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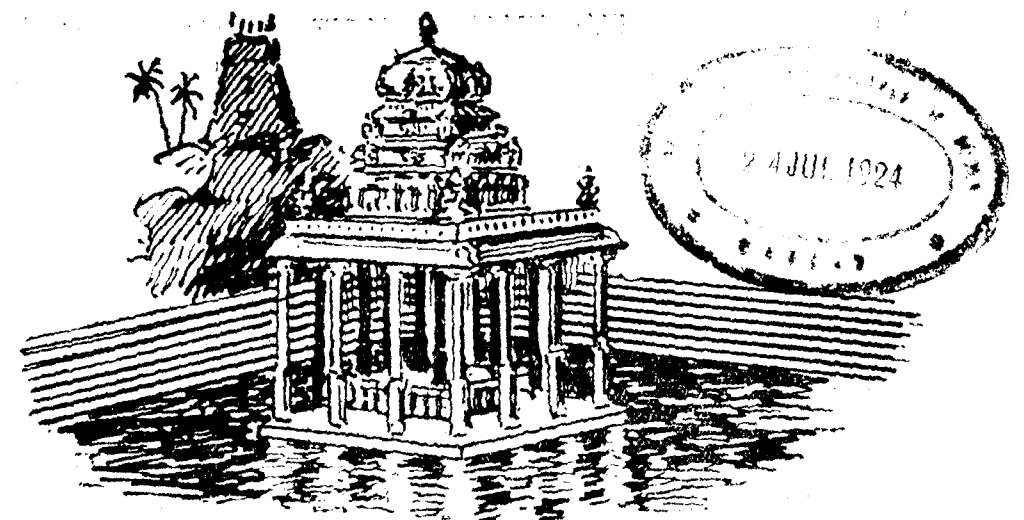
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Hon'ble Justice V. V. SRINIVASA AIYANGAR. B.A., B.L.
Who was the Editor of Everymans Review
from July 1919 to July 1924.



EVERYMAN'S REVIEW

Vol. 9 JULY 1924 No. 7

The Hon. Justice V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar

A Sketch

By R. N. Aingar, *Bar-at-law.*

FRANKLY, I am an admirer of Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar. As who isn't? To see him is to like him, to know him is to admire him. He is an incorrigible optimist. He smiles his glorious way through life. He radiates cheerfulness all around him. A five minutes talk with him is the best cure I know of, for dyspepsia. Just try it.

As a man, one can easily see what makes him so popular. Dressed in bright and sporting colours, carrying himself with a jaunty air, a cheery nod and a merry word to everybody—see the conquering hero comes!

Soon after he took his degree of Bachelor of Arts in the Madras University he was appointed Lecturer in the Pachaiyappa's College. He was young, very young. He had left many of his classmates behind him still in the old classes. Some of them

were older than him. They resented, and naturally, a much younger man, their own classmate being their Lecturer. They sent up a Round Robin Protest to the Principal. It was put into the waste paper basket. Some days passed. A special class was fixed for Saturday morning. The Saturday morning came. So did the Rain. And it came long and hard as it comes only in Madras. The teacher went into the class-room expecting to see the benches empty. But to his own astonishment—and such was his popularity—he found that in spite of the inclemency of the weather all the students had come, except one who lived far away in Nungambakam. And in those days Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Aiyangar lectured on History, Economics, Philosophy, Logic, English Prose and Poetry!

He belongs to an Orthodox Sri Vaishnava family—of which by the way the late Sir V. Bhashyam Iyengar was a prominent member—. His grand-father was the well-known Commissioner of Police, Mr. Raghavachary. Hence perhaps his peculiar attachment to the P. R. Square. (Police Raghavachar Square in Park Town, Madras). He has travelled much and read a great deal. He is entirely free from all narrow prejudices.

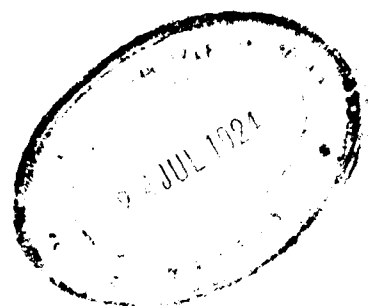
Always interested in Life and Art, possessing a highly cultured intellect, he was early in life associated with kindred spirits like the Hon'ble Mr. C. P. Ramaswamy Iyer, Dewan Bahadur V. Thirumala Pillai, Rao Saheb P. Sambanda Mudaliar and others in that Amateur Dramatic Association of Madras, which to-day is the most magnificent example of what genuine enthusiasm for Art can do.—The Suguna Vilasa Sabha He was for some years its Secretary. He has been for several years past one of its Vice-Presidents. He has himself acted on its stage. But latterly he has written for its members several Dramas—he calls then Dramatic Divertissements. Exquisite little social sketches by a Pen and Ink Artist in words!

Later his practical interest in literature led him to take up the Editorship of the Everyman's Review. And you and I know what a success it has been. But of course, everything he touches is a success!

I have always wondered how such a busy Lawyer enjoying a



Mr. V. V. SRINIVASA AIYANGAR, B.A., B.L.
Editor of this Review from July 1919 to July 1924.



large lucrative practice in the Law Courts could find time for delivering Lectures to the Apprentices-at-Law, presiding at Religious Conferences, writing Dramas, composing Poetic pieces, editing a Literary Journal—not to mention anything about Bridge and Billiards. I was wondering about it all until the other day when I heard an eminent and witty judge of our High Court say—Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar is a very busy man. He practices the profession of Law in his leisure hours.

Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar started in his legal career under very good auspices. He was apprenticed under the late Mr. James Short, a very well-known and extremely popular solicitor in his day. He was enrolled as a Vakil of the High Court in 1898. Within fifteen minutes of his enrolment he appeared in his first case. It was in the Presidency Magistrate's Court, before the late Mr. Sultan Mohideen Saheb. That was the first case. Other cases came in quick succession. His practice grew like the snow ball-gathering strength as it went along. He was one of those fortunate few who do not have the days—sometimes it is years—of hard struggle for work at the Bar. Work and recognition both came early to him—and stayed with him.

As a Lawyer he was brilliant in every sense of the word. While conducting cases on the original side of the High Court he would remind you, in marshalling his facts and figures, of a great General in the field of Battle; in cross examining prevaricating witnesses, of a keen surgeon with his scalpel; in addressing the Court, of a brilliant and polished diplomat in a state interview. He fights hard but he fights clean. "Fairplay" has always been his motto.

One word I must say as regards his treatment of the junior Bar. Many a time I have seen juniors in difficulties—either with the case or with the presiding judge—gradually sidle up to the third seat on the left—sure of a timely word of advice and a helping hand from its genial occupant. The judge would smile, the difficulties would vanish.

Mr. V. V. Srinivasa Iyengar is in the prime of his life. He has many years of great and useful work before him. His past record justifies us in expecting much from him. A firm and thorough grasp of legal principles, a vast and varied experience at the Bar, a keen and clear insight into human nature, charming manners and persuasive eloquence, and above all a nimble mind and a ready wit have all combined to make him a remarkably successful Lawyer.

And to-day let us all rejoice in his appointment as one of His Majesty's Judges of the High Court of Judicature at Madras.

Home *Versus* Office

By Mrs. M. T. Iyer.

SWAMINATHAN returned home a bit earlier than usual, jaded and worried. As he was getting up the steps he was met by the sight of his little son, all dirty and crying, and the hall, as he hastily crossed it to enter his room, he saw was littered with pieces of torn paper which had not been swept yet. In utter disgust, he sank into his easy-chair and awaited his wife and the evening cup of tea, but in vain. Five minutes, ten minutes passed, and then he called aloud to his wife, "Kamala! Kamala!". "Yes I am coming," saying so, Kamala entered. "What is the matter? Where is my tea? Don't you know I had come? What were you doing all the while?" he queried sharply. "I did not know you had come. The tea will be ready in a few minutes. The milk-man has not come yet. He will be coming now and as soon as he comes I shall bring you the tea. You are a bit early to-day are you not?" she asked. "I suppose a man must not come home early if he feels indisposed. If he does so, nothing will be ready, I believe. Why can't you keep a little of the morning's milk?" he asked. Seeing that he was in a sour temper, Kamala went away without replying and brought him his tea in a short while. He drank it without saying anything and sat moodily, thinking: "A man has ever so many worries outside and as if these are not enough, he has troubles at home also. If he happens to come home a bit early, nothing is ready. He has to wait for the milk-man to get his tea. He finds his child dirty and weeping. Even the house has not been swept and kept clean." Things did not improve when he sat down for his supper. His youngest child began to howl unaccountably, and his calling out to it in a loud voice to stop, only set it up a little more. The cooking was not to his taste, the sauce was sour, and the curry was saltish. "What is this Kamala? Why can't you look after the cooking a bit; you leave it solely to that wretched cook and it is utterly spoilt," he said angrily. "She cooks tolerably

enough. Somehow, it is a bit spoilt to day. I too am supervising and teaching her," she replied. "You do not properly look after the household. In the evening, when I come, the child is dirty and crying, the hall is not swept and my tea even is not ready. Nothing is done properly or neatly. You have a cook and a sweeper woman and what with three women in the house, the house is not managed properly. It is disgusting. I really wonder at it. What is it that you have to do? All that you have to do is just to see that everything is done properly; and this you are not able to do", he said.

"I did wash baby and put on him a new shirt, but he went into the backyard and dirtied himself by digging up the freshly watered vegetable-beds. I got angry with him and he ran to the front of the house crying. The sweeper woman was otherwise busy, grinding some flour, and so the house had not been swept. And as for the tea, as you usually come only about six, I use fresh milk, especially as the milk-man also would have come before half-past five. If the morning milk is kept, it gets sour before five, as the days are very hot now".

"Oh, yes! you have always plausible excuses ready for everything. What about the cooking? It was very bad to-day and the wretched woman did not even serve properly." "It was a bit bad, I own. But, what am I to do? I do teach her and supervise. It is not possible to go and be supervising daily. Sometimes, some neighbours come and talk, the baby cries, or there is some other work to do. The cook also cooks tolerably well. Was not this noon's cooking all right?" "I do not know all that. A man comes home tired and worried from his office and everything goes wrong in the house also. If this cook is not satisfactory, dismiss her and get another; that is all."

"It is not so very easy to get cooks now-a-days. And there is no pick and choose between them: they are all equally bad. We have somehow to manage with what we have".

"Then manage, but do it properly. But, you are not able to manage. What with two servants and you over them, the house is not managed properly. When a man comes home from his work tired, the house should be neat and cheerful, so as to

soothe him. Instead of that, one child howls, another is dirty; there is no milk for tea and the cooking is wretched. A man slaves and earns, and he is entitled to some comfort at home. There should be cheerfulness in the house. Or, he might as well be a Sanyasi." Kamala felt greatly hurt at the last remark of her husband. After all, nothing had gone very wrong that day. As far as she knew she had not been to blame. How was she to blame if the cooking went wrong or if her husband came home unexpectedly early and the milkman was late? Suppressing her anger, she asked him, "Why are you so sour to-day? What is it that has gone wrong in the office?"

He was silent for a while, and then replied, "Yes. The Boss has suddenly taken it into his head to look minutely into everything. If he had at least given notice, it would be something. These wretched clerks have not done their work properly. Their work is in arrears and there are some minor faults. These are usual in every office. Suddenly, my Boss sent for every paper and began to peck holes in them. And, as I am his assistant, he holds me responsible."

"Why don't you dismiss those clerks and engage better ones in their stead? Are you personally responsible for the trivial mistakes they commit?"

"Don't be silly. Where is the good of dismissing those clerks? All are equally bad. And these mistakes are mere trifles, things which will happen in every office. As the person directly in charge over them, I am of course technically responsible. But, nobody except my Boss would think of blaming me. Minor mistakes will happen and they are not even taken notice of. How am I to blame if those useless fellows commit blunders?"

"Yes, true. Nevertheless, I am the person to be blamed, I suppose, if the cook does not do her work properly, and, owing to some other work, the house is not swept at five punctually. As for your clerks, if you dismiss them, there are plenty waiting to take up their places. But, for my cook, if I dismiss her, there are plenty of houses eager to engage her. How I wish it were as easy to get cooks as clerks! Of course, I as the mistress of the house, have to look after these things, and I do. But, such minor

mistakes do happen in every house some time or other."

"Oh! Oh! I see. The management of a house and that of an office are things to be compared, I suppose. The house is a place where we have to live in, not work and go away merely. So, it is essential that it should be so kept as to be cheerful and soothing. What is it that you have to do? You have only to see that the servants do their work properly and that everything is so done as to have a cheerful outlook to a tired man, when he comes home after a day of hard work. And this, with the aid of two servants, you are not able to do. And you compare this with the complicated management of an office, where we have to answer for everything to a most unsympathetic Boss. Nice indeed, I should like you to go and manage the office for a day and see."

"As you say, the home is a place where we have to live in and not merely 'work and go.' If it were only 'work and go' it would be so easy. The management of a Home is a thousand times more complicated than that of an office. It wants above everything a great deal of patience. We have not merely to manage unruly and useless servants, but our children and other relations. We have to look after everybody's comfort. And cheerfulness is not easy to manufacture. It cannot be done by one person, but wants the co-operation of every one in the household, especially that of the master and the mistress. The mistakes that you men commit in your offices can very easily be rectified. If your Boss gets angry, you offer an explanation and the matter is dropped. Or, if the worst happens and you find your office-life unbearable, you get a change or can resign and come away; and you have never more than one Master. We poor women, have often enough two Bosses, a mother-in-law and a husband; and it happens sometimes that these two powers are directly opposed to each other. What pleases one is unpleasant to the other, and then our life is indeed little to be envied, and even if it were only the husband whom we have to please, it is hard enough. If the husband is unsympathetic, unkind, whatever he is, we have to put up with it. We cannot change, we cannot run away from our husband and home. Whatever there be in the house, poverty, sickness, unhappiness, it is we women

who have to bear the brunt of it directly. A man can spend part of his time outside home, but a woman has always to be in it. Even the best of husbands, like you for instance, gets angry and finds fault sometimes when we are not to blame. And as you are not merely our masters, but our husbands whom we love, your unjust remarks cut us to the quick and make us unhappy. You said something a little while ago which made me feel miserable."

"You are a clever talker, one with ready wit as I always say," he said smiling. "You talk very plausibly and cleverly. What did I say that hurt you so much, dear? Pray tell me." "You said that you might as well be a Sanyasi," she replied ill-suppressing her rising grief at the recollection of that remark.

"Never mind; I never meant it. How could I have ever meant it, or even said such a thing, having you for a wife? Such a brilliant talker! A great advocate for the honour of womanhood! Never mind, even if I had said any such silly thing, dear."

"Ah, yes. Now you are mocking me, Please don't. You men are ever thus, and will be so. It is only after we begin to earn, we can hope for equal freedom. So long as you only earn, so long as women are economically dependent on you, you will be unjust to them. In the supreme importance of your manhood, you treat us unjustly. You talk and say that when a man comes home, he must find it a cheerful and soothing place. No doubt, it must be so. But, if it is in the least uncongenial to him, for various reasons, you blame the wife. If she finds her home uncongenial whom can she hold responsible? She also has a right to be cheerful and happy and it is the husband's duty to make her so. But, who recognises her right? Her very existence is only recognised as that of adding to the comfort of man. According to our *shastras*, a woman has to be always under the guardianship of a man, she cannot be her own mistress and she is never treated justly, nor her equal claim to comfort and happiness recognised by her master. And whoever that person be, father, husband or son, they are all alike in respect of treating her."

Rabindranath Tagore

A Study of His Later Works, II

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

TAGORE read his address on *The Cult of Nationalism* on 26th September 1916 at Portland. From there he went to San Francisco. To an interviewer there he said about the place of women in life after the world war was over: "Their final mission will be to project on the minds and hearts of men the spiritual understanding that will unfold to them the real landscape of the world and the splendid significance of life." He then said:

"Here, in the United States, you have a great material Empire, but my idea of a nation is that it should have ideals beyond material ends. You have, I think, a worship for organisation. Capital organizes, labour organizes, religion organizes.—all your institutions organize. It all makes for endless strife and attrition. If there would be more of the fundamental idea of brotherhood and less of organization, I think occidental civilization would be immeasurably the gainer. Organization carried to excess was one of the causes of the European war."

His address was widely appreciated at San Francisco. The *San Francisco Calif Examiner* said: "His words, now tender with supplication, now burning with protest, or acid with irony rang with a scriptural music." While at San Francisco he was appraised by a cable from Berlin about the successful production of his play "Chitra" at the Munich theatre. From San Francisco he went to Santa Barbara and thence to San Diego and Los Angeles. He spoke at Pasadena and at San Diego and appeared again at Los Angeles where he read two of his yet unpublished works, a play "The King and the Queen" and a novellette entitled "The Blind Wife." He then went to Salt Lake where he read his address on *The Cult of Nationalism*. The *Salt Lake Utah Telegram* said on 15th October 1916: "Is Sir Rabindranath Tagore the 'prophet to come out of the East which' the immortal Tolstoy mentioned but a short time before his death?" The *Salt Lake Utah Tribune* said: "The speaker expressed his thoughts in tense, figurative speech holding his audience spell bound by his intensity and the depths of his thought." He then went to Chicago and was the guest of Mrs. William Vaughan Moody. He denounced equally greedy and militant nationalism

and colourless and mechanical universalism. The *Kewanee Ills Courier*, dated 30th October 1916, contains the following utterance of Tagore's :

"They (nations) must always exist as separate identities. The world would be unbeautiful and monotonous without variety. But no nation must predominate. Each one has a right to proper expression as a part of a great unit. Any system which does not take this into consideration must produce evil."

Tagore is both a nationalist and an internationalist. His lecture at Chicago was at Orchestra Hall on 24th October 1916. Then he went to Indianapolis on 29th October and lectured on *The World of Personality*. He said in an interview there about the status of woman in the East and the West : "The western people love furniture, entertainments and luxuries of life so that many amongst them do not care to have wives or husbands and if married, positively no children. With them comfort takes precedence of love, whereas love and home are the supreme things in our life." To another interviewer he gave his most mature views about western and eastern poetry.

"The proper function of the poet is neither to direct or to interpret his fellows, but to give expression to truth which has come to his life in fulness of music.....All the great poets of the West in some aspect of their moods and thoughts show their affinity with the East, just as the great Eastern poets have theirs with the West nor to be great is to be comprehensive.....The modern poets of the East are learning from the poets of the West the value to literature of the passionate vitality which has its triumphant joy in the very strength and speed of its movement. The poets of the West would do well to learn from the East the reverent delight in the vision of perfection in whose depth all movements find their rest and meaning."

From Indianapolis he went to Milwaukee on 4th November and lectured on Nationalism at the Pabst theatre. He then went to Louisville and lectured on the same subject on 6th November at Macaulay's theatre. He then went to Nashville and lectured at the Vendome theatre. He then went to Detroit on 10th November and lectured there on Nationalism. From there he went to Cleveland and thence to New York. At New York he gave a private talk to a select party when he read "*The Second Birth*" a religious discourse. He advised the Americans not to exclude Indian students as had been proposed and admired the free gift of education to all irrespective of colour or country which prevailed in America. He lectured at the Carnegie Hall in New York on *Nationalism* on 21st November. The immense audience "sat devoutly hushed." On 23rd November he lectured on the "The World of Personality" at the Hudson Theatre in New York. Rev. Dr. Frederick J. Gault delivered an interesting lecture on Tagore in a famous Unitarian church. On 24th November he gave readings from his published works at the Hudson Theatre. On 25th

November he reached Philadelphia and read some of his poetry that night in a Girl School. He lectured on *Nationalism* at Philadelphia and then went to Brooklyn where on 27th November he spoke on the same subject in the Opera House of the Academy of Music. The Brooklyn papers praised his deep thought and "scintillating epigrams". He went thence to Paterson where at the first Unitarian Church he lectured on 28th November on *The Cult Nationalism*. He then went to Boston and lectured on Nationalism on 6th December 1916 at Tremont Temple. He then went to New Haven and lectured on *What is Art* on 6th December at Mount Holyoke College. He was presented with the Yale bi-centennial medal with the words: "We welcome you as one of the seekers of light and truth" The President of the Yale University said on that occasion: "Apart from its share in the debt which the West owes to the East, Yale acknowledges special obligation to India which it can never repay. To your country our scholars are indebted for a large source of their inspiration. We welcome you as one of the great Brotherhood of Seekers for Light and Truth; we honour you as one to whom it has been given to help thousands—yes, millions in that search" He then gave readings from his published and unpublished works. He then addressed at Buffalo on "What is Art" and "The World of Personality". Then he went to New York again on 12th December. He then left for San Francisco as he desired to go back to Bengal and Shanteniketan.

I shall describe briefly here Tagore's sayings and doings in the State University, Iowa. He said there : "I believe that some of our young men ought to go to Japan to study Japanese arts, which is really very fine. But for scientific education they must come to the fountain-head, America". His combination of dignity and simplicity and his harmonising of the life of action and the life of thought won for him friends and devoted admirers everywhere. His American tour was arranged by the Pond Lyceum Bureau and though his stay at each place was brief he made warm and loving friends in every place that he visited. At Iowa he read three of his poems with considerable effect, because he has like Tennyson the rare gift of "interpreting by reading the deeper meanings of poetry".

I shall refer here specially to his impressions about Western and Eastern music as given at San Francisco. He said :

"That is a question I have often asked myself. At first, I must admit your western music jared upon me. I heard Madame Albani sing a song, in which there was the imitation of the nightingale. It was so childishly imitative of the mere externals of Nature that would take but little pleasure in it.

And what food for musical inspiration would a Hindu find in the song of the nightingale?—the questioner demanded.

He would find the soul state of the listener, he would make music in the same way that Keats wrote his ode.

It seems to me that Hindu music concerns itself more with human experience than with experience in an every-day sense. For us, music has above all a transcendental significance. It disengages the spiritual from the happenings of life; it sings of the relationship of the human soul with the soul of things beyond"

I must not omit to mention here Tagore's refusal to respond to the invitation of Canada to go there on a visit. He declined because Canada's treatment of Indians was inconsistent with the rights of British citizenship or the dictates of human love. This vindication of India's self-respect has endeared him to India all the more and has established India's claim to equal treatment with all nations more than any express agitation for the purpose.

In Tagore's parting message to the women of America, published in *Current Opinion* in April 1917, he said: "If their love has its absolute centre in creatures, whether brute or human, then there will be misery, and they will suffer from disappointments through sickness, death and separation; but if they have the consciousness of the infinite personality in the centre and background of their personal life, then the power of love will be fully satisfied, and all the gaps will be filled, and their joys and sorrows will join their hands in a harmony of fulfilment which is blessedness."

Thus during his American tour Tagore insisted upon the spiritual life of man being given a high and prominent place in the ordering of human life. He was the bearer of the special message which India, the mother of religions, has always given to the world, and the proclamation and realisation of which is the secret of India's immortal vitality. Throughout his American tour Tagore stood out as the apostle of a higher life of human love and divine devotion and pleaded for a recognition and realisation of the divine foundations of life and the divine destiny of human existence.

V

SINCE his return to India from his American tour Tagore sought repose and quiet at Shantiniketan and went also on a Himalayan tour. Since then he has been attending to his school and concentrating himself on his literary work with occasional excursion into the realms of social and political work. On 10th August 1917 he read a paper in Bengali on "The Master's Will" at the Alfred Theatre in Harrison Road, Calcutta. The Hon'ble Mr. Bhupendranath Basu presided. Tagore kept the vast audience spell bound for an hour and a half. The address was full of humour and metaphor drawn from all phases of Indian life and displayed the wonderful powers and resources of the Bengali language. He said that the right of being one's own master is the greatest of man's rights and that truth can only be arrived at if one is free to err. He pointed out how without a higher political consciousness and a higher sense of responsibility being awakened

in the land, real humanism and imperial thinking can never supplant the limited and narrow vision that is unable to look beyond the parochial limits of community or village. He said: "To-day all the world is praying to be relieved from subservience to the dictates of masters and supermen. Awakened by the modern spirit, we are yearning to join in the universal chorus of democracy. It is of happy augury that we have caught a glimpse of truth and are still able to respond to it . . . In the great democratic festival of the world no one people have all their lights burning—yet the festival goes on. If for some time our light has gone out, may we not ask for to be lit at the wick of England's lamp without thereby raising a howl of indignation? It will not detract from England's light, but surely add to the brightness of the world's illumination."

During the Calcutta Congress of 1917 Tagore was asked to take up the Chairmanship of the Reception Committee when an unfortunate split occurred in the camps of the Reception Committee. Eventually the split was made up. It may also be stated here that Mr. H. O. Krishna Row of Mysore, an expert in the theory and practice of Indian music, met Tagore at Shantiniketan and had the privilege of a happy interview with him about Indian music. Tagore accepted during 1917 the Chancellorship of the National University. In 1918 his daughter died after prolonged illness. He bore the bereavement with patient fortitude.

VI

DR. Rabindranath Tagore visited Cocanada in October 1918. He was interviewed at Pittapuram on 14th October 1918. He said that India must rise above communal and caste prejudices and jealousies and attain a heightened and intenser sense of unity, if it is to deserve and get a higher political status. He believed that it was very natural to create provinces on a linguistic basis and that the ultimate result should be a Federal India. He said that Vernaculars should be the medium of instruction in schools and English should be taught as a second language. He was in favour of a common language for India which was necessary for inter-provincial communications, and he said that that language should be a Vernacular.

During his visit to Cocanada, Tagore gave expression on 17th October 1918 to certain great and vital truths of urgent and first-rate national importance. A very pleasing incident connected with that visit is the fact that he expounded to the audience with incomparable spiritual fervour the twelfth and fifty-second poems in the *Gitanjali*. The great and significant contribution of India to the treasury of the world's thought was thus stated by Tagore: "India's contribution was by her symbolic religion and Puranic literature where the idea that the infinite was immanent everywhere was the foremost. Unlike most other countries where the infinite and the finite are treated as two different entities, in India there was no such demarcation

between the infinite and the finite, whatever might be the antagonistic views held by the different sects in India with regard to the realisation of the infinite through the finite". He was emphatically of opinion that religion and music should be taught as compulsory subjects. He emphasised the introduction of music in all schools "as essentially necessary since it was the vehicle for expressing one's own national greatness, finer sentiments, and feelings of patriotic pride, and without music life would be a misery both to the individual and to the nation." He pointed out that the "Bengali national education movement was in no way national in spirit." "It has no positive ideals that could be called national and therefore the movement was doomed to failure. Even in the Hindu University he could find very little that could be called really Hindu." Our countrymen would do well to ponder over these words of one of the greatest of our patriots and one who has the clearest and deepest vision of all his contemporaries into the soul of India. He said further that he was studying the colour problem among human races and went to the West to study it and hoped to be able to give his deliberate and matured views later on this momentous question. He hoped that the non-European races would have a right place in the world's civilisation and gave expression to the following pregnant truth: "In order that India might be heard, her people should carry a message to the world through self-sacrifice and suffering to show that India was a necessary factor in the world's civilisation, but they ought not to show their feebleness and helplessness by always parading their grievances only both at home and abroad and by incriminating others for their wants and disabilities shirking at the same time their responsibilities. Then the world would believe in India's manhood and in its truth."

During that tour Tagore did not go further south but went back to Bolpur. Two noteworthy facts may well be mentioned here. It was announced some time ago that Mr. S. R. Bomanji promised to give Rs. 5,000 a year for founding and conducting a technical department in Tagore's school at Bolpur. On 19th December 1898 Tagore communicated to Mr. R. G. Pradhan, Editor of *Bharata Sevahas* Nasik, his news about the recent Inter-caste Marriage Bill introduced the Hon'ble Mr. Patel into the Imperial Legislative Council. "Though my own opinion about the bill is fairly well known, this is not the occasion to discuss the merits of the bill." Tagore pleaded in his letter for freedom of opinion and conduct and favoured the bill.

VII

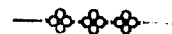
DURING the above tour to Cocanada, Madras and other cities further South I had not the happiness of seeing and hearing and welcoming Tagore. It was only in January 1919 that Tagore came on his extended South Indian tour. He had not seen South India till then and he was glad to have

the privilege and pleasure of an extensive tour there. He reached Madras and went thence to Mysore. He took part in many functions arranged in his honour in Mysore and Bangalore. As I am referring in detail later on to the three main addresses delivered in various places during this South Indian tour, I shall refer here only to the other interesting incidents of the tour. Tagore stayed at Bangalore and Mysore for some days and went thence to Coimbatore, Palghat, and Salem. He then went to Trichinopoly where he visited several institutions and read two of the great addresses above referred to. From Trichinopoly he went to Kumbakonam and thence to Tanjore. On 12th February 1919 when he was at Tanjore the students of the Government Training School at Tanjore gave an excellent performance of *Chitra* in his presence. After halting for a day again at Trichinopoly, he went to Madura. As he had an attack of fever when he was there, he cancelled his further tour programme which included Tinnevely, Trivandrum, and other places and went to Madanapalle. At Madanapalle he delivered a special lecture in aid of the relief fund started to give relief to those who suffered from a serious fire in a neighbouring village. He also handed over a bank order which he had received from Japan. From there he went to Bangalore to meet the Maharaja of Mysore. He delivered there a thrilling address on *The Folk Religion of India*. From Bangalore he sent a letter on 4th March, 1919 to Madras explaining the message which he wanted to give to his countrymen in this tour. He said in it: "When I made up my mind to visit the Madras Presidency in order to come into touch with my fellow-countrymen in the South, I felt the urgency of saying a few words to them about the necessities that are fundamental to India's progress on its own true line.....Misgivings arise in my mind when I think how the atmosphere of that tour (Madras) has recently been troubled by the turmoil of party politics, from which I try to keep away in order to fulfil my own mission in life; for I believe that such unprofitable thunder-storms, that neither carry the fertilising rain nor the purifying thunder-flame, merely hide from our view the true vision of our path and our goal. However that may be, in order to avoid the least chance of misunderstanding, I take this opportunity of making it clear to all that I do not belong to any political party whatever, and that what I have to say to my countrymen is not of the present moment or of the prevailing political unrest. I have never felt any attraction for devising means to build the machinery for extracting favours from unwilling hands, thus perpetuating the cult of moral servitude and making our people live in the most unhealthy mental atmosphere of continual alternation of hope and despair. It has ever been my endeavour to find out how to develop the power in ourselves by which we can truly earn the gratitude of all mankind and win our place as those who give out of their abundance and do not solely rely upon the doles of half-hearted charity." He delivered at Madras the three great addresses

above referred to on 10th, 11th and 12th March 1919. The subjects of the addresses were *The Ideal of Education in India*, *The Message of the Forest*, and *The Spirit of Popular Religion in India*. These noble addresses were received with the greatest love and reverence and gratitude and created a powerful impression upon the vast and interested audiences that attended them. Thus Tagore's South Indian tour has knit South India all the more closely to him and has been one of the forces making for the attainment of vital unity among the teeming millions in India.

The revelatory words and actions which show the true nature of the man even better than set discourses are to be found in informal talks and intimate exchanges of ideas. At Mysore he read to the students the dialogue between Gandhari, Duryodhana, and Dhritarashtra in the *Mahabharata*. In his reply to the students' address at Palghat he stated that he addressed public meetings generally in his mother tongue; that he was not in the habit of standing and speaking because that was not natural with us; that it was natural to sit down and think and not to think standing; and that he had great love for students always and wished to be on the same level with them and not seated on a platform. At Salem he was kind enough to read out his unpublished poem on "*Kunthi and Karna*" from the *Mahabharata*. At Trichinopoly he read to the students his drama entitled *Autumn Festival* which teaches that true rest consists in selfless work, and also sang a song of his to the girls' educated in the girls' schools conducted by the Hindu Religious Union, Trichinopoly. At Madura he said in reply to the Municipal Address that to honour a poet was waste of time, energy, and good material, for poetry best thrived under silent neglect; that it did not require public honour for the growth or encouragement of poetry; and that poets should be left alone to do their own work in their seclusion and obscurity which were the best places for them.

(To be continued)



Civilisation.

"What is the first thing you do in the morning?"

"I pray," says the Muslim.

"I cleanse my teeth," says the Hindu.

"I Have my tea," says the Englishman.

Marriage and Personal Freedom

II

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

ACCORDING to sociologists and anthropologists marriage is one of the oldest institutions of man. The conclusions of learned investigators into the subject of the history of marriage and its present modern incidents, like professor Westmarck, Havelok Ellis, Dr. Rivers, Sir James G. Frazer, Durkheim, come to this: that in marriage as a permanent connection human nature attains the fulfilment of its natural impulses. Westmarck defines marriage both in its social and biological aspects by saying that it is a "more or less durable connection between a female and male lasting beyond the mere act of propagation until after the birth of offspring." If the proposition that man was born not in a wilderness but into a society held together by bonds of some recognisable character be accepted, then it is equally true and inevitable to say that marriage must have always taken or tended towards a monogamous character. Anthropologists, basing their conclusions upon the marital history of apes, gorillas and birds, assert that monogamic marriage rests upon that deep foundations of pre-human experience. It is being increasingly felt that the idea that human family relationship began in promiscuity is wrong. Swiss psycho-analysts revel in the conception of a free, primitive community in which women ruled, for they alone were recognisable as parents. Dr. Westmarck, however, in his monumental history of Human Marriage finally banishes the theory of the sexual promiscuity of primitive man. Prof. J. A. Thompson says this 'primitive promiscuity is an ugly dream, a disease-utopia of city degeneration under domestication and probably not at any place or time a phase in the main line of human evolution.' The so-called "free-love" scare is opposed

to the deepest human instincts. The demand for permanency in human relationship is one which grows and will grow with the higher development of human personality. Apart from its not being fact, the statement that "man is polygamous by instinct but monogamous by social necessity" makes an assumption that permanency in sex-relationships is a purely artificial condition imposed on man for the convenience of society. This is wrong for as Maude Royden, England's most popular woman preacher says, there is no convenience thereby to society. For instance we have heard cases of extinction of great royal families, so necessary during monarchical times, simply because of this clinging to monogamy. Again if society wanted to gain something by imposing this hardship of monogamy on man, men sought to evade it by prostitution. And the evils of prostitution are far greater to society than if polygamy were allowed. And yet society prefers the former and treats with abhorrence the latter. Because monogamy is in fact a response to an inherent need. It gives more stability and protection to the human child than promiscuous parentage can give. Further, adult human beings demand stability in their relations with each other owing to a higher value set on personality.

Such being the case why is it, it may be reasonably asked, that marriage is often so unpopular and viewed with a certain amount of cynicism? The common notions about marriage are not very favourable. "The land of marriage has the peculiarity that strangers are desirous of inhabiting it while its natural inhabitants would willingly be banished from there." Questioned as to marriage, a lawyer said. "I take it as those who deny purgatory; it locally contains heaven or hell and there is no third place in it." Few find this Heaven again. "Men should keep their eyes wide open before marriage and half-shut afterwards." Bernard Shaw among others is notorious for smart and brilliant indictments against the institution of marriage. "Marriage is popular because it combines the maximum of temptation with the maximum of opportunity." Virtue is valued by married persons not for its own sake. "Virtue is but the Trade Unionism of the married" "Marriage is a contrivance

of the Life Force to secure the greatest number of children and the closest care of them." Such statements half hide and only half reveal the light within.

It is true that in modern times there is a perceptible decay of the old sanctities such as reverence for marriage and human life. Cultured people nowadays think it a sign of fashion to attack marriage. "Elite" marriages, once a divine ordinance made in Heaven have now ceased even to be a civil institution. It is all now a matter of pure private convenience. We hear every day of sexual experimentations as free love, term marriages, trial marriages, probationary marriages. The fact that society moves from status to contract and that an important institution of society viz. marriage is being increasingly regarded as a purely legal contract need not necessarily mean that the sanctities attached to married life should be ruthlessly sacrificed for the attainment of personal liberty. It is not liberty but license and it is not wanted unless we return to the hordes or pack promised by communism. Rules for Civil Wedlock, legitimacy and inheritance must not lightly be brushed aside unless in the supreme interests of society. The idea that a legal contractual marriage never symbolised and has now ceased wholly to symbolise any permanent marital obligation, is wrong and fallacious. As it is, it is only a comparatively modern idea not likely to last long; like a similar view that morality is an evolutionary product and has thereby led to a lot of immorality. Then, asks the objector, why all this chaos of abuses in regard to this institution of marriage, especially in Western countries? And these abuses are serious enough, in all conscience. Mr. Bertrand Russell well sums it up in this way: "Mutual liberty, which is now demanded, is making the old form of marriage impossible. But a new form which shall equally be a good vehicle for instinct and an equal help to spiritual growth has not yet been developed." The consequences are many. The clash of the opposing moods for masterfulness on the part of man and for freedom and individuality on the part of woman, "makes all mingling of personalities impossible; the man and woman remain hard separate units, continue asking themselves whether anything of value to themselves is resulting

from the union. The effect is that relations tend to become temporary, a pleasure, rather than the satisfaction of a profound need, an excitement, not an attainment."

Now all this assertion on the part of woman, her desire to become a half-timer from being a slave, may possibly be one reason why marriage is deteriorating in its sanctities. But this aspect of woman's determination to rebel against man's influence thereby breaking home-life may very well be and is often over-emphasised. What is probably more important is the vast economic structure of modern western society. The economic structure and philosophy of life characteristic of the West are alone mainly responsible for the decay of these old sanctities. The economic organisation of society on a basis of competition and unrestricted production under capitalist regime spells disaster for the development of the higher personality. Woman was dragged out of her sphere of duty, perhaps rightly, in order to participate in the larger concerns of life; but her emancipation meant the downfall of home-life. But, worst of all, she herself fell a victim to the society which she came to mend and the results are rather unhappy. This led to many difficult problems like birth-control, eugenics, divorce, place of women in society, care of children, possibility of a uniform standard for both sexes, enforced celibacy and spinsterdom, etc. The economic obligations of marriage, and the necessity of maintaining children have therefore led to abusing of this institution with all its woeful consequences, such as reduction of marriage rate in proportion to population, postponement of marriages to a late stage of life, in a sort of sullen refusal to respond to the functioning of inner creative nature and a morbid or Malthusian striving after birth-control by artificial aids. Half-hearted and half-way remedies by wholesale legislation to overcome these tendencies, viz., making woman economically independent of her husband in the family, state education and feeding of children, State insistence on stability of unions in marriage, are not likely to work any good unless the whole economic structure and philosophy of life is given the go-bye. In France an even more ineffective attempt is made by calling for radical changes

in the scheme of succession, which, as it is, imposes an artificial check on natural fecundity.

But all these economic disturbances and their inevitable consequences cannot change the nature and purpose of the institution of marriage. It is because the possessive instincts sponsored by the State, have absorbed every other consideration that we meet with those abuses of marriage making us almost disbelieve in its great purpose. The panicky efforts of the Government to use this institution in order to solve the problems of an unjust economic order of society have been directly responsible for vicious manifestations like free love, birth control and other pathological disturbances of a sexual character. This institution does not so easily lend itself to this artful manipulation. Stripped of all accretions, marriage is a social institution invented by man to regulate the biological impulses of mankind. The sacramental conception of marriage, in its narrower implications, is too much to be grasped by the ordinary or even the extraordinary man. Marriage is the seal which society places upon the love between man and woman. It is a recognition by society of a biological-moral fact. This fact must be accepted with all its limitations. It would be as unwise and dangerous to society to unduly insist upon a hard rigidity in the matter of marital ties as it would be to unduly loosen its rules and regulations. The foundation of marriage is biological and not religious—is love and not any dogma or creed. Hence it is that we are forced to insist upon that freedom in marriage, choice based upon the biological factor of sex-love and not any sacramental religious conception. If that freedom is restrained the results are bound to be unhappy. To a great extent, and especially so in India, laws, rules and regulations tend to repress this instinct. Advocates of "sexual selection" of relaxation of rules prescribed for conditions of a past age are apt to be regarded as raising sacrilegious hands against the sacred institution of marriage. The cry of "Hands Off" in regard to marriage betoken a too wary anxiety to hide faults and a too easy disposition to seek the lap of indolence rather than face facts. What is wanted to-day is a re-thinking of our social judgments, a re-defining of marriage,

making clear its fundamental and indispensable nature viz., "the mutual selection of congruent types at the culmination of organic and psychic life". It is true, no doubt, the institution of marriage exists to prevent irregularity in love-making, to increase man's social responsibility, to discipline and curb his impulses. The forms and formulae of marriage serve to assist this process. But once when restrictions multiply and tend to defeat this process, we must come to its help.

Naturally it might be asked how this free and biological expression of love is restrained by the hide-bound conventions and die-hard religious prejudices of our times. First and foremost is the easy tendency to regard marriage from the point of view of personal advantage or social status or any such extraneous adventitious calculation. This shows itself frequently in what we call marriages for money or more compendiously *marriage de convenance*. The sinister devilry of Philip II, Pedro the Cruel and of a lot of mad Czars and imbecile kinglets, the general decadence of the wealthy and governing classes everywhere are to be attributed to this Moloch of conventional arrangement of marriages. On the other hand in Scotland there is exceptional freedom in marriage choice, in love choice; hence the organic vigour of the race. Marriage for money with all its seeming respectability is certainly not a marriage "made in Heaven," though conducted according to the laws of man, the principles of wedlock or the rules of sacramental marriage. The regime of the brutal suppression of natural love from a sordid instinct of selfish calculation is too conspicuous among the higher classes. Little do they realise that love is great, glorious, sacred, all-important. But it is not merely forced marriages that tend to devitalise this institution, but the pretence to outward semblance of conventional respectability forgetting the real bonds that has truly killed and degraded this noble institution. This aspect of the matter is well brought out in Hall Caine's *The Woman Thou Gavest Me* and Galsworthy's play the *Fugitive* both of which expose the iniquities of our matrimonial lies. It finds expression also in Meredith's series of sonnets *Modern Love*. They are well summed up in Meredith's beautifully concise lines, "say not the mad,

say the enamoured woman. Love is a madness having Heaven's wisdom in it—a spark. But, even when it is driving us on the breakers, call it love; and be not unworthy of it; hold to it". The sex-ethics of James Hinton and the poetry of Coventry Patmore assert this normal factor in all its idealism—and not the false, life-embittered asceticism of Tolstoy. Certainly we realise that over-toleration means normal and intellectual slackness; but it is to be equally conceded that social judgments on passionate lapses from the Virtue of control may be unreasonably and unprofitably severe. Let us not imagine that our marriage institution is intended to brutally suppress all sexual instincts in man. What on the other hand is required in the recognition of the moral superiority of the normal sex-love and to adjust our marital institutions, rules and laws in accordance therewith.

Along with this we must also recognise that the complete ideal of the complete marriage is mathematically unattainable for humanity; for it argues an ideally complete physical, psychical, social and ethical culmination of life which is not even definitely imaginable. Liberty for the individual brings down marriage from its pedestal of sacramental glory down to the limitations of earthly fact and certainly makes it civil, contractual in character. If the full play of human personality is not to be suppressed, our monogamic ideal cannot ordinarily lead to indissoluble ties. Tolstoy says in the "Krentzr Sonata," if freedom in love is the preference of one person for another to the exclusion of everyone else, the human nature being what it is and liable to change, the question arises, preference for what period of time? It is no doubt that the sacramental form of marriage might denote the highest expression of love, but to imagine that divorce may be two readily abused betokens an insulting view of woman not admitted by facts. The ideal of the Hindu Marriage in its conventional and ceremonial implications is therefore too much for our imperfect society. In an article in the "Nation" (New York) Mr. B. Russel delivers himself of this pronouncement: "The ideal to be aimed at is not life-long monogamy enforced by legal or social penalties. The ideal to be aimed at is that all sexual intercourse should spring from the free impulse

of both parties, based upon mutual inclination and nothing else. At present a woman who sells herself successively to different men is branded as a prostitute, whereas a woman who sells herself for life to one rich man whom she does not love becomes a respected society leader. The one is exactly as bad as the other. *The individual should not be condemned in either case ; but the institutions producing the individual's action should be condemned equally in both cases.* The cramping of love by institutions is one of the major evils of the world. Every person who allows himself to think that an adulterer must be wicked adds his store to the prison in which the source of poetry and beauty and life is incarcerated by 'priests in black gowns' (Quoted). Mr. Russel disclaims any attempt at substituting any such thing as 'scientific' ethics in place of our present code. He only judges the effect of existing marriage laws, particularly where they are very strict, on society and how a relaxation of needless rigour might bring the interests of the individual into harmony with that of society. He proceeds to attack our institutions with a scientific mind ; and his conclusions are to be respected even if they collide with our ethical maxims ; for such ethics as we have is thoroughly destructive of the social good. After all as Mr. Bernard Shaw says in 'Man and Superman' "Marriage laws are not morality." Popular morality—which means only that of the churches—lays down rules of conduct rather than ends of life. And according to Mr. Russel, morality if it wants to survive a scientific and not merely popular test, that is to say morality that ought to be, would lay down ends of life rather than rules of conduct. "The belief in the importance of rules of conduct is superstitious ; what is important is to care for good ends. A good man is a man who cares for the happiness of his relations and friends, and if possible, for that of mankind in general, or, again, a man who cares for art and science. Whether such a man obeys the moral rules laid down by the Jews thousands of years ago (or say by Manu in the dim past) is quite unimportant. Moreover a man may obey all these rules and yet be extremely bad." The Saviour of modern society would be one who would not lay down more and more rules for human conduct but who would more clearly and lucidly enunciate the ends of life with a clear eye to the parallel advantage of the individual and the collective society or communal groups.

The Bhakti Movement of Chaitanya

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

CHAITANYA is the originator of the movement which aims not at the suppression of human passions but at their purification by turning their current to god. In one sense his movement is without a parallel either in India or outside it. The faith which was founded by Gauthama Sakya Muni centuries before Shri Chaitanya, had undoubtedly strong popular elements in it which were meant for the people ; it made a big breach on the body of the Aryan ceremonial religion of Buddha's time. It broke down the barriers of caste, and the monopoly of learning and piety. For the first time on Indian soil it raised an army of soldiers devoted to the cause of truth from all ranks and conditions in life. The faith of the Buddha was however built upon higher ethical principles. An enlightened understanding in man, a deep insight into the nature of things was considered necessary to mould life on those principles. There was the recognition of the fundamental fact that this earth was a vale of tears ; it was a part of the Buddha's religion that an enlightened man should live in peace amidst his surroundings, and that his heart should melt with compassion for the animals and the little creeping things that have no voice to speak to man of their sufferings when he sacrifices them. Yet in all this there was no direct culture of the emotions. The movement of the Buddha sought to build up the higher man by enlightening the conscience and the understanding more than by cultivating the emotions. The religion of the Buddha had no personal God with attributes of perfection to whom the heart of man pours forth its cries to get rid of the ignorance and the unhappiness of life. Its non-theistic nature may to some extent account for its being comparatively unemotional. The age of Buddhism was however the age of the richness of the spirit in India.

The next great popular religious movement in India was that of Shri Ramanuja. Like the Buddhist faith the message of this Vaishnavite faith filtered down to the people in their own language. It leavened society as Buddhism did. It taught the equal right of all men to acquire spiritual knowledge and scattered wide the fruits of religion among the common people. It sweetened a great deal men's relations with the sub-human world. Indeed the Vaishnavism of Ramanuja assimilated the doctrine of Ahimsa which was a corner stone of Buddhism and which received a new emphasis at his hands. Ramanuja had the great advantage of being a theist and he built upon the materials of the ancient religion. He was no innovator like the Buddha. There is organic unity of relationship between the Vedic religion and the recension of Vaishnavism of which he was the author. He has built up a beautiful philosophy of the religion of love and has given to man a method by which he may steadily discipline his mind, heart and will, and end by attaining an immeasurable love of God in the heart which finds its fruition in the service of His creatures. The cry of humanity to Ramanuja was indeed a more real and living cry than it is to the men of our time who have recoiled from their disgust with church theologies into the cult of the love of man. Ramanuja had much knowledge of the psychology of the emotions. He treats of the doctrine of Bhakthi with his superb knowledge of the cognitive and emotional instincts in man. But he does not sweep upon our vision with the force of a wild wind. He does not set in motion any gigantic powers for elevating masses of mankind as with an electric touch. He is rather a cautious and patient worker in the garden of the human heart expecting to produce the juicy fruit of love by steady and scientific cultivation of healthy religious passions. The madness of divine intoxication, the impetuosity of spiritual emotion, the passion which extinguishes the mean little life of man and transforms the universe for him, all this is to be looked for in vain in the works of Ramanuja. The control of the senses was as much a part of Ramanuja's theme as it was of Buddha or Sankaracharya. The central teaching was setting

free the spirit by putting the senses under constraint. None of these great teachers ever believed in wooing the senses into goodwill. They took for granted the perpetual antagonism between the soul and the senses, and prescribed elaborate remedies for the subjugation of the senses. These teachings must have scared away many a life from the high ordinances of religion as average men took fright at the ordeal. Men who were told they had no hope in the life of religion unless they deliberately restrained their senses, fought shy of the field and took up stale pursuits. Here was the point of variance between Chaitanya and the other teachers of religion who preceded him. Here was his unique distinction as a religious teacher. He took up the weakest and the vilest life and made it accessible to the influence of love of God. Every life, said Chaitanya, is strong with emotions and feelings. Usually these emotions relate to wordly matters, but there are moments in the lives of all men when the passion mounts up from the heart to the throne of God. All life at some time or other wearies of the little limited joys this earth can give and desires to get a taste of the limitless love of God. He called on men not to think themselves vile or wretched. He asked men to talk the name of God loudly and sing his praise with the full passion of soul. He told them to consecrate the human passions and bring into existence the true worship of God through the senses. He talked less of renunciation than any other teacher though he himself was a *Vairagi* and ascetic of a severe order. He sanctified the ordinary life of the householder. He went round the country, deluging the hearts of men with the flood-tide of his love of God. The emotions were at their highest and purest in him; all the thought in him had melted into high feeling and the world had in him an example of perfect emotional culture. He did not debate with men or give discourses on the subject of religion. He simply went from end to end of the land and silently raised the life of the people. He had such an all-consuming love of God and had within him so inexhaustible a store of spiritual emotion that by personal contact he influenced people he met so thoroughly that they changed beyond recognition in some cases.

This movement of Shri Chaitanya produced many exalted saints of as high spiritual stature as that of the saints of any other faith. The originator of the faith was a perfect model of God-love in the heart of man. But his religion made no exacting demands upon the people. It did not put in the foreground of men's attention the doctrine of renunciation. It taught men that no violent struggle with the human passions was necessary to redeem mankind. It attempted rather to wean men away from the sway of the passions by gently cultivating the habit of loving God. As love of God increases there is a proportionate decrease in the sway of passions over the human heart. The creed of Shri Chaitanya was a very simple one. It is said he wrote a commentary on the Sutras of Vyasa in which he has upheld the dualist's position. But his simple creed of love of God and of compassion to Jivas was excellently suited to the ordinary life man. There is no other religious movement in Hinduism which has made adherents in such large numbers from the ranks of the unlettered common people. The passage of time has not sufficed to wear away these features from his movement. It has undoubtedly ennobled the lives of these people, if it has to some extent brought down the pristine purity of the faith. Artisans, washermen, barbers, and many others were swept along the tide of the Lord's love, and tumbled headlong into an ocean of ecstatic consciousness, and though they had no language to tell their experience, they were raised and enriched by it. Much of the magical effect produced on the lives of men in his own time was due to Chaitanya's great personality. More or less every great teacher exercises a real abiding influence on the lives of men who get into touch with him. To Chaitanya it was given to do this work of regeneration without any parade of learning, and as naturally as air, for instance, braces us. The great fire of holiness and love began to die out gradually among his followers and in course of time beautiful forms of devotion remained to hold together the adherents of the master.

Chaitanya made some disciples also from the followers of Islam. Haridas and the Kazi of Navadwip were his two noted

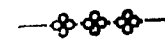
Mohamedan disciples. Indeed this Vaishnavite movement of the sixteenth century which began in Bengal and was taken up by other saints and psalmists in Hindustan has considerably influenced the life of the Mohamedans. Though there may have been bitterness among Mohamedans against the mild Hindu population and the general policy of some of the Mohamedan kings may have been in favour of persecuting the Hindus, the saints were silently bringing together the two communities on the basis of a common love of God and man. A certain breadth of outlook in religious matters and a growing eclecticism of culture is fairly characteristic of the outstanding writings of the time. The Sikh religion is the expression of the centralising genius of Guru Nanak. In course of time it had strength to build up a powerful polity. Kabir, a Mohamedan saint sang with fervour "the city of the Hindus is in Benares and the city of the Mussalmans in Mecca; but search your own hearts; you will find the city of the Hindus and the Mussalmans". Likewise the movement of Shri Chaitanya had touched deeply the lives of the common people in both the communities. It tended to tone down the friction between them and even sweetened their relations. The work of these saints is to be seen in the unconscious coalescing influences at work among the masses.

The great merit of Chaitanya's religious movement was that it took away fear from the heart of man. God was a loving and merciful being. He delighted in reforming the lives even of sinners. "There is more joy in Heaven over one sinner that repented than over ninety nine that are just". He wants from us only our love; and if we loved him he would be with us for ever and for ever. Our imperfections vanish in His perfection. This took away also the begging and bargaining spirit from the hearts of men. The result has been that the common people in Hinduism had a nobler end to pray for than many a learned divine in other religions. The Hindus, of all people, have assumed a familiarity with God to the point of being considered blasphemous by other nations. The Bhakti religion of Shri Chaitanya which paints the love of the human soul for God in the language of

human love links the human soul and God together as husband and wife are knit in closest bonds. We look upon God as nearest of the near and farthest of the far. The idea of the indissoluble bond and of the closeness of association between the human soul and God is part of the heritage of the masses in the land. It is not the high philosophies of the commentators from which the masses learnt their lessons. It was the heart's language of love that they understood and it was enough for them that they experienced the sweetness of living in the love of God. Chaitanya went down to the very bottom of the social life and spoke to the people in their language. Nityananda, his chief fellow-worker provided beautiful attractions for the common people when he gave them the message of divine love. Those who took refuge in Shri Chaitanya, said Nityananda, had nice damsels to hug and pleasant wines to drink. Many who joined the faith out of curiosity found that they fell down in an ecstatic swoon on the ground and they wetted the place about them with the tears of their eyes. Here said Nityanada was the damsel whom they would hug and the wine they would drink to make themselves merry. This idea of the love of God, of the mad, impetuous type, which cleanses the soul and links man to God was no new creation of Chaitanya. The Gopilila of Brindaban portrayed in the Srimath Bhagavatha is the sweetest episode in the drama of the soul. Love is purest and freest there. But the light in that book lay hidden beneath a bushel and did little to reform the lives of people. There were many prouder writings of the old sages besides which this cult of the love of God as a means of human salvation seemed to pale into insignificance. It required the great personality of Shri Chaitanya to vitalise that book and give a practical demonstration of the workings of Bhakthi. This great teacher of the religion of love has left no cold formula of ethical doctrines or of high spiritual injunctions for scholastics to dispute over the matter of interpretation. His life is one strong current of love. It is lived in joy and harmony. The experiences of his inner nature naturally express themselves in song. The highest ethical principles evolve themselves out of his song. The teaching therefore

makes the most piercing appeal to the heart. In his moments of rapture he tells us that the man who would be a lover of God must be marked in his humility and endurance, he tells us that he would not dread being born again and again, if only his heart would well up with the love that does not question about God; he tells us that in preference to such love of God he would give up the joys and the graces of life. With a tortured heart he asks God to give him the love which will moisten his eyes with tears, choke his throat at the mention of his name and make the hairs of his body stand on end. Then says the prophet in language which perplexes those who have not understood the religion of love that a moment's separation from his beloved God is more tedious to him than a *yuga*.

This age which has produced Ramakrishna Paramahansa who expressed in his life the fullest possible synthesis of spiritual aspiration and experience, and by his life of harmony demonstrated the equal truth of all religions is apt to think that Chaitanya lacked in synthesis. The criticism may be levelled against the great master that he was guilty of emphasising the emotions. The cheap sneer may be indulged in at his expense that his faith has given birth to many mono-maniacs and that some of followers are it subjects for pathological investigations by doctors. All this, even if true, is no more due to the religion of Shri Chaitanya than heartlessness in any pandit of the formal school is due to the practical religion of the Vedanta. So long as the heart is the gateway to the region of the spirit, and the emotions will continue to thrill men and in some instances transform them, and so long as the human heart has a hunger for perfection, the religion of Shri Chaitanya will have adherents among men. This world yet requires so much more of the practical workings of the religion of love.



The Home

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

Ye lovely cottages wherein we dwelt,
A ministration of our own was yours;
Can I forget you, being as you were
So beautiful among the pleasant fields
In which ye stood? Or can I here forget
The plain and seemly countenance with which
Ye dealt our your plain comforts? Yet had ye
Delights and exultations of your own.

Wordsworth:—

THE home is an earthly paradise. Nowhere in the sea-girdled India is the ancient world more visibly real than in the aspect and life of the village home. Hence, though now uncomely in aspect and mean in stature, she is a sacred relic and institution of the past upheld by the iron hand of conservatism. Every village is rich in hoary tradition and sweet reminiscence. Utensils and furniture though scant and strange have long-endearing histories and associations. Some venerable head may have rested on the worn-out wooden plank, and several tottering old feet may have leaned for stay on the finely carved bamboo stick in the corner. The ear-rings the eldest boy wears may be the priceless lucky heirloom of a long vanished generation. The etiquette of the home is that of a distant antiquity. On the visit of an honourable guest, the grown up boy prostrates to wearying satisfaction a number of times, and presents himself as the guest's humble servant, so-and-so, of such *veda* and *gotra* (patriarchal tribe) of ancient origin.

Each house has a long and low cosmopolitan verandah (KURADU) bordering on the street, bare during the cold and shaded during the hot months, with a narrow raised platform at each end. A little higher up is the broad hospitable pial of many happy associations. Here all questions of interest and importance for the young and the old, the village and the

country, are debated and discussed. Being airy and cool it is the much coveted sleeping place of the young and the active in the home. A narrow strip of pillow-like ledge runs along the pial close to the wall. It is here, reclining on the hard earthen pillow that travelling guests flood the little eager minds with stories of India's golden age.

On entering the front door, finely carved and ornamented with the sect marks of the family, one would come into the grandmother's apartment, (REZHI), a fit emblem and resting place of lonely and now expectant Old Age. Here in the dark corner hover the dream-spirits which the grandmother conjures up to quiet the crying children. Passing through this room, one would enter the inner part of the house, the real home. The walls of this inner court bear on their dark body the white figures of piety and devotion which the clever house-mother draws during the dreamy afternoon hours of the day, and not a little pleasing are the scrolls and scribbles which her darling, the youngest and most resourceful artist of the home, evolves from his abounding heart in glad emulation of his mother dear.

The luxury of every home is the spacious court-yard in the middle, with a growing *Thulasi* plant in the centre, ever open to the sky and surrounded on all sides by long verandahs. This court-yard pit is the scene of many a family activity, the dining hall of children on moonlight nights, the humble rude theatre of the home where many a grandmother's tale has entranced the tender shining eyes of generations of children. It is here under the decorated leafy canopy that marriages and festivals have been conducted from immemorial times. In the morning, the birds of the sky bring greetings of joy to nestlings of the cradle. Later in the morning, the frisking palpitant squirrel, at once timid and bold, and the twittering hopping sparrow come and gambol at a distance, to the baby munching sweets and delight him into giving; while on the top of the kitchen-roof runs to and fro a mournful mother-squirrel who rends her tiny heart in shrill plaints to the rising sun over the loss of her erring young one. The watchful child sees also the parrot and the crow merrily swinging in the dangling bamboos of the backyard.

And from the broad opening of the yard many an inquisitive eye has traced the wanderings of the moon and the stars,

"Many a night my happy closing eyes,

Saw last the bright stars tangled in those boughs

And many a morn the music of a dream

Died out into the lark songs overhead.*

and many a dreaming eye has seen in it a mystic picture of the Infinite and the Finite as the everlasting sky bends over the home and daily whispers its starry peace and love. It is the telescopic eye of the home by which the boy learns his astronomy and wanders off into the fairy world of awe and wonder.

The one well-ventilated room in the house is the baby's room with a swiging cradle rocking two babies at one and the same time, one above the other in the cradle, one, the baby of the world, the other, the baby of the home, each facing and playing to the other. Next to the baby's room is the family store-room, a sort of Ali Baba's treasure cove, where stores and treasures are kept, guarded by day-night darkness.

But the most important part of the home is the kitchen on the one side of which resides the family deity, the *Ummachi* of children, who has kept the family fire pure and undefiled from generation to generation. Here no dirty mischievous feet can tread and no harsh or blasphemous word can enter. The shrine is a miniature wooden temple with a sheaf of New Year corn plaited and hung at the top. It is a kind of Ark of the Covenant where the sacred relics of the tradition and religion of the family, such as the palm-leaved Ramayana and the wooden sandals of the family *guru* are treasured. This little shrine is the centre of domestic affection and piety. Daily at midday, the family gathers on the floor, a silent waiting congregation, arms folded, mouths shut and eyes expectant to receive at the end of the *pūja* and food offering, the *tulasi* and water offered to the idol. This *Ummachi* is a zealous God who, as the old ones will say, is the invisible observer of every little detail in the home and the silent listener to every conversation therein. He will withdraw from the eye of the foul and the impure the light that shines and sparkles.

Who can omit the cattle-shed which forms a real and valuable part of the village-home? The cow and the buffalo are next-room neighbours, and share in the joys and sorrows of the home. There is a grandmother's story of a woman who went to her father's annual ceremony. And as she was preparing to start, the fence of her garden caught her by the cloth, the door of the house screeched on the hinge, and the calf made moan in the stall, and she took them all with her for her father's ceremony. There are the busy and toiling bulls which daily labour for the family. There are the womanly cows with big patient eyes, expressive of motherly sacrifice and love. There are also the children's pets to whom are given a hundred curious names by the limitless and teasing affection of the little ones. Side by side with these favoured ones, are their wilder companions and kinsfolk, the filthy and voracious buffalo and the heavy and indolent ox, ever to be goaded and scourged into activity. But these too have their festivals and holidays, when boys and girls adorn their faces and ornament their necks and horns with tinkling bells and leafy flowers.

What of the shrubby enclosure behind the house surrounding a huge mountain of straw for the cattle? On one side there is the green vegetable plot containing also herbs of the grandmother's choice, 'that shul ben for your hele, and for your prow.' The presiding genius of these strange quarters is the hooded cobra of the anthills under the shade of the devil-haunted tamarind tree. It is the grandmother's silly superstition that tolerates and preserves this den of snakes. It is not even sport for the young ones. It makes them bond-slaves of imaginary fears. The grandmother daily listens, with approving nods, to the lesson of her grandson about the man who took pity on a dying cobra and fed it with milk, with the result we all know, yet the old woman's logic stops with the book, and its application does not reach the cobra of the house.

To her, he is some brahmin bachelor-ancestor cursed to this venomous plight, who becomes sometimes the unwilling angel of death under Yama's terrible decree of Fate. Whenever he makes his unwelcome appearance in the home, he only

reminds them, the grandmother would say, of his dues. On auspicious Fridays, she sprinkles milk on the holes to avert the anger of the snakes dwelling in the dark regions of the "Naga Loka." The name SESHAN is her pious gift to one of her grandchildren in honour of this old-pensioned guest of the Anthill-home.

Such is the home with its attractions and repulsions, its charms and snares, endeared in many ways through pleasure and sorrow, joy and grief, to the young and the old.



Narasimhavishnu— The "Mahamalla"

(630 A.D. to 660.)

By a Student of South Indian History.

ALL students of the early and medieval history of South India know what a fascinating study the vicissitudes of the various dynasties constitute in themselves. One of the most celebrated of these dynasties which more than any other was responsible for the infusion of Sanskrit and Aryan culture in the Tamil land is that of the Pallavas whose history is yet in the process of construction. This dynasty held supreme power in a large part of the Tamil and the Telugu country with its head-quarters at the ancient city of Kanchipuram and continued to enjoy the hegemony of Southern India for an unbroken period of about seven centuries (250-900 A.D.) The history of the dynasty is obscure prior to the 7th century and it is only from the accession of Simhavishnu to the throne about the close of the 6th century that the thick veil of obscurity that envelopes the earlier period is lifted a little.

The age of Simhavishnu and that of his successors covering a period of about two centuries and a half is one of the most

glorious chapters of Tamil history. It was during this period (550-800 A.D.) that the revivalistic movements associated with the Siva Nayanmars who are known as the Arupathumavar, and the bulk of the Vaishnava Alvars flourished and carried on their religious propaganda for the cause of Sivaism and Vaishnavism. The greater part of the hymns embodied in the memorable works known as the *Thevaram* and the *Nalayiraprabhandam* is therefore attributable almost without any doubt to the epoch of Simhavishnu (550-800 A.D.) during which period these movements received considerable inspiration and stimulus and active State support. From another point of view this age is important in the history of the Tamil land. It was during this period for the first time that Sanskrit literature was actively encouraged in the Tamil land. Sanskrit poets and scholars began to be largely attracted to the Pallava Court for patronage. In the days of the Sangam age there were, indeed, several learned Brahman poets in the Tamil Courts whose poems have come down to us; but there is no evidence to show that these early kings, although they are said to have encouraged the Brahmans, fostered the Sanskrit poetry, drama and literature. On the other hand the court of Simhavishnu and his successors at Kanchi was pre-eminently a seat of Sanskrit culture where many Sanskrit works were composed. It is well-known that Bharavi the celebrated author of "*Kiratarjuniya*" lived in the court of Simhavishnu and recent research has shown that the other well-known Sanskrit writers such as Dandin, Bhamaha, and Visaka Datta also flourished in the Pallava court at Conjeevaram. Again the age of Simhavishnu and his successors saw the beginnings of rock cut temples for the Gods in addition to structural temples all over the land some of which have survived to our own times. The havoc wrought by time and weather upon ordinary buildings were ingeniously solved by the process of excavating the abode of the Gods in living rocks. The most celebrated group of these rock-cut temples and bas-reliefs is to be found at the Seven Pagodas. Even from a purely military point of view the epoch of Simhavishnu is important in as much as he saw the arms of the Pallava power at Kanchi extended to Vatapi (Badami in the Bijapur

district of the Bombay presidency) and Ceylon in the south, in the days of *Mahamalla*.

This brings us to the subject of this paper in whose reign this singular achievement of the expedition to Vatapi and the naval invasion of Ceylon took place—achievements which in those days must have made a great sensation among the other powers in the Tamil land. Narasimhavarman (I) also called in the records 'Narasimhavishnu' and 'Mahamalla' was the son of the celebrated scholar-king of Kanchi, Mahendravarman, whose burlesque on the drunken revelry of a Kapalika at Kanchi entitled *Mattavilasa Prahasana* has been recently discovered and published by the Travancore Government. He appears to have carried out many innovations in the Tamil land, the most important of which being the introduction of a taste for rock-cut temples and the habit of inscribing the surnames of ruling sovereigns in these temples. During the short period of about twenty-five years or so he appears to have succeeded in excavating from solid rocks not less than seven temples dedicated to Siva and Vishnu, which have been discovered at places like Trichinopoly, Mahendravadi, Vallam, Melacheri (near Ginjee) Pallavaram, etc, all of which contain inscriptions which have been attributed to the first quarter of the 7th century. The name *Vichitrachitta* or the 'Curious-Minded' in which this king appears to have delighted and which occur in one of these monuments seems to give the real clue to his temper and outlook in his efforts. A musical treatise inscribed on the face of big slab at Kudimiyamalai in the Pudukotta State and a painting at Sittanavasal in the same state have also been attributed to this sovereign.

The last days of Mahendravarman I appear to have been disturbed by the invasions of the Chalukyan King Pulakesin. At one time the danger was so near the city of Kanchi, when the forces of the Pallava king succeeded in inflicting a crushing defeat of the Chalukyan army at Pullalore about 15 miles from Kanchi. Narasimhavarman who probably accompanied the king on this occasion as a prince on assuming the reins of government soon after (630 A. D.) determined to lead an expedition to the capital of the Chalukya kingdom. Whether Narasimhavarman

actually followed the expedition is not known. But his generalissimo who was no other than Paranjoti the celebrated Sirutondanayanar of the Siva tradition, not only succeeded in capturing the city of Vatapi but is said to have completely destroyed it. This achievement is referred to in glorious terms in the life of Sirutondar in Periyapuram. The Tamil General appears to have removed to his kingdom among other things a pillar of victory erected by the Chalukya kings, and the image of Ganapathi which is believed to have been installed at Tiruchengattangudi the native village of Sirutondar where it is still known as *Vatapi-Ganapathi*. The historicity of the taking of Vatapi by the Pallavas has received the most indisputable confirmation by the discovery of a mutilated Pallava inscription which makes mention of the achievement and which must have been put up there in memory of the event by the orders of the Pallava general about 640 A. D. when this event happened. Soon after the event Sirutonda, the leader of the expedition, left the services of the king and retired to his native village at Tiruchengattangudi near Tanjore for religious work along with Appar and Sambandar.

The success of the Vatapi expedition induced the king to undertake an even more difficult task, namely the conquest of Ceylon. The opportunity was not slow to present itself. There was during this period a dynastic revolution and the prince of the original line known as Manavamna found himself an exile from Ceylon. Finding Narasimhavarman to be the only one who could help him to recover his throne he sought his shelter and made a considerable stay there. The king was at last induced to send a large battalion to Ceylon which however failed to achieve anything. The result was that Manavamna found himself exiled once again seeking the help of Narasimhavishnu. This time a regular naval expedition was organised and the Pallava fleet seems to have embarked from the port of Mahabalipuram which in the Pallava times was a well-known harbour. Even as late as the period of Tirumangai-Alvar the place was a big harbour and the Alvar has described the fine sight of sea-going vessels laden to the point of sinking, with all kinds of goods ready for departure at the harbour at Mahabalipuram.

The details of the naval invasion of Ceylon which started in about 650 A. D. are unknown but the expedition was a success and achieved its purpose, namely, the dispossession of the usurper on the throne of Ceylon and securing of the same to Manavamma.

Narasimhavishnu appears to have inherited his father's taste for rock-cut temples and sculptures. The beautiful Rathas of Mahabalipuram which he began and one of which bears his inscription, are a standing testimony to his love of this art. Among the other rock-cut temples that have been attributed to the initiative of this king may be mentioned the lower rock-cut cave temple at Trichinopoly, those at Tiruvellarai and Tirumeyyam both dedicated to Vishnu, as well as the smaller monolithic monuments at Kudumiyamalai in the vicinity of Mahendravarman's musical inscription. The most celebrated work of Narasimhavarman I however, consists of the group of bas-reliefs representing the well-known stories of the Puranas. The chief of these are "*the Penance of Arjuna*," which has been described as a 'sermon on stone,' "*the Mahishasura-vadha*" by Durga, the Vamana and the Varaha Avatars as well as the relief representing Krishna in the act of raising the Govardana hill. Of these the scene of Arjuna's penance which according to some scholars represents the Penance of Bhagiratha, is considered to be one of the most wonderful works of art that any nation can be proud of.

Although no copper-plate charter has been discovered as yet that has been attributed to this king, those charters that were issued by his successors amply prove his greatness. We have already indicated that his age synchronised with the active religious propaganda work of the Vaishnava and the Siva saints. Tirujnanasambandar, Appar, Sirutondar were his known contemporaries, while Tirumalisai-Alvar, Kulasekara, Nammalvar and Tirupanalvar were probably his contemporary Vaishnava saints. As already indicated his name will chiefly be remembered for his wonderful rock-cut sculptures and monolithic temples in the Seven-Pagodas (named Mamallapuram after his own name) and other parts of the Tamil land as well as his daring expeditions by means of which he raised the prestige of the

Pallava and the Tamil arms to the distant Vatapi in the north and Ceylon in the south.

Some idea of the condition of the people at Kanchipuram during Narasimhavarman's age may be gained from the account preserved by the Chinese traveller Hiuen-Tsang who in the course of his perigrinations arrived at Kanchi and stayed a considerable period there (640 A. D.) He describes the capital as being about five or six miles in circumference with as many as a hundred monasteries occupied by nearly 10000 monks all, attached to the *sthavira* school of Mahayana. The Hindu and the Jain temples numbered about a hundred. He also found the climate a little hot, while he found that the character of the people courageous. According to the pilgrim, they were 'deeply attached to the principles of honesty and truth and highly esteemed learning.' He also found a *stupa* about a 100 feet high that was believed to have been built by Asoka-Raja. But the cruel hand of time has laid low all these monuments and practically no vestige of the Asokan monument or of any of the large number of monasteries described by Hiuen-Tsang has survived.



The Growth of English Journalism

By Eskae.

THE evolution of English Journalism is a splendid achievement in the history of English Literature. The early fight for liberty of the Press and liberty of speech was no-where better written than in the pages of England's History during her days of initial growth. To think of the various difficulties that beset the path of development of the Press in those days when Milton was necessitated to write in stately lines about the Freedom of the Press in his immortal *Arcopagitica* and to note the success which it had achieved at last is really a plea-

sure. Ever so many pamphlets and books have been written on Liberty of the Press but none is so vehement and eloquent, with arguments pros and cons, as the *Arcopagitica*. If ever England thinks of paying homage to a soul that is responsible to the modern free press, it can be to the memory of Milton.

The journalism proper begins from the publication of "The Weekly News," "London Mercury" and a few others and passes through the "Intelligence" under the able editorship of L'Estrange who discussed public questions in the Press which eventually attained a powerful hold on the State and the people. Then appeared the "Tatler", and the "Spectator" which eschewing politics altogether wrote articles about the social conditions of England after Reformation with a view to reform the corrupt society as it then existed. But as politics forms the backbone of journalism, people felt a necessity for news on politics and to satisfy this craving of the people "The Whig Examiner" and "The Review of the affairs of the State" were started which dealt with politics altogether and began to pass fearless yet scurrilous criticisms on problems of politics and political personalities. This kind of criticism created an innovation in journalism and thereby altered its whole character. It infused strength and vigour into the writings and so we can safely say that these periodicals were the real precursors of the modern newspaper journalism.

As neither eminent men or problems on politics were spared, the Government themselves were nervous about their own position as a governing authority. So they had to take recourse to men of literary talents to write articles and pamphlets upholding the policy of the State. They did not stop with this. They approached some newspapers and asked them to uphold their policies in their columns. Thus there came into existence two parties in the Press, one endorsing the policy of the State and the other decrying it. Difference of opinion gave room for controversies in the Press and thus the public was kept alive with the current politics which are of vital interest to the Britisher. Gradually the Press became a potent factor in the Government of the State and came to be called the Fourth Estate of the Realm.

After the birth of the periodicals referred to above, there came a lull in journalism. The literature was undergoing a transition. New developments and new innovations were made into the field of Literature. The Romantic Revolt, famous in the history of English Literature, was started only in the last quarter of the XVIII Century. Wordsworth was yet a boy and Keats and Shelly were yet in schools. As years passed, they came under the direct influence of the new movement and began to illustrate their new principles through their works. Carlyle is the matured product of the Romantic Revolt and is the personification of all the principles of this literary revolution. This movement brought a new phase into journalism which attracted men like Carlyle, Coleridge, Macaulay, Jeffrey, Smith, Charles Lamb and others. Naturally the style became modified. The subject treated became mainly literary and hence a necessity arose to start a number of literary journals; the chief periodicals that made their appearance were "The Edinburgh Review", "The Blackwood Magazine," The "Contemporary Review;" "The Cornhill Magazine", "The Fraser's Magazine" and a few others which were decidedly superior to newspapers whose sole aim is to supply news, whereas the aim of the Magazines and Reviews is first literary matter and then only news. The literary flavour is absent mostly from all newspapers except in the columns of Review of books. Journalism began with literary aspirations and they were fully realised only in the journals of the early 19th Century.

It was in the latter half of the 19th Century that journalism attained its perfection. Movements in Democracy, Science Philosophy, Religion and Literature, all these began to exert enormous power over the reading public; Education Bill was passed, Stamp Act was abolished and the Penny Postage System was introduced. The various movements brought within their fold their votaries. The public became enlightened and demanded news every day. The periodicals could in no way satisfy this craving; so newspapers once again assumed enormous importance and became all powerful. Public questions were tackled and events of the hour were given the greatest prominence. The

penny postage system facilitated the increase in the circulation of newspapers. The public were always busy and could spare only a few minutes and a public pressed for time demanded the news to be given in the most concise form. The style therefore was to be simple, direct, forcible, appealing. No tortuosity and similes were needed. Mere facts had to be stated and no imagination was required. These demands newspapers could readily supply and so a host of them appeared in the latter half of the last century.

As a matter of course, periodicals became distinct from newspapers. The former touched upon matters mainly literary and devoted many of their pages to original articles that furthered the development of English Literature. The matter was to be couched in a style that called imagination into play. A distinct flavour was associated with such articles. The subjects that were dealt with were all-round and politics was not burked at all. Comments on politics were made which were twice weighed before they were sent to the Press and hence such criticisms on politics were sound and sober, whereas newspapers touched upon politics which were their main-spring only and from which they drew their breath. Whether it was right or wrong, the newspapers clung to comments one-sidedly and experience has taught us that "genuine independence in politics and a consistently literary or elegant flavour about a newspaper are both fatal to circulation."

One of the essentials of a newspaper is a well-defined and unambiguous policy. It is its vital elixir and if it is touched the whole structure will fall down and be ruined. A writer says "A newspaper without definite opinions ably expressed is a colourless production which cannot exercise the influence which every good paper should do on contemporary affairs. All best papers express their support in their leading columns of one or the other great political parties in the State and there can be no doubt that this method is useful to the community. The most influential organs are undoubtedly those which act with independence in discussing party action."

Lord Beaverbrook addressing the Brighton and Hove Rotarians made an amusing allusion to his former ownership of the

Globe and said with regard to the success of newspapers as follows. 'The newspapers that I control will always have a gay exterior; they will have an appearance, so far as I can create it, like that of a beautiful young girl dancing her way through life. It is an aspect of journalism that I shall always keep foremost in my mind. But there is another aspect, too, and that is the firm, stern and independent policy that must underlie the lighter presentation of news and views; which appears only on the surface. Touch that policy and you touch the paper to the very depths of its being'.

The policy of newspapers is laid down in the columns of their leaders. Leader-writing is English in its origin and was inaugurated by Coleridge, Peter Fraser and John Sterling. "As Editorial anonymity is the distinctive characteristic of British journalism, the editor, the leader-writers and other staff merged their individuality, as it were, in the paper with which they were associated. The opinions expressed are not those of the individual who wrote the article or of the editor who revised and altered it, but of that non-personal entity, the paper itself."

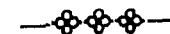
A newspaper establishment does not only comprise the Editor and his staff and the pressmen and proof readers, but also men from outside. They go by the name of correspondents who regularly send in their reports to the paper as frequently as possible. The main source of news will have to be called out from their articles, coming as they do from the various corners of the province. There are other kinds of writers also who occasionally contribute articles on matters of general interest. This method of writing requires ability and a good grasp of general knowledge on the part of the writer not to mention a style that should be simple and easy. Such writers are known as free-lance journalists who make more money than their unfortunate brethren, the reporters on the staff of a newspaper office. The journalists, as a whole, may be divided into editors, leader writers, sub-editors, reporters, critics of literature, drama, music and art, book reviewers, and free-lancers. Generally the literary critic and the reviewer do not find much scope to display their abilities on

any newspaper staff because the newspapers require no more than a paragraph or at the greatest a column if it be a review and no literary topic is to be handled. So these men belong to 'the intellectual, instructive and challenging side of journalism,' whereas the editor and his following belong to the entertaining and ephemeral phase of the profession. Whatever the comparative merits of these two classes of journalism might be, journalism as such has its personal note and that is its outstanding feature.

The modern craving for a paper that is to be readable in a short space of time by a people pressed for time necessitates the presentation of every class of news in attractive form with "scare" headlines and frequently with a precis in leaded type arranged in paragraphs. The get-up of the paper must be attractive and advertisements in beautiful lay-out might also give a good appearance to the paper but never should undue predominance be shown to the advertisements just to please the advertisers. Of course the newspaper has a distinct service to offer to the advertisers but the prestige of a paper can never be lowered in serving the cause of advertisers, and as advertisement itself is an art, the success of the paper might well be counted upon the advertisements that the newspapers receive. The circulation of any newspaper and the demand for space always go side by side.

In England it was the fashion of the day (and now better days have dawned) to announce prizes, competition — coupons and other fly-catching methods of the Popular Press to increase the net sales of the papers. "Sensationalism" was and is the motto of the cheaper Dailies of London and therefore with screaming head-lines and fresh stunts they make their money. Speaking about the papers with prize giving methods and new inventions Sir Charles Hyde remarks "the newspapers became insane and ridiculously prize-giving concerns; decency was forgotten and only circulation at any prize was sought. Families subscribed for a dozen copies every day most of which were never read or even opened. In many cases the news agent was even told not to deliver them; the danger is about past but at one time the whole newspaper press of the country was in peril."

With the advancement in science, the newspaper journalism is making considerable progress; we are almost surrounded by inventions of the scientific world; electricity is behind us, before us, above us, and everywhere. Those wires which are running above our heads in numbers innumerable are those that illumine the city and give us light and joy. The others are those that communicate news between the distant parts of India and in addition to all these there comes before our minds the most useful service to humanity, the wireless Telegraphy which can send messages to and receive messages from the distant shores of England, America, Japan and Australia; only the other day we heard the speeches of the election candidates in England being broadcasted and the lectures being heard thousands of miles away. Events we never dreamed of are coming to pass and only lately we heard the office of the *Daily Mirror* being fitted with a wireless apparatus to receive news at the earliest hour and to give it to the public at large. We are also hearing of television having become a clear possibility in the near future for use in large numbers. If scientific world can achieve such splendid services to humanity and especially to the people living in the remotest corners of the Globe, then surely, civilisation has achieved a part of its purpose, the purpose of helping the suffering millions of people and linking the nations of the East and West by a bond of mutual recognition and love.



India and World-Culture

[Translated with permission from a German article in the "*Deutsche Rundschau*"]

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

I. India as represented in German Culture

THROUGH the influence of the Romanticist school of writers and especially of the brothers Schlegel, Fichte and Schelling, the German soul had in the eighteenth century buried itself deep in what was termed "an endless striving towards eternity," "a passion for unity" "a limitless desire to unveil the unknown" etc. It was during this period of "Sturm and Drang" or "Storm and Stress" in German culture that the existence of a mine of intellectual treasures in Indian literature was discovered for the first time by the West. And since the German Romanticists were dissatisfied with what their immediate environments could then afford them, they believed to have found in India their new paradise, their Eldorado, a new world of all their dreams and hopes.

One of the principles of the Romanticist cult was thus proclaimed in the first organ of the German Romanticists, "Athenaum": "For the highest Romanticist ideas we must turn to the literature of India." In regard to ancient Indian poetry these first German Romanticists felt: "What a prolific stream of poesy can flow out of the shores of India!" Schiller who had vainly sought to find "the ideal of womanhood" in Greek works, exceedingly rejoiced to find it in "Shakuntala."

And Goethe too, the high-priest of German Romanticism had written once:

"Wishest thou to sense the joys of the flowers of Spring and the fruits of Autumn,

Desirest thou what is of abiding joy and peace,

Desirest thou what endures and fascinates too,

Wishest thou to possess all heaven and earth in one breath,

Then mention I to you Shakuntala, and all is said ! !

In "Shakuntala," according to Goethe, we have at once the "Slow circumspection of Apollo" and "the godly drunkenness of

Dionysius." But all this enthusiasm for the Indian play in particular and Indian poetry in general, gave rise in Germany and in the West to an extraordinarily one-sided estimation of the Indian genius.

The Romanticist's over-stressing of the ideas of "Universality" "Limitlessness" "Soul world" etc. led the German scholars on an erratic track to identify Indian culture with Transcendentalism, Pantheism, Mysticism and Dream-philosophy. Indologists beginning with Schopenhauer and Max Muller down till Deussen, Naumann and Schroder had only studied the "Upanishads" "Vedanta" "Dhammapada" and similar documents of the Indian soul-wisdom or of the so-called Buddhistic pessimism. After a century of close and penetrating research India is still regarded as a wonderland, as if one can say of every man and woman in India what Wilhelm Schlegel wrote to Novalis:

"Thou seem'st, freed from all earthly blot
With easy angel-treads to trip and trot
And for e'er escaped the fate of cruel Naught."

The German scholars, in consequence, have to a certain extent blinded themselves to the true genius of India with their own knowledge.

The attitude of contemporary German art and literature is hardly more accurate. The cinemas represent to the German folk only the same land of Fakirs and magicians that the Intelligentsia of Germany had mistakenly portrayed in their works.

Sudermann's observations in his novels about India betray the existence of the same prejudices regarding India. In his "Es lebe das Leben" we come across Indian hermits and in the same author's work "Die Ehre", India is depicted as the tropical land with Kashmere shawls and deep-blue sapphires; and, besides, Sudermann does not forget to mention even Ganesha, the God of Success riding on a rat.

In the trilogy of another German author Werfel, called "Der Spiegel-mensch" the most important incidents are described as occurring in India. Werfel chose this background because of its exceeding wonder-exciting character. The spectator

witnesses on the stage Ananthas, the ruler of the snake-world and the usual "wise men of the Orient" who, to use the phrase of Schlegel, "are sunk deep in holy murmurings and worshipful meditations on the eternal verities of life."

It must, however, be remarked that Goethe, complete artist that he was, had appreciated not only the idealistic elements in Indian culture but also the modern creative forces of the Indian soul. It was his recognition of the "joy in life" [Lebensfreude] of the Indians, as we see it in their poetry, that led him to pen the following lines:—

"Kalidas and others have succeeded
They have with poetic elegance and tastefulness
Freed us from the reign of pastors and pettiness,
Greater pleasure can one never desire!
Sakuntala, Nala,—these one would kiss,
And Megha-dhuta, the cloud-messenger
Who would not send it to his own beloved?"

Goethe thus did not see anything exclusively oriental in Indian philosophy, but he was of opinion that "Indian culture has nothing orientally peculiar about it. Those epochs which we pass through ourselves are only repeating themselves there." Unfortunately Germany forgot, or never cared to note, this proper perspective of the "heavenly poet" of Germany in regard to India.

II. India and the World-Culture Movement

YOUNG India is vigorously and tirelessly striving to put herself in the closest relationship with the general movement of World-Culture. The passionate longing for international contacts and 'Vishwa-Shakti' or the awakening of the World-spirit may be regarded as the most important elements in the modern Indian soul; but at the same time Indians desire equality of status in the exchange of thoughts amongst the peoples of the world.

In the year 1886 the following verses were written by the Bengali poet Hemchandra.

"Fare forth on the waves of the sea!
Climb up on the tops of mounts!
And plunder the planets in heaven!!

A great "wanderlust" to discover the treasures of foreign literature, art and philosophy, had taken hold of India. It is a misnomer to think that Indian culture is constituted exclusively of the productions of native Indian genius. Loans of foreign ideas have immensely enriched and become assimilated in Indian culture. It would be foolish to think that the principle of boycott works here.

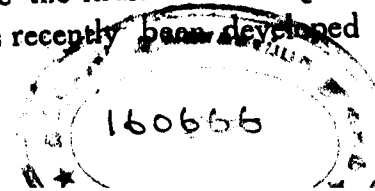
Innumerable economic and industrial students proceed to Japan, America, England, France and Germany. Engineers like Visweswarayya of Mysore, Directors of chemical factories like Prafulla Chandra Ray and bankers like Fazlulbhai Currimbhai and Vithaldas Thackersey from Bombay are all very closely connected with the most recent developments of Western Industry.

Mrs. Sarojini Naidu and Mrs. Fyze have carried to India the message of the woman-world of Sweden, Switzerland and England. With exceeding patience Mrs. Parvathibhai is studying the family system of the United States for applying suitable Western principles to the Indian family.

The painters and sculptors of Bombay and Calcutta like Mhatre, P. N. Bose, Abanindranath Tagore and Nandalal Bose seek to give expression to their genius not exclusively through the adoption of the old Buddhistic and Indo-persian ideals. The great artistic masters of Japan and China as well as of Europe have been the models of Indian artists on whom they have exerted a very beneficent influence.

Shakespeare, Goethe, Victor Hugo, Walt Whitman, and Ibsen evoke the same enthusiasm amongst the Indians as amongst the westerners. Helmholtz, Pasteur, J. S. Mill and William James have all found innumerable disciples in India. The great German philosophers from Kant and Fichte to Haeckel and Eucken are honoured by the Indians as their own men.

Virgil and Dante have influenced considerably the production of the great Bengali epic "Meghnadvadha" of Madhusudhan Datta. In the well-known satire "Bhadram Bhadra" of Ramabhai Nilkantha of Guzerat, we have the Indian "Don Quixote." A new Indian literary form has recently been developed on the



model of the European historical romances. In the Bengali works of B. C. Chatterji, in the Mahrathi productions of H.N. Apte and in the Guzerati works of Nawalram and other prose writers, Young India has given expression to its Romanticist feelings. Similarly to the influence of Schiller we owe many of the dramas of Dwijendralal Roy dealing with medieval Indian heroes.

Almost every European writer from Homer to Bernard Shaw has been translated into the Urdu language. Every Urdu-knowing Indian can to-day become acquainted with the works of Aristotle, Kant, Gibbon etc.

It is therefore not at all surprising that the Urdu societies at Amritsar, Azamgarh and Hyderabad [Anjuman Taraqqi Urdu] busy themselves with world-culture to which they would like to give an Indian "timbre." Similar associations exist for Mahrathi as for instance in Baroda, and also for Hindi as for instance the "Jnanamandala" society at Benares.

The Guzeratti literature is rich in translations from the English language. The poetry of Keats, the dramas of Maeterlinck and the short stories of Guy de Maupassant are available in the Bengali language.

The Indian monthlies like "Vividha-jnana-Vistara" of Poona, "Saraswathi" of Allahabad, and the "Prabasi" of Calcutta make the people of India acquainted with the currents of contemporary Western culture. The aesthetics of Croce, the social philosophy of Karl Marx and Sorel, and indeed even "psycho-analysis" and "Freudianismus" have many admirers amidst Indian readers.

In Rabindranath Tagore's school at Bolpur, besides German and French, lessons in ancient Latin and Greek are also given. The poet Tagore is a great admirer of the violinist Kreisler and is enthusiastic about the adoption of Western musical ideals in India. Thus does India unanimously seek to connect herself with every land in the world and in every department of thought and life. In short, at the present day there is a "greater India" amongst the powers of the world. And this fact must be recognised by every land which interests itself in the political and cultural redemption of humanity!

Life History of a Law suit

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

A THIN, moustachioed young judge who prided himself on his "anglicised" dress (minus a hat) and ways and manners (minus a regard for the feelings of others), who sat in court twirling his moustachios with the air of "I am Sir—Oracle—when I ope my lips—let no dog bark", whose every look and action betokened that he belonged to the "touch-me not" *porcelain* order of Humanity while the rest were merely "delf-ware", to preside in whose midst was a real act of condescension on his part and as *such* to be rightly so regarded and appreciated, well:—such a one tried to torpedo the whole thing by framing preliminary issues like "Is the suit maintainable?" or "Is the suit not barred by limitation?" and *grandly* posting to a "short date" for argument. This is one of your "quick disposal judges". It looked as if the little thing was going to be split to pieces and great was the grief of the lawyers *on both sides* and greater was the grief of the village karnam or un-licensed vakil who had fondly built on the suit a long vista of town visits with its coffee-hotels, cinemas and incidental house-hold and other requisites to be bought of course at the clients' expense.

Still 'So long as there is life, there is hope'. The matter was argued, numerous authorities quoted and much legal ingenuity was exerted on both sides to all of which the judge with a sneer would invariably remark, "Well, the facts of the case here are different, or oh! that can be distinguished; your 30 Madras case has been commented upon in 50 Mad. L. Journal. Did you see the latest Privy Council ruling on the subject? Why I *think* it has been reported in one of the recent issues of the Law Weekly" and proudly look around as if to show that he was more than a match for all the lawyers combined. Some of the members of the Bar would try to nod approvingly, when the judge feeling perhaps that such levity was

not for the Bar—would at once cut short the whole thing with the words, “Well, I shall look up the *whole* law on the subject. I hope you have finished” when the Vakils would humbly crave for a short adjournment to look up the latest rulings so kindly hinted at, but so wisely indefinite. The judge after remarking that the whole thing was simple would at last give a short adjournment “as a last chance.” The latest rulings being searched for in vain, a senior comes on the scene as the best substitute for the non-existent rulings. It is a universal rule that your bully of a conceited judge waxes eloquent only with juniors of the profession; with the senior it is all (to put it bluntly) “you scratch my back; I scratch yours.” The senior begins with a “hem”; and clears his throat and wisely opines that even for the disposal of the preliminary points, some evidence *may* be necessary and that he thought it safer (to provide for future contingencies—this is a mild hint of the existence of an appellate Court) that a *little* evidence may be gone into. The judge also agrees, adding that it was always *his* practice to dispose of the *whole* case and looks around with an injured air as if this whole preliminary discussion was forced upon him by the junior Vakils, who ought to know better. Anyway, there is jubilation all round. The senior feels his “seniority” (for want of a better expression) and the life of the “suit” can be assured for at least two or three more years.

Now there is nothing like “taking time” in the moffussil. You have to be well versed in the art if you are to get on at all. Old Father Time is such a clever fellow. He has been so long at his trade that one cannot but marvel at the wonderful changes he effects *all* around. The legal field also is no exception to his greatness. *For one thing*, there are so many judges in the High Court that you can safely “wait” for some new decisions to turn up.

Secondly there are the official changes—the Gazette Notifications,—so eagerly waited for and studied by the local gentry—on the off-chance (Micawber-like, of something turning up—Something did turn up for your monstachioed judge)—who was most assiduous in pleasing the demi-Gods above by frequent visits to

Madras and numerous visits to the Railway Station (of course with coffee and tiffin for those Gods in their transits up and down to the Hills)—was the first to be “lifted up”—with the result that a non-moustachioed, smooth-faced gentlemen in plain dress and plainer “dhotie” in the true and orthodox style took charge of the office, after having duly consulted Jatavallabar Sami Sastrigal for the most “auspicious” time—which that gentlemen after a deep study of the horoscope and the planets fixed at the most convenient hour of 12-45 P.M.

(To be continued)



‘Vagaries Under the Company Law’

By S. Sivasuri, M. A.

THE Companies Act is an excellent measure in itself to promote joint-stock enterprise. The magic abbreviation “Ltd” at the end of a name turns the ephemeral partnership into an immortal Company. It becomes a persona in the eye of law and business flows quickly and smoothly. But there is the other side of the picture: Human cunning has fashioned convenient handles out of the Statute and adventurers are able to take refuge and escape detection under its apparently innocent-looking provisions. Now that lawyers are prolific who write books for a living, I would suggest to the needy among them to write a book on “The Swindles Under the Companies Act.” The book will sell like hot-cakes at least in commercial circles. Here are a few instances for their guidance.

Take the Memorandum and Articles of Association which comprise the holy charter which sanctions its existence. The managing agents play plenty of tricks with the latter calculated to increase their powers and lessen those of the shareholders.

When they cannot wedge in a cunning paragraph at the inception, they do it later with the help of an extraordinary general meeting. The shareholders being usually a diffuse mass of humanity very rarely unite to make an effective protest. So long as dividends are forthcoming, they rarely pry into the doings of the managing agents. In one instance to my knowledge, the latter contrived to have a clause in the articles which enabled them to hold their place even after the Company went into liquidation and reconstructed on a new basis. When the Company's affairs were in a bad way and the shareholders resolved upon voluntary liquidation and reconstruction, they found out—of course too late—that the managing agents were too firmly seated in the saddle.

The Annual report and balance-sheet afford another fertile field for their cunning. Their misdeeds and misappropriations are sought to be concealed, and concealed they effectively are in most cases. Loans by them which have no chance of being returned, figure as "Debts considered good." The figure for "stock on hand" is often artificially swelled to connote a prosperous year and conceal lean profits. If at all anybody is in a position to expose the hollowness of these figures, it is the chartered accountant. But it is not expected of him to demand more than verbal explanations and the most convincing ones are easy of manufacture to a conscience-less manager. Even if the shareholders know that the company is riding for a fall, they cannot check its descent promptly. Seventy-five per cent of them must show a united front if they should carry the day at an extra-ordinary general meeting. This is a rare circumstance. The managing agents usually make provision against such shareholder's revolt by having in their own hands more than 25 per cent of the shares. In the case of a jute mill here, it meant an enormous amount of expense and trouble for the shareholders to bring it into liquidation. Men were sent to different parts of India to collect proxies, while a scramble for all available shares in the market ensued. Luckily the managing agents lost in the fight and the company went into liquidation; but this was after months of tug-of-war and trouble.

Another kind of subterfuge resorted to by not over scrupulous managing agents is amply illustrated by the recent Alliance Bank scandal brought to light by a committee report. The managing agents start new companies much of whose capital is subscribed for by the parent-company. When the same set of adventurers are directors in both, the thing is easily managed. To ensure a stronger hold on the parent company, the share-scrips of the baby-companies are pledged with the parent and big slices of money are taken in the shape of advances. This completes the process of parasitism and the parent's life is sapped. The ill-fated Alliance Bank failed because of this trick. The Trust of India Ltd., Banyan Trust Ltd., and half a dozen other parasitic growths started up. No watering was needed. The sap of the Alliance Bank was tapped to the extent of 4 crores of rupees, and when Boulton-Bros-the London agents-bolted away, the Bank could not make a single pie out of the scrips pledged. They were worse than Russian Roubles. This failure—the biggest since Arbuthnot's failure years back,—would not have come to light but for the Bombayites—who started an agitation and compelled the liquidators to set going an enquiry committee. The coffin was cut open before it was lowered into the grave and the cause of death diagnosed. It passes one's understanding why the liquidators—who are in law only the creatures of shareholders—insisted on secrecy with regard to the Bank's affairs, and it is still more beyond our ken why the all-powerful Imperial Bank stalked in with the bait of 50 per cent return to the shareholders and secured its own terms—one of which is that the report of the committee ought not to be binding on the liquidators. What are liquidators there for? Should they not bring to book all the culprits and expose to all the world the stuff which managing agents are made of? Should they not take to task the chartered accountant that misled the public by putting his signature down to annual reports without exposing the hollowness of figures? "Hush!! these questions are impertinent. God and the Imperial Bank know what we are doing. Has not 50 per cent return brought balm to your ruffled soul? Revenge is costly and so pocket your grief"—this I fancy is what the liquidators are going to say at the final meeting.

These instances do not exhaust the list. The technicalities of company-law are full of places of refuge for human cunning; and the law itself being in its infancy here, there is no knowing to what extent its provisions may be juggled with by interested sharpers. I do not suggest that legislators are to blame. To avoid extra-rigidity which tends to kill nascent enterprises, they have designed the statute as an elastic code. Moreover it is too much to expect legislators to frame a perfect code. They are themselves human with all the limitations implied therein. But the dictates of public weal suggest one or two remedies.

Firstly, it will be to the good of all to make the chartered accountant or auditor a little more responsible for the work he does. More freedom to judge must be given him. Payment by the company of his fees puts him under a sort of moral obligation which he is unwilling to own. If the Company were to pay their audit fees to Government and the Government on behalf of the public were to fix the auditor with the full responsibility incident to his position and act the middleman in transmitting the fees to him, a sort of quasi-governmental control will be established which will make the auditor more responsible to the public than to the company. This is probably a fantastic proposal which may prove revolting to auditors and look like a slur on their integrity. But they should not mind this if only they realise that they stand between the gullible public and their easily parted money more as a public servant than as a Company's man.

Secondly the voice of the shareholders must be made effectively articulate through the creation of an association. Membership therein should entitle any shareholder to get whatever he wants. It must be something of a news-bureau on commercial matters. Further it must be able to effectively voice the interests of the shareholders. A legitimate grievance must be taken up for redress and managing agents must be made to feel that diffuse opinions have been brought to focus against them. The existence of such an organisation will put them in wholesome fear of shareholders' powers, which will keep them straight on the path of their duties. Last year there was such an association in Calcutta. It rose with the blast of trumpets in 1920 and died unhonoured and unsung in June last year. It deserves to be revived. Probably lack of financial backing was the immediate cause of failure, though the ultimate cause might be traceable to the fickleness of Marwari enthusiasm.

A Lucky Fellow

(Short Story)

By Rajaiah D. Paul, M. A.

KRISHNASWAMY was in his room, up the stairs of a second-rate boarding house in Vambu Chetty Street, called the Malabar Lodge. Why it was called the Malabar Lodge, when neither the proprietor nor any of the lodgers hailed from that pleasant land of palms, was one of life's little puzzles. It was a small room,—no need to say that,—and had no furniture. A heap of books was thrown on top of the Swadeshi Steel Trunk in one corner. A rope running from wall to wall in the opposite corner carried a whole wardrobe. A mat was spread on the floor; and our friend was lying on it, half propped up against the wall, with an open book in his hand, from which he was reading aloud. He had just had a bath, and his tuft of hair was let down to dry. He had a cloth on his waist; and another was thrown across his shoulders. He was reading:

"Even to appreciate Chaucer with exactness and propriety is by no means a matter of course; yet without such an appreciation it is impossible to get the parts of the history into true proportion and connection. At no time have competent readers failed to perceive his abounding humour, the shaping faculty which enables him to make every character at once an individual and a type, the 'gold dew-drops' of his speech, the sweetness of his music"

"Ah, yes, there you are. One, abounding humour; two, shaping faculty; three, gold dew-drops; four, sweetness of his music," he repeated to himself, counting with the fingers of his right hand. He took a pencil to underline the four phrases in the book. After marking them he began again:

"One, abounding humour, two, shaping faculty; three, gold: who's that?" he cried as he was interrupted by a knock at his door.

"May I come in?" asked somebody from outside. "Yes, one, abounding humour, two,—please come in."

"Hullo, mugging as usual, or are you learning to count?" said the new-comer, noticing the two outstretched fingers.

"Neither; do sit down, Mathai. You must sit on the mat, in spite of your trousers and boots. We aren't so fashionable here as your lodge."

"Oh, I don't mind at all. But I must go. I just dropped in on my way to the College to ask you if you will lend me your Angell for a day. I haven't got it, you know."

"Yes, certainly. You can have it. It must be somewhere here," said Krishnaswami; and getting up, went to the heap of books on the top of the trunk, and rummaged it.

"And how are you, man? Did you hear from your wife? I hope Mrs. Krishnaswami is well," the visitor asked.

"Hear from my wife!" exclaimed Krishnaswami.

"Yes, why! No need to be shocked, my dear man! A newly married young man ought to be glad to get letters from his wife."

"Oh, my, I'm afraid that will be the last thing my wife will do; or her father permit her to do. For a wife to write to her husband so soon after the marriage—; who will think of it?"

"You are curious fellows, my dear Krishnaswami. I get letters from my wife."

"There is nothing curious about it, man. We have to conform to our social conditions. I never met my wife till the day before the marriage; and as I had to come away so soon after the ceremony, I have not spoken to her as many times as the fingers on my hand. I don't think she will care to write to me."

"Does it also mean that you won't care to write to her?"

"Oh, that is a different question. Yet I am not quite sure if I am very anxious. But why do you want to cross-examine me? You can defer beginning to practise the art till you leave our College and walk across the road to the other."

"Oh, well. I won't, if you mind it. I shall go. Haven't you had your breakfast yet?"

"No, but it is sure to be ready now. There is just enough time to bolt it down and run to the College."

* * *

On the left bank of the river Coleroon where the road from Tanjore emerges from the river bed, there lies a snug little village unknown to the world, and happy in its own privacy. It was early summer; and the mighty Coleroon, full three quarters of a mile wide at the place, had shrunk itself to a trickling canal at the middle of its bed. The rest of it was a patch of yellow sand glistening in the April morning sun, except for a hundred yards near the right bank, where there was a sheet of water which had stagnated in a pit.

Kamakshi was standing on the left bank and looking across the river up the road. The river-bed was also the road, and the most inexpensive mile in all its length. Kamakshi was looking across right to the other bank, where two double bullock bandies stopped to have an additional yoke of oxen tied before entering the river bed. She watched the extra pair being yoked; and the carts rushing down the bank, and entering the water with a splash. She saw the bulls getting deeper and deeper into the water, till they had nearly to swim and the water reached up to the level of the sitting boards. However the deepest part had been passed; and soon the bulls emerged from the water and got upon the dry bed. And here their trial began. She saw them tugging, throwing their whole weight on their front legs, bending down. She saw the men waving their hands, and encouraging the bulls. She knew that they were shouting, but they were yet too far off for the sound to reach her.

Kamakshi was there obviously waiting for some one. By judicious and persistent questioning she had found out from her father the time when the first train from Madras was due to arrive at Tanjore, and had calculated for herself the time it takes for a cart to do the ten miles between Tanjore and the river; and had managed to be there at the time when she thought the passengers from Tanjore would reach the place.

Kamakshi was the young girl-wife of our friend Krishnaswami of the Malabar Lodge. She had seen her husband but very few times during the Marriage ceremonies; and even his face was getting to be a vague memory. But that did not prevent her from idealising the rather reserved sort of man

to whom she had been bound by an indissoluble tie. To her he had become a hero; an object of respectful love. In an Indian girl, the head prompts the heart: duty begets love. She does not wait for a sign of affection from her husband; she wants no avowal of love. She gives her love knowing that it is her duty to love, and she gives it abundantly and without stint; and loving so, wins a love equally abundant and stintless in turn. A jasmine bud does not ask or wait for appreciation; it opens itself of an evening, and, opening, enchants with its scent.

She had come to wait for her husband, and to have a look at him; and to go away before being seen by him.

Krishnaswamy was inside one of the two bandies. Even at a distance his eyes had noted the presence of a girl in a red and gold *saree* standing on the top of the bund; and he wondered who it could be. He never suspected that it might be his wife; and he would not have believed it if he had been told that she was waiting there to see him. He saw that it was a very pretty girl, carrying a shining brass pot on her hip, and eagerly looking at the bandies.

With a final effort, helped by the shouts of the drivers, and the more useful shouldering of the wheels by some bystanders, the bulls dragged the carts up the bund; and then, without any further effort of theirs, the carts rolled down again and reached the level road and stopped at a distance of about thirty yards from the bund.

As she had expected, the passengers inside got down; and one of them was her husband. She wanted to run away; but could not; for he had seen her; and was coming to her. A wave of shyness passed over her, and she turned her head away. Oh! what will father say if he came to know that she waited on the road for her husband!

It was when he got down from the bandy that Krishnaswami realised that it was his wife that was there. Was she waiting for him, he wondered. It seemed so. And how pretty had she grown within the very few months since her marriage. She had not been half so beautiful at the time of her marriage. Or possibly she was, and he had not noticed. He hadn't time

to notice anything. Or it might be that the huge bundles of flowers which they tied to her hair and hung round her neck had hidden her face; and all those days she had hung down her head when even he was near by. Yes. That was why he hadn't noticed. He himself had been awfully shy too. But she was beautiful now. Will she talk to him, he wondered. Why did she turn away her head?

"Kamakshi, how you have grown! You are quite a woman now; I did not recognise you till I came very near," he said, by way of greeting.

Kamakshi could not say anything, and did not.

"Were you waiting for me here?" he asked.

She would not answer. How could she admit that she had been there for an hour, so that she might have a look at him?

"It is pleasant to be thus welcomed home, you know. We shall go, come along." He said, and turned homewards.

"No, I am not coming home just now. I am going to bathe in the river, and shall be back soon," she said, and ran down the bank to the river bed. She did not want to meet her parents in the company of her husband; or to walk through the village with him. She felt too shy.

Krishnaswami stood looking at her, a moment and then turned villageward. "I never realised that my wife was such a beauty. I wonder how I looked. I must have been a sight to look at. These third-class carriages are so dirty. I wish I had had a wash in the river," he mused as he walked along. There is nothing which makes a man so self-conscious as love.

"So he likes me; he even called me pretty. He has grown a bit, I think, since I saw him last time. He looks very intelligent. I am sure he must have done well in his examination. I wish the result will come when he is here. I wonder what he proposes to do after his B. A. He hasn't told me. Shall I ask him?"

These and such other thoughts were passing through her mind as Kamakshi bathed herself. She did not however linger long at the river. She hastened home the moment the ablutions

were over. She saw her husband chatting with her father on the pial of the house. She hung down her head and went in. Krishnaswami did not take his eyes off her till she disappeared within the house. Her father noted it and was happy.

It was a most pleasant vacation for Krishnaswami. I shall not attempt to describe how the young husband and the girl-wife contrived to meet frequently, inside the house, on the terrace, near the river, or near the temple. They could not talk much in the house. It would have offended all the proprieties of respectable married life to have done so. But in the house itself Krishnaswami had many opportunities of observing how accomplished his wife was, considering her age. Almost every evening Kamakshi took up her harmonium and played for an hour, while Krishnaswami went to the terrace and sat there listening.

"I never thought that you were such an accomplished musician, Kamakshi," he said to her one moonlight night, when they met for a chat on the terrace.

"Oh! don't flatter. But I do know something of music, and can sing. What is the use of a wife who cannot sing? And how can you know anything of your wife's accomplishments if you care to come to her house just the day before the marriage, and run away before the ceremonies are quite over?"

"Yes, yes, but it couldn't have been helped. You know that I had to hurry back to the College."

"It might be, but you can't expect to hear your wife sing during her own marriage. Let your sister Lakshmi's marriage come. You will see what nice *nalungu* songs I can sing. I shall not sing them to you before that."

"I shall be content to wait, if in the meanwhile you will continue to entertain me with such things as you played this evening. And how did you know, Kamakshi, that *vermicelli payasam* was a favourite dish of mine? I have had it half a dozen times since I came, and every time it was better than the last."

"You seem to forget, sir, that I am your wife; and a wife knows her husband's favourite dishes. I can't explain how," she replied. She was getting less shy nowadays, and more used to her wife-hood.

"Do you like *narali bath*?" she asked him a moment later.

"Yes, very much. We used to have such miserable stuff in our Lodge called by that name."

"Indeed, you shall have it to-morrow. That is my favourite, as also my speciality."

"So my wife is not only a musician but also an excellent cook," Krishnaswami said, smiling.

Such discoveries he continued to make as the holidays passed by till he was convinced that he had managed to get for wife the very acme of perfection. He talked with her often of his future; of his plans and ambitions and found in her a sympathetic listener, and occasionally an intelligent critic too. She approved of his becoming a lawyer; and when he expressed a doubt about his getting through the B. A. that year, "You cannot fail," she declared emphatically, and he felt assured of a pass.

And when the results came, he did pass. It was a happy evening that they spent that day, near the river on the sands; but not unmixed with regrets, as the publishing of the results meant his going away.

"I shall leave to-morrow morning, Kamakshi. I shall go home and see my mother and then go away to Madras, and shall write to you from there. Will you write to me?"

"You want me to write? Certainly, yes. I wanted to write to you even before this; but I wasn't sure you will like it. You don't mind getting letters in Tamil from your wife? Your friends might make fun of you."

"My friends be——. I don't care. I shall send you some addressed covers which you can use. But won't your father object?"

"No, I don't think. Anyway I shall manage it all right."

"That's right. I know you will."

And so they talked on in mutual admiration and love, till the sun went down behind the far-off cocoanut topes on the river bank.

* * *

"Fancy a man writing to himself; and that a letter every day. What do you think it means Varadan?"

Thus Sreeni, an inmate of the Malabar Lodge to Varadan another of that select company.

"I don't know. The only solution is to open one of them and find out."

So one day the two conspirators waited for the post-man; and as soon as he had thrown the letters for the Malabar Lodge into the post-box, they extracted the one addressed to Mr. P. T. Krishnaswami, and ran upstairs. Krishnaswami himself knew the time when the post-man used to come, and usually came down to look for his letters. So these conspirators were afraid of being caught on the way. But luck was with them, and the booty was safely taken to Sreeni's room.

"Are you quite sure that it is his handwriting," asked Varadan.

"Yes, quite. Just look at this 'K'. I will swear it is his. Will you close the door?"

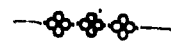
By a delicate process carried out with the help of a pen-knife and some water, the cover was opened.

"I say, the letter is in Tamil, and it is in a girl's hand," cried Sreeni as he took out the contents.

"So it is not his writing to himself? I don't understand his carryings on. Who is the girl writing to him?"

"It is his wife, your idiot; can't you see? We ought not to look into the letter. So here goes." Sreeni said, and suiting his action to the words, he carefully gummed down the flap; and running downstairs, threw the letter into the post-box. As he was returning upstairs he met Krishnaswami on the steps.

"I say, Krishnaswami, there is a letter for you," he said to him; and added *Sotto voce*, "Lucky fellow."



Memories and Thoughts

Our Second and Third Trips

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

OUR first trip having turned out a success, it was not long before we thought of a second trip. This time I began my arrangements in a more cautious way. I had previously found that the chief opposition to the first trip came from the members of the newly opened Telugu section of dramatic activity in the Sabha. Somehow or other I took a dislike to the section. Of course, I was wrong in having done so: my young eyes could not see then, many things which they have learnt to see subsequently. To disarm all opposition from that section I suggested that a Telugu performance should also be given at Bangalore when we proposed to go for our second trip. The Telugu actors easily fell in with the idea and the proposal was unanimously carried! If I had not known how it was brought about I would have wondered as to what became of all the vehement oppositionists to the previous trip.

I had an instinctive feeling that the trip would not be a success. I can only explain it in one way. It has been all along my humble experience in life and especially in Sabha matters that whatever was begun without much opposition did not turn out an exact success and whatever proposal I was able to get through after a good deal of opposition turned out to be real success. In fact, I am almost tempted to say that the greatness of the success of any scheme depended in direct proportion to the greatness of the opposition to it. So when the proposal for the second trip to Bangalore was passed without any opposition whatever, I took the precaution of having it resolved that the Sabha should not bear any financial responsibility, but that the respective persons in charge of the Tamil and Telugu sections should bear the responsibility in case of loss in proportion to the number of performances given by the respective sections. Of course in case the trip ended in a profit, the sum was to go to the Sabha.

This had the effect of making the Telugu section give only one performance and I resolved upon the Tamil performances.

About the actual trip itself I have not much to say except that it ended as a failure in almost every way. My forebodings came out correct. The performances selected were good ones: "The Two Friends" our then recent success in Madras and "Ratnavali" specially written by me for the Trip which turned out to be a very popular drama with the Madras public later on, and I had almost all my best actors of the previous trip with me and in addition this time C. Rangavadivelu was able to go with me and act the heroine in both the dramas. In Telugu we gave Harischandra with the best cast possible. I regard Harischandra in Telugu, as given then, the best Telugu performance we ever gave and in my opinion K. Srinivasan as Harischandra and A. Krishnaswamiah as Chandramati have never been surpassed in that pair of characters and Krishnaswamiah on that occasion acted that character reaching a point which he had not reached before, nor reached since! With all this, the trip was a failure. We had poor audiences right through and they never made us feel that they appreciated our efforts. Of course it was a financial failure also and my good friend Mr V. E. Chetty and myself shared the loss between ourselves. To this day I am unable to find out the direct cause of the failure of the trip, unless it be due to the fact that we chose a wrong theatre for our performances. This time instead of giving our performances at the Cubbon Theatre as on the first occasion we gave them at what was called the "Elgin Hall" which had a bad reputation. On the day we left Bangalore for Madras I felt sick at heart and resolved never more to think of Bangalore—a resolution which unfortunately I did not stick to as the reader will see later on when I come to write about our third trip to the place.

The failure of this trip produced such a reaction in our minds that for several years we never thought of another. It was not till 1906 that I thought of another trip for our Sabha to the mofussil. This time it was to Ooty. My two friends Messrs.

A. Krishnaswamiah & C. Balasundaram had been going to Ooty as officers of the Government Secretariat during the summer exodus to the Hills for some years. What came to be known subsequently as "The Secretariat Party" had given over two performances then at the "Armoury Hall" which had attracted good houses. Induced by them, I resolved upon a trip to Ooty during the summer recess. This time luckily there was some opposition to it and my resolution is that it was led by a good friend of mine whose opposition then and always subsequently I welcomed, for the best of all reasons that his opposition spelt success to my schemes invariably.

This time the Sabha bore the responsibility and the members paid the train expenses; in those days we used to get a concession rate for theatrical parties, a system which has been done away with subsequently on account of the Great War. (So even the Sabha has been affected by the Great War)!

We enjoyed the trip immensely inclusive of the railway journey on the Hill line—an experience new to most of our party. Our friends at Ooty were indefatigable in their attentions. They were able to secure for us for the major portion of our stay there, the splendid residence of the Maharaja of Vijayanagaram. Our performances were well advertised; an un-thought-of advertisement we had. My old friend Mr. B. Ramamurti who was at Ooty, went early morning on the day of our arrival to the Shandi, held once or twice a week only and purchased all the plantain leaves in the whole market in a lot! The result was that nobody could get from the market a single plantain leaf, for loan or money—inclusive of the household of one or two Rajahs staying there for the hot season! The market rumour spread every where that some big sabha had come from Madras which had commanded all the plantain leaves at Ooty! A splendid advertisement this which probably would strike an American Agent only!

Our first performance here was 'As You Like It' (my adaptation of Shakespeares' Drama) in Tamil. I think it was well received and we had a fairly good house. The second performance was 'Varudhini' in Telugu. We had a poor house and my impression is that it was badly received. For B. Ramamurty

acted the two heroines and he it was that had given us previous information that a Telugu drama would be well received and that there were lots of Telugu knowing people at Ooty who would flock to see the drama. It was evidently a case of the wish being father to the thought. Our third and last performance more than made up for this—it was Sarangadhara in Tamil. That evening it rained very hard and in walking to the theatre I had to go knee-deep in water. At 8 p.m. the weather cleared and within about half an hour the theatre was full and before the performance began we had to stop selling tickets for want of space. I recollect a curious incident in this connection at about 9 o'clock (the performance began at 9.30) our Treasurer the late V. Rangasamy who was at the Box office was quarrelling with a man in his usual loud voice. I inquired what it was about and was told that the man had come half of an hour before and wanted an eight annas ticket when he was informed that there was no space available in the last class. He went home, a distance of more than a mile and returned with Re 1, but by the time he came back, the one rupee tickets had all been sold out and there was no space in the Re. 1 class. The man having walked all the distance in a chilly night I thought deserved some consideration but our Treasurer insisted on my paying the extra Re. 1 before he would allow the man standing accommodation in the two-rupee class. I first mention this to show what a strict man, my old friend the late Mr. V. Rangasamy was.

From the time Madurakavi, in the drama falls from a tree (that is my first starting point in the drama to see whether the audience receive it well or not) till the drop curtain came down on the final scene there was not a single good point which did not tell with the audience. Both Rangavadivelu and Krishnaswamiah acted superbly. But there is one incident in connection with this performance which I love to recall. It was related to me by one of my friends who witnessed it. A policeman who was on duty was permitted to stand in a corner and witness the performance; when it came to the parting scene between Sarangadhara (myself) and his

mother Ratnangi (Krishnaswamiah) the man began to weep profusely; my friend who was close by, observing the man went near him and told him that it was after all only a drama and that he need not be moved so much. The man answered "Wait sir, wait sir, don't disturb me!" and wept on till the end of the scene; he did not want to be disturbed from the enjoyment of his tears.

One other point I wish to mention about our performances here. The weather was so bracing that we felt at the end of the performances as fit as at the beginning. We never felt the least tired. No wonder that actors in England are able to act for months and months together at a stretch, acting every day! I wish that some of them would try two nights consecutively acting in a place like Tinnevely in June as we had to do later on.

The next morning after 'Sarangadhara' Mr. V. Krishnaswamy Iyer who was our President then and who had attended the previous night came over to our place and had a long chat with us criticising the performances. One point of his I finally remember: he thought my making Chitrangi adorn herself in the glass just before her love scene with Sarangadhara was wrong. I quoted the authority of Sir Walter Scott who makes one of his heroines utter similar words in a similar situation and he at once yielded the point. Casually he inquired as to how the trip was financially and was told that on account of the bumper houses we had on the last day, our expenses were all covered up with the exception of about 30 or 40 rupees. He said nothing but an hour after he left us that noon he sent us his cheque for Rs. 50/ with merely a pencil note "To cover the deficit." It is not the amount but the his quiet and unostentatious method of helping us that appealed to all our hearts.

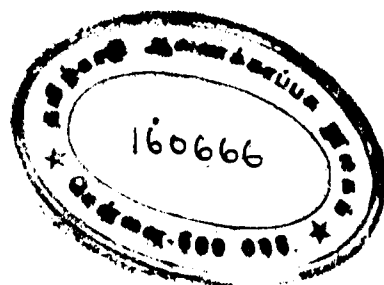
Before he left us, on learning that the party was leaving Ooty that night, he invited us all to Tea at his place, and then we had to inform him that we were invited to Tea that evening by our secretariat friends who had arranged a small party for us. He burst into a loud complaint as to why he, the President of the Sabha, was not invited, said it was an insult to him and then and there invited himself to it and said he would be there before any

of us, to teach them a lesson !

And that evening when our Secretariat friends gave us a delightful Tea Party at their Tennis Court, with the declining sun throwing a glamour over the whole Hillside, he was there true to his word and responded to the toast of "our guests" in his own humorous fashion ! The man had a brusque exterior, but he had a heart of gold for all that.

One more incident before I close this article. After spending a very pleasant evening at the secretariat, we returned rather late and took a hearty meal. We had to start early to return to Mettupalayam in *bullock carts*. (the railway between Coonoor and Ooty was not complete then) We engaged about 16 carts for our members and luggage etc. When we wanted to start we found all the bandy-drivers drunk and snoring ! Not one of them would get up and all our remonstrances were in vain. At last my good friend Mr. P.S. Damodaran who was in charge of our commissariat, as it were, thought of a plan. He put on his European Topie and taking a whip in hand and simulating a European's voice and manner threatened to horsewhip them if they did not get their bandies ready quickly. The result was electrical : in five minutes the carts were all ready and the wide awake cartman at their posts ! Such was the respect paid to the European Topie—or was it to the horsewhip ?

The gentle reader will pardon me if I relate another incident. While we were nearing Mettupalayam the next day, one long array of carts had an imposing effect on the masters of the place. I overheard one of them asking as to which Rajah all this luggage belonged ; I was ascending my mental ladder. But when the answer came from another by-stander who had looked into the face of some of the occupants of the carts evidently, "No, this is some company of actors !", down I fell in a heap.



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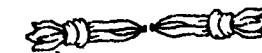
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