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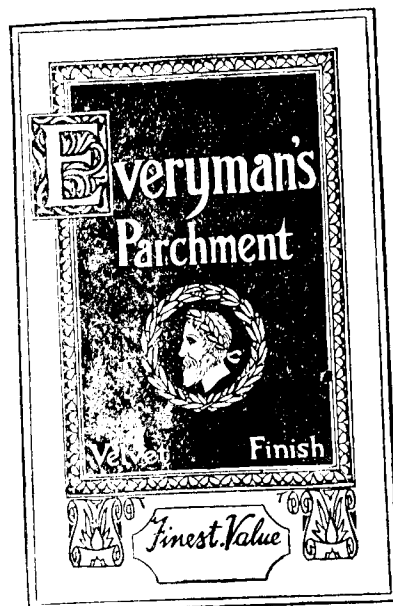
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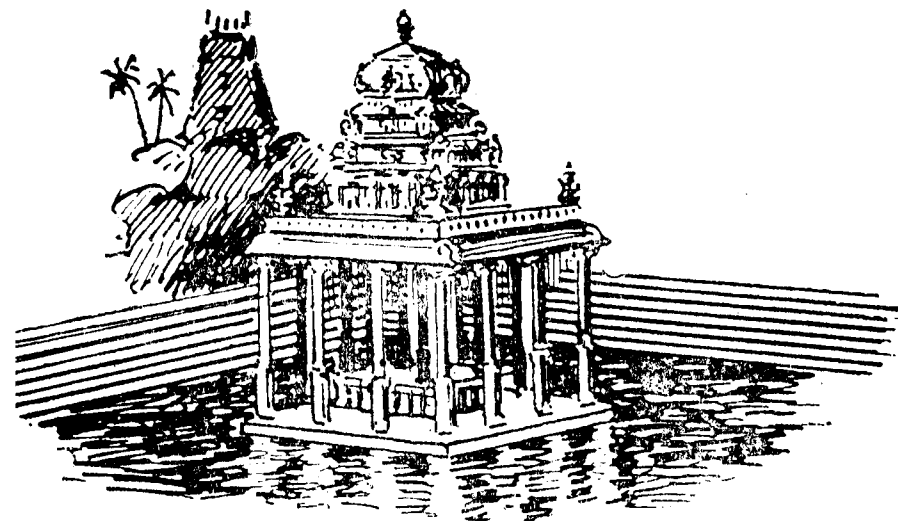
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EVERYMAN'S REVIEW

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Thiagaraja

(A Great Musician Saint)—IX

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



COMPOSERS prior to Thiagaraja, and indeed his own contemporaries, were inclined to give in a song greater predominance to words than to tune. There was no attempt—if at all, a feeble attempt—at variation of music-phrases till our saint's time. Let us not be misunderstood that we altogether condemn the system of giving more importance to words than to tune. We know such a system has its own function to perform, viz., describing a scene or narrating a story or even weaving a prayer; as, for instance, the well-

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known *Rama Nataṅkam* of Arunachala Kavi who lived from 1712 to 1779, or the recently published¹ *Skanda Purana Kirthanas* of Kavi Kunjara Bharathi, who lived from 1812 to 1897. But we must, in duty bound, tell our readers that description or narration or even prayer belongs to the province more of poetry than of music and leads to the recitative, rather than to the lyrical, music. It was the unique glory and privilege of Thiagaraja to have slowly and steadily rescued musical compositions from the tyrannical grip of words and to have recognised that music also has a body to kick and a soul to save; that the words of a song form a mere body or flower, whereof the tune is the soul or the smell, as the case may be; that the song really begins where words end; that the true function of music is the presentation of the highest attainable perfection of unalloyed beauty in sound: and its words are but a mnemonic aid thereto; and that, to use a figure, music is a Queen, not a Handmaid, reigning supreme over the whole region of her songs, the words whereof must merely act the part of her loyal subjects.

If we take two compositions, one of Arunachala Kavi and the other of Thiagaraja and place them in juxtaposition we will find that in the former there is no scope for sangathi, while in the latter every letter of the word *Najivadhara* is followed by an interval which gives full scope for the development of music-phrases.

At first, even Thiagaraja could not get out of the groove. It was during this struggling period that he composed Divyanamavali, Bhaktha-Vijayam, Nowkacharithram and other Kirthanas of the first period of his career, all of which are full of words giving almost no room for sangathis. But slowly he felt that his song should put off her adornment of words, since their jingling was calculated to drown God's whispers. He therefore decided that the words in a song ought not to count for more than the song itself. To attain this ideal, he trained himself by composing simple krithis with fewer words than before, such as, Giri-rama-sutha, Pahi-rama-dootha and other krithis of the second period of his career.

1. By Mr. N. Hanumantham Iyer, B.A., Kavi Kunjara's daughter's son.

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During this training period, he discovered a secret that music-rhythm was quite different from word-rhythm and that an attempt to fit in the former with the latter was something like trying to fit a circle into a square. In other words, good poetry and good music are two independent sovereigns who cannot rule together one and the same territory but must each have an entirely different region, with entirely different laws and regulations to govern it. It is prose that blends beautifully with music and it is prose that Thiagaraja successfully employed in his krithis.

As for his style and diction, Mr. Thirumalayya Naidu observes: "It must be admitted that Thiagaraja is not always very happy in the choice of his language. His diction is neither varied nor copious. His phraseology is commonplace and prosaic. But in Nowkacharithram (an earlier work) he seems to have had a more careful eye on the judicious use of words, though it cannot be said to be free from faults of grammar or idiom. Curiously enough, he sometimes used both Sanskrit and Telugu and, for instance, the pallavi is in Sanskrit and the rest of the krithi is in Telugu. Apart from the sentiments of the songs, they possess little literary merit." Mr. C. R. Srinivasa Iyengar paid a poor compliment to our musician, when he wrote: "Thiagaraja used Sanskrit and Telugu but *affected the latter*; while Syama Sastri championed the melodious Telugu." Mr. Lakshmana Pillay was more precise on the point and remarked: "Thiagaraja towers so high in the beauty and magnificence of his music that one is content to overlook the *glaring defects* of composition in his songs." Mr. K. V. Srinivasa Iyengar admits these defects but piously transfers them to some mischievous interlopers and bad singers that succeeded him. "After the death of St. Thiagaraja," observes Mr. K. V. S. "his compositions have suffered a good deal from the literary point of view." This is, at best, a charitable surmise bordering on hero-worship. The truth is that Thiagaraja never cared, especially in his latter days, to employ poetry of a high literary² order in his songs; and the few songs praised by Pundits like Ramasesha Sastri and Bhashyam

2. Dr. Tagore observes: "Too much literacy is busy with nets and neglects the fishing."

Krishna Sastri are our musician's earlier compositions which, like Jayadeva's *Gitagovindam*, come under Recitative Music. In short, Thiagaraja was a music-poet, not a word-poet. The defects of his compositions, if any, looked at from the word-point of view, are nothing compared with the beauty, sublimity, grandeur and magnificence of his heavenly music. All his later songs, that is, of the third period of his career, are all, as it were, dipped in ambrosia, so that when they emerge out of it, the aromatic perfume impregnates the whole atmosphere of music, making you for the time being forget the materials that convey the fragrance.

Thiagaraja's krithis in apurva-ragas are invariably simpler than those in the *ghana* or ordinary ragas. There are either no sangathis therein or, at most, one or two, for the reason that the scope for elaboration is limited there. Nevertheless, they catch the ear more easily by virtue of their novelty and intensity of feeling which more than compensate the want of extensivity or development. Prior to Thiagaraja, the number of ragas, used for songs, was very limited. Jayadeva used in his *Gitagovindam* (12th Century) only eleven ragas, viz, (1) Malava (2) Gurjari (3) Vasantha (4) Ramakari (5) Malavagoula (6) Karnata (7) Desakya (8) Desivaradi (9) Gowdakari (10) Bhairavi and (11) Vibhasa, most of which became long ago obsolete. His successors too feared to tread on an unsafe ground. The 264 Ragas of *Sangitharatnakara* (13th Century) were consigned into oblivion. Dissatisfied with Sarangadev's method, Lochanakavi (14th Century) adopted what might be called the Genus-Species system of classifying Ragas. Others followed him with avidity but amended his system, each in his own way, till at last Venkatamakhi gave out, in his epoch-making *Chathurdandiprakasika* (1660), his 72 Melas, stereotyped them with a challenge to the music-world that they could neither be decreased nor increased and thus dealt a death-blow to the mania of amendment.

The Raga System that has been prevailing in South India, from 1660, is that of Venkatamakhi. And yet the immediate predecessors of Thiagaraja hesitated to avail themselves fully of the Melakartha Chakra delineated in *Chathurdandiprakasika*.

The Ragas used in *Rama Natakam*, a work that just preceded Thiagaraja's Krithis, were Thodi, Varali, Bhairavi, Kalyani, Saveri, Asaveri, Madhyamavathi, Sankarabharanam, Anandabhairavi, Nilambari, Surati, Useni, Atana Kambodi, and a few others. The melodic sweetness of all other ragas lay unfathomed for a long time. It fell to the lot of Thiagaraja to dive deep into the mysteries of the Raga-development and expound their intricacies in his own characteristic way. He but followed Venkatamakhi's System,³ selected therefrom so many as 47 Melas and distributed them amongst his 505 krithis.⁴

But the principle of Thiagaraja's selection of 47 Melas and distribution thereof amongst his 505 krithis will be clearly understood, only when we realise the necessity of dividing Venkatamakhi's 72 Melas into two groups, viz., for ordinary ragas and for special ragas.

It is interesting to note that our saint delighted more in Poorvamela Ragas than in Utharamela ones, for 439 krithis are in the former, while only 66 krithis are in the latter.

Except the first few ragas, all others are 'apurva' ragas which, as said above, would have got into oblivion, if Thiagaraja had not handled them in a felicitous way. On the whole, the number of Ragas, both janakas and janyas, used by Thiagaraja, comes up to a little more than 200.

As for Thalass, our musician ignored the elaborate chakra of seven Thalass of five jathis each and confined himself only to five thalass, viz :—

- (1). Chathusra Thriputa—e.g. *Enthavedukonthu*.)
- (2). Thisra Thriputa—e.g. *Endudakinado*.)
- (3). Chathusra Rupaka—e.g. *Sujana Jivana*.)
- (4). Thisra Rupaka—e.g. *Nivadane kana*.) and
- (5). Misra Jampa—e.g. *Dayaleni bradukemi*.)

More than half of his krithis are found in Thala No. 1; and

3. The question whether Thiagaraja followed Venkatamakhi or Narada has now lost its importance, since Swararnavam is lost to us and all the musician's Ragas have been brought in line with Venkatamakhi's System.

4. Published by the late Narasimma Bhagavathar.

the rest is divided between Thalass Nos. 2 and 3, while only a few are relegated to Thalass Nos. 4 and 5.

Of Thiagaraja's contemporaries, reference has already been made to Swathi Thirunāl, Vadivelu and Govinda Marar. There were three more still unmentioned, viz, Ramaswami Dikshithar (1735-1817), Muthuswami Dikshithar (1775-1835) and Syama Sastri (1763-1827). All these six persons were, alike, Varnam-composers which Thiagaraja was not. Dikshithars and Sastri cared more for style and diction, while Thiagaraja cared more for melody and sangathis. The former's music bordered on the recitative music, while the latter's music was quite lyrical. The former's beauty vanquished by efforts successfully repeated; while the latter's, by a single blow.

That such 'vanquishing by a single blow' has been the aim of Thiagaraja is amply borne out by his studied use of the word *Draksharasa* (grapejuice), as opposed to *Nalikerarasa* (cocoanut-juice), in his Sriranjani krithi, *Sogasuga mridanga thalamu*. The reader will note that, if a person simultaneously purchases grapes and cocoanuts, he can at once put the former into his mouth and taste their juice; but, as for the latter, he will have first to remove the fibrous rind; then to break open the shell; and still again to separate the kernel therefrom. In other words, grapes give him immediate pleasure; while cocoanuts, only after undergoing a little preliminary difficulty. The Indian philosophers agreed to call whatever gives immediate pleasure—'Draksharasa,' and whatever gives pleasure only after a preliminary difficulty—'Nalikerarasa.' In the matter of his krithis, Thiagaraja preferred the former to the latter. Compare, for instance, Dikshithar's *Balagopala* with Thiagaraja's *Koluvaiyunnade*.

We need not for this purpose go through the whole compositions. Enough that we glance at the closing portion of each. From the basement of *charanam*, Dikshithar works, like a plodding student, his way up, step by step, to reach the Pallavi; while Thiagaraja, like a genius that he was, solves the problem at a stroke.

The krithi '*Sogasuga Mridanga Thalamu*' further shows that Thiagaraja recognised, as an accompanying 'percussion-

instrument' of music, Mridangam and (mark!) Mridangam alone; but not Kanjra, Dolak, Ghata, and a host of other antiquated instruments. The history of musical instruments reveals that, of all percussion-instruments, Mridangam is the highest and latest product. To use therefore in a musical performance all the out-of-date and superseded instruments, side by side with, or (what is worse!) sometimes even without, Mridangam, is as absurd and ridiculous as a Master of Arts using after his name all his previous and superseded titles, such as, "Matriculate, F.A., B.A., and M.A." Again, the same krithi makes a telling suggestion that the singer, like a master, should ever come to the front and play the role of "Sokkaseyu Dhirudu," while the instrumentalist, like a servant, should remain in the background and give the singer the needed relief; and that, if the order is reversed, much the same chaos and confusion will ensue in the region of music, as we witness in the region of politics, consequent upon the servant of the Executive Council lording it over the master of the Legislative Council and reducing it to a despicably "Glorified Debating Society."

Thiagaraja's *Kaddanuvāriki* and *Koluvamaregada* emphasise, alike, the importance of the time-honored Thambura, for the purpose of drone—and not of the now—unfortunately — prevailing Harmonium. "Whoever advocates," observed Mr. Clements⁸ of the Bombay Civil Service, "the use of tempered instruments—such as the Harmonium doubtless is quite unaware of their utter inadequacy to give any idea of Indian intonation." Another careful European student of Indian Music, Mr. Fox Strangways, was struck with the strange ways, wherein the Indians admired and adopted the western instrument and indignantly remarked:⁹

"If the rulers of Native States realised what a death-blow they were dealing at their own art by supporting or even allowing a brass band; if the clerk in a Government Office understood the indignity he was putting on a song by buying the gramophone which grinds it out to him after his day's

8. In his "Introduction to the study of Indian Music."

9. In his "Music of Hindustan."

labour ; if the Muhammadan (and for that matter even the Karnatic) singer knew that the Harmonium with which he accompanies was ruining the chief asset, his musical ear ; if the girl who learns the pianoforte could see that all the progress she made was a sure step towards her own denationalisation—they would pause before they laid such sacrilegious hands on Saraswathi."

If, in spite of the European's warning against the European Harmonium and of the Indian's emphasis on the importance of the Indian Thambura, our people still persist in the use of the vicious monster¹⁰ of the tempered instrument, the reason is to be sought for, in the never-untrue lines of Alexander Pope—

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then embrace."

Of Bhagavad-Gita it is said that it contains shallows where a child may wade and depths whereunto a giant may fear to plunge. Similarly Thiagaraja's works contain simple and recitative Kirthanas which even a beginner can learn to sing and complex and lyrical Krithis which form the despair even of experts. It is again said of Thiruvalluvar that he is one of the greatest geniuses of the world, though he belongs to South India and wrote for one race. Similarly Thiagaraja is one of the greatest musicians of the world, though he belongs to South India and sang for one race. But taking into consideration the signal service he rendered for the music of India and the fact that, of all musicians, the Festival of Thiagaraja alone the people have taken a fancy to celebrate, year after year, not only at Thiruvaiyar but also in other places ; Thiagaraja must be deemed to be the greatest and most popular musician of South India. And the lustre of his name cannot be dimmed by age or impaired by rivalry—any more than the names of Homer, Dante, Milton, Valmiki, Thulasidas or Kalidas, in literature ; or of Handel, Hayden, Beethoven, Haridas Swami, Tansen or Gopala Nayak, in music.

10. For, a monster the Harmonium is, inasmuch as it g'loats on suffocates the Indian intonation.

Love

As Diagnosed by a Medical Man



LOVE is a infectious, pandemic disease caused by *Cupid's arrow bacillus*, often occurring in paroxysms in love-zones, clinically characterised by exuberant manifestations of unwarranted chivalry, a burning desire to shine in the lime-light in mixed societies, being trimly dressed and perfumed in bridegroom-fashion, and later on leading to mental aberrations and constitutional disorders, and resulting mostly in spontaneous cure, occasionally in matrimony, sometimes in melancholia, insomnia or mania, and rarely in suicide or homicide.

History

THE garden of Eden is its original home, and Adam and Eve its first victims. The infection probably first passed from man to woman in that novel, memorable, and world-old operation of resection of Adam's rib for Eve's creation. There is no disease which has had such far-reaching consequences, and the history of mankind is almost mainly the science of its statistics. It has worked the amalgamation of empires, commingling of races, transformation of religions, and has ever been the custodian of population. Great physicians and thinkers of all times have attempted to find out its cause and cure, but none has succeeded, perhaps due to some common error of observation, themselves being the subjects of the same malady.

Distribution

THE disease is equally prevalent among animals and man, but the human form has been more studied than the other. It takes on seasonal prevalence in an epidemic form in certain animals, but in others it is uniformly distributed. In the human variety, men and women are equally susceptible to it but in the latter the clinical features are more suppressed and hence difficult of diagnosis.

Etiology

THE causative organism is *Cupid's arrow bacillus*. It is an ultra-microscopic, extra-corpuscular bacillus, but a mythical representation is that it has the shape of an arrow and that it is all shot out by a specialised deity, Cupid. Unlike all other bacilli it can readily pass through glass windows straight into the brain and heart of man, without any external abrasions, with the speed of light rays. Its course is unrestrained, seldom checked by obstacles, and never impeded by lack of response or even by rebuffs.

"Foul words and frowns must not repel a lover;
What though the rose have prickles yet 'tis plucked;
Were beauty under twenty locks kept fast,
Yet love breaks through and picks them all at last."

The best culture-media for love-bacilli seem to be mixed class-rooms, crowded theatres, annual socials, moonlight parties, etc., etc. The growth of the bacillus wherever it harbours is analogous to the growth of the seeds in the 'Parable of the Sower,' under varying environments. If by luck it harbours on a suitable individual under optimum conditions, it gradually develops into real, deep-rooted love on either side, till it undergoes resolution when each has performed that God-enjoined duty to community and posterity.

Clinical Forms

CONJUGAL love, one-sided love, and cousin love. Of these the last two are the ones which young men are often exposed to. It is a usual, comic sight to see among our friends, individuals who pour the arrow bacilli in torrents at any fair creature who may be driving off in a motor car, or who may have been accidentally seen in a crowded theatre, although he or she may not even expect to see that creature again to know whether his love was not really lost. It is more interesting to watch the warfare with the arrow bacillus between people who publish themselves by that misnomer 'cousins' while all others know that their relation has to be traced as far back as our common parents.

Symptoms

THE symptoms of this disease are peculiar and particular at the initial, intermediate, and final stages. At the initial stage the patient is of surpassing interest to the passive observer. He (or she) takes more concern about fashions and their chameleon changes than anything else in the world. The main object of his existence would seem to be, to look at and to be looked to by the opposite sex. If it is a she, you will see her adorning herself with as much beauty as money can buy, and in as many colours as God has created and goes to her work where she makes more use of her eye muscles than with her hands or mind. You will burn your Gray's Anatomy for gross inaccuracy if you once observe the tricks she plays with her eyes and then read the origin and insertion of the eye muscles. Time is too precious and space too limited to adequately describe this stage, but you can add a volume to it if only you stop here a while and think for yourself.

In the intermediate stage, the people at large have begun to consider the individual as 'love-sick.' He shows quite reactionary symptoms to those in the initial stage. Shakespeare describes this stage in these terms:—"A lean cheek; a blue and sunken eye; an unquestionable spirit; a beard neglected; hose ungartered; bonnet unbanded; sleeves unbuttoned; shoe untied; and everything about demonstrating a careless desolation."

The final stage is a pathetic sight. The charm of youth disappears and he or she becomes a miserable, haggard looking individual. The cheeks which before bulged outwards, now turn the opposite way seeming to meet in the middle. His bones all stand out so prominently as if they intend a 'strike' or 'non-co-operation' with him. The eye-ball seems to be sunk to the apex of the socket. The gait is staggering, thoughts are fleeting and appetite completely lost.

Treatment

THE treatment in the initial stage is auto-suggestion and phycho-therapy by friends or a cane blister by a disciplinary father. If all these fail treat the symptoms with the following, singly or in combination:

Isolation absolutum

Companio purificatus

Potassi bromidum

Infusion economy.

If it is threatening to pass the initial stage, a well-intentioned doctor should at once prescribe '*pilula matrimoniale*,' and if this is contra-indicated at once give a single heavy dose of '*eloping mixture*.' In the very advanced stage the only possible thing is to send the patient to a cool climate or to an asylum.

Above all, the prophylactic treatment is essential especially if you live exposed to an infective 'she-breeze' or 'he-breeze.' A very orthodox grandam's specific in this country is *decoction juvenile matrimoniale*, but the effect of this is not equally successful in all cases. Segregation is the only effective means of prophylaxis. This disease was almost unknown till now in law courts, but now they are going to spread it there by enrolling ladies in the bar. I believe the medical and sanitary departments will make a joint effort against it in the safety of the crown and country.

Differential Diagnosis

THE disease is simulated by an allied condition, lust. It has only a superficial resemblance, but differs in essentials. The exact differences are better seen from the words of Adonis, in Shakespeare's *Venus and Adonis* :—

"Call it not love, for love to heaven is fled
Since sweating lust on earth usurped his name ;
Under whose simple semblance he hath fed
Upon fresh beauty, blotting it with blame ;
Which the hot tyrant stains ,and soon bereaves
As caterpillars do the tender leaves
Love comforted like sunshine after rain
But lust's effect is tempest after sun ;
Love's gentle spring doth always fresh remain,
Lust's winter comes ere summer half be done ;
Love surfeits not ; lust like a glutton dies,
Love is all truth ; lust full of forged lies."

The Madras Medical College Magazine.

"Vulgar Errors" On Legal Matters

By S. N. Venkatesa Aiyar, B.A., B.L.



IN law, as in every other profession, there prevail many false deas or what may be stated as 'Vulgar errors' to borrow an old phrase from Dear Sir Thomas Browne (1605-1682). That strange author of "Vulgar errors"—evidences of false doctrine—who by the way assisted so nobly one of the best English Judges, Sir Mathew Hale, in burning two witches, felt himself so constrained to refute these "errors" that nothing but writing a learned book on the subject would ever satisfy him. These errors can be broadly classified as (1) errors as to the Presiding Officers (2) errors as to the professions or in other words (if you must be brief) errors "on Bench and Bar". These again are capable of many sub-divisions but more of this later on.

My mind was first attracted to this subject by a casual remark made by a client of mine that the Judge, the highest dignitary of the District, was simply sleeping during the whole course of my argument before him. This was some years ago and even now I can well remember I was much "cut up" with it. It is true that at present (after some experience in the profession.) I would not be much affected by it as I have seen worse things happen every day. But, *then* in my own mind, I had quite made up that that argument of mine was so brilliant and learned that the *least* that it could do, was to establish my legal reputation for ever. I had in fact, counted on that argument, a long vista of big cases and inferentially large sums of money. All this was at once set at naught by this single unwitting remark. A moment's thought, however, convinced me that my client must have made a mistake, for whoever heard, (let alone reported or unreported cases) that a Judge in Court ever slept? I therefore determined to probe into the matter but the more I went into it, the more my client asserted that the Judge was sleeping, nay

even snored and nodded. At this awkward pass of the matter, all at once the truth flashed upon me, that after all the whole thing was a very common case of a "Vulgar error". I at once cross-examined my client with the expected result viz., that all the outward manifestations from which he *inferred* (mark the word!) that the Judge was *sleeping* was 1, closing of the eyes 2, certain curious gurgling sounds coming from the Judge's direction (evidently a mistake for snores) 3. nods of the head.

May I tell you curious reader that these answers perfectly justified me, of course *legally* in coming to the opposite conclusion viz., that the Judge instead of sleeping, was on the other hand *deeply* following my argument. You may take it from me that the lay public often mistakes the Judge's closing of the eyes—both eyes of course unless the Judge is one-eyed—for such vulgar things as *sleep*. Poor souls! You can't expect better from them. You know or ought to know that by common consent our public are *admitted* to be so uneducated, illiterate and unrefined. This public naturally argue because they sleep closing their eyes, judges also must sleep when they close their eyes. I have not been able to find any authority in law for such a monstrous proposition. Why! arguments like this, if carried far enough would reduce the Judges to be mere mortals, just like you and me, dear reader.

On the other hand, I may tell you that your Judge, the more fully he closes his eyes, the more calmly, deeply and impartially is he judging your case. As for the gurglings, who can ever mistake these for anything but the deep cogitations of a brain racking itself, (not rattling) over the dry bones of your case, judging its pros and cons, etc., etc?

Then, there are only the nods to be disposed of for me to close this sketch. You know the old saying that (even Homer Nods) if so, why not a Judge, especially as the nods are the outward symbols—as Thomas Carlyle would call them "vestures" marking the inner working of a mind balancing the two sides of a case? You know your pendulum or balance cannot come to a true rest without its oscillations. I am further supported in all my above reflections by the hoary authority of my ancient forefathers when they put the whole case in a nut-shell in the *sutra* (aphorism) of "justice is blind."

Some College Memories

By S. Sathivageeswaran, M. A., B. L.

MR. L. M. is the Rockefeller in our midst of whom we might say he was "beggared by fools, whom still he found too late; while he had his jest, they had his estate." The *magnum opus* of his life was to appear in all the glory of wrist-watch with gold bangles, shining hemispheres at the pendulous lobes of his ears and perpetual perfumes of cosmetics exhaling out of his silk-covered personality. A remarkable talker, his virtues were derived out of a silent conviction that his wealth and volubility baffled the penetrative gaze of his poverty-stricken companions. His notions of respectability were derived on the basis of a curious belief that motor-car and restaurant, a full-suit and sufficient champagne, a risky margin in the Madras Bank and an unquestioned credit in the Main Road firms constituted the philosophy of individual brilliance. Sunk in dreams of great days to come, with the glorious prospect of Overland No. 90, a decent bungalow with top-storey screened away from the vulgar gaze and the vision of coming visitors intending to assuage his sensitive nerves with the sweet honey of smooth-tongued words, always talking of millionaire heroes who never earned anything less than Rs. 3000 a month Mr. L.M. spends his days in the delusive joys of unattained bliss.

He is a humourist par-excellence. Speaking of the narrow-minded bigotry of orthodox people in S. Travancore, he once said, "India tapers down to a point at Cape Camorin, and *that* just indicates the breadth of vision possessed by the population nearabout." When a reference was made to an erudite scholar who began his exposition of Ramayana at his 25th age and now at his 45th year has just finished the Bala Kandha, L. M. said at once "He must be executed without mercy for such scholarship." For unmeaning orthodoxy he had the supremest contempt. But to him width of outlook often meant occasional inroads into the regions of non-vegetarian menu, promiscuous and ostentatious

See also issue for May, 1923.

inter-dining, not so much for the spirit as for the show and a display of the rant and humour characteristic of him on such occasions. His humour is the result of a remarkable application of carefully and beautifully chosen adjectives to describe ordinary incidents combined with a descriptive finish in which the main features are wanton extravagance, caricature of apparent faults of dress, pronunciation, mannerism of speech, behaviour and conduct. But it does not stop here. The way in which he retails anecdotes is original and inimitable. In his general and merciless criticism of briefless and starving Vakils, he was piquant, pitifully piquant. Of a certain gentleman whose name is Mr. O. Sub..... Iyer he said, "his professional income is just represented by his initial. But the Income-Tax authorities are supposed to have looked into his accounts for the nth time and the profession-tax people have honoured him by a charitable over-calculation of his income." Of the eight-seater Ford Car in its various metamorphoses he said "Mr. Ford might sue these proprietors for damages." One a hot sultry day, as I betake myself to my study, breathing hard and full of a sense of helplessness which only a hot sultry day in the tropics could inspire and, lolling in my easy-chair (by courtesy so-called, for it is the most *difficult* no-chair I could think of) and looking vainly at the landscape for ideas, unconsciously I fell into a half-dazed reverie; strange visions conjure themselves, of their own accord before me, and gradually and stealthily as my ennui reaches its climax, my face becomes wreathed in the intricacies of a pervading smile as Mr. L. M. jumps before my mind with his dramatic rehearsals of the rude untutored villager's awe-struck astonishment as Mr. Edison's gramophone dawned upon their vision in the year of grace 1920: his strange and graphic narrations of the rivalries between great Bagavathars and other spicy anecdotes which he and he alone could place in the proper way for enlightenment. His hobbies were numerous and resigned as soon as tried. Book-keeping was one. He called 'Double-entry' as a form of 'Trouble-entry'. He asked me while I was just beginning Book-keeping myself, how I would enter M's death recently announced in the papers? I expressed my inability. His entries were thus-wise.

Waste Book

MARCH 23rd. Mr. M. 'paid debt of Nature.' Cash-keeper Yama to take note of it. Mr. Chithragupta, Chief Ledger Keeper to note that 'Nature is Dr. to M.' and to receipt the 'bill of mortality.'

When recently the Madras Government published a G. O. casting to the winds certain promises given to ex-service men returned from Mesopotamia, Mr. L. M. Sent an article to a local paper with the title "மோசப்பட்டுடையார்." Of a certain friend of us inveterately addicted to lying he said, "Oh, he is a born liar. It is a disease with him. He would lie even to himself." It is very difficult to transfer Mr. L. M's jokes and witticisms to paper; for they were a peculiar combination of mimicry dramatic indictment, telling phrases in the current vernaculars of our place and apt application of illustrations from life.

Mr. T. is the greatest intellectual Jackdaw one could possibly imagine, flaunting his shining glittering feathers for the delectation of admiring youngsters. I have talked and discussed with him many a time; so have others. But beyond getting a patronising encouragement whenever we agreed with him, it was never the lot of any of us to differ from him with reason. Such a thing was unthinkable. "You are wrong" "You can't catch the deep import of my words" "you have read but not thought" "Well, you appal me by your ignorance" "Quite a simple thing, this"—these were the deliverances which, with unassumed effrontery, he aimed at us for the sin of differing from him. To differ from him is to differ from the double-distilled essence of monopolised reason and sense. To call his argument false or fallacious—terms which once or so you might use—is not to know the elementary rules of logic. To have not read a book which he has, is not to have the necessary minimum of knowledge which one must adequately possess for discussion with him. To have read and quote from a book which he has not read is to be foisting old beliefs, if the author is not familiar name; or if well-known, the only conclusion possible is that we are either misquoting or have not caught the right spirit if it. In our games at

cards, he must set the rules, he must need find fault with others and must not be found fault with. When occasions arose when he violated his own rule, another special reason was invented to make it a different case altogether. This easy disposition to lay down rules generally for others to follow, reserving to himself the privilege of breaking them, was done with so little conscious assumption of superiority that it would easily nettle any man not alive to the inherent weaknesses of human nature. But what made all this intellectual arrogance on his part sufferable was his real ability and cleverness which very few of us could question. He could carry on a discussion with greater sustainment and more apt wealth of illustration than any one of us. He was a consistent thinker, could express his ideas with facile and natural ease and draft a petition or preside over a meeting or explain a difficult situation with greater precision, better humour, and more luminous insight than many of us. He has not perhaps read widely but he has bestowed much thought on many subjects which recur to our minds every day. Thereby he has perfected himself to a fine lucidity of thinking unsurpassed as yet among the many friends whom I possess to-day. True this was marred at times by a pretensions parade of admitted truisms held forth with the enthusiasm of a new-found discovery; but even such truisms were often explained with a casuistry, novelty or refreshing clearness that we used all to be taken aback by his wonderful perspicacity and unclouded clear-sighted outlook on affairs intellectual.

His habits were simple though his mind, I could not say, was free from cant. He had never till now attended a theatrical performance unless under the auspices of some amateur association. He is now enjoying a schoolmaster's job and is reported to be winning golden opinions at the hands of great personages. Well does he deserve them. The only thing to lament is that a schoolmaster's place, of all things in the world, is the least fitted to cure him of his vanity and conceit. There are to-day more cynics among schoolmasters and Mr. T. is bound to be the most cynical of the lot with exaggerated notions of the schoolmaster's function in the social polity of our present-day life.

Meenu

A Social Vignette

[Translated from the Bengali of Rabindranath Tagore].

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

MEENU had received her upbringing somewhere in the west of Bengal. Her girlhood was full of rollicking liveliness and merry roving adventures. She wandered about on the plains and took delight in pelting stones at the fruits on the mulberry-trees and in coquetting with the aged gardener of the Zemindar Babu.

When she came of age she was married in Janupur. She bore a baby only to lose it, whereupon the doctor said that she might not live long. So she was taken to Calcutta for a change.

Young and tender that she was, like an unripe fruit firmly clinging to the tree by means of its hard stalk, she too clung on firmly to the merriment and ardour of her girlhood. Whatever was green, tender and beautiful never failed to move her infinitely.

Right in front of the Calcutta house was a small plot of ground, two yards wide, which she called her garden and tended with great love and care. She trimmed it and watered it, ministered to it and fondled it like her own pet child.

All the wild and the tame dogs of the locality, all the owned and the unowned quadrupeds of the place used to be Meenu's guests every once in a day; and the greatest favourite of them all was a dog with a crooked nose and plump face.

Thinking of putting a garland round the neck of her pet dog she had one day begun to string together a garland of flowers but the work never reached completion for her husband thundered in stentorian tones, "We want no dogs in the house!"

II.

MEENU was lying in a corner on the second storey of the Calcutta house. By her side the Hindustani servant was prattling some story of her own to which Meenu hardly paid any heed.

Meenu had spent a restless night and the light of the dawn was peeping through the trees—the branches of the Golak Champa plant were aflame with a number of yellow flowers, the mild fragrance of which seemed to approach her querying, 'how do you do?' In the narrow space of ground between her house and the neighbouring one, this plant was struggling for its existence with neither light nor sufficient air, like an outcaste child of nature.

The exhausted girl used to get up early in the mornings and noting one day the absence of the usual flowers on the Champa plant asked her servant, "Look here, Dai, why don't you water this plant now and then?"

Why the once-seen flowers suddenly absented themselves was clear to her a few days hence, for when that day the morning light just began to appear on the heavens like a half-open lotus bud, a venerable Brahmin with a silver plate in his hand was shaking the plant to its very roots, like the tax-collecting peon of some monstrous tyrant prince. Meenu then told her servant, "Look sharp, dai, can't you fetch the Brahmin priest this side?" On the Brahmin appearing before her, Meenu saluted him and asked, "Thakurji! wherefore do you pluck these flowers?"

"For offering them to the gods," replied the priest. Meenu thereupon exclaimed, "Why! the gods have sent these flowers for my sake, Thakurji!" "For your sake?" said the priest astonished. "Yes, indeed!" replied Meenu, "they are intended not to be rudely plucked off, Thakurji, but for my delight!" The Brahmin went away without a word, disgusted.

The next morning when the priest again began to rudely shake the plant, Meenu cried out in anguish, "O! Dai! I cannot bear to see this cruel sight. Take away my cot to the other side by that window yonder there!"

III

BY the side of that window, towered aloft the magnificent four storeyed building of the Zemindar family of the Ray Chaudhuries one day Meenu called her husband to her side and pointing to a little child playing on the courtyard of her neighbouring house exclaimed, "Look at that divine-looking child of theirs! Will you not get me that child so that I may fondle him?" The husband thereupon said, "Will those big people send their child to a poor man's house?" "How's that, I wonder! Can there be any difference between the rich and the poor in the matter of fondling little children? Will not babies feel themselves enthroned on the hips of all people alike?" The husband then left her and returning a few minutes hence said to her, "The Darwan says I cannot see the Babu now."

The next evening Meenu calling the Hindustani servant to her side and told her in confidence, "Look at that child there! He is playing alone in the garden, run up and give him this piece of cake!"

About dusk-time the husband came up and said, "The Chaudhuri people are kicking up a row." "Why? What has happened?" asked Meenu. "They say that if the Dai goes there again they will set the police on her."

Meenu's eyes suddenly filled themselves with tears and in pathetic tones she said, "I have seen it! I have seen it! I have seen them snatch away the cake from the child's hands! and I have seen them beat the child too! I shall not remain here any longer! Bear me away hence!"

—❖—

IGNORANCE.

I am very learned. I can quote chapter and verse all the prophets of the earth and their messages.

I know why the sea is never still, why the sky is blue and why the stars twinkle.

And many other things besides.

But now I needs must consent an oracle. For all my knowledge has not helped to answer the question of my beloved, *Why I love her.*

South Indian Saints

By D. O. T.

Pei-yar

பேயார்



THE Saint who is addressed by St. Sundara in his list of Saints as Pei-yar has become known as Karaikkal Ammaiyar in later days. Nambi Andar Nambi has, in his Tiru-Thondar-Tiru-Andhathi, this verse about her :

நம்பன் திருமலை நான்மிதியே நென்று தாளிட்டு
மும்பார்மிசைத்தலையா னடந் தேறவுமை நகலுஞ்
செம்பொன்னு ருவனென்னம் மையெனப் பெற்றவள் செழுந்தேன்
கொம்பினுரு காரைக்காலினின் மேயகுலதனமே.

This stanza embodies the traditional version of the Saint's ascent to Heaven. As the Saint of Karaikkal approached the sacred hills of Kailas, feeling the place too holy for the touch of her feet, she walked on her head ; and Lady Uma who was by the side of the Lord laughed at the sight ; the Lord checked the laughter, saying, "It is my Mother that is coming." This story is elaborated by Sekkizhar in his Puranam thus : Karaikkal Ammai journeyed to Mt. Kailas and as she approached the hills she began to proceed upon her head. As she was ascending, Parvathi wondered at the sight and bending herself in humility before her Lord asked Him who it was that was so full of devotion as to approach the hills in that fashion. The Lord in His Grace replied : "This is the Mother who worships us and she attained to this form by her devotion." So saying the Lord met the coming saint on her way and gave her His blessed vision greeting her as "Mother." "Father," she replied and fell at His feet. "What doest Thou desire, Mother?" "Thy endless grace and freedom from further births ; or if I must be born, I must never

forget Thee ; and when thou dancest, I must be blessed under the shadow of Thy foot watching Thee." The Lord replied, "I am dancing for ever at Tiru-Alankadu ; there remain under the shadow of my foot." The Ammaiyar proceeded straight to Tiru-Alankadu walking to that place on her head and there she remains to this day in her spiritual form witnessing the perpetual dance of the Lord.

The fact is that Peiyar has sung two Pathikams or decads of verses, one about the dance of the Lord in general and the other about the dancing Lord at Tiru-Alankadu ; these are known as Mootha Tiru-Pathikams or the ancient decads ; probably these were the models from which the three great poets of Saivism developed their Thevaram. If we omit the eleventh stanza in these two decads as the addition of later editors, there is absolutely no ground for saying that the author Peiyar was a woman saint, much less that she came from Karaikkal. Nambi-Andar-Nambi, writing centuries after, embodies the tradition that Peiyar was a woman known as Karaikkal Ammai and gives a fanciful origin to her title as Ammai. How the tradition grew with time is illustrated by the more elaborate details furnished us by Sekkizhar. The later hagiologist is not satisfied with a mere narration of the Saint's devotion. He must also record miracles. The story goes that the Saint known as Punithavathi was born of a Vysia merchant Dana Datta of Karaikkal and was duly married to Parama Datta, a rich young merchant of Negapatam. While the couple were living happily, one day a mendicant came and presented Parama Datta two mango fruits which he handed over to his wife. When the husband was away at his shop, a beggar came and Punithavathi gave him one of the mangoes. At supper, the husband finding that the mango served on his leaf was very delicious asked for the other fruit also. Punithavathi did not know what to do ; she went inside the kitchen prayerful ; when lo, a fresh fruit was mysteriously placed on her hand ; when the husband tasted the second fruit, he found it far more delicious than the first and asked the wife why that second was so divinely delicious. The wife con-

fessed the truth; but Parama Datta wanted proof "fetch me another mango like this" he said. Again, her heart rose, in prayer, again a fruit appeared in her hand. The husband stood aghast for a while and thought within himself, "Mother, you are my wife no longer". Shortly afterwards he went abroad pretending it was for the purpose of trade and returned not to Negapatam but a seaport in the Pandya country and there settled and took a new wife by whom he had a daughter. Punithavathi waited long for the return of her lord; slowly the news came to her that her husband had settled in the Pandya Kingdom with a new wife. She ran up to see him but her husband had lost all love for her, deeming her a goddess and falling at her feet prayed that she might bless him and his new wife and the young girl whom he had named Punithavathi after her. The saint realised the awkwardness of her position and prayed now that her youth was no longer wanted that God might transform her into a old withered hag, all bones and wrinkles and so it happened immediately.

Whatever might be the truth of this version as told in the Peria Puranam, the fame of Periyar does not rest on these miracles or on the honorific title of Ammaiyar conferred upon her by the Lord. The eleventh of the twelve sacred books of Saivism which consists of a miscellaneous collection of devotional poems by different authors begins with a sacred Epistle ascribed to the Lord Himself. The next place of honor is given to Peiyar who is responsible for the two decads already mentioned, known as Mootha in Pathikam for twenty verses called Erathai-Mani-malai and for a centum of Venba verses in the Anthathi form. The two decads of verses contain very realistic and picturesque descriptions of Pei-s or supernatural beings which frequent the cremation ground where the Lord dances. This is how the first stanza begins:

கொங்கை திரங்கி நரம் பெழுந்துகுண்டு கண் வெண் பற்குழி வயிற்றுப்
பங்கி சிவந்திரு பற்கண்ணு பரடுயர் நீள்கணைக்காலோர் பெண்பேய்

Perhaps these lines contain the origin of traditional story that Peiyar was a woman of Karaikkal who prayed for and obtained the form of a female Pei. The portions from the eleventh stanzas of the two decads lend further support to the tradition,

- (1) அப்பணையணர் திருவாலங்காட்டு ளடிகளைச் செடிதலைக்காரைகாற்பேய்
செப்பிய செந்தமிழ் பத்தும்வல்லார் சிவகதி சேர்ந்தின் பமெய்துவாரே.
- (2) காடுமலிந்த கனல்வாயெயிற்றுக் காரைக்காற் பேய்தன்
பாடல் பத்தும்பாடி யாடப்பாவ நாசமே.

But probably the whole story is a later development. St. Sundara simply says பேயார்க்கும் அடியேன் referring apparently to a well-known Pei-yar—the author of these hundred and forty stanzas. The curiosity of the later day devotees has been responsible for the development of the miraculous details of the poet's life.

Why the poet came to the known as Peiyar can be otherwise explained. It was a well-known practice of the Sangam Age to call poets by some peculiar and striking phrase that occurs in their poems and it is quite natural that a poet who gives such a good picture of the Pei-s that witnessed the Lord's dance should become famous as Peiyar. In this case there are additional reasons for the honorific title of the poet.

இவரைப் பொருளுணரமாட்டாதா ரெல்லா
மவரை யிகழ்வதே கண்ட—ரிவர்த மது
மூக்கோல மேனிப்பொடி பூசியெண் பணிந்த
பேய்க்கோலங் கண்டார் பிறர்.
பெறினும் பிற்தியாதும் வேண்டே நமக்கி
துறினு முறதொழியு மேனுஞ்—சிறிதுணர்த்தி
மற்றொரு கணெற்றிமேல் வைத்தான்றன் பேயாய்
நற்கணத்தி லொன்று நாம்.

In these two verses the poet calls himself a Pei and says the Lord assumes the form of a Pei.

There is considerable internal evidence in the verses of this poet which show that he (or she) belonged to the Sangam age. There is no contemptuous reference to Buddhism or Jainism. There is very little of depreciation of the other two members of the Trinity. The episode of the search of Vishnu and Brahma is the only thing referred to

வல்லேன மாய்ப்புக்கு மாலவனு மாட்டாது
கில்லேன்மா வென்றான் கீழ்திருத்தக்க
மாலயனுங் காணாத ரற்றிமகிழ்ந்தேத்தக்
காலையும வென்று தைத்த கால்.

There are other references to the Trinity who show the attitude of the poet was one of impartiality and of identification.

- (1) அரனென்கோ நான்முகனென் கோவரிய
பரனென்கோ பண்புரண மாட்டேன்.
நீருருவ
- (2) மேகத்தாற் செய்தனைய மேனியானின்னுடைய
பாகத்தான் காணுமே பண்டு.
- (3) ஒரு பாலு லகளந்தமால் வனமுற்றை
யொருபாலுமை யவளாமென்ற—விருபாலு
நின்று ருமாக நிறந்தெரிய மாட்டோமா
னின்னுருவோ மின்றுருவோ நேர்ந்து.
- (4) செங்கட்டிருமாலைப்பங்குடையான் பெண்புணரு
- (5) மவ்வுருவோ மாலுருவோ வானேற்றாய் நிறணிவ
தெவ்வுருவோ நின்னுருவமேல்.
- (6) மின்போலுஞ் சடையான் மாலோடு மீண்டிசைந்தா
லென்போலுஞ் காண்பார்கட் கென்றிரேற்.

Besides, a careful reader might note that the poet of these stanzas shows that he is a specialist in singing about முல்லை. We find that already when St. Sundara was singing about the Saints, ஐங்குறு நூறு Iynkuru-Nuru has been compiled by கூடலூர் கிழார் under the direction of the Chera king யானைக்கட் சேய்மார்தாரஞ் சேரனரும் பொறையார் and the poet of முல்லை therein is Pei-yar or Peiyanar. And if St. Sundara meant that our poet was different one might expect that some distinguishing epithet would have been bestowed on him. A stanza about a Pei's doings is ascribed in Yapparumkala Vrithi Urai யாப்பருங்கல விருத்தியுரை to Karaikal Pei and Poikai.

கறைப்பறப்பெரு மோட்டுக்காடுகிழ வோட்
கரைத்திருந்த சாந்தைத் தொட்டப்பேய்
மறைக்குமோ மாட்டாது மற்றுந்தன் கையைக்
குறைக்குமாங் கூர்ங்கத்தி கொண்டு.

This leads us to another possible identification. Probably Poikai is a mistake for Pei the Alwar. The special diety of முல்லை is Vishnu and in all probability the specialist in முல்லை, Peiyanar of the Iynkuru Nuru, sang the centum of Venba's which

now form part of the third of thousand of the Nalayira Prabhandham. Probably this poet, like his brother poets Perum Thevanar who sang Bharatam in Tamil, and Kapilar, whose songs are also part of Iynkuru Nuru, made no difference between the Trimurtis, except when the subject matter of the poem requires it.

அலரெடுத்த

வண்ணத்தான் மாமலரான் வார்சடையான் என்றிவர்கட்கு
எண்ணத்தானுமோ இமை.

In the முன்றும் திருவந்தாதி also Peiyar says that Siva and Vishnu are one form.

தாழ்சடையும் நீள்முடியும் ஒள்முழுவும் சக்கரமும்
சூழாவும் பொன்னுமும் தோன்றுமால்.

There are many further points of identification gatherable from the two centums of verses by careful students of both; probably the authors of these two centums of verses are one and the same person, and that person Peiyanar of Iynkuru Nuru. In the process of such an identification these verses are helpful.

- (1) அன்று ந்திருவுருவங்காண தேயாட்பட்டே
னின்று ந்திருவுருவங் காண்கிலே—னென்றுந்தா
னெவ்வுருவோனும் பிரானுனன்பார் கட்டுன்னுரைக்கே
னெவ்வுருவோ நின்னுருவமேது.
- (2) நூலறிவு பேசி நுழைவிலாதார்திரிக
நீல மணிமி டற்றுவீர்மையே—மேலுலந்த
தெக்கோலத் தெவ்வுருவா யெத்தவங்கள் செய்வார்க்கு
மக்கோலத் தவ்வுருவேயாம்.
- (3) நிறம்பெளிது செய்து பசுதுகரிதென்று
இறைபுருவம் யாமறியோம்.
- (4) பேசுவார் எவ்வளவு பேசுவர் அவ்வளவே
வாசமலர்த்துழாய் மாலையான்.

To those who would maintain that Peiyar was the lady of Karaikal, I might point out this stanza in Tiru-Erattai Mani-Malai :

நினையா தொழிதி கண்டாய் நெஞ்சமே யிங்கோர் தஞ்சமென்று
மனையானையு மக்கடம்மையுந் தேறி யோராறுபுக்கு
நனையாச்சடைமுடி நம்பனந்தாதை நொந்தாத செந்தி
யனையான மரப்பிரானண்ட வாணனடித்தலமே.

Mr. Sam

The Story of a Career

By N. K. Venkateswaran, B. A.



EW, indeed, are they who have not heard of Mr. Sam. He made a noise and his name was on the lips of everybody. For a whole half century he stood in the glamour of his glorious deeds and became an object of envy to many a colleague who but strove in vain to vie with him.

Mr. Sam was an educated gentleman. Or to be more precise, once upon a time, he was the recipient of an education. It consisted of a smattering of English, a scattering of physics and quite a profusion of prejudices. At the time of which we speak, his education had become a petrified rock on which was the ineffaceable impression of an antiquated age; in other words, he was a fossil. But his education had this inestimable merit. Being a fossil, it was a fixture. It never rocked in the eddying backwash of modern movements. He was a rocky promontory of a long past era, jutting far into the ocean of his time. Therefore, there was a sort of quaintness about him, an amusing immovability which he never failed to press into his service with incalculable advantage.

He never browsed on the pasture of modern knowledge. He had the profoundest contempt for the 'upstarts' of his day. He had never heard of H. G. Wells, although they were contemporaries for a little more than half a century. (It was only the other day that Sam went the way of all the Earth.) He had a horror of Dean Inge. Chesterton and Tagore were conundrums to him. And he considered not a few of the other modern worthies as certain curious freaks of an eccentric Creator. But he had a passion for Shakespeare whom, by the way, he never read. He worshipped the great Elizabethan by sparing him the honour of his kind attentions. His ideal of English composition was Johnson, but he never discovered that the great lexicographer's

linguistic wealth did not consist entirely of monosyllables. For it must be said to his credit that he had a passionate attachment to the commonality of language. He went into tantrums at the sight of any polysyllabic pomposities. Before this array of big words, Sam would have gone to pieces just like a mud wall before a modern machine-gun.

One fine day, Sam had a talk on not an unimportant subject with one of his innumerable junior colleagues. The topic of conversation was the usefulness or otherwise of dictionaries and what in the market was the best of them. Now the very mention of the word dictionary was enough to set Sam on the path of a bloody duel. He never made use of one in his life. He was not a schoolboy leaning on the crutch of dictionaries. He could shift for himself. On the other hand, to his colleague, the dictionary was the very gospel of language. Therefore, you can well imagine the amount of heat that entered into the altercation.

Sam—It is a pity that a man of your position has to look up the dictionary so often.

Colleague—You mean that teachers ought not to

Sam, (Interrupting). Not at all. I don't mean any such nonsense. There are teachers and teachers. It is most unfortunate that a man of your learning has to seek the aid of the dictionary to this extent. Colleague—It may be unfortunate. But the truth is that as often as I read, be it a book or a newspaper, I meet with not a few strangers tripping up to me from the regions of the unknown. I confess it with shame. My "I do not know" is vastly bigger than my shrivelled up "I know."

"Fiddlestick! Fiddlestick!" exclaimed Sam, who, by the way, had somehow contracted an infatuation for this trisyllabic interjection in the course of a monosyllabic existence. "We all do not know many things; but that doesn't make us soil the leaves of the Dictionary any more than it makes us proclaim the privacy of our ignorance from the tops of our houses. We do get on without begging the Dictionary for light every now and then. One must know, especially one like you, how to bear without letting others know the burden of one's

nescience. It is a pity that you do not respect the dignity of your profession."

The colleague was warmed up by this tirade and said in simmering vehemence, "Where ignorance is bliss, it is folly to be wise." Sam burst into one of his habitual outbreaks of temper and were he not a coward, his opponent would have been knocked down. As it was, he slunk away hanging his lips so pathetically.

Soon after this historic conversation, Sam came upon a delightful pair of short sweet words. His casual eyes picked them up from the columns of a newspaper which had obtruded itself upon his attention. "On dit" was the beautiful vision. His mouth watered at the sight of this delicious dish of a monosyllabic menu. He at once stole it and made it his own. And many have heard him gravely punctuate his utterances with the delicacy of "on dit." Sam never troubled himself with the question what the expression meant. Such questions were not evidently in his line.

Sam was a B.A. of a rather miserly university. It was this epithet of his *alma mater* that prevented him from becoming an M.A. as well. But although he was not a Master of Arts, he was undoubtedly a doctor of the art of getting on in this world without falling in love with the fashionable habit of courting trouble. Before his superiors, he was always a wolf in sheep's clothing. In his class or in the presence of those who were below him in rank, he was a coward in lion's skin. His golden rule of life was to bully his inferiors and to truckle to his superiors. He never crossed the path of his Headmaster in whatever absurdity the latter might be. He was the incarnation of obedience and deference whenever there was an interview between himself and his boss. If you were within hearing of these parleys, you would have been certainly drowned in a stream of Yes's and No's following each other in such juxtaposition as the occasion required. The machine of his obsequious assent never jammed. Whenever the harassed Headmastership drooped in the sultry sunlight of opposition, discomfitures and failure, the figure of Sam never failed to prop it upon the stilts of flattery and set it a going with strong doses of the wine of adulation. In

the school-world the kings generally are not Canutes and therefore the good offices of Sam were never allowed to languish for lack of employment.

Sam's attitude towards the smaller fry of his profession was of the braggadocious bully. He put on the airs of an archangel among them. He hectored to them from the pedestal of self-importance. The flourish of his egoism resembled a bristly porcupine. On a certain morning he was engaged in valuing an examination paper, lounging in his easy chair. He was reading an indifferent paper when, unfortunately, a visitor stepped into his presence. Scarcely had Sam seen him before he found his legs and rolling the luckless paper into a ball, threw it fiercely in his face, stamping the ground with the feet to the accompaniment of these ferocious words; "Look at this! Look at this! Is this the result of thy teaching? Look at this feast of nonsense that your pupils have given me!" The affrighted teacher took to his legs at this terrific explosion of pedagogic fanaticism.

This Sam who showed such sheepish deference to his inferiors indulged in a favourite intemperance to keep him in high spirits outside the school. He drank hard of the wine of vilification. His poor boss, the cult of whose infallibility he had done so much to set up and spread, was torn to pieces with a high hand in the saloons of slander. The art of eloquence then sat on his tongue. The toad-eating teacher then sat on the crest of abuse. He skinned him alive and threw the carcass to the wolves. He had served under half-a-dozen Headmasters and none of them escaped crucifixion at his hands. But he deified them too, one after another in the order in which they ceased to be his Headmaster. When he served Mr. X that gentleman was the very devil himself. When Mr. X was transferred or superannuated, he was exalted to the position of a god. Such exaltation was however, one of the tricks of Sam's trade. He usually hanged his present master on the gallows of the glorification of his former ones. His grace before falling to the feast of hate invariably consisted of "Look on this and on this".

Indeed, Mr. Sam's head was full of the flowers of simile. That was probably the reason why a premature baldness had lent

its graces to his brimming head. However that may be, Sam served no Headmaster whom he did not drown in denunciatory comparisons. But his orgies were never allowed to blow through the highways of publicity. Sam therefore always remained an ideal servant, an apostle of unquestioning obedience.

But Sam's true nature found the fullest expression only in the classroom. There he was in his element. It was the place of least resistance to him on Earth. There alone was a wealth of opportunity to keep his cloven hoofs continually on the wings of exhibition.

Mr. Sam was certainly an artist. His art consisted of three things, viz., Nagging, Browbeating and Birching. His speeches were thoroughly humanized by the third. Fortunately for Sam, the school in which he was employed was built in the soil of slavish docility. Even when he fretted and frowned and birched some luckless pupil for the fault of his not being able to show fight, Sam's class evinced not the slightest symptom of perturbation or of sympathy for the victim. They knew well that *that was education* and that they had to endure it. They expected nothing better.

Therefore the 45 minutes of each of Sam's periods were taken up with the reading of homilies, issuing of ultimatums, pinching, birching, expulsions from the class-room, delivering of phillippics dictating no end of notes rather than by what is usually understood to be teaching. Very often Sam went into non-co-operation i.e. he would refuse to teach "such an insensate class" and sit in the chair—a mass of pedagogic temper. But in justice to him it must be owned that once or twice in his professional career he did teach his class. On the first occasion the lesson in hand was the gravimetric composition of water. Sam set up the apparatus to the indescribable astonishment of his pupils. They had seen such a thing never before. The unusual interrogation, "What is it? What is it?" diffused a rare liveliness in the class-room. Every thing was ready—the Cupric Oxide safe in its bulb, the Hydrogen profusely emanating from the zinc granules treated with sulphuric acid.

Sam applied the burning spirit lamp to the bulb, with a tremu-

lous heart, for he did not know if his procedure was the right one. Not at all. But he hoped it was and at the same time inwardly invoked the aid of God. The hydrogen that was let into the tubing was, however, not tested. Neither he nor his God attended to this preliminary need. The impure hydrogen came into contact with the red hot cupric oxide and there!—a terrific explosion—terrific indeed for that play-thing of a school laboratory. Poor Sam was completely enveloped in the smoke and dust of the catastrophe. From within that dusky enclosure, Sam pronounced a death-sentence on the murderous experimental method and thus saved himself from dismemberment in the future of his professional career.

The second time he attempted to teach was not so nearly fatal. Instead of dealing with high explosives, Sam was now only face to face with some innocuous numbers of mathematics. It was in a fit of pedagogic enthusiasm that he thoughtlessly resolved to grapple with them. The problem was illustrative of the co-efficient of linear expansion. For a time Sam was lost in the dust of black-board work. He was then scarcely visible. It was during this extravagant expenditure of chalk that Sam discovered the impossibility of proceeding beyond a certain step. Some point about compensation pendulum put his head entirely out of gear. With half concealed shame, he faced his class and said, "You see, therefore, how to attack the problem. I have put you in the way. The rest, you can find out for yourself." Sam had not known before that the heuristic method was so good as to intervene to save a distressed teacher's honour!

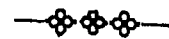
The annual inspection was a great occasion for Sam. Ah, he had to be busy then! A thousand things had to be done. The Laboratory had to be swept clean, the working-table had to be washed, the walls whitewashed, pictures hung in an attractive and novel pose and many other things besides, such as the dusting, rubbing and polishing of apparatuses, writing up of records of practical work done in the year, the proper alignment of interesting collections in his "Little Museum" and all the rest of it. No fancy bazaar ever indulged in such scientific window-dressing. None knew better than Sam the secret of lighting the

schoolmaster's lamp to inveigle the Inspector's pen. The dingy dusty Laboratory became for a time the best-looking thing of its kind in the school-world. It rustled with care and skill. It smiled in the glory of aliveness. Therefore, no wonder that in that book of Fate erroneously called the Inspection Report, Sam's name was written in letters of gold and his innumerable trophies shone perennially in their own phosphorescent glow.

Thus it was that Sam attained eminence. Like the cautious general that he was, he never risked an open battle, preferring to tire out his enemies from within his triple-lined fortifications of diplomacy, adulation and obedience. If this progress was slow, his success was complete. And the beauty of it was that he never knew that he was entrenched within the safe recesses of such a fortress. Art consists not in concealing art but in being unconscious of it. Sam was sublimely oblivious of the means, but intensely conscious of the end. And not for once in his life did he forget that he was on the upper rungs of the pedagogic ladder.

New years brought new honours to Sam. But in the inevitable ebb of life Sam went into reluctant retirement, trailing clouds of glory. In the dusk of existence sorrows came thick on his poor head. At last an attack of acute indigestion claimed him as its sport. The doctors treated him for megalomania and so, as we said, he went the way of all the Earth.

But although he died, he is not yet dead. Nature always cruelly careless of the individual, but intensely kind to the species, has preserved the glorious race of Sams. You can still find them at least one in every school, although the death rate among them is high enough to cause grave anxiety. Only Sam can light up the gloomy hours of monotonous schoolmastership. They are a necessary evil in the over-serious profession of pedagogy.



Bala Chandra

By K. T. Krishnaswamy Ayyangar, M. A.

Return Delights I with whom my road begun,
When Life rear'd laughing up her morning sun ;
When transport kiss'd away my April tear,
" Rocking as in a dream the tedious year."

Wordsworth.



IVE happy months have passed since Chandra's birth. Priya comes back to Athreya with baby and parents. The grand-mother becomes the jealous guardian of the growing child, and carefully wards off evil eyes and good words, as a hen wards off the malicious cries of the wheeling kite. Her lap is his Universe. Her dialect is his first language-school and he lisps in her tongue. His soul grows in the atmosphere of her devotional songs and stories. With many an action-song she delights him into wide and splitting laughter, sometimes much to the envy and tender fear of Priya's motherly heart.

How oft does the grandmother lay him on her body, joins his two little palms and clasps them with hers to the ravishing delight of the three-beat strain of the simple nursery hymn or praise song,

Krishna	Rama	Govinda	Nanda	Mukunda	Govinda
Rama	Krishna	Govinda	Navanitha	Chora	Govinda

and finally gathers all the music and devotion in one long strain,

Govinda ! Govinda !!

which swells and falls. This is repeated till Chandra falls into the rhythm and he goes on clapping his hands unaided even long after the grandmothers's music dies.

How oft does she also make him sit on her lap and gently swing him backwards and forwards to the swinging tune of the simple two-beat song,

Young	Elephant	A tusk	sprouted
Fair	Elephant	Towns	all
In my little elephant		Come	to see,

Thus he goes on swinging till the grandmother grows weary. Days and months roll on in mirth and joy till Bala completes his first year. His birth-day is celebrated by another festival. His uncle comes home with a *golden ear-ring* and other presents. Piping and drumming announce the event to the village. The boy is given an oil bath. His hair is adorned with flowers, his face with beauty and counter-beauty spots and his waist with a bright new silk cloth. The family goldsmith comes and hangs the gold wire-rings, one in each ear. This is also the day when he tastes rice for the first time. A feast fills the hot hours of the day's programme. In the evening Bala is taken round the village in a palanquin and with this the celebration comes to a happy close.

Bala and his Meal

THERE is one thing that Bala like other children does not enjoy. That is his silver bowl of rice. The meal time is the most difficult and puzzling time for his mother and grandmother. It calls up all their slender resources and wit. Scolding and beating are the readiest resort of the practical impatient and busy mother. But his grandmother has all the resources of leisure and laziness. Cajoling, conjuring and story-telling are her devices grown partly out of her leisure-laziness and partly out of her aged wisdom so much mixed up with old-age craziness and foolishness. No wonder the mother is stupid and unkind in the lofty estimation of this boy-judge, no wonder also the grandmother is the mother of his wise choice and fond adoption.

The grandmother takes Bala on her hips, with the bowl in her left hand and with a small ball of rice on her right. She goes out of the Kitchen into his own wide world of play and joy. "You are a good boy, eat this small morsel. I will call the village dog, Tho! Tho! Tho!..... (The dog comes along). You are a nice dog I know your trick. You have come to eat my darling's rice. Let us see!" Down the mouth in one gulp goes that mouthful.

"Another mouthful!" "No" grunts the boy. "I will call the black crow"

Black little crow!

For my darling's eyes,
Dark unguents bring.

Tiny little bird!

For my darling's hair,
Sweet flowers bring,

Little parrot green

Bring freshest milk

For my darling's bowl.

Father, come near

Your darling see!

Tell him

Not to weep.

"Kah! Kah" The crow flies down and perches on the ground. "Ha! Ha! little crow, I know what you are after (The boy gets down to chase the crow) you have come to fly away with this ball in your long bill Kosh!" Off it flies. Another mouthful disappears.

"Patti! (Grandmother) look at yonder moon (now weeping, now playing through the waving trees. See how she rises like a round silver kite in the inky sky.) "Come, this nice curd rice I shall call the running moon. Ambili-mane (The moon-stag) Come, come!" waving her hand to the moon,

Come, come,

Running moon,

Without halting

Come'

Climbing

Over the hill

Jasmin flowers

Bring'

Gather,

The shining flowers,

In the mansion

Blue'

Bring

Creamy milk

And pearly rice,

In yon

Silver bowl.

Play

With my darling

And make my baby laugh,

While Bala raises his eyes to observe the moon, his mouth readily opens and before the moon has time to come down (in the boy's mind) up he swallows.

But in the twinkling of an eye another ball finds itself in her hand. "This is the last morsel. It is graft mango, he who eats this will be like a young elephant." "No!" Bala will no longer be patient. He has had enough of this game of deception. Now must be called the weird cat which upsets and drinks the boy's creamy milk, whose eyes sparkle in darkness and whose mewling voice frightens the air. The boy also fears the coming of Puchandi, that strange mysterious figure who with dishevelled hair stalks under shade and cover. The bowl is clean empty and he is under the complete control of his now troublesome grandmother.

The Cape to Brindaban

A Pilgrim's Impressions. VII.

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



DFTER having a holy both in the *Thiruveni*—the confluence of Ganges, Jumna, and the Autharvahini Saraswati, we are busy packing holy Ganges water in order to please and purify our aged elders in our homes. The muddy Ganges and the blue Jumna, the shallow Ganges, and the deep Jumna, the mild Ganges and the terrifying Jumna, and the clear view of the confluence even from a distance of 500 yards—these are some details of abiding interest.

To Sri Krishna's Mathura

WE hasten to pay our respects to the sacred locality where Sri Krishna was born. The stone-paved cantonment roads and the excellent breed of horses which drag fine coaches tempt one to enjoy a drive.

We have our bath in the Puranic Vicrantha Ghat wherefrom Sri Krishna while a child was carried across to Gokul when the Jumna was in torrential floods. To depict the widely believed fact that the level of the water fell down to 3 feet at the command of the Boy-Lord, there is to-day visible a slight elevation at that part of the river. Aware as we are of the vagaries of floods and their aftermath in our rivers, neither need we attach undue importance to this phenomenon nor decry callously a harmless faith.

Sri Krishna's Temple

THE holy temple at Mathura with its single prakaram is well-known for its rich jewels in precious stones. Bhajana parties are busy within and the all-pervading cry of "Sri Krishna Bhagavan ki jei" reaches the Heavens. The area covered by this temple cannot stand a favourable comparison with a typical village shrine in South India not to think of our big temples with

lofty gopurams and Saptha-prakarams; none the less, the height of devotion within is remarkable for its intensity.

To Gokul

WE engage one of the excellent broughams to proceed to Gokul where Sri Krishna spent his boyhood, eventful for the daily theft of butter, curd and ghee and for some of those miraculous incidents as the sucking down to death of Puthalai, the Rakshasi—and the exhibition of all the 14 worlds to wondering *Yashoda*. Every house in this Village is sacred and every spot has its own tale to tell of how the mischievous Boy-Krishna organized parties of troublesome boys and carried off the booty in the form of butter and curd now, here, there and everywhere at the same time. The ancient house of Nandagopa is a heap of ruins; and one gets almost tired before he responds to the solicitude of every one of the residents to visit the thousand and one places where Sri Krishna spent his boy-hood. It is an excellent idea that wherever possible donations are got from us for cow-protection; and surely throughout India if any one place can be selected as par excellence the *Go-Samrakshan-Centre*, it is this puranic abode of Boy-Krishna.

Brindāban

WE continue our drive to Brindaban through a jungle road, on either side of which flourish Thulasi (Brinda) plants in myriads.

It is with a sigh of relief that we notice running deer and wild bulls. What was my horror when I noticed a Marwari with a loaded gun very near one of these spots? This brings to my mind the pointed question of that great humanitarian, Mr. C. F. Andrews,—“Cannot the sacred area of Brindaban be not only preserved against animal slaughter but also saved as far as possible for cattle pasturage?”

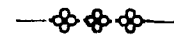
On the banks of the Jumna, underneath a banyan tree are found two foot-prints of Sri Krishna in marble, widely revered as representing the size of Boy-Krishna's. The puranic deep in the river where Sri Krishna had his dance over the hood of the serpent, Kalinga, was pointed out to me by my guide. The particular spot is lower in level than the surrounding tracts of

sand; and profound believers as we Hindus are in our Puranic lore my mind is not in a mood to be hyper-critical.

Sri Ranganatha's Temple

THANKS to the advent of a Vaishnavaita pilgrim from the South we have here a Ranganatha's temple also, based on the *agamas* of the South. It affords an interesting study in contrast to notice the Gujarathi Krishna's temple and the South Indian temple with *gopuram*, *Dwajastambam*, and the spacious *madils*. What more, any devotee can stay here for months together with the ample *prasadam*s distributed gratis.

Surely, "the beauty of the place together with the quiet peaceful religious lives of those that live in its forests" very powerfully moved me; and it shall ever remain with me an ideal place of spending the evening of one's life.



Agricultural Holdings in South India

II. What is an Economic Holding ?

By Rajaiah D. Paul, M. A.,

WHILE making an attempt like the present to investigate the economic character of agricultural holdings, it is necessary that one should try to get an idea of what would be an economic holding. That is to say, it will be necessary to find out what will be the size of a holding which can maintain a family dependent on it; that is to say, a holding which will produce as much as is required for food and raiment for the family dependent on it.

The average family can well be taken to be one consisting of a man, his wife, two children, and a dependant such as an old father or mother. That this is the average figure for a family is proved by the fact that according to the various censuses, the

average number of persons per house in the Madras Presidency has been varying between five and six. It was five according to the most recent census, that of the year 1921.

The quantity of food grains required for a family of this size for a year may be taken as one ton. This will allow 19.6 ounces of grain per head per day, which will be just sufficient. This was also the adopted basis, when in the year 1918, the food stock in the various districts was calculated for purposes of food control. The Famine Code prescribes, when calculating the wages to be paid in famine relief, on the principle that the wages should be the lowest amount "sufficient to maintain healthy persons in health", 55 tolas of grain, (besides pulse and condiments), i.e. 20.6 ounces a day. Dr. Harold Mann in calculating the expenditure of an average family of five persons, composed of one man, two women, and two children, allows for food, 200 lbs. of food grains per month, that is 80 ounces a day. We shall not therefore be far wrong if we adopt this one ton per annum basis for our calculations. Taking rice as the standard, for the sake of easy calculation, one ton of rice is equal to 660 measures of rice, i.e. 1320 measures of paddy. The daily ration on this basis will be, in terms of measures of capacity, about three *allocks* of rice per head per day. That this errs only on the side of stringency can be seen from the fact that when in the year 1918 the Government carried out an economic enquiry in the Tiruvannamalai Taluk of the North Arcot district, and published the results in response to an interpellation in the Legislative Council, the household expenditure of the several families enquired showed that each average family was consuming nearly one Madras measure of food grains per day. A family of 3 male adults, 2 women, and 3 children, (total 8) used five *Kalams* of paddy per month. A family of man, wife and two children used $1\frac{1}{2}$ measures of paddy and $1\frac{1}{2}$ measures of ragi a day. Another of the same size required 54 measures of paddy and 36 measures of ragi per month.

Now then, 1320 measures of paddy will have to be grown on the holding to produce grain for bare maintenance. We have now to find out the extent of land required to produce this quantity

of grain. The quantity of production per acre, as estimated by Mr. Rundall at the time of the original settlement of the North Arcot district, and also followed at the time of the re-settlement of a major portion of the district in fasli 1325 and also used at the resettlement of the Tiruvannamali Taluk of the district, is a maximum of 1200 Madras measures of paddy per acre. The average yield of paddy per acre of irrigated land in the Madras presidency, as given in Wood's *Agricultural Facts and Figures*, varies from 1300 lbs. to 2000 lbs. i.e., 520 to 800 madras measures. This is somewhat of an under-statement. The yield on the best soil under good irrigation is about 40 *kalam*s, or 1440 Madras measures. The yield on medium class land is from 900 to 1080 measures. On bad soil and with indifferent irrigation the harvest outturns are even as low as 500. Therefore it will not be an incorrect figure, if for the purposes of the present calculation an average out-turn of 1000 Madras measures of paddy per acre is adopted. Accepting this rate, the extent of land required to produce 1320 measures of paddy, that is one ton of rice, is 1.42 acres.

This is for bare maintenance; that is, for the staple food grain. To this have to be added the other household expenses.

(i) *Cost of condiments, oil etc.*—The Madras Famine Code allows the value of 35 grains of food-grain under this head for every 55 grains of food-grains used for food; or 45 for every 75. The proportion may therefore be safely taken to be as one is to two. That is to say an individual requires for other articles of diet half as much as he would require in the shape of the staple food grain. This estimate based on famine rates is bound to be below the mark. But it is safer in a calculation of this sort to be on the side of stinginess than that of extravagance. Therefore to allow this extra cost of the other articles of diet, the holding should be half as much again as the 1.32 acres we arrived at first. That is, it should be 1.98 acres.

(ii) *Cost of Clothing*;—The ryot would require for himself and his family about 26 rupees worth of cloths a year to meet bare necessities. Two pairs of cloths for the man at Rs 3 a pair; 4 pairs for the two boys at Rs. 2 per pair; and four women's

clothes for Rs. 12. This, it need hardly be pointed out, does not allow even a covering in the shape of a blanket or a *duppatty* for use in winter. This Rs. 26 will mean an extra 27 cents. The basis of calculation is as below. The retail price of common rice, in Rupees and decimals of a rupee, per maund of 82. 286 pounds, in the year 1915, 1916, and 1917 was 6. 469, 4. 667, and 4. 711 respectively. (*Uide* the volume of Prices and wages in India, 1919, published by the Government of India.) The average price is therefore 4.616. Therefore for a rupee one can get $\frac{82.286}{4.616}$ lbs. or $\frac{82.286}{4.616} \times \frac{660}{2240}$ or 5.25 Madras measures of rice or $10\frac{1}{2}$ measures of paddy. Therefore to get Rs. 26 one would have to sell 273 Madras measures of paddy; that is the amount grown on 27 cents of land. Adding this also, the size of the holding would have to be 1.98 plus 0.27, that is 2.25 acres.

(iii) *Cost of Agriculture*.—The following are the details of the cost of cultivating an acre of wet land with paddy.

Ploughing.—If by cooly plough, 24 ploughs will be necessary for a day; or proportionally longer if done by a lesser number of ploughs. The cost is one rupee for three ploughs per day. Hence the total cost will be Rs. 8.

Seed.—Twelve *marakkals* of three seers each is the seed quantity required. Seed grain is always higher in price than other grain. The usual price is three *marakkals* per rupee. The total cost is therefore Rs. 4.

Planting.—16 coolies at As. 5 per day; that is Rs. 5. The wages of agricultural labourers is according to the statistics of the Government of India, between $2\frac{1}{2}$ annas and $7\frac{1}{4}$ annas; i.e., 5 annas on an average.

Manure.—Dung or refuse is also at 8 to 10 carts per rupee. For an acre 30 carts will be necessary. Hence the cost will be 3 to 4 Rupees.

Harvesting:—The wages are 2 seers for a cooly per day; or five annas in cash. Twelve coolies will be necessary to harvest an acre. The cost will therefore be Rs. 3-12-0.

Hence the total cost of cultivation will be above and not below 24 Rupees; which is certainly a very low estimate. That this is so is amply proved by the fact that the figures given under

cultivation expenses in the different villages dealt in Dr. Gilbert Slater's *Some South Indian Villages* work out to much larger amounts, the average being Rs. 35. Twenty four rupees is therefore the minimum. Adopting this however as the basis for calculation, the cost of cultivating the 2.25 acres we have postulated is Rs. 54 which is the price of 560 measures of paddy. That is to say, the holding will have to be increased by a further 57 cents to provide for cultivation expenses. Hence to total area will have to be 2.82.

(iv) *Assessment*.—This is another item to be taken into account. The average wet assessment of the class of land which is here taken to yield 1000 Madras measures of paddy is Rs. 7-8. The assessment payable for 2.82 acres of this class of land is therefore Rs. 21-2-0, which is the cost of 222 measures of paddy. To grow this quantity an extent of 22 cents will be required. The total extent of the holding will therefore have to be 3.04 acres; or roughly three acres.

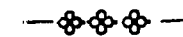
Therefore three acres of medium wet class land with an assessment of about Rs. 20, or the corresponding extents of wholly dry or wet and dry mixed land, can well be taken to be the economic minimum in the part of the country to which these remarks have special reference. Any holding which is lesser in extent or of an inferior quality is essentially uneconomic in character.

It will be surprising to find that with such a standard, the vast majority of our agricultural holdings are essentially uneconomic in character; that is, quite incapable of supporting even an average family, and much less the big undivided families which are in many cases dependent on them. Here is the necessity which forces every woman in our villages to work; and every boy and girl to help to augment the family earning.

Turning back to our investigation of the actual condition in our villages, we find that in Vengunam, out of 321 holdings, 301 bear assessments less than Rs. 20; in Avanavadi, 96 out of 99; in Nariambadi, 131 out of 137. From the point of view of extent, 213 out of 260, 68 out of 99, and 97 out of 137 holdings in the Tiruvalam, Avanavadi and Nariambadi villages respecti-

vely, are below the line we have fixed. What do these figures mean? They mean that no less than 95 per cent of the pattadars in our villages hold lands which cannot possibly support them; and thus live in a state of perpetual uneconomic equilibrium. Hence unless the holders take to some non-agricultural occupation with which to supplement their agricultural income they will ever be below the margin of solvency; and chronic indebtedness will be their unchanging lot.

We shall next proceed to find out how even holdings which from their total extent can be expected to be economic are rendered uneconomic by their being in minute fragments.



The Haunted House

A Story

By T. K. Venkataraman, M.A., L.T.

RAJARAM'S family had risen into prominence only very recently, but its rise itself was connected, according to wild rumour, with the curse of the family. His great-grandfather, Chokkalingam Mudaliar, followed the family profession of stone-masonry in an insignificant hamlet adjoining Kumbakonam; but, he, one day, leaped into prominence by the accidental discovery of a treasure trove in his old house. Popular opinion, however, holds that buried treasure is always under the guardianship of a malignant spirit who must be appeased before, the treasure is removed. There is no reason to think that Chokkalingam would have omitted the customary oblations, but perhaps, judging by later events, they were not enough or Chokkalingam must have somehow offended the Spirit. Anyhow, Chokkalingam came to a miserable end, a month later when a portion of his house, which he was rebuilding, collapsed and destroyed him. His son, Arunachalam, who was a neurotic from his birth, went mad a few years after succeeding to the property, and committed suicide in a room in the house. But, he

left a grown-up son, however, named Rajaratnam, who, inheriting the vigor and strength of mind of his grandfather, strove to dispel the ugly clouds which gathered over the fortunes of his family by propitiatory rites to all the deities. He, however, resolutely refused to leave the house, as his friends desired, and maintained in it a life of fitting opulence. The success of the agricultural schemes he carried out in his lands, the rich profits of his money transactions, and a happy, married life which gave him two sons—all these seemed to belie the family curse, and to indicate that the vengeful deity had stopped his persecution. Cruel undeceivment, rapidly, followed. Rajaratnam had a fiery and intractable temper which raised several enemies who were deeply wounded by his offensive violence. His temper did not improve by the miscarrying of certain monetary transactions which resulted in costly and laborious litigation, and his harshness towards the unfortunate debtors against whom he obtained decrees became a by-word in the village. At this time, his goodnatured and loving wife, who was taken by her people for another confinement, was killed in a great railway accident, and Rajaratnam never recovered from the shock. To compute his measure of woe, the character and behavior of his first born son—Shunmugham by name—created considerable anxiety to him. This boy seemed to take after his grandfather, but he was, besides, self-willed, obstinate, and hard-hearted. He showed, often, a peculiar eccentricity of ferocity which made him, in this mood, considerably dangerous. His father tried all possible methods—prayers, incantations, medicines, and even some attempt at education. But, it was all vain. But, the boy was deeply attached to his parents, and they succeeded in calming his fits by adroit and gentle usage, though no positive improvement occurred in his condition. The shock of his mother's death at his eighteenth year must have considerably affected the boy, who began to have fits of gloomy moodiness ever after. His affection was now concentrated on his father, and on the widowed sister of Rajaratnam, who now supervised the house-keeping work.

The second boy—Rajaram—took after his mother, and was a contrast to his brother. But, his surroundings and the influence

of heredity were not without effect on him from the very beginning. At the age of fifteen, he lost his mother, and thus the period of adolescence, which is intensely emotional, was associated with painful feelings to him. He, thus, never lost the mark laid upon him by events. He had, then, completed his School Final Course, and left for Madras to continue his further studies.

So had matters gone, until a few months ago, when everything came to a head with startling culmination. A friend of Rajaratnam was celebrating the *Abdapoorthi* of his child in a village three miles off, and Rajaratnam, accompanied by his sister and son, set out for the house. After taking his meals, he left for Kumbakonam for consulting about an urgent business with his Vakil, leaving his sister and son in the festive house, and instructing them to come home in the evening. He left his *jutka* for that purpose at the marriage house. He was himself delayed at his Vakil's house and returned home late at night. What was his surprise to learn that his people had not returned! Evidently, they had stayed there, and this was rendered very probable owing to the threatening nature of the night. For, high winds, accompanied with deluging splashes of rain and frequent thunder and lightning, had developed, while a murky darkness of a *Krishnapaksham* night overspread the sky like a sable cloak.

Rajaratnam, however, felt anxious forebodings and an inexplicable sense of insecurity. He decided to send a messenger to his friend's house to see if all was well. The man struggled with difficulty through the rains, which were now slackening, and reached the festive house late in the night. He was surprised to receive the information that Rajaratnam's people had already left before the rains commenced, despite the persuasions of the host. With an anxious search-party from the house, the man retraced his way surveying the road and its neighbourhood with lights, after sending the unpleasant tidings to his master, who also hurried with another search-party. Nothing was found in the road or in the few huts on the way. As the mystery deepened, there were not wanting people who whispered about the baleful curse of the family, and wondered about the spiriting away of a *jutka* with its inmates in a road in which nothing like it had ever

happened before. The livid flashes of lightning, which even now lit up the dark expanse of the sky occasionally, seemed to be the ominous accompaniments of a malignant agency.

At a particularly broken part of the road, they came upon a tree which had fallen across, struck by lightning, and there were discerned the signs of a carriage dragged with ungovernable force from the road to the paddy fields on the side. The party, breathlessly followed the ruts along the harvested ground, and at some distance was found Shunmugham, drenched and stretched on the grass in dead stupor. A few yards off, they found the remains of the jutka with its shafts broken. The poor jutka-driver, who seemed to have lost his balance in the terrible velocity with which the carriage was dragged, was found dead, ground under the wheels. Rajaratnam's sister lay dead very near Shunmugham, and bruises and contusions on both of them indicated that they had, in alarm, jumped from the racing jutka. All bore a look of wild horror in their faces, but the manner of the death of Rajaratnam's sister was more fearful. Deeply impressed finger marks, which had in some places even lacerated her neck, clearly showed that her end was by strangulation! The horse was found, sometime later, foaming deeply in its mouth and completely exhausted at some distance. It was quite obvious that a fit of ungovernable fury and terror had possessed the horse, but what could have been that strange horror which had so unnaturally excited the animal? How to explain the deliberate murder which had occurred on this lonely scene of accident in this fearful night?

We must drop a curtain over the painful scene that followed, only stating that the mystery remained unsolved. The event has been described necessarily at length, because it led to some very important results. Shunmugham was duly revived, but his reason seemed to have been finally shattered, and nothing as regards the accident could be got out of him. Only a wild and horrible glitter which dilated his eyes, frequently, remained all the memorial of the terrible event in him. He was, now, to be found chiefly in a disused chamber in the upper story, never leaving it day or night. Rajaratnam remained a broken-down

man after this, and confined himself to his house. People recalled the curse of the family and dwelt upon it, in detail. The strange phenomenon of the stormy weather on that night, the mortal terror which had driven the horse out of its senses, paralysed the guiding arm of the driver and shattered the reason of Shunmugham, and the fiendish murder of the night were all looked upon as the work of a diabolical agency which was set on to torment the unfortunate Rajaratnam's house.

About a fortnight later, Rajaram received the next serious blow. One or two days before the fateful day, Shunmugham was strangely uneasy. His wild eyes lighted on his father at frequent intervals, and an uncanny, maniacal laugh emanated from him at frequent intervals. At other times, moroseness of an even more depressed cast oppressed him. Rajaratnam, too, was, very uneasy, as if he feared some awful misfortune. Next morning, the village was horrified to learn that Rajaratnam was found strangled in his bed, with a look of undisguised and blank horror on his face. Police investigations discovered no trace of any intruder, and no clue was found. The strange sensations of Shunmugham were now looked upon as the warnings conveyed through a *medium* by the infernal agency which haunted the house, for after his previous excitement of the day before, he had relapsed from the previous night to his old and impenetrable moody fit.

The house was now hurriedly evacuated by the frightened inmates who dispersed, but, Shunmugham refused to leave his dusty room and resisted all attempts to remove him. The suggestion of a Lunatic Asylum for such a harmless mad man who never interfered with others was repellent to the family, and he was allowed to have his own way—a care-taker looking after his meals. After some time, a retired government officer, who did not believe in ghosts, took over the house for rent, the only condition imposed by Rajaram being that Shunmugham should be allowed to live in his room without interference. Shortly after this, the officer was found dead in circumstances identical with those marking the end of his predecessor, and it was remarked that the same ominous warnings were conveyed through the medium of Shunmugham.

This event threw the whole village into a wild consternation and alarm. The house now became deserted, and nobody even ventured to approach it after nightfall. Only Shunmugham stubbornly clung to the house, and efforts to remove him were attended with little success.

Rajaram had heard of this event recently, and his first concern, after going home, was to induce his mad brother to move away from that "devil-haunted hole." All the unfortunate facts of the tragic history of his family had firmly convinced him that that house held the doom of his family, and after hearing his story and his way of narration, I scarcely wondered at his peculiar superstitious ideas or his gloomy temperament. Under the circumstances, his desire to give his unfortunate brother something of the comforts, the sunny life which he enjoyed was very pathetic, though I failed to see how he could tear him away from a place which he cherished as his life, and give him joy.

Meanwhile, different sensations were being stirred up in me by his strange story. Filled as I was with thorough scepticism, I disbelieved the very fundamental basis of Rajaram's story. The conviction was strong in me that every incident would have been susceptible of a commonplace and sure explanation, had not the people been blinded by their credulity and the ignorant cast of their mind. That devil must, certainly, be a strange person, who chooses to live in monotonous idleness in a deserted house with a madcap, whom it was surprising he had spared so long, even though he belonged to the doomed family. Rajaram's grotesque answer to this doubt was a long series of tales designed to show that the infernal agency inhabiting a house is never known to leave. His brother, he said, was, no doubt, spared because, as a mad man, he was under the protection of a more powerful evil spirit.

While I was, thus, generally sceptic, it must not be understood that I was not bewildered at the mysterious narrative of my friend. My suspicions pointed to certain relentless enemies of Rajaratnam, though it was rather difficult to see how they effected their purpose or why the murders should continue. Police investigations, too, had failed to bring fruit. But my mind

rejected whatever was not subject to the methods of observation or experiment, and only an ocular demonstration could suffice to make me believe in supernatural phenomena. I strongly felt that Rajaram was a fool to keep away from his ancestral mansion for the sake of an absurd cock-and-bull story, and I formed a mental resolution to pay a surprise visit to the haunted house, spend at least a few days there, and confront Rajaram with a solved mystery. I chuckled as I imagined his surprise when he would hear of my visit and see me unharmed. Of course, for the success of my expedition and also in order to avert any commotion on the part of Rajaratman and his group, I must keep my expedition a secret.

That was why I instantly accepted the invitation of Rajaram to spend a few days with him at his uncle's house at Kumbakonam before leaving for my home in Tanjore.

We had a good time of it in the Boat Mail, being a merry party of our hostel mates going home, and I was glad to see that Rajaram seemed to be a little lighter in mood. When we reached his uncle's house, we were welcomed effusively by an old, short gentleman whom Rajaram introduced to me as his uncle—his mother's brother. He was a schoolmaster and lived quite an unpretentious life, but he was evidently very fond of his nephew and was much affected by his sight.

We had more news about the haunted house. Rajaram's uncle said that his continued efforts to remove Shunmugham were unavailing, and only force could effect their end. After some vehement talk in which Rajaram first dissented from the idea of forcible compulsion and talked much of suggestion and inducement, the inevitable conclusion was arrived at that the mad youth could only be removed by force from the place to which he had wedded himself, and certain circumstances, which had occurred, materially aided the formation of this decision. Two children who had wandered into the house one day were missed for the day. Next morning, their strangled bodies were found on the pial of the house. From that time, nobody dared to approach the house even in day time, and it was shunned like an infernal hole. The caretaker of the village who was preparing the meals for Shun-

mugham notified her employers of this scare, and she took to the habit of taking a quantity of food only once in the day and leaving it in the pial, wherefrom the mad youth carried it inside. The evil repute of the house was further enhanced by the changes which had occurred in this unfortunate house. His uncouth frame had taken on an increased burliness, and his massive, misshapen countenance assumed an uglier cast and the gaunt, fearful stare remained fearfully prominent in his eyes.

These details fixed my resolution, and heightened an overpowering feeling of curiosity present in me. Looking back now on the fearful sequel of my visit, I can only say that an innate spirit of adventure, an overbuoyant sense of youthful confidence, a daredevil spirit of unconcern—only these could have actuated me to do what I thought. I uttered some glib lies to Rajaram about an urgent visit due to a relative in a village near by, and started for the village where the ancient mansion of my friend stood. It was evening when I started, and there was still light when I reached the village and bent my steps towards the fateful street.

The house stood in its detached corner at the end of the street row—a vast, expensive building with an old fashioned upper story. There were the big pials peculiar to Indian houses, the usual elaborately carved doorway and the massive door. Prickly pears and various other wild plants were grown on all sides, and spread in profusion on the short flight of steps leading to the door; while cobwebs hung freely from all over the slanting tiled roof. The whole front frowned in sinister gloom over the desolate roadway while the shades of the evening settled fast and sure.

(To be continued)



Memories and Thoughts

Our First Mofussil Trip

By Rao Sahib P. Sambanda Mudaliar, B.A., B.L.



DO not exactly remember who put the idea of a mofussil trip for our Sabha into my head. But once the idea was put into my head, then I resolved that we should go to Bangalore during the Christmas Holidays. This was in 1895. At that time to think was with me to resolve.

Having resolved upon it I made all the necessary arrangements. I did not dream that there would be the slightest opposition to the trip. The formal sanction of the General Body was necessary and the meeting was to be held just a week before the date fixed for our departure to Bangalore. Two or three days before the date of the meeting a little bomb burst under my feet in the shape of information carried to me by my two trusted lieutenants—Messrs V. V. Naidu and A. V. Pillai, who were then known as my private and military secretaries (!) that there was going to be very strong opposition to the trip, and that it was to be lead by no less a personage than our then conductor Mr. V. T. Pillai—the present 'Lord Mayor' of Madras; I woke up rubbing my eyes and began canvassing in right earnest. The opposition had begun earlier and I had to put forth all my efforts and I left no stone unturned. I went about in a quite and systematic way. I made out a list of members likely to attend the meeting and divided them into Ayes and Noes. I found that they were practically equally divided and that every single vote would count! On the night before the meeting, I was informed by my spies—I had arranged some of them in the opposite camp—that one of my leading actors without whom the trip could not be undertaken had been induced by the opposition to side with them, influence having been brought to bear upon him by a close relation of his! I went quietly to his house that night and took a promise from him that he would remain neutral.

The meeting came on the next day. In its own humble way, it was a historic meeting in the annals of the Sabha. Out of about 70 members 55 attended—not a bad quorum. The strangest part of the proceedings so far as I was concerned was that I could not open my mouth to speak at the meeting having promised one of my supporters that I would not do so—he was evidently afraid that if I spoke, I would lose my temper feeling very strongly on the subject. I think that member was right. Vehement speeches were made on both sides. I felt like the war-horse tethered at the base unable to join in the action going on at the front. After nearly two hours of very acrimonious debate the chairman took the votes, 25 for the trip and 24 against. Of course a poll was demanded, with the result that 26 were for and 25 against! A third count was demanded and the chairman announced that 27 were for 26 against! All this time I did nothing but keep my eyes on the member who promised to be neutral and whom the opposition were openly trying to induce to vote with them. Somehow or other to this day I feel that if I had removed my eyes from him he would have voted with the opposition and the proposition would have been lost—for the chairman was in the opposition and if it had been a tie he would have given his casting vote against the trip. The chairman finally announced the proposition as carried; my followers wanted to cheer, but I restrained them as I felt that some of the leaders of the opposition were quite sincere in their opposition. Then came a dramatic incident, which I love to recall over and over again, whenever I am placed in similar circumstances and which has been a great object-lesson to me in all after-life.

Mr. V. T. Pillai who lead the opposition all along, came to me, patted me on the shoulder and with his good natured voice said loudly, "Now, Sambandam, that we have resolved to go, I will go with you to Bangalore. See that everything is all right and that the reputation of the Sabha is kept up" The triumph of the day was mine—but the victory over my life was his! In after years whenever I lost with reference to any proposition I brought forward either at the Sabha or at other meetings, and felt sick at heart, I recalled the noble action of my good friend

and that always had the effect of reviving my drooping spirits. May I offer this as an object-lesson to my readers whenever they feel themselves placed in a similar position?

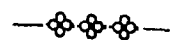
We arranged to give two performances at Bangalore. I chose "Manohara" as the first—it was enacted a few months before for the first time at Madras and was pronounced a success. For the second I chose Sarangadhara a popular drama with the professional Troupes. I saw a performance of it by a Troupe some time previously and felt that it was full of dramatic situations. I modified the old story removing all obscenities from it. Owing to the fact that I was very busy with the voting campaign I was able to finish the drama, only two or three days before we actually started. There was no time for rehearsal in Madras and the result of it was that I rehearsed the actors in the train each actor individually and there was only one full rehearsal before the performance. Notwithstanding this, the performance went off with a swing, though it had an unfortunate result. It made all the actors—I am afraid I will have to include myself among the number—feel that they had reached a stage of development in which much rehearsing was not necessary. Up to that time we used to have constant and very regular rehearsals: from this time began the tendency in the Sabha to stage new plays without very adequate preparation. I am afraid I am very much responsible for this state of affairs. I have been trying my best of late to check this evil—only with partial success.

I had with me for these two performances at Bangalore almost all my best actors, Messrs T. Jayaram, S. Rajaganapathi, M. Doraiswamy Aiyangar, M. Y. Rangasawmy, A. Krishnaswamiah, A. V. Pillai, and others. The late Mr. Rangavadivelu who acted 'Vijaya' at Madras could not go over to Bangalore on account of his B.A. examination and his place was taken by Mr. A. Subramaniam.

I may incidentally mention that for this and a few other trips taken by the Sabha in those early days the actors paid for their own train-fare and boarding charges. The late Mr. V. V. Naidu went as our advance agent and made all the necessary arrangements for our comfort. We arrived at

Bangalore rather late in the evening. The weather was very dull. To make matters worse I had to drive in an open carriage to our temporary residence and then sleep in a room with its skylight open. I mention these details to show what an unfortunate bearing all of them had on our opening performance—*Manohara*.

(To be continued).



My Visit to a Yogi

By Moolchand Deomal.

TO Bakhar island, in the river Indus near Sukkur, once the Capital of Shahbeg and a most flourishing island town in the river, now cumbered with ancient ruins and forming withal a picturesque land-connecting link between the Lands-down Bridge—the second bridge in the world connecting with Sukkur on one side and Rohri (Sind) on the other, the writer went in October 1922. He often went to this “Lily of the Valley”—the writer thinks it aptly describes the charms of this sequestered spot—to see Sadhus and ascetics who generally come and stay in the course of their peregrinations in the sylvan solitude surrounded by colossal ruins but on the occasion mentioned he saw a quiet yogin ensconced in a thatched cottage with nothing but an ascetic’s wallet and a bowl. Streams of Grahstha followers and admirers of the narrow straight path flow there pretty often when these “salt of the earth” come and sojourn there. We were seated in pin-drop calm, the final flush of the day was suffusing the sky, when the yogin fixing apparently at random his keen searching gaze on me asked :—

“Do you take ‘mamsa’ (meat)?”

“Yes Swamin,” I replied.

“You know it is not human diet and kills what humanitarian feeling we have.”

“But” said I “we have grown to it, rather, acclimatized to its use. We don’t have to kill animals, or have it done at our

bidding, we get meat in bazaar, as all the world.” My object was more to pique and draw him into discoursing on the Vedanta than anything else.

“Fiddlesticks!” he rejoined, “You shall give it up.”

“How can I, my Lord, unless we perhaps begin at the beginning and the ‘paterfamilias’ cuts the ice and leads us.” Now I expected he would open his flood-gates on the teaching of Karma and Vedanta, and the didactic philosophy. “The paterfamilias won’t save you, you are an individualized unit, revolving on your own axis, architect of your own fortune, you make or mar yourself: the paterfamilias will not ‘devil’ for you, there is no vicarious enjoyment or suffering in the world of reality” and things of that sort. Besides I knew our old parent would not budge an inch from his meat “diet menu.”

Goodness knows whether his fixed gaze meanwhile was searching the inmost chambers of my heart and I quailed.

“Hari Om! All right, the ‘paterfamilias’ will lead as you say.” It was a cryptic answer to be sure.

I went next day; this time others also were coming along and we looked in the cottage but to our horror found two cobras skedaddling and the Sadhu gone.

Nigh two months passed; I was taken ill with enteric fever and confined to bed for full one month. My case was considered by doctors and hakims who came to treat me as past recovery.

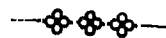
And I was hovering between life and death.

Like Archimedes crying at his final discovery “Eureka, Eureka,” my sire one morning in the grey of early dawn came crying, “Gone, gone is the illness, I have given up meat from this day.” This I could hardly follow in the flickering health but like transformation scene my health showed signs of improving and in about a month I was up on my legs. Then my sire described to me the vision he had, in which the yogin—he described him literally as I had seen him, without his having so much as looked at him or in any way heard a syllable of what had passed, in which a yogin carry my body huddled up astride on his shoulder appeared to him and imperiously asked him to eschew meat or his earthly connection with me would snap. So realistic was the

vision that he at once said "I give up" and came crying to see me with the flicker of life within the rooms and so meat diet stopped. Wondrous, O Yogi, I cry, Thy fulfilment.

Is this dear readers a stumble in physical research? Is it that yogis as our Shastras, Puranas and traditional love have it, can de-materialise themselves and accomplish any purpose. Or is it the working of a transcendental consciousness to reach which "practical proof.....may be found in the modern investigations in somnambulism, mesmerism, and clairvoyance by learned scientific societies of the western world, not to speak of the practical proofs which an eastern Yogi is able to furnish."

I hope to write on some future occasion on the Doctors Dilemma to show how in my illness Nature worked a miraculous cure while doctors' wits went wool-gathering, or was it the Yogi's magic wand that dispersed the threatening clouds of fatal sickness and effected a Purpose.



Modern Publicity

Remedy for Dull Business

By L. N. Govindarajan, B. A.

HALF the time when a merchant complains that business is poor, the fault is entirely his own. He very often sits still waiting for customers to come in, blissfully ignorant of the fact that most people do not buy things just for the fun of buying. Of course they buy the necessities of life because they cannot get along without them. But nobody can deny the fact that they will buy more luxuries and semi-luxuries if timely appeals are made.

Advertisement is necessary even from the point of view of the consuming public. The cheap bicycle was made possible by advertising, which so increased the demand for it that massive

production became profitable. Massive production depends on certainty of outlet and assured outlet can only be secured by effective publicity. To reach the mass of the consumer, the Newspaper with its myriad readers and universal appeal, presents a modern force as great in its potentialities for service as many of the epoch-making inventions of the past.

The day has passed when advertising was regarded as a manifestation of personal vain glory and vulgarity. It holds an assured place to-day, because its economic function is to sell goods cheaper than any other means yet known to man.

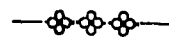
In the matter of advertising, Canada has set a brilliant example. A country with barely nine million population is as progressive as its great neighbour across the border with twelve times its population. Canada can give many valuable lessons to the rest of the world in the gentle art of intensive salesmanship. Faced with a small population and therefore with fewer prospective customers for each merchant, the Canadian has solved the problem by causing his clients to patronise his store for more articles than they would ordinarily buy. His methods are neither forcible nor arbitrary. He has simply made use of the gentle art of intensive salesmanship.

One direction along which advertisement may develop in the future is collective publicity. Just as the modern conception of business is not bitter personal competition between local rivals, but closer association and co-operation, so in recent years men engaged in a common industry have associated themselves for conducting advertising campaigns collectively and along national lines. For example the Tea-growers have united to create a fund for the promotion of the sale of tea, because the individual planter knows that by the general stimulus of the demand for tea, his own interests are advanced. To-day progressive firms of publicity-experts are devoting their energies to the organisation of the selling side of collective industries with results, to which the advertisement pages of the prominent Newspapers have borne witness. A great convention of advertising experts from all the parts of the Empire, will meet at Wembley this year and they will have before them examples of collective advertising

of great suggestive value. As an outcome of this meeting, vast schemes will most probably be solved by which the great power of advertising can be most efficiently applied to the solution of the great practical problems of the Empire.

The great British Empire Exhibition at Wembley has itself been rendered possible by the development of means of transport. Fifty years ago it would have been impossible to assemble all the products of the four quarters of the world at one place. The object of the Exhibition will not be fully achieved unless in addition to making the world familiar with the boundless resources of the Empire, it engenders a spirit of mutual co-operation and brings home to the myriad citizens of the Empire the essential unity of the Commonwealth.

The art of advertising has got a great future before it; even at present it has become so indispensable that Gladstone was led to remark that nothing but the Mint can make money without advertising. Effective marketing of goods is more and more dependent on well conducted advertisement campaigns. In fact it has become a highly technical art and a profession to many talented men and women. Even as the Scientist has the right of announcing his discovery far and wide, so also has the manufacturer the right to advertise his wares. We do not say that his invention possesses the dignity of the Law of Nature, but it must be admitted that in its own humble way it has a human value of its own.



On Moustaches

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

I

MAN'S craving for freedom can be traced even to the most primitive times, and an innate longing to look his best in the eyes of others is a predominant trait in human character. This spirit of individualism, manifested in man's love of personal liberty and personal triumph, has been

one of the dynamic forces of human progress and civilisation. The face being the crowning glory of this physical frame, he has devoted infinite care to the make up of his profile; and the hair being the only thing that can be subjected to the freaks of human fancy, unlike his leg or limb, man has wrought the wildest and most revolutionary changes in the modes and fashions of the moustache. Hence its diverse variety, as can be seen in a group photograph of army officers.

A smooth clean-shaven face has a puritanic air about it. The martial hero vehemently asserts that the moustache is the challenging symbol of manliness; the votary of taste and fashion maintains with equal dignity that a moustache *a la mode* is the quintessence of refinement and beauty; whereas my plain prosaic friend whispers to me plaintively that he is the innocent victim of a tyrannical custom, against which he has not the grit to rebel. In the face of such conflicting testimony, how can I, a poor mortal without artistic facial equipment, dare to pronounce an opinion on the significance and function of the moustache in the social economy?

As a student of history, what prominently strikes me is the universality of this practice. As the philosopher would put it, it is beyond the limitations of time, place and causation. Even the celestial Gods like Zeus and Shiva are said to have owned it. All mankind, east and west, savage and civilised, are one in adopting this custom. From the wise Socrates and sage Narada, benevolent Akbar and transcendent Tagore, down to the modern stripling youngster, all alike have looked upon their moustache, embracing the beard or whiskers in some cases, with pride and affection. Hence it has been an inexplicable puzzle to me why Sri Ramanuja and Madhvacharya, the illustrious founders of the two famous religious sects in South India, should have laid contrary injunctions on their disciples, in respect of this distinguishing feature.

To what extent the import of the moustache has sunk into the very soul of man can be judged from the meticulous and tender care bestowed upon its preservation and renovation. The dandy at his toilet with special regard to his priceless

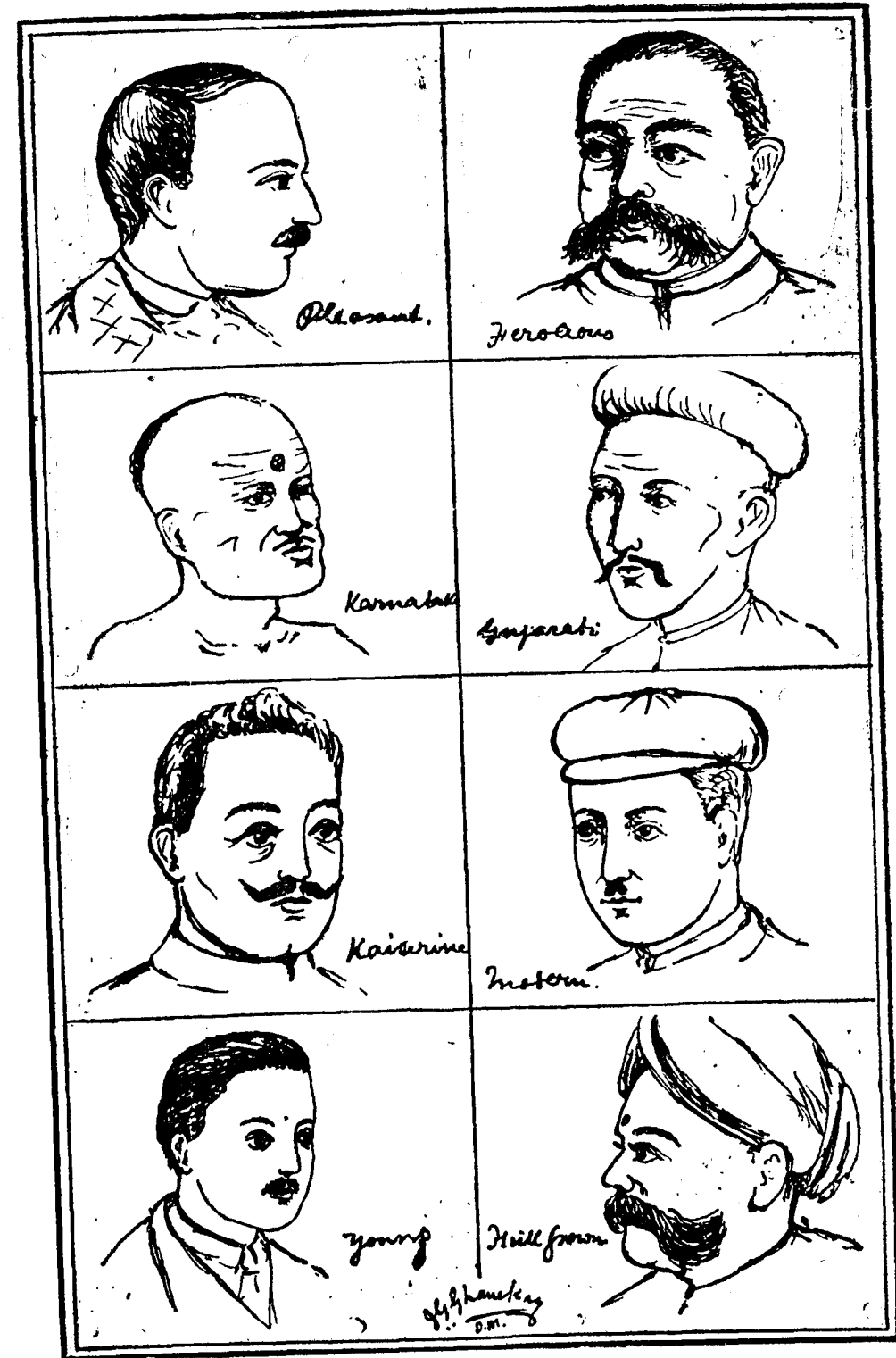
moustache!—what a grand vista of lyrical ideas it opens up before the imagination! Standing before his faithful mirror, plying his ivory comb and silver brush artistically through his cropped hair and bushy moustache to bring it to the dainty trim and graceful arch, is he not an object deserving of our sincerest admiration, because he lives and labours to demonstrate to us the aesthetic possibilities of the manly emblem? In my childhood, on 'Meesai Kittan' with his Prince Albert moustache of the Victorian days, the *beau ideal* of a stylish gent of our village, I looked upon with a feeling of awe not unmingled with envy.

II

MODES in moustaches are legion; for this bounteous gift of Nature has given free play to man's ingenuity and originality resulting in its manifold varieties. Even Nature's fecundity has been cast into the shade by human fancy which has given birth to inexhaustible forms and styles in the moustache world. As a part and parcel of the human physiognomy two broad varieties may be distinguished: the elegant one awakening pleasurable emotions and the ferocious kind kindling fear. It is interesting to contemplate how the same object, with slightly varying shades of difference, can cunningly disguise a man's identity as often seen on the stage, and give rise to contrary feelings. We are all familiar with the grave, the gay and the comic effects, that a slight turn or twist of the moustache is capable of producing.

There is the blooming youth of seventeen, triumph of vigour and animal spirits, who is just beginning to feel a novel sense of pride and power inspired by the soft downy foundations on his upper lip. The fascinating little thing, grown to goodly proportions in the course of a dozen years, and adorning a fair face with beaming eyes and smiling lips, does radiate a seductive charm too subtle for words.

On the other hand, a person possessed of a swarthy face with squab lips overgrown with a bushy disorderly moustache, lighted by a pair of bloodshot eyes and weighted with a corpulent frame, is an amiable object wild enough to haunt our dreams and potent enough to frighten children with. The centre of gravity of his ferocious countenance is in the narrow niche between his two



black facial wings. The late war brought into striking prominence the might that might lie hidden in a kind of rich moustache, whose tapering ends, duly gummed and rigidly rolled, are curled up in an attitude of utter defiance of the whole world,—need I specify the world-famous example of the Kaiser-moustache?

Some characteristic regional types might be mentioned. In Karnataka, not unoften you will come across many estimable specimens with small dreamy eyes, bloated cheeks, a protruding lower jaw, a rather flattened dumpy nose, and a thin fringe of bristly moustache creeping furtively below it,—they irresistibly remind me of Darwin's not very complimentary theory of the descent of man. Evidently the Gorilla is not exclusively confined to the equatorial regions of Africa. The long lean face, bony flabby cheeks, broad forehead and peaked chin, fan-like ears and sparkling eyes, with a thin slender moustache flying carelessly across it, this enterprising Gujarati type you will meet with throughout India.

III

THE part that moustache plays in the life of an individual is not of a negligible character. In a listless or idle mind it provides ample engagement in addition to clarifying one's thoughts during intervals of arduous work. With what a feeling of self-complacency and contentment does a lazy man sit in his easy-chair of an evening engaged solely in the all-absorbing business of stroking and fondling and cajoling his moustache! When you are angry, your moustache exerts itself with a terrible frown; when you feel delighted, there is no clearer proof of it than in the gentle and affectionate touch you impart it; and when the champion wrestler enters the arena, how better does he express his invincible skill and hope than by a slap on his thigh and a masterly sweep of his moustache?

Nor is its influence on others in any wise to be despised. I know of not a few whose social position and prestige is mainly due to the might and magic of their imposing moustaches. Where will the authority of your police inspectors and commanding officers be but for their tight uniforms and trim moustaches? If you think me guilty of exaggeration in my claim, just glance

through the pages of Steele's *Tatler*, and you will realise how many aristocratic hearts and hands have been won by courtly cox-combs whose sole recommendation was the possession of an ivory snuff-box, a Mahogany cane, or captivating wig and moustache.

If its glories and victories are so remarkable, certain natural impediments are inseparable from it. In spite of its ornamental function, at times it takes undue liberties with your sensitive nerves gaily trailing into your mouth along with your food and drink. Many an eloquent speaker has failed on the platform and many an eminent lawyer at the Bar on account of his voice being drowned or muffled by the enveloping folds of his impish moustache. But to my gay friend Vrikodara, the prince of snuffers, his sturdy moustache acts as a lower base of support for the residuum of his aromatic powder, to be sniffed up at convenient intervals in the midst of his heavy work or learned leisure. On the other hand, Dhumapriya, the veteran cricketer and smoker of a hundred Scissors per day, notorious for his idle musings and day dreams, has had his dishevelled moustache singed more than a dozen times during those fits of reverie when his mind goes wool-gathering. Such accidents are probably responsible for the quite modern cut of the mutilated moustache of our fashionable gents, extending to about half an inch on either side, and more resembling a callow caterpillar than a full-fledged mark of manhood.

In the evolution of human consciousness and institutions, it has played such a momentous part that if any state were to attempt to pass a law for the abolition of the custom of wearing moustaches, there would be a storm of protest. As proof I might adduce the report of an international suffragette Conference recently held in London, at which it was unanimously resolved that, 'whereas the moustache has till now formed a natural and impassable barrier between the sexes and branded woman with the stamp of inferiority, we, who have been striving to establish our perfect equality with mere man in all respects, should each one endeavour by all possible physiological means in our power to grow a feminine moustache that should by its divine beauty and charm elevate woman to a higher scale in social life.' (1)

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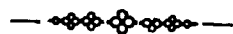
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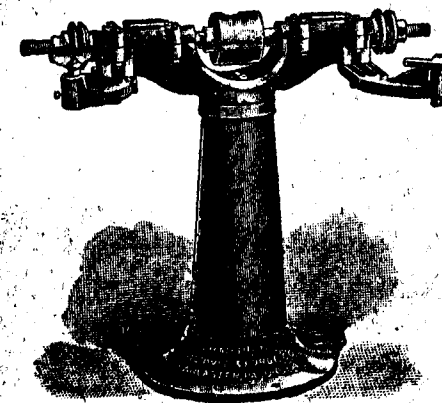
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