telugu. But there was a welcome departure from previous years in that a social drama like "Golden Fetters" was staged by the Sabha. It is also creditable that the Sabha essayed the staging of that powerful emotional piece of a literature "East Lynne" by Mrs. Henry Wood which has been adapted in Tamil by Mr. A. Krishnaswamiah.

The Sabha's season opened with *Krishna Leela* in Telugu on Vaikunta Ekadasi night. This performance has been one of the most popular and attractive performances of the Sabha for some years past. But for some reason or other, the performance on Vaikunta Ekadasi night fell far below the lowest level yet reached by the Sabha. An unpardonable experiment was tried in assigning the charming character of Yasodha to a novice who had literally not even found his "stage-legs" and who throughout failed to show the slightest womanly grace in gait or gesture. The audience, probably pardonably, expressed in most unambiguous terms its firm disapproval at frequent intervals. Even the usually sweet voice of Master Srinivasan failed him and he was not quite at home in his prose bits. The conception of the character of Kamsa was not happy. He left an impression on the mind of the audience as if he were a demented individual and not the high and mighty prince that he is. It was the excellent comic acting of Mr. M. N. Srinivasan as Chanda that rescued the performance from becoming a totally discreditable failure. Chanda's mother was true to life, and the scene where Krishna appears with the Gopikas was passable. Mr. Radhakrishna Naidu as Vasudeva and Mr. Divakara Rao as

"Vinoda Ratnakara" in 1922 in appreciation of his high comic acting, and His Highness the Maharajah of Mysore presented him last year with a gold medal inscribed "a Versatile Comedian". He acts all the important comic characters in their dramas, the most notable being Virochana (a madman) in the drama entitled "Prabhamuni", the Chetty's son and the thief in the drama "Satharam", and the Vysia merchant in the drama "Kabeer Das". As a specimen of his high and chaste acting he has completely changed "Satharam"—which has generally a low repute in these parts—into a high-grade comedy. The play draws bumper houses and one cannot but "laugh and grow fat" after witnessing his acting of the "Chetty's son" in this play. He is also a good singer in Karnatic and Hindustani music and talks Hindustani fluently. He is building a theatre of his own in Bangalore at a cost of about Rs. 25,000. Of all their plays, "Kabeer Das" is easily the best. Mr. C. B. Mallappa who acts as Kabeer interprets the character beautifully. His noble bearing and dignified acting is worth witnessing. He is ably assisted by Mr. H. Narayana Rao who acts the character of "Beebee" his wife. Dr. G. Nagesa Rao, who acts the character of the voluptuous Ratnakara, the sowcar, and Dr. M. N. Gangadhara Rao who acts as his friend contribute much to the success of the play. The singing of the former is pleasing while the easy acting of the latter is noteworthy. Dr. Veeranna acts the character of the Vysia Merchant whose house is robbed. Though the character is a small one, he acts it to perfection and it is certainly worth-seeing. Mr. U. Vyasa Rao who acts the character of Madhumohini, the courtesan, is fascinating. He is also a good dancer and a promising young actor. The above are the chief actors in the company, but the complement is also good. Lovers of art should not however fail to witness their performances of "Ratnavali" and "Satharam," among others. In the former Mr. Veeranna as the Vidushaka and Mr. H. Narani Rao as the offended Queen act splendidly. The character of Sagarika is taken by Miss G. Sundaramma who sings melodiously.



The Suguna Vilasa Sabha

THE Suguna Vilasa Sabha enacted 14 dramas in Tamil and Telugu during the Christmas season of 1923. As usual the greater number of these were the inevitable favourites of the Sabha like *Galava*, *Two Sisters* and *Valli* in Tamil and *Krishna Leela*, *Ramadas*, and *Fall of Vijayanagar* in Telugu. But there was a welcome departure from previous years in that a social drama like "Golden Fetters" was staged by the Sabha. It is also creditable that the Sabha essayed the staging of that powerful emotional piece of a literature "East Lynne" by Mrs. Henry Wood which has been adapted in Tamil by Mr. A. Krishnaswamiah.

The Sabha's season opened with Krishna Leela in Telugu on Vaikunta Ekadasi night. This performance has been one of the most popular and attractive performances of the Sabha for some years past. But for some reason or other, the performance on Vaikunta Ekadasi night fell far below the lowest level yet reached by the Sabha. An unpardonable experiment was tried in assigning the charming character of Yasodha to a novice who had literally not even found his "stage-legs" and who throughout failed to show the slightest womanly grace in gait or gesture. The audience, probably pardonably, expressed in most unambiguous terms its firm disapproval at frequent intervals. Even the usually sweet voice of Master Srinivasan failed him and he was not quite at home in his prose bits. The conception of the character of Kamsa was not happy. He left an impression on the mind of the audience as if he were a demented individual and not the high and mighty prince that he is. It was the excellent comic acting of Mr. M. N. Srinivasan as Chanda that rescued the performance from becoming a totally discreditable failure. Chanda's mother was true to life, and the scene where Krishna appears with the Gopikas was passable. Mr. Radhakrishna Naidu as Vasudeva and Mr. Divakara Rao as



V. Venkatachaliar
Conductor, Telugu Section, S. V. S.



Rao Sahib P. Sambandam, B.A., B.L.,
Conductor, Tamil Section, S. V. S.



Mr. V. C. Gopalratnam, B. A., B. L.,
as Krishna, in *Galaga*

THE SUGUNA VILASA SABHA

7

Devaki did a bit of steady work. Otherwise the performance was a blank failure.

The next performance to be staged was "Golden Fetters" in Tamil by Rao Sahib P. Sambanda Mudaliar. The drama is a social piece with a variety of characterization as usual with the author, and with a goodly number of fine situations and actable bits. The performance was a thorough success from start to finish and did much to make up for the bad impression created on Vaikunta Ekadasi night. The character of the hero Ramachandran, was very well rendered by Mr. V.C. Gopalratnam. The quality of his acting would be considerably enhanced if he gesticulates little and does it with an easy grace. Pankajavalli, the wife of Ramachandran, was lovable in the extreme and perfectly natural. Swaminathan her brother was rendered creditably by Mr. S. Satyamurti who appeared to be a brother that any one may be proud to possess. Mr. T. V. Gopalswami Mudaliar was quite in his old form as Pistakottaiswami, except of course for his greatly reduced bulk. The scenic arrangements were very realistic especially the scenes representing the sea-front and the Central Railway Station. The whole performance was extremely enjoyable. It is a pity that those responsible do not put on boards such performances more frequently instead of the sickening round of 'Puranic' dramas with their long-drawn-out songs and incompatible scenery and costume.

Pramela in Telugu was the next we witnessed. It is a performance which gives scope to a large number of male and female characters and abounds in fun and movement. The only fault to be found with it is, that there were too many songs at too short intervals, which began to pall on the audience as the performance progressed. The character of the heroine Pramela was acted by Mr. K. Divakar Rao with all the verve and go that it required. The other characters who represented the amazonian followers of this warrior-queen were rendered ably indeed, especially by Messrs. G. Ramachandriah and Swaminathan. The former who acted the character of "Charumathi" was in first-rate form. Mr. Ramachandriah possesses in him

one of the most graceful feminine figures on the Suguna Vilasa Sabha stage and his deportment and carriage only add to his grace. Arjuna was fairly well rendered by Mr. Radhakrishna Naidu who unfortunately does not possess the requisite physical qualifications. An emaciated Arjuna with sunken cheeks and wizened limbs is an anomaly that any association must guard against putting on the stage. This is a drawback for which the gentleman concerned is not responsible, but more discretion ought to have been used in selecting the proper man for such a character. Arjuna's songs were very ably and scientifically rendered revealing a high degree of proficiency in the science of music. Suyoga, one of the followers of Arjuna, who is captivated by Charumati, was the real hero of the day. The scenes where Suyoga and Charumati carry on their flirtations were very amusing as the audience testified by its unstinted applause. Mr. M. N. Srinivasan was Suyoga and easily carried off the honours of the day. But we would suggest to him to reduce the number of his songs in the interest of augmenting the effect of his acting.

The next performance was Vasanthika in Tamil. The Sabha could very well have chosen another more lively performance in place of this. The plot is very thin and the characterization extremely weak. It is just like one of those hackneyed themes which Grand-mothers embody in their stories to children, namely of a King and his daughter, a villain who kills the king and drives the daughter out, the inevitable getting lost in the forest, and the coming of the neighbouring prince, and the final marriage. The whole effect is very flat. The hero is a tame young man who exhibits an unnatural aversion to marriage in the beginning and does nothing remarkable in the whole course of the story except to fall violently in love with a picture. The heroine is a pretty doll, easily browbeaten and deprived of a kingdom, who gets into the most uninviting disguise of a Sanyasi and talks for hours on end cheap philosophy. The character of Sukumara the hero was enacted by Mr. P.S. Venkataramana Rao quite as well as the character could lend itself to acting. He sang sweetly as usual and manifested considerable improve-



Mr. M. N. Srinivasan
as the Shepherd in *Krishna Leela*.



Master Srinivasan & Master Gururaji
as *Kusa & Lava* in "*Lava-Kusa*."



Mr. K. Divakara Rao
as *Pamela*.



Mr. G. Ramachandriah
as *Asha Bi* in *Fall of Vijayanagar*.

ment in the delivery of his lines. The heroine *Vasanthika* was rendered by Mr. K. Nagaratnam. Mr. Nagaratnam cuts a very pretty picture on the stage when made up as a lady, and this by itself is a very great step towards popularity among the audience. But Mr. Nagaratnam is inaudible to an almost exasperating degree. It was evident from the strength of his voice when he was in male garb that the lowness of his voice was not natural. To add to it, he seemed to be suffering from a very bad throat on that day. Another feature with Mr. Nagaratnam which we wish he would endeavour to mend, is an inordinate desire to sing an extraordinarily large number of songs in every drama in which he acts. In all sorts of inappropriate situations he begins to sing and his songs are generally not short. We think it a very great pity that an actor like Mr. Nagaratnam with great natural advantages and a good knowledge of music, should not bestow his attention on this shortcoming of his and try to conquer it. In our opinion if Mr. Nagaratnam would only try to speak louder—he need never fear that his voice will sound masculine—cut out one half of the number of songs that he is tempted to sing, and does not make his songs as long as they are, we are absolutely certain that he would make one of the best ‘heroines’ in Madras Amateur Theatricals. The character of *Kururakarman* the villain was well rendered by Mr. V. C. Gopalratnam whose acting afforded some movement in an otherwise sluggish drama.

The next performance was *Ramadoss* in Telugu. The popular story of the life of *Ramadoss* the great devotee of Rama has been dramatised by the author and the drama has acquired a place in the ranks of the favourite performances of the Sabha. It may be mentioned in passing that the scenes where *Ramadoss* is imprisoned and tortured are made very wearisome and extremely prolonged. The interludes where *Rama sastrulu* and *Viramma* his wife exercise their new-found dignity are very amusing. The character of *Ramadas* was very ably rendered by Mr. W. Duraiswami Aiyangar. The little boys *Ramoji* and *Lakmoji* were in good form. The bed-chamber of the *Tanisha* must have been a paradise to him. The *Tanisha*, surrounded

by his six howris competing for his favours and trying to please all, afforded a very interesting study indeed. Mr. S. Raghavachariar every time he acts this character seems to improve on his previous performance. He was absolutely at home and was throughout in his best form. Easily the most remarkable among his six wives was Mr. V. C. Gopalratnam, who dressed as a Rajaput lady and blazing with diamonds presented, to put it mildly, a dazzling picture. Mr. M. Ramakrishnaiya who appeared as a Khoja woman was very much appreciated for his characteristic make up and costume. The scene where the Tanisha meets Ramadas in the prison was very touching, Mr. Duraiswami Aiyangar excelling himself in his acting and music. Mr. M. N. Srinivasan as Rama Sastrulu and Mr. Divakara Row as Viramma his wife were very diverting. The performance was no doubt a success but a little more judicious dressing of the play as it is written is bound to make it better.

"Galava" in Tamil came next. It has always been one of the most interesting performances of the Sabha, full of life and movement and humour and pathos. Chitrasena the hero of the plot was acted by Mr. P. S. Venkatramana Rau, who somehow appeared to be somewhat off-colour. His songs were as usual spick and span and faultlessly rendered, but his acting was very strained. He seemed to be suffering from something akin to down-heartedness, which never seemed to leave him free. Mr. Nagaratnam as Sandhyavali looked quite charming and was if anything a little more audible than usual. There was also the welcome absence of excessive singing which added not a little to the crispness of the performance. His acting was dignified and womanly but he seemed to be again handicapped by a sore throat which was very unfortunate. Mr. W. Duraiswami aiyangar has acted Narada very often before this and acted it extremely well. But this time, Narada who ought to supply the whole life to the drama and whose delicate good humour ought to afford the audience endless tit bits of enjoyment was dull, stilted, and extremely uncomfortable. Frequent stumblings over the lines and pauses at inopportune places, robbed the whole character of its excellence. Mr. V. V. Soundarajan as Galava portrayed very

The Great Eastern Life Assurance Co.,

— LIMITED —

INCORPORATED IN S. S.]

[Registered in ENGLAND

Insures all lives up to age of fifty five. Women's lives also insured. No restriction, to travel, :: residence or occupation. ::

— : o : —

TIPS TO EVERYMAN

Whether already insured or likely to insure.

Prove your age!

Assign your Policy!

Register same with us.

This ensures quick, quiet and prompt settlement of claims.

¶ Policies do not lapse for late payment of premium by virtue of Automatic Nonforfeiture Privilege: Premiums advanced even without parties asking for it.

¶ Amount insured paid not only at death or at maturity, but also when policy holders are permanently and totally disabled by accident or disease, during lifetime.

Special plans for Endowment for Children.

¶ Wanted Agents everywhere on Liberal Commission.

For prospectus etc. Apply to THE CHIEF AGENT.

R. VENKATACHARI,

Ritherdon House, Vepery.

MADRAS.



The late Mr. C. Rangavadivelu.
"whose untimely demise has created a void on the S V S Stage"

truly the ancient sage and rendered his part to perfection. Mr. M. Ramakrishniah as Subhadra acted quite freely and naturally. But there was one great difficulty in his path. He had to come up to the very high ideal of acting set up with reference to the same character by the late Mr. C. Rangavadivelu and no one could help thinking of the void created by the unfortunate and untimely demise of that gentleman. Arjuna has nothing very much to do in the drama and comes on at a very late stage in the drama. Mr. Satyamurti who filled the role acted very effectively and created a very favourable impression. But the outstanding feature of the whole drama was the scene where Krishna appeared on the swing, with Rukmani and Satyabhama, playing on the flute. The swing was very prettily decorated and the whole scenic effect was artistic. The picture of Krishna, which character was acted by Mr. V. C. Gopalratnam, was superb in its beauty and perfection. If only the blue banian had not been used and the bare-body had been presented coloured blue, the make-up would have been absolutely flawless. The songs rendered on the flute by this versatile actor were much appreciated by the audience. He sang his songs to good effect and carried himself with ease and dignity.

The next drama to be staged was Savithri in Telugu. We have again to wish that the Sabha had exercised more discretion in selecting the actors. This performance was another failure, and the less we say of it the better. The only good features in the drama that consoled an otherwise bored audience were Mr. Radhakrishna Naidu's good music and one or two bits of comic acting by Mr. M. N. Srinivasan as Sumali, who was not quite in his usual form. Savithri, the heroine was not only very stilted but very inaudible. The mannerism of closing his eyes while speaking did not certainly add to the effect. The character of Yama which was assigned to an understudy, we are told at the last moment, naturally did not come quite up to the mark. But Mr. P. K. Parthasarathy could not have done more in the short notice he had.

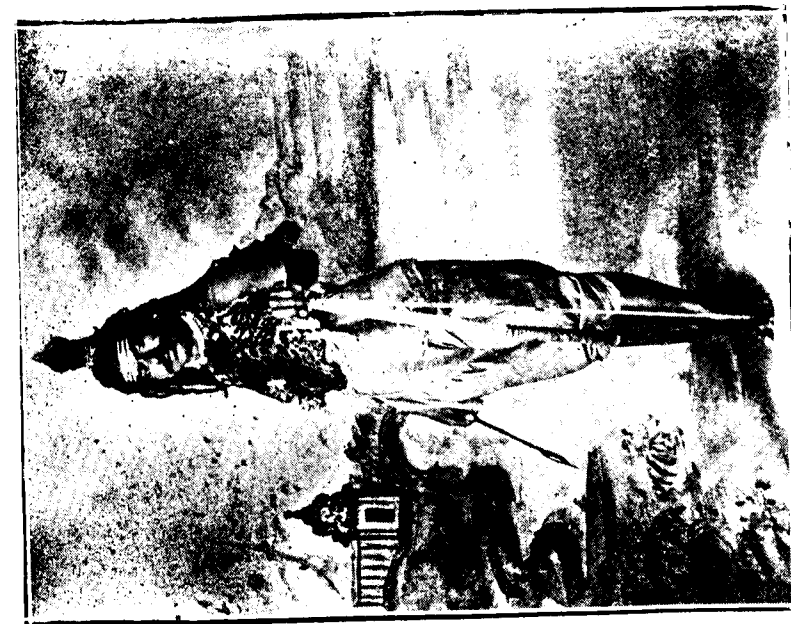
Vallinayaki in Tamil came next. A more weary, dragging, and sluggish performance is hard to find. From a literary

point of view the drama may have merits. But for production on the stage, its language, the lack of brisk movement and situation make it difficult to create any effect. The trick of incorporating a Tamil proverb between every ten lines began to jar very much as the play progressed. The episode of Valli's wedding by itself is not very conducive to the weaving of a good drama round it. As it was very picturesquely put by a humorous gentleman, the story is one of "elephantine love" neither beautiful in its simplicity, nor stirring in its romance. By a judicious admixture of humorous dialogue and comedy with the main theme of the plot other authors have made the staging of the play "passable". But in the play in question there is no comic relief worth the name, not even a single humorous passage in a long conversation lasting over 75 minutes between Subrahmanya and Valli. It is childish to expect any sensible audience to stand with any degree of patience two consecutive scenes each lasting over an hour, where two persons keep on talking at each other excellent faultless classic Tamil, with a song once in every five minutes and sometimes twice. There is not the slightest attempt at any variety in characterization, and the whole drama is insipid and chill.

Mr. P. S. Venkataramana Rao as Subrahmanya was not quite happy. His songs were as usual of the regulation conformity to the sruti, but his feelings were not reflected in his face as one would have expected. Though he was playing the part of one who had come out to marry Valli in spite of herself, his extreme reluctance to touch her even when she fled to him for protection against the elephant, was mysterious. Mr. Nagarathnam as Valli was equally unhappy except where on the advent of the elephant he really did a bit of fine acting. Too many songs at too frequent intervals, sung in a very low voice again marred the whole effect. Very few people could act while singing and as every song sung implies the situation being hung up till its close, the effect on the audience could be well imagined. It would have been more appropriate if Valli had not been so loudly dressed. Narada was if anything the unhappiest of the three. All his speeches consisted mainly of a series of mono-



Mr. K. Nagarathnam
as Valli.



Mr. P. S. Venkataramana Rao
as Subrahmanya in Valli.

syllabic exclamations and he appeared to be therefore at logger-heads with his lines.

The next drama to be staged was Lavakusa in Telugu. The drama was a great success and went off very well. The character of Sri Rama was enacted by Mr. B. Ramachandriah with consistent dignity, and his sweet music was much appreciated. Mr. G. Ramachandriah as Sita was not a success. For one thing he stood in great need of prompting and for another we doubt if tragic acting is quite in his line. A more handsome or graceful Sita no audience has any right to expect. But that in itself is not everything. His songs were not crisp as he usually sings them, but rather dragging. Mr. Radhakrishna Naidu as Lakshmana was responsible for some good acting. His music maintained its usual level of excellence. Mr. M. N. Srinivasan as Anjaneya evoked considerable appreciation by his apt songs and acting. But the great part of the success of the drama was undoubtedly due to the superb performance of Kusa and Lava, Masters, Srinivasan and Gururaja. Every little bit of their acting was apt and well conceived. Their singing was harmonious and highly melodious. The audience cheered these juvenile actors at frequent intervals which they very well deserved. It reflects very great credit on the Telugu conductor that he was able to train these two youths to such a degree of perfection.

Harischandra in Tamil came next. The drama as it was enacted gave greater prominence to what is popularly called "Mayanakandam". We do not say for a moment that this prominence was misconceived. But a little of it could have been cut out and the earlier portions allowed some additional scope. Harischandra—Mr. S. Raghavachari, was excellent. The only fly in the ointment was a hoarseness of voice which he very often overcame with great effort. His rendering of the character was extremely dignified and praiseworthy. The scenes in the burning ground with Chandramati are often marred on other stages by Harischandra abusing and domineering over Chandramati, as if he had forgotten all his old chivalry and high birth. But no such howler was perpetrated and throughout one saw only in Harischandra, the friend



Mr. V. C. Gopalaratnam
as one of the Ladies in the *Thanisha's Harem*
in *Ramadoss*.

of the weak, and the upholder of truth. Mr. Vadivelu Naicker as Chandramati was in all respects the true wife of her lord and king, Harischandra. The tendency on the part of some actors of this role to convert the whole play into a weeping bout was avoided by Mr. Vadivelu. He successfully acted the chaste and courageous kshatriya wife and we would not be justified if we omitted to mention the superb bit of emotional acting performed by Chandramati when she finds that a low Pariah had caught sight of her Tali which was invisible even to the Gods. Devadasa had a chance of acting in only one scene where he dies, and Master Srinivasan gave up his ghost quite realistically. Kalakanda and his wife were splendidly acted by Messrs V. V. Soundararajan and M. Ramakrishniah who are a delightful pair always in this drama, while, Mr. G. Ramaswamiah as Veerabahu succeeded in bagging a round of well earned applause by singing a comic song. The performance was a distinct success.

The Fall of Vijayanagar always means a crowded house. The very name of the drama brings before the mind's eye Mr. T. Raghavachari and his magnificent acting. The character of Pathan-Rustum is not an easy one to render on the Stage. Every time one sees Mr. Raghavachari act this character, one gets despondent at the sight of the great gulf between that actor and oneself. Mr. Raghavachari rarely acts this character twice in the same manner. We make bold to assert that at the present moment there is scarcely any one on the South Indian Stage who could act Pathan Rustum as well as Mr. Raghavachari. On the evening of the 31st December 1923 Mr. Raghavachari as Pathan Rustum was quite in his usual form. A delightful surprise to us was a great improvement in his music over which he had always had a good grip and which he has never allowed to overshadow his acting. The little bits of superb acting for which he has an endless gift were quite as numerous and effective as usual. Asha Bi (Mr. G. Ramachandriah) did very well, especially in the love scene in the pleasure garden. The last scene as usual was the grand climax and we had the pleasure of seeing yet another type of madness acted on the Stage. The



Mr. T. C. Vadivelu Naicker,
as Chandramathi



Mr. S. Raghavachariar, B.A , B.E.,
as Harischandra.



Mr. A. Krishnaswamiah
who acted Nanda in Nandanar & Chapala in Chapala.

Sabha closed the year 1923 in right good style indeed.

The new year opened with a performance of "Nandanar" a drama which has never failed to attract a crowded house. This time was no exception to the rule. The character of Nanda was acted by Mr. A. Krishnaswamiah. His conception of the character seems to be rather difficult for us to understand. It was rather too melodramatic for a Pastoral drama like Nandanar. Even the make-up and appearance of Nanda was quaint. Krishnaswamiah the great lady actor was too persistently present in Nanda. The trance scene where the young crops are transformed, was rather marred by over gesticulation on the part of Nanda. There were no doubt a number of fine bits of acting in the course of the drama as is only to be expected of an actor of Mr. Krishnaswami Aiyar's eminence. Mr. W. Duraiswami Aiyangar's fame in acting the character of the Brahmin is too wide to need mention. He did not render the character this time with his usual ease and facility owing to ill health. He was feeling somehow out of sorts and often stumbled in the earlier scenes. But in the final scene he was as good as ever. A great command of musical knowledge and an invaluable gift for adopting it to the stage have always marked him off as a very successful actor of a character like that of the Brahmin in this drama. Mr. V. C. Gopalratnam's rendering of the character of the Pujari was weird and awe-inspiring. His make-up was very appropriate and the terrible dance where his eye balls almost threatened to come out of their sockets amused the audience very much.

On the 4th of January 1924 the Sabha put on boards the tragedy of "Chapala" by Mr. A. Krishnaswamiah. As we have already pointed out it is an adaptation of that world-famed piece "East Lyone" of Mrs Henry Wood which has run into ever so many editions of a hundred thousand each. The adaptation by Mr. Krishnaswamiah is faithful to the original generally and wherever the original is incompatible with Eastern ideals slightly departs from it. Yet it cannot be called a Social drama depicting Indian Social life, though it makes a direct appeal to the every day sentiments and feelings of the audience. The

drama depends for its success to a very great extent on the character of Chapala. And when we say that the performance was a great success, we need not say how Mr. Krishnaswamiah acquitted himself. To one who saw him act on that day, any suggestion that he was on the wrong side of forty would have sounded preposterous. The divine voice that has charmed its hearers on hundreds of occasions in years past did not appear to have lost any of its sweetness. The scene where Chapala nurses her dying son and then weeps over his dead body, made a powerful appeal to the finer feelings of everyone. The next most remarkable character in the story is that of Lavanya (Lewison). This was acted by Mr. V. C. Gopalratnam who at first felt a little fluttered and uncomfortable but gradually got over it. The heartless profligate bent on his selfish and sensual pursuits, with the cunning of the devil himself to help him weave his nefarious plots was well brought out by this actor. There was something that day in the way he made use of his eyes that went a long way towards his success. In the scene where he throws over Chapala his acting can only be described as "top-hole" to use an expressive if slangy term. The supreme callousness of the profligate to a discarded mistress, and his eloquent cigarette were noticeable features of Lavanya in the Scene. Mr. S. Raghavachariar as Kamalanadha (Carlyle) kept up a steady level of free and homely acting. But a little more of dignity thrown in would have made it perfect. In the last scene where Kamalanadha discovers that the nurse is the wife he believed dead, he could have exhibited more conflict of emotions. Mr. T.C. Vadivelu Naicker as Manonmani, (Barbara Hare) acquitted himself fairly well. Mr. M. Ramakrishniah as Kalyani looked quite an attractive widow "fat fair and forty" and represented the character very truthfully. Another remarkable feature of the drama was the appearance on the stage of Rao Sahib P. Sambandam in the role of the Zamindar. (Lord Mount Severn). The audience gave an ovation to the veteran both when he entered and left the stage. It is needless to add that he acted his little bit with all his usual clearness of speech and facility of expression.



Mr. W. Duraiswamy Ayyangar
as the Mirasdar in NANDANAR

"Two Sisters" or "Lilavati—Sulochana" is a very old friend of those who have attended the performances of the Sabha, and the 'Season' proper, was brought to a close with the staging of this drama. Though many old acquaintances could be recognised among the cast of characters two familiar and noteworthy figures were conspicuous by their absence. One had gone never to return, and the other was at his post of duty, now, alas, behind the scenes—but still at the work to which he had dedicated his life. Mr. C. Balasundara Mudaliar appeared in the character of Sri Datta the hero and Mr. K. Nagaratnam as Sulochana the heroine. Mr. Balasundaram is an old experienced actor, but he somehow did not quite hit it off as Sri Datta. His acting was rather too stilted and his pose stiff-necked. Even when in the company of his beloved he could not forget that he was the high and mighty prince, the hero of the drama, and did not unbend ever so little. Mr. Nagaratnam acted well, but his besetting sin was again inaudibility and too many songs, some of which were tiresomely long. Mr. Nagaratnam might also have bestowed some slight thought on accuracy. Appearing in the character of "Savitri" the maid, his coming on the stage with a resplendant diamond necklace and a saree scintillating with lace, was to say the least unpardonable. In the same situation we have seen Savitri clothed in a cheap but no doubt attractive chintz cloth and wearing beads and glass bracelets and looking none the less pretty for that. Mr. Nagaratnam has the makings of a good heroine-actor and we are anxious that he should not allow his development as such to be marred by wrong notions of effect. In many situations he acted very well indeed and the air of maidenly modesty and coyness sat very attractively on Sulochana. We are sure that with sufficient experience he would act the character with great success provided he remedies the defects we have pointed out. Mr. P.S. Venkatramana Rao in his favourite role of Kamalakara was excellent. There is plenty of scope in the character for good music and brisk repartee and Kamalakara did not fail in either. His music was unexceptionable and his acting, by far his best per-

formance during the season. Mr. Vadivelu Naicker has acted Lilavati times without number and has never failed to score. His portraying of the jealous female was specially notable and his well chosen songs quite well rendered. Mr. M. N. Srinivasan as "Saranga" the country lout, was very natural and true to the author's conception. In acting this character it is very easy to overstep into the bounds of coarseness and vulgarity. But Mr. M. N. Srinivasan cleverly avoided doing so and had a very good grip over himself all the time. Mr. V. V. Soundararajan as Vichitrasharma was in his native element and no wonder he always succeeds in rousing even a soporific audience to life when he appears as Vichitrasharma. The way he made a laughing stock of the great commander-in-chief though by no means a happy conception of the author, produced screaming effects.

On the whole we congratulate the Suguna Vilasa Sabha on a fairly successful season in the face of competition from other Dramatic Societies and the usual Christmas attractions.

The Professional Stage

By P. R. Krishnaswami, M.A.

THE stage in this part of the country is not an institution which claims to itself much regard in the minds of the people. The "educated" section despises it and the "uneducated" may yet avoid it as poison to the morals. Yet it is well kept alive and it constantly commands packed audiences. Even amateur theatricals striving to attain an enlightened dramatic ideal fail to make an impression, where the professional stage, crude as it is, wins its allegiance from theatre-goers. From this we have to draw a necessary inference that our efforts to improve the stage should show a careful grasp of the features that have till now obtained favour with audiences, rather than embody even the best dramatic principles which we may evolve by sound critical reasoning.

I took the opportunity to attend recently a performance of "Sarangadhara" by a troupe which had enlisted into its service



Miss S. R. Kamalam.

an actress of a leading reputation in South India. Miss Kamalam is an extraordinarily good singer and so she is an attraction to audiences who look to musical entertainment as the first requisite of a drama. The drama can never possibly thrive in this country if it was not conceived more as an opera and an abundance of music provided in it. There is something idealistic in the temperament of the people of this country which craves always for something beautiful in itself as a piece of art and despises realism and appropriateness of dramatic dialogue. The same temperament seems to be responsible for certain courtly conventions proceeding chiefly from the self-consciousness of the actors in fulfilling the purposes of a general entertainment. The stage manager appears first to announce the story chosen for acting and he bids an actor to see to carrying out his purpose. Nobody seems offended when the stage manager in his ordinary clothes reappears as a character in the story. The advent of every character on the stage is marked by his or her singing for a few minutes before actually appearing in the view of the audience. Then there are complimentary verses which the character addresses to the audience of each locality and then makes his or her bow. The leading characters are also honoured, as part of the routine arrangement of the stage, with garlands which they gracefully remove before their succeeding entrance into the stage.

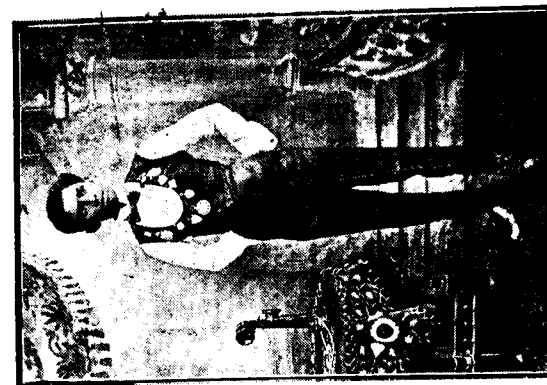
The average dramatic company is here very meagre in numbers. Ministers and servants are the same at different courts. Kings are left with no following and no attendants. This bareness in equipment is like the Elizabethan stage of England where so much was left to the imagination. Nor need we think that actors ever believe that dramas have to be written by great authors before they are acted on the stage. Dramatic troupes may sometimes hold rehearsals but conformity to any tent is never thought necessary and a prompter is an absolute superfluity. The stories which are acted on the stage are well-known stories of Hindu legend or epic and the concentration in acting is only over a few well known situations, drawn out with the help of copious music. There is plenty of scope for the exercise of the intelligence of the individual actor

or actress and that perhaps accounts for the unconcealed self-consciousness apparent on the stage. There is no training worth the name and no education for the actors on the stage, and if that accounts for the precarious life of the south Indian stage, it also allows for brilliant surprises on it.

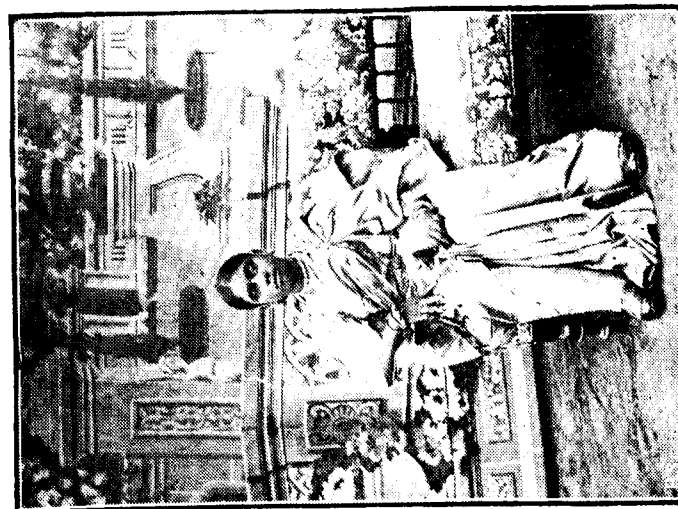
The south Indian stage is a 'mirror of life' in a very broad sense. The usual stage requisites are little requisitioned here, neither powder nor special costumes supposed to be peculiar to any particular age. There is little fear or avoidance of an anachronism. The actors wear their medals like circus-masters, and they often are under no trouble to maintain the delusion of stage realism.

The life of the south Indian stage with all its ugly limitations seems to illustrate the infinite capacity of the human mind to derive entertainment from the rehearsal of a few eternal mysteries. Love and grief and treachery and loyalty never lose their value for dramatic presentation. Chitrangi is an ill-fated princess who rebels against her aged royal husband who has deceitfully married her, and uses all her arguments to win the love of the king's son, Sarangadhara. His resistance against the woman's temptation is the noblest part of the drama. He has a friend wiser than himself who warns him solemnly but in vain, against entering the chamber of Chitrangi. The earnest appeal of this companion and friend at what appears a fateful moment is a notable feature of the play. When Chitrangi's advances are coldly repulsed by Sarangadhara, her love is turned into sharp anger in poignant disappointment and she takes the most brutal revenge on the virtuous prince.

At the performance which I attended little could be expected of the highest dramatic possibilities being fulfilled. Chitrangi never rose above being a pretty and attractive girl claiming the sympathies of the audience for her unfortunate fate in marriage, like the typical heroine of the Restoration drama in England. It seemed entirely futile to apply to the performance any standard of learned dramatic criticism. But is there not a different, not lower, standard which we should get to learn as something in absolute consonance with the innate ideals of the people?



Master Kamatchi
of the Madara Original Boys Co.,



Master M. R. Govindan
of the Madara Original Boys Co.,

The
Madura Original Boys Coy.

Producing
A number of Popular Plays
at the
WALL TAX THEATRE

Famous among which is
DASAVATHAR

Come and Feast Your Eyes.

A. N. N. Bagavathar,

Stage Manager.

S. M. S. Pillai,

Proprietor.

The
Madura Original Boys Co.

THE Madura Original Boys Company was originally started in the year 1913 by Mr. Satchidanandam Pillay and came first to Madras in August 1921 and has been staging performances in the Wall Tax Theatre since then. This company has staged many plays during its long stay in Madras and the "Boys Company" as it is popularly called, has become quite an institution in Madras. That they should have been able to stay so long and satisfy the public of Madras is sufficient proof of their popularity. Their reputation especially in the successful production of new plays like *Rajambal*, *Rajendra*, *Anandakrishna*, *Chandrakantha* etc., was considerably enhanced by their most recent production *Dasavathar*, which has run more than twenty nights. It is indeed a record of which any dramatic troupe may justly be proud. We therefore found ourselves one night eagerly awaiting the curtain to be rung up on this, their most recent production.

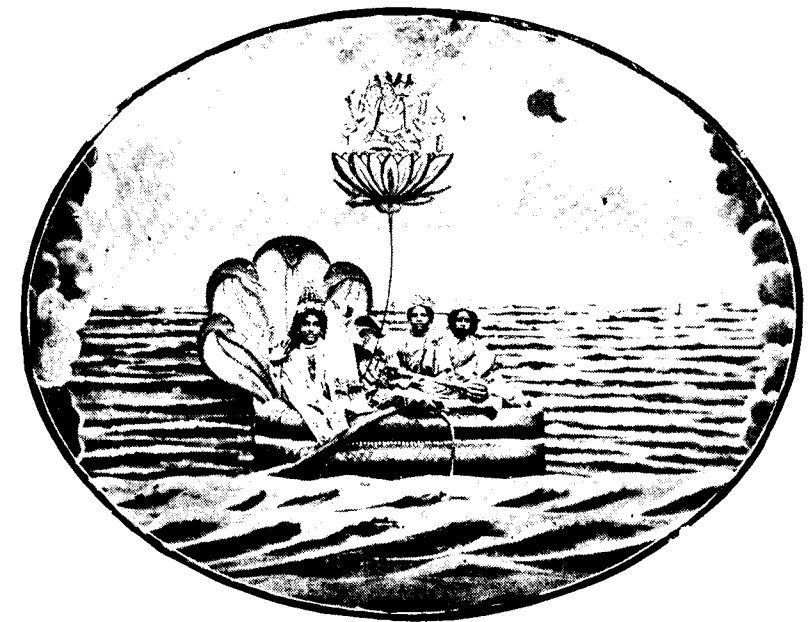
Gorgeous sceneries, marvellous lighting effects, quick transformations, and an astonishing number of children acting the role of all the Gods of the Hindu pantheon kept us amazed all the while. In an incredulously short space of time we were taken from Yuga to Yuga, from one avathar of the Lord to another and the whole play was made to appear a homogenous whole. It is indeed a matter for extreme gratification that a South Indian Company should have had so much enterprise as to spend a small fortune on mere spectacular effects in a play of this kind and make it a success financially as well as from an artistic point of view.

Every Hindu ought to be familiar with the story of the ten incarnations of the Lord Vishnu. The scene where he rescues the four vedas from the ocean in Mathsavathar is very imposing.

The churning of the ocean to appropriate music was realistic. A scene from Prahlada where Prahlada reveals to Hiranya the Lord as Narasimha was well acted, the boy Prahlada especially conducting himself with ease and singing extraordinarily well. But quite the most interesting scenes were those which depicted an episode from Ramayana, Sulochana-sati. This particular episode takes up a pretty long time but it is well rendered. Master Govindan as Sulochana acts and sings well and the Character of Lakshmana was acted with spirit and verve.

As already stated the actors are all boys and the quality of their acting in the majority of the cases is naturally poor. But there are in this Dramatic Company some boys who have in them the making of a good actor—notably Master Kamatchi and Master M. R. Govindan. Great credit is due to Mr. Kandaswami Mudaliar who has taken immense pains to produce this play and to Mr. Satchidanandam Pillay, the enterprising proprietor of this Company who hails from a rich merchant community of Madura and who brought this company of juvenile actors originally to Madras in the month of March 1921 and who has been successfully staging numerous plays at the Wall Tax Theatre since then.

SCENES FROM DASAVATHAR



Kshirabthi

160660

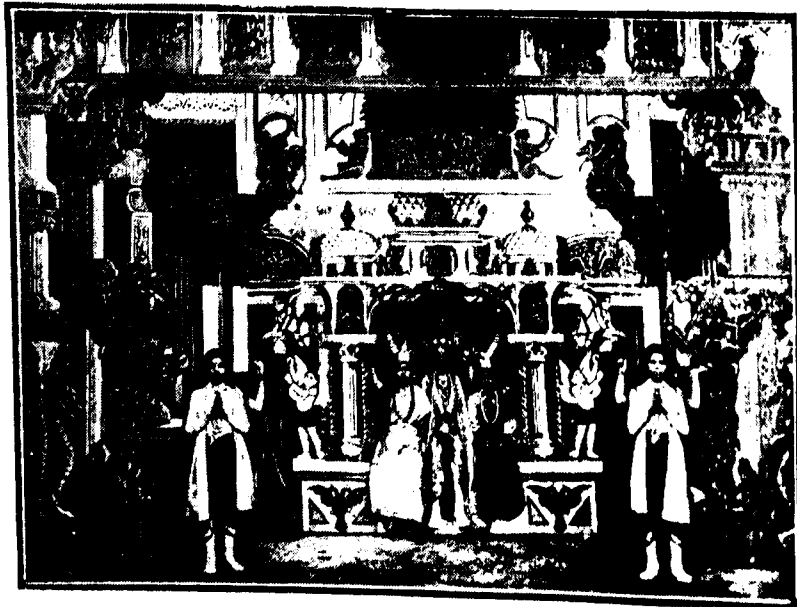
JL

3m 211, N16

N24.911



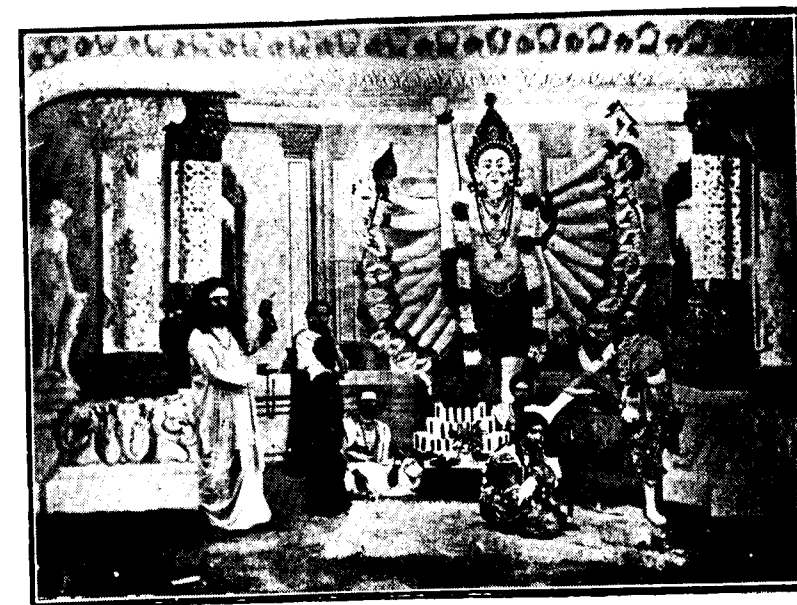
The Churning of the Ocean



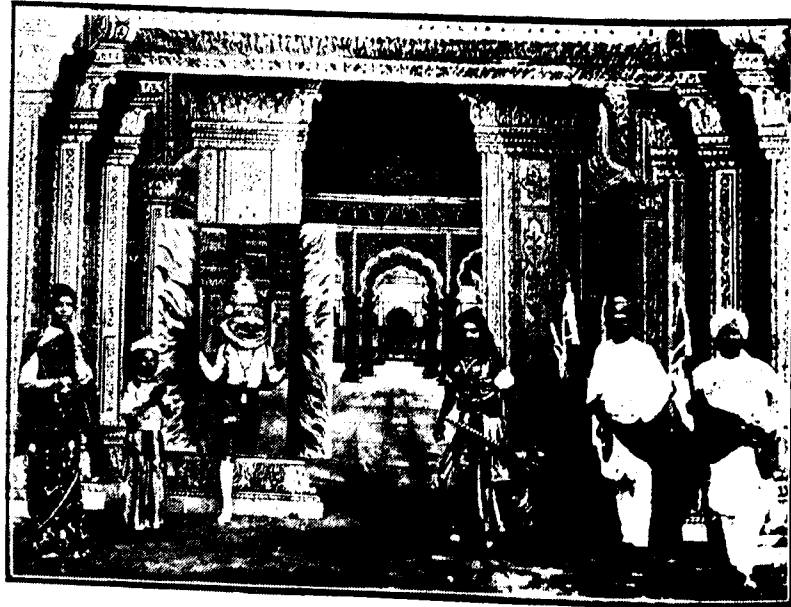
The Dwarapalaka's Episode



Varaha-avathar



Thiru-vikrama-avathar



Narasimha-avathar



A Scene from Ramayana



Krishna's Chariot



Kamsa-vadha



Lord Vishnu

SUKHDEV DAS RAMPRASAD.

WHOLESALE

YARN MERCHANTS

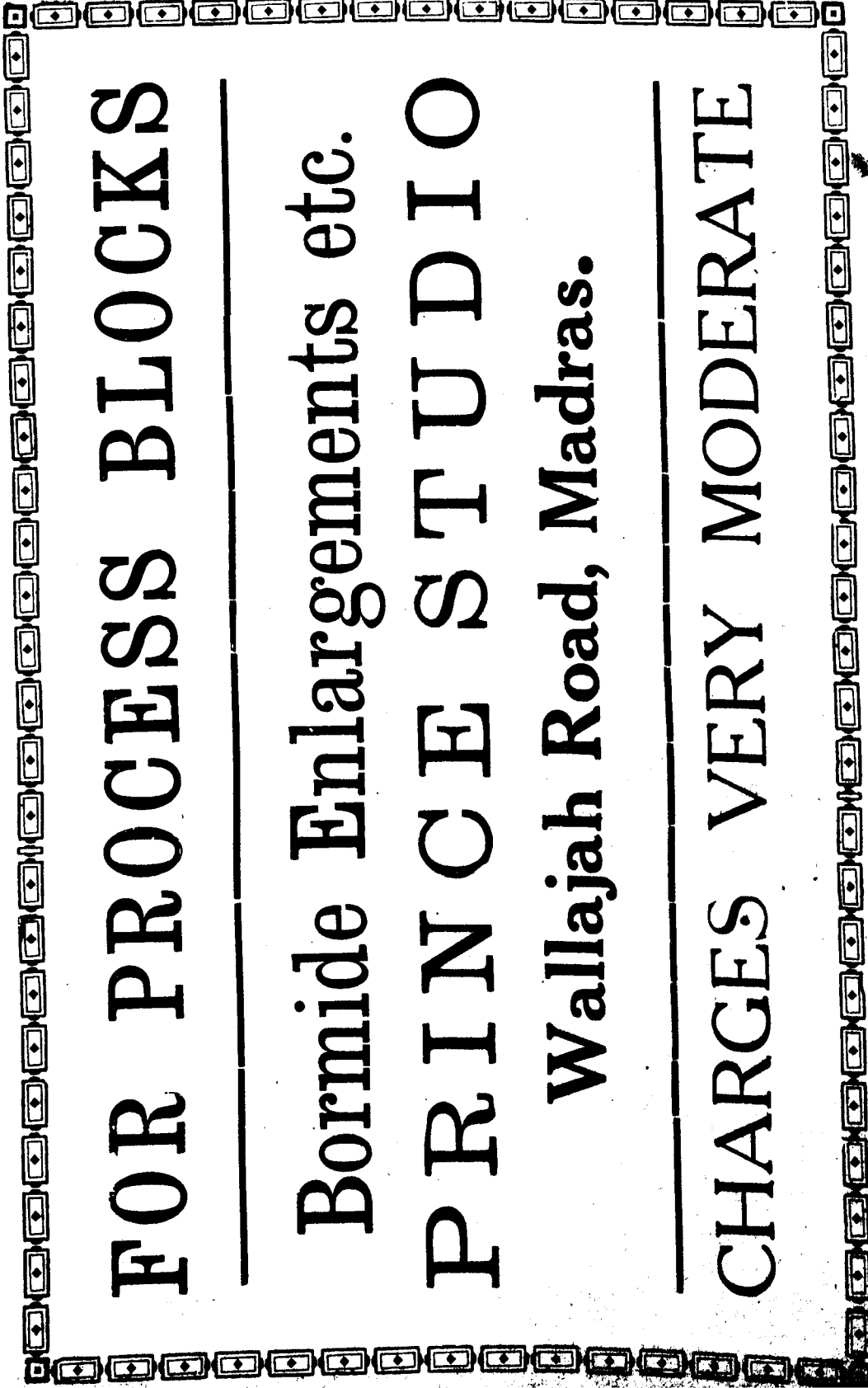
English, Japanese and Indian Yarns

2 to 200 Counts.

No. 101, MINT STREET, MADRAS.

Phone : 1543.

Branches all over India.



FOR PROCESS BLOCKS

Bormide Enlargements etc.

PRINCE STUDIO

Wallajah Road, Madras.

CHARGES VERY MODERATE

The Higher They Are—

A Play in One Scene

By D. S. V.

Persons in the Play

Sadasivam, Bar-at-Law		<i>A Bachelor and Practising Barrister.</i>
Vasudevan		<i>His friend. A Student of the L.M.S. Class.</i>
Sarojini		<i>A Student of the Senior Intermediate Class in the Women's College.</i>
Shyamala, B.A.		<i>Sarojini's elder sister. Tutor, Women's College.</i>

[Sadasivam's Bachelor's quarters in Triplicane on the 1st floor of a house. The room though furnished richly is untidy in appearance. It is illuminated by electric lights and an electric kettle connected to a wall plug stands on a teapoy in a corner. Time: 6 o'clock. Vasudevan is lounging in a long-arm chair with both his hands beneath his head. Sadasivam is sitting upright in a chair near by.]

VASUDEVAN. Of course, you don't care! We all know what a poor opinion you have of God Himself for having created woman.

SADASIVAM. The world without woman! Just imagine! It would be paradise on earth!

VASUDEVAN. Nonsense! It is woman that bring Paradise nearer earth.

SADASIVAM. If you had said Hell, I would certainly have thought fit to agree.

VASUDEVAN. Hm—I don't think you can be easily converted to have any faith in woman. I have been feeling ever since she confessed her love to me as if I am living in Paradise. How do you account for it?

SADASIVAM. I do not account for such insanities. [Warming up] When my best friend, the pride of our tennis-courts, the man whose growth I have watched from his very childhood, whose debts I have paid and whom through sleepless nursing I have snatched from the jaws of death, and who I expect will be a shining ornament to the Medical profession one day, rants about his being in Paradise merely because some slip of a girl said that she liked the way he parts his hair, don't you think it is a case where the asylum authorities are to be called in?

VASUDEVAN. Silly! It is not at all a question of liking me or my dress, my dear fellow. It is a case of a deep attachment formed from love at first sight.

SADASIVAM. [Sneering] Attachment? You mean entanglement? Love at first sight! I know how it moves. Love at first sight, Amusement at second sight, Toleration at the third, Boredom fourth and so on down to Loathing and hatred. Hm! What is love? I wish you would read my book in Mss. "What is Love?"

VASUDEVAN. There, there! Don't begin your pet theme. Whatever you may say I feel I won't be happy till I marry her.

SADASIVAM. Marry her by all means. Produce children by the dozen. Live and slave for them—My God—What is meant for humanity is being wasted on a woman! Very well.

VASUDEVAN. [Looking at the clock] What, is it six-thirty? I promised to meet Saros at the Marina at Seven.

SADASIVAM. And what may 'Saros' be?

VASUDEVAN. Silly! She is the one girl in the world.

SADASIVAM. Saros? Rhymes well with sorrows. Well! What a name!—If you have to go, go by all means. You had better run or else Saros will be cross.

[Vasudevan goes and adjusts his tie before a mirror.]

SADASIVAM. What a fool a man in love is! Look at the way he preens himself before my mirror

VASUDEVAN. [Turning round] Don't be absurd! I was only adjusting my tie.

SADASIVAM. Oh, were you? I thought you were searching for the one girl in the mirror.

VASUDEVAN. You are incorrigible! What can you know of love. You with your cynicism and hatred of Woman? I warn you I shall bring Saros here one of these days and then when you come to know her, I am sure your opinion of Woman will change.

SADASIVAM. Oh! If you bring her on any other daughter of eve, here, into my room, I will never see you, or speak to you again.

VASUDEVAN. You don't mean it?

SADASIVAM. I do—most solemnly.

VASUDEVAN. You are in a bad mood. I shall go.

[Goes in a hurry].

SADASIVAM. What, what is this? [Takes a Packet of chocolates from the table gingerly in his hands] Chocolates for the fair one and he has forgotten them in his haste. Hullo, Vasu, I say.—He has gone—What shall I do with this? Throw it out?—Perhaps he may come back for them. What a fool a man in love is! [Throws the chocolate box on a table and himself on the lounge] Hm, I suppose he will start running a household after he marries her and won't come here as often as he used to. Well, well. What else could happen in this Woman-ridden World?

[Enter Shyamala in a very nonchalant manner].

SHYAMALA. [Changing her vanity bag from the right to the left hand] Mr. Sadasivam, I believe.

SADASIVAM. [Very much dazed] I-believe-so.

SHYAMALA. My name is Shyamala.

SADASIVAM. [Still dazed] Is it though?

SHYAMALA. Yes: You may be sure. May I sit down?

SADASIVAM. Yes: I mean—certainly sit down—but isn't there some mistake?

SHYAMALA. None whatever.—I am Saros' sister.

SADASIVAM. Saros.—Saros.—Where have I heard that name?

SHYAMALA. I should think from an individual called Vasu.

SADASIVAM. [Flaring up]. He is not an individual. He is my best friend.

SHYAMALA. And Saros is my sister.

SADASIVAM. I gathered that.

SHYAMALA. I love her very much.

SADASIVAM. But I was made to believe that she loved.....

SHYAMALA. Never mind what you were made to believe—I want to ask you some questions.

SADASIVAM. [To himself]. Rather cool! What right has she? I shall humour her [To her]. As a special case I think I will permit you to question me. I may elect to answer them or I may not.

SHYAMALA. Exactly. Ahem! You have lots of influence over your friend?

SADASIVAM. I had. Now that your estimable sister—

SHYAMALA. Exactly. Please answer to the Point. You have heard him speak of my sister?

SADASIVAM. I haven't heard anything else of late. That at least I hope is to the point.

SHYAMALA. Exactly. It may seem strange—my coming here alone to a Bachelor's quarters. But I don't care what people think.

SADASIVAM. [To himself] Am I 'People'?

SHYAMALA. And, further, my sister's happiness is at stake.

SADASIVAM. [To himself] Oh, she has come to ask my consent to this wretched marriage I suppose.

SHYAMALA. I wish you would attend to what I say.

SADASIVAM. Excuse me, I forgot I was being examined. Pray proceed with your examination.

SHYAMALA. You say Mr. Vasu—devan is your best friend.

SADASIVAM. Exactly—the reason why I don't want—

SHYAMALA. You wish him to be happy?

SADASIVAM. There is nothing on earth I care as much.

SHYAMALA. Then, you must grant that I would desire to see my sister happy.

SADASIVAM. Naturally.

SHYAMALA. [In a pleading voice]. It depends on you Mr. Sadasivam whether she is happy or miserable.

SADASIVAM. It is extremely kind of you Miss Shyamala to say so, but you must allow me to place my friend's happiness foremost.

SHYAMALA. Oh!—Then I must convince you.

SADASIVAM. That will take a long time. A year or two, perhaps. You may make yourself comfortable.

[She places the vanity bag beside the box of chocolates, looks round the room & sits demurely on the chair.]

SADASIVAM. Ahem! May I ask you some questions? [To himself] I am the examiner now.

SHYAMALA. Certainly.

SADASIVAM. You have much influence over your sister?

SHYAMALA. I had the greatest—

SADASIVAM. Exactly. You have still?

SHYAMALA. Why do you assume that?

SADASIVAM. [To himself] She is questioning me! I see I am not impressing her much. I will shock her. [Takes a pinch of snuff at which Shyamala shudders] [Brightly] Have you any views on marriage?

SHYAMALA. That is a tall question. A marriage, I have always held is a mistake—One that can't be rectified.

SADASIVAM. What! Then, why did you come here?

SHYAMALA. To ask you to use your influence and prevent this marriage.

SADASIVAM. My dear Miss Shyamala! Allow me, Oh, allow me to shake hands—metaphorically of course if you have any sentiments against holding a man's hand.

SHYAMALA. Not at all—[They shake hands]

SADASIVAM. How soft your hands are!

SHYAMALA. [Laughing] A woman's hands are always soft, don't you know?

SADASIVAM. I have never had occasion before to feel a woman's hand. Indeed, you are the first—

SHYAMALA. Do you hate woman?

SADASIVAM. I—have done so—till now—

SHYAMALA. Hm.

SADASIVAM. I have always held that women—modern women—have no economical status in society. They are merely pests who live on their husbands.

SHYAMALA. Very interesting. Pray proceed.

SADASIVAM. But since I have come across one woman at least who has sense enough to realise that all marriage is a mistake, I am afraid I must revise my opinion of woman. What do you think?

SHYAMALA. You are just a MAN.

SADASIVAM. Is there anything absurd in being a mere man?

SHYAMALA. All men are selfish. They delight in subjecting women and to lord it over them.

SADASIVAM. Some of them do, I admit. But why do women submit to it?

SHYAMALA. The time has come for the woman's revolt. We are determined to boycott man. No more marriages hereafter for us.

SADASIVAM. Bravo! That is the right spirit!

SHYAMALA. You will find more of it in my book with the Printers—"The world without man."

SADASIVAM. What, are you an author too?

SHYAMALA. Of a sort. I have issued about a dozen pamphlets on the subject. I shall be glad to send them to you—if you care.

SADASIVAM. I shall be most delighted to read all of them.—What are your views on Love?

SHYAMALA. I have still some faith left in platonic love.

SADASIVAM. Then you won't object to being loved by a man?

SHYAMALA. No. He must be a kindred soul. Man is a hateful word for me.

SADASIVAM. I feel so elated. All your views dovetail with mine. Allow me to express what a joy it has been to meet and talk to you.

SHYAMALA. You may be sure I echo the same senti-

ments, though at first you didn't seem pleased to meet me.

SADASIVAM. I am extremely sorry. Before you came, like a ray of sunshine into the dark chambers of my mind,—you will pardon me if I am a bit poetic but the occasion justifies it,—I could not bear the sight of women.

SHYAMALA. But now, I suppose, you are reconciled?

SADASIVAM. 'Reconciled' is not the word.—Won't you have some tea?

SHYAMALA. I should love to. But I generally prefer to make it myself.

SADASIVAM. Do make some tea please.

[She goes near the electric kettle and takes out the ingredients for making tea. She switches on the current.]

SHYAMALA. [Busying herself with the cups] I am very outspoken.

SADASIVAM. I like such people.

SHYAMALA. If you were married, you won't like a wife who speaks out her mind.

SADASIVAM. I shall not mind certainly, if she were a proper wife.

SHYAMALA. What is your definition of a proper wife.

SADASIVAM. An ideal wife—ahem—should—I mean ought to be—something—like you.

SHYAMALA. Flatterer!—This isn't the kind of tea to buy. You must buy tea packed in a vacuum tin.

SADASIVAM. I shall make a note of it. You see, my servant buys these things for me.

SHYAMALA. And this kind of sugar generally spoils the flavour of the tea.

SADASIVAM. What an ignorant ass I am!

[Gives him a cup of tea and then begins sipping the tea she has poured out for herself.]

SADASIVAM. I have never tasted tea like this before.

SHYAMALA. [Putting away the cups.] You can easily learn to make good tea, if you attend to the details.

SADASIVAM. I see I have got to learn many things.

EVERYMANS REVIEW

[Jan.

SHYAMALA. We all have to. In fact, to-day, I told a cousin of mine to learn better manners.

SADASIVAM. Indeed! What did he do?

SHYAMALA. He made love to me in an elephantine manner.

SADASIVAM. The cur! I should like to kick him.

SHYAMALA. Why, what is the matter?

SADASIVAM. How dare he make love to you?

SHYAMALA. He was my cousin you see.

SADASIVAM. What if he were your cousin? How could he, how could any man, realise what a precious jewel you are? I wish you wouldn't see him hereafter.

SHYAMALA. We couldn't help it. We rely upon him for cars and other things.

SADASIVAM. Oh!

SHYAMALA. What is the matter?

SADASIVAM. He takes you to cinemas, plays, and the likes I suppose.

SHYAMALA. Yes: sometimes.

SADASIVAM. And squeezes your hands or holds them for hours or whispers love-prattle in your ears, I suppose.

SHYAMALA. [Amused] How do you know?

SADASIVAM. He is the sort of person who would do it.

SHYAMALA. He does nothing of the kind. It is extremely rude of you to suggest—

SADASIVAM. [Very abjectly] Excuse me, Shyamala. I forgot myself.

SHYAMALA. I fail to see the reason why you should think ill of my cousin.

SADASIVAM. Ah! Don't you see? Can't you realise? You are an Angel in very expensive and becoming sarees. You are a rare flower among womankind. I do not want that you should be within the reach of every passer-by to be plucked and thrown away.

SHYAMALA. You would rear me in a hot-house?

SADASIVAM. I would plant you in my heart and enthrone you there.

1924]

THE HIGHER THEY ARE—

SHYAMALA. That sounds uncommonly like a declaration of love.

SADASIVAM. Shyamala, look at me! [She bends down her head]

Dear, I cannot give utterance to all the thoughts that flock my brain, nor still my wild throbbing heart. The world does not know what love is. To them love is something gross. To us it is a sacrament. Could you, dear woman, find it in your heart to spend the rest of your days with me and make life beautiful?

SHYAMALA. A neat little speech. Perfectly rendered. Wherefrom did you steal it?

SADASIVAM. For heaven's sake, don't be frivolous!

SHYAMALA. What would you have me say?

SADASIVAM. Say 'yes' and make me happy.

SHYAMALA. But this is so sudden.

SADASIVAM. Then there is hope.

SHYAMALA. But you will find in me a very exacting wife.

SADASIVAM. I would love you all the more!

SHYAMALA. Unfortunate as it may seem, I have a will of my own.

SADASIVAM. I will bend to that will, always.

SHYAMALA. And I must have freedom to think and act as I choose.

SADASIVAM. You need not be afraid. Our lives would be a symphony.

SHYAMALA. I hate snuff.

SADASIVAM. Here it goes. [Throws it away through the window.]

SHYAMALA. And chocolates.

SADASIVAM. They are for your sister. Vasu forgot to take them with him. [Laughs.]

SHYAMALA. You are already laughing at me.

SADASIVAM. How could you say it, Shyamala? [Puts his arm round her shoulders] I laughed at what Vasu calls his love for your sister. What could those two know of love such as ours? Kiss me dear.

EVERYMANS REVIEW

[She kisses him. Sarojini and Vasudevan enter on the threshold and stand rooted to the spot.]

VASUDEVAN. My sacred aunt! Sadasivam is kissing some blighter!

SAROJINI. Hush! It is my sister, My sacred—

[Shyamala and Sadasivam are startled. They separate and go to distant corners of the room.]

SADASIVAM. [Mustering up some gaiety] Congratulate me old boy! I am the luckiest rascal on earth.

SHYAMALA. [Very seriously] I am sure you will be glad to hear, my dear Saros, that I intend marrying Mr. Vasu's friend though you can't understand it. You are at liberty to marry whomsoever you choose.

VASUDEVAN. They mean it. My God!—How goes the saying darling?—The higher they are—

SAROJINI.—[Coming to the rescue.] the harder they fall.—

[CURTAIN]



A Literary Banquet

—A Medley—

By P. K. Anantanarayan, M.A., L.T.

A UNIQUE banquet was recently held in the metropolis of the world of which, though no report was published in the sensation-mongering newspapers, we have received intimation through the astral regions conveyed by aerial messengers. Invitations had been issued far and wide, and there was a fairly good response, as evidenced by the illustrious assembly that gathered at the dinner board, more glorious than the brotherhood of the Knights of the Round Table.

Many men of letters, from the blissful shores of Elisium and the Earthly Paradise, ancient and modern, the immortal bards and the 'inheritors of unfulfilled renown,' fortune's favourites and struggling hacks, the brilliant stars as well as obscure poetasters,—all were there in splendid array. Poets and philosophers, historians and scientists, orators and dramatists, novelists and essayists,—who can describe the friendly emulation with which they vie with one another in extending their hospitality and expressing the tribute of their admiration for the genius and virtue of others?

Representatives from all the different quarters of the globe were in evidence to do honour to the occasion: the blind Homer from his Olympian heights, the divine Kalidasa from the learned Bharatavarsha, the grave Dante and laurel-crowned Petrarch from the banks of the Tiber, Washington Irving from the Trans-Atlantic land of the almighty dollar, Scott from the highlands of Caledonia, Swedenborg just emerged from 'Heaven and Hell,' Yeats loyal and true to the Emerald Isle, Noguchi breathing the aroma of orient Japan, Beaconsfield standing for his homeless

Hebrew brethren, John Birmingham from the smoky steel city and Jack London, representing the metropolis of England.

Some eminent authors, who were for some reason or other unable to attend, had sent their proxies to take part at the function in their name. The venerable Spectator watched the proceedings for his master Addison; the grim and philosophical Sartor had been sent by Carlyle; the mighty and long-suffering Prometheus acted for Shelley; the genial Don Quixote played the part of the versatile Cervantes; the renowned Faust ate and talked like his creator Goethe; of course, the burly and benevolent Pickwick from the Club was all smiles; the kind and gentle Newcome had just arrived; the stately Romola did full justice to her learned mistress; the renowned Aeneas came all the way to refound his master's glory; of his many children Molier could despatch only the hungry Miser. Pope being bedridden had nominated two of his worthy brood from the Dunciad. Many more were present there whom it would be idle to attempt to describe in this brief sketch.

II

THE diverse and multifarious colours of their dress evolving a sweet harmony from the very blending of their variety, contributed to the interest and picturesqueness of the congress. Gilbert White was there in his 'Natural' plainness; Blackmore had donned a sombre garment, and Thomas Gray his 'Elegiac' robes, and Dr. Brown his 'Religio' gown; Leigh Hunt and the Historian of the English People were in their suit of Lincoln green just returned from the chase; Kate Rose with her blooming cheeks and Elizabeth Barret with her pale frail features, and Lady Violet in her light pink robes added poetry and romance to the scene.

Many were the books, the living embodiments of the noblest thoughts and highest aspirations of the human soul, some of them handsomely bound in rich vellum, that were ranged on the shelves or strewn idly on the tables. The ponderous volumes of Gibbon, the monumental works of Carlyle, the immortal products of other towering giants like Shakespere, Sankaracharya, Dickens, Goethe and Demosthenes, were prominently displayed.

What a treasurehouse from which to enrich the greedy mind with the wealth of knowledge and wisdom!

Just as the proceedings were about to commence, there was a bustle outside and in came the smiling Fielding from his voyage to Lisbon and Captain Cook from the Pacific Islands. When silence was restored, Boswell, the prince of toadies, slowly broke the ice by proposing that the great Dr. Johnson should be elected the Chairman of the convention; but many voices were simultaneously raised against it on the ground that the World of Letters is a Republic and that no Dictator, however eminent, would they tolerate in their Commonwealth. Poor Bossy was crestfallen, at which the artful Garrick and shrewd Goldsmith heartily laughed in their sleeves.

The congress was remarkable and unprecedented in the annals of literature. Lamb and Fox were seated side by side under the benign thumb of Mr. Shepherd. There were the cheerful John Bright and light-hearted Gay, diffusing mirth from their beaming countenance. Longfellow, chanting a psalm, was conspicuous by his tall personality. The 'sentimental' Sterne, the 'reflective' Young, the philosophic Browning, and the funeral-robed Wolfe were seated in a rather brown study in a corner. Christopher North and Robert Southey were at the remotest extremities of the hall. At the door was Mr. Porter aided by Mr. Constable, welcoming the noble guests.

The room was furnished in the most superb and modern democratic fashion according to the taste and ideas of Edward Carpenter. As regards the dishes, who can adequately describe their choice variety and rare quality when Sir Richard Baker and Samuel Butler were in charge of the culinary duties, material and spiritual? Of course the sweet dishes of Bacon and venison, Hare and Lamb and Ham (sworth) were relished by the whole body of guests.

The company was throughout lively and jolly, and their conversation, need we say, sparkling with mirth and jollity, wit and wisdom? The jovial Goldsmith was busy and humming like a bee; a branch of olive was in Hawthorne's hand; and Wendel Holmes' attempt to play the part of Autocrat at

the table was resented by many. Hazlitt, the prince of Table-Talk, was very prominent with his sprightly remarks; and for a time it seemed as though Coleridge's eloquent tongue would monopolise the whole conversation. Grimme, in spite of his name, told a cheerful Fairy-tale or two which, Bunyan remarked, was quite puerile for such an assembly, and himself narrated a few of the thrilling adventures of his Pilgrim. He was abruptly interrupted by Adam Smith who, muttering that the subject was too unworldly and unfit for their *tete-a-tete*, began to discourse upon the all important Wealth of Nations, but he was cut short by Buckle pleading for a fair consideration of the causes of the progress of Civilisation in the world, which was soon eclipsed by Darwin who insisted that a dispassionate study of the Origin of Species, whether we are descended of the gods or the apes, was of more vital concern to mankind than any other problem. All the while the dreamy De Quincey was in the land of the Opium Eaters, quite oblivious of all this wrangling rambling talk. But he was gently roused from his slumber when the ethereal Shelley and his friend Swinburne sang some of their soul-stirring lyrics in their enchanting and melodious voice. This ineffable music happily restored the Calm atmosphere of the gathering once more.

III

BUT the peace of that happy evening was somewhat marred by a slight incident towards the close. While Dean Swift was giving vent to some of his pet ideas concerning the Lilliputian nature of human kind in all ages, the irrepressible Boswell all on a sudden sprang forward and challenged Shakespere to prove that he was the genuine author of his so-called plays. This question fell upon the whole assembly like a bomb-shell, and there was wild tumult and confusion for some time. Bert Harte roared like a troop of lucky campers at the audacious suggestion; even the old Homer nodded in approval; but Milton sat quiet as a silent spectator of the scene; the mercurial Steele, boiling with mirth, asked the poet to prove the matter up to the hilt so as to set all controversy at rest. But the chivalrous and world-renowned dramatist, with a look of supreme scorn, con-

descended no reply but only held up and shook his spear at the head of the impudent questioner. Then Shaftsbury, not pleased with this silent display, aimed some of the shafts of his sarcasm at the poet, but the Reflective Orator tried to Burke the discussion. Matters could not settle down so easily. The historian of Civilisation Buckled up his armour, and James Nasmyth lifted up his huge hammer to defend the enraged combatants. Even the wise words of Confucius only added to the Confusion, and Borrow's pacifying words from the Bible were all in vain. At last, in calm and dignified words, the great poet Wordsworth was successful in pouring oil on troubled waters.

The opponents and their supporters all settled down to their respective seats. Then Mr. Drinkwater, contrary to his name, and in spite of the earnest protests of Valmiki, proposed that they should all consent to drown their ruffled feelings in a cup of wine, which was heartily responded to by the insatiable Steele and other bacchanalians of that ilk.

One last event remains to be recorded. Every one present there felt and gave expression to his feeling that for the rebuilding of the new world, as the League of Nations had almost proved a failure, they should all join together and found a League of Letters, that should aim through its individual members at the dissemination of ideas of Truth, Love, Liberty, Toleration and Brotherhood, and the promotion of peace and happiness among mankind. At once Plato, Thomas Moore and others declared that for the last two millenniums and more they had been endeavouring to sow the seeds of such ideas in the world, but which had remained merely dreamy Republics and Utopias. But they whole-heartedly supported the new scheme and gave their sage advice. A Committee was elected to work out the details, with Marshall to organise it and Arthur Helps to act as its Friend in Council. Among the members, in addition to the great philosophers mentioned above, are Wilson, Romain Rolland, Tolstoy and Tagore. Let us hope and wish that their noble venture will soon materialise and become a blessing to mankind. With this resolution we hear that the grand meeting of the illustrious literati came to a close.

The Cape to Brindaban

A Pilgrim's Impressions—III

By K. R. R. Sastry, M.A.,

Fellow of the Royal Economic Society. (Lond).

WE leave the most fertile district in the Madras Presidency and hear not much of the rich Mirasdars crushing their tenants. The more modern of these Mirasdars have grounds of anxiety with regard to the final settlement of the much talked of Kamambady Dam. We leave also the boundaries of the District which has produced some of the finest flowers of true English culture and far-seeing statesmanship. We take farewell from a District which has raised the obnoxious scale of dowries in the matrimonial market. *Pace* Tanjoreans, we leave the region of show and pomp to mingle with simple and innocent folk.

To Kanakasabhai

WHAT is widely known as the Dakshina Kailas with its Akasa-lingam is the Chidambaram of St. Nandanar. Be he the worst caste-ridden, Brahman, his first ideas always hover about the height of devotion of the paraiya, Nandanar. Here, as at Puri and Kasi, the absolute level of equality of all before the Great Nataraja, runs into the narrows of every devotee. When the Thillai Dikshitar lead us to the Chidambaram *Rahasyam*, what do we exactly see other than pure space and a garland of *bilva*? *Absolute communion with Nature* is perhaps the mystery of Chidambaram.

To The City of Distances

THE change in the character and habits of people is well-marked if Cuddalore, Villupuram, and Chingelput are passed through. Nor is the other change from the rich wet lands of Tanjore to the gradually increasing area of dryland which

ends with the red gravelly soil of Guindy, less well-marked. Royal mail-cars in red colours are ready to carry away the contents of the R. M. S. Carriage; a row of taxis awaits your kind nod; the boisterous coachmen do not leave the choice of vehicle to your good sense; the Jutka-walla and Riksha-walla have already taken two of your articles without the least hint from you: it is 8 A.M., and we have arrived at the capital of the oldest presidency.

Sanctity not its first mark

TO us pilgrims, Madras is not half as important as holy Chidambaram; the finest marina in the British Empire will never disturb our high ideas about Puri with its wretched paths and ruined roads by the sea-side; to me, Tiruvottiyur, the sacred place of Pattinathu Pillaiyar is more important than the busy Mount Road or the busier Esplanade; the temple at Mylapore in the centre of the surrounding streets is more valuable to us than the exquisite High Court or the array of buildings in the first line beach; in short, when I want to find solace in the sacred shrines, what do I care for the harbour, the High Court, or the Zoo?

To Thiruvottiyur

WE take the earliest possible train to pray at the *Samadi* of one of the highly philosophical Saiva devotees. Far away from the dengy and dirty centres of mischief and money-grabbing in a quiet seashore amidst poplar groves, lies the shrine of the philosopher-saint, Pattinathu Pillaiyar.

To me, his sermon on the death of his mother has more meaning than a thousand and one lines from a foreign language. The whole piece is unsurpassed for the touching picture of motherly love; and the final reconciliation in the divine Sonagirinathan is par excellence Indian in tone. I am yet to find one Tamilian who was not moved to tears while going through the former portions; and the superior man that I felt while citing the reconciliation lines still throbs through my whole system.

(To be continued).

The Green-Eyed Monster

(A Short Story)

By Rajaiah D. Paul, M.A.

THAILI was sitting in front of her house. It was only a thatched one, and the thatch was none too new. It consisted of but a single room, which served as kitchen, bed-room, dining-hall, and drawing room, all combined. The walls were spotlessly white. Though only of mud, they had been polished smooth with cow-dung, and white-washed. She was sitting on the ground, in the well-swept front court-yard of the house, which was bright with *Kolams* in white, outlined in red. A few saffron coloured flowers of the pumpkin were set among the *Kolams*. It was the month of *Margazhi*. She was dressed in a scarlet *saree*. Her hair was well-combed, and was tied up in a knot behind; and she wore a bunch of bright yellow chrysanthemums. She was playing with her little boy. He had just learnt to walk about without falling too often; and he seemed very proud of his achievement. He was now going backwards and forwards. He came running, from a distance of about five feet, to his mother; and by the time he reached her, he would stagger and fall. The mother would catch him up in her arms, and place him on his feet again. He would then cautiously walk backwards, and then run forwards again. The fellow had grown so confident of his mother not letting him fall, that he was recklessly rushing at her; and she was, therefore all the more careful. And both were laughing uproariously.

As mother and son were playing thus, a middle aged man came from the street, leading a pair of bulls. It was clear that he was returning from the fields. His legs were covered with mud, and there were patches of mud practically all over his body. A shabby growth of hair, a week old, was adorning his

face. He was by no means very attractive looking, at least not just then.

"Oh! stop. Here is your father coming. I must go." Thaili said to her little son, who was however loathe to stop the enjoyment of rapid locomotion without its attendant dangers. In a reckless attempt to continue the game, and prevent his mother from going, the little fellow ran once again, and reached his mother when she had already got up. He had very nearly fallen to the ground when his mother caught him up, lifted him high above her head, and then placed him on her hip, and went into the house. Nagan had tied up the bulls in a shed, and was now washing himself.

"Shall I give you meals?" asked Thaili, coming out to the place where her husband was washing himself. "You must be very hungry."

"Yes," he said, and called to his little son.

"Hi! you mischievous imp, get down from your mother's hip, and come here. Let her go and arrange for our meals. I am hungry."

The little fellow evidently understood it, though he could not yet speak. But unwilling to comply with the order, he turned away his head, and pretended not to have heard.

"You hand him over to me," Nagan said to his wife.

If his father would also carry him about, the little fellow had no objection to the change. So he came over to his father with great alacrity, and settled himself comfortably in his father's arms.

"No, no, you mustn't make father carry you about. Don't you see that he has just come back from the fields, and is tired?" Thaili said to her son, as she turned into the house to "lay the table" for her husband.

She washed a big bronze platter,—one of those old-fashioned things which are now giving way to dirty-looking aluminium, or, worse, enamelled-iron plates,—and poured out the ragi-gruel cooked over-night, and kept soaked in butter-milk. Hot meals they had only once in a day, and that was in the evening.

She stood by as her husband was having his meals. The

little fellow was seated on his father's knees, as he was squatting on the ground. He was tired of being all the time with his mother and wanted a change.

"Why do you trouble your father even when he is eating? Come away here." Thaili said to the little fellow, in assumed tones of severity; which were however quite lost on him.

"Oh! never mind. Let him be." Said the father. "I am going out again presently."

"Going out again! Why? You have just come back from the fields, and you must be tired. And the sun is so very hot." she said in a vain attempt to persuade him to stay.

"I have to go to the Ramapuram shandy. You know our paddy crop is ripe for harvest. I propose cutting it next week. I want to go and find out the prices obtaining now. That will help me to decide whether to sell the paddy away now or to store it up till the prices are better."

"Yes, but in any case, you have to sell part of it. You have to pay the kist, you said."

"Yes, it is already over-due."

"And you must also get a pair of cloths. Your cloths have all become old. I was trying to patch up the tears in one of them to-day. They are past mending."

"Yes, I will go and see the prices. If the prices are very bad, I shall try the Koviloor shandy. The prices are generally better there."

"I thought you would stay in all the afternoon, till it is time to tie the ploughs again. These three or four days, since mother-in-law went away to your sister's, I am feeling a bit lonely." Only then did the point of her argumentation regarding the futility of visiting shandies become evident.

"Oh, won't mother come back to-morrow? Then you will be all right, girl. Don't worry."

So he got up, and put on a shirt, and adjusted his waist-cloth. Thaili ran up and took his Sandals from the eaves of the roofing where they had been thrust in; and placed them near his feet. As she placed them down, she just let her fingers touch his feet as if by accident. And he, as if to balance himself

on one foot while putting the sandals on the other, just touched her head, as she was still stooping down. They smiled at each other. Thaili grew shy, and hung down her head; and he was gone. Only then did she turn to the little fellow who was tugging at her *saree* all the time.

"Look here, the post-man brought this card to-day, and read it out to me. It appears that my cousin Rangan is coming here to-morrow." Said Thaili to her husband when he returned late in the evening from the *shandy*.

"Who is he?"

"Oh, don't you know, my mother's sister's son. His father died when he was a baby, and his mother came to live with us soon after, and Rangan was brought up in our house. He went away to Penang just before my marriage, and has come back just now after three years."

"Oh, Has he? Why is he coming here?"

"Of course, to see us. He hasn't seen you, nor has he seen our little fellow, you know."

"Yes, yes."

"And how were the prices at the shandy? Have you decided about selling the paddy?"

"No, the prices were wavering. They will depend on the new grain coming to the market. Is your cousin married?"

"No, no, he went away just when they were proposing his marriage. They wanted to have his marriage at the same time as mine."

"How old is he?"

"Just a little bit older than I am; about three years, I think. He was a handsome looking young fellow and a number of girls were being offered for him when he suddenly went away to Penang."

"Oh, were they? I suppose he has made some money out there."

"Yes, he has made a decent pile, they say."

"I suppose he will settle down here, now."

"I don't know. I can't say what made him go away so suddenly as he did."

"Was it from your house that he went away?"

"Yes. He was with us all the time; and it was just before our wedding came off that he went away."

The next morning when Nagan came back from the fields, mud-bespattered and fatigued as usual, he was taken by surprise to see a young man in trousers and boots sitting on his pial. He could not guess who the stranger was. He was afraid that he might be some officer of the Government, come to him about the kist business. He gathered up his clothes so as not to touch him and went in. When he found Thaili conversing with him from inside the house where she was very busy near the oven, he asked his wife in a whisper who the stranger was.

"Oh! don't you know. That is my cousin Rangan. Why! you didn't think that I would be speaking like that to a stranger?"

"Oh! is that your cousin? In such gorgeous dress! I am afraid I can hardly make friends with him."

"You remember, Thaili, our playing hide-and-seek behind our house, and how you used to cover yourself with hay in the hay-stack, and I used to pull you out?" the stranger was saying from outside.

"Oh! yes, I remember it very well. Good old days!"

Nagan wasn't sure if a sigh did not escape Thaili. He thought it did.

"You remember, Thaili, how once just before I went away to Penang, when you were coming back from the well with the brass *kudam* on your head, I came behind you, and tickled you so that the *kudam* fell down and was crushed, and your mother gave you a good scolding?"

"Yes, yes, you were a mischievous boy in those days. I remember it very well. And I wonder if you remember that I did not tell mother that I threw the pot down because you tickled me."

Rangan was looking away, and did not answer.

Nagan was sitting inside the house, listening to the conversation. He had not yet attempted to make friends with the imposing-looking stranger sitting on the pial and drumming with his boot-heels. He was getting tired of the "you remem-

bers" and "mischievous boy" and "good girls" which formed the whole conversation.

"Aren't the meals ready yet, Thaili?" he asked his wife a bit sharply.

"It will be ready in a minute. The fire-wood is so wet that I had a lot of trouble making fire."

"I am afraid that the conversation was too interesting to allow you time to attend to the fire." Rangan replied.

Thaili did not like the tone in which the words were spoken. They were rather unusual for her husband. She looked up suddenly, and saw that her husband was scowling.

"What is the matter with him," she thought. "The poor man is being worried about the payment of the assessment."

"Did you see the beautiful *saree* which my cousin has brought from Penang for me?" she said, and brought it. "It is much more costly than any I have now. Don't you think it is very pretty?"

"Yes, it is," replied Nagan curtly. "But I am too hungry to appreciate your *saree* just now. Do please attend to the cooking."

Thaili replaced the *saree* in the wooden box, and went back to the oven. Her happy mood had been dispelled in a minute and she was on the verge of tears. But it wouldn't do to weep when you have a guest.

"Your husband seems to be a boor, Thaili; excuse my saying so. But we are old friends you know; and so I can speak to you frankly." Rangan said when Nagan had gone away to the fields again in the afternoon.

"How dare you say that?" retorted Thaili, lifting up her face. Her eyes were flaming fire.

"Well, well, don't you get angry. You can't deny that he was very rude to you to-day"

"It was very unusual, and I am not able to understand it. He has never behaved like this to me before. He is being worried about the kist; and your presence here has upset him. You have brought ill-luck to me. Please go away, and please take away the *saree* you brought. I don't want it." He

does not evidently like that I should accept anything from another”.

“Oh, is that it? Do be reasonable, Thaili. We are cousins, and what harm is there if I give you a *saree* as a present? And who is he to say that you should not receive it? I can afford not only that but a thousand *sarees* like that. You will remember that I was not able to give you anything at the time of your wedding.”

“No, no, I do not want your presents; and I shall not have any so long as he does not want me to have any. Of course it is a very fine *saree* but I do not want it.”

“Well, well, I will not take it back. You may throw it away if you like, or give it away to some one else; but I will not take it back. And look here, Thaili; don’t let us quarrel. I shall go away now, and at once, before your husband returns—just as I came when he was away. But I cannot help thinking that your husband loves you but poorly.”

And with this parting shot he left.

Thaili sat down where she had been standing, and buried her face in her hands. The tears which she had fought with and had kept back all the time came in torrents; and she forgot herself in one great outburst of agony. She did not get up till her husband returned from the fields at dusk. The house was dark. As soon as she heard his steps she got up hurriedly, wiped away her tears, and went to light the lamp.

“Thaili, where are you?” Nagan asked. His tones had much softened.

“Here I am. Just wait a minute; I shall light the lamp,” Thaili replied. She was greatly relieved by the change of tone.

“Where is your cousin? What, has he gone away? Why did he sneak away like this?”

“I don’t know; he said that he had to go away in a hurry, and went away.” She did not want to say that she had sent him away.

It was a great satisfaction to Nagan. He himself did not quite understand why he felt so relieved at the news.

A few days passed. Nagan had almost forgotten the incident

of the cousin’s visit which had thrown him into an unreasoning fit of jealousy, when Thaili came to him with a request to go to her father’s house. Her younger sister was seriously ill and she was anxious to go. Some one had brought the news, who had come from her father’s village. The fit returned, but this time he had himself well under control. By adroit questions he found out that her cousin was still at her father’s place; and instantaneously decided that she wanted to go there simply because he was there; and he permitted her to go.

“But won’t you also come with me?” she asked.

“I! why, are you mad? Don’t you know that I have to be here to attend to the paddy harvest?”

“Yes, but can’t you come when that is over?” The poor woman was as anxious to be with him as she was to go and see her sister. “No, what about the selling? Who is to do it, you think?”

So Thaili went away with her baby.

There is in every village a veritable human vampire; a she-devil who lies in wait in street corners, and ensnares men with her eyelids. Suruti was the property of Vanaputhur, the scene of our story. The day after Thaili left, she came to Nagan’s house, and asked for Thaili. She had seen Thaili go away, and knew that she would not be there. She had heard of the cousin’s visit, and her evil nature had imagined evil. Nagan was inside, doing nothing.

“Thaili is not here. She has gone to her mother’s place for a few days.”

“Has she? I did not know. Of course she has taken the baby, hasn’t she? You must be feeling very lonely. Poor man.”

Nagan would have resented her intrusion at any other time; but now he was suffering from mental jaundice.

From that day Nagan’s ruin began. His crops were neglected. No thought of Thaili crossed his mind. He was wallowing in the mire of a courtesan’s love.

The news reached Thaili at Chinnur, as news does reach in rural parts. In the absence of post, telegraph, and wireless, news spread faster there than in towns. Thaili heard. At

first she could not believe her ears. But when every person who came from anywhere near Vanaputhur talked of this and nothing else she decided to go back and save her husband.

She went back post haste. Nagan did not know that she was coming. He was not in the house when she reached it. She settled herself down, and went about as if nothing had happened. She lit the fire and cooked the meals.

Some one told Nagan that his wife had come back. His wife had come back and he was not there at the house! Had she heard, he wondered. He went to the house pretending that he was just returning from the fields.

"Thaili, why have you come back?" he asked.

"Why shouldn't I come back? Did you not want me? Or did you think that I will never come back? Sister is getting better and so I came away," she replied, in her coolest tones.

"Did you go really because your sister was ill; and for no other reason? You did not want to go to him?"

"Him, what do you mean? You mean my cousin? You did not think I was a prostitute, did you? And you did not think that I was loving my cousin when I am your wife? Did you really think that?"

"Oh, no, no," meekly protested Nagan. A guilty woman does not speak in such tones.

"Oh, my fate, that my husband should suspect me. Was that the reason why you scolded me the day he was here? I wish he had never come at all."

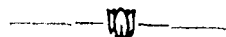
"I am very sorry, Thaili. And of course you have heard of my conduct during your absence. I am struck with remorse."

Thaili did not answer. Her tears were falling fast.

"If you still suspect me I shall go away. I cannot bear to remain here."

"No, no, it is all gone. I am not worthy of living with you. I have been a beast."

"No, don't say that. You are my husband, and I am satisfied."



The Clarion-Call of Romanticism

By L. V. Ramaswami Aiyar, B.A., B.L.

THERE can hardly be any doubt that the origin of Romanticism in European literature is ascribable to the same underlying influences that gave rise to the French Revolution. Though this great upheaval of the European mind broke more idols than the health and the well-being of the European society warranted, yet it proved to be the welcome harbinger of a healthy spirit of rebellious questioning and introspective enthusiasm which reflected itself in, and introduced, revolutionary changes in the literary world. In England and on the continent distinct literary revolts against the shackles of the previous centuries began. The story of the beginnings of the Romantic movement in English literature is too well known to need any repetition here. We all know how first the stars of Blake, Collins, Burns and Cowper appeared though vaguely on the literary firmament of England and how soon afterwards the powerful rays of the genius of Wordsworth, Coleridge and other literary luminaries of the Romantic school gradually dispelled the mist of misunderstanding and flooded the world with the effulgence of their literary ideals.

The echoes that the great cataclysm of the French Revolution raised in the world of France were not dissimilar to those in England, but it should not be forgotten that the respective characteristics of the genius of the two races conditioned the line of development of the Romantic spirit in the two lands. An under-current of objective realism exists in the works of Victor Hugo, the great high-priest of French Romanticism, whereas introspective subjectivity permeates the Romanticist writings in England. A poem like Tennyson's 'Dora' or Wordsworth's

'Lucy Gray' can, it has been rightly said, be rarely found in French literature, just as a finished work of art like George Sand's "Indiana" will only be a rarity in English literature.

This great re-birth of feeling in the West did not go without creating a movement of stir in the Far East also. The first Indian who caught the echoes of this tempest and translated the echoes into words which breathe fire even to-day, was Raja Ram Mohun Roy. He was an iconoclast of the first type, a close student and admirer of the spirit of the French Revolution with whom, however, the ultra-violent destructive side of the movement never found favour. Ram Mohun Roy was the creator of modern Bengali prose, and to him should be assigned the credit of laying the corner-stones of that structure of Bengali Romanticism which has grown into such an artistic citadel at the present day. On the foundations that were laid by Ram Mohun Roy, Michael Madhusudhan Dutt raised a superstructure which was as remarkable an achievement for Bengali literature as that of Cowper and Collins for English literature. Milton was Dutt's great ideal, and the strikingly bold manner in which he defied the worn-out conventional beliefs of the past paved the way for the advent of the modern Bengali literary spirit and the modern Bengali era—a period more remarkable than any previous period in that it has broken completely with the hollow past and framed literary ideals and rules of its own.

The leader of this new movement of the modern period is certainly the sage of Shantiniketan. The account of Rabindranath's open revolt against the worn-out literary conventions of the past will form no less interesting and epoch-making a chapter in Bengali literature than the struggles of Wordsworth against the prejudices of the Edinburgh critics. Rabindranath's rebellion relates both to the form and to the matter of literature. The most prominent characteristics of Romanticism might be said to consist in an ardent and passionate love of Nature, the return to the purest ideals of classical literature, the existence of a "divine discontent" in the writer which makes him delve deep in the mystery of the Illimitable, the choice of unconventional themes and language, and the possession of a critical taste at once

catholic and penetrating. All these characteristics are present in Rabindranath's writings and it was he who inaugurated in Bengal a feeling of sympathetic appreciation for these characteristics of Romanticism.

The fact that love of Nature is indeed a conspicuous element in the constitution of Rabindranath's genius admits of no doubt. With Wordsworth he could exclaim, "To me the meanest flower that blows can give, Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears." Rabindranath's passionate love of Nature has found expression even in the earliest volumes of his poems, the 'Prabhat-Sangit' and the 'Sandhya-Sangit'.

"I am tossed about in a sea of ecstasy by the world around me!" says he in one of the poems. Closely connected with his love of Nature is his intense desire to pierce the Veil of the Problem of Life,—the 'divine discontent' which is so prominent a characteristic of the Romanticists. The poet's desire to know the Life All-pervasive makes him try to realise the Great through the Small. The songs of birds are not mere songs for him but they represent that primeval song of Eternity which began with the very creation of the Earth. No poet of the old school could have given vent to such feelings in Bengal, and so the publication of such sentiments made the orthodox literary men of Bengal gape and wonder.

Rabindranath's love for the purest ideals of classical literature both of the East and the West, is best apparent in his poem called "Urbasi" which is included in the volume of poems entitled "Chitra". Mr. E. J. Thompson one of the sanest of critics, himself a poet of no mean order, classes this poem as one of the finest short poems in the world. In this poem has Rabindranath successfully effected a fusion of the best classical ideals of the East with those of the West. The poem describes the great dance of Urbasi in the Home of the Gods and its effect on the Universe. The melody of the lines, the rhythmic flow of the verse, the neat comparisons and figures of speech (never overworked or unnecessarily stressed), the extraordinary "visual" effect produced by the realistic descriptions, and the happy blend of the classical rigour of taste and Eastern sensuousness have

combined to make this Western critic grow ecstatic over this poem and rightly call it one of the masterpieces of the world.

Rabindranath's literary criticism is possessed of all that catholicity of taste which characterises the tone of Wordsworth's "Preface" to "Lyrical Ballads." Time and again has this poet expressed the view that the only criterion of excellence in every work of art is its power to please. The many critical notices written by Rabindranath about various writers both English and Indian, show clearly that he never set any store by conventional canons or standards of excellence. The poet unequivocally champions the cause of freedom in literary form and matter so as to allow the widest latitude possible, in works of art, for the "power to please."

In respect of choice of themes the poet has original views of his own which directly run counter to the accepted opinions of our land. When he wrote the novel "Ghare Bhaire" or "Home and the World" in a serial form in the columns of "Sabuj Patra" there arose a loud outcry in the literary world of Bengal. The language used, the unconventional sentiments, the discussion of the problem of evil, and a spirit of antagonism towards the swadhesi movement formed the butt of attack, and Rabindranath was assailed from more quarters than one as an innovator mad after English things, a "Sabuj-thanthri" and so on. The attacks became so virulent as to provoke the poet to publish his views on the "subject and the object of a story." Here the poet enunciates the proposition—already enunciated by many a Romanticist predecessor of his—that the poet sings or the writer writes because he must and that it is not the business of either to pander to the particular opinions or the faddish crotchets of the public. The poet further says, "The possibilities that lie deep in human nature are the basis of the plots of all the best stories and dramas in literature. There is eternal truth in human nature itself but not in mere events." The critics who attacked his book on the ground that the subject of the story dealt with evil were answered thus: "The question whether the impulse for evil which is a fact of human nature can be a proper subject for literature has been sufficiently answered by

literature itself through all ages and all countries and therefore it will not matter if I remain silent about it." The poet's general views about the stereotyped literary criticism of our land are no less positive. "Criticism of literature has in our land resolved itself into a judgment of the proprieties necessary for orthodoxy. Our critics go to the extreme tenuity of debate as to the excellence of Bankim's heroines in strict conformity with the canons of Hinduism." Another of the grounds of attack directed against Rabindranath's book, "The Home and the World" was that the views expressed by some characters of the book were inconsistent with the strict principles of orthodox Hinduism.

To this charge the poet gives the following effective reply. "There are a crowd of heroines in Shakespeare's dramas, but their excellence is not judged according to the peculiar English qualities, and even the most fanatical Xian theologians desist from awarding them marks in order of merit according to their degree of Christianity." Then follow certain stinging remarks which bear special reference to the false conventional standards or criteria of literary excellence. "The classification of heroines which we find in the Rhetoric of ancient India was not in accordance with the models put forward in the "Laws of Manu." I am not for such classification at all because literature is not science; if....heroes and heroines are introduced according to certain classified types, then such literature becomes a toy-shop not an ideal world of living creatures.....".....No exposition of the underlying spirit of Romanticism can be more expressively stated than this.

Just as the English romanticists harked back to the pure literary spirit of the sixteenth century European Renaissance period, so too the new school of writers in Bengal headed by Rabindranath, draws inspiration from the undefiled wells of the sacred Upanishads. Again even as European romanticists revelled in ballads and folk-productions such as Percy's "Reliques" and Ossian's works, so too Rabindranath is steeped in the Vaishnava lyrics of his land. Thus the two main currents that have contributed to the formation of Rabindranath's genius

are the Upanishads and the Vaishnava lyrics of Bengal. The trait of 'Vishwaprem' for 'Universal Sympathy' is the outcome of the mingling of these two currents.

We have seen that in respect of the subject-matter of literature the note of revolt had already been sounded by the poet in his earliest works and that this note later developed into an open fanfare with the publication of his "Home and the World." In respect of the form or garb of literature also the poet possessed original views from the earliest times of his career, and signs of his dissatisfaction with the existing conventions and rules are unmistakeably visible in the first volume of his poems, "Prabhat Sangeeth." When the poet, however, wrote "Kshanika," he openly broke away from the past, hurled defiance at the conventional rules of versification and adopted as the garb of his poems canons of composition which though they infinitely increased the charm of his verse, evoked a storm of protest and resentment from the orthodox school. This opposition and hatred even blinded many men in Bengal to the merits of the Bengali Gitanjali all the poems of which were written in the new form of versification. Mr. E. J. Thompson has in his short monograph vividly described how like an arrow-stricken leopard an old Bengali Pandit to whom the Bengali "Gitanjali" was shown, romped about in rage and fury condemning the versification adopted in the book. This attempt of the poet Rabindranath to free Bengali poetry from the trammels of Sanskrit metrical forms has been supplemented and furthered by two other modern poets of Bengal viz. Satyendranath Datta and Kazi Nasarul Islam.

In the form of prose also the poet introduced innovations. He adopted as the vehicle of composition, the colloquial language in his prose work "The Home and the World." The conventional language used for prose had hitherto been only the Sanskritised style called Likhita Bhasha. Also in those exquisite small storiettes known as Kothikas, the colloquial style was used by the poet throughout. The vocabulary which the poet employed was also drawn from the common language of everyday use. All these innovations led to a violent uproar,

and in particular the use of the colloquial style looked positively revolutionary and sacrilegious to many an orthodox wiseacre, and furious fulminations were showered on the devoted head of the poet. The example of the poet in the use of the colloquial language has been more and more followed notwithstanding the great opposition it engendered at first, and to-day all the most powerful writers of Bengal have given up the old artificial style and adopted the colloquial style as the garb of their literary works.

Romanticism has triumphed in Bengali literature. The example of Rabindranath has told. There can be no turning back in Bengal now. Slavery to Sanskrit ideals and conventions is a thing of the past in Bengal but what of South India? What of our own literature in Malabar? Have the worn-out literary ideals of a dead past ceased to possess their glamour for the literateurs of Kerala? Have the ideals of Romanticism which alone can afford the freest and fullest play to the activity of individual genius begun to possess any meaning or importance for our writers? I leave it to my readers to answer this question.



The Finance Member on Indian Currency

By L. N. Govindarajan, B.A.

IT was an able speech that Sir Basil Blackett delivered the other day to the Associated Chamber of Commerce in Bombay. Unfortunately critics have not been wanting to minimise the significance of one of the most historic pronouncements on Indian Currency ever made by a Finance Member of the Government of India. For example, the 'Swarajya' writes, "The delivery was like a class-room lecture to ignorant school-boys," and the "Hindu," in discussing with ability the points at

issue raised by the Finance Member, says, "It is, we think, a bit too late in the day to advertise the many real and imaginary excellences of the Exchange Standard. Its demerits as well as its merits are well-known in this country and to enter on an elaborate exposition of it to an audience of Indian businessmen seems something like "carrying coal to Newcastle."

If only the intricate and highly technical nature of the subject is sufficiently recognised, no one will fail to appreciate this masterly elucidation of the Riddle of the Rupee. Much of the criticism levelled against his speech is due to the unwarranted introduction of political motives in this purely technical subject. It is not that Finance should be altogether divorced from Politics. On the contrary as the Finance Member himself shrewdly points out, Currency Problems really deserve close attention and study by those who are working for India's Political future. But they must be approached from a purely Scientific standpoint, and not with a view to find weapons for attacking the Government. Sir Basil is not above criticism; nor does he say so. On the other hand he welcomes it and is ready at all times to make himself answerable at the bar of intelligent opinion.

War and Indian Currency

EVERYONE knows the last occasion on which the value of the Rupee was fixed for eternity, when the Government was confronted with both a currency difficulty arising from an abnormal appreciation of silver, and a trade difficulty arising from an unsettled Exchange. Thus it happened that while all the previous Committees had to fight against the abnormal depreciation of silver, the Babington Committee was appointed to solve the difficulties arising from an abnormal appreciation of silver. Till the beginning of the war the problem of the Government had been to provide gold resources in order to liquidate an unfavourable balance and nobody dreamt that the system might be hardpressed to provide for the token Currency. The unexpected however happened during the war and the chief problem for the Executive was to provide for the Internal Currency in ever-increasing quantities, owing to the continuous

favourable balance of trade. It is now fairly well recognised that our Currency system is like an army, liable to be attacked on both flanks and both flanks must therefore be carefully guarded.

The Babington Committee had three methods at their disposal to meet the Currency and Trade difficulties;—

1. Declaring notes inconvertible, until the silver crisis was over. If this method had been adopted, it would have freed the Government from the necessity of providing Silver Rupees. But inconvertibility would have been a disaster of the first magnitude for the Note-issue and for India.

2. Debasing the Silver Rupee in order to secure its token character. As the Rupee was firmly rooted in the habits of the people, both as a medium of Exchange and as a store of value, reduction in weight would reach gravely on the credit of the Government.

3. Changing the legal ratio and fixing it at the then gold value of Silver.

Now, of these three methods the Government could not do the first, Dalal urged the second, and the Committee adopted the third.

The whole policy recommended by the Commission was based on two erroneous assumptions, (1) that the price of silver would continue at its then high level and (2) that the balance of trade would continue to be favourable for many years after the war. However both these assumptions were unwarrantable. In the memorandum submitted by him to the Currency Committee, Mr. Madon of Bombay has by giving us the history of the price of silver during the last twenty-five years, clearly established that all Wars tend to create a large demand for silver and that we can reasonably look forward to a much lower level of the price of silver as soon as we enter the period of readjustment. This feature of silver was ignored by the Committee, with the result that the prophecy of Mr. Madon has come true and the Indian Commerce has suffered the consequences. With equal dogmatism the Committee assumed that the balance of trade would continue to be favourable to India for many years to come. While the loss

that India has suffered through the adoption of the recommendations of the Committee need not be minimised, we shall not speak of it at length here. As our object is not to condemn Government but to offer friendly criticism, we shall bury the past and look to the future.

A Harmless Fiction

THE two-shillings rate is now fictitious. But India is not the only example of a country where there is discrepancy between the appearance and the reality in the value of the Currency. If there were any fear that the Government might begin to tamper with the Exchange market in order to bring about by manipulation an artificial increase of fifty per cent in the external value of the Currency, the two-shillings rate may be regarded as a sword of Damocles perpetually hanging over the heads of those who are engaged in foreign trade. Since the Government has no such intention, Sir Basil assures us that there is no need for alarm. Any other rate, including sixteen pence rate, is equally arbitrary and there is therefore no need for change from one to the other. Whatever be the official rate fixed, Exchange transactions will be governed only by the market-rate and when the Indian Government adopts it in its remittances, the official rate becomes altogether harmless, though perhaps a little bit inconvenient. The official fiction is so illusory, says the Finance Member, that it is incapable of producing any injury.

The Importance of Stability

WHATEVER may be said against a policy of stabilisation, nobody can deny the solid advantages of a stable Exchange. Though stability is not an essential condition, it is at any rate an important facility to trade. In business the breath of life is Confidence, and what is required for Confidence is certainty. Exchange fluctuations even when they are of moderate extent have a disquieting effect, because they introduce an element of uncertainty in Foreign business transactions.

The Finance Member might well have added that as India needs foreign Capital for developing her resources and as

instability in Exchange would scare away such foreign capital, the need for stability in the value of the Rupee is all the more obvious.

The Adequacy of the Reserves to Support Exchange

BEFORE an attempt is made to stabilise Exchange we must know whether we have adequate resources to maintain the internal and the external value of our Currency. But what concerns us immediately is the external value of the Rupee, its value as a means of International payment. For this purpose we need not draw any distinction between silver Rupees and Currency notes. The one is a note printed on silver, the other, on paper. The value of our currency depends on the power to exchange it when necessary for gold or sterling—the international medium of Exchange. As borrowing abroad is not desirable and in times of crisis, not possible, the Government keeps reserves of ready cash or what is equivalent to ready cash for this purpose. The currency problem of India is to ensure that we shall run no risk of being unable to put our hands on international currency whenever we need it to pay our dues in sterling.

Now what about the adequacy of the Reserves? Are they held as a sort of Currency Reserve or are they to fulfil also the purposes of a Banking Reserve? If the Government's Reserve is held purely to support the Currency, the maximum value of Rupees and notes which can be spared from circulation and tendered to Government for exchange sets an upper limit to the necessary amount of the Reserve. If on the other hand it is intended to act as a Banking Reserve as well, and to ensure India's ability to meet her International obligations at all times, then the upper limit is set by the probable maximum amount of adverse balance which can arise against India.

The question thus raised by Keynes years ago has been solved by experience. Sir Basil gives the answer emphatically, that the Reserve of International Currency held by India is a Banking and not merely a Currency Reserve. But even then our resources are sufficient for the support of Exchange as well as for liquidating an unfavourable balance.

Immediate Stabilisation, a wrong Course.

ADMITTING then that we have the resources to pursue a policy of stabilisation, the further question arises whether it is desirable to make a further experiment with the value of the Rupee in the present unsettled Exchange-conditions all the world over. In a universe, in which everything is in a state of flux, anything in it can be stable in regard to the rest, only by itself remaining in a state of motion, adjusting itself to the movements of the rest by corrective movements. World-prices and world-exchanges continue to be a subject of considerable fluctuations, and if the Rupee is now stabilised with reference to either sterling or gold, it may mean ruinous fluctuations in the Indian price-level, and alternating inflation and deflation within periods too narrow to make it convenient or even safe for trade to tolerate it. In effect our currency policy would have been liable to be dictated from abroad. We would be bound to conform to the movements of sterling at a time when even sterling is liable to fluctuate. The objections to stabilisation at sixteen pence—sterling applies equally to stabilisation at sixteen pence—gold. Once again where the world is in a state of flux, stability would only be apparent, for in this case we are involved in fluctuating relations with sterling. The lamentable history of the attempt to fix the Rupee at two shillings—gold, and the wide distrust of the Government which resulted from the complete failure of the attempt, should warn us against any attempt to embark on any new policy afresh, unless the Government is determined at all costs to carry it through.

Such is the argument that proceeded from a British Treasury Official of the eminence of Sir Basil—an argument which it will be remembered he had had occasion to put forward in the Council of State some months earlier. It is a weighty argument and cannot be lightly brushed aside, and everybody will agree with Sir Basil that the time has not yet come when we might venture on a further experiment with the value of the Rupee.

Gold Standard and Currency.

THERE is his praise of the gold exchange standard backed up by copious quotations from Keynes which we fancy must have been somewhat boring to his audience than edifying or even relevant", thus comments *the Hindu* of Madras on what we may consider the most admirable portion of his speech. Sir Basil evidently is not an admirer of the scheme of introducing gold in internal circulation. But so far as the immediate object is concerned there is, and can be, no difference of opinion. That immediate object is the attainment of the gold standard. But the further question arises whether it is to India's advantage that gold standard should be followed by gold currency. It is contended in some quarters that there is widespread distrust of the token currency policy of the Government. For a country which absorbs gold it may be argued an extensive token currency is undesirable. Many contend that there is the necessity in India not only to educate the people in the use of the economical forms of currency, but also to use the stored-up gold. They therefore conclude that it is not to the interest of India to have its wealth diverted into idle hoards and that efforts should be made to introduce gold currency in India.

But the Finance Member has got his own three valuable authorities in support of the gold exchange standard—Plato, Keynes and the Genova Conference Currency Report. Plato, in laying down for his Ideal State an Ideal Currency, pronounced in favour of the gold-Exchange standard. For internal purposes the State was to issue currency notes stamped on bits of leather, but for International purposes it was to keep a Reserve of gold. Keynes asserts emphatically in favour of the Indian Currency System as follows:

"Much nonsense is talked of about gold standard properly carrying gold currency with it. If we mean by gold currency a state of affairs in which gold is the *important* medium of exchange, no country in the world has it. Gold is an International, not a local currency."

The currency problem of each country is to have an unfailing command over adequate gold resources in order to liquidate an

unfavourable balance of trade. This brings us to the third authority in support of the gold-exchange standard. The Currency Committee of Genova Conference advocates a system of currency whose monetary logic is not different from that underlying the principles of our own currency arrangements. It recommends the establishment of gold centres in which for convenience and economy the world's Reserves of International Currency may be concentrated.

Need for a Wider Outlook

THE passionate appeal of Sir Basil to the public and especially to the business world to take a more liberal and broad minded attitude towards Currency problems will not fall upon deaf ears. His plea that currency is an International concern and that in Currency questions there can be no irreconcilable conflict of interests between nations is bound to carry conviction. He is not prepared to admit that Currency questions can be viewed either from an Indian or an Imperial standpoint. But we may be permitted in demanding from the Finance Member that if any conflict were to arise it is his duty to put the interests of India first.

Conclusion

SUCH is in brief the substance of the lecture of Sir Basil Blackett. That he is in charge of an important department no body can gainsay, and it is hoped that his undoubted talents and experience will be useful to evolve for our country a currency system at once suitable to the interests of India and akin to popular demand.

Above all the gold-exchange standard is not the *ultimate* goal but merely a half-way house. We may conclude with the following memorable words of Sir James Meston. "The broad lines of our action and our objects are clear and unmistakable, and there has been no great or fundamental sacrifice of consistency in progress towards our ideal. Since the Fowler Commission that progress has been real and unbroken. There is still one great step forward before the ideal can be reached. We have linked India with the gold countries of the world. We have reached a gold exchange standard which we are steadily

developing and improving. The next and final step is a true gold currency. That, I have every hope, will come in time, but we cannot force it.

But the final step will come in time when the country is ripe for it."



Man Made Laws

By Mrs. M. T.

EVEN though Lakshmi was the daughter of only a village priest, she was quite an accomplished girl, judging by the standard of that village. She knew to read and write Tamil fairly well, and she had taken the first prize in the fifth class in her eleventh year. With that, her education also had stopped, as she was married shortly afterwards. The marriage of his two elder daughters had cost him a good bit, and so Viswanathier was considering ways and means as to how to dispose of his last remaining daughter Lakshmi in the least expensive manner. And he blessed the kindly Providence and thanked his stars, when in the next village the wife of one Ramier, a well-to-do man, died suddenly of cholera. Within two months of that, the marriage of Lakshmi to Ramier was finally settled and Viswanathier was a proud and glad man, only his eldest son Natesan was set against it. Ramier was a fairly rich man having a well paying business concern at Travancore, and as he fancied the pretty Lakshmi he not only promised to give jewels worth 500 Rs. to her on the marriage day but also to have the marriage performed at his own cost and in his house. He was also, a man within thirty-five years and he had no child by his first wife living, except a boy of six. Considering all these points, even Lakshmi's mother was satisfied and her previous scruple and dislike to give her daughter to a widower were overcome. Some said that Ramier's mother was a bit of a shrew and that the previous Mrs. Ramier had had a hard time of it under her; but that was waived aside

as the gossip of envious tongues and as worth considering, even if true. On the whole, every one in the village considered it a good match and Lakshmi a very lucky girl to have secured it. Lakshmi, of course, was not consulted, as her opinion was not thought necessary. But her brother Natesan was quite against it. He loved his last sister fondly, and he did not at all like that his sensitive, shy, little sister should be given in marriage to a rough, illiterate man over thirty. He knew and felt that his sister's true worth would not be appreciated by Ramier, a coarse, sensuous man of treble her age. He wanted an educated young man for her and thought that at least a poor clerk like himself would be a much better match for her and he knew this his sister too would prefer such a one. And he did try to find a suitable young man but it was all of no use, as even a poor clerk like himself was not to be had without a stiff dowry, and in due course Lakshmi's marriage to Ramier was duly celebrated.

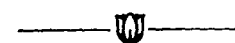
Ramier's old mother, Kuppanmal, hated Lakshmi wholeheartedly for being young, handsome, and the second wife of her elderly son, as all these combined she felt was sure to capture her son's heart and estrange him from her sooner or later. She treated the poor girl very harshly, finding a thousand faults with her and taunting her always with the poverty of her parents. Everything that Lakshmi said or did was misrepresented to her husband and her least fault magnified a great many times. Natesan's dislike to her son and his endeavour to find a better groom for his sister, even after the match was formally settled by his father, was not unknown to Kuppanmal. And finding with her keen penetration that the scarcely twelve year old Lakshmi did not yet have any love for her son, she put the two together and represented to her son that his wife was a headstrong girl, proud of her education and her brother's clerkship, and that she had no love for her husband,—in fact disliked him for being uneducated and not being in Sircar employment.

Ramier's business was chiefly in Travancore and thither he now migrated taking his family with him, as he did not like to be away from his young wife frequently. Soon after

going there, Lakshmi's life became very hard to bear. Her husband who had had some love for her and so had treated her a little kindly in spite of the perpetual complaints of his mother, while at their village, began to be harsh and unkind to her after going to Travancore. A sensuous man of no moral character, he soon lost the little love he had for his wife in the enjoyment of low immoral women who abounded there. For most of this, Lakshmi felt she had to thank her mother-in-law, as that worthy lady approved of, connived at and even induced her son in his immoral pursuits. He even began to beat and illtreat his wife whenever his mother's complaints against her got very loud and bitter. After five years' of suffering like this, Lakshmi gave birth to a daughter; but that baby too was slighted and cursed by her mother-in-law for being a worthless female child. Lakshmi bore her sufferings patiently and secretly, for her sensitive nature shrunk at the idea of exposing her grief to others and also she fully realised that, 'What cannot be cured must be endured.' Her parents were poor and as they could not help her in any way, she did not want to cause needless grief to them, and kept her trials and griefs to herself. But, as the years went, her mother-in-law's cruelty towards her and her little daughter began to increase, more especially as the mother noticed that her son, wholly occupied with his immoral pursuits, was getting more and more indifferent and callous towards his wife. Lakshmi, who had been bearing her own troubles patiently all along, could not however, bear to see her little darling daughter slighted and illtreated daily and hourly and realising the utter hopelessness of appealing to the paternal feelings of her husband, at last, one day got permission from him to visit her parent's house for a short while and left. There, she poured her tale of woes into the burning ears of her brother and he vowed to protect her and keep her with him during the rest of her life. For one whole year, she stayed on there, comparatively quite happy, but at the end of that time two peremptory letters came to her from her husband urging her immediate return. As, however, she did not comply with the demand, a lawyer's notice was served on her and her brother; and the shameless man, urged by his vindictive

mother, followed it up by filing a suit for restitution of conjugal rights. Poor Lakshmi did not know what to do. All that she and her brother wished for was that she should be left in peace to live the rest of her life with her parents and brother. But, Ramier refused to allow it, insisted on his right of having his wife and minor daughter, and complaining that her brother was chiefly instrumental in keeping her away from him, prayed for an injunction restraining her brother and parents from giving his wife an asylum. Lakshmi dreaded the public scandal of going to a court, but she dreaded still more the idea of going back and living under her mother-in-law and husband after all this. So, she left the issue in God's hands and awaited the trial. Before the Court, she pleaded cruelty, ill-treatment, and neglect, on the part of her husband as the cause which made her stay in his house quite unbearable and very touchingly prayed that she should be allowed to stay with her child in her parent's house. The learned pleader for the plaintiff, however, eloquently contended that there was no reliable evidence to show cruelty on the husband's part, that the evidence of the wife about the husband's beating her remained uncorroborated, that even granting that he beat or slapped her with his hand, it was the inherent right of a Hindu husband sanctioned by the Sacred Hindu Law and recognised by judicial decisions, that the same also gave him free liberty to keep mistresses and concubines, and that only if there was fear or danger to her life could she go away from him. He urged that her brother and parents should be restrained from giving her an asylum and that the interests of the minor girl demanded that she should be handed over to her father, who alone could bring her up properly, but not her resourceless and helpless mother. He pleaded with plausible force that, if at least a fraction of the alleged cruelty was true, there would be abundant evidence forthcoming and it was not at all likely that the wife meekly submitted to it for all the eight years without even once complaining to her parents or others and wound up by emphasizing that, in any event, 'legal' cruelty was not established. The reply of leave and unvarnished truth on the part of the poor girl failed to shake the husband's

cause, set in rigid technicalities of the law and legal procedure. The judge gave judgement in favour of the plaintiff with costs, remarking that the defence was quite unconvincing and restraining her brother and parents from keeping her away from her husband. When the full purport of it all was explained to her, when she understood that her child would be taken away from her to be treated even more harshly than before and that she too must needs go back and live under her cruel mother-in-law and husband and that all the trouble and expense that her brother had incurred on her behalf was not only in vain but had brought upon him the additional expense of the costs also, she fell down in a swoon in the court itself exclaiming, 'O deaf and blind God! This is the justice of the Man Made Laws.'



Essence of the Gopi Gita

By K. C. K.

TO every Indian mind at least, the Gopi Gita, or the Devotional song of the Gopis (Cowherdesses) ought not to be unfamiliar. This famous symphony forms the thirty-first Chapter of the first part of the tenth Section of Srimad Bhagavatam. This paper now aims at establishing its importance and deducing its lesson to the world.

Even a cursory study of the song in the original Sanskrit which it may not be the privilege of everybody to know, brings home to the mind of the reader that it will assuredly hold up the reverence of humanity. It is, in short the hide-and-seek play of the Lord. Here Sri Krishna's presence is invoked by the ardent Gopis whose inner feelings are seen woven into this rapturous melody. This—the devotees' soliloquy—is one moving appeal to the hidden personage to show His gracious presence. The Gopis look about them in all directions for Him with out-drawn souls as it were; but in vain. Growing uneasy, they feel the pangs of separation which threaten to prolong the sufferings of their restless hearts. Like women they seem to think they can easily

tempt the Lord by cajolling words, recounting His heroic deeds. When this course fails, their psychological attitude inclines to a higher plane. They pray unto Him with Eulogiums becoming Him alone as

"Pranatha dehinam papakarsanam"

"Akila dehinam antarathmadrik"

"Pranatha kamiadam"

"Padmajarchitham"

and so forth. Again they do not stop here. They address Him as Achyuta and speak aloud of their coming unto Him forsaking even their loving husbands, children, brothers and relatives, being enchanted by the music of His flute and ask in utter impatience as to why He should desert such devoted women at night time. In such and like manner, it is said that the Gopis sang and wept too into finding their Divine Friend, when He appeared finely clad before them, with His wonted smile like the veritable Kama (the God of love.) And instantaneously the loving Gopis sprang to their feet like the dead with life regained as it were by a miracle and served Him each in her own way. The devotees had thus their object accomplished in the end (i.e.) service to All-knowing God.

To gauge the import of the Gopi-Gita, let us see how far it compares favourably with the celebrated Bhagavad Gita. The theme in both is evidently identical in that they place the devotee on the path of self-emancipation and eventually the unification of the human self with the supreme self or the merging of Jivatman into Paramatma, though the medium sought is apparently different. In that time-honoured voluminous Bhagavad Gita, the All-pervading Lord Sri Krishna, impersonates before His devoted pupil, Arjuna and enjoins of him to do his duty and leave the shaping of its fructification to Him or practise Karma-Yoga for realisation of Him; while, in this tiny, less-quoted Gopi-Gita, the very reverse happens but with same result: the selfsame God remains out of His devotees' view and makes them beg His presence and later worship Him with feelings of higher love and thus serve Him straight off or the Bhakti-Yoga is seen in all its true colours.

One grand lesson reveals itself. To love God as we would our own kindmen and to worship and serve Him in every possible mood by our thought, word and deed, thus dedicating our service wholesale to Him, or in short, to practice Bhakti-Yoga by successive stages is the sure means for mankind to reach the road leading on to heavenly bliss.

GANESH & CO'S NEW BOOKS

India in Chains

By Prof. T. L. Vaswani Re. 1-8

My Motherland

By Prof. T. L. Vaswani Re. 1-8

The Spirit and Struggle of Islam

By Prof. T. L. Vaswani Re. 1-8

The Secret of Asia

By Prof. T. L. Vaswani Re. 1

Sri Krishna

The Saviour of Humanity
By Prof. T. L. Vaswani Re. 1

The Gospel of Freedom

By Prof. T. L. Vaswani As. 12

The Charka

A small booklet in four chapters by
Sarala Devi As. 4

"In terms of money the Charkas stands for 600 millions saved to the country. In terms of purity it stands for the preservation of the honour of its working women as mill labourers. In terms of peace it stands for the cessation of greed in the human heart, excited by every piece of foreign apparel. In terms of plenty it stands for the supplementary earnings to a needy family. And in terms of Nationality it stands for self-Government, through self-help, self-respect and sacrifice."

Nicolai Lenin

The Leader of bolshevik Russia
His Life and Life work As. 8

'Pussyfoot'—Johnson

The Leader of the Prohibition Campaign
His Life and Life work As. 8

Count Leo Tolstoy

The Prophet of Russia
His Life and Life work As. 4

The Claim for Independence

Within or without the British Empire
By C. F. Andrews As. 8

Non-co-operation

The Whys and Wherefores
By C. F. Andrews As. 8

Indians in South Africa

Helots within the British Empire
By C. F. Andrews As. 8

The Ideal of Swaraj

By Nripendrachander Banerjee
Foreword by C. F. Andrews Re. 1

BOOKS BY PAUL RICHARD

The Scourge of Christ

It is told in the Bible that Jesus Christ, finding usurers carrying on their business in the precincts of the temple, made a scourge of small cords and drove them out, saying: "My house shall be called the house of prayer, but ye have made it a den of thieves." Mr. Richard has in this remarkable book, put his virile and uncompromising genius to the same work to day. He has made a whip of small cords of speech, and lays it vigorously on the backs of hypocrisy, insincerity and ulterior motive in religious profession. His French mind reveals in terse epigrammatical utterance: and many of his sayings will find a permanent place in the proverbial philosophy of humanity, such for example, as his brilliant and profoundly true definition of *dogma* as "the living faith of the dead become the dead faith of the living." Rs. 3

Extract from the Book

Prophet arise!—to be cursed by the priest, "to be haled before kings and governors, and to be hated by all for bearing witness before the nations."

The nation too must learn: Thou shalt not steal the land of others; thou shalt not kill defenceless nationalities; thou shalt not commit adultery with colonies and dominions; thou shalt not bear false witness against enemy governments. And the supreme command; Thou shalt love thy neighbour—all peoples whatsoever, black, yellow, white, African or Asiatic, strong or weak, small or great—thou shalt love as thyself.

The dawn over Asia

Translated from the French by Aurobindo Ghose. Re. 1-8

To the Nations

Translated by Aurobindo Ghose and with an introduction by Robindranath Tagore. Second edition. Re. 1-8

BOOKS BY SIR JOHN WOODROFFE

Shakti and Shakta

Essays and addresses on the Shakta Tantra Shastra, Second Edition, revised and enlarged. About 500 pages. Royal Octavo size and bound in full cloth. Rs. 7-8

"Shakti and Shakta reveals a wonderful grasp of the fundamentals of consciousness."

—The Theosophist

The Seed of Race

An Essay on Indian education. Re. 1
Should find a place in every Indian home.

—Empire.

Is India Civilized?

Essays on Indian Culture, Cloth bound and gilt, 2nd Edition. Rs. 2-8

Bharata Shakti

Essays and Addresses on Hindu Dharma and National Education. Third Edition, revised and enlarged. Re. 1-8

The World as Power Reality

Rs. 2

GANESH & CO., PUBLISHERS, G. T., MADRAS.

160660

Vaidyaratna Pandit D. GOPALACHARLU'S AYURVEDASRAMAM IN THE HOT SEASON

everybody feels a burning sensation. You want vitality and vigour to make you fit for your task well; if you have not already got them, you can now obtain from **Vaidyaratna Pandit D. Gopalacharlu's** Ayurvedic summer remedies.

AMRITAMALAKA

The best bathing oil for the season. Price Re, 1 per phial of 6 oz.

JEEVAMRUTAM

The best nervine tonic. Price Rs. 3-4 per phial of 6 oz.

The same Pandit's Cures and Preventives for
CHOLERA, PLAGUE AND INFLUENZA

are well-known and widely used.

Prices: Re. 1-2. Rs. 2-2. & Rs. 1-12. per set respectively.

Packing and Postage extra in all cases.

ASK FOR OUR COMPLETE CATALOGUE

AYURVEDASRAMAM

Telegraphic Address:
"PANDIT, Madras",

41, ACHARAPPEN ST., MADRAS.

FOR PRINCES AND RICH MEN ONLY THE ROYAL YAKUTI

This Yakuti or life-giving nectar has been prepared from the best, choicest and richest vegetable drugs. It has wonderful properties of increasing virile power and it rectifies urinary disorders. In fact it makes man a man. This valuable medicine is used in large quantities not only by our Rajas, Maharajas, Nawabs and many of the nobility, aristocracy and gentry in the Country but it is greatly patronized by people in all countries of Europe, America, Asia and Africa. It is needless to expatiate upon the magical qualities of this our invaluable medicine. We recommend it especially to those persons who desire to tone the nervous system, to strengthen the body refresh the memory, and to guard against debility. Suffice it to say that the use of this medicine is recommended to those who have any faith in the Ayurvedic medicines. It works like a charm and the effect is lasting. It replaces lost power and rejuvenates the emaciated and it is enough to say that musk is not that which perfumer admires. It is that which diffuses fragrance of its own accord.

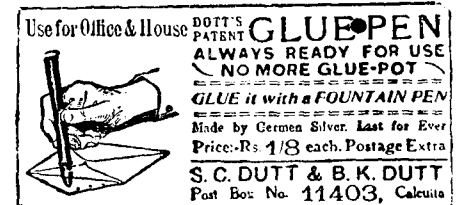
Price per tin containing 40 pills, (Rs. 10. Foreign 13s. 4d.)

Dr. KALIDAS MOTIRAM, Rajkot, Kathiawar (India)

PLEASE TAKE NOTE

In printing, as in most other things, it isn't the cost that counts but the *Result*. GOOD PRINTING is worth much more than indifferent and commonplace Printing.

TRY
EVERYMAN'S PRESS,
1, McLean St., Broadway, Madras.



THE *Ideal* may not be required in every piece of printing, but if a situation should arise where the *Ideal* is called for, IN EVERYMAN'S PRESS, MADRAS will be found a wonderful factor in solving your problem.

Scented Hair Oils Can be Made at Home.

Simply by mixing the undermentioned Pure Scents with Cocoanut, Groundnut, Castor or Sesame Oil you can make 8 Bottles of First class Scented Hair Oils at your own home without the help of others. Don't buy ready made Scented Hair Oils sold in the

Variety of Pure Scents:—

	RS.	A.
1. Champak Scent ½ oz.	2	8
2. Jasmin No. 1 ..	2	8
3. Khas ..	2	8
4. Lavender ..	2	8
5. Narcissus ..	2	8
6. Rose ..	2	0
7. Kadamba ..	2	0
8. Jasmin ..	2	0
9. Bokul ..	2	0
10. Hena ..	2	0
11. Lily ..	1	8
12. Lotus ..	1	8
13. Sweet ..	1	8
14. Mixed ..	0	8

Postage and Packing extra.
No samples sent free.

market at high prices. Make your own Scented Hair Oils and save money. Money saved is money earned. If you mix only—½ ounce—of any one of our Pure Scents with 16 ounces of oil then you will get 16½ ounces of First class Scented Hair Oil at your own Home. A single trial will astonish and satisfy you. MONEY RETURNED IN CASE OF FAILURE. Can you expect more?

FREE PRESENTS:—Every purchaser will get absolutely free:—

(1) ONE POCKET CALENDAR 1923. (2) ONE PACKET of ALKANET ROOT for colouring oil red. Tried and highly recommended by many well known people such as Mahatma Gandhi Messrs. Tilak, Cokhale Justice Ranade, Dr. Subrahmanya Iyer, Dr. C. Muthu, M. D. Maharajah of Kasimbazar etc., etc.

S. PAUL & Co., Pure Scent Merchants,
(Dept. E.R.) 4, Hospital St., Dharamtola, CALCUTTA.

ENTER THROUGH HERE FOR GOOD PRINTING

EVERYMANS PRESS

PRINTING, BINDING, ENGRAVING.

REPUTATION

REPUTATION

ABOUT PRINTING

THERE is no thought without words and no letterpress printing without type-faces. When you think, you select the words best adapted to express your meaning, and the richer your vocabulary the finer your expression. The same rule applies in type-composition. For every style of work we have the dress. In range, variety and quality we assure every satisfaction.

Get your things printed at
EVERYMANS PRESS,
 1, McLean Street,
 BROADWAY, MADRAS.



RING UP

1353

RIGVEDA: ENGLISH TRANSLATION

By H. H. WILSON. COMPLETE IN SIX VOLUMES

WE have undertaken the publication of a new edition of this great work. The first edition is long out of print. Our edition will be finished in about six months, one volume every month. Names are registered as advance purchasers on the following terms:—

CLASS I.—On payment of Rs. 15 in advance for the whole set. The registration will stop in about a month, i.e., on the day the 1st volume will come out.

CLASS II.—On payment of Rs. 3 in advance and Rs. 3 at the time of every volume as it comes out. The total price under this class will come to Rs. 21. The registration will stop on the day the 1st volume will come out.

Price after Publication—Not Less than Rs. 30.

Text:—Along with the above, we are also issuing the Sanskrit text of the Rigveda in two vols. and we shall give it to the advance purchasers, charging no price.

Special Features:—Careful and correct editing, glazed paper, fine printing, cloth binding, etc., etc.

The Bhagavadgita, edited by Mr. H. R. Bhagavat, B.A., containing Sanskrit text, literal English translation, word for word meaning, critical and explanatory notes giving full explanation of the interpretation put upon several verses by the late Lokamanya B. G. Tilak pointing out where and how he differed from Sankaracharya and other commentators. Price Rs. 3-8.

Mahabharata: English translation by M. N. Dutta, M.A. Rs. 20.

Harivamsha: English translation by the same. Rs. 10.

Vishnupurana: English translation by the same. Rs. 6.

Katha Upanishad. Text with English translation by Babu Aurobindo Ghose. As. 4.

Gitasangraha, i.e., full text of 13 Gitas in Sanskrit. 475 pages. Rs. 1-14.

Gita with Shankara's Bhashya in Sanskrit. Rs. 2.

Ten Upanishads with Shankara's Bhashya in Sanskrit. Rs. 10.

Brahmasutras with Shankara's Bhashya in Sanskrit. Rs. 3.

Shankara's Minor Works in Sanskrit including Stotras, about 500 [Pages. Contents—Aparokshanubhuti, Atmabodha, Tattvopadesha, Brahmajnanavalimala, Vakyavritti, Sadacharamsandhana, Svatanirupana Advaitambhuti, Dashashloki, Prabodha-sudhakara, Prashnottararatnamalika, Brahmanuchintana, Mohamudgara, Yogatoravati, Shatashloki Svatanprakashika, Sarva-vedanta-siddhanta-sarasangraha, Vivekachudamani Upadeshasahasri, Vedanta storas, Devotional storas, Sanatsujatiyabhashya and iYsinhu-sahasranama bhashya.]

ASHTEKAR & CO., POONA CITY.

Telegrams : " KICHU " Conjeeveram.

KRISHNA & CO.,

Lace and Silk Cloth Merchants,

LITTLE CONJEEVERAM



High-Class Silk and Lace Sarees
ALWAYS IN STOCK.

Ashtekar & Co., Poona City.

new catalogue.

lovers desirous of making valuable additions
to their libraries should apply at once for our

OUR NEW CATALOGUE

sity students, teachers, librarians, univer-

TALISMANS AND CHARMS

For those People to Avoid all Sorts of Misfortunes
and enter the Gates of Successful Life.

For	Rs.
Success in Spiritual and Religious life	10
Honour, Riches, Learning, & Greatness	7-8
Health, Physical Strength, etc.	7-8
Power of Eloquence, Speeches, etc.	7-8
Success in any Undertaking or Liti- gation, etc.	10-0
Success in Sport, Racing and Cards, Games of Chance, etc.	7-8
Success in Trade, and Business	10-8
Men's Love to women	7-8
Women's Love to men	10-8
Love of Opposite Sex, attractive power	7-8
Agricultural Prosperity, Farming, Good Crops, etc.	7-8
Success in Mining Plumbago, etc.	100-0
Success in Gemming	225-0
Rabbi Solomon's Special Talisman for every success	15-0
Specially valued and worn by every successful Hebrew, 2nd quality	21-0
1st quality	30-0

Note.—A Money Order will bring the Talisman
at your door. Always the full amount should
be remitted in advance. No O.P.P.

EXTENSIVE LIFE READINGS Rs. 15.
Two: Rs 25 Three: Rs 30 or more at
Rs 10 per reading

D. A. RAM DUTH, Astrologer,
No. 30 (E.P.R.) Cheku St., Colombo, CEYLON

EVERYMANS REVIEW

A Monthly Journal of Art and Life

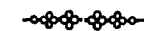
Editor : V.V. SRINIVASA AIYANGAR, B.A., B.L.

Subscription. s. 4 per Year

Single Copy As. 8.

PUBLISHED BY

EVERYMANS PUBLISHERS Ltd., MADRAS.



NOTICE.

Editorial—Manuscripts should be prepared on one side of
the paper only. Typewritten MSS are preferred and
where handwritten, the writing must be legible.
Contributors desiring return of the MSS must invari-
ably enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

Management—The annual subscription is Rs. 4 payable
strictly in advance. Single copy if available will be
sold at annas eight each. Back numbers are sold
(if available) at Re. 1 per copy.

The Rates for Advertisement are as below, payable strictly in advance

For a year.	For a month.
Rs. 80 a page	Rs. 8
„ 45 for $\frac{1}{2}$ page	„ 5
„ 30 for $\frac{1}{4}$ page	„ 3

For Special Positions & Advertisements in Double or Triple Colour.

Apply to : THE MANAGER :

EVERYMANS REVIEW OFFICE,

1, McLEAN STREET, BROADWAY, MADRAS.

THE LEADER OF ALL TONICS

CONFERRING

LONGEVITY, BEAUTY & HEALTH

IS

Madan Manjarí Pills

A supreme specific for all disorders of the human system especially for diseases brought about by excessive indulgence or youthful follies.

Price per tin of 40 Pills, Re. 1.

A FREE OFFER

VAIDYAVIDYA

A guide to Health, Wealth and Prosperity will be sent to your address without Price or Postage.

Medical advice free on receipt of full particulars of disease.

RAJ VAIDYA NARAYANJI KESHAVJI,
27, CHINA BAZAAR, MADRAS.

OTTO DURBAR

(The King of Otto Scents)

A drop or two in your handkerchief refreshes mind by its excellent smell which lasts for above a week and also ward of epidemic diseases.

This is indispensable during marriage and festive occasions.

Price Re. 1 A bottle.

SCENTED NUT SLICES

(For Betels)

A household necessity for well-to-do-people and a necessary item during marriages and festivals. Big Tin Re. 1. Small As. 8.



**DURING
MARRIAGES
AND
FESTIVALS**

For Rose Water, Kunkumapoo, Pachaikurpuram, Dry and Wet Sandal, Kesar Powder, Urgaja, Billays, Attars, Vatees, Javath, Punugu, Hair Oils, Scented Nuts, Dowry Attar Boxes, English Scents, Nepolian Scents and Lavenders, etc., Please write to or call at **T. A. RAHAMAN & SONS** for, you will get best things at their **Right Prices**.

T. A. RAHAMAN & SONS,
CHINA BAZAAR ROAD, MADRAS.

Books of Necessity

FOR ALL LIBRARIES.

BY MR. P. V. JAGADISIER OF THE ARCHAEOLOGICAL
DEPARTMENT.

South Indian Festivities

The chief *Vratas* of the year are detailed together with
the importance of the gods worshipped Rs. A. 7 8

South Indian Shrines

The main temples, with all information relating to their
Puranic and other importance, are described 6 0

Mahabharata

In 18 chapters covering the full work with all information
recorded in temples for its recital 1 8

Ramayana

The whole epic, with the Author's Preface on the circum-
stances that led to the recital of the poem, in about a
100 pages 1 8

Tamil Books

Puranic India relating to the olden 56 kingdoms, 2 parts. 1 8
Hindu Festivities do. 1 0
Pajaraja I (The Great Chila King) 0 8

VAITHYANATHAN BROS.,

PUBLISHERS, ETC.,

Triplicane,

MADRAS, S. E.

Heber's Indian Journal

A Selection with an Introduction
and Foot-notes

by

P. R. KRISHNASWAMY, M.A.

Price: Cloth Rs. 2. Paper cover Re. 1.

The "Madras Mail" writes:

"Choice selections"

Mr. Krishnaswami is to be congratulated on
his educational judgement."

The "Swarajya" writes:

"An excellent and indispensable source
book on the social and political state of India
in the beginning of the 19th Century."

OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS,
MOUNT ROAD, MADRAS.

Telephone No. 9.

Telegraphic Address : "HARDWARE."

The Oldest Hardware Firm and Ship-chandlers.

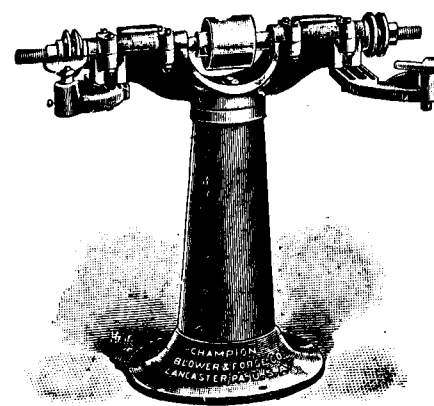
ABDOOL HOOSSAIN JEEVAJEE & Co.,

IRON MERCHANTS & COMMISSION AGENTS.

—❧— *Suppliers to* —❧—

GOVERNMENT, P.W. STORES, MUNICIPALITIES, SOUTH
INDIAN AND S. M. RAILWAYS, EUROPEAN AND
INDIAN FIRMS, PLANTERS, MILL AND MINE-OWNERS.

The Largest Importers of Hardware Goods.



Such as Oil Engines, Pumps of various description, Pipes, Fittings Rice-hullers and Accessories, Rolled Steel Girders of Sections, Iron and Mild Steel Plates, Angles and Bars Galvanized Corrugated and Plain, Sheets and Sundry Materials such as Beltings of various sorts and sizes, Pulleys, Plummer Blocks, Chains, Hinges, Screws, Rivets and Washers, Bolts and Nuts, Asbestos packing, Oiled Manilla Ropes and other Sundries—numerous to mention. Best English Portland "Hand," Brand Cement, Paints, Varnishes, Oils, Tar, Pitch, Coal and Coke, Steel Common Rigging and Flexible Wire Ropes, Motor Accessories, etc.

All Mofussal Orders will have Prompt attention.

**Head Office : Machinery and Show Rooms :
No. 9 & 10, Linga Chetty St., Madras.**

Hardware Branch : 26, Devaraja Mudaly St., Madras.

AMRUTANJAN

The Positive, Powerful, Potent,
Premier Pain Killer.

CALENDAR

FOR 1924

With a three coloured Half-Tone
Picture of

“MAHATMA GANDHI”

Each 4 As. including Postage 6 As.
To wholesale Stationers, 25 at Rs. 4-8.
and 100 at Rs. 15.

AMRUTANJAN DEPO

BOMBAY

MADRAS