

The Theosophical College Magazine



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MADANAPALLE
March 1929.

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THE THEOSOPHICAL COLLEGE MAGAZINE

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We pursue Beauty but not unhealthily;
And Knowledge but not unhealthily.

Thucydides.

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No. 2.

O H yet we trust that somehow good
Will be the final goal of ill,
To pangs of nature, sins of will,
Defects of doubt, and taints of blood;

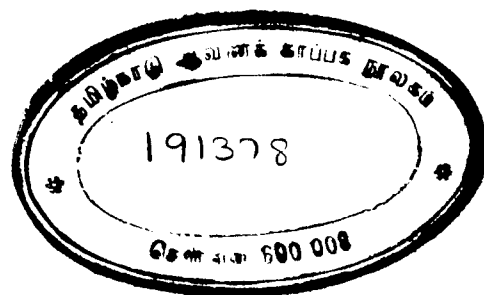
That nothing walks with aimless feet;
That not one life shall be destroy'd,
Or cast as rubbish to the void,
When God hath made the pile complete;

That not a worm is cloven in vain;
That not a moth with vain desire
Is shrivell'd in a fruitless fire,
Or but subserves another's gain.

Behold, we know not anything;
I can but trust that good shall fall
At last — far off—at last, to all,
And every winter change to spring.

So runs my dream: but what am I ?
An infant crying in the night :
An infant crying for the light :
And with no language but a cry.

— Tennyson.



My Reminiscence

BY C. NAGAWATHE.

IMAGINE to yourself, dear reader, the spectacle cast before your mind by a place well known as a Beauty-spot and Health-resort, where an educational institution thrives under 'ideals'. There, the spacious halls and dormitories add 'art' to the surrounding hills and dales in the background. Here and there, with scope for extension, the unpolished, earth-hued and ruggedly outlined buildings stand out in splendid relief against the equally rugged and undulating hills and dales in the near and far off perspective. The peasant-huts of the neighbourhood, in the most primitive style, of the Sugalees, with their gypsy-like drapery giving ample art to the moving figures of the scenery anywhere there — in the market place, the paddy field or by a lonely hut — are a picture in themselves. The thickly grown 'cactus' adds 'splendour wild' to all.

The sunrise casting all sorts of splendours between two sentinel hills within view of the dormitories is a treat for an artist, a poet; and the one or the other may be there even in the growing child. The sun rising more majestically there than anywhere else at dawn, sets equally grand at dusk. All these and the canopy of a fine blue sky in a dry and cold climate are there. In such an atmosphere the young souls should grow. It is this ideal spot that beckoned a poet to cast away his own calling for a while and be the school principal. It is this spot that charmed an artist to build his 'air castles' on firmer foundations than anywhere else. The wealth of scenery, the climate and the all-pervading simplicity in the actively surrounding life are indeed 'charming' for the artist or the poet. What exhilarating influence for the mind is there where the ever busy but dustless breezes blow to Life's constant chime!

Imagine there a school-holiday when the Herald of Dawn beckons the Herald of the Golden Age, to come and bask and play and be happy, for this is His Nature. All are at play away from the dormitories and when all but one are thus playing, a dormitory-head suddenly passes that way over which a small bushy tree stands. Suddenly he sees one leisurely seated on one of the branches that hang just over the ground, humming a sylvan note and enjoying the bliss of solitude, somewhat like a monarch, surveying the

scenery and his companions who are at play in the wide, wide play ground near by. This is the moment when life unfolds itself into a poem. Well-nigh, his comrades' shouting at play is Nature's own music, and he himself, with a sylvan note is a nightingale yet bursting forth under the pretext of tree-shade for night and claiming supremacy there. On what other occasions can a young soul enjoy the Bliss of Freedom?

Under the ordinary school system, its curricula, routine work, and play too, accordingly set as if sacred life is to be automatically moved by machinery. The bell-rings, the rules, the sharp changes of teachers at the end of every period and the distractions caused thereby, the sudden transitions from one subject to another — all these tell on the poor soul. What freedom? I ask. If there could be any it is, I should say, as an accident extorted by Mother Nature out of the hands of the cruel disciplinarians and some times the equally inimical home, in order to safeguard the interests of a coming poet or an artist. Has not Nature played wonderful tricks at times and hoodwinked the eye of the professor, the routine-wallah? To Nature all of us belong and let us seek more of her help, more than ever before, as we have been neglecting her and neglecting ourselves.

Where is opportunity for the more sentimental poet or artist in the child to mould his own bent if every detail of his life is checked and balanced according to 'book-keeping' and system? The young soul, now slack, may perhaps turn into a delicate Shelley, a Tagore, or a lean and vagabond Stevenson. Pray, what harm? I tell you. What, if his muscles are not so very well fattened and tightened according to a pattern in gymnastics, drill and games? Let there be an exception or two, let there be a slackening for the 'dreamer' to grow in the 'drowsy' way and yet dream in the real. Imagine a soul kept closetted against the Sun and Life. Is it a mere trifle for the sentimental child? Yet, almost in every corner, in the Life of the child, this happens frequently. Pray, give the child, his due Freedom!

Oh, Mother Earth, Father Sky,
Brother Wind, Friend Light,
Sweetheart Water,
Here take my last salutation with folded hands!
For to-day I am melting away into the Supreme,
Because my heart became pure,
And all delusion vanished,
Through the power of your good company.

— From a Bengali Poem.

WHO is it that has kindled love in my heart ?
 Who is it that has made me frantic ?
 There is a roasting smell in this garden.
 Who is it that is roasting my heart ?
 The candle burns the wheeling moth.
 Who is it that has burnt the candle itself ?
 When Kaleel fell into the fire,
 Who is it that cast him ?
 And who is it that saved him ?

It is YOU.

(Translated from Hindi) — Y. Sambamoorthy.

I

SOMEONE is knocking at the door of my heart. Who is it ?
 — None but a flying phantom of thought.
 I feel the steady gaze of someone which embarrasses me. Who is it ?
 — No ! Just the impertinent stare of the midnight star.
 Ah ! Now who is this mysterious being whose smile gleams in the
 sanctuary of my heart ?
 — Yes, now I know and understand. It is He, the Nameless.

II

I know why the bird exults in the revelry of its notes.
 I know why the spendthrift flower casts its fragrance in the air.
 I know why mountain streams rush in a mad abandon of joy.
 I know, I know, it is the love of Life.

— Satyavati.

Our Trip to Basinikonda

BY K. T. KRISHNASWAMI.

WHEN we were descending, some one or two said, "S-a-a-r ! it is an experience. This must come in our Magazine." "What is there to write about ?"

But who can divine how things may develop ?

You return home drenched and exhilarated. There is an encounter of mild reproof for your late coming and for the anxiety you have caused in the lonely, anxious companion at home by your rash adventure on a cloudy threatening evening followed by a sudden burst of rain-storm. You sit for meals and eat really too much for the climb up and the climb down have been a tremendous appetizer. Then you sit at table — studydesk I mean — for your class ordeal on the morrow, but this is not as appetizing as the other 'sitting at table'. On the other hand, you have an overwhelming and irresistible appetite for sleep even at the early hour of 8. You sleep — Oh ! What sleep !

Yet there is a disturbance, a touch of pain somewhere in your limbs. It may be a thorn or a mere thorn prick. You dream over the whole thing — the walk, the pain, the shower, the food at home. All mingle in the phantasmagoria of sleep. Words, pictures, thoughts tumble one over the other in the mind, in pleasing but quiet confusion. Ah ! the article is coming in bits — phrases, sentences and ideas.

You get up and light your lamp ! It is 1.45 A. M. You disturb a fellow-sharer of the room who spurts out half confused, "What is this ? At this hour of the night ! Possessed !". The jackals howl in a chorus on the fringe of the sleeping town. The taluk office gang strikes — one ! two ! — and once more occasions an angry, "What ghostly waking up this ?", which is most irritating to you while you are in the full stream of your writing — this article.

It is really wonderful — the trip to Basinikonda. A pretentious claim for a short evening walk after 5 P. M. ? No ! When twenty or thirty young men start and go, even a walk becomes an expedition. You are all to meet

at 4.15 at the Post Office and full forty five minutes is the margin you have to allow for all to come. Near the college at 4 meets a bold but friendly smiling face — a would be tripper with a tennis racket in hand triumphantly flourished as if for a fine stroke. Later another hurries along with a hockey stick, but sharply turns into a narrow lane on catching your eyes. Dogberry — like you go on. Two or three join you in the street and there you are at last at the Post Office where greet a dozen happy, grinning faces. It is a forceful band. They shout out and clap their hands to some absconding and slinking companions who hurry on as if on some very urgent errand. One is haled up under "Ayyavaru!". They dare not excuse him away and drag him by the cloth but Ayyavaru, the Valentine of the band lets him go.

It is past 5 and you all start — a regular troop of irregulars. Two big bunches of plantains are the provisions for the few minutes' respite on the hilltop. Yes you move on. Two or three walk briskly and even run to the foot of the hill and a little up — only to sit for a long time in compensation and become the last to come up. The sun descends and the shadows of the evening steal over the hill slopes.

Ah! the climbing — the initial goose steps, the slackening zig-zag pull — ups, the breathings hard, the stoppings now and then, the slips and the shouts, the jokes and the laughter, the final dash and the heave of relief! And on the top, what cool, bracing breeze! What sweeps of lovely prospect! — the sandy Bahuda playing hide and seek among the trees and groves, her true and grateful friends even in her present plight, the trailing roads winding in and out, up and down, the silhouetted clouds in the distance, the lights and shades of the mountains, the variegated farms and fields, the slow-moving pigmies of men and animals, the sun plunging in maybe some distant western ocean — these are the glories that await the tired climber. But this Paradise of the senses is the least of the gifts that Basni Officers to those who share her companionship. Far higher blessings there are — 'things invisible to mortal sight'.

Now the plantains go round to a talk manytongued, manyeyed and many-minded. But a gust of wind brings the scent of oncoming rain. And lo! a black curtain of threaded rain hangs from the roaring loom of the sky. The scene suddenly changes for a tragi-comic drama of the elements. The rain descends in a fury and you are all deluged. The heavy showers now slacken into a drizzle and you start back lest you should be benighted on the top. Some have already left and greet you down with a song. Everyone

starts singing, for even the shyest will start when several voices generalise and obscure the individual singer. Now you are all down on the road and move on in groups of song and talk and run. 'Good night Sir!' to the right and 'Good night Sir!' to the left and 'Good night Sir!' further on the road and in the street and you are at last back in your home!

It is 2.45 A. M. There is a low distant rumbling. It is the slow-moving train groaning in the dark between wilds of Madanapalle and Kurabalakota. A stray crow has just waked up in its treehome and got back to sleep. And once more sleep for the article-troubled brain also!

On a Marriage Going

BY AMARANATH.

TO go for one I was fortunate enough once. The wedding card, I received a week and three days before the marriage. Ten intervening days I had at my disposal, to brood and think over what dresses to take, on which day to start, and what money to furnish myself with, besides ten 'sleeping-awake' hours to exult over my coming happiness in the company of familiar welcome-beaming faces. In short the wedding card was as engaging as any mysterious letter in a novel with a blank ending or an *incognito*.

The day of my longed-for departure arrived; and I was all in a bustle. On the previous night I had asked, rather requested, my peon to wake me up early that I might have time enough to execute my ten days' plans. In the morning, I forgot one, and recollected another, I forgot another and recollected one. I ran to the jutka stand, I ran to the kitchen. Yes. I was all in confusion, and accomplished nothing. I then spent most of my time in my chair contemplating either the ink-stand or the paper weight. The clock struck twelve. I was all in a flutter. I vented my spleen upon my cook, and my curses upon my peon — all for nothing. However, after all I caught the train and the train-fever subsided. Thank heavens! it did not give the slip so far feared, but carried me and my baggage to my destination. Only a few yards separated me from the wedding mansion. The shrill notes of the

village piper and the thundering claps of the drummer, I could hear. Ah! What memories did that Noah's ark bring back to my fancy! I was near the point of realising all the day-dreams dreamt during the ten days - the fellow Vinaya, how he would receive me with his smiling face and good humoured appearance; Kamal that surly and purse-proud fellow with his condescending smile and so on. But my attention was distracted by the voice of my uncle that was loud enough to penetrate the din of the marriage house and reach me. I quickened my pace. My kerchief came out of its pocket, and my face was wiped - rather rubbed. My legs - I remember well - forgot their usual gait, and I walked quite stiff, my head erect, eyes straight, as if I were on a parade ground.

At last the scene of action was reached, and I utterly failed, the ten days' lessons were forgotten. I stood there thanking their welcome notes with a bashful countenance and a disturbed look, as if I were a coy and a prude. One comes up and says, "Arrived just now?" I answer, "Yes". "All well?" "All well". Another accosts me the next moment and again, "Arrived just now?" "Yes" "All well?" "All well". The painful task of meeting eyes and receiving welcomes was over. I thanked God and with perspiration all over my body, I retired to the lodgings allotted to me.

The very evening found me arraying myself in my choicest habiliments. I dressed my hair with extra care and put up my face to the mirror and suffered my face to assume all sorts of fantastic expressions, all the while contemplating how I would look if I replied to a particular question or laughed at a particular thing, or gazed with a particular enraptured eye. All vain, but still common! Why was all this preparation? - To attend a dancing girl's performance!

The dressing up finished - I stepped in. Every inch of the carpet was already covered with people of my own species. Far from me stood the dancing party - two charming girls, brandboxes, the drummer, the fiddler, and an 'old wench' with one tooth protruding, perhaps the mother and tutress of the girls. Facing the party were seated the bride and the bridegroom dressed in yellow. The bridegroom sat in his chair as if he was sitting there for his photo - his neck stiff, his lips compressed, and a painful effort of making himself comfortable quite evidently expressed in the stare and wink of his eyes. The bride! She sat as if she was bearing the whole earth and heaven on her head - poor girl! aged eight, she was put to the trial of practising head-bending exercise. Perhaps the joy of the bridal day

and the touch of her husband and would-be-lover might have made her oblivious of the pain. Yes, my gentle readers, the joy and happiness, not for having been by the side of her husband, but for wearing the spousal dress and jewels talked of at least a month or two before by her friends and parents! What man is there who can expect from a girl, aged eight and that too bred up in seclusion and darkness, any understanding of the meaning of 'marriage' and 'husband'? Perhaps the parents? Ah! the parents of the couple, the life they gave compared to this was trifling blessing. No more of this - I a greenhorn talking about the mysterious marriage and the wide world in the face of such colossal giants as *acharies* may seem perhaps something of a Bayard bold in his ignorance.

Now, to the dancing - a scene quite familiar to every Indian youth. The fiddler struck a note and the elder of the two stepped forward and courtesied to the audience with a grace quite bewitching. The dance began. The manager of the entertainment, simultaneously followed by the priest, called for silence and every noise was hushed up. So far so good, but who can describe the 'siren' with the supple sway of her figure, the delicate neck and small graceful head! Perhaps that 'Yuthara' who had concentrated all his senses in his gazing faculty, and who would not have, for a crown even, taken his sight off his dazzling object, or the priest whose whole soul seemed to be immersed in the music - his head swaying from side to side, his eyes keeping time with his head, and his countenance assuming a smile quite seraphic. Who could have been indifferent to such celestial music, and the dance expressing the action suited to the song? Who could have been but 'Yutharas' to such graceful swaying of the body, the now inviting and the now repelling action of her snowy - white beautiful arms, the glance now sparkling on one, and now dazzling another to wink, and the quick revolution of the tinkling feet. Approbation of admiration rang forth from every quarter, and above all the priest burst forth into a loud 'SABASH!!'



Under the Umbrella Tree

BY A VENKATRAMIAH.

WHO ever dreamt that the umbrella tree in the college will ever stand associated with Shakespeare class? Even an old student had come in, with the teacher's permission, to see Shakespeare interpreted and made real. From the cold class room to the umbrella tree! In our study of the winter's Tale also there was such a transition - from the first three Acts to the entirely different fourth Act, from the court of Sicily to the fair countryside of Bohemia, from Leontes to Autolycus.

Autolycus is the very touchstone of the understanding and appreciation of Shakespeare's comic genius; and our Autolycus class under the tree was the very crown of our Shakespeare classes which are always a source of delight and inspiration for us. 'Under the umbrella tree' became a stage. The very spirit of Autolycus was conveyed to us by a popular comic Indian stage song, which was followed by the Autolycus scene, opening with

When daffodils begin to peer,
With heigh! the doxy over the dale,
Why, then comes, in the sweet o'the year;
For the red blood reigns in the winter's pale.

Autolycus took our teacher to the very highest pitch of mirth and pleasure. There the village dances, the rustic pastimes and various other occupations of the countryside - with the Indian parallels of the gudu - gudu, the boom - boom man, the gypsy - like vagrants - all stood as a picture under his talk. The merry voice itself of Autolycus was echoed, the simple rogue's talent was replayed and the cheat's beggarly art was exhibited that day, only to be more fully personated later on the stage on the Teacher's Day. "Who would not like to be Autolycus?" the teacher asked with his characteristic smile, though a puritan among the company, a visitor from the Upper House of the B. A., took it as an insult.

It is our good fortune that we have as our guide one not only benevolent and sympathetic but also erudite and enthusiastic. For all his pains, he urges only our silence which is an unnoticeable homage to his labours and

worth. It is the silence that inspires him to the highest degree of *untrammed* expression, and it is under it that he calmly manifests his erudition. He draws a most vivid and graphic picture of Shakespeare's talent before us and while doing so, he is lost in such high exultation that he gives a free vent to his own inimitable expressions by quoting examples and parallels from English and Indian literatures.

In all his restraint and calmness, unmindful of the students' talk sometimes, he will be deeply immersed in his teaching and by the simple but splendid beauty of his expressions he will make silence prevail. Over the passages where Shakespeare has displayed his beautiful poetic genius and imagination, he will really lose himself in their true essence, and be intoxicated by drinking their sweetness like Lamb who "tried them on his palate as epicures taste olives, and his observations had a smack in them, like a roughness on the tongue". Himself endowed with the gift of poetry, he catches the very spirit of a poem and revels in its beauty and delight. He ponders and ponders over the inextricable thoughts, he contemplates and contemplates over the rich and beautiful expressions, he smiles and smiles over the humorous sweets of Shakespeare. But we come to know him fully only under the umbrella tree - perhaps he knew himself also then and there!

A Prince who became one with God

BY P. RAMACHODARY.

ONE of the Kings in South-India had seven sons. Six of them were ordinary men but the seventh was very wise and devotional. After marrying all the six princes, the king arranged for the marriage of the seventh with a rich princess. But the young prince had already fallen in love with an ordinary girl of a different caste. And so he refused to marry the princess and further asked his father's permission to marry the girl whom he loved. The king was infuriated at the proposal, yet he tried to get him round to his point by peaceful methods. But the great prince could not be persuaded and answered, "I marry none but the girl whom I loved". The king got disgusted and commanded his men to throw him down from a precipice. One fine evening when the prince had gone out of the city, the king's servants took him to a rock and were about to throw him down. Suddenly a lion rushed

towards them; frightened at the sight the cowardly men ran away leaving the prince behind. The prince began to wonder at his present situation.

The sun had already reached the horizon and was sinking low. The pleasant golden light began to flush the western sky. Black fantastic clouds looking like rugged lofty mountains began to float across the heavens. Thin vaporous clouds were all running on and on. The air was balmy and pleasant. The whole creation was falling to sleep. The music of nature could be heard. Slowly daylight disappeared and darkness began to spread. The unlit lights of heaven shone bright.

Cruel Night began to reign over her newly conquered dominion without any opponent to check her. At that desperate time there stood the lonely prince on the top of the huge rock gazing on all sides into the darkness. The whole mountain was silent, except the rattling and trembling noise of the gigantic trees and the furious cries of wild animals. And above all the cold and misty weather made the prince shake from head to foot.

He raised his head towards heaven and gazed into the solitude. His heart began to beat faster and faster as the night grew darker. His eyes expressed wonder and surprise as he saw the environments devastated by darkness. His lonely heart, his undaunted courage, his heaven-granted wisdom, his perfection of thought all seemed to vanish. His hands and countenance, his long silky hair, his embroidered garments, all heralded his noble and high birth to kind nature.

Now he seemed to be standing like a lifeless statue. The next moment he knelt down on the precipice, joined his beautiful and fragile hands, closed his glittering eyes, raised his head above to heaven and cried aloud "Lord of Lords! Oh my Father! I stand alone in this place where nothing is alive except you and my spirit. A cruel disaster is falling on my head and in sore need I stand! Oh Lover of devotees! the embodiment of cruelty and the demon of Maya are hunting me day and night. Extricate me from these embarrassments, keep them away from me and make my path clear and free". There was silence for a while. "Speak Father!" he continued, "Is there no justice for honesty? Is there no strength for righteousness? Is there no life for Truth? Is there no reward for Love? Is there no victory for God? Is the earth merely inhabited by the Devil of Cruelty? Are You chained and imprisoned by that Devil? Has your divinity gone to the under world? Have you been conquered by your Opponent? Oh Father! speak! is your mouth closed by the ministers of Evil?"

Then suddenly a glimpse of Light descended from Heaven and lighted the whole universe. It was followed by a great blazing fire. The flames rose up with innumerable tongues. It seemed as if the whole Universe would be burnt. The fire still continued and amidst the flames there appeared a beautiful shape. The angelic figure jumped up from the flames and embraced the lonely prince. Both of them entered into that fire and never showed their faces again to the world.

Charity

BY "BELLARY"

THE word 'charity', by derivation means love. But the charm of its original meaning has withered away in the light of modern and popular interpretation which means alms-giving. Charity is that disposition of heart which inclines men to think well of others and gives them the sense of liberality. Everyone is not without that instinct of heart, but many have eliminated it and to do so is immoral.

Charity, in the popular and narrow sense is a virtue that is extensively and highly esteemed by one and all. In India it is common practice for kings or rich men to weigh themselves against gold and silver and to distribute the latter among the poor. The far-famed Shivaji followed this and many others practiced it. Though it is a cherished notion of many that only a certain class of men have the exclusive ability and right to be charitable, erroneous it is to labour under such a false idea. All rich and poor, high and low, — can practise this virtue.

"Just heaven is not so pleased with costly gifts,
Offered in hope of future recompense,
As with the merest trifles set apart,
From honest gains and sanctified faith";

and the man who is not rich yet can give, will be exalted above the heavens. Many votaries of poverty deem themselves to be incapable of practising charity to the upliftment of the poor, the helpless and the needy. Though they are denied the opportunity of rendering any pecuniary aid to them, they can offer

their quota of sympathy and sincere feelings. These real and honest feelings are in many degrees more charitable and relieving to the needy and helpless, than theoretical thundering speeches on the subject.

"I lay in want, in grief, and pain :
A poor man passed my way ;
He bound my head, he gave me bread,
He watched me night and day.

How shall I pay him back again,
For all he did to me ?
Oh, gold is great, but greater far
Is heavenly sympathy. "

It is a great mistake to think that through money every-thing can be accomplished. Sow deep in your heart the seeds of sympathy, so that they may in time spring into the fragrant flower of compassion that may make your life sweet. Very often rich men, who strive to establish heir superiority and dive deep into this world of materialism, make munificent gifts only for ostentation. Their wealth more often finds outlet in the attainment of personal glory and valueless favours from the government. With many the gratification of vanity is the primary motive and the sense of duty is the secondary one. The best charity is that which is done in secret. The Gospel says, "Thy left hand should not know what thy right hand doeth".

The great object of charity is to relieve misery. But our charities are, mostly though not wholly, indiscriminate and such charities contribute to the prosperity of the trade of begging and ultimately culminate in intensifying the misery of the world. If bestowed at all, it should be adequate, in a suitable form, and administered with the utmost circumspection - a duty that on one can evade without responsibility. Charity without discrimination is an accessory to idleness. Again at times, partly if not entirely, charity should be so perfected that the objects of the needy may be beyond the need of charity by the time it arrives.



Lalitha

BY MOKA NARAYANACHAR. L.

"HE is in every way likely to get advanced in life", said Sundararao to his wife, in the privacy of his home. He was convinced of the Youth's ability to succeed in life, mainly due to poor considerations; firstly, the youth had received a B. A. degree in the first class and was going to take up law; secondly, that though his mother had the reputation of a shrew, her son being an educated man would, one day or other shake off the uncongenial yoke of his mother; thirdly, he (Sundararao) had himself attended a small meeting of which the youth was the President and had heard the two inspiring speeches of his, and lastly the youth was known to have inherited a large estate.

It was with these, that Mr. Sundararao resolved in his mind to bestow the hand of his only daughter, Lalitha, on Mr. Deviprasad, B. A. It was the idea of future happiness of Lalitha that Mrs. Sundararao shared in her Lord's resolution of giving the amount of a thousand and five-hundred Rupees ruthlessly claimed as dowry by the unyielding mother of Mr. Prasad.

The fourteenth day of Visakham was duly fixed for the marriage and it was on that day that Mr. Sundararao, quite a happy man, entrusted his beloved daughter to the care of Mr. Deviprasad not without tears which naturally flew, in spite of his self-control, to the gravity of the occasion. The marriage with all its customs was not quite displeasing to Mr. Sundararao. But he could not make out of the significance of that custom which requires that every time he saluted him, he should bestow a gift of silk-panchas, that every time he was having a mangalam with his bride he should get a sovereign. All this was a paradox to Mr. Sundararao. But he had one end in his view, when he quietly submitted himself to the private censors of his relatives that he was too extravagant and too mad etc., that was, his Lalitha should, in her mother-in-law's house at Sripur, fare, atleast better than other girls in the same condition.

II

Those two happy days were over, never to return. Lalitha was now subjected to the constant tortures of her mother-in-law. Her lord never

spoke without a scorn. Educated man, as he was, he seemed to have fallen down head over heels into degeneracy.

The state of Lalitha was unimaginable. Resolute and strong-minded but affable, suffering and emaciating but loveable and beautiful was Lalitha. It was she, that, while building beautiful castles in the air, had requested her father to make nice and rich presents, such as a diamond-decked gold wrist-watch to her husband on the nuptial day. The castles had now collapsed but too heavily. Consider the wretched plight of Sundararao when he was further asked for six-hundred rupees in addition to the usual presents to meet the apprentice fee of his son-in-law. He appealed, argued, begged and prayed before the illiterate old women to excuse him from such heavy payment, but all to no purpose. He had to borrow the amount and only add to the weight of her riches on the crooked back of the shrew. He became not a sadder and a wiser man but a sadder and a poorer man. What about Lalitha? Alone, broken-hearted cruelly-treated and unfortunate, Lalitha meekly submitted to her fate.

III

A letter came to Mr. Sundararao not long after nuptials. Mr. Sundararao at least felt the consolation that his aristocratic son-in-law had condescended to write to him. But alas! it was not so. A neighbour of Mr. Prasad had taken pains to pen him some lines with regard to the state of Lalitha. It ran as follows:—

Confidential

SRIPUR.

Dear Mr. Sundararao, •

It may be a matter of surprise to you to see me a stranger writing to you. I am tempted to write this because I could not bear to see your daughter being tortured so cruelly. I cannot find words to express her wretched condition. It will be a consolation to you and your daughter if you take her back home.

I remain yours faithfully,

Sir

Ram Lochan Babu.

The blow was great. A man already a patient of melancholia to receive such news is something beyond human power to bear. Sundararao went to Sripur and after futile quarrel with his son-in-law, brought his

daughter back to him. But the constant misery of his Lalitha, and her poverty stared Sundararao in his face and he could bear it no longer. A few days later, he was in receipt of a letter. It bore all judicial and technical terms that Mr. Prasad could find. Sundararao found little consolation in it.

"By the advice of my friends" — one is more tempted to believe that his friends did not advise but threatened to expose him.....'I am prepared to forgive the imperiousness of your daughter if she should return to me within twenty-four hours. Otherwise, I am not bound to maintain her! It sounded more like a death-knell than an affectionate bidding to Lalitha. She was again taken back by her brother to Sripur. What an irony of fate!

Poor Lalitha, she was carped at everything; she was kicked for every fault; she was scorned on all possible occasions till she was driven one day from the house into the wind and rain, for only a petty fault which they managed to find after so many days.

With tears trickling down her cheeks, due to her constant sobbings and cryings for admittance she slowly turned her steps towards a river that flowed near-by. Was she contemplating suicide? Oh God! that it should come to this. Lalitha realised that she was to blame herself for her father's misery. She was the person who was killing him inch by inch. She prayed God for forgiveness. But what was her fault? Being born as a woman?

Late at night, a few words were indistinctly audible; then a few more devotional words; then a heavy splash in the water; and all was awfully silent.

A Reverie

BY K. R. VENKATARAO.

AS I was thinking over what to contribute to our Magazine, a sleep stole over me. On the table by my side there was the lamp besides a time-piece and a match-box.

I do not know how I was suddenly transported to the depths of a thick forest. There I heard a great noise, which suggested to me that some animals should have gathered about a place near-by. I advanced towards it

a few yards and then stealthily crawled up the big tree under one of whose branches the animals had gathered. There I was safe from their notice and could see and hear everything passing below. About twenty thousand animals of all species and sizes were seated together. Directly beneath me was a raised platform, perhaps for the President.

Now an ape entered the arena and on meeting another of its kind already there chattered in a peculiar fashion, after greeting the other not in the way we do, but each slightly rubbing the chin of the other with its tail. From their conversation I could gather that the Lion, the King of the Forest, had summoned his great assembly to discuss the affairs of his realm.

Immediately a stir among the animals was followed by the entrance of His Majesty the Lion and his body-guard, chiefly consisting of the Chita and the Bear who were also his prime-ministers. The usual proceedings began after the Bear read the minutes of the previous meeting. The discussions lasted two hours. Not to bother the reader with details, it would be sufficient to remark that the Chita alone raised a point of order, that personal remarks should not be made. The last item of the programme was to confer honour on the Chita and the Bear for their meritorious services to the king in state affairs. It seemed that these two knew more manners and etiquette than any others in that realm ever did. So the degrees of "Doctor of Letters" and "The Enlightened" were conferred upon the Bear and the Chita respectively by the Lion. Also, as a special privilege they were exempted from the duty of keeping their tails fixed between their hind legs, whenever they would retire from their King's presence.

Now the Bear L. L. D., and the Chita E. L. D., spoke a few words in return promising to prove worthy of the honour that had been conferred on them. The assembly would have terminated but for Mr. Fox, who got up and requested the Lion to allow the others to know from the two distinguished gentlemen themselves how they won such golden opinions and rose to great honour. On this good suggestion the Lion asked the "Enlightened" and the "Doctor" to honour the house with a brief autobiography by each. So the "Enlightened" stood up to speak.

The usual attitude that prevailed among the animals when one rose up to speak was the following. Instead of clapping hands as men do, the tailed ones would hit their tails against the ground forcibly; the snakes would

hiss; the Cuckoo would sing; the peacock would dance; to sum up there would be nothing short of a Milton's pandemonium.

Such was also the occurrence when the "Enlightened" rose up. But he did not like this. So he proceeded, "I feel it my duty to teach our friends good manners. I shall do it along with the narration of my personal history. First of all you should not express your feelings in unmannerly and uncouth forms. The essence of all education is to teach all to give everything its due deserts in a most reasonable and enlightened fashion. Hence you should know your applauding in this manner is highly objectionable. Show your feelings by better gestures and indications. I gained all this knowledge from an Academy situated in the borders of our kingdom, where great ideals prevail. Myself and my friend Dr. Bear would often go there and sit behind the great auditorium running north to south, in which several discussions, talks, lectures, dramas, prayers would take place. In none of these would the students clap their hands. Mr. Bear shall narrate the rest about that celestial institution". Next Mr. Bear began, "My friend has told you all the truth of that academy. Many of the birds here should have already seen it. There physical exercise is prominently taught and practised as anything else. I have often seen Mr. Kirvani, the parrot there. May he give you further details".

Kirvani's words were not less valuable. He said, "As I was flying at 7-45 A. M. one day my ear caught some good tunes in the air. Guided by them I flew on till I reached the academy, worth its name. I found to my great pleasure that music was not only an accompaniment to the morning prayer but was regularly taught in classes. I learnt the names of the instruments later. First there was only harmonium, not so much charming as Veena that was introduced very recently. Now I know several of the songs 'Vandemataram', and 'Janaganamana', the celestial and inspiring patriotic ones always ringing in my ears.

Another peculiar feature of that institution is the way in which the children are taught. In some others they teach children in a way much as they teach parrots to repeat words. But in this it is different. Children are really impressed and benefited. You can understand this better when I say that I have now learnt English - not only to speak with reason but also to enjoy the charm and melody of its poetry by attending the classes that are sometimes held under the "Umbrella Tree", in open breeze and warm sunshine. I have taught several of those songs to my young ones, to my wife's surprise".

Immediately after this Mr. Monkey stood up with an apology, and proceeded, "Though personally very little acquainted with that ideal institution I want to add a few words in this connection. Some of my friends went to that institution several times and returned safe, for generally all men consider us with some reverence. But on one occasion, a few of my friends did not return. We have given them up for lost. If at all should they have been despatched to the other world, that work should perhaps have been by one of our own kind already established there, out of jealousy and irritation. Therefore, now-a-days I advise them not to go there. But they say that the danger is outside the institution. They still persist in getting profited by the activities there, but they are very careful not to budge an inch from that place to any outside. Mr. Peacock also told me some time back that he would accompany my friends to learn the new methods in dancing to music that are being taught often under the umbrella tree".

Mr. Cobra got up and said that the accounts of Mr. Bear and Mr. Chita were incredible. His contention was how these wild animals could watch anything undetected by the students.

In reply Mr. Chita said, "Sir, Mr. Cobra - it is true I have forgotten to mention some of the privileges that the head of the academy has allowed us. He is a very kind gentleman. His love to man and animal-kind is the same. The former has already asserted itself in his self-sacrificing tolerance. He knows our needs and privileges. So he has made the mountain stream running to the south of the academy 'Out of Bounds' for his students after 6 P. M. We could wait there till night-fall and then go up to sit behind the lecture-hall, in the bushes. As animals, you know, we have keener powers of sight and hearing. I have also forgotten to mention that the 'Debating Union' of the academy conducted during nights has been of immense profit to us".

Then an urgent resolution was passed by the assembly that a separate academy should be started for the animals and that its method of work should be copied from the so-much appreciated academy.

Three hundred hounds got up and said, that as they were already on friendly relations with men they would go to the academy to get true education and all refinements that would follow. The Lion said that they could wait for a time as he would first send a commission to study the nature of the working there. After the report of the commission a similar one

would be opened; the peacock would teach dancing, the wolf would be the games-superintendent (the games to be decided later); Mr. Chita would be the Dean and Mr. Bear the Provost. The hounds said emphatically that they could not wait. So Mr. Chita said, "In that case go to any of the night-schools in the neighbour-hood run by the students of that academy". Mrs. Peacock, silent so far, with eager gaze asked whether girls had a separate academy. Mr. Bear said, "Co-education is in vogue there, but for accommodation a separate hostel for the girls is now approaching completion."

Mr. Elephant then suggested how grand and profitable it would be if they constructed their academy in the mountain-brook or anywhere near the 'Great Academy'. Mr. Lion said, "It is impossible; the British Government would not permit us. And even if they would, the town-people would object to it. We hear that even the ideal academy is receiving very little co-operation from the town. If necessary, we may have to teach the townsmen — excluding professors and students — a good lesson with our claws".

To the astonishment of all a yell shot forth from the group of the foxes. Mr. Lion questioned what it meant. An old fox drew close to him and began, "Your Majesty's last words pained us much, — that the Government would not permit us the site referred to by Mr. Elephant. It was once our property. We did not claim it for a long period. So it passed into other hands. It is, you know, called 'ನಕ್ಕಲಿ' the 'Foxes' River'. Our ancestors were its masters. The village situated near the academy was also ours. It is named, 'Your Majesty knows, 'ನಕ್ಕಲಿ' or the 'Foxes' Dais'. Foolishly we gave it for a cart-ful of crabs supplied by a cunning man. If matters were otherwise how nice it would have been now. We all feel bitterly for it. We shall try to get it through a 'Minor-suit' if possible".

The last and next item was to draw up the commission to be sent to the academy. Before two names could be fixed I jumped into their midst from the tree to give my own opinions. Contrary to my expectation to be received kindly, they pursued me in hunting-spirit. I ran and ran. I could hear the hard breathing of mine enemies very close to me. By the one look I dared to cast behind, I saw Mr. Bear and Mr. Chita in all their ferocity. Now Mr. Bear said to Mr. Chita, "I say, Look well! He is wearing a khaddar kurtha and a khaddar upper-cloth, much in use in the ideal academy. Be so kind as to call him back". Mr. Chita shouted out to me in all good and kind words to stop. But the fear of that animal got the better of my judgment. I ran still further.

Suddenly I heard a sharp alarming sound. Immediately I opened my eyes and recognised it was the 'Big-Ben'. I scarcely rejoiced at my narrow escape from the jaws of death, when once again to my horror and astonishment, I found Mr. Chita standing face to face with me — this time not wild but smiling, not in the forest but on the safety match-box.

An Experience

BY O. THIMMIAH.

ONE day our professor Mr. K. T. K., awakened in our hearts a yearning passion to go out and breathe the atmosphere of happiness that would be generated by our common rejoicings. We, the youths, full of courage, full of hope and ever ready to carry out all the dreams into the expanding public life, responded to the good counsel by deciding on the very same day to go to Basinikonda in a big procession the next day at 4 P. M. I held myself in readiness to collect the magnificent subscription of six pies. The pleasant evening was passed by holding meetings in private places discussing the programme and the great part of the next day in collecting the money. As almost all hailed the excursion with delight many mustered at the Post-Office at 4-15 P. M., as previously proposed, beyond the belief of the teacher. And once again a volley of suggestions came forth from the young, resourceful minds as to the purchases but the majority were bent upon plantains.

Then our procession wended its way to Basinikonda, conversing with one another on the problems that are occupying the minds of our people in the present struggle for freedom. Around the teacher, like bees around honey, gathered some ardent students in whose hearts he created a passionate desire for dedicating their lives for the evolution of our country by telling them how the youths are pioneers for freedom and how the character, strength and the progress of a country mainly depend on youths. Some, in the company that did not derive pleasure in the inspiring talks, formed a party by themselves and with shouts of laughter and jest they were pelting one another with flowers.

Thus we ended our way to the foot of the mountain. The smooth walls of the temple at the top appeared to us in rosy and yellow colours on

account of the reflection of the golden rays of the crimson sun. Thus the setting sun had flushed the whole top of the mountain with that tint and the firmament seemed to be decorated with all the colours of the rainbow. Singing the ancient melodious songs of India we, after a weary exertion, climbed the mountain, here and there halting for a few minutes for the arrival of our friends who were backward in the climb.

Soon some lay at full length upon the rocks for two minutes with half-open mouths, with their hands fully thrown out on the rocks. Some stood gazing at the beautiful spectacle of the picturesque land below. It was a picture never even for a minute the same but ever changing into more and more beautiful views, but I could only gaze on it till the view strained my brain and pained my eyes compelling me to turn away from its oppressive magnitude. From the level meadows of tall grass were seen blooming out myriads of variegated wild flowers. Balmy and fragrant breezes came from the delicious groves that were lying far and near the mountain as to lull the wearied to go sleep. The cooing of the doves and the singing sounds of the birds recalled to our minds the best of our past expeditions.

As soon as we heard the voice from our head we mustered in front of the temple to partake of the plantains. We responded to the call and as it is essential for everyone to praise the Maker and Sustainer of the Universe, we recited our prayers of invocation before we began to eat the plantains. When we opened our eyes after meditation and prayer we could hardly believe them because part of the eastern sky was overspread with dark and massive clouds which, as we saw with our naked eyes, in half a minute, being tossed by adverse winds into huge heaps and forms spread over the whole sky. We turned our eyes this way and that in serious apprehension lest we should be drenched. Our down-cast faces greeted the cheerful voice of the professor, "Take up as many plantains as you like". Some sat and received the plantains and some rushed to the spot where they were kept and all snatching as quickly as they could, repaired in multitudes to take shelter under the rocks from the sweeping gusts of rain that came. Some took refuge under the sloping edge of the roof of the temple jutting out and as the rain-water flowed from the edge to the ground, it appeared as if a column of pearly threads descended in front. So thick and dense was the falling of the rain that the groves and meadows, visible a few minutes before, were now hidden from our sight for a time and we could catch only a dim glimpse of the buss that was running. Few there were in our company that had a romantic and thrilling boyhood and they rejoiced greatly at the heavy fall of rain, exposing themselves to the fierce wind and rain.

When there was some abatement in that terrific wind that howled and wailed and when the rain ceased to pour in torrents, all from their hiding places, one by one, came out and the paleness on the cheeks of those that were depressed in spirits gave way to bright complexion. Soon there was perfect silence, after the lulling of the hard and fierce wind that blew with such confounding fury, like the calmness that would reign supreme in the agitated and turbulent ocean after the subsiding of the storm.

At a call from the leader we once again gathered and in a big crowd descended the mountain slowly and cautiously. We mustered soon at the four-pillared *mantapam* that stands at the foot of the mountain. Even after such a heroic adventure, there was mirth in the heart of each and as one in the procession began to sing in a rich and clear voice one fine inspiring song, the rest accompanied him with many evolutions of their hand and feet and voice keeping perfect time to the melodious tune. At 7 we turned homeward.

Love's Shackle

BY D. KRISHNAMOORTHY RAO.

"The course of true love did nev'r run smooth."

PARIS of 1793! Plunged in a revolution, the most famous in history, she was tottering in the hands of the champions of republicanism. The domineering republican spirit of Danton, aided by his young friend Camille-Desmoulins, was rousing the fire of freedom with Ciceronian eloquence. The conciergerie was full-fed and the guillotine ever-thirsty. A word of pity about their lost sovereign brought the people immediately in contact with the awful instrument which would end man in the twinkling of an eye.

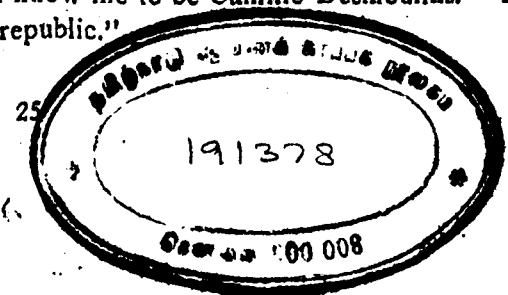
In such a city, on a day of the same year, Camille-Desmoulins was riding on a beautiful steed about the streets of Paris occasionally shouting, "Liberty, Fraternity and Equality." Passing the crowds who hailed him, "Long live Moulins; down with Monarchy", our hero moved slowly on towards the scene.

The pale but splendid luminary was just setting down the horizon, enpurpling the heavens and the scene with bands of fire and casting its last golden rays on the towers and the castellated edifices of chaotic Paris. Here and there, in the green parks that bounded the bank, could be seen benches for the recreation of the miserable and the unhappy. On one of those benches, a lady who appeared to be about two and twenty years was seated. Alas, how weary were her hours! Her dishevelled long hair, her carelessly worn costume, and the posture in which she was seated — all plainly told that she was troubled. Yet her face, with innocent beauty and proud aristocratic air, retained a firmness as though she feared nothing — no, not even the fatal instrument. For a time she was lost in reverie and her wavering mind allowed her thoughts to fly to far-off regions where the dead and the dying invited her. Some minutes passed, when slowly she opened her eyes whose beauty added to the grace of her form. What did she behold in front of her? — a young, tall man with a horse by his side, gazing at her exquisite beauty. His face denoted a determination. His eyes spoke a passionate appeal!

Ah, how quick is love! In bashful tones he asked her, "Good citizeness, who are you and why look you so pale and haggard?" A silence prevailed. This is one of those moments in an individual's life, when the tongue fails to perform its function. Calling her charms to her aid, she replied calmly yet with the vanity of her sex, "Monsieur does wrong to speak to a lady thus abruptly." "You will oblige me citizeness, if you only consider me as your friend." "Oh, monsieur speaks right merrily. I am an aristocrat, monsieur, and hence I am sorry I cannot comply with you."

It was a blow, a severe blow, which almost rooted Moulins to the ground. Here was a test for a patriot. Could he, a republican marry her an aristocrat, despite patriotism or could he forsake his heart's desire and forgo such a paragon of female charms. At last he decided to know who she was. With a resolute tone he addressed her, "Lady, I know you are an aristocrat, but your name?"

There was an immediate reply, "Genevieve. Genevieve!" At this name Moulins shuddered. The very name that the commune spoke in connection with the attempted escape of Louis XVI's miserable widow! "Genevieve! citizeness. You will know me to be Camille Desmoulins. I arrest you in the name of law and republic."



Genevieve expected this turn. But she thought that if ever woman were successful in bewitching man, there was an opportunity. Slowly she got up and drawing herself near to him exclaimed, "Moulins pity on me. Is beauty to be wasted away in prison? I love you, oh! pardon me, Moulins, I love you!"

What a weapon more powerful can there be than beauty's avowal to her lover. Moulins was conquered! He felt the warmth of her hands. And pressing them wildly he confessed, "Genevieve, with you to bliss or to guillotine."

Desperate are they that enjoy love with fear of detection. It was nearly six-o'clock and twilight had just then vanished, when we see the two lovers conversing together, leaving Paris and settling in London. "Do, Moulins, I am ready to go with you," she said. At this hour, a man dressed in military garb, suddenly made his appearance before the lovers and in a tone that characterized his appointment spoke, "Monsieur Moulins will allow me to arrest him in the name of the commune." "Has the President of the commune issued a warrant to the effect?", calmly asked Moulins. He was not astonished at the accident for he had heard everything concerning his arrest from Danton. "Monsieur teaches me my duty. A Frenchman, Monsieur! always keeps his *amour propre*." With these words the sergeant drew from his pocket a paper, which he showed to his captive.

Moulins with a heart resigned to fate, spoke, "Genevieve, fate mocks at our love. Adieu, may you be happy!" and turning to the police man he said, "Citizen sergeant, I am ready, lead me." "Monsieur madame cannot go scot-free. Pardon me, she is also arrested."

At these words of the gendarme both were happy for even in adversity lovers like to share odds together. They were immediately taken to the Tribune where the jury sentenced them both to death. Not a moment was lost in conducting the victims to the guillotine. Both stood on the scaffold looking at an ocean of faces who shouted now another, "Die for an aristocrat."

But the lovers seemed no longer victims to die; they were friends going to death as to a fete. "Courage," cried Moulins, "Courage". "I have, I have" she replied, "I am not afraid." "Excuse me," murmured Moulins, excuse me." "*Au revoir*". A loud noise was heard among the crowd. The beautiful and gracious head had fallen.

Moulins stepped forward. Danton was by his side condemned to death. "Do you hear me, Danton? She loved me."

The next moment Moulins' head was beside Genevieve's.

A brief history of Gandikota

BY S. KRISHNASWAMI RAU.

GANDIKOTA is a village of less than a thousand inhabitants, situated on a hill about five miles off Jammalamadugu. The name is comprised of two Telugu words, 'Gandi' — a gorge, and 'Kota' — a fort, and in these lie all the interest and importance that the place possesses. It is the most striking spot in the district. The gorge, where the Pennar has cut its way through sheer rugged cliffs of the bedded sandstone, some two or three hundred feet high, is four miles long, and the height, overlooking the river on the south bank, is crowned with extensive fortifications, which, even apart from their historical associations, are well worthy of a visit.

The history of the foundation of the village and its fortification is contained in the Sthala Purana. In the 1213th year of the era of Salivahana there lived a certain king called Kaka Maharaja in Bommanapalle, a village close by Yerrakonda, about two miles to the east of the Pennar. The site of Gandikota was discovered by this king during a hunting expedition and, being struck with the place, he made enquiries and finding it was sacred, took counsel with learned men who advised him to found a village which it was foretold would flourish. He accordingly founded the village and fortified the hill which afterwards came to be known as Gandikota.

The fort was built by Kaka Maharaju about A. D. 1290. The Kakatiya Warangal held sway over the greater part of Cuddapah District, ruling the province from Vallur. Kaka Maharaju of the Sthala Purana might be either the Kakatiya King himself, that is, Ambadeva the usurper or his successor Prataparudra, or possibly his viceroy ruling at Vallur.

In A. D. 1309, the Deccan was invaded by the Muhammadans, the Kakatiya dynasty was overthrown, and it was not till A. D. 1344 that the

Hindu confederation drove back the invaders and established the kingdom of Vijayanagar. During the ascendancy of Vijayanagar, Gandikota area was a district embracing the present taluks of Pulivendla, Proddatur, Kamalapuram and Cuddapah, and possibly a part of Kurnool district. It was subordinate to the Udayagiri province, the governor of which was generally a near relative of the reigning emperor.

After the decisive battle of Talikota, in 1565, the Hindu Empire of Vijayanagar came to an end after a long and glorious career of two hundred and twenty five years. A local officer of Vijayanagar took advantage of the confusion and misfortune that befell the Empire, made himself master of Gandikota and maintained his independence for several years till the forces of Golkonda turned their attention to this part of the country after dislodging the Hindus from Pennukonda towards the end of the sixteenth century.

The King of Golkonda was not slow to recognise the strategical importance of Gandikota, and it became the headquarters of a Nawab. The name of the first Nawab is said to have been Mir Jumla. His name is held in utmost abhorrence on account of his intolerance of the Hindu religion and desecration of temples, the materials of which he used for the construction of the Jumma Masjid. He greatly strengthened the fortifications. The state granary within the fortifications - now used as a travellers' bungalow - was built by Mir Jumla. This building is one of the strongest and biggest in India at the present time.

Early in the eighteenth century, ~~Abdul Nabil Khan~~, the greatest of the Cuddapah Nawabs, extended his authority over Gandikota ~~and it became an important outpost of his territories~~. His grandson also named Abdul Nabi, having been defeated by the Mahrattas in 1740, took shelter here with his family. The fort ultimately fell into the hands of Haidar Ali after the defeat and deportation of the last Nawab of Cuddapah in 1780. The fortifications were still mounted with cannon and contained ammunition at the time of the cession to the East India Company. Some cannon balls are still preserved in the Jammalamadugu Taluk Office.

There are several wells within the fort strongly rivetted and provided with stone steps, and a Kaneru, known as Rayalcheruvu, the springs of which are perennial. These provide irrigation for the numerous lemon and plantain gardens which are a feature of the place. In fine Gandikota is a very delightful place and affords much interest to the student of history.

Health and Life

P. V. KRISHNAROW NAIDU

OF all thoughts that human hearts hold dear, and of all blessings that enrich and beautify human life on earth, nothing is of greater importance than the incomparable gift of "health." Health is not a thing to be had for money or won by dint of hard labour. It is a gift of nature to humanity and is the outcome of infinite forces working in unison with the laws of nature to express life according to some divine plan. Though health is the natural heritage of mankind, yet mortal man has brought on himself the curse of disease. People ignore a great many of the beneficent laws that the all-wise Creator has decreed for bestowing perfect health and longevity on all. With the advance of artificial civilization in the modern age, man has drifted farther away from the tender and fostering care of mother Nature and has disobeyed her promptings of advice, and we have to confess with one accord, "We have left undone those things which we ought to have done, and have done those things which we ought not to have done and there is no health in us."

It is indeed heart-rending to see that so many sufferers are deeply ignorant of the real causes that produce disease. Many with no understanding at all of the surest method of eradicating disease depend for cures on drugs and surgical operations, these being the only methods which their easy-going natures would condescend to stoop to. Though such methods in many instances produce the desired results, in some they are utterly fruitless.

All disease is the result of the breach of some natural law or laws. Therefore the proper method of eradicating any disease is by putting ourselves once more under the laws which we have broken. When this is done, health will automatically manifest itself in the body. Just as a man has within his grip the power to violate natural law, he has power to correct any such violation. So there can be no diseases which cannot be cured if the physical body is made to function in accordance with the laws of nature, before it has begun to lose its hold on life. But to put oneself under the law, one must have a thorough knowledge of the operation of natural laws that govern health. To come once more under the law, one has to discipline oneself to obey the law even after acquiring a knowledge of the operation of nature's laws. These are elaborate processes which require time, patience and work from the human race.

The laws which govern health are many, but the major ones if complied with are quite sufficient to keep one in sound health throughout life and they are those that govern and control thought, breathing, the use of food and water and conserve *prana*.

The negligence to observe the liberal laws of nature has blasted the bright hopes of many a promising person and has sent them to an early grave with life unlived, with ambitions unfulfilled, with work undone. Let humanity as a whole learn to abide by the laws of nature remembering that health is not only wealth but life.

The Kingdom of Plants

BY S. SESHADRI ROW

It was an afternoon in the month of May. The disagreeable School Final Examinations had finished and the merry summer vacation approached. I returned to my village. The days were hot and dull and passed on wearily.

One evening of a dreary and monotonous day, when I was sitting in my room, my younger brother came running to me. I asked him calmly what the matter was. He said that the plants set in the garden a week before had grown taller and bigger.

"What if?" I asked. "Have plants life?" he questioned in turn. "How can the plants grow if they are not living? They are living" "Like men."

Admiring his curiosity I answered, "Yes, they eat like men. Just as our food is prepared in our kitchen with rice and other things and cooked by the help of fire so also their food is prepared with some natural substances in their green rooms which are called leaves. They cook with the help of sunlight and then utilise the food thus prepared."

"Have they store rooms to keep their food in?" "Yes, some of them are provided with store-rooms. Agave plant stores its food and water in its thick leaves. Radish or *mullangi*, for instance, stores its food in its stout main root called tap root."

"Do they ever struggle for existence and also quarrel like men?" "Yes, some plants are not honest. They struggle with other plants for space. So some weak plants climb on the stems of other bigger plants to get light, space and air. Some others are idle and parasitic in habit. They do not prepare food for themselves.

They are provided with some roots which they send into the stems of other plants and through these roots they absorb all the food-material from the host plant and after a time the host plant withers and this unwelcome guest thrives at the other's expense. In this way there are rogues and cheats also in the plant-world."

"Are there flesh eaters among plants?" "Yes, there are flesh eating plants. These are known as carnivorous plants. Pitcher plant of America, Venus Flytrap, and Bladder-wort are the plants which belong to this class. The leaf stalk of pitcher plant is like a pitcher. The pitcher is very attractive and contains some honey. It is provided with a lid and when bees enter the pitcher for the honey the lid of the pitcher closes suddenly and the bees are digested by the plants. There are other cruel plants of this type which live upon insects. They live through their power of entrapping small animals. "You can see such plants in our Natural Science museum and in the botanical gardens at Tirupati. If we want to see many more kinds of plants of this sort we can do so in the botanical gardens at Calcutta.

"Do plants feel?"

"They can feel. They respond to stimulants. They also rest during nights. Sir J. C. Bose shows experiments about the wonderful life activities of plants."

"Wonderful! it is all like a fairy story - this of plants. One day you should tell me all about the kingdom of plants."



Gleanings from Answer Papers

Annotate:— (a) *He is no bishop though he had a mitre as high as Salisbury steeple.*

(b) *The cup of Lethe was sent round.*

- Answers:—**(a) 1. Salisbury steeple is a hill in which there is a god of Empire which is very high in height.
 2. Salisbury steeple is a high tower on a church of Christianity.
 3. Mitre is a power by which the rudder of the ship is turned.
 4. Mitre is the symptom of a bishop.
 5. Mitre is the bishop's cover for the hat.
- (b) 1. They were given a cup of Lethe (Examination).
 2. This is generally done among friends when a friend of theirs desires to go on a long journey.
 3. Lethe is a liquid by means of which men's souls are put into another body.
 4. Lethe was a divine spirit which gave sensations and animations to the passengers.
 5. The cup of Lethe is a holy spirit. It was sent round to put an end to the vices. ~~Simplicity and purification pre-~~ prevailed the moment it is administered.
 6. It was a divine spirit and sent down on earth to make the men holy and pious and ~~be~~ **generous** in temperament.

Odd Sentences:—

1. A martyr is an English bird which builds its nests in the places which are exposed to danger.
2. The skeleton of a mofussil in Solenhofen was once brought to sale.
3. As regards Macaulay's style there were ups and downs, that is, bombastic in his style.
4. Everybody takes food for his own disposition in novel reading.
5. All these apprehensions were bellied.
6. Bishops should not be mouth-blind.
7. A woman's education should be the same as that of a female but only differs in this that she should try to be the queen of the home and of the state.

The Illusions of Youth

BY B. N.

YOUTH is the spring of life and a young man fancies that the world is a bed of roses where life is a thing to be enjoyed. He paints the world in his own fancy in all glowing colours. In his world objects will appear to him as self-luminous. His mind is incensed with pleasure and intoxicated with happiness which he is desirous to obtain but which is buried in the future. He forgets for the time that life presents a number of inseparable pairs of opposites. He flies on the wings of imagination to a land where sorrow is unknown and where everything is in plenty. By a power supernatural or infernal, which is only accessible to youth he bridges time and space, and drowns his mind in the ocean of joy. In brief, his mind elevated by the sweet emotions raises him to colossal heights and the ecstasy of his heart knows no bounds.

Within the four walls of the School the youth dreams the happiest dreams and the mere entry into the College lulls him in the hope that all his dreams will be realized. He is enamoured of all the beautiful phantoms which flit before his mental eye. He dreams with open eyes as a scientist or poet, as a politician or reformer. ~~The roles of the latter are more attractive to him.~~ As a politician he assumes the aspect of a terrible and dreadful revolutionary and wields extraordinary powers so as to make the mightiest peers bow down to his nod and wishes to hold the strings of the destiny of peoples in his hands to make them laugh or weep with him. As a reformer he raises the cannon of criticism against the ways and methods of the world and aspires to weave the web of socialism with the silken threads of his heart. In the meanwhile the doors of the temple of his heart will be thrown open and he begins to worship the deity of "Love", the symbolic representation of all that is pure and perfect. The highest aspirations, the best sentiments and the noblest ideals inhabit his mental world. His mind is full of the radiance of hope.

But, alas! in the whirl-gig of time he begins to understand that everything under the sun is like the apple of Sodom and that Mammon is the god of success in the world. When he realises this for the first time, oh! what a change comes over him! In the tempest of time he loses his equi-

brium and becomes a prey to the agony of his heart. He is awakened from his dreams by the tumult of the world and sees the world in its bitter reality. He now realises the keen struggle for existence in every quarter. He sees some pursuing the bubble of reputation, some amassing wealth by foul means, while many are sweating in toil and suffering the ravages of hunger. He now learns in the school of experience that there is much show in the world like the sparkling appearance of stagnant water hiding all its impurities in the bottom and that there is a snake lurking in the bed of roses ready to pounce upon and devour him. Everywhere he sees discord and wrangle, poverty and squalour, debauchery and dissipation, stagnation and death.

This spectacle and the plight of others who have run before him, prompt him to adjust himself to the ways of the world, but with the inspiration of youth still in memory, he for a time oscillates between hope and fear. But unfortunately the iron hand of Time grips him. His heart becomes cold and hard and the memories of youth fade away. Then the dark clouds of despair steal upon the mind. Then the illusions of youth vanish like mists before the sun. But what shall take their place? — That is the problem.

A Club Meeting

BY G. SESHADRI

ASK me no questions. I assure you that I am not going to tell you any lies. It is about a meeting of a club of which I was a member for a time. The club was as peculiar and extraordinary as our secretary who was almost the president of the club. Though the club had many activities, they all slowly disappeared except only one namely the *bhajana*. We used to have the *bhajana* every Saturday evening, and it had not the slightest chance of dying out as, in that, every member was getting *vade pappu*. The secretary was the harmoniumist on such occasions. His songs were more sublime than those sung by the others of the club. The club ran for a year in this manner and then came the annual meeting. Many thanks to the kind permission given by the president, the notice went its round to the hands of all the members summoning them to the meeting. The day fixed was a Sunday and the hour was 8 A. M. sharp.

I am sorry I cannot but be a little personal here. I was the late Latiff in our club. The members generously offered me this nickname because I was always late for the meetings. Anyhow I determined to be in time that morning. Fortunately or unfortunately, I had a Big Ben to help me in getting up earlier from bed. On the previous night I set the alarm hand to 5 o'clock and was sure enough that I would wake up in time. But that morning when I woke up it was six. I blinked and blamed myself for being a *Kumbhakarna* in sleep. Suddenly a doubt crossed my mind and I began to examine the Big Ben keenly. Everything was all right in it. I wondered at every part being in order and yet the alarm not striking. After a time, I concluded that it was somebody's mischief played purposely to deceive me. The person had stopped the alarm and again set it to half an hour or so after 5.

As I woke up late, and also wasted some time in pondering over the mishap, I had only a few minutes left before the meeting. I took out my 'Safety Valet' and had my face-shave. Then I got into my best clothes and hurried to my friend's house, where I had my *chota*. After *chota* I looked into my friend's wrist-watch and found it was already 7-30 A. M. Then I began to run with my loose clothes and sun goggles, having half my attention on my belt.

I reached the place of the meeting and found the president and members waiting for me. They welcomed me with all their wonted affection calling me Late Latiff once more. The meeting-place was not a big hall but only an ordinary *pandal* which looked like aameleon from a distance. Yet on it seemed to be written the boast,

"If on earth be Eden of bliss
It is this, it is this, none but this."

On entering, I found that there was no distinction made in the arrangement of seats. Not even a single chair was there but all round mats were spread whereon people could sit and feel comfortable. Even the president enjoyed only the honour of sitting on a mat and it would have been impossible for a stranger to recognise this dignitary.

The pot now began to boil, so to say. The report for the year and the names of the members, excepting two or three, who were all in arrears of subscription were read out. The president exhorted the defaulters to pay their arrears as soon as possible. The members simply nodded their heads so as to mean 'yes' and 'no' at the same time. Suddenly a member proposed

that the club should subscribe for a newspaper. On this suggestion, one member said, *Swarajya* !; another pleaded for *The Times of India*. Now a young man rose from his seat, who almost resembled the mark of Interrogation and said, "Mr. President, why should we not get *Evening Mail* ? " The discussions grew more and more loud till at last it turned to a problem whether the club should subscribe for a newspaper or not. When votes were called for many lifted both their hands, some only one, while a few others never cared to drill at all. Anyhow, good or bad, the decision of the problem was adjourned to the next meeting. Thus terminated our wonderful meeting.



Great Thoughts

Frozen Love.

THERE is a great deal of love that lacks affectionateness. Some one speaks of beautiful cathedrals with all their splendid architecture as "frozen music." There is a great deal of frozen love in this world. It is stately, strong and beautiful, but it lacks tender expression. It lies cold and crystal in the heart, and never flows out in tenderness of word or act. There are hundreds of homes in our land in which there is love that would die for its dear ones if there were need, while yet in those very homes hearts are starving for love's daily bread.

The Effects of Words.

THERE are words spoken quietly and coldly which break like the lightning-flash, bearing on their blighting wings sad desolation which years cannot repair. On the other hand, there are simple words which, treasured in memory, hang like bright stars of joy and cheer in dark nights of sorrow and trial. Keep ever speaking true words, kindly, loving words, wherever you go, and you will some day find them again in benedictions in the hearts of those who have heard them.

From *In Green Pastures*.

భక్తి గానము.

~*~*~*~

[“కీ”మదాంధ్ర సాహిత్య పరస్వతి”. కవిరత్న సరశింహశర్మ].

సీహారాద్రి కిరీటమై వెలుగంగా నిత్యంబు నానానదీ
బాహూమల శీకరంబులుదగ న్నాసిల్లహారంబులై
బాహుశ్యంబును సస్యశోభితమునై మాదివృదేశంబువే
మాహాత్మ్యంబులఁ జాటినేడకట! తాబంధంబుఁగాంచెంగదా!
ఆహా! ఇట్టిదెన్నాయమానాకొరమేశా! దీనచింతామణీ!

౧

కరచాతుర్యము మీఱఁగా వస్త్రతతులంఁగావించి మున్నెంతయుఁ
భరమా సంపదతోడూతి న్వలసి మాధవ్యదేశంబు కటా!
భరియింపగనురాని దాస్యమునఁ దాబాధలోపడన్నేడయో!
తరియింపగను దారిజూపవె? సురేశా! దీనచింతామణీ!

౨

పరదేశస్థులు “స్వర్ణభూమి యిదియో భావింప నీదేశముఁ
వరలుఁ “బంగరు భూమిహంబు”లనుచు న్నాగల్ సమూహంబుగా
నరుగుండెంచియుఁ గొల్లవెట్టిరిగదా అత్యంతమా సంపదఁ
తనమా! ఇప్పటి దేశదైన్య గతులందాల్పంగ “సాలీలకుఁ
కటవయ్యెగద నోచినాతె”బలి! గామా! దీనచింతామణీ!

౩

పసుపుంగుంకుమ కజ్జిలంబుసిరియు న్నాంగల్యము న్నట్టెలుఁ
అసదా రూపముఁబోవఁగా విధవయేయాగాదె ఏనారియుఁ
వసమా దాసికి శీర్షమెత్తి దిరుగం భామాసహస్రంబులొ?
అసమా! యిప్పుడు దేశమాతకడియే హాహారంబయ్యెహా!
అసువులె చాల్పంగనొనె మాకునితరానూ! దీనచింతామణీ!

౪

ప్రభువా! పూర్వము తల్లిదాస్యమును బాపంగ న్నరుద్ధతుఁడే .
ప్రభవిచెంగడ తెచ్చెఁగావొకొ సుదాభాండందు మోదంబుతో
అభవా! యిప్పుడు దేశదాస్యగతులన్నంతంబు నేయంగనే
విభవాత్పుండు జనించునో తెలుపరావే! దీనచింతామణి!

౫

[నా“భక్తి గానము”నుండి]

వివిధ పత్రికారాజములం బ్రకటింపబడి పండిత ప్రకాండుల మెప్పు
గాంచిన నా యీ “భక్తిగానము”నతి కాలంబున వెలువడును. (క. న. శ.)

శ్రీరామచంద్రాయనమః.

మేవాదు శౌర్యాగ్ని.



సముఘన-నగరము-రంగము-యద్ధభూమి.

(ప్రవేశము) సుహారాజా జస్వంతశింగు - గాయములతో

అక్కట, నేడెట్టి దుర్దినము! అరిజన భయంకరుండ నై, యసహాయ శూరుం
డనై, సకల భవనా వహదక్షుఁడనై, రజపుత్రశంక ప్రదీపితివ్య సమన్వితుఁడగు
నాకు పరాజయమా! పరాజయమా! హతవిధి! ఏంతవాని నెంతలో యెట్టిదుర్దశకు
దెచ్చితివి! జన్మజన్మాంతరంబుల నైన నాకీయపనిండ యెట్లుపాము! అయ్యో! ఈ
తుచ్ఛపు జీవముండుటకన్న, యారణ్యమందు నాయగువులు బాసిపోయినను ఎది
యొక్కింత తృప్తిజెందియుండుగాని, జీవచ్ఛవంబునై యేల సీరితి బ్రతికియున్నాడ!
ఇంకను నేమిగలుగవలయునో గదా!

తే. గీ॥ అక్కట గణమున నీల్గిన | యిట్లు సుగతి |
గాని జీవచ్ఛవంబునై | గనల జాల |
మాలదైవమా! యీగతి | మనుమటంచు |
ఏలజేసితి వపకృతి | యేమి జేతు ॥

అయ్యో! అలనాడాచక్రవర్తి పాజహానుని సాన్నిధ్యంబున, యెట్టిప్రతాప
వంతునైన యవలీల దునుముదునని బీరంబులు పలికి నేడు యద్ధము తలస్థుమగు
తరి, నేనోపటయిగాక, యూతనిముద్దు కుమారు, నారాకా సుధాకరాననుని,
నిష్కళంక ప్రపూర్ణ తేజోవంతుని, దారాను సహా, నన్ను నమ్మివచ్చి నందులకై
నాతోడి పరాజయ మనుభవింపజేసితివే! ఇక నేగతి యావృద్ధ చక్రవర్తి సన్నిధాన
మునకేపో నోవుదు. ఇంతకును కానుంబు గాయందుల కిరవగుటఁ జేసి, నేనేవ
నేరకున్నాడ! ఒక్కమాతా సర్వమత సమాదరుండును, సర్వజన సహృదర
తుల్యుండునగు యానారాను నాప్రియస్నేహితుని, నాబహిః ప్రాణంబును. కన్నా
రగాంచెదనన్ను శక్తి లేకున్నదే! ఛీ ఈ దేహముబుదుబదము, అనిత్యము, నీచగంధ
సమాశ్రితము. అందున, మదీయతనువ ప్రతిహతమగు కళంకావాసము.
శాశ్వతాపవాద సమన్వితము. దుశ్చరితావాసము. దీనికొఱకై నేనింత
పరితపింపవలయునే! ఎట్టులేని రణరంగంబు పలుమలు కలయవెదకి మలనాదా
రానుదెచ్చి, మనప్రాణంబు పోవుదాక నంగరంబొనర్చి, వీరస్వర్గంబు జూరగొందు!
హా! భరతమాతా! వీరజనప్రపూతా! జస్వంతశింగున కింకను కొనయూపిరి
యున్నది సుమా! చూడుము. (అనిలేవబోయి లేవలేక క్రిందపడి) రెండు
చేతులతో ఫాలము మోచుకొనుచు) తల్లీ హైందవ రాజ్యలక్ష్మీ! నేలే చుటకు
గూడ నశక్తుడను గావించితివే! ధర్మమునడుగంట జేసితివే! కొంత నీకొనయూపిరి
నాకు త్రకంబోయలేవా! తల్లీ నేనీదాసుఁడగానా! ప్రియపుత్రుఁడుగానా! పరా
క్రాంతిము గావించిన నీచుండనా! లేక తుచ్ఛతురుష్కుల గొల్పితివా! ఏలపలు
కపు! ప్రతిధ్వనియేగానరాదె! అవును. నీవనూయ గొనీకుదగును. నేనేమింద
భాగ్యుడను. మహాపరాధిని! మాతృదేవతకు నీచానునీచమునైన యీపరమ
సహనాదక్షుఁడనగు యారంగజేబు, దాస్యశృంఖలిముల దఃఖించుచుండిన మాత్యు
యైతికుండ! అక్కటా సకల రసపుత్ర జనంబుల కపరిమిత సంతాపకారణుండగు
యీతపట ఫణీరు, ఔరంగజేబు, బాల్యంబునుండియు పరమత యసహనమును,
స్వమత పక్షపాతంబును, మతియు హిందూజననిర్మూలనమును కోరియుండిన కుటి
లుఁడు. ఇట్టివానికా జయస్కీ. ఇట్టివానికా యాసేతుకీతాచల శాసన
సమర్థయ సమాన భాసుర తేజాశాలియును యగ్భరు మహాచక్రవర్తి గద్దయ

నర్వమతనమాదర రంజన దక్షయగు యాడిల్లి పురపాలనము! హా! జన్మదేశమా! ఒక్కమాటు పెళ్ళన విటగి, పృథ్వీకాల ప్రతాపశేజంబు సనలోలయంబు గావించుకొనురా! నేనీ ప్రాణంబులతో నిలువజాల! చాల! (మూర్ఛయి, మరల దెప్పిరిల్లి) నాసైన్యమైననున్నదేమో చూచెద! (అని వెనచేటివై యెరగిచూచి) అక్కటా! ఏందుచూచినను రణరంగంబున నారసపుత్ర వీరశిఖామణుల రక్తధారలే గాన్పించుచున్నవే! మహాభీకర రణరంగమునకు, నామిత్రులగు ప్రతాపవీరుల బలికెట్టి నేమగుడ నెట్లుబోదు! కఠినతర రణభూమి కాహుతులగు నాయోధ వర్గముతో గూడ నే నిందేయాతపబాధకు మండి, మండి మసియై, జచ్చెద. ఈ వికారాకారముతో నే మరల పురంబునకు పోజాల! కాక ఘాతంబులకును, సృగాల మాంస ప్రియ తడితర జఠాసంతతికిని, మదీయ తనవు అహారం బొగాక! ఆయ్యో సహస! కిరణుడతి తీక్షణుడై తాపము బెంచుచున్నాడు. హాహాహా! అని మూర్ఛబోవును.

(ప్రవేశము) ఔరంగజేబు, రాజాజయశింగు, కొందఱు రసపుత్ర యోధులు.
(జయశింగు— పృవేశించి)! నకల భారత భవనాద్యక్షా! అలంగర్ చక్రవర్తి! సల్లాములు.

ఔరంగజేబు— మహారాజ జయశింగుగారు! క్షేమమా!. బంగాళమునుండి యెప్పుడు వచ్చితిరి?.

జయశింగు— ఇప్పుడే ఘాజాను కాశీయందు నోడించి, తరిమివైచి, దారా మీ చేవరాజుగారు విని జయధ్యానముల గావింప వచ్చితిని.

ఔరంగజేబు— మంచిది. మహారాజా! మీబోటి పురపాలనములుండుటం బట్టియే మామొగలు నామాజ్య మింతవరకు సాగినది! మీయందలి కృపా కటాక్షవిక్షణములనంది, నిరంకుశంబుగ హిందూస్థానమునేగాక దక్కనుగూడ పాలింప గడగిన మాపితామహుడు. తదుపరి మీయందలి దయకు పాత్రుడై వెలసిన మాతండ్రి పాజిహాను నెంతయు ప్రజ్ఞా భ్యుంజు. వీరందరిని జూచినే నెంతయు మిమ్ముల సత్కరింప నన్వహించెను. అయినను అల్లా దయచేతనే నీరణమున యాదారాను నోడించి తరుమ

జాలితిని. అయిన దెట్లో అనుపోయినది. మాతండ్రితాతల నేరీతి మీరు ప్రాణ సమానులుగా నెంచి గొలచితిరో, యట్లే నాసామ్రాజ్యంబున సహాయుండ వలయు ని నాకోరిక ఇందులకే ముందువు!

జయశింగు— (స్వగతము) హా! ఈతఁడెంత కపటాత్ముఁడు. తేనెపూసిన కత్తి నలె పలుకుచున్నాడు. పయోవిష కుంభమని మింతకును విన్నవాడకాని యిప్పుడు ప్రత్యక్షముగా జూచుచున్నాను. బాల్యంబునుండియు వీని గుణములు నాకుఁదెలియనివిగాదు. ప్రకాశముగా) పాదుసా! మీ బోంట్లు యోచింపకాదన దెంతవారము. అయినను మామిత్రుఁడు మే వాడు భూపతి మహారాజా జన్మంతశింగు కానండేమి? ఆతని జూచుటకై నామంబు తత్తరపడుచున్నది. అతఁడు మహాయోధుఁడు నుమా!

ఔరంగ— ఔను మొదటినుండియు మీరుమాట గొల్పి త్వారలే! జయశింగూ! దారావద్దచేరి మమ్మెదరించితిరని మీరించుకయేని యనుమానపడవలదు. మీరు రాజకీయోద్యోగులు రాజు పనిచినపనినెల్ల చేయుదురు. గాన మీయందు వోనంబు లేకఁబుగూఢలేదు. మిమ్ములమన్నించినాడను నుమా!

జయ— సత్యమా!
ఔరంగ— సత్యము సత్యము అల్లాతోడు. మన్నించితి.
జయ— అట్లెయిన నామిత్రునిజన్మంతశింగును నెదకుదము రమ్ము.
ఔరంగ— నెదకుట కెందుబోయెను! ఆతడిచ్చటనే యున్నాడని నేవకుఁడొకం డిప్పుడే చెప్పిపోయె!
జయ— అట్లెయిన యాతని కడకుపోదమురమ్ము.
(అని అందఱుపోయి మూర్ఛితుడగు జన్మంతశింగు చెంతచేరుదురు).

జయ— (జన్మంతశింగును పరికించిచూచి) అక్కటా మిత్రమా! జన్మంతశింగూ! (అనిఁగిలిచి మారురానందున) హస్తపరీక్షచేసి) ఓయినేవకా! మామిత్రుఁడు మూర్ఛితుఁడైయున్నవాడు. తక్షణము చేరువజలంబు కొంతదెమ్ము.

సేవకు— చిత్తము (అని జలము దెచ్చయివచ్చును)

జయ— (గొంతులోపోసి, ముఖమును గాయములు కడగి జల్లుగాలి విసరును).
జన్మంతశింగు తెప్పిరిల్లి కన్నులు విచ్చిచూచి సఖా జయశింగు! నీకెంతయు
సకృతజ్ఞుడను సుమా! పోయిన ప్రాణముల మఱిదెచ్చి నాకపకృతి గావించితిని.

జయ— అదేమి! మిత్రమా! అట్లు సెలవిచ్చితివి. నేనుండగ నీకేల యిట్టి నిస్సహజనించె.

జన్మ— పరాజయమునకు నాకు నిస్సహజాక వేరేమున్నది.

జయ— మిత్రమా! ఇంద్రపజయమేమున్నది?

జన్మ— దాదా యోధులయే?

జయ— ఎవ్వరిచేత?

జన్మ— ఔరంగజేబు మురాదునచేత!

జయ— వీరు చక్కవర్తి కుమారులుగారా!

జన్మ— అవును. అయినను దాదా యగ్రజుడగుదా! రాజ్యముతనిదిగానికని
మృతగు ఔరంగజేబున కెట్లురాదగును!

జయ— మిత్రమా! అగ్రజుడు, కనిష్ఠుడు మొదలగు రాజ్యర్థ సూత్రములు
హైందవులకుగాని మొగలులకు గాదని తెలియుదు వానికి రాజ్యములు
కత్తివై యాధారములు. ఎవ్వడు శూరుడో వాడు రాజ్యమునకు రావ
లయుగాని యగ్రజుడైనను పిరికిపండియేల! దేహంబు రణంబులచే కడు
నొచ్చియున్నది కదా!

జన్మ— మిత్రమా! నీవచనముల మృతముభంగి మరల పునర్జీవితముగావించినవి
సుమా! అవును నీచెప్పిన వాక్యము సత్యము. మనచక్కవర్తి పాజిహాను
సహితము రణముననే రాజయ్యె. ఆతని తండ్రిసలీము సహితమారీతినే
యవలంబించె. అయినను జన్మించినదాదిపరాజయ మెఱుగని నాక
కడు విపాదముకు పరాజయమబ్బించి కదా!

జయ— మరిలి పరాజయము పరాజయమనియేల పలికెదవు! ఇడుగో! ఆభారత
చక్కవర్తి అలంఘీరు మనయెదుటనే నిలిచి మనలమన్నించి మనల ప్రాపును
గోరుచు నేయున్నాడు. చూడము.

(అని చిన్నగా లేవనెత్తును).

జన్మ— (చూచి) అహా! చక్కవర్తిగారూ! సల్లాములు.

ఔరం— జన్మంతశింగు మహారాజా! సల్లాములు.

జన్మ— పాదుషా ప్రభువా! మమ్ములజూచుటకు నైన తగనని నాయంతరాశ్మ
లోన ప్రభోదింపుచున్నయది. అయినను తామే యట్టియెడనను వెదకు
చువచ్చుటజేసి మీఘునత సంతయుగొని యాడుచున్నాను. నాతప్పు
మీరస్యధా భావంపరాదు సుమా!

ఔరం— మహారాజా! రసపుత్ర బలము ప్రతిహతమని మేమెఱుగుదుము. మా
కడనుంచి నాలుగు తరములనుండి మమ్ము కాపాడుచున్న సచుర్గులగు మీ
క్షేమము లారయుటకన్న వేరేమిగావలయును. మమ్ముల మన్ని సదగ్గత
ప్రేమయు మీకడ గోచరింపలేదు. అయినను మీరు మాక్షమాపణ
గోరుటచే, వలయు క్షమాపణలనెల్ల యిచ్చితిని. తామింక తమ వాసం
బునకు దయచేయుదు. జన్మంతశింగూ! నీభీరణ శూరుని గొనిపోయి నిజ
వాసంబు జేర్చుము. భార్యాపుత్రాదులరయు చుందురు.

జన్మ— చిత్తము.

ఔరం— జన్మంతశింగు రాజాగారూ! మీరిత్తరినుండి పాంచాలదేశ హద్దులకడ
సకల మొగలు శిబ్బందికి నాధుడవై మాయాజ్ఞ నెరవేర్చుచుండవలయు
సుమా! ఇదే సల్లాములు.

(నిష్క్రమింతురు).

జన్మంతశింగు నచ్చుటచూచి, అతనిభార్య ఆహా! ఇడుగో రసపుత్ర వంశ
కళంకుడువచ్చుచున్నాడు. ప్రాణనాథుడని నైన ప్రేమ కలుగుచున్నదిగాని
లోన గుప్పుగుప్పుమని యనారతమర్యార్యమై బొగులు మేవాడు శౌర్యాగ్ని.

యీతని ముఖము తిలకింప యనర్హుడని జాటుచున్నది.

ఉ॥ పాకట సదృశుండు ఘనబాహు బలాన్వితమానితుడతే
జోక మనీషుమూర్తియురు శోభితశ్రేష్ఠ విఫాలచూళిమే
ధాకరుణాయుతుండు కడుతంత్ర సుధీర గుణాన్వితుండు కీ
లాకరశాంతమూర్తి రణ లాంఛనుడైందురు గాని భర్తయే!

రణరంగంబున పరాజితుడై తిల్లబిల్లుటకన్న మిన్నయగు కాంతరీతి, లజ్జాభరం బులుమాని, శౌర్యాగ్ని నెల్ల యపరాంబుధి చల్లార్చుకోని మరల, స్మృశాన వాటి నుండి యరుడేరు నూతనవిధ వాసనితబోలి వచ్చుచున్నాడు. ఆహా! నీచము. నీచము నిష్కళంకమై, నిగుపమానమై, అనిర్యార్యమై, యప్రతిహతమై, యనహ్యంబై, వేయేల సకల రసపుత్రుల విజృంభితశౌర్య దవాగ్నియై ప్రజ్వలించున్న మేవాడు వంశకళంకుడవైతివి. నాథా! ఛీ నిన్ను నాథాయని పిలువ నాకు వాయిరాకున్నది. ఇట్టి నాథుని జీవచ్ఛవమును, గూడియుండుటకన్న యనాథనై యుండుటయే మాబోటి ఏమాతలకు శ్రేయస్కరము. నీవొక్క డవు బచ్చితివా యాకళంక మంతరించును. లేకున్న నిండువేసవిని ముడుదవాగ్ని బాతి నాప్రియతనయుడు అపురిసిండు గ్రహించె నాతరరములకు శాశ్వతమై కూకటివేళ్లతో సహూర్చి భస్మీభూతము గావించునుకదా! నీవును నీవెంట సహగమనముజేసి నేనును యింతటితో జీవయాత్రల తుదముట్టింపి యుకడిన మనకే కొఱతయుండెడిది. పాపము శాతించుగాక. పాపము శాతించునుగాక. హైందవ స్త్రీలకునాథుడే పరిదైవముగానండ యిట్టిదయ్యము నాకు సంప్రాప్తం బాయెనే, రణరంగంబున నిహతుడవై యుండినను సంతసించియుండునే! మరల యిట్లేలవచ్చితివి. దలచుకొలదిని నాదేహము నిలుపున దగ్ధమగుచున్నది. ఛీ! నీ వీయింటనుండ ననర్హుడవు. అప్రతిమాన పతిభారణ విశారదుల గాంచు నానయంబు లీమానవాకార పిశాచ తుల్యసజీవ కళేబరంబుగాంచ జాలకున్నయవి. నీవీయింటనుండ నర్హుడవైతివి. ఎటకేనిపోయి గజ్జపిషాచలంబులచే నైదం ముదునలి ముగుడరీతి పాగొంబు గోలుపొమ్మ. (అని ద్వారపాలు మూసి వైచును.)

ప్రవేశము జన్మంతశింగు— సుదతీ తలుపులదీయుము.

భార్య— ఎవడవు నీవిందుల నుండుటకు యసహాయ శూరతత్వంబున యరుల మను మాడినశౌర్య లక్ష్మీ సమన్వితుల నివాసమిది నీబోటిపరాజయ పురుషదూష స్త్రీసముదాయంబునకు గాదు. ఇందుచోటులేదు. వెనుకకు మఱియు. రణరంగంబుననే యిల్లు నీచేతి నిశితకరవాలమే నీమనోహరి. అరిజన వినాశమే నీపరమావధి. ఏరీతి మరల నిచటికి రాగల తివి. ఇంచుకయైన నీకు మతిలేదా! పెడలిపొమ్ము. నీవు భర్తపుత్రావు, నేను భార్యనుగాను ఇట్టిపిరికి పండుల కాలుకావలయు కాబోలు! మీబోటి మగవాడలు మారనపుత్ర వంశగంబున స్త్రీ సమానులనునది మఱి జెప్ప వలయునే! నాతోసమానుడ వైతివి పొమ్ము

జను— తల్లీ రాజపుత్రశౌర్య స్వరూపిణీ! వందనములు ముందునా మనవి గైకొనుము.

భార్య— మనవిగైకొన సామమా చెప్పవచ్చును.

జను— జననీ శాకతింపుము నేజయశింగును.

భార్య— జయశింగుగారా! అన్నా! దయచేయుడు.

జను— మాయన్న జన్మంతశింగుగారు బాధచేత కడుబడలి యున్నవారు వారిశౌర్యము మీరెఱుగనిదిగాదు ఎట్టులనో వారివోదార్పి గొని వచ్చియున్నాను ముందు తలుపులదీయుము వారిని శయ్యచేర్చి తరువాత వృత్తాంతము చెప్పెదను.

భార్య— (తలుపుదీసి) దయచేయుడు (అనియుచితముగ మగ్నాదచేయును).

జను— తల్లీ రసపుత్రవంశ తేజోరూపిణీ! ఈయుద్ధములు మనహిందూ దేశసంప్రదాయముల ననుసరించివవిగావు. సింహాసనమున కగ్రజుడే యుద్ధుడని కొరాను శాస్త్రమందున్నట్లు గాన్పింపదు. అదియుచుగాక యీలాటి యుద్ధములు మొగలు ప్రభుత్వమున చాలాకాలము నుండి వచ్చుచున్నవి పాపహీను చక్రవర్తికి దారా కుమారుడును, బౌరంగ జేలు కుమారుడు

గాకపోవుటయు యగునా! వారి వంశమువారే రాజగుచున్నారు. అం
దులగురించి మరేమియు చింతింపకుము. పాడుపా ఆలంఘింపు మాతోమీ
త్రిగోరి మమ్ముల రణరంగముననే మన్నించి, నామిత్రునికి పాంచాల
పాంతముల దళాధిపత్య మొసంగియున్నాడు గాన శాంతింపుము. గణ
రంగమున మిక్కిలి నొచ్చియున్న నీరాధుని మన్నింపుము. పోచయ్యచేసి
యాతని సంతయు దీర్చుము. ఇంకను తూలనాడితివేని మ నో వే ద న
చేయాతఁడు విగతజీవుడౌనుమా! అందుచే నకల రసపుత్రుల కవకార
మొనర్చిన రావణాదువు సుమా! నీనింత చెప్పివందులకు నన్ను చన్నింపు
ము. ఇదిగో నావందన శతంబులు, ఓశాంతిః శాంతిః శాంతిః.

(అని వెళ్లును).



శ్రీ గిరి రాయ సందేశము.

(భాద్రాత్రయ నరసింహ శ్రీనివాస సోదరులు.)

అవరదిక్కున నానూర్పుఁ డస్తమింప
పతివియోగంబునకుజాల పరితపించి
సాగనుగుల్మకు ప్రకృతి సౌక్తి, దీర్ఘ
చింతలోధీర స్వాంతంబు జిక్కిపోవ
ముదముఁ చొలగెను సంతనా ముఖమువాడె
విరులు చిందెనుఁ గొప్పను వీడిపోయె
నొసటి కుంకుమ కారగా విసుగుఁజెంది
భయముఁదోపట్ట మనమున పగువులిడుచు
కారుమబ్బున దాగెనా శాంతయంత
నిర్మలానంద సౌభాగ్య నీలహర్ష్య
మున వెలుంగుచు వచ్చినం పూర్ణశశియు
భృత్యబాంధవులెల్లనా ప్రభునిఁగొల్వ
ధవళకీర్తి ప్రతాపంబు ధరను వెలసె
శత్రురాజ్యంబు గోల్పోవ సంతసమున
కలువలెల్లడ నవ్వెను కలతఁదేరి
శశిసఖులుఁజేరవచ్చిరి శాంతితోడ
చల్లదనమునభూమి ప్రశాంతమయ్యె
మదనపురికినిఁ బడచుర ముదముఁగోడఁ
గొంతదవ్వేగి నిసకలోఁ గూరుచుండి
సోదరులుమేము సంతోష సూక్తివోప
మాటలాఁడుచునుండి, న మ్మాటలుడుగ
తెలుఁగుబాషను నీయాంధ్ర దేశమందు
విస్తరింపంగఁజేయ నె విధమటంచు

'జ్ఞానవల్లిక' పృథ్వీకై తనివిదీర -
 చింతనముఁ జేయుచుంటిమి చిత్తమందు
 సుకృతిగాంచిన మనజులు సొంపుమీర
 దివినినెలఁకొని చుక్కలై తేజరిల్ల
 భువిని వృత్తంబు నారయ నూవెయంచు
 ధరణీకరుడెంచె నోయన తారజాత
 అంతలో చామవామనా కారుణికడు
 తెల్లవలువనుఁ గట్టియు నల్లకోటు
 తెంపుగాఁదాల్చి కనుల క డ్దములఁజేర్చి
 ఎఱ్ఱనాగానుఁ జట్టియు నెడమవైపు
 వల్లనాటును వేసుక వచ్చెనెమట
 దిగులు దిగ్గ్రమ మనముల దేవులాడ
 కనులఁజూపుచు మధ్యమై కానఁబడియె
 శోకనాదంబు వీనుల నొకగానె
 కనులు నిగుడించి, చిట్టించిఁ కనుగొనంగ
 లోకకణముల గార్చుచు నాతురముగ
 జెప్పదొడఁగెను నిట్లని జేచ్చహెచ్చ
 ఖాద్రినరసింహ సోదరుల్ కాతెమీరు
 నన్న నెఱిగియు భయమేల నన్నలార
 శిష్యులేమీరునాకిల చేరి! గొల్వ
 నరుగుదెంచినవారు మీ కగు శుభంబు
 యనుకరింపంగఁ జేయవి ద్వారీసరుల
 దానములమించు విద్యావి ధానమందు
 ధనము నర్పంబు జీవమే ధారవోసి
 సేవయే నూనవులకెందు శ్రేష్ఠమంచు
 యుడుతభక్తిని నెఱపితి నోర్పుతోడ
 నాడుకృష్ణాలయంబున నామనంబు

విప్పినదివీతి సూక్తుల విదితముగను
 కట్టితిని నాదుచేతికి కంఠణముగ
 దారణదేశ మారకా ధారమంచు
 నేమగాంచగ విద్యార్థి నేర్పులెల్ల
 ప్రక్కలయ్యెను నాగుండె పెక్కులేల
 ఖిదరే భారమంచను సుద్దియేడ!
 దేశభారంబు మోయునా దేశమేడ!
 ధరణీకలెల్ల దెగిచు భాగ్యమేడ!
 నరుసరివియెల్ల భ్రాంతియే వాస్తవముగ.
 దివ్యజ్ఞానంబు నెఱుపుచు ద్రేకమెల్లు
 'అన్న మోరాను' యనవారి యాకలడఁచు
 తత్వజ్ఞంబు బడయునా దరమెల్లు
 శల్యములఁజూచి బీసించు చలినిఁబాపు
 కర్మజ్ఞానంబు లొకమూస కలసెనేని
 మణిఁదాపిన బంగార మోనుగాదె
 పేమరాజ్యంబు నెలకొల్పు పృథివియందు
 కరుణమే సాధనంబని గాంచరాదె
 అన్యుఁజూసి మంత్రంబు నరయకున్న
 కల్లునాముక్తి వీరికి కల్లగాదె
 ఏమిసేయుదు? సీబంధ మెట్లువీడ?
 పెద్దనిద్దుకాని నా కెద్దిశాంతి
 సర్వభోగంబులకుమాని శ్రద్ధతోడ
 కాచియున్నాడ నీకళా కర్మశాల
 అనుచు నిట్టూర్పు నిగుడించు నంతలోన
 మేటియకా మేఘమొక్కటి మింగె జందు
 కృమకృమంబునఁ చీకట్లు కృమ్ముకొనగ

భోరుని గాలిపిచెనబోయనంగ
కలిగెవర్షంబు మేఘంత కడలిపోన
గురువుదైవం బటన్ని లోకోక్తియవల
మనమునందోప భక్తిసం పార్థనమున
దెలియఁ బల్కితి మెల్లను జేటగాను
రాయసంచేశ మే మిలయల రాకునట్లు
కానవిగ్వాగులార! మీ కాలమందు
సల్పుచోపి నదంతయు శాంతముగను,
కీర్తియే కాశ్వితంబిల కనుక నేల
సత్వరంబుగ చేయుడు సాధ్యమెల్ల.

దురదృష్ట వంతుడు.

పి. రామయ్య I క్లాసు.

“తాతగారు! వారిబంగళా యెంతదూరమున్నదోగదా? ఇప్పటికి సుమారు రెండు మైళ్లు నడచినాము” అనుచు పదునైదు వత్సరముల బాలిక తనకోమల హస్తమునందొక మూటనిడుకొని ఇంచుమించుగా యేబదియైదు సంవత్సరముల నడిమివయస్కుడగు యొక పొడుగరి వెంటనడచి పోవుచుండెను. పైప్రశ్నకు తల్లి మొసంగక యే యతడా విధియందుగల విలాసపు పలకలనెల్ల దిలకించుచు బోవుచుండెను. అంతనాబాలిక “తాతగారు! నిజముగా నాకుచాల యలసటయగుచున్నద”ని మృదుమధుర స్వరంబున బలుక “అయ్యో! పీపుచాల యలసితివి. అదిగో అక్కడదో బండి గనబడుచున్నది. దాని నదైకు బుచ్చుకొనవచ్చును. పద” యనుచు యామధురవాణిని బుజ్జగించుచు ముందు నడువసాగెను. ఇప్పుడాయరువురు పీఠులన్నిదాటి పురబహిః ప్రదేశమున యొక పెద్దబాటననుసరించిరి.

కొంతదూర మేగినతరువాత యటనున్న బండివానిని బిలచి “అయ్యో యీబండి నదైకు తీరుకవచ్చెదవా?” యని యడిగిరి. అంత వాడు “లేదండి యిదివరకే యాయనగారికి బచ్చుకొన్నాన”ని యచటనున్న యొక పందొమ్మిది వత్సరముల ప్రియపు యువకుని జూపెను. నడిమివయస్కుడగు నాపెద్ద మనుష్యుడొక దీర్ఘమగు నిట్టూర్పుబుచ్చి “ఇంతపెద్ద పట్టణమున యీడినయొక బండి యైన దొరకుండుట చాల యాశ్చర్యముగనున్నది”. ఇదివరకు బండిలోగూర్చొని దేనివోగూర్చి దీర్ఘలోచన జేయుచున్న యాయువకుడు క్రిందికిదిగివచ్చి మిక్కిలి యలసియున్న యాయువతీపుగుఘటనుజూచి “మీరు చాలదూరము నడచినచ్చి నట్లున్నది. యెక్కడికి బోవుచుంటిర”ని యడిగెను. పురుషుడు “అయ్యో! దిస్ట్రిక్టు మునిసిఫ్ సోమనాథరావుగారి బంగళాకు పోవుచున్నాము. నాకేమియు అలసట దోచుటలేదు గాని యీ బాలిక చాలబడలియున్నది. సోమనాథరావు గారి బంగళా యెంతదూరమున్నది”. యువకుడా బాలిక ముఖమెగయజూచి యొకింతకాలమెల్ల నిస్తంభుడై మాటలేక నిలువబడెను. ఎట్టకేలకు తనయవస్థకు తానే సిగ్గుజెంది తెప్పిరిలి “ఎంతో దూరములేదు మూడునాల్గు పర్లాంగు లుండును. ఓరిబండివాడ నీనిక్కడనే యుండును. వీరిని నీబండిలో గూర్చుండ బెట్టుకొని సోమనాథరావుగారి బంగళాయొద్ద విడిచిరా నీకింకా యెక్కువ డబ్బి స్తాన”ని చెప్పెను. ఇదివరకు నేలవంకనే జూచుచుండిన యాబాలిక యింతటి కరుణ మయుడగు యాయువకుడెవరని కన్నెత్తిజూచెను. అమృతధారలొలుకు యాచూపులాయువకుని స్వర్గద్వార సోపానపంక్తి నెక్కుచున్న మహాత్మునివలె బ్రహ్మానంద భరితునిగావించెను. ఇతనాలస్యముజేసిన కాలమతిక్రమించునని యానడిమి వయస్కుడగు పురుషుడు “అయ్యో మీదయకెంతయు కృతజ్ఞుడను మీపేరేమొ యడుగవచ్చునా?” యువకుడు “నాపేరు రామారావు, మీపేర డుగవచ్చునా?” పురుషుడు “నాపేరు విశ్వనాథం” అంత రామారావు “అయ్యో గాడ్స్కువగు చున్నది. బండెక్కుడ”ని తొందరబెట్టెను. విశ్వనాథం “అమ్మాయి విమలా బండెక్కు”మని తొందరబెట్టెను. ఇంతలో బండివాడు బండికి గుట్టమునుగట్టి బండి తయారుగావించెను. విమలా విశ్వనాథుల బండి నెక్కిరి. బండినడుచుచుండ విమలా రామరావులు ఒకరినొకరు జూచుకొనుచు కంటికిగవళువరకట్ల పరస్పరావలో కనపరులైరి.

రామారావు కాకినాడలో పితాపురము రాజావారి కళాశాలయందు యిం
టర్ మీడినేటు తరగతి జదువుచుండెను. ఒకనాడు మాధ్యాహ్నమతః కళాశాల
కేసునికి తానానాడుగాంచిన యువతిగూడ తనతరగతియందె గూర్చొని
యుండెను. అతడది గాంచి మిక్కిలి యాశ్చర్యము నొందెను. అతని మిత్రు
డొకడఁ బెరేరాము యీమాటలు మన Class కు Lady Students చాలామంది
వస్తారంట అదిగో అప్పుడే ఒకావిడవచ్చినది, యీవిడ District మునుసిపల్ గారి
భార్య అప్పకూతురలు" రామారావేమియు బలుకలేదు నిశ్చబ్దముగ తన స్థలమున
కేగి గూర్చుని దీర్ఘాలోచన పడుచుండెను. కళాశాలయందు మాధ్యాహ్నమున
స్వస్థించుచుండగా యతనికొక్క విషయముగూడ ముసుస్సినకొక్కలేదు. అతడు
వివిధములగు భావనాలోకమునందు నిరాఘాటముగ దిరుగుచుండెను. కళాశాల
ముగిసెను. రామరావంటకేగెను. అతనికి ప్రపంచమంతయు విచిత్రమయ
మైయుండెను.

తల్లి ఫలహారమునంగెను గాని యతనికిది నుచిందలేదు. అతడు వెంటనే
తనగదిలోనికేగి తలుపుమూసుకొనిను. హృదయమతిదారుణ విషయములతో
నయ్యెను. ప్రణయమహామంత్ర మహిమాతీక కజిత జ్వాలాజ్వలన హృద
యము బాహ్య ప్రపంచమంతయు వాని నయనేందియములనుండి అదృశ్యము
జేయుచుండెను. అతని హృదయ దిర్భణమున విమలా విగ్రహప్రతిబింబమెల్ల
యడల గోచరమగుచుండెను. ఇదివరకు సంకటవెట్టిదో యుగని యాయువకుడు
నేడేలకో ముకుళిత పద్మమువలె ఖర్చుడైయుండెను. అతడేమిజేయు చుండెనో
యతనికే యెరుకలేదు. కొంత సేపటికెవరో రామరావు గదితలుపుదట్టిరి.
గాని రామరావుకది వినబడలేదు. అతలుపుదట్టు వాడంతటితో మానక మరల
మరల దట్టుచుండెను. పదిపదునైదు మార్లాశబ్దమతని చెవినిబడనేలేదు. గాని
కొంతసేపటి కెవరో వెలువల తలుపుదట్టుచున్నట్లు వినవచ్చెను. కలనుండిమేలు
కోనినవానివలె తటాలున లేచిపోయి దలుపు దెరచెను. వానియెదుట మునిసిఫ్
కుమారుడు జ్ఞాన నందరావు గనబడెను. రామారావు ఆశ్చర్యముతో "జ్ఞానం!

యెప్పుడు వచ్చినావు, లోనికిరా"యని ప్రియత్న పూర్వకముగ చిరునవ్వుదెచ్చు
కొని యతని హస్తమును బట్టుకొని లోనికిగొనిపోయెను. జ్ఞానానంద మొకకుర్చీ
మీద గూర్చొని "నిన్న వచ్చావోయి నువ్వు ప్యాసైనందుకు Congratulation
ట విధంగానున్నా వెందుక?"

రామా— మరేంలేదు. వంటలోబాగులేదు.

జ్ఞాన — యెన్నిరోజుల నుండి?

రామా— ఇవ్వాళనే.

జ్ఞానం — నేను "The great men of the World" అని Picture
collection తెచ్చాను మాయింటికి పోదారా నీకది చూపిస్తాను.

రామారావు లోలోన మిక్కిలి సంతసించి హృదయనేగము నడచుకొని
"వద" యని తొందరగా బలికెను. అట్లా యువజన ద్వయంబు కొంతసేపటికి
సోమనాథరావుగారి బంగళా జేరెను. జ్ఞానానందం రామరావు చేతనిబట్టుకొని
తనగదికి కొనిపోయెను. వారిరువురు గదిని జూచునదికి విమల వారి కంటబడెను.
ఆసుందర యువతి యొకకుర్చీపై గూర్చొని యేదోచదువు కొనుచుండెను.
సాదగుడెవరో మిత్రునితో గదిని బ్రవేశించెను. తానక్కడనే యుండుట తగ
దని యాబాలిక యటనుండి వెడలిపోవుదు రామారావుపై యొక్క చూపును
బారించెను. రామారావు స్థంభితుడై యొక దీర్ఘనిట్లూర్పు బుచ్చి యచటనున్న
యొక కుర్చీపై గూఁబడెను. వెంటనే జ్ఞానానందం తనట్రొంగు పెట్టెను తెరచి
యొక పెద్ద చిన్నపటములకట్ట నతని యెదుట బెట్టెను. రామారావు మనసంతయు
వేరొకచోట లగ్నమైయుండెను. అందు కాయాపటముల నన్నిటిని త్వరత్వరగ
తిప్పివైచి యథా ప్రకారం వాటినిల్లఁకట్టగట్టి జానం యీ Pictures best"
అనెను. జ్ఞానం మిక్కిలి యుత్సాహముతో "వీటి కోసము మెడ్యాసంతా
తంటాలు పడ్డా"నని యాపటములనన్నిటిని మరల తనట్రొంగు పెట్టెలో బెట్టివచ్చి
రామారావు ప్రక్కనున్న మరియొక కుర్చీపై యాసీనుడయ్యెను.

రామా— "జ్ఞానం who is that girl who just now went from here"?

జ్ఞానం — ఆవిడ మా cousin మీ క్లాసులో చదువుచున్నది. చూశావు గావు?

రామా—చూశానులే, అంచేతనే అడిగాను. I hope she is not yet marreid.

జ్ఞాన — లేదు ఆవిడ marriage యీ summer end. లో మా uncle మాటు B.L., ముగించగానే అవుతుంది. వావం ఆవిడకు మా uncle ను చేసుకోవడానికి యిష్టము లేదు. మావాళ్లందరు force చేస్తున్నారు. ఏలా గైనా తప్పదు. మన society యిలాగుంది.

రామరావేమియు బలుకక కుర్చీవైచుండి లేచి “వస్తానోయి” అని వెడలి పోయెను. అతడట్లు వెడలిపోగానే విమల మరల గదిని ప్రవేశించి “అన్నా! ఆయనెవరు? చాలమంచివాడు. నేను, తాత వచ్చునప్పుడు చాల సహాయము చేసినాడు” అని ఆవృత్తాంత మెరిపించెను.

రామా—బోను నాకుచాలా రోజులనుండి friend. చాల మంచివాడె. లోన అమ్మ కేక వేసింది చూడు. విమల వెడలిపోయెను.

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రామారావు దీనదీనము మిక్కిలి కృశించి పోవుచుండెను. అతని తల్లి దండ్రిలు కారణమరయక మిక్కిలి చింతలుచుండిరి. కొన్నిదినములకు రామ రావు మంచముపట్టెను. ఒక్క వైద్యుడైన యతని నిజవ్యాధిని గనుపెట్టజాల దాయెను. రామారావు ఒకప్పుడు “డక్క వైచుండి లేచి “అదిగో వచ్చుచున్నాను. I force foolish society ఆహా ప్రణయమహిమ” యని యసందర్భ ప్రలాపములు బలుకుచుండెను. క్రమేణ వ్యాధి యతిభయంగరమాయెను. రామ రావు తల్లి యెల్లప్పుడతని మంచము యొద్దనే గాచుకొని యొండెను. ఏమైన నేమి రామారావు బ్రతుకునన్న యాశ యామెకు గలుగలేదు. అమె కన్నీరు మున్నీరై యేక భారగ కారుచుండెను. ఒకనాడు. “అబ్బాయి నీకేమైన కోరి కలుంటే చెప్ప”మని దీనముగ యడుగజూచెను. రామారావు “అహా!

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విమలా! నీవెక్కడ నేనెక్కడ! జ్ఞానం, విమలకుజెప్పు, ఆమెనెంత ప్రేమించితి నో కాదు. ప్రపంచమంతయు ప్రేమమయము, నీవుప్రేమ, నేనుప్రేమ, రాత్రి ప్రేమ మాయమృప్రేమ అయ్యో భూతములు” అని యసందర్భముగ గలవరించు చుండెను. అప్పుడే కన్నుమూసిన యతని జనని యులికిపడిలేచి “అబ్బాయి యేమి తండ్రి” యని కుమారుని హస్తమును బట్టుకొని మరల పరుండ జేసి యీ పాలుద్రాగు. ఇప్పుటికి సుమాకు మూడుమాసాలైనదిగదా తిండితిని. భయపడకు నాయనా! భయపడకుమని పొంగిపొంగి వచ్చు దుఃఖము నావుకొన లేక యేడ్వ సాగెను, రామరావు పండకొనెనుగాని వెంటనే నిస్సహా చెందెను.

తెల్లవారెను జ్ఞానానందమున కెవరో రామరావు చావు బ్రతుకులమీద నన్నాడని జెప్పిరి. జ్ఞానానందం కొన్ని రోజులనుండి యూరలేడు. ఇప్పుడీ వార్త కర్ణపుటంబులు సోకినంత నే యొకింతయు తడయక రామరావంటికి బంధులు దేరనుండ విమలగూడ యావార్తను విన్నదిగాన తానుగూడ సోదరుని వెంటడింప నుద్దేశమును దెలిపెను. వారిరువురు రామరావుగారిల్లు జూచ్చిరి. రామా రావునుగాంచి సంతనే అతని నయనముల సుప్రసారములాయెను. రామా రావుతల్లి “నాయనా రాము! అదిగో జ్ఞానం వచ్చినాడు చూడు”మని మెల్లగ బలికెను. రామావు కన్నులుదెరచి జ్ఞానానందమును, విమల నొకమాటుగ జూచెను. ఆప్రియత్నముగా “జ్ఞానం దురదృష్ట—ప్ర—వంతుడను” నయనములు మూసుకొనెను. రెండు నిమిషముల కాలము నిశ్శబ్దము. మరల రామారావు నయనములను దెరచి విమలపై ప్రేమ మిశ్రితమగు యొక చూపు ఛారింది “~~విమలా నిన్ను ప్రేమించితిని.~~” మరల కన్ను మూతపడెను, “రామరావు” అయ్యో! యెక్కడి రామారావు.



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